

DIARY OF E.K.

One of the most interesting documents unearthed by this section of the CIC Detachment was a water-logged diary kept from November 1942 until recent days. This diary was written by E.K., internee since 1940. In secret and under the greatest difficulties, E.K. was able to record the events of the days. Discovery meant certain death. The incidents and situations described were personal experiences of E.K. and of his closest friends. The diary, written in German, is much too long to be incorporated in whole in this report. Excerpts are submitted as an illustration of the tone of the whole and as attestation to the acts of barbarism committed in the Dachau Concentration Camp. Both the author and his work may be in danger of German reprisals.

* * *

20 November 1942.

These pages that I now begin to write would lead to certain death if ever they were found. But what is death? How few of those I knew here are still alive today, how close to death we all stand! I can die here any moment, even if I take the greatest care.

Why should I not endeavor, even in the midst of these conditions, of this cruelty, to tell this gruesome story that no longer gives us goose flesh?

I feel, I know not why, the urge to write.

Purpose I really thought I would record all this for you, so that when we will meet again some time later, I would have nothing more to say; I would give you the pages and be silent--for I am tired of speaking.

And now I hasten to begin, without regarding the danger it involves. My friends think I am secretly writing a poem, most likely a love poem, or one about flowers and stars. If they knew what I was doing, they would burn these pages out of fear. In fact, they would be right, because I endanger their lives as well as my own; only they don't know it. And if these lines were found, I should have to prove that they had no knowledge of my secret writing, for I only showed them harmless little verses.

21 November 1942.

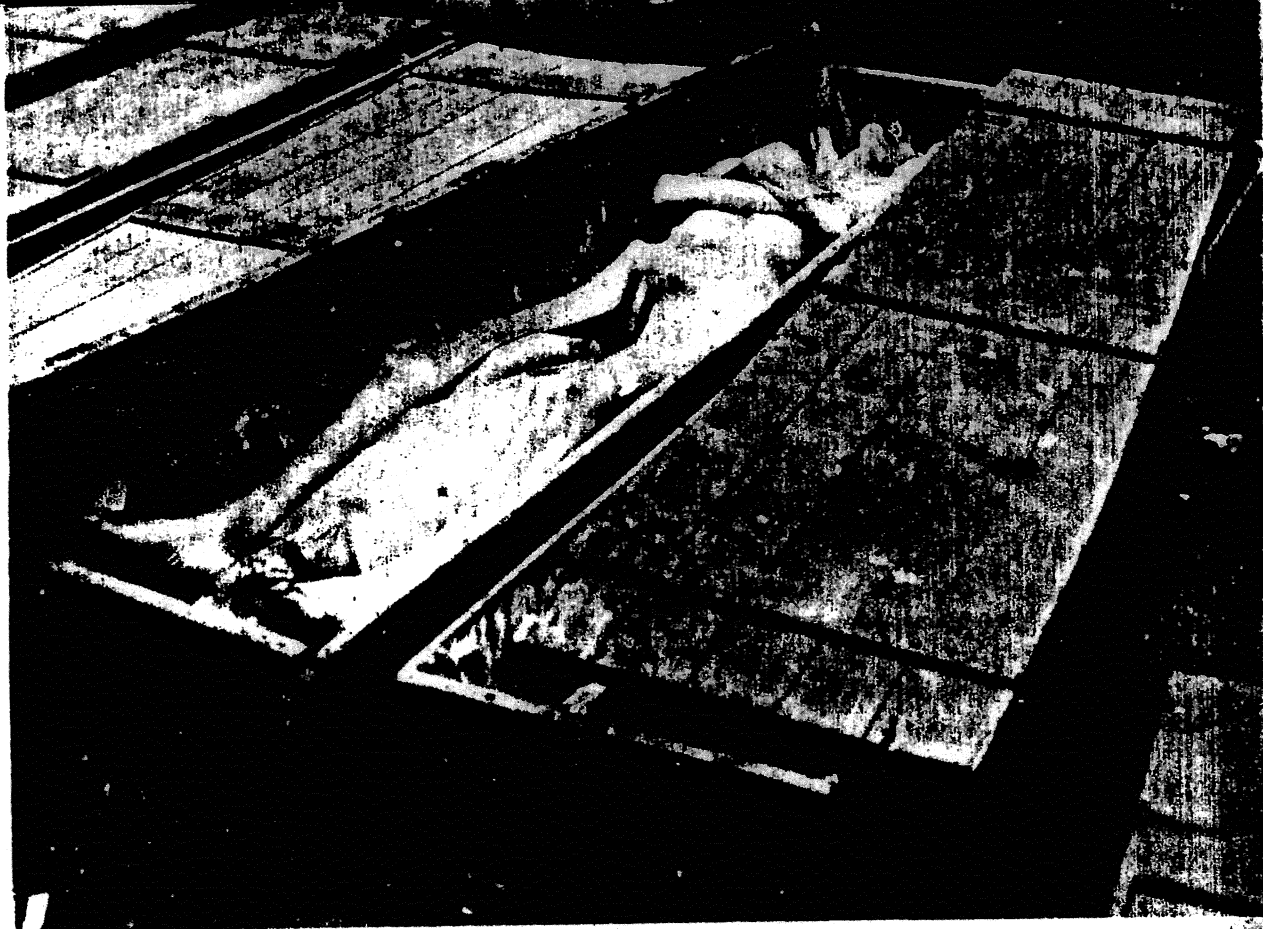
Something happened yesterday that excited even the most hardened of us, and that means something, for we have lost all feeling, nothing more can astonish us in any way. And so it was yesterday. Very few of us were moved, just those who were directly concerned.

500 invalids came yesterday from a camp near Danzig. To be an invalid among us prisoners means to be at death's door. Later, when we are together, I will tell you more about that.

51 of these "invalids" came in dead, but their bodies had already been partly eaten by the others, the remains and bones were thrown out of the chink in the cattle-truck door during

This Was a Common Sight.





the journey. Only a few unrecognizable parts of the body remained. The whole side was missing from one body, from others the nose, or cheek, or genital organs.

It must have been a terrible sight; I am so thankful I did not see it.

All the corpses were photographed. Most likely the camp authorities did this to send evidence to Berlin. The prisoners, during the six days that their journey lasted, received only one piece of bread, six hundred grams, I believe. Hunger delirium broke out among them, as they had suffered for a long time from under feeding. The officers of our guard, who otherwise make fun and joke about all these horrible things, except those concerning them were moved. This time they had seen something new: cannibalism, and that they were not used to. The last remains of civilization surged against these facts and deeds.

49 of the survivors died yesterday, the day of their arrival. Soon there will be more and every day the number will increase. That they brought them here can only be explained by the fact that manpower is needed; so they move up all they can. Of those that can't be revived...of those, I will speak to you later. Will you ever read these pages? Each page is a source of danger and who knows how many pages I will write, but even if I can put down all I

experience...it is so hard to hide these pages. May a good power protect them and keep them in safety, so that one day I can give them to you, together with a heart of stone that was wrought for you secretly during days and days and that I wore for a long time. Perhaps these pages will survive me, and some stranger will bring them to you.

The most beautiful flowers on my tomb, the tomb of my remembrance, for who dies here has no material grave.

