

Concentration Camps; Newspaper Clippings

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Concentration Camps  
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See New York Times

APR 12 1945

## 5,000,000 REPORTED SLAIN AT OSWIECIM

Hungarian Liberated by U. S.  
Troops Says Jews Were  
Killed Over 10 Months

NEAR ERFURT, Germany, April 11 (AP)—Dr. Bela Fabian, president of the dissolved Hungarian Independent Democratic party, accused the Germans today of having killed 5,000,000 Jews at the Oswiecim extermination camp in Polish Silesia, from which he himself narrowly escaped.

[The Polish Ministry of Information reported more than a year ago that 500,000 Jews had been gassed and cremated at this camp and the International Church Movement's ecumenical refugee committee, in a subsequent report on Oswiecim and its sister camp of Birkenau, said that 1,715,000 Jews had been killed at the two places. A spokesman for the American Jewish Committee's library in New York said that it had been estimated that 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 Jews had been exterminated since the war began in Europe, but the library had no figures to substantiate a report that 5,000,000 had been exterminated in one camp.]

Dr. Fabian declared that the executions had been carried out during ten months. He said all Jews more than 50 years old had been automatically condemned to the gas chamber and crematory, as were the weak and young mothers who refused to leave their children. "If the captain did not like the looks of anyone else, he was gassed too," he said.

Many died of overwork, starvation and beatings before the gas chamber could receive them, Dr. Fabian said. The officer in charge, he continued, employed a dramatic flourish of the hand in ordering entire groups taken away to be gassed and cremated—without questioning or examining them to learn whether they were guilty of any wrong.

The 56-year-old author and politician told his story of the notorious camp, since captured by the Red Army, after his liberation by American troops from another camp at Ohrdruf, southwest of Erfurt. Three others liberated with Dr. Fabian corroborated his story and said that it was a "miracle" that he still lived. They said that he owed his life to the fact that the Germans believed him when he said that he was only 46 years old. The other three are Heinz Meyer, 22, a Hungarian violinist; Desider Kohlmann, 34, a Slovak, and Sam Ezeratty, 28, a Greek medical student.

Dr. Fabian, who said that he had once had lunch with President Roosevelt, asked that Representative Sol Bloom, Democrat of New York, be notified that he was safe. He is the author of two books, "One Thousand Men Without a Woman" and "Six Horses and a Man."

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**CAPTIVES CONFIRM  
REICH ATROCITIES**

**Prisoners on Western Front  
Tell of Mass Murders in East  
—Some Admit Own Guilt**

By HAROLD DENNY

By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES  
WITH AMERICAN FIRST  
ARMY in Germany, Feb. 16—From  
the German side now is coming  
confirmation of the stories of Ger-  
man atrocities against both civil-  
ians and captured soldiers so wan-  
tonly cruel that, without such con-  
firmation, they might have been  
discounted as propagandist inven-  
tions.

But among the thousands of  
prisoners our forces have taken  
from the German Armies recently  
are men who saw these atrocities  
and even some who took part in  
them.

One was Corporal Blank—real  
names cannot be given here—who  
was born in Rumania of German  
stock, served for a while in the  
Rumanian Army and then volun-  
teered for a German SS division.  
He shows no emotion, no sense of  
guilt and seems even proud that  
he does not know how many he  
killed, they were so numerous.

In 1942 Corporal Blank and  
other noncommissioned officers  
marched Jews from Cernauti in  
Bessarabia to Tiraspol and Odessa,  
then held by the Germans. The  
Jews who fell on the way were  
left to die. At Tiraspol and Odessa  
Corporal Blank and his men handed  
the Jews over to German troops.  
He saw the Germans machine gun  
300 Jews on a sandhill outside  
Odessa on the same spot where he  
learned 15,000 others had been  
massacred.

**German Who Loved Jew Slain**

A German noncommissioned offi-  
cer had fallen in love with a Jewish  
girl in a group selected for mas-  
sacre. The German asked an SS  
officer for this girl's life. Instead  
he was lined up with this group  
of thirty Jews—seven of them wo-  
men and girls and nineteen chil-  
dren—and shot with them.

This corporal told how his com-  
rade, in Cernauti, who, when they  
needed money, invaded the home of  
a wealthy Jew, extorted a fortune  
and then killed him. His comrades,  
he said, also habitually entered  
Jewish homes to rape young girls  
and then robbed and murdered  
them.

In September, 1943, Corporal  
Blank was transferred to the camp  
of a German Jaeger Battalion at  
Kisslitvich. This camp used forced  
Jewish labor. When a laborer be-  
came unfit he was made to dig his  
own grave and then shot. The cor-  
poral said that soldiers of that unit  
had treated Russian partisans near  
Minsk in the following way:  
They laid straw around them,  
lighted it and burned them to  
death. He said SS men considered  
these scenes amusing.

