

King, Walter C.
(P. 1082)

Liberated Prisoner Describes Nazi Brutality; Saw Weakened Men Beaten With Rifle Butts

"I saw an American prisoner shot and killed by a Nazi guard. I was among German prisoners being moved from one camp to another, when American planes strafed the group killing a number of Americans. I saw 50 Americans who died of starvation. I saw American prisoners beaten with the butt end of rifles when they failed to understand orders issued in German."

Denounces Nazis



PFC. WALTER C. KING

These tales of Nazi brutality were unfolded by Pfc. Walter C. King, 20, Easton R. D. 3, a prisoner of the Germans for three months, who is presently spending a 60-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer King.

Pfc. King, following training in this country, went overseas on May 13, 1944, and got his first baptism of fire at St. Lo, France. After his unit crossed the Moselle River, he was struck with shrapnel, suffering a wound of his back that necessitated hospitalization for a month. Two weeks after he returned to duty, he was again injured. Pointing to a scar above his right eye, he said: "If that was a fraction of an inch closer, I would have lost the eye."

On Dec. 30, ten days after he returned to service, following the treatment of his second wound, he was captured, being among a number of Americans taken prisoners during the Von Runstedt push into Belgium.

After falling into enemy hands, Pfc. King tells a story of one hardship after another. "We were walked through snow up to our knees, a distance of about 50 miles, the trip taking three days. We landed at a building somewhere in Germany, where we spent the following three weeks.

"During that time we were obliged to repair railroads that were bombed by American planes. I had no overcoat and it was cold. We were later obliged to walk 100 miles to another point in Germany, a halt being called at what seemed to me to be an assembly point, or a place where prisoners were distributed.

"Again we were put to work rebuilding railroad tracks and every time we finished the job, American planes again would hit, and they called their shots.

"From the latter place called Filistine, we were moved to a prison camp at Limburg, where there were several thousand prisoners, Americans, French, Polish and Russians. The nationalities were segregated and we were not allowed to talk to any of them.

"The camp took in about three acres. Barbed wire, electrically charged, surrounded the camp. We were still compelled to work on railroads. Our daily menu was a piece of black bread for breakfast, and an occasional piece of butter. About 11 a. m. we got soup, containing potato peelings and a sprinkling of barley, and each evening we got more of the same kind of soup. We seldom got coffee, and most of us would have starved had it not been for the Red Cross. This organization had supplies in Switzerland, but the Nazis had no means of transportation.

"I saw hundreds of trucks, planes and tanks, but the Nazis had no gasoline to operate them.

"After a stay of two weeks at Limburg we were called to the

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