I have grown older. My temples are turning grey and age is changing my features. I sometimes notice it when I look at myself in the small mirror of the washroom. I am only 36 years old, but, as most of us, my hair turning grey..."silver threads among the gold", as in the song.

22 November 1942.

I must tell you something that shocked me so much today; I don't know myself why.

It is Sunday. We are standing on the roll call court and are waiting for the order to march out. Beside us a few hundred Russians, or rather Ukrainians are led up. The two first lines are...children of 11 to 15. Their small bodies clad in garments far too large for them; their pale faces with childish, half joyful eyes, their voices sound like the lark's song in a church yard.

Last Sunday someone led past me a dying, whimpering infant. I had to turn my face away...help here is quite impossible.

These children, these young fellows worked in Wurtenburg, near Ulm. Food there was so scarce that they starved. They escaped in groups...they wanted to return home. Instead of that they were sent here. Many of them are already dead. They are quite happy about here...they say that food here is better. They are quite happy about that, and that tells its own tale. Hearts must grow hard here, otherwise one would cry from morn till evening.

8 December 1942.

Today is already December the 8th. Nothing happens, only small, trivial things. A...

At night, in bed I drew the blankets over my head, but I heard what somebody was saying behind us. His friend is a litter bearer...the job doesn't move him any longer. Yesterday as he was piling up the corpses, his attention was accidently drawn



Awaiting Cremation.

to one face...it was his brother.

How he must have been shocked although he was used to handling corpses. His brother had come from another camp without his knowing it.

Someone came and pulled the blankets from my head. It was a Polish friend of mine. He told me about a priest, a schoolmate of his. Here in Dachau they met again. The priest was suddenly taken into the Revier--that is the name they give to the hospital here, to be experimented on. Research is being made here on boils.

26 priests of Polish and Czech origin died from these experiments. In spite of this, the work went on just as the one on malaria.

The priest secretly sent a short note to his friend. The last sentence was not legible, for, as he himself said, he had 40° temperature. He did not ask for help because he knew all was lost. He only prayed that a way be found to prepare his family for the worst. He will be operated on Friday.

The prisoners are inoculated with these boils and then when the illness is at its highest point, they apply the counter-measure. They are experimenting.

Many hundreds will still die in this way and we must look on, helpless and unable to do anything. Each one must see how he can escape death, today, this very hour.

Tomorrow, tomorrow cannot be known.

And day before yesterday another 300 invalids came in. It was Sunday, and, as I was at work, I did not see them. People told me they were merely living corpses, and those who saw them thought that within two days more than half would be dead.

Another friend made me very sad today. His wife, whom he loves and who loved him, left his parents and her child and went to another country. He doesn't know why. Would it be to work?

He is weak and sensitive. I am surprised that he is still alive and now this happens to him.

It is like an illness. The wives outside get tired of waiting and claim divorce. Now the men don't receive their wives and children are lost to them, and with that, all ideals, all hold on life.

Just now a friend who works beside me told me that his father died. He was buried with full military honors. Now the mother doesn't want to receive any more news from her son as he bears a part of the responsibility for his father's death. What do these outside think we are...we here inside the camp? In fact, I know it has been spread about that only the most dangerous subjects, traitors and the like, among those the most severe cases, remain locked up here and in other camps. If only they saw us here, if only they knew! They think that a few hundred people are still interned.

But only here there are always between 8,000 and 12,000 men. In spite of the deaths, the number always remains about the same, as the Gestapo is working day and night. There are camps we have heard about that contain between 20,000 and 100,000 prisoners, men and women.

It is a real shame. In other camps so many more die. Proportionately, few die here, on an average of 10 a day. That is being very cautious, but it gives a frightening total: one man out of every three has to die within the year.

10 December 1942.

Yesterday, I saw again thin men creeping out of the front room of our barracks. They had stolen potato peelings out of the dust bin and filled their pockets with them. They were old and young men. Hunger hurts and the majority haven't the will-power to master the gnawing of the stomach.

But, as compared to other camps, this is heaven. One of our prisoners coming from Mauthausen told me today that there they had daily from 40 to 50 casualties out of a total of 4,000 to 6,000 men. On a certain winter day, the number went up to 180.

Only those who have lived and seen all that can believe that.

17 December 1942.

Actually, instead of many guards, we often only have 2 SS men, each with his Alsatian bloodhound when we march back to camp after work. Howtimes change! Before, when we were 80 men, we had 18 guards, now we are 150. Man becomes scarce.

19 December 1942.

They say that there are 3 cases of typhus in the camp. If that is true, we can still expect to witness all sorts of things.

20 December 1942.

Two men died today in the camp from typhus. It is said 4 others caught the illness, Russians and Italians.

Those nationals are cooped up in large numbers in the barracks and therefore have lice, the greatest agents of propagation of the illness, so that many more cases can be expected.

They are disinfecting. Can that be of any use?

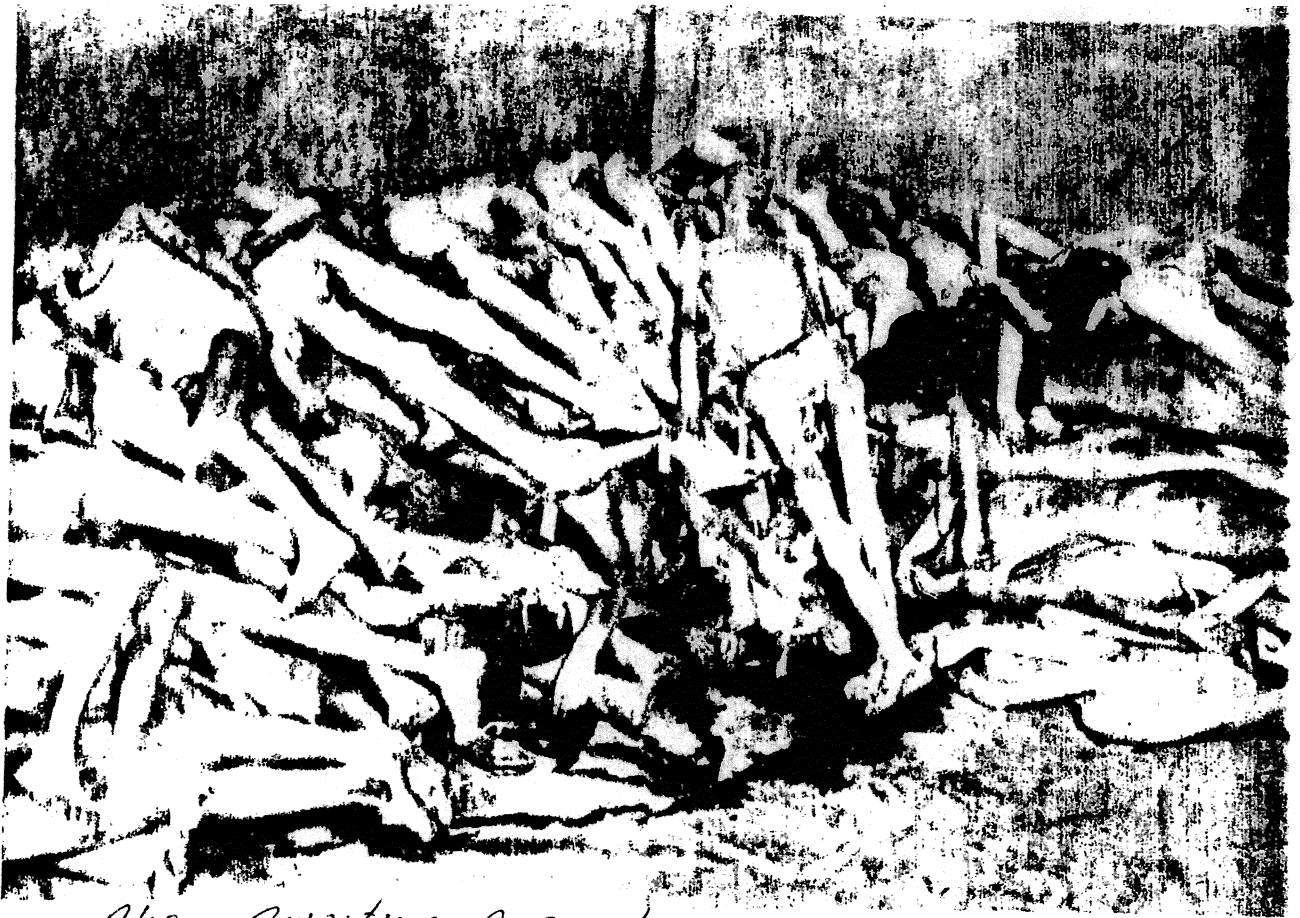
Yesterday, or the day before, Sister Pia was in camp. They said she was moved by the condition of the Polish priests. In one year, 800 of about 2,000 men died. That is counting too little; 1,200 could have died. They all look like skeletons. One of the bishops also died.

