Letter written by Charles to Rev. Emil Baumann,
on April 17th, 1945.

(Copy).

Dayto n, Ohio,
May 6 th.

Dear Chaplain;-

Haven't written you in many months now, its funny how a few moments are so hard to find in which to write a letter way past due; its much easier to keep putting it off the way I've done. I'll try to make up for it in this letter.

Toda y I saw a sight that's impossible to describe, however I'll try. Between 2400 and 3000 German refugees were overran by my division during our last operation; most of t hem e were, or had been, inmates of concentration camps, their crimes the usual ones, -Jewish parentage, political differences with der Fuhrer, lack of sympathy for the SS, or just plain bad luck. Not one of these hundreds could walk one mile and survive; they had been packed on a train whose normal capacity was perhaps four or five hundred, and had been left there for days without food.

Our division military government unit took charge of them, and immediately saw what a huge job it was going to be, so they sent out a call for help. Several of our officers went out to help them organize the camp they were setting up for them. The situation was extremely ticklish we soon learned; no one could smoke as it started a riot when the refugees saw the cigarette, and we couldn't give the kiddies anything or they would have been trampled to death in the rush that would result when anything resembling food was displayed. The only nourishment they were capable of eating was soup; now the army doesn't issue any of Heinz's 57 varieties, so we e watered down C-ration stew and it served quite well. It was necessarry to use force to make the people stay in line in order to serve them. They had no will power left,only the characteristics of beasts.

A few weeks of decent food will change them into a semblance of normal human beings; with God willing the plague of disease that was already underway, will be diverted; but I'm wondering what the affect of their ordeal, they have been through, will be on their minds; most will carry scars for the rest of their da ys for the beatings that they were given. No other single thing has convinced me as this experience has that Germany isn't fit to survive as a nation. I'll never forget today.

I was going to write mother tonight but thought better of it. I'll be in a better frame of mind tomorrow. I'm only a few dozen miles from Berlin right now, and its hard to realize the end is in sight. I'm always glad to receive your scandal-sheet. You perhaps missed your calling, as your editorial abilities are quite plain.

As ever,

Charles.

Letter written by Charles to Rev. Emil Baumann, on April 17th, 1945.

(Copy).

Dayton, Ohio,
May 6th.

Dear Chaplain;-

Haven't written you in many months now, its funny how a few moments are so hard to find in which to write a letter way past due; its much easier to keep putting it off the way I've done. I'll try to make up for it in this letter.

Today I saw a sight that's impossible to describe, however I'll try. Between 2400 and 3000 German refugees were overran by my division during our last operation; most of them were, or had been, inmates of concentration camps, their crimes the usual ones, -Jewish parentage, political differences with der Fuhrer, lack of sympathy for the SS, or just plain bad luck. Not one of these hundreds could walk one mile and survive; they had been packed on a train whose normal capacity was perhaps four or five hundred, and had been left there for days without food.

Our division military government unit took charge of them, and immediately saw what a huge job it was going to be, so they sent out a call for help. Several of our officers went out to help them organize the camp they were setting up for them. The situation was extremely ticklish we soon learned; no one could smoke as it started a riot when the refugees saw the cigarette, and we couldn't give the kiddies anything or they would have been trampled to death in the rush that would result when anything resembling food was displayed. The only nourishment they were capable of eating was soup; now the army doesn't issue any of Heinz's 57 varieties, so we a watered down C-ration and it served quite well. It was necessary to use force to make the people stay in line in order to serve them. They had no will power left, only the characteristics of beasts.

A few weeks of decent food will change them into a semblance of normal human beings; with God willing the plague of disease that was already underway, will be diverted; but I'm wondering what the affect of their ordeal they have been through, will be on their minds; most will carry scars for the rest of their days for the beatings that they were given. No other single thing has convinced me as this experience has that Germany isn't fit to survive as a nation. I'll never forget today.

I was going to write mother tonight but thought better of it. I'll be in a better frame of mind tomorrow. I'm only a few dozen miles from Berlin right now, and it's hard to realize the end is in sight. I'm always glad to receive your scandal-sheet. You perhaps missed your calling, as your editorial abilities are quite plain.

As ever,

Charles.