

WAS GERMANY REALLY LIBERATED IN 1945?, WHY DOES THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT NOT SEEK AN ACCOUNTING FOR ITS FOLK?

A witness describes her "Liberation"....

The following is an excerpt from an eyewitness's account given by Leonora Geier (born, October 22nd 1925, Sao Paulo, Brazil) to Dr. Trutz Foelsche, Ph.D, the original account of which appeared in Deutsche Nationalzeitung, No.17-65, p.7.

"On the morning of February, 16th, (1945) a Russian detachment occupied the RAD (Reichsarbeitsdienst)camp Vilmsee near Neustettin. The Commissar told me in good German language that the camp was dissolved and that we, as a unit with uniforms (RAD - German Labour Service, not military uniforms), would be transported to a collection camp. Since I, as a Brazilian citizen, belong to an allied nation, he asked me to take over as a leader of the transport that went to Neustettin, into the yard of a former iron foundry. We were about 500 girls (Maidens of the Reichsarbeitsdienst -- German Labor Service).

He said I could come into the orderly room, which I accepted. Immediately he directed me to make no further contact with the other women, because they were members of an illegal army. On my response that this was not true, he cut me off with the remark that I would be shot immediately, if I would repeat in any form a similar statement.

"Suddenly I heard loud screams, and promptly, five girls were brought in by two Red Armists. The Commissar ordered them to undress. When they, in a sense of shame, refused to do so, he ordered me to undress them and to follow him with the girls. We walked through the yard to the former factory kitchen, which was completely cleared out except for some tables along the window wall. It was dreadfully cold and the unfortunate girls trembled. In the huge tiled room several Russians waited for us who were obviously making obscene remarks, because every word was followed by loud laughter. The Commissar then directed me to watch how one makes sissies out of 'The Master Race'.

Now two Poles, clad in trousers only, entered the room. At their sight the girls cried out. Briskly, they seized the first of the two girls and bent her over with her back over the edge of the table until her joints cracked. I almost fainted when one of the men pulled his knife and cut off her right breast in the presence of the other girls. I have never

heard a human being scream as desperately as this young woman. After this 'operation' both men stabbed her several times in the abdomen, accompanied again by the howling of the Russians.

The next girl cried for mercy, in vain; since she was exceptionally pretty. I had the impression that the 'work' was carried out very slowly. The other three girls were completely broken down, cried for their mothers and begged for a speedy death, but also fate them overtook. The last of the girls was still half a child, with barely developed breasts; one tore the flesh literally from her ribs until the white bone appeared. Again, five girls were brought in. This time, they had selected carefully.

All were developed and pretty. When they saw the bodies of their predecessors, they began to cry and scream. Weak as they were, they tried to defend themselves but to no avail; the Poles became more cruel every time. One of the girls, they cut open her womb and trunk over the full length; poured a can of machine oil into the mutilated body and tried to set fire to it. Another was shot in the genitals by a Russian, before they cut off her breasts.

A great howling began when someone brought a saw from a tool box. Now, using the saw, they set to work to tear the breasts of the girls to pieces, which in a short period of time led to the floor being flooded with blood. A blood rage seized the Russians.

Continuously one of them brought more and more girls. Like in a red fog, I saw the gruesome happenings again and again and I perceived the inhuman screaming at the torture of their breasts and the loud groaning at the mutilation of their private parts. When my legs failed me, I was forced into a chair. The Commissar persistently watched me to make sure I was looking toward the torture scenes. In fact, when I had to vomit, they even paused with their tortures.

One girl had not undressed completely, she may have been somewhat older than the rest of the girls who were about 17-years old. One of the torturers soaked her bra with oil and ignited it and, while she cried out, another drove a thin iron rod into her vagina until it emerged at her navel. In the yard they liquidated entire groups of girls, after they had selected the prettiest ones for the torture room. The air was filled with the death cries of many hundreds of girls. But in view of what happened here, the slaughter outside could be considered more humane. It was a dreadful fact that not one of the girls brought into the torture room lost her consciousness.

In their horror all were equal in their expressions. It was always the same; the begging for mercy, the high-pitched scream when their breasts were cut and their genitals mutilated. Several times the slaughter was interrupted to sweep out the blood and to clear away the corpses.

That evening I sank into a severe nerve fever. From then on I lack any recollection until the moment I awoke in a military hospital. German troops had recaptured Neustettin temporarily, and had thus liberated us. As I learned later, approximately 2,000 girls were murdered during the first three days of the first round of Russian occupation."

Mrs. Leonora Geier, nee Cavao