





A WARTIME LOG
FOR
BRITISH PRISONERS

Gift from

THE WAR PRISONERS' AID OF THE Y. M. C. A.

37, Quai Wilson

GENEVA — SWITZERLAND

UNDER GERMAN PROTECTION

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

R. ANDERSON. SGT. - P/O # 44

P.O.W # 4176

OFLAG LUFT III

SAGAN, GERMANY.

JUNE 24/44.



Kriegsgefangenenlager
der Luftwaffe Nr. 3

PRISONER OF WAR

IT IS A MELANCHOLY STATE. YOU'RE IN THE POWER OF YOUR ENEMIES, YOU OWE YOUR LIFE TO HIS HUMANITY. YOUR DAILY BREAD TO HIS COMPASSION. YOU MUST OBEY HIS ORDERS, AWAIT HIS PLEASURES. POSSESS YOUR SOUL IN PATIENCE.

THE DAYS ARE LONG. HOURS CRAWL BY LIKE PARALYTIC CENTIPEDES. MOREOVER THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE OF PRISON, EVEN THE BEST AND MOST REGULATED OF PRISONS IS ODIUS. COMPANIONS QUARREL ABOUT NOTHING AT ALL AND GET THE LEAST POSSIBLE ENJOYMENT FROM EACH OTHERS COMPANY. YOU FEEL CONSTANT HUMILIATION AT BEING FENCED IN BY RAILINGS AND WIRE, WATCHED BY ARMED GUARDS AND WEBBED BY A TRIANGLE OF REGULATIONS AND RESTRICTIONS.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

1899



BORDERLINES - - - - -

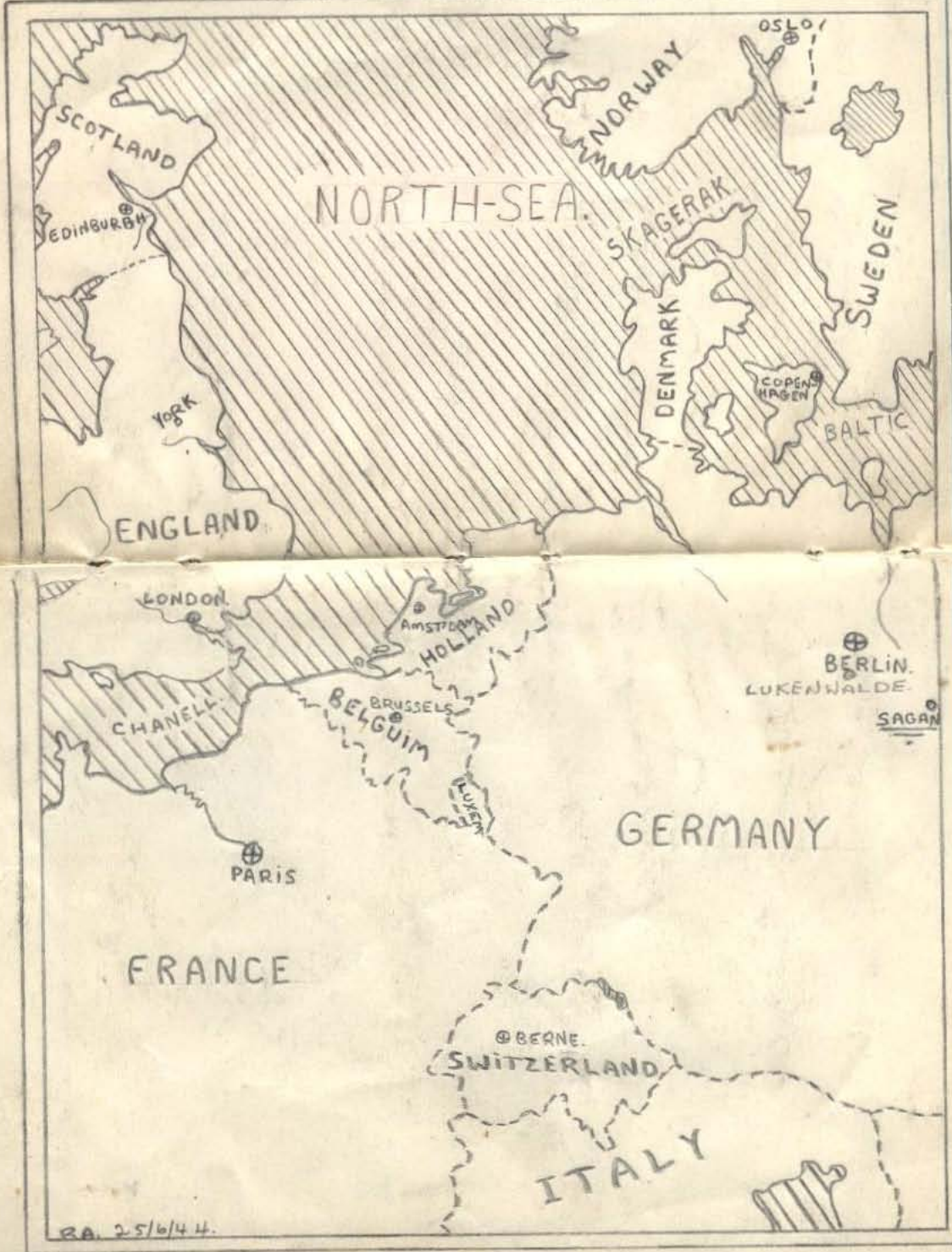
SCALE

0 300
KILOMETERES

CAPITOLS ⊕

0 200
MILES

MAP OF EUROPE



BA. 2-5/6/44.

MANITOBA Left to Right

Back Row

D. McDonald
H.F. Purvis
G.W.H. Venables
R.A. Anderson
J.S. Acheson
J.T. Glover
D.M. King
J. Plant
D. Witcher
K.A. Banks
H.P. Clark
E. Eggerton
A.B. Drummond Hay
T.R. Kipp
J.W. Murphy

Centre Row

G.W.H. Groves
R.J. Teillet
G.J. Richardson
W. Hunter
L. Stevens
G.R. Large

Front Row

G.L. Sinclair
E.M. Sangster
A.N. Briggs
S.G. King
D.P. Thompson
T.E. Jackson
J.R. Beggs

