

The prison buildings are much the same on the outside. Nice walks and shrubbery lines the main drive into an open square. Here the change starts showing up. One could not notice much change if the stench were not so great, or if he could go thru the square without noticing blood all over the ground or bloody clothes, or the emaciated, hunger stricken bodies of the supermen's victims laid where they were riddled with machine guns but a few days before we saw them. One trip thru the prisoners quarters is enough for a human. Swine would die of blood poisoning or potomaine if they were penned in there. We were told they had to live, and work, on a mere swallow of coffee, some putrid soup per day and a 12 oz. loaf of black bread per man for 6 days. Of course, a man could not work on that and stay healthy, so if he died his body was merely thrown into a huge lime pit which, when we saw it, contained many, exact number I dont know. If the man were too sick, he was shot or beat to death to put him out of the way, for there were many more to take his place. For punishment for not working properly or attempting to escape, there is a xplesant looking beating table in the middle of the square, ext to which is a hanging scaffdki with a big light aimed at it for night. When a beating or execution took place, the whole outfit was brought out in the square to see it.

Our forces were driving forward and when the Nazis at Ordrup knew we were coming, they pulled stakes. They took what prisoners they could and those that were unable to go because of illness etc., were herded in the square and mowed down with machine guns. I saw the bodies, and the blood and all, emaciated bodies which are but a rack of bones, in places sticking thru the flesh; mere living skeletons. Hundreds upon hundreds were mass murdered to silence them before the Americans came. We were all given the opportunity to see all for ourselves. On top of a hill nearby there were bodies laying all ~~about~~ over the ground where they had been brought by trailer truck from the camp. Civilian men of the town were brought there by our Army to dig graves for those who were killed there. The diggers were laborers, clerks, storekeepers, etc., and the place picked was nice rocky ground to make it more pleasant for them, a ~~km~~ bitter reminder for them of the leadership they chose to follow. I failed to mention the beautiful (?) crematory in which were were told they burned bodies dead and alive.

Here's a bit of an ironic ending to a murderer's life. It seems in the confusion of the break-up of the camp, a small number of Russians escaped and hid in the woods till the Americans took the camp, then came back there to live. It was they who told many of the facts of what went on. They conducted tours thru the camp, speaking thru interpreters. Among some civilians was a big healthy-looking German who took it upon himself to explain much about the camp and its savagery, proclaiming his hatred for Nazism and all it means. The Russians recognized him as one of the former guards (SS men) and grabbed bayonets from soldiers and savagely pounced upon him, sticking him thru and thru again (about 20 times) then bashed his head in with a chair. So savage was their assault, we were convinced that the life of terror and starvation and toil they led there under such men was, in all respects, true at they told it. I did not see that killing but saw the body but a few hours later the same day.

A few more words: The camp at Ordrup is but one among many; one among three in a 25 mile radius there, of which we were told Ordrup was the smallest and quietest.

Epilogue: Many men who may have had tendencies of mercy to the "poor", "misled" German; and who could not really believe such atrocities, could possibly exist, came away from that place with a newer, truer, perspective of the results of the bestial Nazi mind and creed. If there is such a thing as