

Waffen-SS
SS-Standortkommandantur
Dachau

Dachau 3, den
Fernruf Dachau 293

betreff: sights than any he described.

zug: The trip south fromettingen was
Anlagen: pleasant enough. We passed through Donauworth
and Dachach and as we entered Dachau, the
country, with the cottages, rivers, country estates and
Alps in the distance, was almost like a tourist resort.

Bavaria
Alps

But as we came to the center of the city, we
met a train with a wrecked engine - about fifty
cars long. Every car was loaded with bodies.
There must have been thousands of them - all obviously
starved to death. This was a shock of the first
order, and the odor can best be imagined. But
neither the sight nor the odor were anything when
compared with what we were still to see. E

More Coyle reached the camp two days
before I did and was a guard so as soon as I
got there I looked him up and he took me to
the crematory. Each SS troopers were scattered
around the grounds, but when we reached the
furnace house we came upon a huge stack of
corpses piled up like kindling, all made so that
their clothes wouldn't be wasted by the burning.
There were furnaces for burning six bodies at once,
and on each side of them was a room twenty
feet square crammed to the ceiling with more
bodies - one big stinking rotten mess. Their faces

Waffen- 44

44-Standortkommandantur

Dachau

Dachau 3, den
Festung Dachau 293

Hetreff:
Lexug:
Anlagen:

purple, their eyes popping, and with a lincous grin on each one. They were nothing but bones + skins. Coyle had assisted at ten autopsies the day before (wearing a gas mask.) on ten bodies selected at random. Eight of them had advanced T.B., all had typhus and extreme malnutrition symptoms. There were both women and children in the stack in addition to the men.

While we were inspecting the place, freed prisoners show up with wagon loads of corpses removed from the compound proper. Watching the unloading was horrible. The bodies squashed and gurgled as they hit the pile and the odor could almost be seen.

Behind the furnaces was the execution chamber, a windowless cell twenty feet square with gas nozzles every few feet across the ceiling. Outside, in addition to a huge mound of charred bone fragments, were the carefully sorted and stacked clothes of the victims - which obviously numbered in the thousands. Although I stood there looking at it, I couldn't believe it. The realness of the whole mess is just gradually dawning on me, and I doubt if it ever will on you.

Waffen-44
44-Standortkommandantur
Dachau

Dachau 3, den
Festaf Dachau 291

There is a rumor circulating which says that the war is over. It probably is - as much as it ever will be. We've all been expecting the end for several days, but were not too excited about it because we know that it does not mean too much as far as our immediate situation is concerned. There was no celebration - it's difficult to celebrate anything with the morbid state we're in.

The Pacific theater will not come immediately for this unit; we have around 36,000 potential and eventual patients here. The end of the work for everyone else is going to be just the beginning for us.

Today was a scorching hot day after several raining cold ones. The result of the heat on the corpses is impossible to describe, and the situation will probably get worse because their disposal will certainly take time.

My arm is sore from a typhus shot so I'm ending here for the present. More will follow later. I have lots to write about now.

Love,

Harold