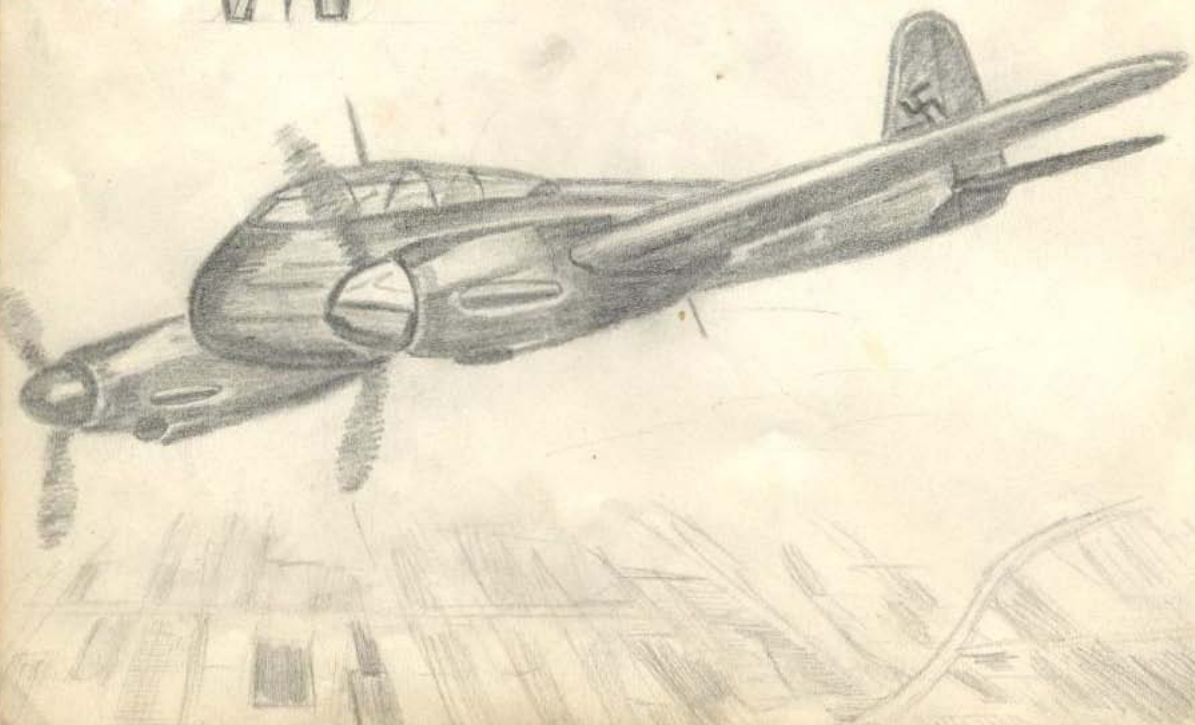




ME



R.A





4176

I Wanted WINGS



Frederick W. Lloyd
M. S. A. A. F.

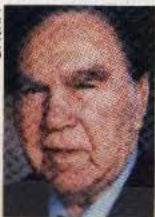
Y. G. Runkle

Max Schmeling

Golden-Age Gloves

"SPORTS, ESPECIALLY PROFESSIONAL SPORTS, HAS got totally out of hand." Fighting words from former heavyweight champ **MAX SCHMELING**, 87. In an interview last week with the German Press Agency that

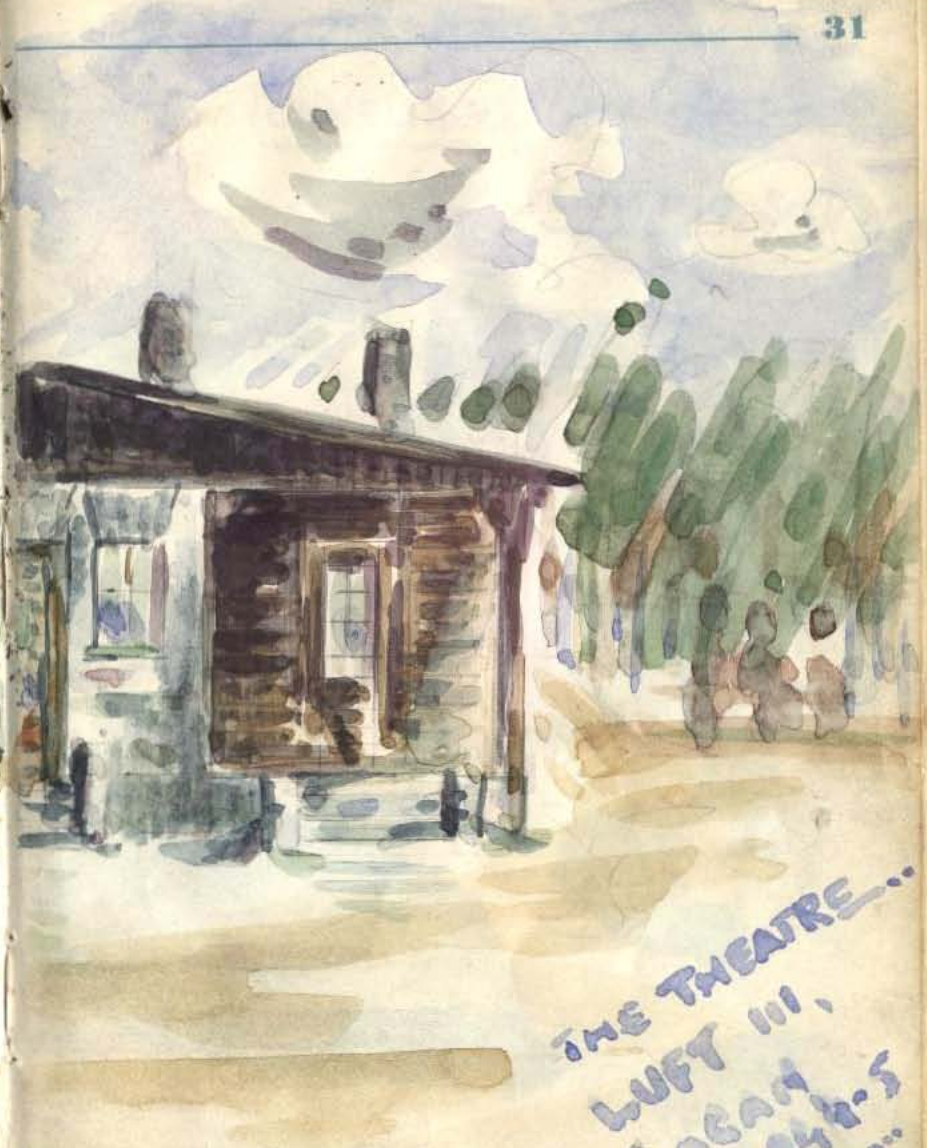
DP/PA/AF



he says is his last, he deplored the millions handed out to teen phenoms. Schmeling, who lives near Hamburg and keeps fit by jogging, was a hero in Germany after his 1936 knockout of the U.S.'s Joe Louis, but after losing in Round 1 of their 1938 return bout, he says, "I was a nobody here."



UPI/BETTMANN AP/WIDEWORLD

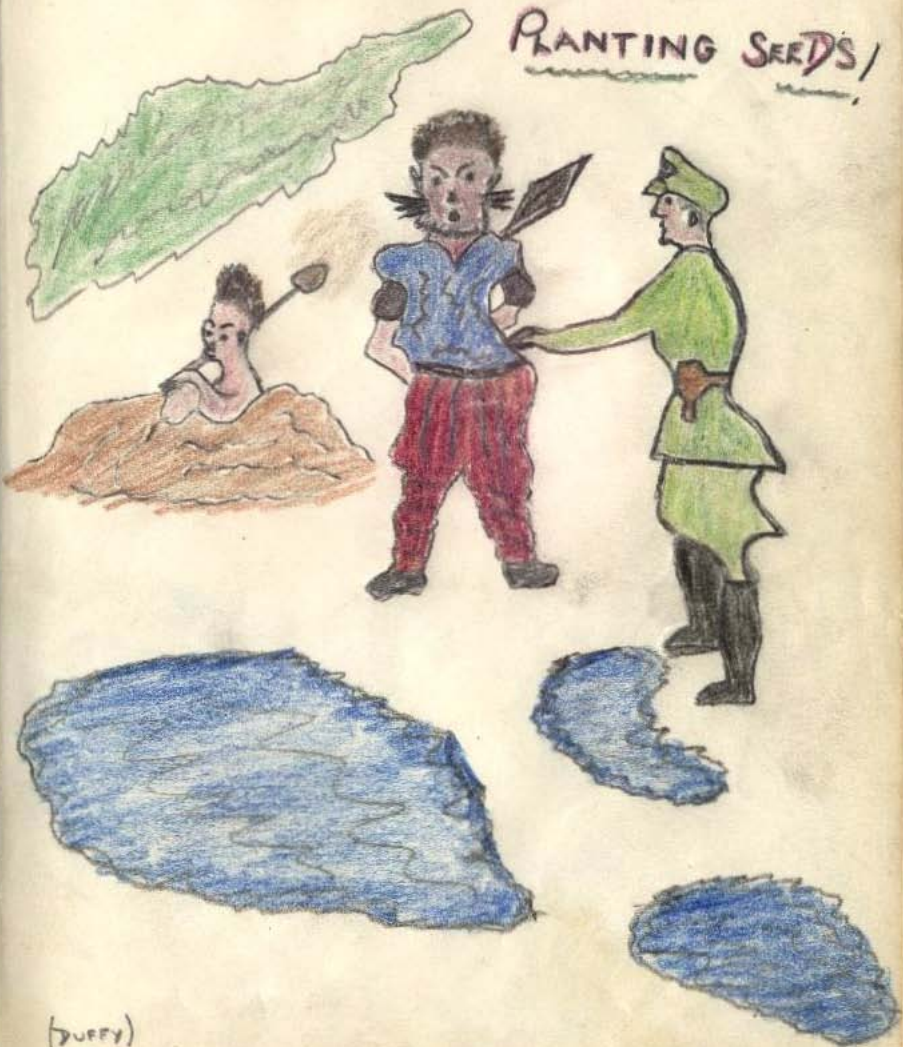


THE THEATRE...
LUFT III,
SAGAN
1942-5

GORDON REED

TUNNELING! HELL! NO! ---

PLANTING SEEDS!