A German private who was a  
member of the Communist party  
before Hitler's rise to power and  
spent long periods in concentra-  
tion camps before he was drafted  
into the army tells of every kind  
of cruelty from death by injections  
and floggings, harassments such  
as having been drenched in show-  
ers and then having been forced to  
stand in the cold, remaining for  
hours in painful postures or having  
been led into a mess hall to see a  
good meal set on tables and then  
ordered out, and brought back a  
little later to find the tables over-  
turned and the food spilled on the  
floor.

This prisoner appeared rather  
stupid and wholly without imagi-  
nation and it is difficult to believe  
he is lying.

After the war began he was  
transferred to Camp Gross Rosen,  
near Breslau, where he worked on  
a detail that collected the dead and  
took the bodies to a cremating  
oven. He said that while he  
worked in the ovens twenty to  
thirty persons, including women  
and children, were brought there  
each evening, killed by a poisonous  
injection and immediately burned.

**Piled in Heap to Die**

While he was at this same camp  
a shipment of 2,500 Russian pris-  
oners of war arrived. They were  
lined up in front of their barracks  
and SS men lashed them until they  
were tired. After three days of  
such treatment the Russians who  
could move were allowed to enter  
barracks. Those who could not  
were piled in one heap whether  
they were living or dead. This  
prisoner estimated 1,000 Russians  
were killed in this manner during  
the first three days.

One camp official, he said,  
would go through the prisoners'  
quarters each evening, inspecting  
the teeth of new arrivals. Those  
who had gold fillings were ordered  
to his office, killed by an injec-  
tion and burned.

A Czech, who first had been ar-  
rested by the Gestapo when the  
Germans invaded his country, was  
locked up in a concentration camp  
and finally drafted into a penal  
company in the German Army,  
from which he recently was taken  
prisoner by our troops, told of in-  
credible cruelties in Camp Sach-  
senhausen, in the vicinity of Berlin.  
This seems to have been an ex-  
termination as well as a concen-

tration camp.

Besides all the routine methods  
of torturing and killing—chaining,  
beating—using an electrical ma-  
chine up and down the spine and  
hanging by the feet until the vic-  
tim died of a heart attack—were  
some so hideous that they cannot  
be indicated, and could have been  
conceived only by obscenely per-  
verted minds.

At this camp an SS block leader  
would make the rounds each morn-  
ing. He would ask the oldest pris-  
oner, "How many dead this morn-  
ing?" "One," the prisoner would  
reply. "What! Only one?" the  
block leader would exclaim. Then  
he would have a man, usually a  
sickly elderly one, tied to a pole.  
The muzzle of a fire hose was then  
pressed against his heart and the  
water turned on full. The victim  
hit the floor dead.

The Russians, including civilians  
of all ages, began arriving at  
Sachsenhausen in 1941. Thousands  
of them, said the prisoner, were  
thrown alive into burning furnaces,  
four of which had been especially  
built to take care of them. This  
prisoner estimated 26,000 Russians  
had been murdered in the course  
of his stay at Sachsenhausen.  
Twenty-three hundred young per-  
sons between the ages of 14 and 16  
were starved to death. Thousands  
of Jewish children were killed by  
injections of poison. Other pris-  
oners were killed in gas trucks,  
brought in occasionally.

High Russian military and civil  
officials were placed in separate  
cells that were infested with lice.  
The prisoner who told of this un-  
derstood some sort of scientific ex-  
periments were being made on  
them. Two hundred and sixty high  
Netherlands officials were shot in  
1942.

And so these stories could run  
on ad nauseam.

Among these witnesses found in  
the German Army was one whose  
story and whose reactions were  
perhaps the most important of all.

He is a typical "little man," a  
convinced Nazi party member who  
believes that the party decisions  
are above questioning by such as  
he. He is a 40-year-old father of a  
family and was a minor govern-  
mental functionary until recently  
when he was drafted into a Volks-  
grenadier unit. He is evidently not  
a "bad little fellow at heart"—just  
an ordinary obscure German who  
does what he is told. For this rea-  
son he illustrates how the Ger-  
mans' desire to be bossed can lead  
them to become killers in cold  
blood.

This man—a noncommissioned  
officer—had never committed any  
atrocities himself but had seen  
some and was unmoved by them.

He had a minor official post in  
1942 in Berst-Litovsk where he  
said that between 15,000 and  
26,000 Jewish civilians had been  
killed in the four months from

September through December of  
that year and their property had  
been confiscated, street by street.  
They were herded into a ghetto  
and shot systematically in small  
groups.

One day when this prisoner was  
supervising the "salvaging" of the  
Jews' belongings in the ghetto he  
heard shooting in the courtyard of  
a building near-by.

He walked over in idle curiosity  
and looked through a gate into the  
yard.

**Victims Silent Under Fire**

A group of thirty or forty Jews,  
men, women and children, were  
lined up in front of a large grave  
that our little German official be-  
lieved had been dug by those Jews  
themselves. The victims were not  
fed and were very quiet. Even the  
children did not cry. A squad of  
four or five policemen formed op-  
posite them and fired into them  
with rifles and machine pistols.

The German narrator of this  
scene fled immediately, without  
having asked any questions.

