

Preface

This document contains the WWII diary of 2nd Lt. John Chester Woodley, Jr., written after the Kassel mission while he was a P.O.W. in Stalag Luft I near Barth, Germany. This preface as well as the Addendum provide information as currently understood and will be corrected as such information is obtained.

The transcribed diary is made to appear similar to the original format. Following this introduction is a scan of the letter to Mrs. Lee O. Woodley, the wife of 2nd Lt. John C. Woodley, Jr. informing her that her husband is missing in action. Next is the diary transcription. The transcription does not include most of the signature and photograph pages as these are graphic images that would have created a file too large for easy distribution. A 4 MB file containing these pages is available in another document. Immediately after the transcription is a scan of the telegram received by Mrs. Woodley stating that Lt. Woodley has been returned to military control. Additional information as well as hyperlinks to various WEB sites is in an **Addendum** that completes this compilation.

1. The Diary: The Book

Published by **The War Prisoners' Aid of the Y.M.C.A.** and printed in 1944 in Geneva, Switzerland by ATAR S.A. The diary contains 6.5" wide x 9-5/16" high pale yellow writing pages numbered 1 to 72, followed by 20 unnumbered gray pages, presumably for the attachment of external materials such as photographs and clippings; numbered pages resume, and include pages 75 to 151. A sheet, following the section with gray pages, bearing pages numbered 73 and 74, may have been removed from the diary, as there is a rough edge between the last gray page and page 75. Page 75 also bears an imprint of writing from a previous page. Since the gray pages are much thicker than the yellow ones and there is no writing on the opposing side of the adjacent gray page, it appears likely that pages 73 and 74 were intentionally removed. The diary has been bound in an olive drab cloth, sewn from the inside covers.

In a later newspaper interview Lt. Woodley suggested that the possession of diaries was discouraged, although he did possess both a fountain pen and ink. This type of diary, based on my observations of scanned images on various WEB sites, appears to have been widely distributed.

2. Diary Ownerships

The diary was likely owned initially by D. R. (Denton Richard) McAfee, the bombardier of the B-24 "Ready Willing and Able" (drawing page 3 of diary & title on page 4) and was piloted by 1st Lt. R. (Ralph) S. Jackson. The initial entries, including two drawings of the B-24 "Ole No. 36" (S.N. 42-72768; 376 B.G.; MARC 1614; Italy, 28Dec43; shot down by Bf 109G-6), would have been made by McAfee. These entries were in pencil. (See "**Addendum**" for additional information on this crew.) The final owner was John C. Woodley of the B-24H 42-95078, MARC 9396. In an interview published after the war, Woodley stated that he paid \$110 for the diary, but did not state from whom it was purchased. The entries made by Woodley begin on page 10 using a fountain pen, employing various inks or pens. The final daily entry is on page 62. After the diary portion, additional material follows. Perhaps of special interest to the veterans and their families are the pages containing signatures and hometown addresses of Woodley's fellow prisoners of war. 2nd Lt. Herbert C. Bridges, Jr. (S.N. O-768429), the co-pilot on the Hansen crew signed his name and address on the title page.

Initially, Woodley was assigned to North 1, Barracks 1, Room 11, but was later moved. Both McAfee and Woodley were eventually occupants of North 1 - Barracks 14 - Room 5. Woodley was not a resident of the room at the time that McAfee began his diary entries (see numbered page 6 for the occupants), but was included on the page containing the floor plan (page 7).

3. Misleading, incomplete or altered information.

- a. The contents of page 2 appear to have been erased.
- b. Page 73/74 is missing.
- c. The inside front cover, as well as page 3, contains a drawing of a B-24 with the name "Patches" on the nose just above the "36". The name "Patches" was likely added at a later date as the drawing may have been done by 1st Lt. D. R. McAfee, the bombardier on a B-24 piloted by 1st Lt. R. S. Jackson. See "The Crew" in the **Addendum**. The original name of the aircraft, as shown in this drawing in very fine print visible immediately beneath the cockpit, was "Ready Willing and Able". The name of the Jackson plane was "Ready, Willing and Able" (see link #15 in the **Addendum**). In the picture shown in this link, McAfee is in the back row, far right). Note the position of a female torso in the photograph and compare it with the image on the drawing on page 3 of the

diary, as well as the “36” on the aircraft nose. Included in the drawing on the inside front cover are characters representing crew members with their names beside the character. Visible only on the original are erasure marks. The drawing is in pencil but the crew names are in pen and these names correspond to those of the Hansen crew and not those of the Jackson aircraft. A crew member sitting just forward of the tail section is not named. The name on the character, originally at belt level, has been erased. The name that I can imagine is not inconsistent with it being “Schulman”, the assistant radio operator (KIA) of the Jackson B-24. Also, in both drawings, the belly gun is clearly visible. It is my understanding that at the time of the Kassel mission, the belly gun had been removed in order to render the B-24 more air worthy in tight formations.

The Hansen crew was flying a reserve aircraft (42-95078) that apparently was not named. Their “normal” aircraft as noted in the diary was “Patches”, and the name added to the McAfee drawing, was “Patches”. However, on this mission the Hansen crew was not on “Patches”, as “Patches” was piloted by Carrow on this mission. Not visible under the attached covering on the inside front cover are the names of several crew members, including “Woody” as the bombardier, “Bob” as pilot, “Pete” as co-pilot. Sitting immediately behind “Bob” is “Herb”. The crew of 42-95078 consisted of:

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Position.</u>	<u>445BG/SQ</u>	<u>A/C Serial#.</u>	<u>MACR#.</u>	<u>Status.</u>	<u>Home Town, State</u>
2Lt Robert N. Hansen,	P,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	KIA,	Portland, OR
2Lt Herbert C. Bridges Jr.,	CP,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	POW,	Springfield, MO
2Lt John C. Woodley,	B,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	POW,	Montgomery, AL
S/Sgt S. E. Howell Jr.,	LW,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	KIA,	Grant LA,
2Lt Porter M. Pile,	N,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	KIA,	Alice, TX
T/Sgt James M. Triplett,	RO,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	KIA,	Seattle, WA
S/Sgt Elwyn J. Hornsby,	RW,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	POW,	New Roads, LA
S/Sgt Ralph H. Bode,	TG,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	KIA,	Racine, WI
T/Sgt Charles C. Palmer Jr.,	TT,	700BS,	42-95078,	9396,	KIA,	Wichita Falls, KS

P=Pilot; CP=Co-Pilot; N=Navigator; B=Bombardier; RW=right waist gunner; LW=left waist gunner; RO=radio operator; TG=Tail gunner; TT= Top Turret/engineer.

d. Some material in the diary has been altered, likely by the author, at some point after about 1958-1960. For example, on diary page 17, an adjective describing his injured knee has been crossed out, the loss of a kit is now ascribed as being the result of 20 mm fire, and he did not seem to want others to know the full contents of his pockets (page 17). Other pages, including 56, 57, 112, and 133 also appear to have changes made at a later date. Most of these changes are grammatical in nature. Regarding the poem on pages 94-98, "The Last Bombardier", see:

<http://archiver.rootsweb.ancestry.com/th/read/WORLDWAR2/2004-02/1077025500>

4. Scanned material.

All pages containing writings, drawings, or inserted materials have been scanned. Pages that contain foldout clippings or brochures were scanned multiple times in order to include as much information as possible. Blank pages, other than those adjacent to pages containing information, have not been scanned in order to create a document that can be more easily distributed electronically. As a compromise between resolution and compactness, the output PDF file contains pages at 300 dpi and at the size of the diary.

As I have found new information and discarded old, false information, this document has evolved. I have little doubt that the information contained herein needs significantly more evolution. The narrative begins on the next page with a transcription of a letter received by Lt. Woodley's wife, followed by the diary, excluding the signature and picture pages, and finally an addendum.

This diary of 2nd Lt. John C. Woodley, Jr., as well as any and all associated material originating in the diary or supplemental material is made available for educational and other related, non-commercial purposes. Any commercial use of this material requires the express permission of the Woodley family. Ownership of the diary and associated information provided by the family provided in this document, and any subsequent date, resides fully with the living children of 2nd Lt. John C. Woodley, Jr., or those persons that they shall designate. Subsequent distribution of all or parts of the diary or editorial alterations that correct the historical accuracy of the information, in no way will alter the ownership of the diary by the Woodley family unless specifically granted.

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

IN REPLY REFER TO:

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

AG 201 Woodley, John C.

PC-N ETO 214

14 October 1944

Mrs. Lee O. Woodley
18 Capitol Avenue
Montgomery, Alabama

Dear Mrs. Woodley:

This letter is to confirm my recent telegram in which you were regretfully informed that your husband, Second Lieutenant John C. Woodley, 0679436, Air Corps, has been reported missing in action since 27 September 1944 over Germany.

I know that added distress is caused by failure to receive more information or details. Therefore, I wish to assure you that at any time additional information is received it will be transmitted to you without delay, and, if in the meantime no additional information is received, I will again communicate with you at the expiration of three months. Also, it is the policy of the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces upon receipt of the "Missing Air Crew Report" to convey to you any details that might be contained in that report.

The term "missing in action" is used only to indicate that the whereabouts or status of an individual is not immediately known. It is not intended to convey the impression that the case is closed. I wish to emphasize that every effort is exerted continuously to clear up the status of our personnel. Under war conditions this is a difficult task as you must readily realize. Experience has shown that many persons reported missing in action are subsequently reported as prisoners of war, but as this information is furnished by countries with which we are at war, the War Department is helpless to expedite such reports. However, in order to relieve financial worry, Congress has enacted legislation which continues in force the pay, allowances and allotments to dependents of personnel being carried in a missing status.

Permit me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy during this period of uncertainty.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. ULIO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

SENIOR ALLIED OFFICER

Robert Zinke

SENIOR AMERICAN OFFICER SOUTH COMPOUND

CA Matlock Col. A.C. Spokane Wash.

SENIOR BRITISH OFFICER

John A. Keast RAF.

ADJUTANT SOUTH COMPOUND

Roy E. Brady
CAPT. AUS.

CHAPLAINS SOUTH COMPOUND

H. Ritchie

SQUADRON 7 COMMANDING OFFICER

J. E. Danby
CAPT. AUS.

SQUADRON 7 ADJUTANT

M. H. T. B. Under
1st Lt. AUS.

SQUADRON 7 EXECUTIVE OFFICER

John W. Smith
CAPT. AUS.

C. Ross Greening Lt Col ac.
NORTH 1

NORTH 2

Francis J. Galbreath Lt Col A.C.
NORTH 3



A WARTIME LOG

A REMEMBRANCE
FROM HOME
THROUGH THE AMERICAN Y.M.C.A.



Published by
THE WAR PRISONERS AID OF THE Y.M.C.A.
37 Quai Wilson

GENEVA — SWITZERLAND

Herbert C. Bridges Jr.
1236 Summit, ave.
Springfield, Mo.



THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

John C. Woodley

10 GLENDALE AVE.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.



SERVICE NUMBERS

ENLISTED 14091175 OFFICER 0-679436 KR/GE 687- STA 1

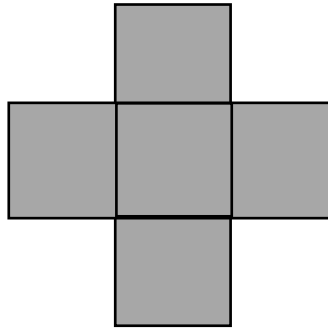
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DEDICATION

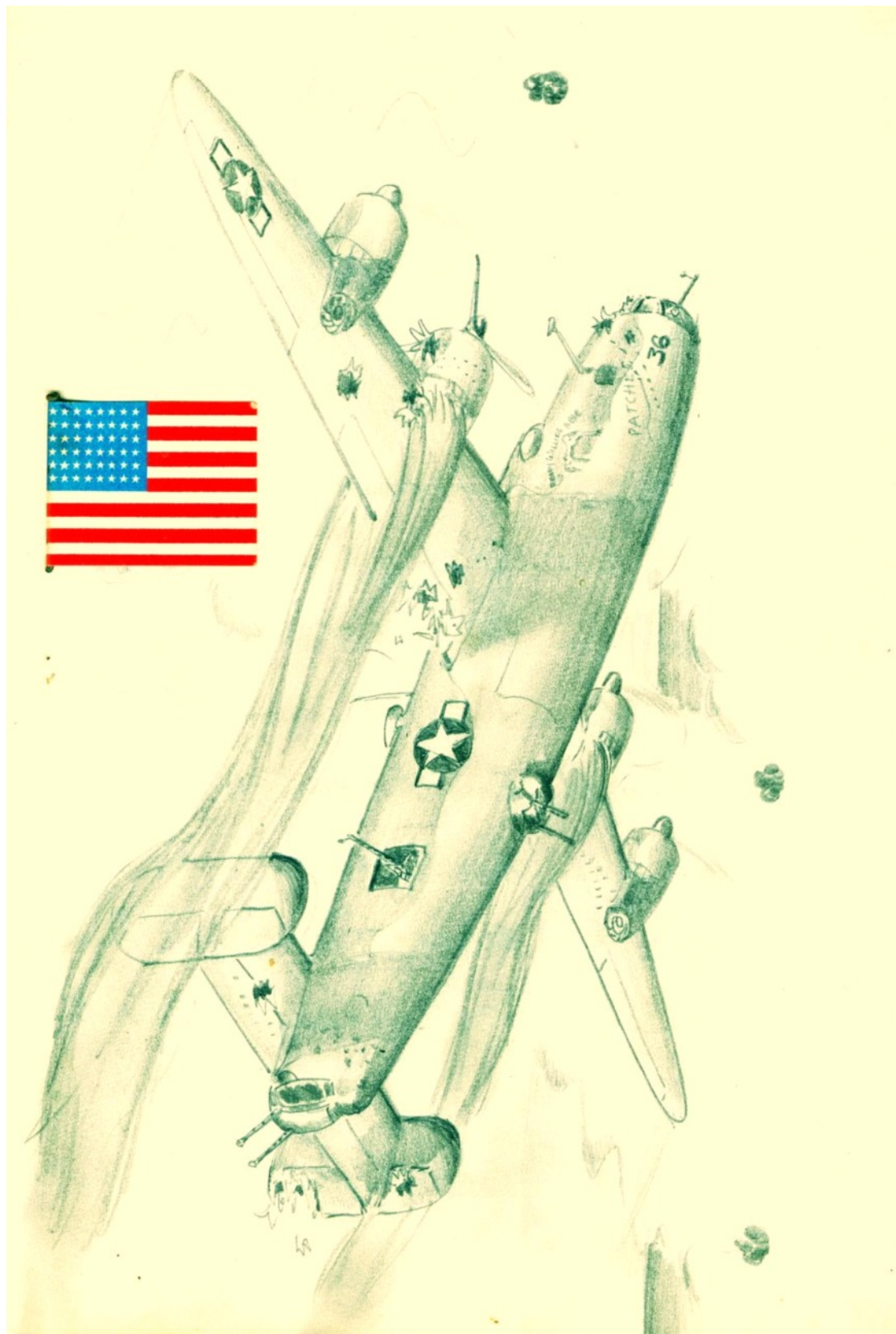


*To the American, Canadian and British
Red Cross, the Order of St. John's and
the Y.M.C.A. who so generously helped
during our confinement - this book is
humbly dedicated!*

<This page was apparently written by the first owner, 1st Lt. McAfee, and subsequently erased by 1st Lt. Woodley. Page 2 was originally entitled:

“Chronicle of My Last Mission”

The remainder of the page is not legible.>



Ready, Willing, And Able - Ole N. 36

“The Crew”

1 st LT. Jackson, R. S. - Pilot	P.O.W.
2 nd LT. Crosby, J. A. - Co-Pilot	P.O.W.
1 st LT. McAfee, D. R. - Bombardier	P.O.W.
2 nd LT. Clark, E. A. - Navigator	P.O.W.
T/Sgt. Berg, C. E. Engineer	K.I.A.
T/Sgt. Linton, W. Radio	M.I.A.
S/Sgt. Hamilton, W. Asst. Engineer	M.I.A.
S/Sgt. Schulman Asst. Radio	K.I.A.
S/Sgt. Everman, A. Armament Gunner	P.O.W.
Duffy, Tail Gunner	M.I.A.