(DUFFY)
(SAGAN) (1944)



WHAT DID I DO IN
THE WAR, SON?
I WAS A KREGIE!

21/9/44
R.A.



HALIFAX I

1.10.44.

43
AA



AVRO

LANCASTER



Chickenden
Sept 44



Sp. Boden den
1/2 44

IT STARTED
LIKE THIS.



AND ENDED
LIKE THIS.





H. LAPRAMBOISE

Bob Anderson.

Boul Bourgeois.
Orel Fundator.



Billender

John Anderson

Lee Armon

CHRISTMAS '44

Joseph C. Suman
SAGAN

GERMANY

Paula Kelly
Chas. W. Jago

Wilbur R. Hamilton

Joseph C. H. Suman



WARNUNG

der Regierungen der Sowjetunion, der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika und Großbritanniens an alle deutschen Kommandanten, Wachmannschaften und Gestapo-beamten

Im Namen aller Vereinten Nationen, die sich im Krieg mit Deutschland befinden, wenden sich die Regierungen der Sowjetunion, der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika und Großbritanniens hierdurch mit einer feierlichen Warnung an alle Kommandanten und Wachmannschaften, in deren Gewalt sich in Deutschland und in von Deutschland okkupierten Gebieten Kriegsgefangene der Verbündeten befinden, sowie an die Gestapo-beamten und alle sonstigen Personen, unabhängig von dem

Bündelten befinden, sowie an die Gestapo-beamten und alle sonstigen Personen, unabhängig von dem Charakter ihrer Dienststellung und ihrem Rang, in deren Gewalt Kriegsgefangene der Verbündeten übergeben wurden, sei es im Kampfgebiet, auf den Verkehrswegen oder in den rückwärtigen Gebieten. Die drei Regierungen erklären, daß alle diese Personen für Sicherheit und Wohlbefinden aller Kriegsgefangenen der Verbündeten, die sich in ihrer Gewalt befinden, als persönlich haftbar betrachtet werden, und zwar in nicht geringerem Maße als das Oberkommando der Wehrmacht und die zuständigen deutschen Militär-, Kriegsmarine- und Luftwaffen-Behörden.

Jede Person, die sich einem beliebigen Kriegsgefangenen der Verbündeten gegenüber schlechte Behandlung zuschulden kommen ließ oder dessen schlechte Behandlung duldete, sei es im Kampfgebiet, auf den Verkehrswegen, im Lager, im Lazarett, im Gefängnis oder an anderem Ort, wird schonungslos verfolgt und bestraft werden.

Die drei Regierungen machen warnend darauf aufmerksam: diese Verantwortung gilt bedingungslos und unter allen Umständen; niemand kann ihr dadurch entgehen, daß er die Verantwortung auf andere Behörden oder Personen schiebt.

Marschall der Sowjetunion

J. STALIN

Präsident der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika

H. TRUMAN

Premierminister von Großbritannien

W. CHURCHILL

23. April 1945



Une jeune fille d'aujourd'hui. Un nouveau visage
s'est gravé pour longtemps dans la mémoire des spectateurs de films

Monika Burg

Dans les films « Deux dans une grande ville » et « Paillasse » elle fait
le bonheur du public par sa tendresse et sa grâce. Son rôle de jeune
gouvernante qui en vient à bout de deux garçons pétulants dans le film
Tobis « Messieurs mes fils » répond entièrement à l'esprit moderne.

(Photo Tobis)

GERMAN Movie Actress

MY BEST GIRL



S/SGT. CLAIR ALLCHIN
463 HUNTILLA ST. SE.
GRAND RAPIDS
MICHIGAN LIBERATOR

w/o Eral Lindlater
1516 East 8th Ave.
Vancouver
B. C. HALIFAX

T/SGT. ROGER C. H. GAGNON
31- WILKINSON AVE.
VERDIEN, P. QUE
CANADA (FORT)
3440 2nd Blvd. SE.
PHILADELPHIA PA. U.S.A.

w/o Cyril D. Stenden
22 Pennyson Road
Wimbledon
WELLINGTON England

Sgt. Stanley D. Pelt
The Gables
Bridge Road
Southend Road
Winford
Essex.
HALIFAX

(GORDON REED)
'ARNOLD COTTAGE'
BRIDGE ROAD
CHERTSEY.
SURREY.
ENGLAND
CRETE
41

Sgt. W. G. Duffield
13, Deyncourt Rd.
Gottenham NY
HALIFAX London

Sgt. J. Harold Hallman
Cedars
Penna.
(FORTRESS)

Sgt. Joseph C. Inman
Bankhead Farms
H-21B
Jasper, Alabama

S/SGT CHARLIE E. MAY
INVERNESS
(FORTRESS) ALABAMA
MR. O.B.K. WALTER.
Whistley Green (CRETE
41)
HURST Reading
BERKSHIRE ENGLAND

3.8.44. (LIBERATOR)

1/5 J. Jack T. Sharp
 187 So. Doodman St.
 Rochester, N.Y. #7

FORTRESS.

H.R. Hamilton
 4880 Queen Mary Rd.
 Montreal, Quebec
 15.5.42 HUDSON.

H. Goucier
 Chateauguay
 Village
 Quebec Canada
 HALIFAX APRIL 20/44

Teddy Dawel
 5059 W Crystal Str.
 (FORTRESS)
 Chicago, 51, Ill.,

Stephen Pokimewski
 4491 Edgemont St
 Phila., 37, Penna
 FORTRESS

J. Hendrickson
 Vancouver B.C.

HAMPDEN.

G. Hanks.
 57. Sandycroft St
 Keighley
 Leeds
 England.
 HALIFAX

R.W. Andrews
 133 West Auckland
 Darlington
 CRYSTAL

H. J. Blokesey
 374 Lord St
 Perth
 Australia
 LANCASTER

H. R. Ramsey
 88 Seewell Road
 Boro
 London S.E.3

William Draper.
578 Duffon Road.
Hillem, Aberdeen
Scotland.

Aberdeen, 5000
REPAT. JAN/44 (BATTLE)

J. Shinnion
1254-12th St.

Brandon, Man
HALIFAX

Jelaud Larambance
2953-Cote Ste Catherine

Montreal P.Q.
Canada.
HALIFAX

(Capt. D.) Jago/EASINGTON,
HULL, YORKSHIRE. ex

"WOODSTOCK", GILLS CLIFF ROAD,
VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.
22. 9. 40 (SWORDFISH)

Thomas Orr captured

886 South St 12 June
Scotstown 19-40
Glasgow 51 75
Scotland High
Dir

Robert P. Zeebede
50-47 39th Place
Long Island City,
New York
LIBERATOR

X Ronald. L. Laverington.
98, Grosvenor St
Kearley
R. Bolton

and Paris.
c/o. 4, Dorset Terrace
Green Lane
Church Street
Walmes

Kent
HALIFAX England

Donald E Leslie
X 2073 East 7th Ave.
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

HALIFAX

D

144 King
13 Southgate St.
Bury - St. Eds.
Suffolk
LANCASTER APRIL/44

Johnny Crawford X
1012 So. 96th St.