JAN 20 1945

## The Camp of Slow Death

From "Figaro," Paris, Jan. 10, 1945

By Francois Mauriac

It is useful for us to bear in mind what sort of people these are, who have not yet given up the hope of regaining Strasbourg. We tend to forget too much. We react less and less to horrors which are a thousand times retold, with which our imagination is saturated.

But here is a witness, Jean Jacques Bernard, who never raises his voice, who simply tells what he has seen and has suffered—events which occurred quite close to us, at the Royallieu Camp at Compiègne: a camp without forced labor, without torture chamber, without poison gas, without a crematory; a camp harmless in appearance, a rest camp, if one may say so.

The executioner did not show himself. He directed everything from Paris. His directives were simple. He let his victims alone: it was merely a matter of allowing them to die, little by little, of hunger. They received scarcely anything to eat: soup, a little margarine. No packages from outside were permitted.

Jean Jacques Bernard shows us how, at Royallieu, young minds burst into activity, wavered and finally died. There was a period of brilliant conversations and lectures. But little by little the memory of the lecturer failed; the verses of "Booz Endormi," which he had known since childhood, escaped him. ("Booz Endormi," by Victor Hugo, deals with the Biblical Boaz, the husband of Ruth.—Ed.) The enthusiastic, fervent auditors grew drowsy. They dozed off from weakness; this was already the sleep of death. Soon there were only fleshless bodies, crushed by physical misery of which one dares not speak, defenseless against vermin, covered with wounds which did not heal.

These French Jews, almost all men of distinction, are lawyers, doctors, men of letters. Many of them are in honor to their country. They commit no crime but to belong to the Jewish race. The Nazis slay them, and at the same time consider them guilty pligs and try experiments on

them. They find it interesting to assemble, in a sealed test tube, Frenchmen who are passionately French and Jews without a country. The latter are almost all Zionists and believe that Israel still exists as a nation. Will they be able to convince their French brothers and detach them from the land in which they have taken root?

The experiment was conclusive. Unwittingly, Jean Jacques Bernard's book seems to me to present the Jewish problem as it should be presented. In reality the problem only exists for the emigrants without a country. The Frenchmen, of whom Jean Jacques Bernard is one of the noblest examples, do not react as Jews. In their eyes there exists no Jewish nation—and it seems in most cases—no Jewish God. When they are not freethinkers of the radical or Socialist type, after the fashion of our own country, they yield to the Christian influence and the Gospel inspires them; they are "Christians without knowing it and without willing it," says Jean Jacques Bernard, and Charity reigns in the Camp of Slow Death. Jean Jacques Bernard is the least grandiloquent of all the authors I know. Yet even he, in thinking of those starving men who shared with the others the little which they received in secret, to stave off death, cannot repress this cry: "Oh, human heart!"

"We knew of their suffering. How many times did I hear, during that atrocious winter: 'Jean Jacques Bernard, at this moment, is starving to death at Compiègne!' What

could we do? What appeal could we make to the executioners? We were powerless—or else we would have had to sell ourselves, to promise collaboration. One day I remember I was having lunch chez Drouant with a fugitive from Compiègne who, two days before, had shared a room with Jean Jacques Bernard. We did not dare question him. He did not want to speak of what he had undergone. But I remember how he looked at the meal on the table—avidly controlled by good manners.

The testimony of this book is all the more terrible because it is given in the spirit of moderation. The author is full of scruples and is anxious to be fair to his tormentors. It is, above all, the testimony of a Frenchman who wishes to be nothing but a Frenchman. How easily he convinces us—he and his companions whose love for France differs from ours only because it has an even better reason for existing. They have perhaps a clearer knowledge that we have of what they owe to France; they expect of her what she incarnates for the other nations. I would like "The Camp of Slow Death" to be read, and meditated upon, by all Frenchmen who are beginning to say once more, with a certain inflection, "The Jews."

**NAZIS' CAMP DATA  
BARE ITS KILLINGS**

Witnesses Tell of the Gassing  
of 80 Screaming Women  
at Prison in Alsace

By MILTON BRACKER

By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

ROME, Dec. 31.—The documents section of the United States Seventh Army in France has completed a study of records captured at the German concentration camp at Struthof, Alsace. Accordingly facts and figures that were not available at the time this correspondent visited the camp early this month are now at hand and they provide confirmation necessary to the conclusions of a witness who toured the grounds and buildings and worked the crematorium trays with his own hands. There would seem to be every official backing to the characterization of the camp as the Lublin of Alsace. Between April, 1941, and November, 1944, between 50,000 and 60,000 men and women were herded behind electric fences. At least 15,000 were killed, of whom most ended in the crematorium.

On Oct. 31 18,486 inmates were listed. There is no way of telling how many were evacuated to another camp when the Germans fled and how many were fed to the final fire in the body-shaped oven. But a breakdown is most interesting.