Oh pity! When and how will I at last be able to tell all to you! But how can I find words to do it!

21 December 1942.

The inmates had to run nude to the baths and had to return naked. (This is in the end of December). Sanitary measures, they call it!





Also Awaiting Cremation.

In addition, the camp was controlled for lice. 500 men were infected by lice. All their personal belongings were disinfected: shirts, coats, blankets, everything. Does it help? Perhaps...

During the winter of 1941, in January, I stood naked among 500 men for one hour on the roll call court to be checked like animals whether we were transportable to the camp of Nenegamme, whose climate and work and conditions of this camp destroyed man so fast that time and again they had to get new slaves from Dachau and other camps.

22 December 1942.

One of the former block leaders is said to be hospitalized in the Revier. It isn't such a long time since he left for the front. We called him the "Hamburger", a giant, brutal face, only 20 years old, paws like those of a rhinoceros. Only a year ago or maybe it was this year, he beat a man to death, because this man had eaten potato peelings, but he did not kill him slowly, as is customary; no, he killed him with one blow of his fist. He was too weak, the other too strong. He was also one of those who took pleasure in horse-whippings. Many have already been killed by him or have been hastened to death at the whipping place.

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They say that he lost one hand and one leg.

Fate had caught up with him if it is true. Now he cannot either beat or kick anymore. I wonder if his heart has changed too.

23 December 1942.

Our hospital, the Revier, has been put under quarantine. The sick ward is now in the bath room. Typhus now seems to be getting serious. We went to the baths to bathe. A transport of invalids had arrived. On many of the invalids, the shoulder blades stuck out like wings. They did not walk...those who could keep themselves erect dragged their feet absent-mindedly.

I thought of the time when I myself returned to this camp. What a wonder that I am still alive.

I was talking to a friend today. Some years ago he left with a transport to Mauthausen. There were 1600 of them. Now

The Crematory was overworked.



after nine months, he too returned, as in another world. More dead than alive, he was...he and the remaining nineteen men. That means that 20 men remained out of 1600. Yes, Dachau is, in spite of everything, the golden camp.

25 December 1942.

Our first holiday. We had to rise naked at 7 o'clock. Naked, we had to run 250 yards to the baths, holding our eating equipment in our hands. We stayed for 7 hours in the baths, naked, but the place was heated. We were disinfected. After 7 hours we returned to our blocks. The irritating gas here hurt our eyes so that we had to go outside again. The barracks had been gassed for delousing.

The entire night we were forced to sleep with windows open, but our eyes were watery, our heads ached. A curious holiday, our first Christmas day.

Today they told me about Russia. One of my friends was an eye-witness. In this town lived about 350,000 Russians, of whom 90,000 Jews. They were driven out of the city, dressed only in shirts, in winter, in unbearable cold. There they had to dig graves, women, men and children. They were forced to stand in front of them. Then they were mowed down by machine guns. They were pushed into graves, living or dead, it didn't matter and were covered with earth. He said that in another village, they brought the people to a Jewish cemetery, and then when they were herded together, the cemetery was blown up. This is the news from outside world. It isn't pretty, but credible, for we know their methods.

* * *



Finally. Decided to ⁴⁵ Bury them.

STATEMENT OF E.H.

I was detained 9 months under special arrest in Bunker 11 in the men's camp. During this time I occupied various cells. When I went to the door and spoke through the spy hole I could very easily talk to my cell neighbor, through this spy hole I could also see a part of the corridor. In this way I got exact knowledge of what went on habitually in the "Bunker". For a long time I had as a neighbor Kurt Muller. It was this man's job to do all the current secretarial work and to keep a list of prisoners up to date. One issue of this list went to the political section, the other remained in the prison. Regularly twice a week, usually Tuesday and Friday, a commission appeared. Sometimes there were delays so that they sometimes came on Wednesday or Saturday. From 16th October 1942 to June 26th 1943 I believe I was under special arrest "Komm. Arr". In all this time it happened only once that the commission was 12 days without coming.

This commission consisted of: SS Hauptsturmführer Aumeier, SS Obersturmführer Schwarz, SS Obersturmführer Grabner, and secretaries of the political department. These changed. There was also SS Obersturmführer Lachmann (I am not sure of this name). He usually wore mufti and a hunting hat. He also had a lame leg. His place was in the first of the political section. This Lachmann carried the list of Muller's in hand. They went from cell to cell and had them opened. I followed the process by ear and also watched through the peephole.

Each time a cell was opened the prisoner had to give his name. Lachmann examined his list and struck the name off. It happened also that the prisoner was asked how long he was in "Komm. Arrest". It was always Aumeier who put this question, as he was chief of this group. I have never heard any other question being put. I have never heard a prisoner being questioned as to the reason of his arrest. Neither have I ever noticed that apart from Muller's list, they had any other papers or files with them.

After the calling of the name Hauptsturmführer Aumeier shouted: "Stay in or come out". As the man came out, Aumeier decided "right" or "left". This indication was meant for two sentries of the polit. sect. who kept watch. These saw to it that the prisoners placed themselves correctly. Occasionally, Aumeier also said to a prisoner coming out: "I am sending in pension". Occasionally he also would start abusing them. His favorite term was "Bottle fly". The expression "Notified for punishment 1 or 2" I have never heard. Also I have never noticed any discussion about the prisoners among the members of the commission. Though I have noticed that when they had finished with one wing of the building, the names of those who were to stand to the right or the left were read through once more. Then usually new changes would take place from right to left and opposite.

