

Waffen-44

44-Standortkommandantur  
Dachau

142  
Dachau 3, den  
Fernseh Dachau 299

10 May 1945

Betreff:  
Sag:  
Anlagen:

Dear Mother and Father,

I've told you before about the thousands of dead bodies here. They are not nearly so ghastly nor horribl as our patients, the "living corpses." Skinned, often a thirty day fast would still look like Hercules when compared with some of these men. They have no bottoms at all, and on some their vertebrae can be seen rubbing on their stomach. It's unbelievable that they could still be alive. And the odor of a ward is nearly as bad as the odor of the crematory. All have raw ugly bed sores, puss dripping infections, scabbis, scales, ulcers, bites plus typhus, beriberi, sunny, T.B. erysipelas and/or other symptoms.

We don't even think of them as human. Few did we'd never be able to do the work. They look like weird beings from Mars - with their shaved heads (part of the de-lousing technique) knobby joints, huge hands, feet, and popping eyes. Many are toothless. They lie curled up in the oddest positions, and when morning comes we go around and remove the corpses - still stiff in the freshish pos they held when they died. Most have dysentery of the "continuous bloody dribble" type - and of course are unable to drag themselves to the latrins. The alternatives I'll leave you to imagine. I cutarily

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Waffen-~~44~~

44-Standortkommandantur  
Dachau

Dachau 3, den  
Ferndorf Dachau 293

Betreff:

Lang:

Anlagen:

am thankful I'm not a ward boy.) Those that are not gibbering idiots are dumb statues. They die off like flies while I'm giving them penicillin. To enter a ward at night is like hearing the "Inner Sanctum" radio program. There are weird wails, sobs, groans, rattles, gnashing of teeth, and above it all the chant of men praying. I'll never forget it as long as I live. I have picked up complete bodies in a blanket with two fingers to carry them to the cemetery.

This job could go on for ever; the number of patients for practical purposes is infinite. Normally we're a 400 bed hospital. We're prepared to take over 1200 here.

I wear a mask, gowns, hat and rubber gloves all the time, but you can bet your life it will be just my luck to come down with something. The fellows are volunteering for infantry duty in the Pacific, but no such luck.

More later.



Lew.

Arnold.