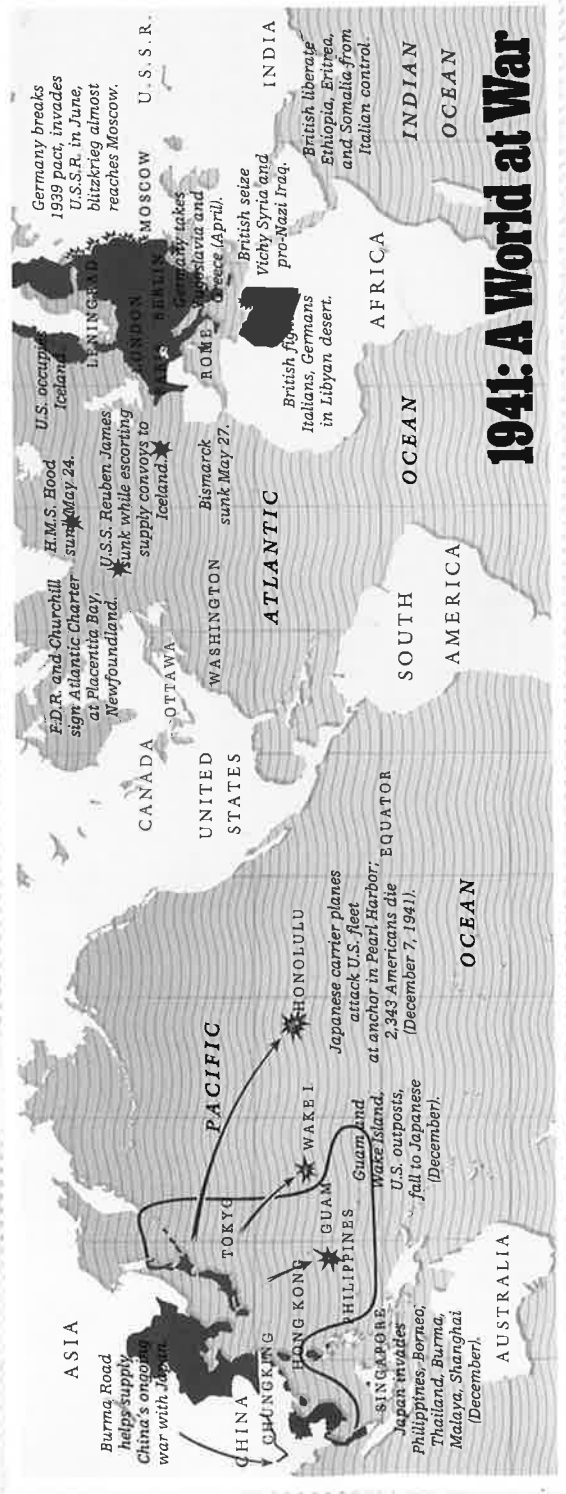


A WARTIME LOG





Germany breaks 1939 pact, invades U.S.S.R. in June, blitzkrieg almost reaches Moscow.

U.S. occupies Iceland

H.M.S. Hood sunk May 24.

F.D.R. and Churchill sign Atlantic Charter at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.

U.S.S. Reuben James sunk while escorting supply convoys to Iceland.

Germany takes Berlin, Moscow, Rome, Yugoslavia and Greece (April).

British seize Vichy Syria and pro-Nazi Iraq.

British fight Italians, Germans in Libyan desert.

British liberate Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Somalia from Italian control.

Burma Road helps supply China's ongoing war with Japan.

Japanese carrier planes attack U.S. fleet at anchor in Pearl Harbor; 2,343 Americans die (December 7, 1941).

U.S. outposts, Philippines, Guam and Wake Island, fall to Japanese (December).

Japan invades Philippines, Burma, Thailand, Burma, Malaya, Shanghai (December).