- May 15, 1943 - Ended - Dec. 28, 1943'

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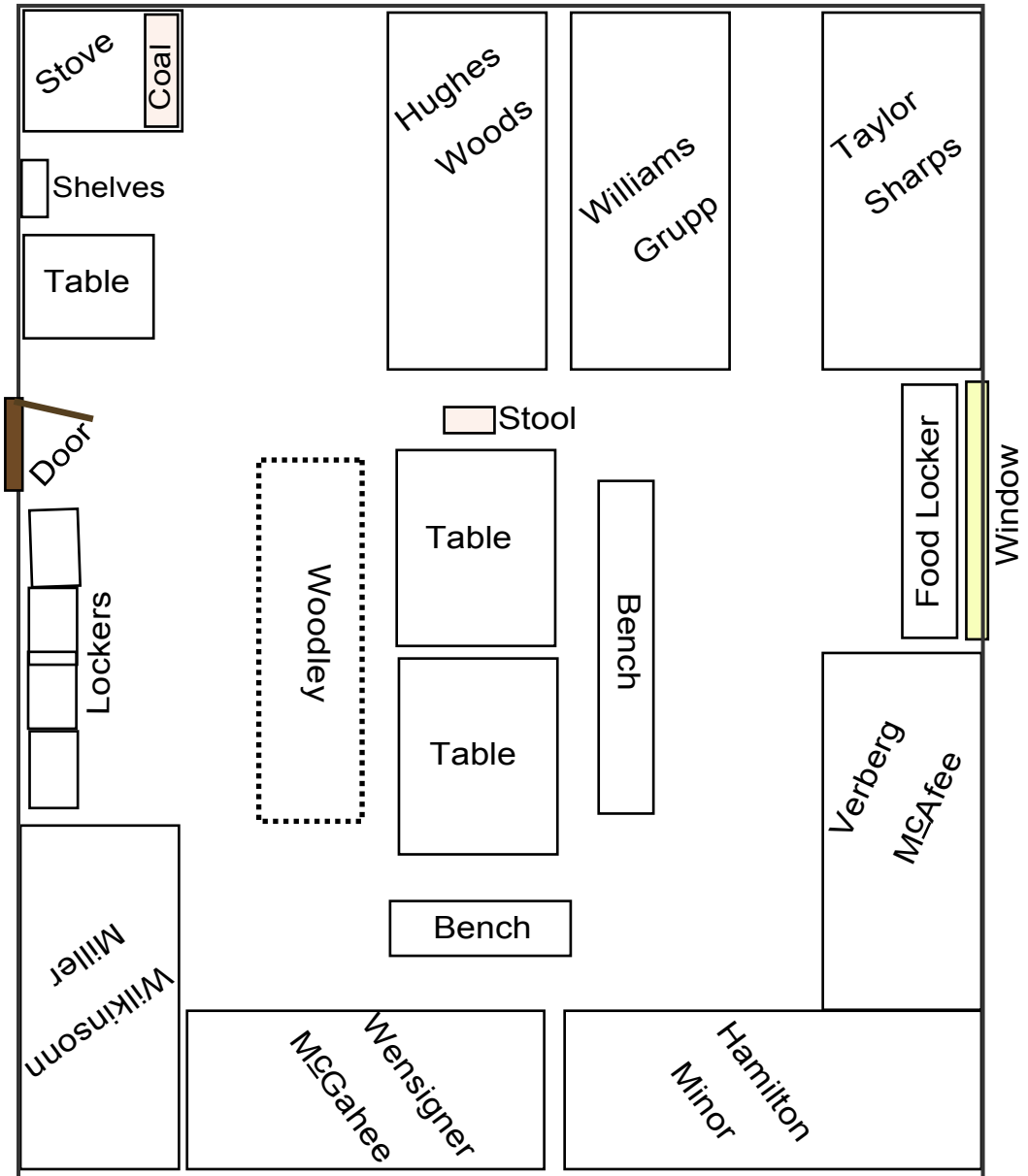
Room Mates - Room No. 5

2nd LT. Grupp, W.	12/31/43 B-17 Co. P.	32 Hartsen St. Rochester, New York
7/o Hamilton, John Jr.	1/4/44 P-38 - P -	707 May St. Marshall, Texas
2nd LT. Hughes, J. C.	1/4/44 B-17 - P -	Middletown, Mo.
1st LT. McGehee, J. H.	11/26/43 B-24 N -	Alba, Texas
1st LT. McAfee, D. R.	12/28/43 B-24 - B -	Route #2 Jackson, Ohio
<u>2nd LT Miller, C. E.</u>	<u>12/14/43 B-24 - Co. P</u>	<u>8 Traverse St. Glocester, Mass</u>
<u>2nd LT. Minor, W. T.</u>	<u>1/5/44 B-24 - Co. P.</u>	<u>354 South 10th St. Kansas City, Kansas</u>
2nd LT. Sharp, D. D.	- 1/11/44 - B-17 - P -	512 Woodland Terrace Cumberland, MD
1st LT. Taylor, C. E.,	12/22/43 - B-24 - Co-P -	90 Elm St. Westfield, N.J.
1st LT. Verberg, M.	11/26/43 - B-24 - B -	116 Abalone Ave. BalBoa Island, Calif.
2nd LT. Wenzinger, H.	12/28/43 - B-24 - P -	Route 2 Blue Hill, Nebr.
2nd LT. Wilkinson, J. L.	1/11/44 - B-17 - B -	125 Tennessee Ave. San Antonio, Texas
2nd LT. Williams, R. R.	1/30/44 - B-17 - Co-P -	1018 Forest St. El Paso, Texas
2nd LT. Wood, R. H.	1/30/44 - B-17 - B -	924 Park Road Evanston, ILL.

What A' Room ! -

And with A VIEW

Room No. 5 - Barracks-14



No- we didn't sleep two in a bed - we had double deckers; -

< Pages 8 and 9 are blank. >

Terror Tale

Hitler Wanted to Kill All PWs

The Swiss Radio confirmed yesterday reports that in the last days of the war Adolf Hitler ordered all Allied prisoners of war shot.

Heard by BBC in London, the radio quoted Dr. Burckhardt, president of the International Red Cross. He said that the Wehrmach had refused to carry out the order and that in March he had met representatives of Heinrich Himmler and obtained permission for the Red Cross to enter PW camps and prevent any last-minute executions.

Last March, at the time of [Dr. Burckhardt's](#) visit to Germany, reports that Allied prisoners in Germany would be killed were widespread, but Himmler was blamed at that time. The reports never were officially recognized because of Allied concern over what might happen if Burckhardt's mission were a failure.

Dr. Burckhardt also said that Hitler always had wanted to renounce the International conventions relating to prisoners of war, and that toward the last days of his life, his temper steadily grew worse.

It all began at 0212H on Sept 27, 1944. The C. Q. from Op awakened us and gave forth the information that briefing would be at 0500H. Having two hours and forty five minutes to spare all hands went back to sleep. At 0445H Pearson rolled over and glanced at his watch. Hell began to pop as we had only fifteen minutes to dress and get to the briefing room. Our chances for breakfast was gone but far from forgotten! My stomach was really empty as I had visited town and gone to a double feature movie the night before thus having no time to eat.

We reached the briefing room just in time to avoid being excluded. As usual the atmosphere was tense as we awaited the revealing of our target for the day. Kassel Germany turned out to be the group target for that day. Kassel while far from being a "milk run" wasn't too far into Germany and we stood a good chance of getting back early for chow. At the drying room we tried to get some coffee and sandwiches to alleviate the pangs of hunger. So out to the ships.

Our ship, fondly christened "Patches", was marked out so we drew one of the reserve ships. This shipped proved

to be in excellent condition. During our preflight we found everything O.K. My equipment was even better than our regular ship.

There was much light banter about the mission being number thirteen for me. We then figured that our crew would have to "sweat" number thirteen at least five times. No one figured it would turn into anything out of the ordinary. The crew chief assured us that it wouldn't be the first time that his ship had brought back someone from old number thirteen.

Take off time found me readily demolishing a "K" ration. How I was going to wish in times to come that I had eaten it all instead of just part. I threw many items away that later would become tidbits of rare value.

A routine assembly with an under cast at about twelve thousand feet. Old Sol was burning away very brightly and was hard on the eyes. Our trip in was unmarked by close flak and our fighter cover was everywhere.

The tight stomach muscles as we neared the target area was usual but there was no reason to be worried. All flak burst from 500 to 1000 feet low with none coming close. I must add however

that I breathed much easier when bombs went away and we made our turn.

About 1000 H we were all feeling good and Pappy Hansen, our pilot, and I were talking about how lucky we were to have gotten a milk run. Herby came in once when Pappy went on VHF and joined in the jubilation, Several of the enlisted men checked in and added their high spirited remarks. Pappy came back on the interphone and the course of our conversation I ask permission to check my guns. We decided against it as the gunners called out that a bunch of P-51's were coming up from 6 o'clock low. In a very short time they passed under neath us headed in generally our same flight plan. They were streaking along above the cloud layer which at that was 10/10ths. Our altitude was 21,000 ft. and our ground speed was 136 miles per hour.

At 1008 H the waist gunner called out fighters at 9 o'clock low. I told him to keep his eye on them and vainly tried to get a glimpse of our assailants. 20 mm shells were breaking in front looking exactly

like small flak bursts. They were pumping explosives into our midsection and I saw several ships fall away either exploding or burning fiercely. Two FW's were attacking our element lead ship and although I shot at them I could see no damage done by my guns. I then turned my turret trying to bring my guns to bear on one that was hovering off our left wing. At this time I noticed that our left wing tip had been carried away. A 190 came rushing by the nose on his way down, the victim of some American gunner. Another 190 pulled up directly in front of us and low. I clamped down on the triggers and held them until he disintegrated. I turned my turret to the right and tried a burst at one that was hanging off that way. The burst didn't cause any visible damage and when I tried to shoot again my guns were dead. I tried all the reset buttons but had no success. It was then that I noticed that our wheels were down and our #4 engine was completely gone. We had dropped from what was left of our formation. I turned the turret as far back to center as I could get it with the manual controls. The doors had come open and would not allow the turret to go all the way back to center.

The fighters had stopped hitting us by this time no doubt knowing that we were finished. While I was trying to plug into oxygen I noticed that there was no pressure and so I grabbed a walk around bottle. Pete told me that he had been hit in the leg during our encounter with the fighters. He was hobbling about however so we tried the interphone on call trying to get some instructions from the pilot. The interphone had been out for most of the fight.

I looked up the tunnel and saw that the midsection of the ship was blazing and the fire extended as far forward as the rear of the nose wheel doors. I motioned for Pete to follow and crawled down and opened the nose wheel doors. About this time the ship gave a lurch and out and away I fell.

The sensation of falling was one that I will never forget. Everything was very quiet and peaceful after the terrific din of engines and guns. Looking at my feet I saw them flopping about like a piece of paper. I held them rigid trying to better my coefficient and straighten my fall. This done I found that I was falling flat of my

back. I then checked my leg straps to see if they were bucked properly. They were all O.K. About two seconds later I hit the clouds and felt their cold mists against my face. This made me feel better though I don't know why. After breaking through the clouds I began to watch the earth come up until I reached an estimated thousand feet. I then pulled my ripcord. Nothing happened and I turned my head to see the chute lying as usual fast by the air pressure. I twisted about to get on my stomach and the jar as it bloomed above me. Looking upward I felt that it was the most beautiful blossom that I had ever seen. I had very little time to control my landing as time was short. I was coming down in the edge of a small woods and I decided to pull the risers so that I would hit in the pasture. The trees looked so soft and inviting however that I released the risers and hung on waiting for the impact. I landed with a soft thud on a branch and stood there swaying. My chute was tangled in a branch higher in the tree and as it didn't come free I unbuckled the harness and began my decent from the highest pine tree in Germany. After about giving up ever reaching the ground I placed my feet

on terra firma and spit out the blood that had collected in my throat. Evidently that cold I had had caused my right ear to rupture. I then took stock of myself and my goods. I found that in addition to my ear I had a very bad injury to my ~~ankle~~ knee. The skin had been scraped off my cheek and forehead by some incident that I had not noticed at the time. Of my worldly goods I had this collection - my watch, ring, + identification bracelet. In my pockets I found three packs of cigarettes, two packs of ~~robbins~~, a box of emergency ration caramels, several lumps of sugar, three boxes of matches, two packs of chewing gum and my cigarette lighter. My emergency kit had torn out of my rear ^{Due to the 20 mm} ↑ pocket to I had no recourse to that item. I lit a cigarette and smoked while I listened for sound of a search and rested. Of course I was doing a good job of cussing, silently of course, all the while.

After waiting several minutes to see if search was being mad for me I began to slowly make my way west. There ~~was~~ was a herd of dairy cattle grazing on the edge of the woods that were really tempting as I had not had fresh milk since I left the states. The risk

was too great however so I again headed west. My undoing was in leaving that woods to attempt to gain the woods further on. An old fellow riding a motorcycle and carrying a triple barreled hunting rifle came up behind me and said "Kamerad Englese Terriflieger". I hotly informed him that I was American but kept my hands raised as after all he was holding the gun. He marched me back to a farm house where quite a crowd had gathered and they gave me a thorough search and appeared very surprised that I didn't have a machine pistol. From here I was taken to a larger farm where more people had congregated. At this place I found a gunner (tail from French's crew) who was badly wounded. He had been hit in the chest and leg by 20 mm and .303 besides being burned around his face and hands.

The woman taking care of him spoke excellent English although she could not understand his whispers. I acted as interpreter between the two. She and the other civilians were giving him the best possible care under the circumstances. It proved to be impossible to get a doctor to visit him.

They started to walk me to town and we covered some distance before turning back. A boy

about fifteen who spoke excellent English was with me and asked many questions about the American life. He pointed out several fires in the distance and told me they were American aircraft. How he knew they were not ~~an~~ German I didn't know. He seemed quite confident though that they were all U.S. There were many parts of our ships scattered about the country side. At one point I saw a wing section and in another there was tail section. During this walk I saw many peasants gathering apples. He got me a handful and told me to eat them which I did with relish as I was hungry. On our return to the house I asked for water and he led me to a tap in the bottom of the house where I procured as much as I wanted.

While sitting on a log awaiting arrival of the buggy which had been sent for I was approached by my guard who offered to trade me a German cigarette for one of my "Camels". I swapped and saw his face light up when he breathed the smoke. I can't say that I enjoyed the "Waldorf Astoria".

At last the buggy arrived and we loaded the gunner into it trying to handle him very gently

Knowing that every move was still more agony for him to bear. He complained not one word although he had to grit his teeth at the pain. While we jolted along I lit a cigarette and held it for him as he could not use his burned hands. We traveled several miles before arriving at the town where Luftwaffe personnel was based. He was given over to their surgeon and I was then surrendered formally to the Luftwaffe authorities.

The J. V. 188 pilot who spoke fluent American took me into the building and directed the search that was made. He gave me back all of my belongings my A50 card and matches. He then asked me several questions and as I would not answer them he told me several of his experiences. He told me about his last raid on London saying that it was a hot spot. He had spent some time in the Orient at Hong Kong. He gave me permission to relax and smoke which I did at once. He didn't insist on my answering his questions but just laughed and informed me that he was an interrogator and was just asking for curiosity. There was a kid standing

Guard at the door with a machine pistol who looked trigger happy. I was able to relax in the chair however and let my nerves settle.

The Luftwaffe pilot told me that as they had no place to hold me I was to go with a pompous civilian policeman. I didn't know ~~he~~^{he} was not army at first because he was dressed like a general. He motioned for me to follow him and off I limped to climb into a Ford automobile. He drove with great speed and little skill through several villages relying on his horn to clear the way of geese, wagons, and humans. There were no other automobiles abroad. At last we reached a large building which proved to be a police headquarters with Gestapo units also contained therein. He and two other policemen heaped much abuse and threats on my shoulder. One of the police could speak some English and told me in very nasty tones that I would talk before they turned me loose. We left this place at about ~~1800~~ 1800 H and proceeded to another town. Here I was given another search where they confiscated all of my personal articles. These were never returned. I escaped with my ring and bracelet by telling them they were identification. I was firmly convinced that my hour was up.

and that I was to be shot. The place smelled like a slaughter house and recalling some of the tales I heard it was not hard to believe the worse.

I was then hustled upstairs and found to my surprise that five other Americans were there before me. They were Branch Henard, Bob ^(C.P.) Christy, ^(C.P.) Charlie, a navigator named Johnson ^(McCoy) and a boy from my squadron named Carrow. We all slept the sleep of exhaustion when the Germans were not coming into the cell to give us some special brand of hell. There was a Belgium girl working in the jail who had been in Germany since the fall of Belgium. Our only bed was bare boards but I slept soundly excepting the German interruptions and the one time I had a hard chill due to the reaction from shock. The night wasn't cold but I ~~was~~ sure shook. The flying clothes that had kept me warm at -25°C didn't do a bit of good. My hip had gotten stiff as well as my knee and I could barely get around.

SEPT. 28 We were claimed by the army and began our journey to their garrison. We had to hide on a hill to avoid an air raid. The civilians took no pains to hide their dislike of us and made

And made motions as to cut our throat. There were many French forced laborers there also. The 8th was really beautiful up there in the blue. We also saw quite a few German jet aircraft but they did not attack our formation (to our knowledge). At the German garrison we met six other Americans. The twelve of us were given another search and sent to catch the train for the journey to Oberursel. At Frankfurt our guards, who were much better to us than their predecessors, obtained soup and coffee for us. This was about midnight and it was the first semblance of food since we were shot down. Our march to the questioning center was plenty rough and was made with many rest stops. Several of our members were unable to walk so their burden fell on the rest of the party.

SEPT. 29 I was pulled out of solitary and questioned. The interpreter tried to get me to fill out a "Red Cross" form but I declined to do so. It was then that he threatened me with a long stay and said he would see me later when they led me back to my cell. Appr. Two hours later I was told to come along to clean the center. I was about to leave for the transient camp. We moved over to the outer

compound, where we were allowed to bathe and shave in cold water. Some of the fellows had cigarettes so we were able to light up again. There were many Polish boys there that had been picked up at Arnheim.