There were 11,867 "Aryans in protective custody," 3,720 Jews, 1,988 non-German civilian workers from occupied countries, 342 professional criminals, 211 "dissenters," 207 prisoners of war, seventy-four vagrants, twenty-eight former Gestapo personnel, eighteen German Army personnel held for military offenses, thirteen homosexuals, seven clergymen, six Spanish Republicans and five Bible students.

The figures were accompanied by the testimony of two men and one woman and of two prisoners who escaped during the German evacuation. They agreed that no Americans or Britons were among the prisoners of war, but believed there were Russians, Poles and Czechs.

Other records show that one to twelve persons were killed every night for "attempting to escape" despite the forbidding obstacle of the electric fence. One list was

marked "death from natural causes." It listed 128 names for August, 1944, fifty-six for the first five days of September and seventy-five and sixty-three respectively on two other separate September entries.

The German custodians of the camp, who were well protected from the stains and accidents of their work by an ample array of washbasins and fire extinguishers, officially labeled the chamber with the gas outlet as "fumigation." That is hard to dispute under any interpretation of the use of the chamber, but if the Seventh Army's three witnesses are to be believed, here is the worst single example of how it was employed:

At 9:30 on the night of Aug. 10, 1943, the screams of eighty women, including sixteen-year-old girls, terrified all within hearing of the "fumigation unit." The witnesses said two German specialists had come to witness this mass killing as a test of new gases and the bodies were examined to chart their effects.

Even for one who saw the gas-producing mechanism—whether or not it was lethal—and hooks at a height where a man hung by the wrists would barely touch the floor, and one dissecting table and, above all, the fully-equipped crematorium and urn room, it remains hard to accept such stories. But that is perhaps the most incredible horror of this aspect of Hitlerism, outrages too great to be believed even in the face of physical evidence.

The documents in Allied hands include several names and home addresses of Elite Guard officers whose roles in the charnel house of the Saint Die Valley will surely doom them if they are ever caught.

**Germans Now Held in Camp**

SOMEWHERE IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS, Dec. 31 (Reuter)—High in the ice-encrusted Vosges Mountains, the Germans had what is described as one of their most notorious concentration camps, holding thousands of French men and women behind electrified barbed wire patrolled by German guards. Today the tables are turned.

More than 2,000 German civilians and a number of Nazi party members are behind the wire, and the guards are Frenchmen. The French consider it poetic justice

that German internees should be held in the camp where they saw many French and Belgians were beaten and tortured and their bodies burned in the crematorium.

The Germans were rounded up from Strasbourg and other towns and villages in Alsace-Lorraine before they had had time to flee into Germany, and were taken in trucks under guard along snaky mountain roads to a camp of squat wooden huts encircled by a high, barbed-wire fence, near the crest of one of the highest mountain ranges.

One of the internees, a 23-year-old girl working as a clerk, said that her mother, now dead, was an Englishwoman who had lived in Oxford before marrying a German and leaving for Germany.

Members of the Nazi party were wearing blue and white striped uniforms that had been worn by the previous Allied occupants, and were engaged in sweeping the roads. Other internees were working on wood cutting, cleaning up and preparing food in the kitchens.

A French major said the internees' food rations were more than Parisians were getting.

DEC 23 1944

**20,000 Jews In Labor  
Camp Slain By Nazis**

London, Dec. 22 (AP)—The Polish Government-in-exile said today the Germans had massacred 20,000 Jews in a forced labor camp at Plaszow near Cracow.

A spokesman quoted a report from underground channels which said the Germans also liquidated Jewish forced labor camps at Skarsysk, Starachowice, Pionki and Ostrowiec.

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**The Washington Post**

DEC 23 1944

**Poles Say Nazis  
Slew 20,000 Jews**

London, Dec. 22 (AP).—The Polish government-in-exile said today the Germans had massacred 20,000 Jews in a forced-labor camp at Plaszow near Cracow.

A spokesman quoted a report from underground channels which said the Germans also liquidated Jewish forced-labor camps at Skarsysk, Starachowice, Hunkl and Ostrowiec.

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## Lesson of Lublin Trial: German Nation Is

Last week five Nazi war criminals were tried and executed in Poland. We asked Ralph Parker, our Moscow correspondent, to send us highlights of the trial and to tell us something of the legal procedure adopted. His story follows.

By RALPH PARKER  
Staff Correspondent  
(Copyright, 1944, by Field Publications)



MOSCOW, Dec. 14.—At 9 o'clock in the morning on Monday, Nov. 27, six Nazis who had helped

murder a million and half people at the Maidanek annihilation camp, were led to trial through the snow-decked streets of Lublin, liberated Poland's capital. Some of the large crowd lining the streets tried to rush the guards and lynch the prisoners. The escort fired in the air warningly. However, several of the prisoners were beaten up and reached the court with bloody heads.

In contrast with the street action, there was dead silence from the 2000 people waiting in the court.

### Only the Beginning

It was not the function of the court to establish the responsibility for the Maidanek massacres. That already had been done by the Polish-Soviet Extraordinary Commission, and the principal guilt was squarely laid on Himmler who, on the evidence of Lt. Gen. Hilmar Moser, former commandant of the city of Lublin, visited the camp in the Summer of 1943.