1941: A World at War



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





THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

Bill Oliver



IF YOU PLEASE - BITTE I AM LOOKING FOR - ICH SUCHE
 WILL YOU ALLOW ME - ERLAUBEN SIE KEEP STILL - DON'T MOVE - NICHT RÜHREN
 I NEED A RAZOR - ICH BRAUCHE EIN RASIER
 MAY I HAVE - KANN ICH BEKOMMEN
 WHAT WORK HAVE I TO DO - WAS HABE ICH ZU TUN.
 I SHOULD LIKE TO PUT ON WORKING CLOTHES - ICH MÖCHTE ARBEITSKLEIDER
 I HAVE BLISTERS ON MY FEET - ICH HABE BLASEN ON DEN FÜSSEN [ANSIEHEN
 DO YOU HAVE - HABEN SIE - ANTISEPTIC - ANTISEPTICUM - MEDICINE - ARSNEI
 I NEED (-) BOXES OF MATCHES - ICH MÖCHTE (-) SCHACHTELN STREICHHÖLZER
 IT IS VERY WARM - ES IST SEHR HEISS
 I AM VERY COLD - ICH FRIERE SEHR

INSTRUCT - UNTERRICHTEN
 INVADE - EINFALLEN
 JOURNEY - REISEN
 KILL - TÖTEN
 LAST - DAUERN
 LEAD - FÜHREN
 LIBERATE - BEFREIEN
 LOSE - VERLIEREN
 KEEP - ERHALTEN
 MEET - TREFFEN
 NAME - NENNEN
 OBEY - GEHORCHEN
 PAY - BEZAHLEN
 PERMIT - ERLAUBEN
 PRAY - BETEN
 PROMISE - VERSPRECHEN
 PROTECT - BESCHÜTZEN
 REMAIN - BLEIBEN
 REPEAT - WIEDERHOLEN
 RETURN - ZURÜCKKEHREN
 REWARD - BELOH
 SAY - SAGEN
 SHAVE - RASIEREN
 STOP - ANHALTEN
 TAKE - NEHMEN
 THINK - DENKEN
 TRANSLATE - ÜBERSETZEN
 TRY - VERSUCHEN
 TURN - WENDEN
 WAIT - WARTEN
 WASH - WASCHEN

AID - HILFE
 BAGGAGE - GEPACK
 BATH - BAD
 BORDER - RAND
 CHANCE - SUFALL
 CLOTHING - KLEIDUNG
 DANGER - GEFAHR
 DELAY - VERSPÄTUNG
 DESIRE - WUNSCH
 KISS - KUSS
 KNIFE - MESSER
 LEAVE - URLAUB
 MEAL - MAHLZEIT
 MISTAKE - FEHLER
 NEED - BEDÜRFNIS
 NOISE - GERÄUSCH
 PEACE - FRIEDE
 PLACE - PLATS
 PRESENT - GESCHENK
 RAG - LUMPEN
 REFUGEE - FLÜCHTLING
 SAFETY - SICHERHEIT
 SEX - GESCHLECHT
 SHELTER - SCHUTSRAUM
 SILENCE - SCHWEIGEN
 SUIT - ANZUG
 TRACK - SPUR
 WALK - SPASIERGANG
 BEAUTIFUL - SCHÖN
 BRAVE - WACKER
 NATURAL - NATÜRLICH
 PERFECT - VOLLKOMMEN
 POSSIBLE - MÖGLICH