Lacoma 4 Washington
HALIFAX

John J. Murphy
165 Mason Terrace
Brookline, Mass.
Tel longwood 0308

Johnathan
7, Kettle House,
Union Square,
London, SW8
England.

Erwin, 1.642
STERLING

Bob H. Gordon. F/LT
BEACON HILL PARK
BEACON HILL
HINDHEAD
SURREY.

SPITFIRE
JUNE 41.

FORTRESS JULY/44

T.P. Maco
66 Hamilton St.
Bridgeport
Conn. U.S.A

Edmund Thomas,
"DEERLAND"

LLANGWM,
HAVERFORDWEST,
Pembro.,
ENGLAND S. WALES.

DAVID BOWEN.
179 TYNTYLA, R.I.D
LLWYNYPPIA.
(TOWY PANDY)
GLAMORGAN
S. WALES.
FRANCE 1940 ARMY

W.G. TAPP.
5, CRANE LANE
CRANBROOK.
KENT.

FRANCE
1940.

ARMY

G.C. FISHER
24 MUSGRAVE ST.
LARGS BAY
SOUTH. AUSTRALIA.

ARMY CRETE '41.
FRANCE/45. BATTLES
A.W. MATTHEWS,
59 CHURCH ST,
MONCTON, N.B.

Dick Birtle
110, Kingd. Road
Heter Bay
Kent DIEPPE/42

JOHN G. DUVALL
97 QUEENS DR
LIVERPOOL 13
LANCS

LANCASTER. APRIL/44

Dan Mackenzie,
"Garry", King St,
Castle-Douglas,
KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE
Scotland.

L.T. Kenon X
26 Lorne Ave.
Huntingdon
Sul Can.
HALIFAX III JUNE 44

Ray Lamb,
39, Drayton St.,
Walsall
England
APRIL 44

HALIFAX III

J. M. Mearns
5 Buff Parade
Banstead
Surrey
X
FEB/44 HALIFAX II

C. V. Walter,
100 Garland St.,
Portage la Prairie,
Manitoba,

Lang II Jan 14, 1944

Bill Nicholson
87 Forest Road
Galt, Ont

HALIFAX
II

George Spencer
St. Mary's
Ontario

411 Sqd.

Sturminster
Vancouver B.C.
Oct 4-44 - Halifax II

Geoff. J. Gunton
6 Rawhiti St
Roseville

Sydney Australia

455 SQON.

DEC '42 HAMPDEN T/B.

Tommy Good
22 Burnblain Ave

Toronto 12 Ont.

180 Sqdn.

Aug 1944 Mitchell's

Stan A. Booker. X

16 Chapel Avenue,

Wombwell,

HALIFAX Yorkshire.

III

England.

JOHN T GLOVER
299 JEFFERSON, AVE.

WINNIPEG, MAN.
WHITTLEY, 1940

J. DOUBLARD.

LA MAITRIERIE, FARM

ST. MARTINS

JERSEY (CHANNEL ISLES)

Robert. m. Coste

185 Heath St. W.

Toronto, Ont,

HAMPDEN. SEP. 39

J. RICKS F/L

CIRENCESTER, GLOS.

THREE COMPASSES HOTEL

ENGLAND

D. MIDDLETON.

641 LORNE, AVE.

BRANDON, MAN.

CHAS. W. Townsend.
108 CONWALL Ave
LEDGUR Road
HULL. YORKS

Bob Diamond
2864 W. 32nd Ave.
Vancouver, B.C.

A. B. Cunningham
16 Walter's Avenue
Hasterton
NEW ZEALAND

~~HALLY~~
E. K. West (Lefty)
P.O. Box 25,
Sturminster
Dorset
Transvaal
S. Africa

Lanc II
MAY 44.

P. E. Woods
8 Horsley Terr.
Dyremount
Northumberland

G. M. Smith
"Pentylea"
Station Rd
Pontnewydd
Newport
S. Mon
Wales

T. H. Grant
238 Ranleigh Ave.
Toronto Ont.
Canada

W. A. Hyton
40 St. George's Rd
Whangarei
North Auckland
New Zealand

Ann Baldwin
101 Duke of York Ave
Portobello Estate
Sandat Wakefield
Yorkshire

A PIECE OF 'WINDOW'
DROPPED BY THE R.A.F.
OVER BERLIN ON MAR. 25/43
FELL INTO THE CAMP
75 MILES AWAY.

(DROPPED TO
JAM RADAR
DETECTOR)

INGREDIENTS

1 LB KLIM, / 1 TIN COCOA. 8 OZ OR
 CHOCOLATE. / 1 TIN ROLLED OATS 6 OZ
 PKT RAISONS / 1 LB BUTTER /
 $\frac{1}{2}$ LB SUGAR / 1 PKT U.S. ARMY
 BISCUITS. DIRECTIONS

GRIND BISCUITS INTO FLOUR. ADD
 KLIM, COCOA (CHOCOLATE) / SUGAR
 OATS / RAISONS, MELT BUTTER /
 ADD TO MIXTURE / STIR WELL /
 COOL + EAT. —————

KRIEGIE BISCUIT CAKE.

2 PKTS ARMY BISCUITS, $\frac{1}{2}$ LB BUTTER
 $\frac{1}{2}$ LB SUGAR, 1 LB RAISONS. $1\frac{1}{2}$ CUPS
 WATER. PINCH YEAST, / GRIND BISCUITS
 MIX IN BUTTER, SUGAR, RAISONS
 ADD WARM WATER AND YEAST.

PLACE IN GREASED PAN, BAKE $\frac{1}{2}$ HR.
CHOCOLATE ICING.

TO 1 LB MELTED BUTTER ADD - $\frac{1}{2}$ LB
 KLIM $\frac{1}{2}$ LB SUGAR, 8 OZ MELTED CHOC-
 OCLATE, MIX WELL.

SOME RECIPES TO TRY. 71

WHIPPED HONEY (BY GEORGE MERCER)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey / $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup / 1 tin
Condensed milk - $\frac{1}{4}$ lb butter. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup
cream. heat - whip - serve.

MALTED MILK SPECIAL

In a large cocktail shaker. 2 scoops of
ice cream, 2 mashed ripe bananas,
honey, cream, chocolate, 2 beaten eggs
2 spoons horlicks and milk. serve in
tall glass, topped with whipped cream.

CONDENSED MILK PIE.

MAKE CARMEL from 2 tins condensed
milk. pour into pie crust (before beat
in yolks of 4 eggs) use white of eggs or
whipped cream for top.

CANDY

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb powdered sugar, add white
of egg, roll flat, spread on peanut
butter. roll up like jelly roll and slice.
Add whipped cream, made of - cream, sugar
and apple jelly mixed.

CREAMED EGGS.

HARD BOILED EGGS, chopped up - ham,
diced onion - cheese sauce / pour over toast.

"PRIMA" SPONGE CAKE.

AN INCH OF SPONGE CAKE. / slice /
insert large 'nelson' Chocolate bar.
bake till melted. serve with cream.

HONEY BREAD

mix raisins in bread dough / roll thin
spread on thin layer butter, add thick
layer of honey - fold - seal - bake.

SCOTCH EGGS

hard boiled eggs, shell. roll in mixture of
chopped bacon - butter - bread crumbs -
onions - drop in a deep fry / smother in
ketchup + serve.

APPLE CRUNCHIE

crumble stale bread crumbs - mix with
equal parts of flaked apple. add sugar / honey.
place in well greased pie tin. cover with
enough cream to keep moist. bake in

slow over - cover with sugar and Cinnamon
+ serve.

