

Waffen-44

44-Standortkommandantur
Dachau

148
Dachau 3, den
Ferred Dachau 230

13 May 1945

Betreff:
Beszug:

Anlagen:

Dear Mother and Father,

If the numbers on my letters and the dates seem confused, remember that several of them are being written several weeks before they will be mailed. It won't be until the 16th that we'll be able to say we are in Dachau.

Today I talked to several Italian girls here, (through an interpreter) who were kept for the amusement of the 44 troops. I gather that the life they led is beyond description. We've already had other evidence of the sexual orgies of these troops. The Yugoslave who was forced to operate the crematory for the Germans is operating it voluntarily for us. He tells of having to go to the 44 barracks to get the bodies of the girls after a particularly wild evening. Girls who refused to cooperate were burned alive before their companions - who soon decided to conform.

Tonight some prisoners formed an orchestra and held a dance with a lot of the slave girls. Things are getting less morbid lately. 400 Belgians have already left for home. Several International Red Cross trucks with loads of candy, fruit and cigarettes have been here already, and the corps are being gradually collected and burned.

The enclosed picture is of the officer whose stationary I'm using. He apparently had an excellent camera because we found a lot of

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shots all equally good. The surprising thing to me was the normality of his life. There were pictures of his wife, his little girls, his dogs, his horses, motorboats etc, yet within view of his office window was the mound of corpses beside the cemetery.

Here the Jeanninians has a private office, complete with a brand new electric refrigerator. All the 12 wards have these now - since we found a warehouse full of them still in their crates.

Except for my 30 days in the hospital, I've worked at least 12 hours a day ever since we landed in Maribor. Now that the war is over I hope things will relax a little so that we can have one day a week off.

The patients are recovering and are having regular food riots on the wards. They don't understand why we give them so little, but if we don't it all comes up within minutes after it went down because they haven't eaten for so long. You can imagine the babbles and confusion when one ward of 110 patients has about 8 or 10 different languages being spoken at once.

Love,

Harold.