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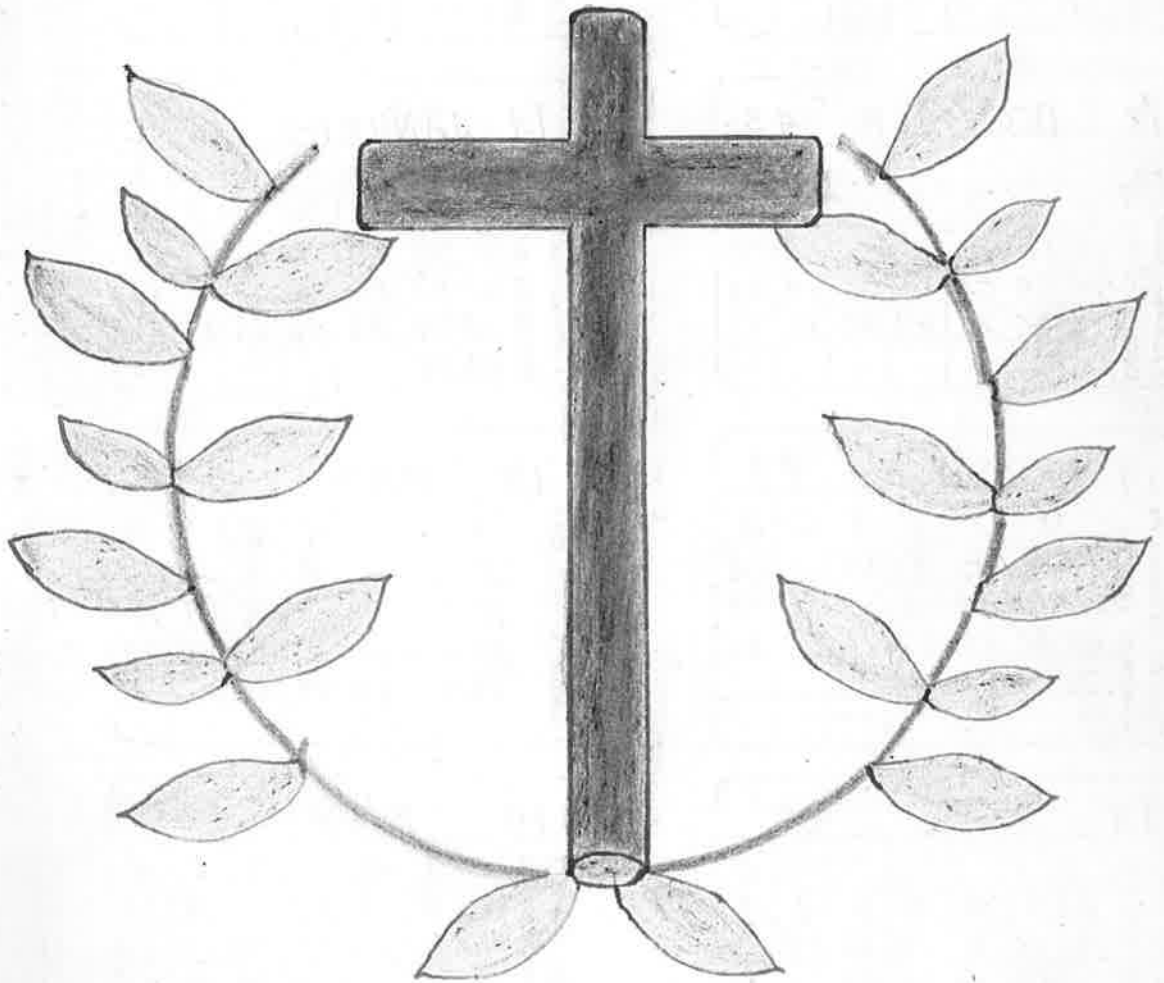
TRANSLATION

| | | |
|-----------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. EINS | 11. ELF | 21. EINS UND ZWANZIG |
| 2. ZWEI | 12. ZWÖLF | 30. DREIßIG |
| 3. DREI | 13. DREIZEHN | 40. VIERßIG |
| 4. VIER | 14. VIERZEHN | 50. FÜNFßIG |
| 5. FÜNF | 15. FÜNFZEHN | 60. SECHßIG |
| 6. SECHS | 16. SECHZEHN | 70. SIEBENZIG |
| 7. SIEBEN | 17. SIEBENZEHN | 80. ACHTßIG |
| 8. ACHT | 18. ACHTZEHN | 83. DREI UND ACHTßIG |
| 9. NEUN | 19. NUENZEHN | 90. NEUNßIG |
| 10. ZEHN | 20. ZWANZIG | 100. EINS HUNDERT |
| 0. NULL | 1000 EINS TAUSEND | |

DAY-TAG WEEK-WOCHE MONTH-MONAT YEAR-JAHR
 SONTAG, MONTAG, DIENSTAG, MITTWOCH, DONNERSTAG, FREITAG, SAMSTAG
 NORTH-NORDEN SOUTH-SÜDEN EAST-OSTEN WEST-WESTEN

