

Dallas (Tex.) Times Herald

MAY 6 1945

Carter and Liberated Son Meet in Reich

By FRANK CONNIFF

Behind the Russian Lines in Germany, May 5 (INS).—Liberated from the dread Luckenwalde prison camp after 26 months of incarceration in various German detention areas, a tired young Texan today described a series of harassing adventures that began with his capture at Faid Pass in Tunisia in February, 1943.

In unemotional tones, Lieut. Amon Carter, Jr., son of the well-known publisher of the Fort

Worth, Tex., Star-Telegram, told of his bitter experiences.

The story was told in a jeep as I took Carter to his father, now in Germany with a group of American editors and writers who came to this battered country to study Nazi atrocities at first hand.

Their's was a joyous reunion—this first meeting between father and son in more than two years—and a happy coincidence that brought them together in Germany.

Lieutenant Carter told of wandering for ten days in the African desert and of living for a week in a cave where his only food consisted of pulp from cactus plants. He eventually was picked up by a savage Arab patrol and the natives stripped him of all his clothing except his underwear.

The Arabs also beat Carter and a companion so mercilessly that the latter's brain was affected, and even tried to file gold rings from their fingers for loot.

Only the arrival of a German tank saved the pair from almost certain death.

100-Mile "Death March".

The adventures of the pair were climaxed by a "death march" from a Polish prison camp to Luckenwalde when Russian spearheads shattered Nazi positions last January. In freezing weather, Lieutenant Carter and other officers marched 100 miles in six days before being transferred to box cars for the final stage of their journey.

"There were 70 of us in each car," the lieutenant said.

"We had neither food nor water. And when we passed through Berlin on Feb. 3, they left us locked in our boxcars throughout the biggest Allied daylight air raid in history.

"More than 1,200 planes dropped block-busters all around while we huddled at a siding near the Tempelhof airfield."

I found Lieutenant Carter at Luckenwalde, located 30 miles behind the Russian lines, and only 25 miles from Berlin. He looked fit and rugged, despite his privations, and talked dispassionately of Nazi inhumanity toward prisoners.

"For a month after we reached

the newspaper

Luckenwalde we had no food," he said.

"We just stretched out on our bunks all day long, too weak to do anything.

"After the first month, Red Cross parcels arrived.

"And they saved our lives."

Lieutenant Carter's tribulations almost seemed worthwhile this morning when he met his father near the Elbe. He had not known that his father was touring the German horror camps with a group of American publishers until I told him at Luckenwalde.

Father and son greeted each other affectionately. When the elder described some of the scenes the publishers have witnessed, the son replied:

"I understand they are going to permit repatriated prisoners to become guards over German prisoners of war. It's a darned good idea.

"If we tried on them the tricks they've played on American prisoners, maybe they'd appreciate that two can play the same game."