BAKED SALMON LOAF.

1 LAYER SALMON. $\frac{1}{2}$ layer Cracker Crumbs.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ layer chopped onion - peas - duplicate
except peas, sprinkle with cheese. also can
add potatoes on top, bake.

SUCCOTASH

FRY Canned Corns, lima beans, string
beans, peas, chopped potatoe, onions in
bacon grease. place strips of bacon on toast,
pour over toast.

INDIA BIRDSNEST

Hard boil several eggs. remove shells and
white. mash potatoes and mix with bread
Crumbs - make into paste and mould into nests.
mould highly seasoned sausage around nest -
place yolks in centre and bake.

TEXAS FRIED APPLE PIE.

make pastry roll flat. spread $\frac{1}{2}$ with apples
fold over pinch sides, turn over - place
in frying pan of deep butter + fry.

TORTURE MARCH

The Last Mile To Luckenwalde

Sat Jan 27 1945 9 P.M. It started when some one in the passage shouted "Be ready to leave the camp in 1 hour." This wasn't entirely unexpected but it was entirely unwanted. A day or so previous the Russians reached Steinau about 35 miles away on the Oder. and we were hoping they'd soon reach Sagan and us, but such was not the case. We hurriedly packed our kit and as many Cigarettes as we could carry. Still there were millions in the camp. Thousands were burned or rendered useless in other ways. The amount of clothing, pictures, souvenirs, food, etc left behind was colossal. Despite $\frac{1}{2}$ parcels, our cook had a goodly supply in the cupboard which we split 11 ways giving each man about .15 lbs of

food. Then we were told we weren't leaving for another hour, so we made a sleigh for our bit. Another hour went by and still no move so we cooked some meat we got from the cook house and had a real good feed. Then I went and visited my friends in various huts. Everyone was in high spirits although I don't know why. Then the west camp of over 2000 Americans moved out, and then about 2 A.M., amid great confusion and flap, we left our camp. First we went to the parcel store and got a red X parcel for each man. To get these on our sleigh we had to throw a lot of clothing off. Then we pulled our greatly over-loaded sleigh out onto the road and started on our

way. It was a clear, cold winter
nite, and just right for sleighing.
In the moon light you could see
thousands of P.O.W's ahead and
many more were still to come. Everyone
had a sleigh hastily lashed together
out of hockey sticks and red cross boxes
or anything at all from chairs, tables
or beds. Soon the circuit lights of
the camp began to fade in the distance
and somehow I sort of wished I was back
there. I sort of figured we might have
a rough time ahead but I didn't know
the half of it. The first thing I noticed
on the way was the great amount of
clothing and food that was being
discarded, many sleighs had broken
and the fellows had left all except
blankets, some food and cigarettes.
I noticed many Red X parcels

tom open, the biscuits, sugar, jam
and chocolate removed and the
rest ditched. a lot of civilians
were out on the road. asking for
cigarettes and picking up what the
fellows had discarded, a lot of
them were women, the first I had
seen for 10 months, and some of
the boys, years. We marched all
oute, stopping occasionally to rest.
The odd truck went past us and
a lot of trucks and buses all going
east, laden with white clad
troops. all oute we marched through
forest country, and down found
us in a small town where we
rested a while and ate some breakfast
of frozen spam or biscuits. we
took the opportunity of this

stop to lighten our load and 7000
Cigarettes, clothing, a pair of skates
and other things were discarded, to
the delight of German "Curves".
Then we marched out of the town
and onto a flat open road. The
wind was very bitter and you had
to march to keep warm. One of the
Guards told us we had only a
few more miles and we would
have a rest with all comforts. on.
and on we went. It was good sleigh-
ing but we were getting a bit tired.
we passed vilhage after vilhage.
The boys with sleighs were doing ok except
the odd one was falling to bits and they had
to shoulder their bit and also ditch a
lot of weight. The boys who had left
with all their stuff on their backs,

were getting pretty tired and I noticed many of them stopping to rest and coming with the main party behind us, for we were stretched out for miles. We were doing all right with our 11 man sled (it was the biggest I saw on the march). We took turns pulling it so $\frac{1}{2}$ the time we were just walking lightly. Most of the guards carried their own bit and it sure looked heavy. Many of them looked ready to drop and they weren't making the trip as well as the average P.O.W. Before the trip was finished I noticed some of them sharing the same sled as P.O.W's. About noon we reached the outskirts of the town we were to rest at. I believe the name of it was HALBAU. We entered the town and pulled up in a big market square. which was then

full of P.O.W's but in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later
had 5 times as many in it. The
Comforts we got there consisted of hot
water, so we sat in the snow, made a
hot brew, and ate a 'spam' sandwich
and some biscuits from our parcel. It
was too cold to rest and impossible to
get inside any where, so we just hung
around. I went through the crowd,
looking for friends. I found them
all doing ab. a lot of bartering was
going on with the Cuvies, who were
very friendly towards us. Such things
as bread, and sleighs were bought
for Cigarettes. (you could buy anything
for cigarettes). Then we were told we
would spend the rest of the day there and
night in barns, theatres etc which
sounded very good. Some of the
boys even got in buildings and

to sleep when we had to leave the town because refugees would be coming in. So we pulled out very foot sore and weary. On the out skirts of the town we passed the west camp who were resting as best as possible in the snow. Everybodys feet were soaking wet and the snow was loose, about 3" deep, you could see the snow melting on your boots from the heat of your feet, it was very miserable, it was now very cold, snowing and blowing and we marched till dark and stopped in an open place just outside a small town. We stood there for 3 hours waiting while they found barns for us to sleep in. That was the worst 3 hours I'd ever spent. We had been out side some 18 hours with very little to eat and marched

about 38 kilometers with pack so
some of the boys were pretty tired.
Finally we got into a barn. It was
pitch dark and severely cold, so
we just lay in the hay, pulled our
blankets over us and tried to sleep.
I half slept for several hours but
it was too cold, I don't think anybody
slept well, many froze toes and feet.
Finally came the dawn, of the worst
nite I ever spent or want to spend.
I put on dry socks which were wet
in 5 minutes because of my boots.
we ate a breakfast of frozen
meat (spam) biscuits, jam, and
got out onto the road by 8. A.M and
away again. By now every step was
misery. The previous day's march
and the cold, restless night, and

every muscle and joint ached. However, everybody was in the same boat. We marched till noon and ~~then~~ ate dinner in a fair sized town. In this town we bought a lot of bread off the Covies, a lot of fellows bought sleighs. Shortly after we pulled out of this town it started to snow and blow and continued all afternoon. We marched a very long time with no rest and many of the boys were about all in. It was hard enough to walk alone, much less pull a sleigh under the rate the Guards set up. Still the kilometers ticked by. At every little village a dozen or so dropped out and sat by the road as the procession of P.O.'s passed wearily by.