FEVER-FIEBER SORE THROAT-HALSWEHN COLD IN HEAD-SCHNUPFEN
 EYE-AUGE BEARD-BART EAR-OHR ARM-ARM STOMACH-MAGEN
 LEG-BEIN BACK-RÜCKEN FRACTURE-BRUCH SPRAIN-VERRENKUNG
 DIRECTION-RICHTUNG MAIN ROAD-LANDSTRASSE DISTANCE-ENTFERNUNG
 RIGHT-RECHTS LEFT-LINKS STRAIGHT AHEAD-GERADE AUS
 BED-BETT BLANKET-DECKE MATTRESS-MATRASSE TOWEL-HANDTUCH
 FORK-GABEL KNIFE-MESSER SPOON-LÖFFEL CUP-TASSE DISH-SCHÜSSEL
 KEY-SCHLÜSSEL NAIL-NAGEL HAMMER-HAMMER ROPE-KLEITERSEIL
 ROOM-SIMMER BATH-BADE STORE-LADEN
 VEGETABLES-GEMÜSE CORN-KORN RADISH-RETTICH CABBAGE-KRAUT
 CARROT-KAROTTE PEAS-ERBSEN BEANS-BOHNEN LETTUCE-SALAT
 FRUIT-FRÜECHE APPLE-APFEL PLUM-PFLAUME PEACH-PFIRSICH
 BERRY-BEERE NUT-NUSS GRAPE-TRAUBE DATE-DAITEL
 ANIMAL-HAUSTIERE COW-KUH HORSE-PFERD PIG-SCHWEIN
 GOAT-BOCK SHEEP-HAMMEL DOG-HUND CAT-KATZE
 CHICKEN-HUHN TURKEY-TRUTHAHN DUCK-ENTE RABBIT-KANINCHEN
 MILK-MILCH COFFEE-KAFFEE COCOA-KAKAO TEA-THEE
 MEAT-FLEISCHSORTEN SAUSAGE-WURST FISH-FISCHE
 CHEESE-KÄSE RICE-REIS EGGS-EIER JAM-MARMELADE
 SALT-SALZ PEPPER-PFEFFER MUSTARD-SENF VINEGAR-ESSIG

APPROACH-NÄHERN ESCAPE-FLIEHEN GIVE-GEBEN
 BETRAY-VERRATEN FATIGUE-ERMÜDEN GO-GEHEN
 CALL-RUFEN FOLLOW-SWINGEN GUIDE-FÜHREN
 CATCH-FANGEN FORCE-NACHFOLGEN HASTEN-EILEN
 DESTROY-ZERSTÖREN FOUND-GRÜNDEN HIDE-VERBERGEN
 DIE-STERBEN FRIGHTEN-ERSCHRECKEN HUSH UP-ERSTICKEN
 ENTER-EINTRETEN



A SALUTE TO THE SANDS OF THE HOUR-GLASS
THE MEASURE OF TIME AS IT FLYS
A TOAST TO MEN WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE
AND A DRINK TO THE NEXT MAN WHO DIES

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|---------|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|--|
| 19 | | OCTOBER | | | | | | | 43 | |
| SHOT DOWN 14 REACHED STALAG 29 | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | | |
| | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | | |
| | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | | | |
| | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | | | |
| | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | | |
| | 31 | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|----|--|
| 19 | | NOVEMBER | | | | | | | 43 | |
| I. MIN. SILENCE 11 DELOSING 25 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | | | |
| | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | | | |
| | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | | | |
| | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | | |
| | 28 | 29 | 30 | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|----|--|
| 19 | | DECEMBER | | | | | | | 43 | |
| ESCAPEE KILLED 7 CHOC. PUDDING 25 | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | | |
| | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | | |
| | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | | | |
| | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | | | |
| | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|--------------|--|
| 19 | | JANUARY | | | | | | | 44 | |
| FUMIGATION 9-13 WILLIAM M3 HIT GAIRD | | | | | | | | | 1 | |
| | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | | |
| | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | | |
| | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | | | |
| | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | | | |
| | 30 | 31 | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|----|--|
| 19 | | FEBRUARY | | | | | | | 44 | |
| POLENA RETURNS 19 GENERAL INS. 26 | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | | | |
| | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | | | |
| | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | | |
| | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | | |
| | 27 | 28 | 29 | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|----|--|
| 19 | | MARCH | | | | | | | 44 | |
| SNOW EVERY DRY | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | | |
| | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | | |
| | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | | | |
| | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | | | |
| | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|--------------|--|
| 19 | | APRIL | | | | | | | 44 | |
| CAMP ELECTION-13 NEW COMP. OPEN 23 | | | | | | | | | 1 | |
| | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | | |
| | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | | |
| | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | | | |
| | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | | | |
| | 30 | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|--|
| 19 | | MAY | | | | | | | 44 | |
| SOFTBALL STARTS 8 STRIKE IN CAMP 23 | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | |
| | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | | | |
| | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | | | |
| | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | | |
| | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|----|--|
| 19 | | JUNE | | | | | | | 44 | |
| WHITE WASH BNS. 1 SUMMER DAYS | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | | | |
| | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | |
| | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | | | |
| | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | | | |
| | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|--------------|--|
| 19 | | JULY | | | | | | | 44 | |
| SPORTS CAMPING 4 REPAIRS LEAVE 26 | | | | | | | | | 1 | |
| | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | | |
| | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | | |
| | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | | | |
| | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | | | |
| | 30 | 31 | | | | | | | | |