By these changes there was some talk in the commission, but I could not hear what was being said; I soon noticed that the prisoners who were placed on the left were all sent for execution. I got to know it in this way, as those I knew who were placed on the right used to send me regards from the camp, while I heard from the above-mentioned Muller that those who were placed on the left were shot. Once I saw the execution myself, from a cell on the courtyardside, where I was by accident. The men came naked in the yard and had to place themselves on four rows, one just behind the other, in front of the black wall and the face turned to it. The women kept their panties. Then the posts fired. It did not make much noise. The men fell into a heap. The next batch had to place themselves in front of them and it went on like that till the day's work was over. Dr. Kitt attended these executions as physician. He was a tall spare man, and I am much mistaken if it was not Dr. Kitt. In one case he found that a man was still living. The sentry came back and gave him another shot in the neck. On the whole there were up to 40 prisoners at each execution. Sometimes there were only 6 or 8. The whole process of clearing out the Bunker went on fast; it lasted about 1/2 hour.

While prisoners were leaving one cell, the next was already opened. It is hard to say what reasons were there for the executions, though it struck me that prisoners who had escaped were always executed. Those men could be recognized by the fact that they were brought in without shoes or socks. I should say, under reserve, that the people executed in this clearing out were thoroughly healthy, powerful men of all ages up to 40. I have seldom seen sick or weak people. The sick, even late in the evening, were taken to hospital and nursed till restored to health. I can remember cases where such men, thoroughly cured were then sent to be executed. For instance prisoner Gralla. He was a German from Kattowitz, a construction or mechanical engineer. I am myself a witness that Obersturmfuhrer Aumeier told him: "Ha, Mr. Gralla, I am sending you to pension." Muller has also confirmed his death to me. This Gralla is not to be mistaken for his cousin, Dr. Gralla, who is still alive. Concerning the suppression of witnesses, I remember the following case: On Whitsunday 1942, a number of "capos" were arrested on a charge of jewel smuggling. Among them a prisoner whose christian name was "Gustav." He worked, I believe, in a car or ammunition factory. I seem to remember that he was from Hanburg. Age about 40, stature small, sagging. He had made statements against members of the SS and tried to get other prisoners to do the same.

These were very angry and would not do it. Two of them hanged themselves. The others were released and are at present soldiers. The talkative Gustav was shot. With these men was also a "capo" with Jugo as his christian name, from the gipsy camp. He still talked to me shortly before "Gustav" was shot. The commission had then its usual membership. Under reserve: If I remember rightly the commanding officer, SS Obersturmbannfuhrer (Leutnant Colonel) Hoss was at various times present at the process

of clearing out the bunker. I can even remember one definite case. Sometime in March 1942 I heard then his voice in front of my cell door, and saw him through the peephole. While by all other clearing outs they also opened my cell, this time my door remained closed. I knocked on the door, so as to be able to speak to him. The door was not opened though. I only heard him ask: "How is H?" Later on Gehring told me that the C.O. showed great interest in me, but he would not open the door and he laughed derisively; witness of this case is the Pole, Maria M. who in those days shared my cell. I remember quite definitely that this took place at one of the usual clearing outs and that I had followed the forming up of the men to right and left through my peephole. Obersturmfuhrer Schwarz was said to replace usually the C.O. of the commission, the procedure itself was supposed to be ordered from Berlin.

These "Bunker clearings" had nothing to do with other executions. So-called "emigrants" were also executed. These were men, women and even children of all ages. They came without exception late at night in the camp and were locked twelve and more in one-man cells. Once 15 women were locked in with me. They bore the traces of a long journey on them; they were dusty and dirty; they had luggage and crockery with them.

These entrances were not put down by Muller, the secretary, on his bunker's list. They also received special treatment, receiving for dinner a double ration and warm food; this never occurred in the camp. These transports, called in camp slang "get through or heavenwards" transports were usually shot in the early morning at 4:30 or 5 a.m. before we arose.

The number of these transports varied between 120 and 150 people or more. Sometimes there also were smaller transports. I consider absolutely excluded that from these transports men were ever chosen to perform at first some work in the camp (postponement of execution). I have never noticed that either in the evening or the morning an interpreter was present to question those people who did not understand any German. Also in some cases they had to go through a quarantine cell on an upper floor, before they went in camp, or to go to Block 2. But this was never the case in my time. Moreover their whole luggage remained in the cell and was fetched after the execution. It never occurred that there was a choice made among this luggage. Apart from these executions, there were also so-called punishment executions. Should anything grave occur - an evasion was considered a grave enough case - then out of every team of workers a few would be taken out, without any sort of choice.

These men would be locked in, still in their working clothes, would not be put down on the entrance list and then on the morrow shot at 4:30 or 5. I can still remember that once a prisoner who worked as a chimney sweeper was locked in and shot then in his typical working clothes. Obersturmbannfuhrer Grabner or Lachmann was always present at those executions.

Once I was myself taken to execution. Though

I can't say with certainty if in this case it was a "clearing out". It was a Thursday at 8 or 8:30 a.m. I was sick and still asleep. In the cell with me were Maria M. and Regenscheidt. As I slept I hadn't heard whether other cells had been opened or not. Oberscharfuhrer Gehrige appeared and said: "H, get ready, you are going to be shot." My two companions helped me dress. Outside in the corridor were 8 to 10 men, some of them in chains. Apart from Gehrige was a man called Porzel or some such name, nicknamed the "devil", a few members of the political section and a strikingly great number of sentries with rifles. We walked out of the prison building, down the camp alley, I at the head as the only woman. Suddenly Grabner and Aumeier who had not been there, met us. They were shocked at seeing me, and made everyone go back. I suppose we were on our way to the execution place No. 2 that lay near the former administrative buildings. Obersturmbannfuhrer Grabner called me an hour later and told me the whole thing was a joke of Oberscharfuhrer Gehrige. Death certificates were made out for the men shot in the clearing out. As I was in charge of their effects, and had to send their belongings to the survivors, those documents came through my hands. For instance on a given day: 8:02 a.m. Miss X died of typhus; 8:07 a.m. Mrs. Y died of appendicitis. I remember exactly the case of three German girls, known to me, who were placed under arrest on the authority of the political section, and never came out, certainly did not go to the hospital, as we could make sure of. A certificate of natural death was made out for them. (I cannot remember at present the names of those concerned). No mention was ever made for the reasons of their arrest. For the so-called emigrants such documents could not be established, because the prison only placed the people from transport in the cells but did not have their names. At any rate, so Muller assured me. Apart from shooting in "Kommandantur Arrest" there were also hunger, thirst and injections. While I occupied a cell close to the "standing cell", or was myself in the standing cell, the following German citizens died of hunger: Herbert Roman, Heinrich Roman (they were not related), Bruno Graf and an "Obercapo" from the ammunition factory.

Herbert Roman was from Hamburg. The following charge was laid against him: he had gone with a car into the women's camp to take a load of corpses and had taken this opportunity to meet a girl from Hamburg, Margot Schmidt. Heinz Roman was supposed to know something of an attempted murder against an SS sentry. The capo from the ammunition factory was supposed to have helped four Poles to escape. Bruno Graf was supposed to have robbed one chicken. These prisoners received food at first, then every fourth day, at the end neither food nor drinks, or the possibility of going to the toilet.

