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SECRETAnnex No. 1 to
G-2 Periodic Report No. 151.

30 May 1945.

A 12 YEAR OLD NAZI

ZIEREIS, SIEGFRIED, the twelve year old son of FRANZ ZIEREIS, SS Commandant of Camp Mauthausen, Camps Gusen I and II, and other concentration camps, is by his own admission a murderer and torturer of prisoners, just as vicious, brutal and perverted as his father. When first interrogated by CIC personnel of CCB, 28 May 1945, he told nothing but lies, but when confronted face to face by inmates of Camp Gusen, eye witnesses to his perverted forms of amusement, he became hysterical and at last consented to tell the truth.

According to the reports of eye witnesses, young Ziereis has upon numerous occasions loosed his father's savage dog upon prisoners, whose calves, thighs, buttocks, and abdomens were viciously torn by the dog. This was sometimes done at the instigation of his father or other SS officers, but often it was his own idea. It was done merely as a form of amusement.

One inmate reports that he has seen the boy shoot to death (with a pistol) one of the prisoners because he tried to get "seconds" in the chow line. Another inmate, a patient in the hospital, was beaten on the head, by the boy, until he was dead.... This was done for not any particular reason--probably another form of amusement. The instrument used in this case was a large rubber truncheon.

One of the witnesses to the brutalities of young ZIEREIS is still a patient in the hospital at Camp Gusen. At the mere mention of the name ZIEREIS, he gave a savage cry of rage, clenched his fists, and stamped wildly on the floor. When confronted with the boy, the witness, in his still very weak condition, would have tried to strangle the boy at that very moment, had he not been restrained. His eyes were burning with a savage light and he ground his teeth so that the sound could be heard across the room. Practically all the other inmates still at the camp greeted the sight of ZIEREIS with remarks of disgusted recognition and hatred.

By Siegfried's admission, his eight year old brother, GUNTER, has often gone into the quarters of the prisoners carrying a sandwich. He would purposely bump into one of the prisoners, drop the sandwich, and then scream until some SS officials came in. His story then would be that the prisoners had torn the sandwich from him, after which statement numerous prisoners would be killed. The lives of the prisoners hung upon the slim thread of a statement of an eight or twelve year old boy.

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Authority NND 775042By LB NARA Date 6-17-05

The following is a literal translation of an account written and signed by the boy:

"I have shot to death with a Mauser hunting rifle, under my father's order, fifteen to twenty men. My dog was a hunting dog, and he was a German Pointer. I have turned him on the prisoners about fifteen times. An SS man named Mosinsky was the keeper of the dogs in Mauthausen. He had a Shepherd dog. One day I met him at his post when he was a little merry. He asked me if I wanted to turn his dog on the prisoners. First, I got the milk for which I had been sent from home and then I did it. The dog stayed four minutes among those people before the SS man called him back. By my estimate about five to six people have died. Of the others I have not heard anything any more. I think that they have been dismissed. My friend Zoller has done the same thing several times. At the time I was eleven years old. I also used to call the prisoners names. Once my father wanted to go hunting with me. Before we left my father went through the hospital with a Wachblockfuhrer (SS man on guard). There was in one of the beds a very sick man. My father asked the Wachblockfuhrer who he was. The SS man answered he was a scoundrel. My father gave the poor man a light blow with a rubber truncheon. Then he ordered me to beat him to death because he thought I ought to learn it. With a heavy heart I had to follow the order. I wasn't even allowed to show a sad face because my father was a very strict man in these matters. Once we were in the camp at meal time. As we were standing there I saw one of the people go for food twice. I told it to my father and thought that this man would be scolded at most. But it turned out otherwise. Somebody held and aimed a pistol for me, and I had to squeeze the trigger. The man collapsed without a sound. Another time I was to shoot at prisoners again. I refused to and the SS man did it himself. Quite often I was at the house of my buddy, Schmalzer, who lived in Wienergraben. From there we saw quite often how the prisoners had to jump into the quarry. I had to take the lives of about forty or fifty people. And if it had not been for my father, the scoundrel, I would never have done that. One night about ten o'clock I was brought into the camp again and was to shoot at prisoners again. For what reason I don't know. I only know that my father and the other SS men were terribly drunk and asked that I do it while they were in that condition. A sensible SS Non-com took me away before I had started. Once in Mauthausen I beat to death several prisoners. My father and others have helped me with every one. That happened once when some had run away. That was near our garden. I can't say anything more exact about it as it is a long time since it happened."

Signed Siefried Ziereis.

This is the education under the Nazis standards- brutality, per version, and murder.

511th CIC Detachment

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