SEPT. 30- We were taken under guard to Wetslar where the transient camp was located. Here we were issued Red Cross kits containing soap, razor blades, two towels socks, underwear, shave brush + soap, toothbrush + powder, sewing kit and five packs of cigarettes. This was all contained in a canvas bag. We were given a hot shower and some of the boys were deloused. I still had obtained no shoes and consequently had to keep limping along in the black flying boots.

We were welcomed to Germany by Col. Stack (AVS) who gave us the rules and regulations to be observed. We were then given a hot meal of Red Cross food and we ate like wolves. In the room with me were men from England, Australia, Poland, Canada, New Zealand and France. Of course most of the men were from the good old USA.

OCT 1 I attended my first Church Service on German soil. The Chapel was packed as usual. The hymns were sung with a little more feeling than before when we were in a friendly land.

OCT 3 Herb Bridges, Pearson + Dimick all came in just as we were pulling out to catch the train bound for our permanent camp. On reaching the railroad yard we found two 2nd Class coaches with POW markings waiting for us. The compartment that we drew had double decker bunks so we counted ourselves lucky. On the toss of the coin I "won" the baggage rack. We spent the night in the railroad yard sweating the RAF. They didn't arrive though.

OCT 4 We moved about 50 K today. Finding that our compartment was the only one with bunks we gave them up for the badly wounded men. That night we spent sitting up and sweating some more as we spent most of the night in marshalling yards.

OCT 5 We moved a good deal today or so it seemed. As always we were placed next to the engine. This I suppose was done to try and save their engine from strafing attack.

OCT 6 We arrived on the edge of Berlin just in time to see the nightly show put on by the RAF. The sky was filled with flack and we saw one ship burn and fall away.

OCT 7 We had in our compartment six Americans and four British officers. Lt. Col. McCardie (Brt.) picked up at Arnheim W/e , Pete Belitsos) and Bruland. Of course Bob Christie and I were sharing a Red Cross box. Jimmy Prentice (Brt.) and Jack were the ones I remember.

About 210 K north of Berlin we saw the 8th in force. From observation I would say Stettin was the target. P-51's strafed an airfield just ahead of us and of course we sweated blood. The German guards took off for the high timber leaving us locked in with the German officer to do all the guarding. He stayed with the train as did the engineer. For some unknown reason the fighters didn't spot us so we breathed normally again.

OCT 8 Arrived at Stalag Luft 1 located at Barth Germany. At the gate I saw Bob Wood, Jimmy Wilkinson and Buzz Wright.

I moved into North Compound #1 Block #1 Room #11. Three fellows from my old group were in the room. They were well before my time however. The above mentioned were Paul Brown, T. J. Madden, Mort Seifter. In this compound I ran into Fritz Weyerts, Ed Sheolin, Jay Weiselberg, Pen Telpnes, Ken Crook, Curly Sorcbner, Harold Bennex, Bell and Patterson.

Oct 24 Heard that the camp had been taken over by the SS troops.

Oct 31 Halloween party with Jerry beer. Taste OK but has no kick. Swifts Argentine potted meat, German cheese.

Nov. 3 Birthday - no celebration.

Nov. 17 Heard push had started no confirmation.

Nov 24. On 1/2 rations for two weeks.

Nov 29. Group football ~~game~~^{team} won the Thanksgiving Day Game.

Nov 30 Thanksgiving day in Kriegie Kamp. Big supper of roast beef, "C" ration, potatoes + gravy, Chocolate-raisin pie + coffee. The band gave a program and during chow the lights went out. I returned to the room and smoked a cigar generously given by Joe Burkowski.

Dec 2 Saw the movie "Springtime" with Durbin.

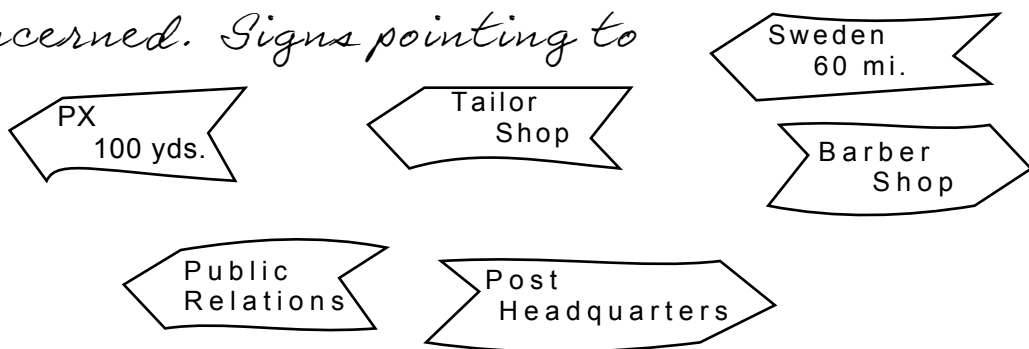
Dec 6 K.P. Today

Dec. 19. Attended lecture by Col McCardis on Arnheim. Began making fudge for Xmas. Heard of German counter attack in the West.

Just Reminiscing - The first day when we arrived in the North Compound and ate all the potatoes we could hold. Most of us trying to make up for the meals missed in the past.

The day I walked into the room and asked where I could bed down. Mort motioning me to a lower bunk which I later found to be under him. Then came the scurry to find bed boards as the fellows had appropriated all off that bunk. Madden introducing himself and asking me if I needed anything. Robbie asking where I was from and giving a Rebel yell when he found I was from "Dixie".

The leg pulling that the gang tried on all the new kriegies. One of the latter was that we were having a dance Saturday night in the mess hall Luftwaffe Aux. To furnish partners. Of course the rules were laid out that had to be followed pretty strictly as far as conduct was concerned. Signs pointing to



Capt. Johnson telling us, with ~~top~~ truth, that we were to draw clean sheets, mattress covers, + pillow slips.

The boys yelling "Get Some time in" on any and all occasions.

The subjects discussed after lights out - the range of topics taking in the entire contents of the Encyclopedia Britannica. All conversations always returning to one of the three subjects women, airplanes or food. A sample night would find from three to fifteen conversations going at once. Phillips and Paul making menus of the food that they were going to eat. Woodley + Roberts discussing the possibilities of boot legging. Mort + Cliff giving out on fur coats and raising ~~and~~ pigs. Latham yelling "Lets go to sleep". Art telling Madden what a powerful line they had at N.Y.U. Jackson directing his remarks to any and every one that "Lombardo Stinks". Ruble raising hell with Milner for dropping ashes on him while Milner is giving Madden the poop on how to get rich quick. Mullins telling how they did things

when he was in the cavalry. Krummy explaining rock and mineral formation to Mort. Joe Burkowski trying to listen to music from the next room. Horton and Woodley discussing their methods of putting their wives to work and living a life of ease. Cliff telling us all that the State of La. "Fried" the best dollar piece that ever hit Beaumont when they electrocuted Toni Jo Heary. Robbie telling of all the beauty that Tampa affords. Horton singing "Der Fuehrer's Face", and telling how he spent his time swimming when he was down Galveston way on details. Cliff and Mort getting off on a tangent about medicine and doctors after reading a few novels on the subject. Krummy giving a Wisconsin hog call to show the boys how it was done. Lathan and Woodley hanger flying while dreaming of B-25's and A-26's.

The days when Lathan and Woodley cooked potatoes and gravy. Mort + Madden yelling for us to hurry so they could make soup. Horton sitting with a "D" bar between his teeth. Paul Brown

making jelly and peanut butter sandwiches while Phillips drooled.

Jackson + Joe making arrangements for "the Round the Benders".

Joe cutting hair for the boys in the room and telling us about his trip through France back in peace time. He compared France then and France under the German heel.

Morning chow with Milner, Ruble and Woodley trickling out in the biting cold. Woodley with three Klim cans to bring back coffee for the room. The barley mornings when Ruble + Milner would scavenge enough barley to last a couple of days. Hybarger bitching about the sameness of food - swearing that he couldn't see his way clear to living on it another week.

Those evening meals when fish (canned variety) were served. Woodley catching the "Wheels" table on baked corn beef days to gather enough for a couple of extras meals. Those meals that were missed because the boys couldn't break away from a game of India, it was new then. The first "C" ration and how good it tasted - we raved over it. The nights we had house meat loaf and bitched -

How we would see the day when the boys would fight over it. Chocolate pudding nights when the band would play. We always gave them the devil saying they ate too much.

The bridge games that found Woodley + Krummy trying to dump the bid into each others suit. Madden + Mort going to slam without the cards. The times Pop would pass and Paul would show marked disapproval. At bidding a slam with his hands shaking from nervousness. Ruble raising hell when Milner trumps his trick. Joe trying to entice Jackson away from music to play a few hands.

The walks around the compound when Milner would tell us of his trouble ridden high school days. Ruble + Woodley walking while Milner talked to his navigator through the fence. Krummy + Woodley ambling along trying to keep from slipping down on the ice.

The snowball fights between squadrons during roll call. The time Col. Greening grabbed the bugle and blew assembly to save the "wheels" when the going got rough. The time when we would catch North #2 lined up for roll call and would pelt them while they were at attention and helpless. They retaliated by going up at us when we tried to enter our barracks and gave us a furious bombardment.

Red Morehead coming in to argue with Mort and the rest of the room. During arguments he always accused those opposed to him of being crazy. Telling how he took ROTC for four years and never got to be a corporal.

Lou + Madden doing card tricks. Tom telling Krummy to take a card. Mullins doing the gamblers shuffle after ruining three decks to learn how.

Morehead telling the world that Boss Crump in Memphis was the worlds finest.

Bonney and Woodley tracing people that they had known in the army. Bonney swapping us onions for Klim and the bitching that we did. Fred Weyerts proudly showing pictures of his wife and baby. Ken Crook and I talking over the old days together.

The times we would place the bucket in the door for Art to kick on his return from the latrine at late hours.

The night we had the ghost and the yell that I let out when Mullins grabbed my throat. Art waving a knife to ward off evil spirits.

Huey Ward playing the guitar and flying (hanger) a P47. Jackson from the other f room playing the guitar while the kid from block #7 fiddled all the old favorites. Deen playing hot licks on the accordion. Frank Jackson making arrangements for Burkowski and I to play together. Horton giving a square dance yell while the boys played. Fred (Tege) playing the latrine because the boys in his room wouldn't allow him in with the accordion. Maj. Todd sitting on the incinerator nursing his sax. My first hearing "The Round the Benders" - they sounded better than G. Miller. The nights we would have the phonograph and would play it by Kriegie light.

K P days when we would peel Spuds - never enough knives to go around and everyone trying to get on can opening detail.

The slide made by pouring water on the side of the barracks. The fellows who would always fall and those that never did - always trying to trip the latter.

Library days with Pop and I looking for shoot-em-ups. Phillips getting a book parcel from home with all whodunits although he dislikes them very much.

Sweating mail call for Moon and Krummy. Moon hadn't heard from home in over a year.

Cliff telling of his experience in a German hospital and how he and the orderly went round and round about the worm eaten apple.

Days when the barley would have so many worms that it was useless to try and pick them out - just keep eating and swear that they tasted good.

Bogart collecting "D" bars from Cliff on their bet about the ~~war~~^{war.} - how Cliff hated to see them go.

DEC 20- Began Christmas decorating today. Improvise with a deal of success.

DEC 23- Up at 0700 H. To get our Christmas parcels.

The Christmas package contained

- 1 PLUM PUDDING
- 1 CAN TURKEY
- 1 PK. ASSORTED CANDY
- 1 PK. ASSORTED NUTS
- 4 PKS. GUM
- 2 PICTURES
- 1 GAME
- 1 DECK PLAYING CARDS
- 1 PIPE
- 1 PK. PIPE TOBACCO
- 1 WASH CLOTH
- 3 PKS. CIGARETTES
- 1 CAN BUTTER
- 1 CAN CHERRIES
- 1 CAN VIENNA SAUSAGE
- 2 OZS. TEA
- 1 PK. DATES
- 2 FRUIT BARS

We have been eating good today.

DEC 24 We divided our candy + pies and have been eating all day. At 9 P.M. We cut more pies and ate pie and drank cocoa. While we were eating the boys came through singing carols. Everyone in as high spirits as possible under the circumstances.

CHRISTMAS DAY - For breakfast we had Vienna sausage and fried potatoes. Christmas services at noon. Dinner was Turkey + dressing - mashed spuds - creamed carrots chocolate pie - coffee and lots of gravy for the spuds. The string section of the band gave a program of Christmas music for the meal and we had a song fest until late in the night.

Just Thinking- yesterday Cliff got kicked by Bogart and I got kicked by Mort because we had bet the war would be over. I have a new date now of JULY 4.

Casey doing laundry for food points along with his work on metals.

Weiselberg and I talking of cadet days. The day Putman found me behind the locker reading "One Man's West" instead of doing PT.

Burkowski drawing up plans for a home when he gets to be a civilian. Of course he's getting lots of advice Belitsos berating Bruland for asking him to fly that day when he wasn't scheduled. Paul Brown showing Woodley the constellations on the way back from chow

Dec 31 - Dinner of creamed turkey, mashed potatoes + gravy, carrots, pie + coffee. Favors in the form of toy bombs that you light and then wait for a shower of paper hats, whistles, flags and other novelties of festive nature. When midnight arrived we made quite a bit of noise with every device at hand. Mort kicked the bucket and I blew a horn.

JAN 1 Not a visible change but here's to the New Year and may it be happier and more peaceful than 1944.

JAN 19 - Moved to South Compound Bks #14 Room #5. Same room with Bobby Wood and Jimmy Wilkinson.

JAN 26 - We knew we were moving but how, when + where were questions that remained unanswered until 1630 H. We then found that ten of us were moving into the kitchen of block #7. We concluded the move with speed and many groans. Nearly everyone was glad to hit the sack tonight. The messy state of affairs could not be remedied tonight at any rate. Minor has his bed against the sink and bitches continuously.

JAN 27 Spent the day trying to get everything organized. Minor and I spent the morning looking for tar. Incidentally, our room number is 13 and the 26th (day of move) is 2 thirteen's.

FEB 2 No water or electricity today.

FEB 3 Still no water - we took a can and scooped up water from pools on the parade ground. Willis brought up the subject of oysters but everyone was thirsty enough to keep drinking

FEB 4 Water back on and we had lights for a little while tonight.

FEB 5 Deloused today and they picked bad weather to do it.

FEB 6 Traded twice for fountain pens today ending up with a Sheaffer Jr for a total of 4 "D" bars or \$20⁰⁰. Got a copy of "Rivers of Glory"

FEB 7 Kriegies from an evacuated camp came in today. Feel like I've got the Jockey itch. Feels good to scratch but worrisome as hell. A backwash from our fumigation.

FEB 9 Search today - Got a cup of coffee from Buzz Wright.

FEB 10 No lights last night at all except Krieg variety nor did we have any tonight. The Goons promised them for an hour but they never materialized.

FEB 13 Lights on again - Good not to be in the dark.

FEB 15 Mail for Mac Jimmy + Bobby - still no word for me. Lights off again

FEB 26 American Red Cross food completely gone and not many German rations. We thought we would get 1/4 issue today but it fell through. The German rations have had another severe cut with Mary down another third. Wish I had those "D" bars.

FEB 27 1/4 issue Red Cross today. Not much, but still something to go on.

FEB 28 Air raid last night. Heard firing from the air when a night fighter and intruder tangled.

Got my first mail today - One from Keepy and one from Ivonne said Jr. Was OK and gave his new address as 389th APO 558.

MAR 4 Had that unreal feeling today as I sat in the Chapel. From where I was sitting I could see the spire of the Cathedral in Barth. It seemed terrible that people were fighting and that men were dying on battlefields close to us at that very minute

MAR 5 Last food again and damn little of it.

MAR 6 Big hunger front has moved into Barth. Dry bread (2 slices) 5 small potatoes for ten men and three prunes each.

MAR 7 A letter from Keepy today. Got a few rutabagas today which should help out a lot.

MAR 8 Rec'd three days potato rations today. Room #12 absent mindedly (?) picked up two boxes.

MAR 9 - Lights on again for an hour and a half.

MAR 11 Beautiful day although we had a light snow early this morning. Church was unusually crowded today.

MAR 13 Well potatoes are gone again. Everybody is pretty hungry. Although the Germans have promised us that they were going to get Red Cross packages here we have about given up hope of ever seeing them again.

MAR 16 Alert crew today and we got two ~~and a half~~ weeks ration of potatoes. Boy! They looked good.

MAR 17 Lights off again

MAR 18 Sunday as Bob Wood, Joe Hughes and I started to Church the siren sounded for immediate vicinity air raid. We ran on to the Chapel. As we began to take our seats after the first hymn a shot rang out. A bad day for Stalag Luft 1! Before the all clear sounded two of our number had been shot. One through the middle of the body and one through the head. One was a British officer from Block #6 and the other was Lt. Wyman from Block #2. Lt. S. F. Wyman died at 1440 H.

MAR 19 Got a package of cigarettes from Joe as mine were completely gone. . Lights came back on last night.

MAR 21 Funeral services for Lt. Wyman today. I had KP today and did a wash. Sure tired me out!

MAR 23 The first really pretty day of 1945 in Barth. There is no wind - just a slight breeze and the sun is out bright and warm. Many Kriegies are out in the sun with their shirts off. The board says 4000 letters and 250 parcels. It's too good to last. Made a carton of cigarettes doing K. P. for Monk.