Finally we stopped to rest just opposite an army barrack. They were ok to us and gave us hot water and sold us bread. our stay here was far too short and we hit the road again. as time went on more and more fell out and many who could not keep up walked slower. and I saw quite a few fellows who fainted and dropped by the side with a friend who stayed to help him. These ones were picked up by wagons much later on. and many suffering bad frost bites. one of the boys in our party was ill and could not take his turn on the sleigh. It was now getting dark, and the prospects of spending this route like the last one didn't make the boys

any happier. The towns were full of refugees as well who had to have a place to sleep, all we longed for was a warm, dry floor with lights. It was after dark when we pulled into the town of MUSKAU where we were to spend the night. We were near the end of the train, so it was some time before we got a place to stay, so we just hung around on the street in shade of buildings. Many of the fellows chatted with civilians and they seemed as fed up as we were. The Canadian G/C Wray, walked up and down assuring us that we had good quarters for the night. About 9 P.M. we pulled

up before a large building and about 300 of us got in it. It was just what we desired, it was a riding school, one large room well lit, heated and straw on the floor. It smelled strongly of manure but no one minded that. Our party got settled in a corner and we made our beds on the straw. My blankets were full of hay from the previous night but I cleaned them fairly well. It was sure good to get to bed and we all slept very soundly. Next day we really got organized (Tues. 30 JAN), we got hot water several times a day for brews. We also got about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a red X parcel and a loaf of bread per person. We were in this town for 4 days, during which it got very

mild and all the snow went. The first day all the Americans left us for NÜRNBERG. and we said good bye to some fine friends. Then the rest of the north camp pulled out for SPREM BERG. About 1/2 of us stayed behind without transportation we were very comfortable in the barn. We were on an estate owned by GRAPH VON ARNHEIM supposed to be the third richest man in Germany. He was ok to us. There were some guards around who seemed as sick of the war as we were. We had a lot of liberty here, many of the boys wandering down town. we went down town with a guard to a shoe shop and got some apples, onions etc. The owner of the shop had a son who was a P.O.W in the U.S.A. Then

one morning we got transportation and went over to Spremberg. The road was a solid mass of refugees and P.O.'s, most of the P.O.'s were Americans. There was no snow and all had to be carried. We pulled into a long military camp, got a meal and marched down to the train, loaded into Box Cars found we were going to Luckenwalde 30 Km south of Berlin, travelled all that route next day and arrived at 1. A.M. Next morning (FEB 5) marched up to the Camp about 2 miles, had a search and sent to quarters, very poor ones at that; about 170 men to a room. Got to bed at 6. A.M. a very tired and unhappy crowd.

FEB. 19, 1945. STALAG. IIIA.
 LUKENWALDE, GERMANY.
 30 MILES SOUTH OF BERLIN.

DAILY MENU. (NEVER
 VARIES)

BREAKFAST. 8.30. A.M.

1 CUP MINT TEA. NO SUGAR. OR
 MILK.

1 SLICE BLACK BREAD + MARGARINE
 (VERY SOUR)

LUNCH 12. P

1 CUP OF PEA SOUP OR BARLEY.
 (NOT ENOUGH)

1 SLICE BLACK BREAD + MARGARINE
 3 BAKED POTATOES MIT SKINS.
 (OFTEN ROTTEN)

EVENING SNACK. 7. P.M.

HOT BREW.

2 PIECES BREAD WITH ERSATZ
 CHEESE OR JAM.

RESOLUTION.

75

I'M HAVING THIS SNACK /
WHEN I ARRIVE IN CANADA.

FRESH WHITE ROLLS / HOT.
1-LARGE MEDIUM STEAK.
WITH 3 FRIED EGGS ON TOP.
FRENCH FRIED POTATOES
DESSERT -

LARGE ICE CREAM. FRUIT
SUNDAE / WITH LOTS OF
MARSHMALLO & NUTS

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS
& MILK.

ROLL ON THE RUSSIANS
AND HELP ME GET
THIS FOOD.

SPECIALTIES AT STALAG IIIA

FEB 10. A PICTURE SHOW.

A SILENT GERMAN SHORT
ON ANIMAL LIFE.

A SILENT 'LAUREL & HARDY'
FILMED IN 1924. TOTAL 1 HR.

FEB 21 AS A GIFT

FROM THE NORWEGIANS. WE
GOT $\frac{1}{5}$ OF A DANISH RED
CROSS PARCEL PER MAN.
VERY GOOD AND VERY LITTLE

FEB 23 BECAUSE OF SHORT

BREAD ISSUE WE GOT AN
EXTRA BOWL OF BARLEY AT
H.P.M. VERY ENJOYABLE

FEB 27 TODAY IS OUR
DAY TO RUMMAGE IN THE
GARBAGE, FOR POTATOES

CABBAGE, ETC. DISCARDED
BY THE COOKHOUSE

MARCH 3 MAX SCHMELLING

WAS IN THE CAMP FOR
ABOUT AN HOUR TODAY.

HE GAVE THE BOYS HIS PHOTO
+ AUTOGRAPH. SOME SENIOR
OFFICERS WERE VERY ANNOYED.

MARCH 8 TODAY EVERYONE
GOT AN AMERICAN RED X
PARCEL AND PROSPECTS OF
MORE ARE VERY GOOD.

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE BOYS
SO HAPPY. EVERY BODY IS
EATING ALL HE WANTS
WHETHER WISELY OR NOT
AND SMOKING TOO. FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN OVER 6 WEEKS
OUR STOMACHS ARE FULL
AND IT SURE FEELS GOOD.

APRIL 1ST (EASTER SUNDAY) HAVE RECEIVED REDX PARCELS REGULAR AND THIS CAMP IS SURE A DIFFERENT PLACE, COMBINED WITH GOOD WEATHER AND NOW THE WEST FRONT IS MOVING THINGS ARE SURE A HELL OF A LOT BETTER.

APRIL 21. The Russians are very close all the guards have disappeared, fences are being cut down and prisoners running all over and there's great panic and excitement in the camp, guns are booming on 3 sides of us, some very close also I've been shot down a year today.

APRIL 22. 6.A.M. Awakened by cheering, went out side and saw a Russian armoured car with Russian officers in the camp. Some Russian planes flying around too.

APRIL 23. May 21ST Birthday, still a lot of fighting around here, a JU

a JU 88 fired into the Camp last
 night and scared everyone. ate very
 well today Thanks to Russians.

April 26. went to town today but
 too much fighting so came back.
 Eating very well. The Russians are
 sure pushing in the food. German
 troops are coming up to the camp to
 surrender to us rather than the
 Russians.

April 29. went for a walk from the
 camp saw dead Russians and Germans,
 lots of abandoned equipment. a
 knocked out tank and 2 F.W 190's
 passed through several Villages
 life for civilians there was very
 poor.

MAY 1st Still a lot of fighting
 around here mostly at night. The
 woods are full of Germans, half

starved who want to get to American lines to surrender. No definite news of going home yet. The boys are very fed up and many walking to our lines 25 miles away, despite the threat of Court martial for leaving Camp.

may 3. a big battle just outside the Camp last night, and a restless night inside the Camp. This morning it was announced that the Germans in this area have capitulated. 120 000 were taken prisoner and 60 000 killed.

may 4 hundreds of fellows are taking off for our lines. In a few days there will be only one here. 4 P.M. 4 of us were ready

to leave camp tomorrow morning but 2 jeeps and 2 armoured cars (American) just came in and we're supposed to leave by truck tomorrow so I guess we'll stay. (The cars were covered with prisoners who they met walking away and brought them back to camp).

May 6 Russians refuse to let Americans evacuate us, some trucks have gone back empty. Russians have posted guards who have shot at some of the fellows.

May 7. I left camp today and caught an American truck which took me to American lines at MAGDEBURG. For the first time I really feel free.

MAY 8. Hitch-hiked to an airfield south of Hannover, living with Americans and being treated like a king, flew in a DC.3 to Rheims

MAY 10. got a Lancaster from Rheims to Jangmere (south England) landed 1. P.M. taken to Bournemouth.

The boys go out noisily. Some are on their first trip and look a bit worried. The veterans look as if they are just going to a tea party, but inside they feel differently. After the briefing a war correspondent comes up and asks the Squadron-Commander a few questions.

"Why all this concentration?" he asks. "What is the exact idea?" The Squadron-Commander is a busy man, but he gives him the whole answer. How there are so many guns in Germany, all depending on short-wave electricity for their prediction, so that if one aircraft were to go over every five minutes, each gun would have that aircraft all to himself. Similarly with the night fighters. But if all the aircraft go over more or less simultaneously then the guns cannot pick out and fire at any one aircraft nor can the night fighters be vectored on to any one aircraft. With the result that losses are kept down. Moreover, the bombing takes a more concentrated form when all aircraft bomb together.