It was a real torture to hear them complaining of thirst all through the night. The Capo died first after some 14 days. Then Bruno Graf died, after he had been hung by the arms for 5 hours in the sun. Then followed Heinz Roman and at last Herbert Roman who held out for 40 days. I supposed that the men who spent the night in the standing cell, and who worked all day long, could at least get

him some water. H. Sturmbannfuhrer Aumeier and Obersturmfuhrer Grabner stood often in front of the standing cell.

I often begged them, at least to liberate those Germans from their sufferings, but Hauptsturmfuhrer Aumeier answered: "The hounds must die". Obersturmfuhrer on the contrary remained quiet. After their death I suffered great anxiety, because I had always in my ears their voices, complaining and at the end reduced to a whisper. Also the state of frightful thinness, with long hair and beard, their corpses were terrible to look at. I saw this when they dragged a corpse on the ground past my cell door.

Gehring quietened me later and gave me cigarettes. By this he only wanted to probe my mind and learn if the others had told me anything, or told me to speak about it. He also said: "There is no regret to be had about this lad, he was a great criminal".

I myself witnessed once how Oberscharfuhrer Gehring killed a German who I do not know by name, with one single blow in the stomach or near the heart. A Polish M.D. was busy placing a bandage on me, as I saw this, and saw the man carried away dead. The physician came back then, and just said: "Out".

The injections were mainly carried out by a medical service man from the surgery section, by the name of Heini. Once or twice a month he came to the school. There the prisoners were shown to him. Those had swollen feet, either from running bare-foot or from the climate were called out to the row.

After the other had gone to work, he gave them injections, whereupon they fell dead. No doctor was present either at the injections or the death. Heini acted quite independently.

While I was in the K.A., 2 Czech girls came temporarily into my cell. Both were called out one day and brought into the next cell. There they received from 2 SS I did not know but from what they said, from the political direction, each an injection. Death followed at once. I had never seen those 2 SS in the camp previous to this. The reasons for this actions are unknown to me. Before I came to the bunker, I was myself a witness to Heini administering injections to 4 women and the 4 babies they carried at arm. Also here, death was immediate. This happened in the women's hospital.

In September 1942 a riot broke out in "Buddy" (nickname given to the school) between German and Jewish prisoners. All the Jewish women, 93 of them, were killed by the German women. They struck them down with stools, tables, boards or anything that came handy. Next day they lay dead in the camp alley near "Buddy".

The SS guard reported the proceeding to SS Hauptst. Fuhrer Schwartz who carried out the inquest. The Germans said they feared the Jewesses would kill them, as the previous night the Jewesses had tried to kill the German woman. To the question "who killed the Jewesses?" nobody answered at first.

Then the SS said they would not be punished if they reported themselves, as they were only Jews. Also a pros-

pect of liberation was dangled before their eyes if they reported themselves. They went in the K.A. On October 16th I came myself in the K.A. They next day I spoke with the girls. They told me the whole story. They were told they would go to the artificial rubber works. They told me more about the riot; the chief of the Block of the punishment company (I can't remember his name at the present) had incited them to kill the jews, and the SS had helped them to do it. They also told me that the night of the riot, the SS guards had thrown tiles on the Jews. A few days later, these girls were fetched suddenly at 5:30 or 6, and were brought to chief of block 11 of the K.A. There each of them received an injection. "Injection Heini" and two other SS I did not know were present. I cannot say with certainty if Hauptsturmfuhrer Aumeier or Hauptsturmfuhrer Schwarz were also there. One of the 2 was there, which, I am not sure.

I was accidentally in the next room, being bandaged and got knowledge of the case in this way. The block chief was temporarily arrested and then released again. Nothing further happened in this case. "Injection Heini" whose name I do not know, has a face like a monkey, he walks with head bent, shoulders high, average stature. The prisoner Aurelia Reichert, No. 501, chief of the Revier can give further information on this case. Also the Jewish chief M.D. whose christian name was Enna. She was a protegee of Dr. Rode. It has been said that Dr. Rode gave the orders for these injections. Various pictures were now presented to me. They were pictures of the prisoner Herbert Roman.

(Note of the instructor: Mrs. H did recognize the prisoner Herbert Roman without doubt, as the various photos were presented to her. This Herbert Roman is the man that died from starvation.)

The two official books of the K.A. were now presented to me, to help my memory. After long consideration I must declare that these books are not the original books of the K.A. I have seen the originals myself. It was twice as big as the 2 copy books put one against the other and 3 or 4 fingers thick. The covering is black or dark blue. Also the 2 copy books are not complete. The women, who were always in great numbers in the K.A., were not mentioned. Many men were also missing, for instance one Franz Kummel, who was twice in the K.A. towards the end of my detention, that is June 1943. He was block chief in the K.A. Further, I remember prisoners of whom I only remember the christian name, and which are not written down, for instance Hugo, Franz and Hannes (calfactor in the K.A.). Hannes and Franz were locked up because they had at night opened up the cells of the K.A. to permit to the male prisoners sexual intercourse with the women. As I heard this happened because the 3 SS of the K.A., successors to Gehring (possibly it was Gehring himself) took part in this sexual intercourse.

In the case of the above-mentioned Gralla, the death mark, a cross, is missing in the copy book. Names of other prisoners have now come back to me: the men killed by Gehring is Walter Walterscheidt, No. 15476. He is recorded as a case of

suicide by poison, on 23.3.43.

The case of the suppression of a witness is Gustav Vaupel. The prisoners mentioned in the first copy book under the number from 124549 to 124567, arrival date 9th of June 1943, 6:30 p.m., are the prisoners who on the next day at 11:30 a.m. were shot as a reprisal. The exit date with 2:30 p.m. is false.

The above-mentioned chimney sweeper is Stanislaus Bialek. The dead cross behind his name is also missing. I remember further that one of the prisoners who in my time died on starvation in the bunker was a German, Erich Klose by name, No. 19860. He belonged to those who were involved in a jewel case. This was said to be a purely SS matter.

Other list which have stuck on the K.A. list are: Bruno Brodniewica, a German citizen, camp-chief, brought in on December 30th, 1942, liberated on March 25th, 1943. He disappeared after he left the bunker. Officially he was gone to Muhlhausen. The rumor was spread in the camp that he was killed because he knew too much. He occupied once a cell next to mine. I talked with him and he told me without giving details that, that he knew all about the terrific goings-on in the camp, and was arrested because he knew too much.

His successor (Ludwig) was his christian name) disappeared also. He was brought in, I believe, in June or July 1944 by Hauptsturmf. Schwarz. The disappearance of a Jewish M.D., Samuel Mishki, belongs to the same type; he worked with Prof. Glanberg, thanks to special Berlin recommendations. He appeared one day in the K.A. then was directly taken by ambulance to the crematory and killed there. His name is not in the copy book. As witness against Hauptsturmfuhrer Tauber (captain), the prisoner Richard Faustmann, No. 113666, may be called. He was brought in by Tauber himself. I have not found either in the copybook the names of Heinz, Willy and the 3rd from the clothes depot Canada who was brought in in April/May 1943 and shot.

Hauptscharfuhrer Gehring, administrator of the arrest place, struck the prisoners with fists and keys. During winter, he would compel prisoners to go naked in the courtyard, to take exercises. When they were well warmed up, he gave them a shower with a hose. I witnessed myself one of these cases, as I by chance was washing at the time. Once in February an M.D. presumably Dr. Kitt, came up and had Gehring immediately arrested. Gehring confessed to me once about those ill-treatments, that for all he did, he had orders from the political section, and mentioned the name of Lachmann. I doubt just now whether it is really Lachmann (a small chap, with a game leg) and not the criminal Secretary Wosnitza, SS Unterscharfuhrer Kurt Mueller could be called as a witness against Gehring.