The Lublin court confined its attention to the six German underlings, whose trial and punishment are only a small part of the proceedings that will take place when the others accused of participation in the Maidanek massacres are caught.



Parker

The court's first actions were to confirm the prisoners' right of counsel and to reaffirm its competence. The question was raised whether the accused could properly claim, as prisoners of war, that a non-military special court was incompetent to try them. Vice-prosecutor Sawitski defended the court's competence, with the argument that the prisoners' convention was not created to defend those who only wore a military uniform for camouflaging criminal activities.

These prisoners, he contended, were executioners, disguised as soldiers and, thus, not combatants in the sense of the prisoners' convention. The court conferred shortly and accepted Sawitski's thesis.

In practically all respects the information disclosed by the prisoners under examination tallied with that which they gave me when I interrogated them personally in their own language three months ago.

Herman Vogel, 42-year-old SS (Elite Guard) company leader from Muelheim in Westphalia, tall, gaunt and gray-haired, admitted that he knew children were murdered at Maidanek and that he worked at dispatching their clothes to Germany.

Adolf Terners, a 52-year-old veteran officer of the Kaiser's Army, since 1934 a Nazi, since last year a member of the SS, a gruff-voiced, burly, red-faced man, admitted that in his position as camp bookkeeper he had to organize a system for the sorting of the victims' clothes and their dispatch to Germany.

Hans Stalp, a lean, small-headed man of a peculiarly repulsive, degenerate type, described his last profession in peace-time Germany as black-marketing meat of cattle he slaughtered secretly. He stated he served five years in a German prison for this offense and was sent straight from jail to a responsible post in the SS administration at Maidanek.

The 41-year old Theodore Schoellen of Kelder in the Rhine-

land, a Nazi Party member since 1937 when he volunteered for the SS, was employed at Maidanek since June, 1942, in charge of a team of 19 SS-men.

This father of five, who regularly sent home birthday greetings cards, to which he attached sprigs of heather picked in Maidanek, and who wrote to his wife that he had "a cushy job," had not, as the examination revealed, taken the trouble to ask himself during the two years of his employ at Lublin, who bore the ultimate responsibility for the Maidanek camp.

Pohlman, a criminal recidivist, punished eight times before the war, was stated by witnesses to have killed at least 2000 victims personally. A witness described how Pohlman and Stalp raped women in the presence of relatives. Pohlman was described by witness Stanislawski, a survivor of the camp, as inseparable from a short, iron-tipped truncheon.

### Ordered Gas

"Of all the executioners, Pohlman was the worst, rushing into the barracks and beating down prisoners assembled to march out," stated witnesses Krupski and Stwinski.

During the two-day interruption in the trial, Pohlman hanged himself in his cell.

Against the sixth prisoner, Gerstenmeier, it was alleged by witnesses who convinced the court that at the time when his supplies of cyclone poison gas amounted to 400 tins (the contents of each tin adequate to poison 100 persons), he wrote to Berlin headquarters for additional stocks.

An interesting feature of the third day's proceedings is the evidence given by the secretary of the Investigating Commission, Sobolewski, formerly of the Athens Academy, who stated that all gold and precious stones taken from the victims were deposited in the German State Bank and that from the vast depot where the clothes and

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other personal belongings were sorted, consignments were sent to many German towns, organizations and private persons, each dispatch bill being signed personally by Gestapo Police General Clobeznik.

This statement I am able to vouch for personally after inspecting the documents at Lublin.

In the Lublin depot are filed many applications from German hospitals, children's homes, sanitarium. There was a big demand for perambulators.

Tens of thousands of Poles heard the concluding phases of the trial broadcast throughout the land. Warsaw heard it across the Vistula.

On Saturday, Dec. 2, the five surviving prisoners were sentenced to death by hanging.

Last Sunday, in the Maidanek camp near the tall chimney of the crematory, where before long a huge cross will stand, five criminals were hanged in the presence of 20,000 people. The snow had fallen to soften the scene somewhat, cloaking the terrible fields of blue cabbage of which 50 acres have been fertilized by human ash.

"What," I asked some of my Polish friends who had suffered degradation and torture at German hands, "what to you was the lesson of the trial?"

The answers they gave came to this:

¶ That these criminals who have been hanged, were after all but small fry and that, though they fully deserved their fate, a graver guilt lay higher in Germany.

¶ That so intimately entangled with the whole of Germany was Maidanek and other annihilation camps, that the whole German people must be considered to bear the responsibility and should feel the punishment.

¶ That only a merciless peace, by which the German people should be made to suffer hard and long, would purge that vile nation of its wickedness and restore to the German people their lost conscience.