"How about collisions?" the war correspondent asks.

"There won't be any," says the Squadron-Leader, "provided they all keep straight, and if the Pathfinders are on time. Sometimes this doesn't happen. One night at Stuttgart the Pathfinders were fifteen minutes late and there were some four hundred bombers circling the target waiting for them; eighteen didn't come back. Some of those were collisions, I think."

The time after the briefing is not very pleasant. No one knows what to do. Some sit in the Mess, listening to the radio, and wishing they were far away from all this. A few play billiards. But most of them just sit in chairs picking up papers and throwing them down, staring into space and waiting for the clock on the wall to show the time when they must go down to get on their flying clothes.

The time passes slowly, minutes seem like hours, but is a busy time for the Squadron-Commander and his Flight-Commanders. First Group telephones to confirm that there is the full number of aircraft on from the squadron. Then the maintenance officer to say that C-Charlie has blown an engine, shall he put on the reserve? Yes, put on reserve.

A call from the armament officer—a cookie has dropped off Z-Zebra.

"Is everyone all right?"

"Yes, everyone's all right."

"Well, put it on again then."

The oxygen has leaked from G-George—get on to the maintenance flight to have new oxygen bottles put in. And so it goes on, the phone ringing the whole time. He does not have time to think, and presently everyone is in the crew rooms dressing for the big raid, putting on their multiple underwear and electrically heated suits before going out to the aircraft.

All the boys are chattering happily, but this is only to cover up their true feelings. But they all know that they will be quite all right once they get into their aircraft.

"Prang it good, boys," says an Australian who isn't coming to-night; one of his crew is sick.

Then comes the take-off. A thrilling sight to the layman. Exactly at the right time, they taxi out, led by the Squadron-Commander in his own aircraft with a gaudy design painted on the nose. They come out one after another, like a long string of ducks, and line up on the runway waiting to take-off. There is a cheery wave of good-byes from the well-wishers on the first flare. Then the pilot slams his windows shut and pushes open the throttles. The ground underneath the well-wishers shivers and shakes, sending a funny feeling up their spine, and the Lancasters lumber off one after another down the mile-long flare-path. And off they go into the dusk.

Over to a farm laborer sitting on his tractor in a field. . . . He has just done his plowing and is about to go home. He is looking forward to his evening meal. Looking up, he can see hundreds of specks in the sky, black specks, all getting smaller and smaller as they climb higher and higher into the night air. He turns to his tractor and says, "They be going out again tonight, I 'ope they give 'em bastards hell, may they all come back again, God bless 'em, good boys they be." Then he begins to trudge home.

Over to a girl typist about to get out of a bus in the near-by city. She hears the roar of the aircraft and says to her companion, "Oh, there they go again, I do hope they will come back early, otherwise they will wake me up. . . ."

Over to one of our aircraft flying high. . . . They have just reached their operational height. The engines are throttled back to cruising revolutions. "Hullo navigator, Skipper calling. What time must I set course for the rendezvous point?"

The navigator gets a quick fix. "We are about 60 miles away. If you circle here for five minutes, then set course at 240 miles an hour you will be there dead on time."

"OK," says the skipper. "You all right, rear gunner?"

"Yes," comes the voice from the back.

In five minutes' time he sets course and the blunt nose of the Lancaster points toward the east. At that moment nearly all the bombers have done the same thing and, with navigation lights on at their various heights, they all converge on to the rendezvous spot at exactly zero minus two hours. They reach it more or less together, then all navigation lights go out simultaneously and they straighten up on their course for Berlin. The captain yells to his crew to check that all lights are out on board. The bomb aimer fuses the bombs, the gunners cock their guns and they are on their way.

To describe this big bomber force flying out in this formation is not easy. But imagine a glass brick two miles across, 20 miles long and 8,000 feet thick, filled with hundreds of Lancasters, and move it slowly toward the Dutch coast and there you have a concentrated wave on its way. The Dutch coast looms up incredibly soon, rather too soon.

It is now 5 o'clock. At this hour in Germany operational messages have come in from Gruppen and Staffeln of night fighters scattered throughout German territory. Messerschmitt, Focke Wulf and other types of fighters are fully loaded with fuel and ammunition, ready for take-off from the operational bases. Aircraft and personnel are ready, mechanics, engineers, armorers are on duty on many airfields, ready to supply suddenly arriving aircraft with fresh fuel and more ammunition. Everything has been done to ensure the quickest possible employment of the night-fighter arm.

At this hour it is quiet at the German searchlight and flak batteries. Ammunition stocks have been made up again since the last raid. The enormous power plants of the searchlights need only be switched on, by the young Luftwaffe helpers to convert the electric current, enough to supply a medium-sized town, into shimmering light and send it up into the night sky. The sentries on the large 8.8 cm. guns pace up and down and watch the approaching night. It will soon be pitch dark, as the sky is covered with heavy rain clouds and the crescent moon will not rise until later. Even then its light will scarcely pierce the dark clouds. The British prefer nights such as this.

1740 hours. A message comes into the centre near Berlin from the Channel coast. An alarm bell rings. Strong British bomber units are crossing the Dutch coast. A telephone call warns the air-defense forces of the continent. The night fighter units in Holland have al-

ready taken off and are on the lookout for the enemy on his eastern course, attach themselves to his units, and while the first night engagements between the German night fighters and the British bombers are setting the stage for the great night battle, the ground crews of countless other Geschwader in the region of Central Germany are putting the final touches to the aircraft as they stand ready to take off.

Behind the great glass map stand female signals auxiliaries, wearing headphones and laryngophones, with a thick stick of charcoal in their right hands with which they draw in the positions of the enemy units. From the control room only their shadows moving behind the glass plate can be seen. Ceaselessly the strokes and arrows on the great map give place to new markings.

Every officer and man takes up his position. Each knows exactly what he has to do, and all work together without friction.

The glass map shows that the enemy is advancing along several different directions, but it is clear that the main force is continuing eastwards. The enemy bombers have crossed the frontier of Western Germany. Suddenly, they swing round towards the south-east. A few weaker formations are flying southwards up the Rhine. Cascades are dropped over two West German towns; it may be that the main attack is to be directed against these towns, but it may also be that this is a feint movement designed to lure the German night fighters into the wrong areas. The enemy hopes that a wrong German order will gain him valuable minutes to get his main attacking force into the prescribed target area, where he would then find weaker German night-fighter forces.

The control officer, who is fully acquainted with the many different problems and questions, the possibilities of attack and defence, makes his decision after conscientiously

checking the situation and a brief talk with the O.C. The British force is still on its way towards Central Germany. The main force of the bombers has made another turn and is again flying east. The last message reads: "Front of enemy formation in Dora-Heinrich area, course east."

1830 hours. At this moment fighter unit X, whose aircraft are ready at the end of the runway with their engines roaring, receives the order "unit X—village take off by visual beacon Y."

A few minutes later the aircraft are racing over the ground, climbing rapidly, flying towards the flashing light of visual beacon Y. In Berlin the Underground is still running, and traffic goes on as usual. Then the population gets its first warning; the Deutschland-sender goes off the air. The bright lights at the marshalling yards are switched off. The great city sinks into darkness.

The enemy has meanwhile flown past to the north of the first large central German town. In a bare hour he may be over Berlin. At a height of 6,500 m. the four-engine bombers are roaring on their way eastwards.

1845 hours. A message in the headphones: the enemy has already lost seven aircraft before reaching Osnabruck.

Other night fighter units are ready to take-off to protect the capital. The meteorologist is describing the weather situation. Cloudless sky over South Germany where night fighters can land after the battle.

Meanwhile, the night-fighter units, which have assembled in certain areas, are guided closer to the enemy. The German fighters have already made contact everywhere with the enemy bomber formations. Now the sirens are sounded in Berlin.