Unterscharfuhrer (sergeant) Stiebitz, was known as the greatest petticoat hunter in the camp. It was his charge to take the men to the brothel. The prisoners concerned, who were with me in the hospital, such as Hilde Goltz, Anneliese, Peter. The above-mentioned Sonja Regenscheidt complained that he would peep

at them during the sexual intercourse. Hauptsturmfuehrer Schwarz was also mentioned as equally curious. Stiebetz had an affair with the prisoner Annemarie Goerlitz. They once had a rendezvous in the clothes storeroom and Oberscharfuehrer Tauber told me I must not tell this to anyone. I was present myself when Obersturmfuehrer (Lt.) Grabner warned Annemarie Goerlitz. He added, "If it happens again you'll just see....!" She was then sent, with her hair cut, to Ravensbruck. It was generally known in the camp that Stiebitz had intimate relations with a Jewish secretary, Iberia Katja. This girl was also involved in the prosecution against Unterscharfuehrer Pallitsch, who celebrated orgies in the gipsy camp and was on this account condemned by the tribunal of Breslau, thanks to Stiebitz. Katja was fetched out of the bunker after she had been 6 hours there. She pretends actually to be Aryan, but she came to the camp of Jews and I have seen myself her Jewish identification papers. I also know her Jewish brothers, who live in Birkenau.

As to other names, I also know Unterscharfuehrer Heueer. He was the man who interrogated and struck Hild Logauer, Regenscheidt, etc., on the Stalin swing.

SS Oberscharfuehrer (sergeant major) Boger called himself with relish "the Devil." Formerly I have called him Porgel. He also had this name in the camp. As I had been released two or three days from K.A., Boger called me. He asked, "Do you know me?" I answered "Yes." "What is my name?", he asked. He then added, "I am the devil." He then asked me why I was interested in the Jewess Zimmerspitz. He struck me with full power under the chin and in the face, so that I tumbled down.

SS Obsturmfuehrer. I already met the C.O. as I was brought in Auschwitz. He or the Hauptsturmfuehrer Schwarz used to ask the newcomers if there were typists amongst them, whatever their profession. I gave mine as a helper of a drugstore. The M.D., Van Brodemann wanted to have me for the hospital. Obersturmfuehrer Hoess then let secretary Langenfels give me a room all to myself in Block 4. A few days later I was ordered by Obersturmfuehrer Mueller to the C.O. because an artisan was wanted. I was received in the house by the C.O.'s wife, who in the hall showed me a carpet and asked me if I could mend it. I undertook the job and worked at it for two days. During this time I often saw the C.O. coming and going. He asked me if I were H, and put no other question to me. He remarked that properly he should not employ a political prisoner in his house, but his wife had various jobs for me. I then prepared two tapestries, a tapestry cushion in silk, a car rug and various blankets. I liked to work in the C.O.'s house, as far as keeping up of the entrance lists allowed me the time. I still spent the night in camp. As long as I worked in the house, I was fed there. I ate alone in a room and the same food as the C.O. himself.

The food consisted of soup, entree, meat, vegetables, and pastries or cakes, fruit salad and coffee. It was extremely good and compared favorably with the menu of a big hotel in peace time. The two Jewish tailor girls (whose names I forget) who

worked in the house got the same food. One of them is still alive. I talked with her a few days before I was sent to Munich. These two girls worked from 1942 onwards, until 3 or 4 months ago, uninterruptedly in the C.O.'s house. Where the C.O. or his wife secured this amazing quantity of material or clothes, I don't know, as the C.O.'s wife went very plainly dressed, one could say almost too plainly dressed. The C.O. soon took a special interest in me. It did not strike me at first, but my fellow prisoners soon drove to my notice to the fact that the C.O. was strikingly interested in me. The C.O. had me called to him each time he came in the camp, or he came himself to the place where I worked.

He talked of business, but laughed at the same time in a particular way. I answered in the same way because I must confess that I liked him as a man. Apart from the frequent business talks, he did all he could to favor me and make my detention lighter. In the first room I occupied there were three other women. As the C.O. learned this, he ordered Hauptsturmfuehrer Aumeier to prepare a special room for me on the floor of Block 4. I could decorate this with my own furniture and real carpets. On weekends I got a furlough on parole and could also move about freely in the town of Auschwitz and could stay out the night. In these cases I used to sleep in the buildings of the staff, outside the camp. The C.O. also saw me often smoke, which was forbidden to prisoners, and never said anything. When I wanted to hide the cigarette, he told me not to trouble. I also got permission to have a personal cook and a maid for my personal needs. Witness for this is SS Hauptsturmfuehrer Aumeier. On my birthday, a special feast was organized for me in the C.O.'s house. The people in camp believed at first that I was related to the C.O. and asked me about it. The C.O. expressed his particular feelings for me for the first time as in May 1942, his wife being out, I was in his villa, sitting by the radio. Without a word, he came to me and gave me a kiss. I was surprised and frightened, escaped him and locked myself up in the toilet. There were too many obstacles between him and me on account of his position and the fact that he was married. From then on, I did not come in the C.O.'s house any more. I reported myself as sick and tried to hide from him when he asked for me. Though he succeeded time and again in finding me, on these occasions, he did not talk of the kiss. I was only twice more in his house before my birthday, by order. Then once on my birthday. Then he sent the SS Hauptsturmfuehrer Mueller to tell me that I was free on Sunday and I should bathe, have my hair dressed, put on my best clothes and call on his wife on Sundays. At the end of September his wife told me I need not come any more for the time being, as the C.O. was sick in Bielitz and she was with him. Two or three days later, the Supervisor Drechsel took the work away from me.

A fortnight later, I was sent to the S.L. As reason, I was told I had committed some infraction in the C.O.'s house. Thereupon I wrote a letter to the C.O., another to his wife and another to his cook, the prisoner Sophie Stipl. In these, I

