Ghastly Murder Camp Uncovered by Third Army

(Acme Radio-Telephoto)

Maj. John R. Scotti, Brooklyn, N. Y., Fourth Armored Division medical officer of American Third Army, inspects 50 or more naked things that once were men in another wholesale Nazi murder camp near Ohrdruf, Germany. Many were horribly bruised with scabs on their heads and the whole pile had been sprinkled with lime. Survivors of the ghastly ordeal at hands of Nazis said victims were only part of estimated 6000 Russians, Czecho-Slovakians, Poles, Frenchmen, German Jews and German political prisoners beaten and tortured at this camp alone when malnutrition prevented their doing a full day's work.

Another Wholesale Murder Camp Discovered Near Ohrdruf, Germany

By Robert E. Richards
United Press Correspondent

Ohrdruf, Germany, April 8—(Delayed) — (U.P.) — Another wholesale nazi murder camp, where scores of prisoners were shot when they became too ill to work, was discovered near here by 3rd army tankmen.

At one site they found 31 partly clothed bodies lying huddled grotesquely together where SS guards had killed them because they were too ill to be moved.

Bodies Stacked

Nearby in a small wooden shed were stacked 50 or more naked things that once were men. Many were horribly bruised with scabs on their heads, and the whole pile had been sprinkled with lime.

Survivors of the ghastly ordeal at the hands of the nazis said these victims were only part of the estimated 6,000 men killed at the camp.

Approximately 4,000 were cremated and the ashes poured into one great hole, while some 2,000 others were shot and their bodies buried in a huge pit a mile or so from the camp, according to several of the prisoners who had escaped.

Almost all the victims were Russians, Czechoslovakians, Poles, Frenchmen, German Jews and German political prisoners. They were beaten and tortured and when malnutrition prevented their doing a full days work they were killed.

One American

One of the victims, a blond youngster lying on a stretcher with a hole in his neck, may be an American flier. That is what he told others in the camp, but he wore no identification tags and it was impossible to check his identity.

These atrocities were actually seen by U. S. army officers, correspondents and—Germans.

Col. Hayden A. Sears, Newton, Mass., told the German civilians, who viewed the scene without muttering a word, that they were to blame for the fiendish acts.

A German major, who also had seen the slaughtered bodies, replied that "this was done by a few people and you cannot blame us all."

"It was done by those that the German people chose to lead them and all are responsible," Sears answered.

"Your names are being taken as witnesses so you can testify in trial if the persons responsible are apprehended."

German Astounded

The German major, a medical officer, had been shown the bodies by an American medical major, John R. Scotti, Brooklyn. When the German saw the bodies he said: "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

But this town's leading citizens, the burgomeister and his wife, did not see the scenes today. They were found hanged inside their homes. They had been taken to the camp before and apparently had committed suicide.

The SS guards cleaned out the camp several days ago when American tanks approached. The prisoners who could walk were taken along. Some others were put on trucks. But those who were too ill to travel either way were shot.

Head of Big Bank Snuffs Own Life

North Granville, N. Y., April 10 — (U.P.) — Simple burial rites were planned today for Leon Fraser, 55, who put a bullet through his head when he tired of the life that saw him rise from a humble son of a shoe salesman to the presidency of one of the nation's richest banks.

Fraser, president of the First National Bank of New York, died yesterday en route to a hospital after the caretaker found him on the lawn of his summer home here. The coroner returned a verdict of suicide.

Caracas, April 10—(U.P.)—Venezuela announced today resumption of diplomatic relations with Argentina.

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"Shudder House" of Hadamar Scene of Injection Murders

By Ann Stringer
United Press Correspondent

With the U. S. First Army Inside Germany, April 10.—(U.P.)—The "shudder house" or Hadamar stands on a high hill overlooking the peaceful German town.

In the cemetery beside it are buried some 8,000 persons—killed in the "shudder house" by a poison injection in the heart, administered at the orders of the Gestapo.

The Germans in the town call the house the "schauerhaus." They all knew what had been happening there since 1939 but the complete story was not known until American troops overran the big rambling "hospipital" where efficiency was the watchword.

The doctor who ran the "hospital" and his head nurse were both captured. They told part of the story. The graves and 18 volumes of death certificates found in the hospital cellar told the rest.

