

All events are recounted in a plain, straight-forward manner in order to document historical accuracy. Nothing has been added, nothing was withheld.\*

- **With the exception of my comments, which are printed in heavy black and have absolutely nothing to do with THE ORIGINAL REPORT and have not been authorized or approved by Mrs. Rimland.**

Bernhard Wassmann and Manfred Haer were members of the Infantry Artillery and Training Company I. G. 81 and were assigned to rescue operations in the aforementioned camp when the city of Neustettin was occupied following the temporary retreat of the First White Russian Army:

*"On the morning of February 16 [1945] a Russian division occupied the Reich Labour Service camp of Vilmsee in Neustettin. The Commissar, who spoke German well\*, informed me that the camp was dissolved and that, as we were a uniformed unit, we were to be transported immediately to a collecting camp.*

- **A 'Russian' Commissar who spoke German well – This means he was in all probability a Jew, since Russian Jews have for time immemorial spoken Yiddish as a first language, Russian as a second and German as a third one. Furthermore, most wealthy Jews of that region send their sons to be educated in Germany. The average Russian DID NOT speak German as a rule. The average Russian DID NOT advance to the exalted position of Political Commissar either, but Jews regularly did.**

Since I, being a Brazilian\*, belonged to a nation on friendly terms with the Allies, he entrusted me with the leadership of the transport which went to Neustettin, into the yard of what used to be an iron foundry. We were some 500 girls from the Women's Reich Labour Service.

The Commissar was very polite to us and assigned us to the foreign workers' barracks of the factory. But the allocated space was too small for 11 of us, and so I went to speak to the Commissar about it.

He said that it was, after all, only a temporary arrangement, and offered that I could come to the typists' office if it was too crowded for me, which I gladly accepted. He immediately warned me to avoid any further contact with the others, as those were members of an illegal army. My protests that this was not true were cut off with the remark that if I ever said anything like that ever again, I would be shot.

Suddenly I heard loud screams, and immediately two Red Army soldiers brought in five girls. The commissar ordered them to undress. When they refused out of modesty, he ordered me to do it to them, and for all of us to follow him.

We crossed the yard to the former works kitchen, which had been completely cleared out except for a few tables on the window side. It was terribly cold, and the poor girls shivered.

In the large, tiled room some Russians were waiting for us, making remarks that must have been very obscene, judging from how everything they said drew gales of laughter.

The Commissar told me to watch and learn how to turn the Master Race into whimpering bits of misery. Now two Poles came in, dressed only in trousers, and the girls cried out at their sight. They quickly grabbed the first of the girls, and bent her backwards over the edge of the table until her joints cracked. I was close to passing out as one of them took his knife and, before the very eyes of the other girls, cut off her right breast. He paused for a moment, then cut off the other side.

I have never-heard anyone scream as desperately as that girl. After this operation he drove his knife into her abdomen several times, which again was accompanied by the cheers of the Russians.

The next girl cried for mercy, but in vain, it even seemed that the gruesome deed was done particularly slowly because she was especially pretty. The other three had collapsed, they cried for their mothers and begged for a quick death, but the same fate awaited them as well.

The last of them was still almost a child, with barely developed breasts. They literally tore the flesh off her ribs until the white bones showed.

Another five girls were brought in. They had been carefully chosen this time. All of them were well-developed and pretty. When they saw the bodies of their predecessors they began to cry and scream. Weakly, they tried desperately to defend themselves, but it did them no good as the Poles grew ever more cruel.

They sliced the body of one of them open lengthwise and poured in a can of machine oil, which they tried to light. A Russian shot one of the other girls in the genitals before they cut off her breasts.

Loud howls of approval began when someone brought a saw from a tool chest. This was used to tear off the breasts of the other girls, which soon caused the floor to be awash in blood. The Russians were in a blood frenzy.

More girls were being brought in continually. I saw these grisly proceedings as through a red haze. Over and over again I heard the terrible screams when the breasts were tortured, and the loud groans at the mutilation of the genitals.

When my knees buckled I was forced onto a chair. The Commissar always made sure that I was watching, and when I had to throw up they even paused in their tortures.

One girl had not undressed completely, she may also have been a little older than the others, who were around seventeen years of age.

They soaked her bra with oil and set it on fire, and while she screamed, a thin iron rod was shoved into her vagina until it came out her navel.

In the yard entire groups of girls were clubbed to death after the prettiest of them had been selected for this torture. The air was filled with the death cries of many hundreds of girls. But compared to what happened in here, the beating to death outside was almost humane.