explained the facts and asked them to take no account of rumors and to do something for me. As an answer the next day at 1:30 p.m. I was transferred to the Kommandanturarrest. This was on October 16, 1942. On this day, I should have entered the hospital as Chemist, because a month before the deputy SS head M.D. had come in the camp and had hinted at my liberation and removal to a hospital on the East Front. I pointed out that on account of my long detention, my nerves wouldn't stand it. Then the M.D. said that I must work in the SS Hospital in Auschwitz. I was to train at once in the prisoners' hospital before I went into quarantine. Still on the same day, about 8:30 p.m. Injection Heini came to fetch me. I refused to work with Jewesses and remarked that I needed no training. Then came the SS Obersturmfuehrer Kraetzer and said I could spend my quarantine in camp, as I was quite healthy anyhow. During this four weeks quarantine in camp, I should train nurse, prisoner, Gertrud Malorny. This I did. I was brought to the K.A. by supervisor Hasse. As we passed by the sentry, she told him: "this one shall not come back." No one could or would give me the reasons for my arrest. Until January 1943, I was quite well in K.A. Usually I had a one person cell, provided with a good bed and mattress. I had a table and a stool, could read, write and smoke. I wrote 2 or 3 times to the C.O., through the political direction (SS Obersturmfuehrer Grabner) and asked for the reason of my detention. I never got an answer. During this time, SS Hauptsturmfuehrer Aumeier, SS Hauptsturmfuehrer Schwarz and SS Obersturmfuehrer Grabner came occasionally to see me. They told me my case depended directly upon the C.O. I was all right. And then they would laugh. According to my recollection, on December 16, 1942, about 11 p.m. I was already asleep, suddenly the C.O. appeared before me. I hadn't heard the opening of my cell and was such frightened. It was dark in the cell. I believed at first it was an SS man or a prisoner and said, "What is this tomfoolery, I forbid you." Then I heard "Pst" and a pocket lamp was lighted and lit the face of the C.O. I broke out, "Herr Kommandant." Then we were both silent a long time. As I had composed myself, I thought something evil was afoot and asked: "What is wrong?" Then Hoess spoke his first words, "You are coming out." I asked, "Now, at once?" He answered once more, "Pst. Be very quiet, we'll talk it over" and sat at the foot of my bed. I reminded him I had written to him and why didn't I get an answer, and why was I under arrest?" He didn't answer this, but asked if I wasn't all right, he had done everything to improve my condition, and did I need anything. Then he moved up slowly from the end of the bed and tried once more to kiss me. I defended myself and made some noise. He then warned me to be quiet, nobody knew he was there. I asked him how he had come in and if no one had seen him. He told me he had come through the garden door and had unlocked the door himself.

I was again very irritated and told him that my liberation from prison had been arranged for the 16th of October and that I should have been working for a long time in the SS hospital. He answered that my liberation was approved, but he did not

know that I was supposed to work in the SS hospital. He answered that he would first have to look in the Acts because he had been ill and this was his first time back in the camp and he came directly to me. I asked him then why he came at night. I told him that he could see me during the day in the Kommandantur. I did not lose the idea of being executed. The SS Obersturmbannführer Hoss told me I could be quite unconcerned. I was under his protection and he only came to talk alone without disturbing me. He asked me then why I was always so reserved with him. I told him that as Kommandant, he was for me a respectful personality and that he was married. He said then I should not worry, that he knew what he was doing. He requested me to be his friend. Then he tried again to kiss me and was somewhat sweeter. During all that time I was very anxious, listening and looking at the door that was open, because I could not forget that somebody was staying outside. The Kommandant was not allowed to go alone in the camp. Therefore I could not believe that he came alone to me. I insisted again that he should go away. Finally he went away and told me that I should think about it and that he would come back. I said then "But please not during the night." He closed the door very quietly and one could hear the noise of boots from cell 26 where I was. I did not hear the outer gate close or the front door. These doors were always shut during the night. Two nights later, again a few minutes after 11 o'clock as he had told me, he came again. He asked me if I had made a decision. I said "No, I didn't want to" and I told him "All I wanted was to be released." He said then that he had prepared everything. He had arranged a nice room in a very beautiful house. To my question as to when I would finally be released, he answered that I would see it very soon. Then we had a very long talk for two hours on personal questions. He did not say anything about himself. He asked me about my life and my family situation which were not in my records. At the end he tried again to be friendly. I resisted and made him wait saying that the door was open and that somebody could always come. He said that I should not worry that nobody would come. I didn't let that influence me and he went away in a nasty temper. The following day was Sunday. In the morning he made a Bunker inspection. Then I had to go in another cell that one could open and shut from the inside. It was, if I remember correctly, Cell #6. Some days later, he came again during the night. He asked then if he should go away. I said "no". He asked me what I had to say. I told him he knew what I had to say. Then he came to me in bed and we had sexual intercourse. Some days later he came again. This time he undressed himself completely. At midnight there was alarm. I think something was on fire somewhere in camp. Outside in the hall the light was turned on. One could hear the steps of Gehring. Hoss hid himself naked in the corner behind the door and I hid the uniform in bed. During these moments the light went on a short time. Uehring looked through the spyhole and put the light out immediately. When everything was quiet, Hoss put his clothes on and went outside but came back

soon and said he could not go out of the camp because there was too much movement. He stayed then with me until after one o'clock. The following times he did not undress again. He just made himself comfortable. All in all we had 4 or 5 nights of sexual intercourse. His interest in me did not seem to lag. We had later still some conversations together. I brought up the subject of my liberation once again. He said I had to have patience. He had started an inquiry against the Superintendent, Miss Hartman. When he came to me the following time, I asked occasionally what would happen to me if he was discovered. He said I ought to deny it and asked me if I would do it. I swore silence. He gave me then the advice if more was asked to say that a prisoner had come to me. I replied that I did not know any prisoners. He thought he knew that more SS men and nice looking Capos had interest for me. Then he asked what I had with Flichtinger. I told him that he had written me and that I had answered him telling him not to annoy me. Then he asked if it was an affair of a nice Capo. I described him as being small and not completely to my taste. His advice was then that I should indicate Fichtinger. I did not like to indicate Fichtinger but he thought I could do it quietly. For me nothing would happen if I had relations with a prisoner. He took a sheet of paper out of his notebook and I had to give him, in the light of his flashlight, a written declaration that I had acquaintance with the prisoner Frans Fichtinger. This paper he put in a small leather book. Hoss did not give me anything but he lost once by me the strap of his gloves. A strap with a button where the Nappa is. This strap I keep in my luggage.

Those conversations were the occasion that during the night of the fire the prisoner SS man Eduard Lockhauserbaumer who was in a cell near to mine (prisoners presence there subsequently checked in prison files) heard the sound of the boots on the pavement and looked outside his cell and saw Hoss, but he had taken him for the Obersturmfuhrer Schwarz. He spoke to me about him from cell to cell. During his last visit, the Kommandant said he wanted to come back to me. But soon afterwards at the beginning of February I had a very severe attack. Always before it had gone away. I thought it was a gallstone attack. This diagnosis was confirmed by Dr. Stassel, Bunkerdoctor. In the evening I had a second attack with terrible vomiting. Then the prisoners doctor came, Dr. Doring. After examination he told me carefully, "You are pregnant". The following day he came again and examined me thoroughly. He established the fact definitely that I was pregnant 8 weeks. He asked me who was the man. I told him I could not answer and asked him not to say anything about it. I urged him at the same time to help me. Therefore, the following day a janitor at the Bunker, I think Teresiak, handed me through the window two medicines. I took one. As I got terrible pains, I threw the second away. Dr. Doring did not come anymore. After this attempt at abortion I was taken into a special cell of the dungeon, which is a small dark hole and only very little air can pass into it. Otherwise it was quite dark. One can just stand in that hole or stay on the knees to have a