Here's  
Fascism

# Escapes Nazi Death Camp; K

## Leaves Tremblinka Story as Answer to 'Soft-Peace' Advocates

*This is the last of a series of three eyewitness articles on Tremblinka, Nazi murder camp in Poland. PM publishes the story because we believe that it is important that the people never forget the kind of enemy we are fighting and the kind of enemy against which the peace must protect, not only our own people, but the people of Europe.*

*The author, Yankel (Yiddish diminutive for Jacob) Vierneck, here brings the story up to the day of his escape from the camp. It ends abruptly—obviously unfinished. Most probably Vierneck did not have time to finish it before he was tracked down by the Germans to his hiding place in Warsaw and killed some time last Spring.*

*The photostats of the original manuscript which was smuggled out of Poland and sent to the Jewish Labor Committee, 175 East Broadway, New York City, vouch for the authenticity of this latest report of German schrecklichkeit.*

In view of conditions, we knew that the inmates of Camp No. 1 would revolt, but, since we were unable to help them, we completed our own preparations and remained continually on the alert waiting for orders.

In the meantime "life" ran its "normal" course, Macabre notions were never lacking. The German garrison suddenly felt the urge for diversion and amusement since they had no other worries. Accordingly, they organized compulsory theatrical performances, concerts, dancing, etc.

### Dance of Death

The "artists" were recruited from among the inmates, who were relieved from work for several hours to participate in rehearsals. The "performances" took place on Sundays and were compulsory. The audiences consisted of Germans and Ukrainians.

Women were forced to sing in choirs, while the orchestra consisted of three musicians, who were compelled to play daily at roll call after the tortures. When marching to work, the inmates were forced to sing Jewish songs. New costumes were prepared for the intended performance which, however, did not come off because of our coup and escape.

The frightful stench and the heat radiating from the furnaces were maddening. The Germans, therefore, decided that we were to work from 4 a.m. till noon at which time they herded us into the area where the barracks stood. We again became desperate with fear lest it become impossible for us to get out. But, we managed to find a way.

We convinced the Germans that it would be better if the corpses were cremated as soon as possible and that there were volunteers among us who, for additional bread rations, would gladly work over time. The Germans agreed. We arranged two shifts, from noon till 3 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. We selected the proper men and waited from day to day for the signal.

### New Martyrs Arrive

Beyond the area of our barrack there was a well that furnished the kitchen and laundry with water. We took advantage of this "opening," too, which was, incidentally, continuously guarded. We made frequent, superfluous trips to fetch water, so as to get the guards used to our coming and going. There were, at that time, no transports whatsoever and the only executions were those carried out of individual Jews. Our executions simply could not remain idle.

One day the Germans were all in a good mood once again. There was a chance to resume their murderous activities because new martyrs had arrived. A transport arrived from Warsaw which was supposed to proceed abroad. All the people in that transport were well-to-do and looked prosperous. They numbered about 1000 men, women and children. We guessed that it was a transport of people who had paid plenty of money to be conveyed to a place of safety. Everything was taken away from them. As I subsequently learned, they were first housed in the Hotel Polski, a first-class establishment on Długa St. in Warsaw, and then brought to Tremblinka to be killed.

We found out who these people were when sorting their belongings after they had been done for like so many others before them.

The same happened to transports coming in from abroad. The people were told that they were being evacuated to Tremblinka. The poor wretches kept poking their heads out of the train windows when they passed a station and asking casually how much farther it was to Tremblinka. Tired as they were, they eagerly looked forward to reaching an asylum where they could rest up from the hardships of the journey. They arrived at last and, before they had time to be scared or surprised, they went to their eternal rest.

### Risk Enormous

A transport from the Tremblinka Penal Camp came in. It consisted of approximately 500 Jews, all barely alive, worked to the bone, worn out and brutally mistreated. They looked as if they were begging to be killed—and they were killed like all the others.

The definite, irrevocable date for the outbreak of the revolt was set for Aug. 2, 1943. It was a scorchingly hot day. The sun shone brightly and its rays penetrated the small, grated windows of our barracks. We had practically no sleep during the night and dawn found us awake and tense.

However, at the same time, we were fully aware of the difficulties we would have to overcome. Observation towers, manned by armed guards, stood all around the camp and the camp itself swarmed with Germans and Ukrainians armed with rifles, machine guns and revolvers. Noon came and we were still confined in our barrack.

The camp itself was surrounded by several lines of fences and ditches. However, we decided to risk it, come what may.

Sorrow and suffering had held us fast to this spot, but we who were still alive wanted to escape from the place where so many innocent victims had perished.

In silence we took leave of the ashes of our fellow Jews and vowed that out of their blood an avenger would arise.

Suddenly, we heard the signal, a shot fired into the air.

We jumped up. Everyone fell to this particular task as pre-arranged and performed it with meticulous care. Among the most difficult tasks was the luring away of the Ukrainians from the observation towers. Once they began shooting at us



This picture, taken at another Nazi murder camp, is typical of scenes at Tremblinka, where prisoners were forced to bury those of their comrades slain before them. They, too, were slated for the same end, when they became too weak to work. When burial space became short, the Nazis began mass cremation.

from above, we could not possibly escape alive. Gold, however, held an immense attraction for them, and they continually trafficked with the Jews.