Important decisions are taken relating to the activity of the searchlight batteries, taking into

consideration the weather situation. Orders are issued to the batteries of the Berlin flak division.

1916 hours. The enemy is 100 kilometres from Berlin. A large number of night fighters are accompanying the British bombers.

The O.C. sits next to the IA (Intelligence) officer. In order to clear up a question quickly he asks to speak to the O.C. in another Luftgau; command priority call to X town. In a matter of seconds a female signals auxiliary has made the desired telephone connection.

On the great glass map the arrows draw closer and closer to Berlin. The positions of the night-fighter units are exactly known.

1941 hours. Is the enemy going straight for Berlin? At 1943 hours fire is opened by a heavy flak battery in the west. It is still impossible to say whether the mass of the enemy bombers will not again make a sharp turn short of Berlin and perhaps attack Leipzig.

Above the inner part of the town the enemy drops streams and cascades of flares. Strong forces are reported over various suburbs. A

hail of H.E. shells from the heavy flak rushes up to the heights of the approaching bombers.

In spite of the difficulties of the weather the night fighters hunt out the enemy. In the brilliant beams of the searchlights the British aircraft are clearly recognizable. The enemy drops his bombs on the city's industrial areas and then tries to get away as quickly as possible. At top speed other German night fighters chase after him to shoot up as many of his forces as possible.

Over to the leading Pathfinder aircraft.

"How far are we from the target, Nav.?"

"About twenty-five miles."

"O.K. Stand by to drop prelim-

inary target marker."

"Standing by."

A voice from the mid-upper turret. "Flak coming up port behind, skipper."

"O.K."

The guns are just beginning to open up down below. Ahead lies Berlin, still and silent. Berlin seems to be lying down there like a gigantic mouse, frightened to move, petrified. Suddenly it is galvanized into life; hundreds of gun flashes come up from its roofs, its parks and its railway flak.

"Don't weave, for Christ's sake, skipper, only another minute." This from the navigator.

Again the captain's voice, "O.K."

He is not saying much. Both hands are on the wheel, his eyes are darting everywhere looking for trouble and hoping not to find it. His aircraft seems huge, it appears to be the only one in the sky, every gun down below seems to be aiming at him, the gun flashes are vicious, short and cruel.

Down below, to the Germans, he is the first of many hundreds of small spots on cathode-ray tubes. The civilians have long since gone to their shelters, but those of the A.R.P., police and fire-watching services are beginning to hear the loud angry roar of the invading force.

"Coming up now, skipper. Steady—coming up—coming up—now! O.K. T.I. gone."

A few seconds later it bursts and cascades on to the ground; a mass of green balls, shining brightly, for all the world like a lit-up merry-go-round, an unmistakable spot of light. . . .

Over to one of the main force aircraft.

"There she is, skip, straight ahead." This from the bomb aimer.

"Fine, the Pathfinders are dead on time."

The navigator looks at his watch and makes a note to that effect. The

bomb aimer starts his stop watch. Three minutes and twenty seconds to go. On all sides other bomb aimers are doing the same, beginning their straight fifteen-mile run through a curtain of steel. Flak is coming up all round leaving black balloons which float by at an alarming speed. Searchlights are weaving, trying to pick up a straggler. The bomb aimer begins to count.
"Three minutes to go, skipper."

Like a fleet of battleships the force sails in. Above are hundreds of fighter flares, lighting up the long lane of bombers like daylight. Now and then Junkers 88's and Me. 110's come darting in and out like black moths trying to deliver their attack. The sky is full of tracer bullets, some going up, some going down. Others hose-pipe out horizontally as one of our rear gunners gets in a good squirt.

Two minutes to go.

More flares have gone down. It seems even lighter than day. Searchlights usually so bright themselves can hardly pierce the dazzling glow of flares up above. Now the tracers are coming up in all colours as combats take place left, right and centre. On all sides bombers are blowing up, as they get direct hits, great slow flashes in the sky, leaving a vast trail of black smoke as they disintegrate earthwards. Some-one bales out.

One minute to go — bomb doors open.

The bomb aimer is still counting.

"Fifty seconds."

"Forty seconds."

There is flak all round now. The leading wave of bombers has not been broken up, a few have been shot down, but the rest have held their course. But the short time they held that course seemed like a lifetime.

There comes the bomb aimer's voice again. "Red T.I.'s straight ahead."

"Good show, there's the sky marker, too."

"Thirty seconds."

Still dead level. Someone in front has already started a fire. Great sticks of incendiaries are beginning to criss-cross across the target-indicating marker. These sticks are a mile long, but from this height they look about the length of a match-stick.

"Twenty seconds."

"Steady—hold it"—and then the bomb aimer shouts: "Bombs gone." There is a note of relief in his voice.

The Lancaster leaps forward, relieved of its burden, diving, slithering. But it keeps straight on over the burning city. Throttles are slammed wide open, the engines are in fine pitch; they make a noise of an aircraft in pain.

A volcano is now raging down below, great sticks of incendiaries are still slapping across the point where the target markers had first gone in. Now black smoke is beginning to rise, but as these target markers burst and drop slowly into the flaming mass, the later bomb aimers have a good chance of aiming at the middle. Cookies are exploding one after another with their slow red flashes, photo flashes are bursting at all heights as each aircraft takes its photographs. This is a galaxy of light, a living nightmare.

As the last wave of bombers roar over, the fires started by the first are beginning to take hold. Against their vivid light can be seen the bottom squadrons, flying steadily on, over the battered city.

The flak is beginning to die, the searchlights have gone out. Once again the ground defences have been beaten.

A few leaflets drift down through the bluish glare, only to be burnt in the flames of the burning houses.

Soon the area is one mass of

flames and the last bomber has dropped its bombs. At last the rendezvous is reached and the surviving bombers turn for home.

That is how it is done, by young men with guts, by science and by skill. The Germans do everything in their power to stop it, but in vain. There are too many variations; feint attacks can be made, or the bombers can attack in waves. They can come in at hourly intervals; they might come over on a night when the German fighters cannot get up. And on every raid new devices are carried, made by scientists, to help defeat the German defences.

This was the beginning, the end of three years' hard experiment. The real answer had been found and the bomber could at last hit hard. It could choose tactical or strategical targets. Both were allergic to bombs.

An 8,000-pounder came whistling past my wing-tip on its way down, and a few seconds later a great slow, heavy flash came up from the ground where it had landed and my aircraft was bounced and tossed about as though it were a leaf. I remember that once I distinctly saw a shower of incendiaries not two hundred yards in front of me. It is indeed curious to be underneath a heavy bombing raid in an airplane.

We dropped our load, and my poor Lancaster on its three engines jumped into the air as the bombs fell out of its belly and I banked around and dived for the deck.

During these moments there had been little talk, but once we were clear of the target area all the boys on board started talking.

"Leave tomorrow."

"Tomorrow we go on leave."

"I'm going fishing."

"I'm going to sleep."

"Tomorrow we go on leave."

WATER'S ON (?)



J. Kay
5-10-47

Sugar
& Kuntah la il

105

5-10-44

Susan
Newtchick

Wieder Kanada-Korvette verloren. Einer Meldung aus Ottawa zufolge ist die kanadische Korvette „Regina“ verloren. Der Untergang des Schiffes erfolgte gelegentlich einer Hilfeleistung der „Regina“ für ein in Schwierigkeiten befindliches Handelsschiff in den Invasionsgewässern. Die „Regina“ ist das 17. Kriegsschiff und die 7. Korvette, die die kanadische Flotte in diesem Kriege verliert.

Eintrittskarte

Nr. 52304

Das gute Brot



GERMAN CHEESE.

KÄSEZUBEREITUNG

VELVETA

ALLGAUER HALBFETTE KÄSEZUBEREITUNG
B 2162 • 20%FETT/I.T. • 125g

SWISS CHEESE.

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