In the huge cemetery outside the hospital are 300 huge mass graves. In each grave there are 10 to 15 wooden coffins, each holding two bodies, many of them women.

In the cellar were found the volumes of death certificates—one volume for 1939; two for 1940; two for 1941; three for 1942; four for 1943 and six for 1944.

Each book lists about 500 death certificates. All are the same. The name of the person has been marked down, then "profession unknown, nationality unknown."

The "patients" were sent to the hospital by nazis and Gestapo officers for "treatment," the doctor said. Each was described as a "mental patient" and the doctor was instructed to put them to death.

The doctor explained he carried out the instructions by injecting directly into the heart a poison which caused immediate death. He explained that death was caused partly by the jabbing of the large needle into the heart, but the major cause was the quick-acting poison.

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify 5:30 Saturday afternoon—Please remember.

Railroad Noises

An editorial from the San Jose, California, "Evening News".
(San Jose is on the main line of Southern Pacific's Coast Line)

WE HAVE always resented those snooty expressions, "across the tracks" or "down by the tracks," with their implication that there was something disreputable and socially low-life about living near railroad tracks. After living many years a block from the Espee's rails, we rise to say that there are many worse places to live.

Living close to the railroad has its obvious advantages when you are a boy. Where is there a more romantic place than the right of way, with wheezing switch engines, puffing freights (which travel so much faster now than they used to) and speeding passenger trains? Morning, noon and night railroading holds attraction for a boy, which is why so many of them go into it, finding a romance which never dulls until they die.

"But how can you stand the noise?" someone asks.

Far from being bothered by the noises, you get so you find them soothing and conducive to repose. You get so you can tell the freight trains from the passengers, and you distinguish the touch on the whistle rope of that individualistic engineman who makes his blasts so short, sharp and distinctive.

The various whistle notes represent to you these giant creatures of fire and steel talking to one another over long distances and on winter nights, when the wind is blowing and the rain is pelting against the windows it is pleasant to think of engineer and fireman, snug in their cab with the fire roaring below them, shunting lines of cars up and down the glistening wet tracks.

If these night noises from the tracks are comfortable and appealing to you during peace they have even more of these qualities during war. You realize that both the wars in which we are engaged are transportation wars and must be won not only in the foxholes and workshops but on the railroads as well. Some of the particularly long trains you hear puffing and snorting these nights are troop trains and others are weighed down with war's materiel. It is comfortable to reflect what a great job the railroadmen are doing, driving their trains and switching their cars 24 hours a day, even while you are asleep.

Back a few years, when trucks and buses started to cut more and more deeply into railroad revenues, with the airplane as an additional competitor just ahead, as a boy living near the tracks you may have wondered a little worriedly if they would put your old friends, the freights and passengers, out of business. It took the war to show that a nation's need of railroads continues, that no nation can be great and strong without them. You are reassured by that, and by the articles and drawings that have been published of vastly improved equipment which will help the railroads get their share of traffic after the war. Such things mean your friends will be able to stay alive and that, drowsily safe and comfortable, you will continue to hear the trains chugging and puffing through the night.

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We thank the San Jose News *for so beautifully putting into words the way we railroaders, and many other people, feel about trains.*

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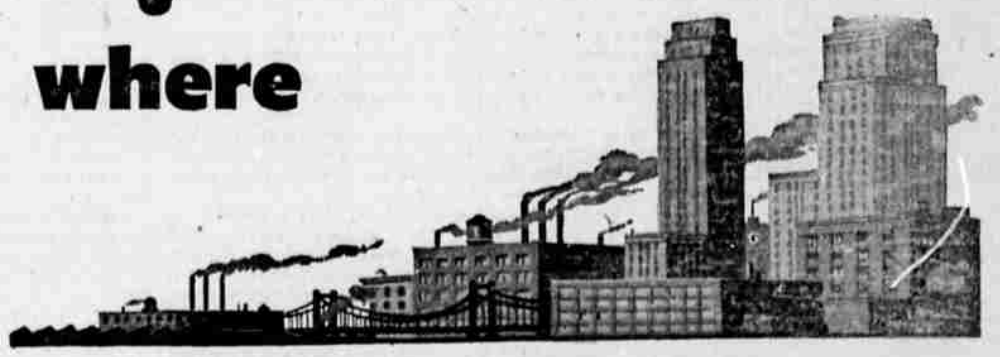

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