MAR 24 Another pretty day. Last night just before lights out an airplane pulled a strafe job on the air field some where close around us. One of the guys in the hall yelled to unscrew the lights. We understood from the boys in North #3 that the Germans are building a

dummy airfield too close for comfort on that edge of the ~~field~~^{camp}
 Good news from the west as the Germans admit two new crossings on the Rhine.

MAR 25 Palm Sunday and the Germans record an airborne landing near Bocholt several miles in front of the beach head in that area. Took my first sunbath today. Wind pretty cool at times. Had a feast tonight. Each of us had a 1/2 Klim can of potatoes and 1-1/2 oz. of horsemeat loaf, we finished the meal off with Broadcake and ersatz tea. Another beach head admitted and also a new airborne landing.

MAR 26 Another beautiful morning. Church services at noon. Dinner of mashed potatoes w/ gravy. Excellent news from the west front.

MAR 27 Red Cross parcels (food) came into camp last night. The board listed the fact that 2600 of them were in the car. Today made six months in Germany. With only three letters and no packages. 1/4 issue of Red Cross parcels tonight. Red Cross food will make us feel much better!

MAR 25 Missed Church for the first time this week. I had KP and so couldn't make it. Four more cars of Red Cross parcels on the track in town. We don't know whether they are food or not but we are sure hoping. Heard this afternoon that we would get another 3/4 parcel this week. News continues to be good in the west. Patton 70 K east of Frankfurt. Potatoes and "C" ration for supper.

MAR 29 14,000 more parcels - Total now on hand 25,000 which means a three week supply. 1/5 can of Spam each tonight for our meal. Monk rented ~~an~~ a phonograph tonight.

MAR 30 Good Friday and morning roll call at 0940 H. Lt. Wey a Canadian died this morning from a cerebral hemorrhage. He was a frequent visitor in our room coming to see Monk. Had a wonderful supper tonight 1/5 can Spam, 2 hot cakes and jelly - french fried potatoes.

MAR 31 Big meal today of "C" ration, potatoes and rutabagas. I almost feel full.

EASTER SUNDAY APRIL 1- Big breakfast of Farina, coffee, Brod, Jam. Dinner of Soup, cheese spread + fish spread. Supper of Horsemear loaf, gravy, dried eggs cake and coffee.

I find that I have been to Church seven times in eight days and enjoyed every sermon. Padre Mitchell is a very interesting speaker.

Food is not at present the problem that it has been the past two months. We now have 69,350 parcels on hand with rumors of more to come. There are now close to 2000 personal parcels in camp as well as a few letters.

Our Easter was held in the Chapel as inclement weather made it impossible to hold ^{it} on the parade ground. Of course many could not get inside and were turned away.

~~Mar~~ ^{APRIL} 2 Rainy, windy day not fit for man nor beast

~~Mar~~ ^{APRIL} 3 Max Schmelin visited the camp today. I didn't see him but the one who did say he looks about the same as ever except for looking older + fatter than in his fight days in the USA.

~~Mar~~ ^{APRIL} 4 Black day for North #1. Their mess hall burned just before day this morning. The dog tried to climb in my window last night. Col. Hankey stayed on an island belonging to Herr Himmler on his last trip to Berlin to attend the allied medical convention.

I contend that the Russians are awaiting the W/Allies before they start their drive so that they will take Berlin jointly thus avoiding much controversy in the years to come.

Just Rambling - Remember the day I moved to the South Compound.. I found that Wood had arranged for me to move into Block 14. On the turn of a card I ended up in the same room with Jimmy Wilkinson and Bobby Wood. Gosh but my boxes got heavy before I got all the way down there.

Meeting all the boys in the room and the usual trouble of remembering names. Finding that Bill Minor was from my old group. He went down long before I got to the ETO.

The walks around the compound with Wood and standing at the gate to watch for something new. Watching the girls at the flak school manipulate the big "ears". Some of them would be shooting at our boys in a very short time.

Listening to Winsay "I think I'll have ein cup of coffee. McEahee, Hamilton, Willie and Jimmy planning their victorious trip back to Texas from the P O D.

Chasing into the wash house through the snow to get water for all purposes. Those outdoor latrines where the cold wind blew up through the holes to freeze your backsides. Those dark nights when the trough could not be found.

That moving day when all was confusion. Every one trying to move as much equipment possible in the shortest length of time - trying to slide the heaviest pieces on the snow only to have them dig in. Monk trying to make up his mind where he was going to move and ending up with us in the kitchen of Block #7.

How wet cold and dark our room looked to us - very uninviting to say the least. All the windows covered with cardboard as the panes were missing.

Trying to get the room fixed up and the haggling with the Germans, English and Americans for materials. Every one in the block trying to help us get settled.

The time they wanted to get the ice rink filled and Bill Grupp got volunteered.

The queer characters that turn up now and then to see Monk.

Bob "Trader Horn" Samarche popping in with most any thing to swap from cigarettes to sweaters. Even turning up now and then with a complete uniform. I bought this fountain pen through him. The other nights he would drop in and play the mandolin for our amusement.

Bill Roach leaving with "OK you going to miss the boat if you don't try this". He is truly a BTO. Hearing some of his tall tales and escapades. Women must love him!

Clough trying to dispense hot water for brew and be fair to all who came.

The gang around the bulletin board waiting for "Inky" to put up the news and ready to dash back to the barracks with any choice items. Impatiently waiting for the map to change when the Russians start driving. The Americans feeling proud of our boys Patton + Patch.

The days when food was so scarce that everyone was visibly losing weight from day to day. No one with enough energy to walk around the compound. Just the mention of food almost caused a riot. The dishes we promised ourselves if we ever got home.

The nights when we would sweat out the night fighter that was strafing in the area. Tense muscles in our stomachs in spite of all the attempts at self control.

Willie promising rough times and a long war. A born pessimist on all accounts. Always good to keep down our enthusiasm when we get to running away.

Jensen dropping in to see "My old Classmate" when speaking of Mac - pretending he will stay for dinner.

Willie getting the big jig saw puzzle in his personal parcel and the expression on his face.

Kelly Ritter trying to scare up chewing gum from everyone. He really loves that stuff.

Dave Bottelino and Willie talking over the beautiful big city of West Texas (El Paso).

Tex Austin reading the news and taking orders for "Wearever". The only deal I'm really interested in that's going around.

The other deals involving everything from Buicks to peanut butter. Some even ordering barrels

of maple syrup. Kriegies will buy anything.

Jimmy and his tale of the "Maltese Falcon" which is verified by Lloyd and Randall.

After all the cats had disappeared and any where the boys from our barracks put in appearance the yell went up "Cat thieves". The boys had learned to like those "Barth Rabbits".

Remember how hungry those days and nights were when we didn't have any food. It all seems like a ~~bad~~ bad dream now that we can look back on it. Everyone had that haggard hungry look and were losing weight day and day. I got down to about 105. Still haven't gained it all back now (APRIL 8).

APRIL 6 - Took my first PT today in sometime. If any one had told me two years ago that I would volunteer for PT I would have said they were crazy.

I pulled KP for Monk today for a carton of butts but have already traded them off for some kriegie wings.

APRIL 7 - I'm getting sore as the dickens from that exercise yesterday - we went out again today but I didn't succeed in working the soreness out. Joe Hughes got five letters today but no one else hit. We have ten thousand letters in camp however so maybe some of us will hit Monday.

APRIL 8 - Good news from the west front still pouring in. The Allies are nearly to Bremen, Hanover, + Brunswick. On the east front our Russian allies are attacking Vienna and have told Japan off in refusing to renew the treaty. A very good supper of horse meat hamburger, creamed corn beef., fried potatoes + chocolate cake. Haven't felt too good today as my head has been hurting and my stomach torn up.

APRIL 9 Got a letter from Keepy today dated Dec 18, 1944. Didn't make PT class today as I was feeling too bad. Hamilton got a damn nice personal parcel. Had a big supper of potatoes, w/cheese and milk, fried spam. When the lights came on we had the dishpan filled with chocolate pudding and a bowl full of whipped cream. I had Kelly Ritter in to eat part of mine. He enjoyed it as did all the other boys who dropped in.

APRIL 10 - With the price of "D" bars at their present value this book cost be ~~62.50~~ \$62.50

APRIL 11 - Got a registered letter (my first) from Leepy today. It was written Christmas day. Had KP today. And missed KP - Hanover has fallen and Bremen is said to be aflame with our Armies 45 K from Brunswick. There were no pictures in my letter.

APRIL 12 - Good news again today- Our Armies are still on the move having reached Magdeburg at one point and Weimar on another. Bremen is nearly cut off and there have been general advances in other sectors.

APRIL "13"-America and the Allies had a terrific blow today as it was announced that our President, Mr. Roosevelt, was dead. This should not affect the course of the war however as America has always been able to produce the man for any occasion.

The news from the fronts continues to be good. My date for the end of the war is up today but I don't think I will be far wrong on my prediction.

Just posted on Board - Allies now only 100 miles from Barth at Wittenburg north of Magdeburg. Patton still driving in the South. Weimar + Schweinfurt overrun.

APRIL 14 - Took a long sun bath today. My skin should lose a little of its prison pallor after. Big stew for supper tonight.

APRIL 15 - We had our first open air service this morning. The weather wasn't too good but it didn't rain. Padre Mitchell spent his time not on his prepared sermon but devoted his time to a resume of ~~the~~ the late President Roosevelt's works for the betterment of mankind. He assured us that Roosevelt's voice though stilled would be a mighty factor at the peace table and in forming a better world in the years to come. Col. Malmstrum took over and called the parade to attention. He made a short talk and then we observed ~~ex~~ two minutes of silence and the bugler sounded taps.

JV 188's have been giving us buzz jobs all day. The boys flying them must think they are H. P.'s

APRIL 16 - The Germans claim that the Russians have gone into a full offensive on a 40 K front extending between Frankfort on Oder and Kustrin. We have had no confirmation of this at the present time.

APRIL 17 - Had a letter from Cousin dated Jan. 22. She told me that Charles was getting married. Mother had gone down for the wedding.

APRIL 18 - I dreamed of Leepy all night last night. Part of the dreams though seemed as if we were not at home.

APRIL 19 - Monk got a phonograph and played "All through the night". The record that really got me and still does is a Duke Ellington job with "Mood Indigo" on one side and "My Solitude" on the other. It seems to have the power to drag at my feelings when nothing else can. We also had the album of "Oklahoma" although I don't think so much of the records. Many other good records in the selection that we had. ~~Id~~

I got up at 0630 H to get water from the kitchen and now (0700 H) no one can leave the barracks because of an identity roll call. Sumpins up.

Willie Hearn in this morning to inform us that Larry Lifahus came in the other day with Captain's brass on his shoulder. No lights last night.

Congratulated Jack May on reaching his 21st birthday. He was only 19 when he was shot down.

APRIL 20 - Got dysentery and do I feel awful! We could hear firing this morning in the distance. Speculation upon this is our main topic of conversation. Sounded like artillery preparation pending an attack.

APRIL 20 - Weather this morning was lousy. Rain falling and low overcast. My dysentery diagnosis was incorrect. I've got the damn flu. Feel so bad that it makes me wonder why I even jumped that day. I didn't go to roll call at all yesterday nor did I go this morning. The sun had come out so I ventured out to roll call and the bulletin

board this afternoon. The news is good. Here is the communique.

APRIL 21 1500 H COMMUNIQUE

OST FRONT: "WITH CONCENTRATED ARMORED ARMIES OUR FRONT SPLIT OPEN AT SEVERAL POINTS - 1 ONE B/THRU HAS REACHED KAMENZ, 35 KMS NE DRESDEN 2 FROM COTTBUS ANOTHER HAS PUSHED AT LEAST 60 KMS FURTHER W. IN THE PAST 25 HOURS AND IS 60 KMS FROM SIMPSONS B/HD AT MAGDEBURG 3 NE & E OF BERLIN SOVIETS ARE ON A SEMI CIRCLE OF ITS OUTER SUBURBS. NEW OFFENSIVE BETWEEN SCHWEDT & STETTIN - ALREADY 2 B/HDS OVER ODER. OTHER RUSSIAN GAINS W. OF VIENNA AND NW OF M/OSTRAU."

WEST FRONT - GIRONDE CLEARED AND BORDEAUX REOPENED BRITISH HAVE PUSHED N. ALONG EMS E. BANK & ARE LESS THAN 40 KMS FROM EMDEN. THEY HAVE RE PUSHED AHEAD AND REACHED THE ELBE ON A BROAD FRONT S.E. OF HAMBURG - GERMANS HOLDING 2 B/HDS. FRANCO-AMERICAN FORCES NOW 30 KMS SE OF STUTTGART - FRENCH S OF STUTTGART PUSHING N.E. TO MEET THEM.

RED X
PERSONAL PARCELS _____ NIL
MAIL _____ NIL
RATIONS - NO HORSE BURGER SUNDAY

APRIL 22 Inspection this morning of all American personnel for uniform and insignias at morning roll call.

I missed Church today due to the inclement weather and my bad cold.

Got a note from Herb Bridges today saying that Bob Hansen is OK and is at another camp. He got a big cig parcel from home. (PROVED TO BE ONLY A RUMOR)

APRIL 23 Fighting in the center of Berlin - The Allied forces have joined up near Magdeburg - Hitler is reported to be in Berlin to join in the

Fight "to save the world from the Bolshevik hordes that have come from the steppes of Asia".

Lights tonight for the first time in 4 nights.

APRIL 24 - Monk go a record parcel today. Herby sent me 6 cigars from his latest parcel. My wife must be off the ball.

APRIL 25 - Alert crew today. I've said it before but this time I really believe it myself - this is my last alert crew duties in this camp (of course had my K.P. too.)

LINK UP 1ST A & RUSSIANS

APRIL 26 - Class "A" (?) uniform this morning at roll call. Blocks 1, 2, + 3 came to our field for roll call and then pictures were made of the entire compound with a Red Cross camera - I am 3rd man to the right in the first row (knelling) from the sign saying 7th Sq.

The barracks is in a turmoil as news just came in that the Russians have broken out at Stettin and are advancing N. W.

APRIL 27 - Three air raid alerts between the hours of 0800 H to 1100 H. 7 months in Germany today K.P. for Monk for a "D" bar which I traded for a can of butter. No spectacular advances today in the news. Germans broke out of the pocket E. of Berlin and reentered the city. Russians have the city completely encircled however.

APRIL 26 - Late in the evening we could hear the rumble of artillery from the front. There was an extremely low ceiling so that sound carried rather well.

APRIL 29 - Received bands today.

APRIL 30 ~ 1500 P. O. W. are to be evacuated as hostages when the Germans pull out. The Russians are supposed to be very close to us now. Roll call this afternoon was a farce as the gates between the sections of our compound were not closed and kriegies were walking about at will. Maj. Oppenham, the German officer, counted as far as Block #10 and then gave up the task.

Demolition work at the flak school and other installations have been going on all day. It seems good to me although it has proved nerve racking to a few of the more nervous men. We spent a good deal of time today in digging trenches in case the Russians don't know what is located at this point.

2300 H - The German guards are not in the towers.

MAY 1 At 0117 H the camp was taken over by us without a drop of blood spilled. There are many things in front of us before we arrive home. At 0430 H reveille was sounded for one block and the third relief (my own) went on duty officially taking over another German barracks.

I was on guard duty in the tower of post 24. This is opposite the corner of North 2 + 3. I saw Bridges, Milner + Christy.

The remain dogs were shot today as there was nothing that could be done with them.

The first Russians to arrive on their own power arrived at 2210 H. They were a private and an officer who was picked up at Stralsund by Col. Zemke.

B. B. C. quotes German sources as announcing the death of Hitler.

May 2 - The Russian main body arrived today. The camp has become a mass of disorder with the gates open. The Russians are raising hell and the Americans are doing the same.

Maj. Colligan has placed our guard squadron under restriction to quarters while everyone else is enjoying themselves. He is not the type officer that his men loves.

We lost control of the camp for several hours today to the "Mad Russians" but regained control through the Russian liaison officer. Many former POW's went wild and we had the devils own time rounding them up. Some took off for the American lines but their fate is problematical at this time. No contact has been made with our high command.

May 3 - Our outfit has been released from restriction and commended highly for the good work that we have done. I understand that many of our boys have taken off in an attempt to reach the American lines.

May 4 - My post today was on the main road leading from Barth. The multitude of free P's OW of all nations were coming up to the fence to wish us well. The French were in the majority by far. Many Polish, Russian, Czechs, and even Italians were wandering around.

North Germany, Holland, Denmark, surrendered today

I talked to several Polish families who were on their way back to Poland. I gave a package of tea to one family and they were so happy they nearly cried when they told me that they had not had tea for six years. A Polish boy and girl on a bike stopped to get first aid ~~for~~ for the girl's knees and she was pretty as a picture but her legs were as large as those on a grand piano.

A Russian captain came in with his mistress, a pretty child built like a s house. She dutifully got off the motorcycle and waited for him while he went into camp. On his return she jumped straddled legs upon the back and away they went. Her clothes were of brilliant colors. T

There is no room to tell of all the fantastic sights so I'll just break off here.

May 5 - We had a Russian captain for a visit to our room today. He seemed quite disappointed that the Germans are kaput and there is no more fighting. He was wounded by a land mine about 60 kilos away. He and the Russian POW who acted as interpreter really gave us a treat with their accounts of the war. The Captain (Russian) could not understand why we didn't have plenty of whiskey to drink.