change of the position. The next morning when Gehring came to fetch me I was completely naked as I had been washing. Just as I was finishing, Gehring took me along; he only allowed me to put on an apron. Witness of this is Rottenfuhrer Muller. I had to stay in the above described cell all the time. I was not told the reason. When I was in the dungeon, I got terribly afraid and started crying for which Hannes had to pour several buckets of water on me. The reason why I cried so terribly was because there was a dead body in the cell which I could feel in the darkness. I was taken out of that cell and was put into the next one. As I continued crying once more several buckets of water were poured on me. The first days, I received the normal quantity of internees' food. After that I only got some bread and coffee and each 4th day I received some cooked food. For a period of 9 weeks I had no possibility to wash myself and the last 17 days there was no using the W.C. I had to do this in my cell. During the imprisonment I asked Rottenfuhrer Muller to bring me some clothes as I felt very cold. He advised me to talk to Gehring. Gehring turned up several times, opened the little hole and called "old cow, hysterical goat", when I asked him for a drop of water. He expressed surprise several times that I had not died yet. (Note of interrogator: While talking of these things she became rather excited. One can clearly see how terrible the reminder of this time affects here). As far as I can remember it must have been winter time when I was in that cell because Gehring gave orders to cutt off the steam heat for my cell. About that time also Obersturmfuhrer Grabner and Hauptsturmfuhrer Aumeier were in front of my cell. The door of my cell was not quite closed which enabled me to see those two. I could also hear that they spoke in front of Herman Roman's cell and when Roman asked them to save his life, Aumeier just replied, "you will die you dog." I had to vomit and felt better after that. After my release from this special cell, I asked the neighbor of the next cell how to manage an abortion. This was about April or May in 1943. Miss (Mrs) Regenscheidt told me to get hold of a long needle with which I should open the ovary and put green soap inside. The above-mentioned Kurt Muller brought me those things along as I told him I needed it for my washing. With the support of a mirror I started trying it with the result that I lost a lot of blood and the spot became rather swollen. The whole trial was without any result. I believe it was the 26 of June when I was released, the very same day when the execution of the Jewess Zimmerspitz took place. When Aumeier gave the order to get out, I also entered the corridor. Obersturmfuhrer Grabner when he saw me said, "for heavens sake that is N" and I was sent back into the cell. To Aumeier he said, "she will be sent back into the camp." This order was given by the commander. She will be sent to Buddy as Blockalteste (in charge of a barracks). Instead of that I was sent back into the punishment company where Oberscharfuhrer Tauber received me. He said I got here by special order of the commander and would have all advantages. I got into the hospital where I received something which managed the abortion. In the punishment

company I was allowed then to stay in bed for ten or twelve days. After my convalescence I worked 3 months as a janitress. After that I was in charge of the kitchen and had to go into the hospital again on account of bronchitis. Before my release I got typhus. Ever since I am in the hospital waiting to be transferred to Munich. On the 12th of July I was supposed to be sent to Munich as the whole hospital was cleared out. That was in 1944. Only five old Jewish women and myself stayed. Obersturmfuhrer Hessler intended to put me in the dungeon until I was sent to Munich. When I refused he got order from the commander that I will be taken into the new barracks, for the time being. While there the civilian employee, Dr. Gobel, of the Glauberg station, gave the order that I shall have to be sent to Birkenau for gas. In fact I was put together with the other Jewish women into the car, but in the very last moment the SS man in charge of the Glauberg station came and gave order to bring me back again. The clerk of the hospital office, the internee Adolf Laatsch assured me that Dr. Gobel put my name as the first one on the list of those who are going to pass the gas chambers. I still have to point out that in the presence of Prof. Glauberg and the Camp Commander I had to meet Dr. Doring. Nobody else was present. I was asked whether I knew Dr. Doring. This question was put to me by the Camp Commander, Mr. Baer. Dr. Doring gave me a sign not to say anything and answered, "No, I do not know this woman", and I agreed that I did not know him. After this meeting I immediately said to Prof. Glauberg and the doctors that I did not recognize Dr. Doring. Prof. Glauberg asked me why I did not say so before. I replied that I did not know the purpose of this meeting and Dr. Doring immediately had said that he did not know me. Fifteen minutes later I wrote a note to Commander Hoss telling him about the meeting and declaration. A second note which I sent to the Commander said that Prof. Glauberg refused to take me into the new station and I asked for orders from him. Two or three days later, Hauptscharfuhrer Klausen was sent to me by the Commander to ask me whom I gave those letters to as he did not receive same. Klausen advised me to hand him all the letters which I wanted to send to the Commander so as to be sure that they would reach their destination. After that I was asked by the Commander to state any special wishes I had about food. I was allowed to write them on a list. I did so and it was signed for agreement by the Commander. The meeting with the Commander Hoss in the presence of the SS Judge Untersturmfuhrer Wiebeck took place as follows: I was asked by Wiebeck what enabled me to say that the Commander knew who was with me in the dungeon. I laughed, and the Commander said that this was quite unclear to him. He got rather excited and put his hand on the bed to steady himself. He confirmed also that I behaved very decently and that I had been kept in the dungeon for my own protection. He did not know anything as to why I was kept in that little hole. To the contrary, he accused him for not having said anything to him about that. When I was told that in January 1943 Hoss refused my release from camp on account of very bad behavior, I did

not have any declaration for that. About the fears which I had in connection with my transfer to Munich, I spoke to my fiancée, the already mentioned Fichtinger. He advised me under all circumstances not to mention the commander's name. I was also careful enough to put myself under psychiatric care for a period of 6 weeks. The certificate about this from the Polish camp doctor as well as the written diaries about everything that happened are in the possession of Fichtinger. I also want to say that once I listened to a talk between several internees, the names of whom I do not know. They said that they were keeping a hiding place together with some SS men where they got some very valuable things: foreign money, gold and silver, which they want to take along after the clearing out of Camp Auschwitz. Some of that stuff was supposed to be in a house which was left alone and was situated on the way to Mamense. I myself know the house by talk but I do not know where in this area the stuff is kept. The other part of those valuable things are supposed to be underneath Block No. 2 in the men's camp.

Waste of textiles: The textiles were stored in several barracks of which I only know two. Those have been cleared out. Those barracks were full to the ceiling with clothes, furs, suitcases, bags and boots. All those things were kept there for such a long time and without any care being taken that the rats spoiled them until they became unusable, with the result that they had to load all that stuff on trucks and carry it to the crematorium to be burned. Hauptscharführer Effinger was responsible for that. He used to always drink and fool around with women all the time. When I left Auschwitz, the textiles were stored in stone buildings and the intern in charge told me the same thing was happening as it did before. I saw them burn great hills of valuable suitcases, leatherware, and boots which were spoiled from the wetness.

Ravensbruck: I have been in Ravensbruck as from the 5/12/41 until 24/3/42. During that time I saw many cases of cruelty and very bad treatment against internees. I saw the head woman guard, Mandel, when she sent dogs against the internees. Those internees were wounded and immediately sent into the punishment company. No care was taken about them and the majority died there on account of their own wounds. 57 of the 1000 internees who were transferred from Ravensbruck to Auschwitz were still alive at the time of my departure. Those 57 can be used as witnesses. The political department of Ravensbruck was supposed to have a special cell in the dungeon into which no air could come. Internees who would not confess were kept in here. Slowly water was let in it and when it was right up to the head, the internee would ask through the little hole once more if they would confess. If he refused more water was let in until he drowned. Irmgard Ludwig who is still alive offered herself as a witness. She said that she had seen a dead body floating in the cell. Also the internee who had to do all the cleaning in the dungeon and was transferred with me to Auschwitz told me when we were together in the hospital that things were like that. She also said that there was a guard woman named Mandel who used to beat internees in the cells after some cloth was put in front of the eyes to keep them from seeing.