It was a horrible fact that not one of the girls mutilated here ever fainted. Each of them suffered mutilation fully conscious. In their terror all of them were alike in their pleading; it was always the same, the begging for mercy, the high-pitched scream when the breasts were cut and the groans when the genitals were mutilated.

The slaughter was interrupted several times to sweep the blood out of the room and to clear away the bodies. That evening I succumbed to a severe case of nervous fever. I do not remember anything from that point on until I came to in a field hospital.

German troops had temporarily recaptured Neustettin, thus liberating us. As I learned later, some 2,000 girls who had been in RAD, BDM and other camps nearby were murdered in the first three days of Russian occupation."

(signed) Mrs. Leonora Geier, nee Cavao

Copy of a handwritten report:

"I read the account of an eyewitness, Mrs. Leonora Geier. The bestiality she experienced, and described in her account, is 100% true and a typical reflection of the fantasies and exhortations of the Soviet propagandist and chief ideologist Ilya Ehrenburg.\*

- **Ehrenburg was a Jew, son of a wealthy St. Petersburg wheat merchant. He had studied journalism in Paris during WW1, at that time already expressing a pathological hatred of Germans.**

This bestiality was a tactical measure intended to force the German population to flee from the Eastern regions en masse, and was the rule rather than the exception all the way over to the Oder River.

What I myself witnessed:

"I was an armoured infantryman and had been trained on the most modern German tank of those days, the Panther. Survivors from tank crews were reassembled in the Reserves at Cottbus and kept ready for action.

In mid January, 1945, we were transferred to Frankfurt on the Oder River, into a school building. One morning we were issued infantry weapons, guns, bazookas and submachine guns.

The next day we were ordered to march to Neustettin. We traveled the first 60 miles or so by lorry, and after that some 90 miles per day in forced marches.

We were to take over some tanks that were kept ready for us in a forest west of Neustettin. After a march lasting two days and nights, some ten crews reached the forest just before dawn.

Two tanks were immediately readied for action and guarded the approach roads while the other comrades, bone-weary, got a little sleep. By noon all tanks, approximately 20, had been readied.

Our orders were to set up a front-line and to recapture villages and towns from the Russians. My platoon of three tanks attacked a suburb that had a train station with a forecourt. After we destroyed several anti-tank guns the Russians surrendered.

More and more of them emerged from the houses. They were gathered into the forecourt about 200 sat crowded closely together. Then something unexpected happened.

Several German women ran towards the Russians and stabbed at them with cutlery forks and knives. It was our responsibility to protect prisoners, and we could not permit this. But it was not until I fired a submachine gun into the air that the women drew back, and cursed us for presuming to protect these animals. They urged us to go into the houses and take a look at what (the Russians) had done there.

We did so, a few of us at a time, and we were totally devastated. We had never seen anything like it utterly, unbelievably monstrous! Naked, dead women lay in many of the rooms. Swastikas had been cut into their abdomens, in some the intestines bulged out, breasts were cut up, faces beaten to a pulp and swollen puffy.

Others had been tied to the furniture by their hands and feet, and massacred. A broomstick protruded from the vagina of one, a besom from that of another, etc. To me, a young man of 24 years at that time, it was a devastating sight, simply incomprehensible!"

*Then the women told their story:*

"The mothers had had to witness how their teen and twelve-year-old daughters were raped by some 20 men; the daughters in turn saw their mothers being raped, even their grandmothers.

Women who tried to resist were brutally tortured to death. There was no mercy. Many women were not local; they had come there from other towns, fleeing from the Russians.

They also told us of the fate of the girls from the RAD whose barracks had been captured by the Russians. When the butchery of the girls began, a few of them had been able to crawl underneath the barracks and hide. At night they escaped, and told us what they knew. There were three of them.

The women and girls saw parts of what Mrs. Leonora Geier described. The women we liberated were in a state almost impossible to describe. They were overfatigued and their faces had a confused, vacant look. Some were beyond speaking, ran up and down and moaned the same sentences over and over again.

Having seen the consequences of these bestial atrocities, we were terribly agitated and determined to fight. We knew the war was past winning; but it was our obligation and sacred duty to fight to the last bullet . . ."

The bestiality of World War II, caused largely by the Jew named Ilja Ehrenburg\*, Stalin's main propagandist whose private papers and files were donated by him to Israel before he died, and who whipped the Russian Army into a frenzy of destruction, was worse than anything a sane mind can imagine - and it is coming our way unless courageous men and women stop it.

- **This satanic beast is honored (!) in today's Israel as one of their great heroes. If ANYTHING tells us what the Jew represents THIS is it!**