May 5 - We also had a visit from Russian General Aristoff who came on behalf of ~~Major~~ ~~Ramsoff~~. Later a jeep arrived with an American Major and two Sgts in it. These fellows really got a big cheer as had the Russians. The last important arrival was a full Colonel from an airborne outfit who had been trying to find us for some time.

My outfit is on guard duty tonight and we may get to see a few more important sights.

Also along were Maj. Gen Sakovich + Gen Borisoff

May 6 - We heard over BBC that the war is over. It is supposed to have ended at 1600 H today.

I was on Post today during church time and missed what I'm sure was a wonderful sermon. The congregation ended the service by singing the "Star Spangled Banner" + "God Save the King". It was the first time that I had heard them since I hit German soil. I could hear them from my post in the front of the hospital.

Colonel Moss was the American who came to help in our evacuation.

We are having quite a bit of trouble with some of the wilder elements in camp. Some of them have gone so far as to start using clubs against the M. P. Detachments.

May 7 - We had a speech of appreciation today from Lt. Col. Gabresike + Lt. Col Greening for our efforts to preserve order during the period of chaos.

May 8 - Last night and today my guard post was far from boring. I had a Russian "Tovarich" to stand guard with me and we tried to talk to each other. As he spoke no English and I spoke no Russian we had to try to make each other understand in German and sign language. He thought it was very funny that now the German Fräus were as afraid of him as the Russians were getting even for the rough stuff pulled ^{by the Germans} during their heyday.. He was wounded very badly at Warsaw in August of this year. The machine (sub) gun that he had with him kept a staccato chatter through the night as he would fire it off. He insisted that I fire it also.

This afternoon we, the guard squadron, visited the airfield and the city of Barth. The airfield is large and modern as would be a permanent base in the States. They have an assembly line where they were ~~working through~~ ^{producing} jets. Their quarters were much nicer than most allied bases that I have visited. We strolled around looking at ships they lost when they moved. Among them were HE 111K, 190's, JU 88 and others of their first line aircraft. I would like to have gotten inside to look them over but we were shy of booby traps. Most of the ships had been battered up with an axe

Or fire. They were not destroyed however and quite a few can be used again.

In town we wandered around looking at the sights which were few. The town seems almost deserted. The Russians are everywhere although most looting has ceased. I wanted to visit the cathedral but found that it was off limits because Col. Zemke didn't want Americans to get blamed for looting it.

The children, large + small, follow Americans, as in England + France, begging for chocolate. We are having to enforce our rule of non-fraternization though at times it is hard to say "Ouce!" to the smaller tots.

~~and~~ ~~and~~

I saw the buildings of the concentration camp but did not go inside for more reasons than one.

The camp was alight tonight from the flares being shot from "very" pistols in celebration of the war's end. "Das Krieg Am Ende" officially tomorrow but the boys are happy tonight.

May 9 - Today the war is officially over in this theater. Radio reports state that there is still fighting in Prague in violation of the truce (or surrender). German troops are now fighting each other - the Nazis not wanting to give up.

Maj. Gen. Borisoff made a speech today asking that we always remember today and celebrate. He wants us to celebrate now but although he wants the Americans + English to drink to the down fall of Deutschland there is nothing but water to quench our thirst.

After the walk yesterday my leg, (knee) that was hurt the day I came down, has been hurting so bad that I can hardly get about the room. Sure hope it gets OK soon.

May 10 - Nothing important —

May 11 - “ “

May 12 - Got a pair of boots today. Two B-17's came into the airfield at 1400 H. More ships arrived and I counted 40 in all which included (2) two transports. All the British have been evacuated.

May 13 - Graduation Day - Awakened to the sound of B-17's making the pattern. Most of the camp has been evacuated. All of us that are left are the in Wing Hdq. except for the prisoners + awols.

May 14 - To the airfield at 0730 H. The ships came in early and my ship became airborne at 0928 H. In the air again but in a B-17 this time. Over the Ruhr valley and a good look at the bomb damage in Hamm, Wuppertal, etc. Lots of bombed buildings, fields + houses much damage done. Over airfield at Laon at 1317 H. After landing we were taken by truck to Rheims where I got to see the Cathedral. They are now removing the sandbagging. To OAI where we were fed and given a typhus shot then back to Rheims to catch the train for St. Valery. Lots of news papers " SVS " and magazines aboard. Catching up on the news a little.

May 15 - Spent the entire day on the train. We rode in a hospital car with stretchers to sleep on. Our meals were served in bed and we really did enjoy them.

May 16 - Arrive at St. Valery and were loaded into trucks for our trip to Camp Lucky Strike. We drew clean underwear, socks + fatigues after taking a shower and getting deloused. We got damn little sleep as it was cold and we had no blankets. Wrote a couple of letters today.

May 17 & 18 More of nothing and lots of it. Every thing is confusion and I wish I were back with the Russians in Barth.

May 21 - Nothing unusual has happened. We are still living in tents and eating out of doors with our food prepared in field kitchens. I went to the church services last night at which the Negro padre did the preaching. Today I attended a so-so U. S. O. show this afternoon.

→ Misc. Data - The crew who flew me out of Germany were from the 398th Bomb Sq. Flying a B-17G with the serial #339038Q. The pilot was George Mattson from Minn. while the right hand seat was occupied by Sidney Beshunsky who call New Jersey home. I sat in the nose with the navigator Peter (Pete) Karnell who hails for W. Va. The rest of the crew was made up of R. O. Ernie Conil and E. Bill Schmidt. Pete "set us up" to a Hershey almond bar on the trip down and we really went for it. Incidentally, I fell in love with a new ship the A-26. ~~It~~ They use the field where we landed for a base.

May 22 - Well something out of the ordinary finally happened. General "Ike" stopped in to see us today and as he was doing everything possible to get us home.

May 22 - Monk, Mich, Pat + Potter and myself got hold of a rumor about going to England. We hastened over to "B" area and got transferred to #74 tent #15. Maybe we will get somewhere yet.

May 26 - We got our clothes today and that completed our processing. Herby was over and he told me that he had seen Hornsby (R. W. Gunner). We tried to locate him only to find that he had moved.

May 27 - We were given the run around on leaving tomorrow and now must move back to "A" area. This is really a blow to our morale.

May 30 - Flew out from St. Valery and landed at the 558th Bomb Group Base. They were swell to us and we obtained Scotch for 60 per shot. Chuck called his base and Capt. Monroe came up in a Norsman after us. Everyone greeted us with a lot of enthusiasm.

May 31 - Spent the day at the base enjoying the luxury of civilization 17th Fighter GP.

June 1 - Arrived in London and got a room at the Duchess Club.

JUNE 9 DEPART LONDON FOR SOUTHAMPTON

JUNE 13 SAILED FROM SOUTHAMPTON FOR HOME
ON SS SANTA PAULA

June 21 ARRIVED NEW YORK THENCE BY
FERRY TO CAMP SHANKS

JUNE 22 Lv Cp SHANKS FOR FT. McPHERSON
GEORGIA

<Pages 63-69 are blank>

REMEMBER

BOOK SHELVES TO BUILD	BACK	PAY	
BARBECUE PIT “ “	MONTH	AMOUNT	TOTAL
TARGET RIFLE	SEPTEMBER	117.70	
RENEW “BOOK OF THE MONTH”	OCTOBER	119.10	
PRISON REFORM - HOW TO EFFECT	NOVEMBER	117.70	
ALASKAN POSSIBILITIES	DECEMBER	119.10	
CARDS X'MAS & BUSINESS	JANUARY	119.10	
CAFE LOCATION	FEBRUARY	114.90	
SEE UNCLE LIS	MARCH	119.10	
MOUNTAIN CREEK CORNER	APRIL	130.08	956.78
BOAT AND OUT BOARD MOTOR	MAY	131.78	
CIVIL SERVICE	JUNE	130.08	

ORDERED FROM KRIEGIES

2 PLAQUES	10.00
2 ANNUALS	10.00
1 SET PHOTOS	?
1 FORD SEDAN	?
1 CHEVROLET SEDAN	?
1 WEAREVER SET	75.00
2 CARTOON BOOKS	2.00
3 CHANCES ON FARM	15.00

BOOKS TO BUY

KINGS ROW
THE STORY OF MANKIND
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS
LONG WEEK END
SEVERAL THRONE SMITH's
THE ARTILLERY OF TIME
THIS ABOVE ALL
STUDS LONIGAN
THE DECAMERON
FORREST AND THE FORT
THREE HARBORS

<Page 72 is blank & is the last white writing page in the first section of the diary. This page is followed by unnumbered olive drab colored pages on which photographs and other material are attached. The last page of the "picture" section contains writing, and is shown on the following page.>



AIR FORCE PRAYER



THOU, WHO OF OLD DIDST HEAR THY PEOPLE,
AS ON EAGLE WINGS
AND FROM WHOSE ENCOMPASSING LOVE,
HEIGHT, NOR DEPTH CAN SEPARATE THY
CHILDREN,
WE PRAY THEE FOR OUR SONS, WHO FOR
THEIR COUNTRIES SAKE, DARED THE
UTMOST REACHES OF THE SKY.

MAKE THEM FAITHFUL IN SERVICE, CLEAR
MINDED IN TIME OF CRISES, BRAVE WHEN
PERILS CONFRONT THEM, TERRIBLE IN COMBAT,
CHIVALROUS IN VICTOR, SUCCESSFUL IN
NOBLE ENDEAVOR, AND IF SUDDEN
DISASTER BEFALL MAY THEY SEE
THEIR SAVIOR COMING AS HE PROMISED
IN THE CLOUDS, FOR WHOSE SAKE
WE ASK IT

AMEN

WHY DID I JOIN THE AIR CORPS

OH! WHY DID I ~~EN~~ JOIN THE AIR CORPS
 MOTHER DEAR MOTHER KNEW BEST
 HERE I LIE NEATH THE WRECKAGE
A LIB ALL OVER MY CHEST.

 NOW THE LIB IS A MIGHTY FINE AIRPLANE
 CONSTRUCTED OF RIVETS AND TIN
 WITH A TOP SPEED OF OVER 100
 THE SHIP WITH A HEADWIND BUILT IN.

 IF EVER YOU RUN INTO ACK-ACK
 OR A MESSERSMIDT MAKES A GOOD PASS
 JUST SLIDE BACK THE SEAT AND START WALKING
 TO HELL WITH THE CREW SAVE YOUR ASS,
 THE LIB IS A 4 ENGINE AIRPLANE
 ON THREE IT WILL FLY LIKE A DREAM
 ON TWO YOU'RE NOT IN TROUBLE
 ON ONE YOUR POOR A__ IS REAMED

TUNE OF MARINE HYMN

FROM THE SHORES OF THE VISTULA TO THE
 SHORES OF NORMANDY, THEY WILL FIGHT THEIR
 WAY TO BERLIN, TO THE HEART OF GERMANY.

IF THE ARMY AND THE NAVY EVER GET TO
 "VATERLAND" THEY WILL FIND THE AIR CORPS
 WAITING, WITH THEIR KIT BAG IN THEIR HAND.

Quote The Kriegie (apologies to EA-Poe)

1.

Once upon a bombing mission While I slept in sweet submission
There upon the nose wheel door.
Suddenly there came a booming and a noise like Focke Wulf zooming
Flashing past me with a roar - Only this and nothing more.

2.

Thus awakened from my slumbers by this noise as loud as thunder
I arose up from the floor.
Then I heard a real sharp rapping as of 20 mil. meters slapping,
Slapping on our twenty four, Only this and nothing more.

3.

This went on for hours dreary and I far from cherry was longing
for the English Shore.
When in the midst of all my yearning, Suddenly the plane
Was burning - burning fast our twenty four. So I jumped
and nothing more.

4.

As I hung there gently swaying - looking at the sky and praying
I remembered words of yore; "Once our Frenchy friends have spied
you they will as well as hide you.
Of these facts you may be sure" - Quote [S2](#) and plenty more.

5.

Looking around upon my landing I espied a Frenchy standing
Close beside his cottage door.
Running forth from out his swelling nothing friendly in his yelling
He shoved in my belly sore with a gun and nothing more

6.

So on the day that I expire plant my corpse neath your barbwire
with a sign that tells the score. The basic cause of my leaving
came from foolishly believing S2's word of French love - They're
full of bull and nothing more.

"Thanks for the Memory"

Thanks for the memory - of flights to Germany
Across the cold North Sea, with blazing guns
We fought the Huns for air supremacy - How
Lucky we were.

Thanks for the memory of ME-109's flak guns
On the Rhine - They did their but and
We were hit so ended our good times
We miss them much

Chorus

We drifted far out of formation - We jumped
and what a sensation, and now to sweat out
the duration. Our job is done - we had our
fun.

Thanks for the memory of days we had to stay
in Stalag Luft 1A, The cabbage stew that had
to do till Red Cross Parcel day, How thankful
we were.

The Airman's Lament

A young aviator was dying, 'neath the wreckage he lay
The pilots gathered round him, these dying words he did say.

"From the small of my back take the crankshaft,
The pistons out of my brain.

The Spark plugs out of my kidneys,
And assemble your rib again. "

"When the board of inquiry assembles,
Tell them the reason I died
Was a feat spin that resembled
The maximum angle of glide. "

"Torn from the land that bore me,
Torn from the ones that I LOVED,
To fly for death and glory
And die in the skies above. "

Stand by your glasses steady,

"Here's to the brave men who fly,
Drink a toast to the dead already,
And here's to the next man to die. "

"Kriegsegefangener Kelly"

Kelly get your barracks bag; the shipping
list is here

We're sailing on the first tide, for home

And yesteryear

But Kelly stirred no muscle, to join the

Homing flocks

He was parked before a tiny stove, beside a

Red Cross Box.

2

Kelly we're a' sailing, the bitter war is done

It's off to the States, to sweethearts, to fun

But Kelly turned a deaf ear, his stubbornness unleft

"I should sail for anywhere, with all these rations left!"

3

It's a sad tale they tell these days along the bowery streets

Of "Kriegsegefangener Kelly", with his parcels full of eats.

Now some love adventure and some love curly locks

But loved a faithful Red Cross Box.

Tune of Bell Bottom Trousers

There once was an eager lad who flew a "17"
 He dropped his bombs on Germany all in fields so green
 He went out on a mission, one bright December day.
 He went to "Happy Valley" and now he's gone away.

There was another lad who flew a "24" he used to think
 That combat was an awful bore. He went out on a
 Mission. They had moved in some Flak guns
 And now he's gone away.

Then there was another lad who flew a "51", He flew from
 early morning until the day was done. He always had
 A good time, enjoyed himself all day. He didn't see the 109
 And now he is gone away.

And there was another lad who flew a "38". He always
 Thought the Luftwaffe was only second rate.
 He tried to shoot a train up while coming home one day
 He didn't see the Folke Wolfe and now he is gone away.

The moral of the story as you can plainly see
 If you're going to fly, then fly from Italy
 For if you're in the "big leagues" then all I've got to say
 You're only here a short time and then you're going away.

Chorus

Singing props and leather helmets, men who fly the blue
 He'll fly the crate like his father used to do.

To Buddies gone West

One plane was missing, The communiqué said.
I saw them go down and I know they are dead.
They went down fighting - guns blazing away.
Fighting for peace and freedom in our day.
I'd never forget the pilot's words "God!"
They were like horrible preying birds,
Watching the carcass, feeding their egotism
Fighting for the Fuehrer's glorious Nazism
Yes boys you died for God's love and right
You're our symbol of victory and every flight
As we look into the sky
We know that spirit like yours
Can never die!

KAPUT!

S2 SAYS THAT !

FLAK OR FIGHTERS ?

YEAH! THEY THOUGHT I WAS ARYAN - BARBARIAN

SEZ YOU!

HABENZE BENZINE ?
VOR YOU DER VAR IS OFER!

GOT A FAG ? I JUST RAN OUT

GUARDS UP FOR ROLL CALL

KOC-SUECAIR

DO YOU WANTA COOK ?

GOT A LICT ?

SOUP
UP !

THE FIRST LIAR NEVER HAS A CHANCE

YOU'VE HAD IT !

G I Z

THAT'S THE SADDEST STORY I EVER HEARD !

BARLEY UP!
MARG UP!

HUBBA HUBBA !
GEN
ON GUARD !

LAW of ERECTION: THE ANGLE OF THE DANGLE IS INDIRECT PROPORTION
to the heat of the meat

WHOSE KP ?

SEARCH PARTY !

LIFE ISN'T HOLDING GOOD CARDS;
IT'S PLAYING A POOR HAND WELL

TROUBLE IS A SIEVE THROUGH WHICH WE SIFT
OUR ACQUAINTANCES- THOSE WHO ARE TOO LARGE
TO PASS THROUGH ARE OUR FRIENDS

FRIENDSHIP

LIFE

MY CANDLE BURNS AT BOTH ENDS,
IT WILL NOT LAST THE NIGHT
BUT - OH MY FOES, AND OH MY FRIENDS
IT GIVES SUCH A LOVELY LIGHT!

TIME

TIME IS TOO SLOW FOR THOSE WHO WAIT
TOO SWIFT FOR THOSE WHO FEAR
TOO LONG FOR THOSE WHO GRIEVE
TOO SHORT FOR THOSE WHO REJOICE
BUT FOR THOSE WHO LOVE TIME IS ETERNITY.

