

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1943.

# Letters to The Times

## Danes Resent Nazi Action

### Deportation of Children Adds Fuel to Flames of Hatred

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

On Dec. 20 you published a small item about fifty-two children of Danish-Jewish parents, aged from 1 to 12 years, who had been sent to Germany from a Copenhagen freight station. Up to the time of their departure the children had been interned in the Western Prison, looked after by German nurses, who also took the very dirty and ill-groomed little ones in trucks to the station. Danes who saw their departure described it as the "most terrible scene yet witnessed in Denmark."

When endless columns of mechanized German forces moved over the frontier in Jutland they were met by small units of the Danish Army, who fought ferociously until the "cease fire" order reached them. I do not know how many Danes were killed in action. The will to hold a frontier that is no natural frontier—flat meadowlands and tiny brooks, no hills or rivers—was the same that has held this borderland against a greedy and ruthless and powerful neighbor for a thousand years. Because it is a frontier between two incompatible casts of mind, and as long as we know anything about Danish history, to be submerged by the Germans and forced to become like them was the most hateful fate the Danes could think of.

When the Danes rose at last against their "protectors" who treacherously had overwhelmed them on that black April 9, 1940, they certainly knew they were defying an enemy whose material strength was overpowering, whose will to crush their resistance would stop at nothing. Nobody seems to know how many Danes have died fighting or been shot as hostages, how many have been imprisoned and tortured since August this year. Their resistance continues. They surely must have seen enough of horrors.

But nobody who does not know the Danes can imagine the black fury, the implacable will to demand retribution that must have filled every Danish heart at the thought of fifty-two small children imprisoned in "Vestre Fengsel." When the Danes say that the departure of these poor dirty little ones to an unknown fate in Germany was "the most terrible scene yet witnessed in Denmark," they meant it. This is the voice of Denmark ringing out across the oceans.      SIGRID UNDSET.

Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1943.

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