When the shot rang out, one of the Jewish traders sneaked up to the tower and showed the Ukrainian guard a gold coin. The Ukrainian, totally oblivious to the fact that he was on a post, dropped his machine gun and hastily clambered down to coax the coin out of the Jew.

#### -Win to Freedom-

However, two other Jews were lying in wait for him, a little to the side. They grabbed him suddenly and finished him off, taking his revolver. The guards on the other towers were also taken care of quickly. Every German and Ukrainian we happened to run into on our way out was killed. The attack was so sudden that before the Germans were able to collect their wits, the road to freedom stood open for us.

Weapons were snatched from the guardhouse and each one of us grabbed all he could. At the first signal shot rang out, the guard at the well was killed and his weapons were taken from him. We all ran out of our barrack and took the posts that had been assigned to us.

# Here's Fascism, In Case You've Forgotten

## Tremblinka Murder Camp Gives Answer to 'Soft Peace' Advocates

This is another horror story out of Poland, a story of another Nazi slaughter-house, Tremblinka—where Jews and non-Jews alike were ruthlessly tortured and killed by Germans.

This narrative is by a man, who was at Tremblinka and saw it happen. His name was Yankel (Yiddish diminutive for Jacob) Viernick, a carpenter, and now he, too, is dead, killed early this year by Germans after his escape from Tremblinka to Warsaw.

But before he was killed, his eyewitness story was published by the Polish Underground's Coordinating Committee, comprising the German Jewish Workers' Union and the Jewish National Committee.

We have seen the photostats of the original which was smuggled out of Poland and sent to the Jewish Labor Committee, 175 East Broadway, New York City, which vouches for the authenticity of this latest report of German schrecklichkeit.

We have condensed Viernick's 68-page narrative into three articles of which this is the first.

We came into the Tremblinka Camp. Only on arriving there did the horrible truth dawn on us. Ukrainian guards stood on the roofs of the barracks, armed with rifles and machine guns. The camp yard was littered with corpses, some still in their clothes and some naked. Their faces were distorted with fright and awe, black and swollen, the eyes wide open, with protruding tongues, skulls crushed, bodies mangled. And, blood everywhere, the blood of our children, of our brothers and sisters, our fathers and mothers. And we, helpless as we were, felt intuitively that we would not escape our destiny and would also fall victims to our executioners. . . .

### Machine-Gunned

About 100 men were picked from our group, lined up five abreast, marched away for some distance and ordered to kneel down; I, too, was in that group. All of a sudden there was a roar of machine guns and the air was rent with moans and yells of the victims. I never saw them again. Under a rain of blows with whips and rifle butts, we were driven into the barracks, which were dark and had no flooring. I sat down on the sandy ground and caught some sleep. . . .

Franz announced that he would now issue a command. At a signal from him, they began torturing us anew, blows falling all over us. Our faces and bodies were beaten and bloody, but we all had to stand erect, because if one stooped over but a little, he was shot dead immediately, as incapable of working. . . .

At times we tied ropes around the dead bodies to pull them to their graves. Suddenly, I saw a live, nude woman in the distance. She was young and good looking, but there was a demented look in her eyes. She said something to us, but we couldn't understand her and were unable to help her. She had wrapped herself in a bed sheet under which she was hiding a little child. She was frantically looking for shelter. Suddenly one of the Germans saw her, ordered her to get into a grave, which had been dug before, and shot her and the child dead. . . .

The corpses had been lying

around for quite some time and decomposition was already setting in. The air was foul with the stench of putrefaction and rotting corpses, which were covered with vermin. It often happened that an arm or a leg fell off the corpses when we put straps on them in order to be able to drag them away. Thus we worked from dawn to dusk, without food or water, plagued by thirst because of torrid weather, on what would some day be our own graves. . . .

Those who worked on assorting the bundles fell victim far more frequently. Because they were starved, they pilfered food from the packages. Upon being caught, they were marched to the nearest open grave and a quick bullet cut their miserable existence short. The entire yard was littered with parcels, valises, wearing apparel, knapsacks discarded by the victims before they met their doom. . . .

### Mass Torture

Franz, with his dog, was among the Germans. All of a sudden, he asked, with a smile on his face, whether any of us knew the German language. Approximately 50 men stepped forward, whereupon he ordered them to fall out and form a separate group. He kept on smiling to allay our suspicions. The men who admitted knowing German were taken away and never returned. Their names were not on the list of those who were still alive. No pen can possibly describe the tortures under which they died. . . .

Camp No. 1 also contained what was called the "hospital" . . . Two men worked there. They wore white aprons and had red crosses on their sleeves. They posed as doctors. They selected the elderly people and those who were ill, from the transports, and made them sit on a long bench with their faces toward an open grave. Germans and Ukrainians were lined up behind the bench and shot the victims through the neck. The corpses fell right into the grave. Any time a number of corpses accumulated, they were piled in a heap and set on fire. . . .

In addition, there were 13 chambers for asphyxiating the victims with gas. . . .