THE WORM
WILL TAKE
TURNS

I ALWAYS KNEW SHE WASN'T THE ONLY FISH IN THE SEA
IT OCCURS TO ME - TOO LATE
THAT NEITHER AM I THE ONLY BAIT!

MAN

ONLY MAN CAN BE A FOOL
IT DISTINGUISHES HIM FROM HIGHER ANIMALS

FACTS

THE FACT THAT FIFTY OR A MILLION PEOPLE BELIEVE
A THING FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS DOES NOT
MAKE IT TRUE.

THE ONLY WAY TO ABOLISH WAR IS TO MAKE PEACE HEROIC

Soldiers Temple (To a Cathedral of Red Cross boxes)

There was no temple for our Lord
When we were banished to this place
Of Soldiers exile yet we saw
Within the bars His lovely face.

So we saved up the precious wood
Of crates from home and scraps of tin
And built on sands of solitude
A House where God might enter in.

And we were weak with strange despair
And hungry - for the blood spilt
Yet preserved now come and see
The Temple which Belief has built.

Our tools were such as faith can make
Our wrist were thin from War's bad dream
And haggard with His lovely face
Which, not withstanding held the gleam.

We labored long in lengthy days
And comrade genius at our side,
Created bushes out of hope
To point the Cross where Jesus died.

So we have taken much of faith
 And little of a common wood
 And nailed them crosswise, fashioning
 A Citadel of Brotherhood

And divers creeds and various Faiths
 Commune before the kindly rail,
 For here the free Democracy
 Of God flows from a common grail.

And wealth men on golden hills
 And men despoiled by luxuries bliss
~~Have~~^{Have} never a Temple for their Lord
 As beautiful and true as this

God loves the wealth of barren Spartan
 But we are none the less his own
 Because when Jesus enters in
 We seat him on a humble throne

For he impatiently when his ear
 Has caught the plea of ~~poor~~ princely sin
 Whispers "Wait while first I hear
 The honest prayers of lonely men

By Anon POW.

In Memoriam

There are no tears for those who glide on Angels Wings
In that high which lies above
Where the flowering flak doth suddenly blossom
And the flaming, fiery rockets display their splendors
In endless streams of brilliant stars and meteorites
And speeding shells insist that young mortal souls
Cut the binding link and soar across the
Broad gap from life to immortality.

No eyes weep salty tears for friends who left to
Join a formation indefinitely higher than man made
Wings can fly:

Some stronger impulse seizes their receptive hearts and teaches
them to beat in unison.

Neath the playful scuffles and curses lies a spirit of brotherhood
Like the heroes of ancient days demands they are to each other
face to face yet their dark uplifted brows and swift glances of
respectful fire.

Oft they gazed in silence and mumbled at the common gallant
Deed - wearing a mask of indifference upon the face to hide their
secret thoughts.

Slight are the outward signs that band together fighting men
But within there the spirit of love is wrought.

Love for a comrade so full and deep
A life would be self laid upon the alter if need be.
Slight though they are, the outward signs exist
For the cunning observer to see judge.

Close inquiry might reveal that each endeavor his own
Mightiest deeds to appear the credit on another
And flush are the cheeks and damp the brows
The clinched fist with sweaty palms the pause that
Listens lest in intensive step let loose the mood of fear.

If the mortals there to love, this is it.
That they should live and fight - or die together
In truth it should be said airman do not die
For in hearts of those who wear the silver wing
 Upon their humble breast.
And invade the crystalline blue with wings of steel
We still fly in close formation
With those who fly on Angel wings.

Draft Dodger

I'm writing this short letter and every word is true
Don't look away draft dodger this is meant for you!

You feel at ease and in no danger back in the old home town;
you cooked up some pitiful story and the draft board turned you down.
You never think of real men who leave their homes each day
You only think of their girl friends you try to make while they're away,
You sit at home and read your papers, you jump and yell "We'll win!"
Just where do you get that we stuff? The war will be won by men!
What do you do - draft dodger, and what would our nation do,
If all our men were slackers and scared to fight like you?
I guess that's all Mr. Slacker. I suppose your face is red.
America is no place for your kind I mean every word I've said.

Stay away from my fall slacker cause I'm far from
Being dead!

Anon.

EVERY TIME MAKE MINE AN ESCORT OF P-38'S

BYRON, SHELLY AND KEATS
 RAN A DOZEN DEAD HEATS
 DESCRIBING ^{THE VIEW} ~~A DOZ~~ FROM THE HILLS
 OF THE VALLEYS IN MAY
 WHERE THE WINDS GENTLY SWAY
 AN ARMY OF BRIGHT DAFFODILS.

TAKE YOUR DAFFODILS, BYRON
 THE WILD FLOWERS, SHELLY
 YOURS IS THE MYRTLE FRIEND KEATS
 JUST RESERVE THOSE CUTIES
 THE AMERICAN BEAUTIES
 AN ESCORT OF P-38'S

SURE, WE'RE BRAVER THAN HELL
 ON THE GROUND ALL IS SWELL.
 IN THE AIR IT'S A MUCH DIFFERENT STORY
 AS WE SWEAT OUT OUR TRACK
 THRU THE FIGHTERS AND FLAK
 WE'RE WILLING TO SPLIT UP THE GLORY

WELL, THEY WOULDN'T RESPECT US
 SO HEAVEN PROTECT US
 AND 'TIL ALL THIS SHOOTING ABATES
 GIVE US THE COURAGE TO FIGHT 'EM
 AND JUST ONE SMALL ITEM
 AN ESCORT OF P-38'S

Tune of Wabash Cannon Ball

One cold August morning the planes began to roar
 Into the wild blue yonder they were going to soar
 The target was Dessau, the mission was the first
 The Old Man's "Terri fliers" were out to do their worst.

They formed the three ship sections and then they formed six
 But when they tried to form the group, the leader did some tricks
 The inside men were stalling the outside men did 210
 The Old Man grabbed the microphone and said "Now listen men",
 Though this is your first mission ~~its bound to be a show~~

I want you all to know

When I go on a mission its' bound to be a show.

About the way you're going to fly I want to say a word

The guys ahead are veterans they are the 93rd.

Now the "Jerries" they are devils They know that we are new
 They're expecting us to straggle and they'll get us if we do.
 So here's what I am going to do. "If the Jerries start a fuss
 I'll fly so close to their formation they won't know which is us.

We were nearing Dessau when the Jerries laid the trap
 The Old Man ~~grabbed~~ took his tin hat and laid it on his lap.
 He turned to the pilot and this is what he said

If something must be shot away I'd rather lose my head
 The flak was thick around us, the fighters they were worse
 Above the roar of battle you could hear the old man curse
 The vibrations of the turrets made the instrument panel dance
 The Old Man got so frightened that he nearly filled his pants.

Now the bombardier was sweating, his sight was synchronized
 He sat there dripping beads of sweat, waiting for the flak to rise
 The bombs then fell for now the crisis it was past
 The old man said "get out of here and brother I mean fast."

We finished off the mission all planes accounted for
 The combat crews were wishing, the group would build a bar
 For when a man has done a job that takes both guts and spunk
 The one thing he would like to do is go get strinking drunk.

WINGLESS AIRMEN

ON DAYS WHEN THE WEATHER IS VERY CLEAR
AND WE GAZE UP INTO THE SKY
SOMETIMES WE SEE WHAT OUR CAPTORS FEAR
OUR OWN PLANES PASSING BY.

THEN WE ON THE GROUND, SEE THE FIERY FLAK
AND WE SEND UP A SILENT PRAYER,
TO ASK **HIM** TO GUIDE THEM SAFELY BACK
OUR CLASSMATES IN THE AIR.

WE ARE THE BOYS WHO FOUGHT BEFORE
SOME OF YOU YET TO DIE,
OTHERS WILL COME HERE TO JOIN US
WHILE THE REST CONTINUE TO FLY.

OH GERMAN RATIONS

OH RUTABAGAS, SWEETEST ROOT
TASTY AS A RUBBER BOOT
HOW I LIKE TO BOIL YOU WHOLE
AND FLUSH YOU DOWN THE TOILET BOWL!

OH CABBAGE HEAD SO SOFT AND GREEN
FRAGRANT AS A CAMP LATRINE
I'D LIKE TO CUT YOU UP IN SHREDS
AND STUFF THE MATTRESS OF MY BED

OH BOX OF SPUDS HOW I LOVE YOU
HOW I CRY WHEN YOU ARE FEW
I LIKE TO BAKE YOU IN YOUR SKIN
AND PLACE YOU IN THE GARBAGE BIN

OH GERMAN CHEESE, ALL GREEN WITH MOLD
I LIKE YOU BEST WHEN TEN YEARS OLD.
I WISH THAT THEY WOULD TAKE MY SHARE
AND FEED IT TO THE RUSSIAN BEAR!

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

MY FÜHRER DONE TOLD ME
 WHEN I WAS IN MUNICH
 MY FÜHRER DONE TOLD ME, "HAN!
 A RUSSIAN WILL FALL BACK
 AND GIVE YOU THE OS FRONT
 BUT WHEN WINTER SNOW COME -
 A RUSSIAN A TWO FACE - A WORRISOME THING,
 WHO LEAVES YOU TO SING - THE BLUES IN BERLIN

HEAR THE BOMBS A' FALLIN - HEAR THE BLITZES CALLIN
GÖERING! OH WHERE IS THE LUFTWAFFE ?
 WE AIN'T GOT NO BOOTY - ALL WE GOT IS COOTIES
GOEBBELS! OH TYPHUS AND BLACK PLAGUE
 DIE WEHRMACHT, DIE WEHRMACHT
 A CLICKETY CLACK AND WE'LL SOON BE BACK
 WITH THE BLUES IN BERLIN.

FROM SMOLSK TO MOZIASK, FROM KEIR TO LUBLIN
 WHEREVER THE PANZERS GO
 I'VE TAKEN SOME BIG TOWNS AND MADE SOME BIG
 BUT THERE IS ONE THING I KNOW TALK!
 A RUSSIAN A TWO FACE, WORRISOME THING,
 WHO LEAVES YOU TO SING - THE BLUES IN BERLIN!

THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

THE NIGHT WAS COLD AND DREARY
THE RAIN WAS A SOLID SHEET.
AROUND JAKE'S STOVE, THE BOYS HAD THRONGED
EACH SHOVING AND PUSHING FOR HEAT.
WE WERE REMINISCING AND CRACKING JOKES
AND HAVING A HELL OF A BINGE
WHEN THERE CAME A TAP ON THE TAVERN DOOR
AND IT OPENED WITH A CREAKING HINGE.

WITH THE FORCE OF SATAN'S BLOWERS
AND THE GALE BEAT IN THE ROOM
SWEEPING BEFORE ITS LEAPING FURY
A FIGURE OF DISMAL GLOOM.
A HUNCHED AND SHRIVELED APPARITION
STRAINED TO CLOSE THE OAKEN DOOR.
THEN TURNING ABOUT WITH A MANIACAL GLARE
HE CROSSED THE TAVERN FLOOR.

THE BOYS WERE STILL AND SILENT
FOR THE SILENCE NO SOUND WOULD MAR
AND EVEN THE TEMPEST FURY, SANK
AS HE CLUTCHED THE TAVERN BAR.
HIS CLOTHES HUNG DOWN IN RIBBONS,
PERHAPS ONCE WERE FOREST GREEN
BENEATH HIS CAP AT A RAKISH TIP
HIS MATTED HAIR WAS SEEN.

CONTINUED FROM OTHER PAGE

UPON HIS MUD ENCRUSTED FEET

A PAIR OF STRAPLESS SHOES WERE SPIED
WHILE HERE AND THERE, ON HIS SODDEN CLOTHES
GLEAMED BRASS OF TARNISHED PRIDE
BUT AS HE TURNED FROM THE TAVERN BAR
ABOVE HIS HEART WAS SEEN
A PAIR OF POLISHED SILVER WINGS
REFLECTING THE LIGHTS SERENE.

HE CAST HIS WILD AND GLEAMING STARE
AROUND THE CROWDED ROOM.

THEN RAISING THE GREEN STUFF IN HIS GLASS
HE CROAKED THESE WORDS OF DOOM
“RAISE YOUR GLASSES HIGH, BOYS
DRINK TO YOUR VISITORS TEARS,
FOR YOU SEE HERE BEFORE YOU
THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS!”

WE DRANK TO HIM, THIS SOLID TOAST
TO THE FEARS OF A GHASTLY SHOW.
THEN SLOWLY SINKING INTO OUR SEATS
HE CONTINUED HIS TALE OF WOE.
ONCE I WAS PROUD AND EAGER
LAUGHING AND LOVING ALL DAY
EAGER TO JOIN THE AIR CORPS
LONGING TO SHOUT “BOMBS AWAY!”

CONT. NEXT PAGE.

“THEN CAME THE PREFLIGHT AND TORTURE
MY DAY OF TRAIN^{ING} ~~RA~~ BEGAN.
UP EACH MORNING AT DAYLIGHT,
IN BED EACH NIGHT AT TEN.
THEN CAME LONG DAYS AT CHILDRESS
BUT AT LAST I WAS UP IN THE SKY
OH JOY! OH RAPTURE! OH HOW THRILLING,
BUT WHY DO I HAVE TO FLY?”

“MY BRAIN WAS LOADED WITH FIGURES
MY STOMACH WAS LOADED WITH GAS.
MY HANDS WERE COVERED WITH BOMBSIGHT
TORTURES FOR BRAVE MEN TO PASS
BUT THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN WE DROPPED ‘EM
MY GOD! BUT COULD IT BE TRUE?
A SHACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT
DEMOLISHED FROM THE BLUE!”

“THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN I FINISHED
HOW PROUD OF MY WINGS AND MY BAR.
LITTLE I KNEW WHAT AWAITED ME
ACROSS THE OCEANS SO FAR.
SOON THE PHRASES WERE CONQUERED
THE WINE AND WOMEN BEHIND.
AS ACROSS THE OCEANS WE SPEEDED
TO THE LAND OF THE ‘WATCH ON THE RHINE’!”

CONT. THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

“EAGERLY I STARTED MY MISSIONS
TWENTY FIVE THEY TOLD ME WAS ALL.
OVER HAMBURG AND FRANKFORT AND BREMEN
MY GOD HOW THE FLAK DID FALL.
THEN CAME THE FIGHTERS AND GOERING
BLAZING A TRAIL OF FLAME
TRYING TO BREAK OUR FORMATION
PAYING THE PRICE FOR FAME.”

“AT LAST MY MISSIONS WERE OVER
AT LAST THE WAR DID END,
AND I WENT BACK TO MY COUNTRY
BACK TO THE HEARTS OF MEN.
BUT AT LAST MY GLORY WAS ENDED
LIKE A STAR IN THE MORN IT DIED.
I DROPPED LIKE A BUM IN THE GUTTER
DOWN FROM MY TRAGIC PRIDE.”

“BY THE WORLD I WAS SOON FORGOTTEN
NO ONE HAS MOURNED FOR ME
AS OVER THE WORLD I’VE WANDERED
ACROSS THE BOUNDLESS SEA.
SO DRINK TO ME AGAIN, BOYS
THROUGH THE MIST OF CROCODILE TEARS
FOR WHEN I’M GONE, NO ONE WILL MOURN
FOR THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS.”

ONT. NEXT PAGE.

THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

NOW WITH THESE WORDS HE CAST HIS GLASS
TO THE DUST OF THE TAVERN FLOOR,
AND MUSTERING A GLEAM OF SELF RESPECT
HE STALKED TO THE TAVERN DOOR.
AS HE OPENED IT HE GLANCED AROUND
WITH A HALF DISDAINFUL SNEER
AND TWISTED LIPS PROCLAIMED THESE WORDS,
“THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS.”

END

I'D NOT GIVE ROOM FOR A EMPEROR -
I'D HOLD MY ROAD FOR A KING
TO THE TRIPLE CROWN I'D NOT BOW DOWN -
BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT THING !
I'LL NOT FIGHT WITH THE POWERS OF AIR -
SENTRIES PASS HIM THROUGH!
DRAWBRIDGE LET FALL- HE'S LORD OF US ALL -
THE DREAMER WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE !

[“SIEGE OF THE FAIRIES”](#)

I WANT A BLUE EYED BUDDY

I WISH THEY'D MADE THE ARMY
A LITTLE MORE CO-ED
I WANT A BLUE EYED BUDDY
TO SHARE MY LONELY BED

A GUYS ALRIGHT FOR MARCHING
AND SWELL FOR FIGHTING TOO.
BUT OH! I WISH MY BUDDY
WAS A BLONDE WITH EYES OF BLUE.

THEY GIVE ME G.I. CLOTHING
AND FEED ME G.I. CHOW
BUT GENERAL, GENERAL, GENERAL!
I WANT A G.I. GAL!

I WISH THEY'D GIVE A RATION
OF CONCENTRATED LOVE
OH JOHNNY JOHNNY JOHNNY
WHAT AM I THINKING OF!!!

COMBAT ALLERGY

MOTHER TAKE DOWN THAT SERVICE FLAG,
YOUR SON'S IN THE [ATC](#).
HE'S SOL BUT WHAT THE HELL
HE'S SAFE AS HE CAN BE.