The machinery of the gas-cham-

bers was operated by two Ukrainians. One of them, Ivan, was tall, had kind and gentle eyes, but was, nevertheless, a sadist. He often attacked us while we worked and nailed our ears to the wall or made us lie down on the floor and whipped us brutally. . . .

Between 450 and 500 persons were crowded into a chamber measuring 25 square meters. They were packed tightly. Parents carried their children in the vain hope that the latter would thus escape death. On the way to their doom, they were pushed and beaten with rifle butts and the gas pipe. Dogs were set on them, barking, biting and tearing at them. To escape the blows and the dogs, the crowd rushed to its death, pushing into the chamber, the stronger ones shoving the weaker ones ahead. . . .

### The Gas Chamber

The bedlam lasted only a short while, for the doors were shut tightly with a bang. The chamber was filled, the motor turned on and connected with the in-flow tubes and within 25 minutes at the most, all were stretched out dead or, to be more accurate, stood dead. There being no free space, they just leaned against each other. They no longer shouted, because the thread of their lives had been broken. . . .

I learned to look at every live person as at a prospective corpse in the nearest future. I appraised him with my eyes and thought of his weight, who was going to carry him to his grave; how severe a beating would he get while doing it. . . .

One of the most efficient systems in the world is the German system. I never saw them show any compassion or regret. They never evinced any pity over the fate of innocent victims. They are automata, who perform their given tasks, as soon as some higher up presses a button. . . .

The women and girls were then

taken to the barber shop to have their hair clipped and this banished their hopes of being given a chance to bathe. They were taken, through another gate, to Camp No. 2 where, in freezing weather, they had to stand in the nude, waiting their turn to enter the gas-chamber, which had not as yet been cleared of the preceding batch of victims. All of these events occurred in Winter, in bitter cold weather. . . .

### Kill Children

Small children, stark naked and bare-footed had to stand out in the open for hours on end, awaiting their turn in the increasingly busy gas-chambers. The soles of their feet froze and stuck to the icy ground. They stood and wept, and some of them froze to death. In the meantime, Germans and Ukrainians walked up and down the ranks, striking and kicking the victims. . . .

The German named Zopf was a vile and savage beast. He took special delight in abusing children. When he pushed women around and they begged him to desist because of the children, he frequently snatched a child out of a woman's arms and either threw it in half or grabbed it by the legs and smashed its head against a wall and threw the corpse away. . . .

The frequently selected the best looking Jewish maidens from the transports of nude-women passing their quarters, dragged them into their barracks, raped them brutally and then delivered them to the death chambers. . . .

But, there were incidents too of desperate resistance. Thus, for example, one girl fell out of line, jumped, nude as she was, over a barbed wire fence measuring three meters in height, and started escaping in our direction. The Ukrainians noticed this and started pursuing her. One of them almost reached her, but as he was too

close to her for a shot, she wrenched the rifle from her. . . . a shot from the rifle she held wounded one of them. In her fury, the girl struggled with his comrades. She managed to fire another shot, which hit another Ukrainian, whose arm had to be amputated as a result of the shot. He remained in the camp until the end of my stay there. At last they seized her. Poor girl! She paid dearly for her courage. She was mercilessly beaten, spat upon, kicked and, finally, killed. She was our nameless heroine. . . .

There were times when as many as 20,000 people were gassed daily. All we heard was shouting, weeping and moaning. Those who were left alive to do the work around the camps couldn't eat nor keep from weeping on days when the transports arrived. The less resistant among us, especially members of the white-collar class, developed nervous breakdowns and committed suicide by hanging, when they returned to the barracks at night after having handled the corpses all day, their ears still ringing with the cries and moans of the martyred victims. Such incidents occurred at the rate of 15 to 20 a day. . . .

One of our men, by the name of Kuzser, could not stand the torture and attacked his tormentor, a German "Oberscharführer" named Matjas from Camp No. 2, who was a fiend and a killer. Kuzser wounded him. The "Hauptsturmführer," on arriving at the scene, dismissed all the workmen, and the others were massacred on the spot in the most fiendish manner with blunt tools. . . .

**MONDAY: The Germans Devise More Tortures.**



A mountain of shoes, salvaged from helpless victims, bears mute witness to German murder efficiency. This scene, photographed at Lublin, was duplicated again and again at Tremblinka. The bodies of millions of men, women, and children, killed by gas, by bullet and by the rope, were burned, and their ashes used for fertilizer. Thousands welcomed death, brutal as it was, to escape more brutal tortures.

NOV 30 1944

**Maidanek Nazis on Trial**

**1,500 Poles Crowd Lublin Court to See Six Death-Camp Leaders**

MOSCOW, Nov. 29 (AP)—The Soviet news agency Tass reported today that the trial of six German officials of the Maidanek "extermination" camp drew a crowd of more than 1,500 Poles to the special court in Lublin's "Soldiers' House."

The state appointed five lawyers to defend the Germans, who face charges punishable by death. Four of the defendants were noncoms with an S.S. (Elite Guard) detachment which operated the Maidanek camp for three years.

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