HE'S FLOWN ALL OVER NORTH AFRICA,
AND HALF WAY DOWN THE NILE,
BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF HE'S EVER FLOWN
A PART OF A COMBAT MILE!

HE'S BROUGHT US GUNS AND AMMO
BUT HE LEFT IN A VERY SHORT TIME
HE'S SEEN THE WORLD I'LL GRANT YOU
BUT NEVER A 109!

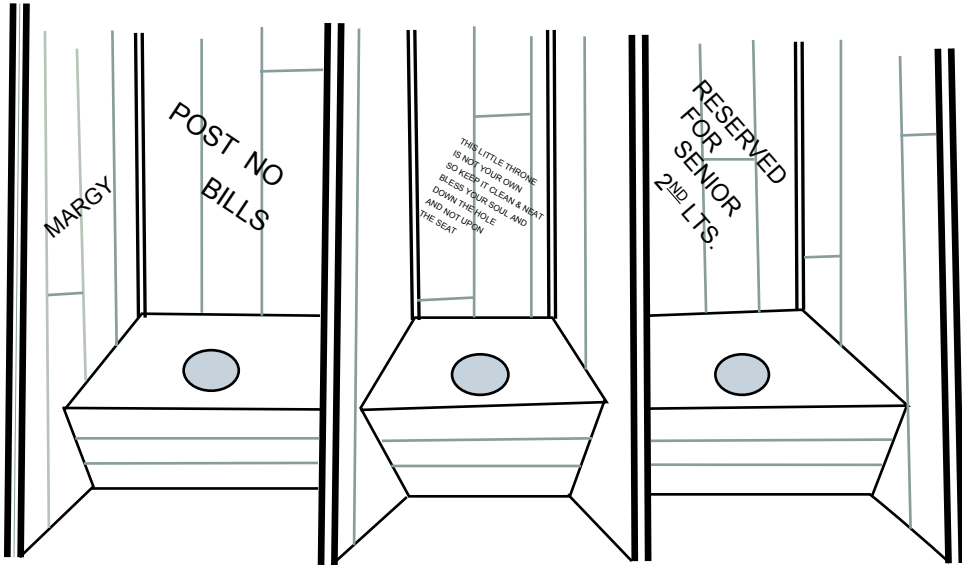
HE'S SEEN THE WORLD FROM END TO END
HE'S SEEN ALL HE CAN SEE,
BUT HE'S NEVER FLOWN FORMATION
TO THE HEART OF GERMANY!

SO-O-O

TAKE DOWN THAT SERVICE FLAG
YOUR SON'S IN THE ATC
HE'S SOL BUT WHAT THE HELL
HE'S SAFE AS HE CAN BE.

<Pages 102 - 106: Signatures, drawings & attachments.>

PHILOSOPHERS PERCH!



OR WIND TUNNEL AND LIBRARY

HERE GATHER WHERE THE LOVELY ODOR FLOWS
PHILOSOPHERS, AND MEN, WHO COME TO SIT
UPON THE STOOLS OF RUMOR AND DEBATE
WHEN NATURE CALLS AND THEY ARE FULL OF WIT.

WHAT GREAT DECISIONS HAVE BEEN SLOWLY BORN
HEREIN DESPITE THE HAUTER OF THE NOSE
ALAS, THAT RUMOR UP LIKE SOMETHING ELSE
WHEN THE WAGON COMES WITH THE HONEYED HOSE.



PARODY ON AMERICAN EAGLE

WHEN I'M THERE IN THE AIR
WITH MY HEAD UP AND LOCKED
ON MY WAY BACK FROM BERLIN
AND THE WEATHER'S SO THICK
THAT YOU CAN'T SEE THE STICK
AND OUR INSTRUMENT CARDS ARE HOME
AND THE BOMBARDIER DIDN'T EVEN COME NEAR
I WISH WE WERE HOME, SOME HOW
OH MY POOR BACK
WE'RE OFF THE TRACK - NAVIGATORS A SACK
EIGHTH AIR FORCE WHAT DO WE DO NOW?!

<The remainder of the page is covered by two
(2) columns of signatures with addresses>.

“REPATS” LETTER

DEAR FRANK,

NEVER IN MY LIFE WAS I SO DISAPPOINTED AS WHEN I RETURNED HOME. WHEN I DISEMBARKED FROM THE “QUEEN MARY” MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO HAIL A TAXI AND GET A ROOM AT THE HOTEL ASTOR, WHICH WAS JUST AROUND THE BEND. I STOPPED FIRST FOR A STACK OF THE LATEST COMIC BOOKS (IT’S A LIE LIL ABNER IS NOT MARRIED) AND SECURED MY ROOM. I THOUGHT I’D SIT IN THE LOBBY AWHILE TO WATCH THE PEOPLE PASS IN AND OUT THE SWINGING DOORS. HARDLY HAD I SPREAD JAM ON A BISCUIT FROM MY FOOD PARCEL BEFORE I NOTICED A CROWD OF PEOPLE HAD COLLECTED WHO STARED AT ME AND NUDGED EACH OTHER. I SWALLOWED MY BISCUIT AND MADE A DASH FOR THE ELEVATORS.

SINCE THERE WERE NO OTHER PASSENGERS AS WE ASCENDED TO THE 15TH FLOOR, I CAUTIOUSLY ASKED THE OPERATOR IF HE HAD A TOOTHBRUSH. HE DIDN’T ANSWER AND FROM THE LOOK HE GAVE ME, I GUESSED HE COULDN’T GET ONE EITHER.

I DECIDED TO TRY TO FORGET THESE EMBARRASSING INCIDENTS, BY READING SOME OF MY COMIC BOOKS, BUT KEYED UP AS I WAS, EVEN “SUPERMAN” WAS UNINTERESTING AND THE SOFTNESS OF THE STUFFED CHAIR, MADE CONCENTRATION IMPOSSIBLE. MY CLOTHES WERE EXTREMELY DIRTY AND NOT HAVING HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE A BATH OR WASH MY CLOTHES BEFORE, I SPENT THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS MAKING GOOD USE OF THE BATHROOM. I HAD MOST ENJOYABLE SHOWER OF FULLY FIVE MINUTES DURATION WITHOUT ONCE DROPPING MY SOAP. AFTER MY BATH, WHILE I WAS HANGING MY SOCKS AND UNDERWEAR FROM THE CHANDELIER, I WAS DISTURBED BY THE CHAMBERMAID, WHO TOOK ONE LOOK INTO MY ROOM, SCREAMED, AND THEN RAN MADLY DOWN THE HALL.

THIS EXASPERATED ME SO ID DECIDED TO GIVE MY FELLOW MAN ONE MORE CHANCE TO ACT CIVILIZED. I HAD INTENDED TO MAKE MY OWN SUPPER IN THE HOTEL ROOM, BUT AS I DIDN’T HAVE ANY DECENT SIZE CANS TO EAT FROM AND WAS PRACTICALLY OUT OF “MARG”, I DECIDED TO EAT OUT.

I DINED AT THE HOTEL RESTAURANT. AFTER A SPLENDID MEAL WHICH CONSISTED CHIEFLY OF HERRING AND BEEF FROM THE ARGENTINE. I SAW A GENTLEMAN NEAR ME PULL OUT A FULL PACK OF “CAMELS”. AS I WAS IN THE MOOD FOR A SMOKE AND OUT OF TOBACCO I OFFERED TO TRADE HIM SOME CHOCOLATE FOR HIS CIGARETTES. WHAT HE SAID IN REPLY CONVINCED ME THAT I WAS WRONG IN SIZING HIM UP AS A GENTLEMAN.

LOOKING AROUND I FIND THAT LIFE NO LONGER HOLDS MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR ME. MY CHAIR IS TOO SOFT TO SLEEP IN, MY BED ROOM AND BATH TO SANITARY TO TOLERATE, MY RADIO GETS TOO MANY STATIONS, THERE ARE TOO MANY PRETTY WOMEN AND BESIDES LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO I WAS NEARLY RUN OVER BY A TAXI.

YOUR PAL,

Mack Truck.

CONTENTS OF RED CROSS FOOD PARCELS

10

NUMBER	SIZE OR WEIGHT	DESCRIPTION	COMMENT
1 CAN	16 OZ	DRY WHOLE MILK	GENERAL PURPOSE
1 CAN	12 OZ	PORK LOAF	FRIED-RAW-OR CREAMED
1 CAN	12 OZ	"C" RATION OR CORNED BEEF	
1 CAN	6 OZ	LIVER PATE	SPREAD OR CREAMED
1 OR 2 CANS	3 ¼ OZ OR 7 ¼ OZ	FISH - SALMON - TUNA -C14 SARDINES	NUFF SAID
1 CAN	16 OZ.	MARGARINE	
1 PKG	16 OZ.	PRUNES OR RAISENS	CAKES
1 PKG	7 OZ.	CRACKERS	CAKES & GRAVY
1 PKG	8 OZ.	SUGAR	
1 CAN	6 OZ	JAM	
1 CAN	2 OZ	COFFEE (SOLUBLE)	
2 BARS	4 OZ	"D" RATION CHOCOLATE	
1 CAN	8 OZ.	CHEESE	
5 PACKS		CIGARETTES	
2 BARS		SOAP	
1 PACKAGE		VITAMIN PILLS	

THESE PARCELS VARIED IN SOME ITEMS FOR INSTANCE COCOA POWDER FOR "D" BARS (THIS WAS UNPOPULAR), PEANUT BUTTER FOR DATE (VERY POPULAR) CEREAL FOR CRACKERS & DATE (UNPOPULAR) - ORANGE CONCENTRATE FOR JAM (FOOEY)

CHRISTMAS 1944

1 CAN		TURKEY
1 CAN		VIENNA SAUSAGE
1 CAN		PLUM PUDDING
1 CAN	8 OZ	CHEESE
1 CAN	6 OZ	HONEY
1 CAN	6 OZ.	JAM
1 CAN		CHERRIES
1 CAN		PRESERVED BUTTER
1 PK.		DATES
1 PK.		ASSORTED NUTS
1 PK.	12 CUBES	BOULLON
2 BARS		FRUIT BARS
1 PK		ASSORTED CANDIES
1 PK	2 OZ	TEA
4 PKS		CHEWING GUM
3 PKS		CIGARETTES
1 PK		PIPE TOBACCO
1		PIPE
1		GAME - 1 PK CARDS
2		PICTURES
1		WASH CLOTH

SHORTS

A HAPPY MARRIAGE IS LIKE AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION
IT ALWAYS SEEMS TOO SHORT

HE STANDS AS MUCH CHANCE AS A CELLULOID CAT
CHASING AN ASBESTOS DOG THROUGH HELL.

FORGIVENESS IS A GIFT OF VALUE YET ITS COST IS NOTHING

LOVE IS ONE GAME THAT IS NEVER CALLED OFF ON ACCOUNT
OF DARKNESS

WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH, T'WAS MINE, T'WAS HIS,
AND HAS BEEN SLAVE TO THOUSANDS. BUT HE THAT FILCHES
FROM ME MY GOOD NAME, ROBS ME OF THAT WHICH ENRICHES
HIM NOT AND MAKES ME POOR INDEED!

P.G. WODEHOUSE

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY KRIEGIES

"WE ARE NOT SENDING YOU ANY PARCELS. WE HEAR THAT YOU CAN BUY ALL YOU NEED IN THE STORES NEAR THE CAMP."

RECEIVED BY AN AMERICAN POW

I HAVE BEEN LIVING WITH A PRIVATE SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN GONE. PLEASE DON'T CUT OFF MY ALLOTMENT THOUGH SINCE HE DOES NOT MAKE AS MUCH AS YOU DO.

I AM GOING TO SPEND THE SUMMER WITH YOUR FOLKS. THEY ARE FINE AND ALL YOUR RELATIVES ARE VERY KIND.

YOUR LOVING FIANCÉE

REC'D BY LT. FROM GIRL MET IN FLORIDA AND ONE DATE - HAD NOT SEEN OR WRITTEN HER AFTERWARDS

A POW REC'D A SWEATER FROM A WOMAN THROUGH THE RED CROSS AND AFTER WRITING A LETTER OF THANKS REC'D THE FOLLOWING REPLY SOME TIME LATER.

"I AM SORRY TO HEAR THAT A POW GOT THE SWEATER WHICH I KNITTED. I INTENDED IT FOR A FIGHTING MAN!"

CONT. NEXT PAGE

"I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE KEPT YOU HOME AND JOINED THE A.C. MYSELF. EVEN WHEN YOU WERE A KID I EXPECTED YOU WOULD WIND UP IN PRISON."

Dad

POW,
REC'D FROM HIS DAD

SO GLAD THAT YOU WERE SHOT DOWN BEFORE FLYING BECAME DANGEROUS." I'M SURE I'D WORRY IF YOU WERE

REC'D BY RAF SGT FROM MOTHER

"BUT I DID HEAR THAT A PARACHUTE JUMP WAS NOTHING AT ALL. JUST LIKE FALLING OUT OF BED." I HAVE DONE

TO POW FROM HIS WIFE

"YOU CAN CONSIDER OUR FRIENDSHIP AT AN END. I'D RATHER BE ENGAGED TO A 1944 HERO THAN A 1940 COWARD"

RAF OFFICER FIANCÉE

"WHAT DO YOU DO FOR WOMEN? HAVE YOU ANY NURSES OR DO YOU HAVE A RC LASS IN TOWN?"

REC'D BY F/LT FROM A BUDDY

"AUG 20, 1944-" I HAVE BEEN READING AN ARTICLE ON WHAT A POW WILL BE ON HIS RETURN. I WAS QUITE FRIGHTENED! YOU WILL APPARENTLY BE LIKE WILD ANIMALS AND WE ARE TO HUMOR YOU. YOU WILL ALSO BE VERY ~~HORN~~ & SHY OF THE OPPOSITE SEX.

TO POW FROM HIS WIFE

I FOUND THAT I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU SO I DID THE NEXT BEST THING AND MARRIED YOUR FATHER. WHEN YOU COME HOME I CAN BE WITH YOU BOTH.

RCAF SGT FROM HIS FIANCÉE

"I HAVE HAD A BABY BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER. I HAVE SEEN YOUR MOTHER AND SHE HAS FORGIVEN ME. I HOPE YOU WILL TO ETC."

"P.S. THE AMERICAN OFFICER IS SENDING YOU CIGARETTES!"

RAF SGT. FROM HIS WIFE

"SORRY I CAN'T SEND YOU ANY MONEY. I WILL SEND YOU A WALLET THE FIRST CHANCE I GET."

LT FROM WIFE

"IT MUST BE NICE TO HAVE TIME TO PLAY GOLF AGAIN"

CAPT. FROM HIS WIFE

DEAR SON, HOW ARE YOU? WE ARE ALL WELL. WITH LOVE FROM ALL "DAD"

THIS IS A COMPLETE LETTER REC'D BY POW

"I AM GLAD TO HEAR YOU CAN GET SUFFICIENT COLLEGE CREDITS SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL TO GET YOUR DEGREE."

LT. FROM HIS MOTHER

"I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT "ADOLPH" THE CAT. I TOOK HIM TO THE VETERINARIAN AND HE SAID HIS DIET WAS INSUFFICIENT"

Lieutenant from his sister

I AM GOING TO FILE FOR A DIVORCE. MOTHER
AND I HAVE TALKED IT OVER AND SINCE YOU
HAVE BEEN GONE SO LONG (4 YEARS) WE DE-
CIDED THIS WOULD BE BEST

RAF OFFICER FROM HIS WIFE

"DEAR BILL,

I WENT TO THE RED CROSS TO FIND OUT WHAT I
COULD SEND YOU. THEY TOLD ME THAT YOU COULD
PROBABLY SEND ME PACKAGES AS YOU HAVE SO
MUCH FOOD AND CLOTHING OVER THERE NOW.
THEY ALSO SAID YOU GO TO SCHOOL AND LEARN A
TRADE"

YOUR LOVING WIFE

TO A LIEUTENANT FROM HIS WIFE

I MAILED YOUR CHRISTMAS PARCEL YESTERDAY. I
HOPE YOU HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

LETTER TO POW FROM HIS WIFE

P.S. THE ABOVE LETTER WAS WRITTEN DEC.10

DEAR —

WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE MISSING I HAD TO
QUIT WORK. I JUST COULDN'T BEAR TO SIT IN
THE OFFICE NOT KNOWING WHERE YOU WERE.
I'M ENCLOSING A PICTURE OF ME STANDING
BY "OUR" NEW AUTOMOBILE. I PICKED UP LAST

THIS LETTER REC'D BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER WHO HAD MADE,
ON LEAVING THE STATES, AN ALLOTMENT OF \$275.⁰⁰ PER
MONTH. THE AUTOMOBILE, WHERE NONE HAD BEEN, WAS A
1941 MODEL "BUICK CONVERTIBLE". SHE NEGLECTED TO
MENTION A NEW FUR COAT SHE WAS WEARING. HE IS STILL
SWEATING THE COST OF THE ABOVE ITEMS.

DEAREST — — — ,

I HAVEN'T MAILED YOU ANYTHING AS I UNDER-
STAND THAT YOU CAN GET MOST ANYTHING YOU NEED.
IF YOU RUN SHORT OF ANYTHING THOUGH DON'T
HESITATE TO WRITE AND LET ME KNOW.

REC'D BY POW FROM HIS WIFE

I WOULD WRITE MORE BUT I'M AFRAID I'D SAY THE WRONG
THING SO I'LL JUST WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ENTIRE MESSAGE REC'D BY
AMERICAN OFFICER

I'LL BE GLADE WHEN YOU GET HOME SO I CAN MAKE OUR DIVORCE FINAL. I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH AN INFANTRY CAPTAIN FOR SOME TIME. HE IS REALLY SWELL.

Sincerely
527

THIS LETTER REC'D FROM HIS WIFE BY AMERICAN OFFICER

DEAR JOHN,
I GAVE YOUR GOLF CLUBS TO A GERMAN COLONEL WHO IS A POW HERE IN CANADA. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.

JOHN, A [FO \(CRC\)](#), RECEIVED ABOVE FROM HIS WIFE. JOHN WROTE FOR HER TO GET HIS CLUBS BACK AND TO HELL WITH ALL GERMAN POW'S. HIS COUNTRY CLUB IMMEDIATELY CANCELED HIS MEMBERSHIP FOR NOT BEING A GENTLEMAN.

BEFORE TAKING OFF FOR HIS 25TH (AND LAST) MISSION OVER ENEMY TERRITORY LT - - - - FIRST PILOT OF A FORTRESS, WHO HAD BEEN FAITHFULLY AND DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING:

"DEAR V _ _ _ WHEN AND IF YOU GET BACK I'D LIKE A DIVORCE. I'M LIVING WITH A CADET AT SANTA ANNA, AND I'D LIKE TO MARRY HIM. HE IS A WONDERFUL FELLOW AND I'M SURE YOU WILL LIKE HIM.
YOUR WIFE,

UP TO THIS LETTER HE THOUGHT HE HAD A VERY HAPPY MARRIAGE. HE TOOK OFF HOPING TO BE SHOT DOWN BUT RETURNED HOME AND RESIGNED HIMSELF TO A MONTH OF DISSIPATION.

I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO LIVE ON YOUR \$200.00 ALLOTMENT EACH MONTH.

LT. FROM HIS WIFE

AS RUMORS COME AND GO WE LEARN NOTHING

SWEDEN - ALONG ABOUT NOVEMBER 1944 SOMEONE CAME UP WITH A CORKER TO THIS EFFECT - "THE RUSSIANS HAVE DECLARED THE ENTIRE BALTIC COAST A COMBAT ZONE AND THE NEUTRAL POWERS HAVE DECREED THAT ALL POW'S IN OUR AREA WERE TO BE REMOVED TO SWEDEN." THE ENGLISH BOYS HELPED THIS ONE ALONG BY TELLING HOW ENGLAND SENT ALL HER PRISONERS TO CANADA TO SAFEGUARD THEM FROM "THEIR OWN BOMBS".

THIS RUMOR GAINED SUCH MOMENTUM THAT POW'S WERE GETTING TO BELIEVE IT, FANTASTIC AS IT SOUNDS.

EVACUATION ! THIS RUMOR STARTS SPORADICALLY ABOUT AS OFTEN AS ANY OTHER RUMOR. WHEN THE RUSSIANS WERE MOVING ON THE OS FRONT AND THE WESTERN ALLIES WERE SITTING "PAT" WE HEARD THAT WE WERE TO BE MOVED TO HANOVER OR MAGDEBURG. THIS RUMOR DIED OUT WHEN PATTON BROKE OUT ONE THE WEST.

THIS RUMOR CAME DAMN NEAR BEING TRUE AS WE FOUND AT A LATER DATE THAT BERLIN THOUGHT WE HAD ALREADY BEEN MOVED TO NUREMBERG.

PARCELS (PERSONAL) & MAIL. THESE, YOU CANNOT CLASSIFY SINGLY, RUMORS START AT LEAST ONCE PER DAY WITHOUT PROVOCATION. SOMEONE WILL LAY ON A BUNK UNTIL HE HAS A "VISION" AND THEN SPREAD HIS VERSION OVER THE ENTIRE CAMP.

RED CROSS PARCELS: THESE RUMORS WERE PREVALENT DURING THE FOOD SHORTAGE. THEY GAVE A RAY OF HOPE BUT LET DOWN WAS TERRIFIC. THESE MUST BE CLASSIFIED AS VICIOUS!

PATTON RUMORS! GENERAL PATTON IS THE KRIEGIES DELIGHT! START A RUMOR (IN REASON) ABOUT HIS LOCATION AND YOU CAN BE DAMN SURE HE WON'T MAKE A LIAR OUT OF YOU. HE MAY NOT BE THERE AT THE TIME NOR GET THERE TOMORROW BUT HE WILL GET THERE AND THEN YOU CAN BLAME THE GERMANS FOR "WITHHOLDING" THE NEWS!

UNCLE JOE RUMORS - THE OS FRONT ALWAYS GOOD ^{SUBJECT} ~~FOR~~ FOR SPECULATION. OF COURSE THE PROJECTED VIEWS ALWAYS HAVE HIM MOVING IN OUR DIRECTION.

MORE RUMORS

BONUS! AS RUMOR HAS IT: "THE STATES ARE GIVING FROM \$1.00 TO \$2.50 PER DAY TO VETERANS FOR SERVICE OVERSEAS." OF COURSE WE HEAR THAT SEVERAL STATES HAVE NOT COME ACROSS. ALABAMA IS ONE OF THE TIGHT WADS AS IS CALIFORNIA AND MISSOURI.

DISCHARGES ! "ALL POW'S WILL BE GIVEN PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS AND DISCHARGED EXCEPTING "KEY" PERSONNEL AND THOSE WHO REQUEST FURTHER SERVICE."

THIS RUMOR ALWAYS ON GOOD AUTHORITY BUT NEVER SUBSTANTIATED IS "SEEN"^{IN A LETTER} BY SOMEONE WHO TOLD A SECOND PERSON WHO IS NOW REPEATING IT. IT IS BELIEVED BY MANY BECAUSE IT IS WHAT THEY WANT. THEN THERE ARE THE MINORITY WHO TAKE A MORE REALISTIC VIEW. FOR MY VIEWS (WHICH DON'T COUNT) I CANNOT SEE THE ARMY AIR CORPS TURNING AWAY SO MANY HIGHLY TRAINED MEN.

LEAVES ETC.: "KRIEGIES ON RETURN WILL BE GIVEN 30 DAYS AT HOME AFTER A PERIOD IN A CENTER THAT WILL IRON OUT THE KINKS." "ON THEIR RETURN FROM LEAVE THEY WILL BE ON A LIGHT DUTY STATUS. AT THE END OF THE LIGHT DUTY PERIOD THEY MUST HAVE FOUND A DEFENSE JOB AND TAKE A ^{DISCHARGE} ~~LEAVE~~ OR THEY MUST GO BACK ON A FULL DUTY STATUS."

THIS RUMOR AS SOME OTHERS IS "NOT" A RUMOR BUT FACTS BASED UPON A LETTER FROM HOME NOT SEEN BY THE NARRATOR BUT SEEN BY A FRIEND OF A FRIEND.

END OF THE ETO WAR RUMORS:

"KRIEGIES WILL BE FLOWN OUT BY THE USAAF AND RAF DIRECTLY TO ENGLAND WHERE THEY WILL BE PAID AND GIVEN POST EXCHANGE CLOTHING. FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA ON THE FIRST BOAT."

FALSE

"KRIEGIES WILL BE MOVED BY RAIL TO PARIS WHERE THEY WILL RECEIVE PAY AND CLOTHING. THEY WILL HAVE THE RUN OF THE CITY UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THEY REPORT TO CHERBOURG OR OTHER PORT FOR TRANSPORT BACK TO USA BY FAST BOAT. THEY WILL HAVE PRIORITY OVER EVERYONE ELSE EXCEPT WOUNDED PERSONNEL."

FALSE

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT !

“KRIEGIES WILL BE MOVED FROM SOME YET TO BE DESIGNATED GERMAN PORT DIRECTLY TO THE USA. THIS WILL BE DONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THE CAPITULATED PORTS ARE GOTTEN USABLE.”

“KRIEGIES WILL HAVE TO MARCH TO THE FRENCH COAST AS TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES IN GERMANY ARE NOT IN CONDITION TO USE AND WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE FOR SOME TIME AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE REICH.”

FALSE

END OF THE WAR PREDICTION FROM RUMOR:

NEW ARRIVAL ALWAYS PREDICT “A COUPLA MONTHS.” AFTER BEING KRIEGIES AWHILE THEY CHANGE EITHER TO THE OPTIMISTIC WHO ALWAYS SEE “VICTORY NEXT WEEK” OR TO THE PESSIMISTIC WHO IN “43” IN “44” IN “44” SAY “45” THEN CHANGE TO CHRISTMAS 1946. OF COURSE A FEW TAKE THE EXTREME VIEW AND PREDICT ANOTHER “HUNDRED YEARS WAR.”

WHEN THE GERMANS GAVE UP THE CAMP RUMORS OF EVERY KIND BEGAN FLOATING ABOUT CAMP.. MOST OF THEM OF COURSE WERE OF EVACUATION. NONE SEEM TO PROVE OUT.

< Page 122 contains signatures and addresses >

FOOD

FRIED CHICKEN	MACARONI	BUTTER	BREAD & BUTTER PICKLES
STEAKS	SPAGHETTI	GOUDA CHEESE	DILL PICKLES
ROAST BEEF	NOODLES	AMERICAN “	MIXED SWEET PICKLES
ROAST PORK	RICE	SWISS “	CATSUP
HAM (FRIED)	RYE BREAD	PIMENTO “	MUSTARD
BACON (FRIED)	FRENCH “	ROQUEFORT “	TABASCO
PORK CHOPS	AMERICAN “	LIMBURGER “	PEPPER
BARBECUE (PORK)	BROD	EGGS FRIED	ONIONS
BARBECUE (CHICKEN)	TOMATOES	“ BOILED	GARLIC
CREAMED SPAM	POTATOES FRIED	“ SCRAMBLED	PICKLED ONIONS
CREAMED BEEF	“ BAKED	“ DEVEILED	
CANADIAN BACON	“ MASHED	SWEET MILK	
ROAST CHICKEN	CELERY	BUTTER MILK	
CHICKEN PIE	LETTUCE	KLIM	
BEEF POT PIE	MUSTARD GREENS	STRAWBERRY JAM	
WIENERS	TURNIP GREENS	GRAPE “	
HORSE BURGERS		PINEAPPLE JAM	
LIVER SAUSAGE		BLACKBERRY “	
		APPLE JELLY	
		BLACKBERRY “	
		FIG PRESERVES	

< Page 124 is blank.>

< Page 125 contains signatures and address.>

< Pages 126 - 129 are blank.>

< Pages 130 - 133 contain printed names and addresses.>

< Pages 134 - 149 are blank.>

< Pages 150 to the end contain various items
taped or glued onto the pages.>

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1944

Addendum: page 1

From page 6, information partially obscured by Black Cat pin:

2nd LT Miller, C. E. 12/14/43 B-17 Co. P Gloucester, Mass

2nd LT. Minor, W. T. 1/5/44 B-24 - Co. P. Kansas City, Kansas

NOTE: This crew was that of Lt. McAfee, the original owner of this diary.

From page 20: **AGO card**, "Adjutant General's Office". This card is issued as a standard military identification.

See: Diary, p. 38



Sheaffer Balance Jr 275 circa 1930's, non-original Weidlich #2 14k gold nib, celluloid, vacuum plunger. The Junior Balance pens were smaller versions of the Balance, usually marketed as ladies pens or vest pocket pens.

<http://captainchang.com/pens/sheaffer.html>

From page 39: *Keepy*, nickname for wife, "Lee"; *from Yvonne*, Family friends?

From page 43: "ETO", **E**uropean **T**heater of **O**perations

From page 44: "BTO", presumably "**B**ig **T**ime **O**perator."

From page 47: "PT", **P**hysical **T**raining.

From page 51, likely definitions:

"B/THRU", **B**reak **T**hrough; "B/HD", **B**each**h**eads

From page 51: Ostrau, three possibilities, each potentially correct:

[Ostrava](#) (Ostrau in German), [Ostrau, Saxony](#), and [Ostrau, Saxony-Anhalt](#). The first two are westward of the Saxony-Anhalt location and more likely due to their size, economy & position to be the location referenced in the announcement.

Addendum: page 2

From page 60: Searched acronym data base, best guess for S V S was "Short & Sweet". Was the inversion of this the equivalent of today's usage where a statement is made, then followed by ", NOT! "?

From page 62: "*4th Fighter GP.*": The 11th, 14th & 4th Fighter Groups were not stationed in France. However, since the next day he was in London, it is likely to be the RAF 11th. This is consistent with Capt. Monroe fetching them in a "Norseman".

From page 75: "A LIB ALL OVER"; likely refers to the B-24 Liberator.

From page 76 & 82: "S2": refers to unit's intelligence or security section.

From page 78, *The Airman's Lament*, see [Alternative versions](#).

From page 79, "*Kriegsgefangener*": Prisoner of War

From page 96, "CHILDRESS": Childress, TX, location of Army Air Force training base for bombardiers during WWII.

From page 118, "FO (CRC)": First Officer (Crew Relief Crew).

Links to virtual tours of the interiors of US Air Force military aircraft, including the bombardier position on the B-24, are given below. Note that access to the nose was *via* a tunnel beneath the pilot/co-pilot platform. Within this tunnel was the nose wheel & the nose wheel doors which the crew could open and parachute through.

<http://www.nationalmuseum.af.mil/virtualtour/index.asp>

<http://www.nationalmuseum.af.mil/virtualtour/cockpits.a>

Addendum

D. R. McAfee and the Ralph Jackson crew:



Standing: Ralph Jackson - Pilot, Ernest Clarke - Navigator, John Crosby - Co-pilot, Denton McAfee - Bombardier. Front row: Al Everman - Armorer / Gunner (Waist), Robert Duffy - Tail Gunner, Maurice Schulman - Asst. Radio Operator (Waist Gunner), Woodrow Hamilton - Asst. Engineer (Belly Turret), William Linton - Engineer, SSgt. Charles L. Berg, Engineer.

Pasted from <<http://www.376hbgva.com/crews/jackson.html>>

Additional information may be found at the WEB sites listed below. This listing is far from inclusive. A link that I found and lost is to a site concerning civilian refugees in the area of Göttingen where the statement is made that little damage to the city occurred during the war. I inferred from the information on this site and others, that in spite of possible ongoing research at the University of Göttingen on synthetic fuels, atomic theory (as in bomb making), air craft design (the flying wing), it may have been the rail yards that were the target of the Kassel Mission. However, one member of the mission suggests that the only damage on the ground may have been to German crops and a single German ox. Also see the Fall, 2008 issue of the KMHS news letter for Walter Hassenpflug's remarks.

I am sure that the historians already have these links, but I have included them for my own reference.

1. <http://www.b24bestweb.com/patch-445th-bg-700th-bs-AB.htm>
2. <http://forum.armyairforces.com/tm.aspx?m=81006&mpage=1#152985>
3. <http://www.notalice.com/mls/ils655/missions.htm>
http://www.445th-bomb-group.com/Photos/Personal/Personal_Pics
4. <http://www.merkki.com/> Stalag Luft 1
5. www.kasselmission.com
6. <http://www.behindbarbedwire.org/north1.htm>
7. <http://www.historydocumented.com/2009/01/28/executive-order-brings-new-hope-to-veterans/>
8. The full identification of the plane: B24H-25-FO
http://www.airwarweb.net/usaaf/8af_09-44.php

Pasted from <http://www.airwarweb.net/usaaf/8af_1944-09.php>

WEDNESDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER 1944

STRATEGIC OPERATIONS (Eighth Air Force): Mission 650: 1,192 bombers and 678 fighters are dispatched to hit industrial and transportation targets in W Germany and use PFF methods for all targets; 28 bombers and 2 fighters are lost:

1. 421 of 462 B-17s hit a secondary target (Cologne) and 10 others hit Blatzheim; 1 B-17 is damaged beyond repair and 165 damaged; 3 airmen are KIA; 7 WIA and 1 MIA. Escort is provided by 221 P-47s and P-51s; they claim 5-0-0 aircraft in the air; 3 P-47s are damaged.
2. 415 B-17s are dispatched to hit Ludwigshafen/Opau oil refinery (214) and Mainz (171); 4 others hit targets of opportunity; 2 B-17s are lost and 142 damaged; 3 airmen are KIA, 9 WIA and 19 MIA. Escort is provided by 212 P-47s and P-51s; they claim 1-0-0 aircraft in the air; 1 P-47 is damaged.
3. 315 B-24s are dispatched to hit Kassel/Henschel aircraft plant (248); 35 also hit Gottingen; they claim 5-3-0 aircraft; 26 B-24s are lost, 6 damaged beyond repair and 41 damaged; 20 airmen are KIA, 2 WIA and 245 MIA. Escort is provided by 207 P-38s, P-47s and P-51s; they claim 25-0-6 aircraft in the air and 5-0-1 on the ground; 2 P-51s are lost (pilots MIA), 1 P-51 damaged beyond repair, and 2 P-38s and 2 P-47s damaged.

Mission 651: 8 of 10 B-17s drop leaflets in France, the Netherlands and Germany during the night.

163 B-24s on a TRUCKIN' mission carry fuel to France.