19 AUGUST 44

LOG BOOKS ISSUED
ESCAPE ATTEMPT-17

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|--|
| | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | | |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | | |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | | | | |

19 SEPTEMBER 44

MAN KILLED - 15
MOVING RUMOR

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|--|
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | | |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | | |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | | |

19 OCTOBER 44

INFANTRY TAKES OVER
CAMP ELECTION

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--|--------------|
| | | | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | | |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | | |
| 30 | 31 | | | | | | | |

19 NOVEMBER 44

OUT OF PARCELS
HUNGER REIGNS

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | | |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | | | | |

19 DECEMBER 44

FEW PARCELS ARRIVE
CAPT. POINTEA - LEAVES

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--|
| | | | | | | 1 | 2 | |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | | |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | | |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | |
| 31 | | | | | | | | |

19 JANUARY 45

PARCEL FROM HOME
MAJOR 1606 LEAVES

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | | |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | | |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |

19 FEBRUARY 45

HEAVY AIR RAID
PARCELS RUN OUT

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | | |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | | |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | | | | |

19 MARCH 45

EXTREME HUNGER
RUNS RAMPANT

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | | |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | | |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

19 APRIL 45

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | | |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | |
| 29 | 30 | | | | | | | |

19 MAY 45

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | | |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |

MY FIRST CRASH

WITH

1ST LT. PRICE, PILOT
 2ND LT. FALLOW, COPILOT
 2ND LT. DUNLAP, BOMBARDIER
 F.O. ANDERSON, NAVIGATOR
 T/SGT. LOUBET, TOP TURRET
 S/SGT. EVENSON, RADIO
 SGT. MASSEY, BALL TURRET
 T/SGT. FASSIG, L. WAIST
 T/SGT. HOSIER, R. WAIST
 SGT. OLIVER, TAIL

MY FIRST CRASH LANDING WAS PERFORMED ON MY FIFTH MISSION. AFTER A BELATED START, ABOUT EIGHT-THIRTY, WE MADE A SUCCESSFUL BOMB RUN ON AN ENEMY AIRFIELD AT ROMMELY-DESUR IN FRANCE. WE HAD NO SOONER TURNED OFF THE BOMBING RUN AND STARTED FOR HOME, WHEN OUR FUEL CONSUMPTION WARNING LIGHTS FLASHED RED. AND WE WERE STILL TWO HOURS FROM HOME, WITHOUT A CHANCE OF EVER MAKING IT.

LOUIE, OUR ENGINEER, BECOMING A LITTLE EXCITED, CALLED OVER THE INTER-COM, "HEY! DUNLAP! OPEN THE BOMB BAY DOORS." WHEN ASKED "WHY," HE REPLIED, "CAUSE I'M HAVING DINNER ON THE RUE-DE-LA-PAIX, AND I DON'T WANT TO JUMP THRU THE DAMNED THINGS." PRICE, THE SKIPPER, FIRST QUIETED LOUIE AND THEN GAVE THE ORDER TO ^{THROW} EVERYTHING OVERBOARD THAT WAS LOOSE OR COULD BE TAKEN LOOSE, SAYING, "WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE OF MAKING IT TO THE CHANNEL WITHOUT THAT WEIGHT, IF JERRY COMES UP AND CATCHES US WITHOUT GUNS — WELL — WE WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT ANY WAY."

I STARTED BY LAYING MY AMMUNITION ON THE TAIL DOOR, THEN OPENED THE DOOR AND KICKED THE AMMO OUT. I TOOK A MINUTE TO WATCH THOSE TWO STRINGS, EACH FIVE HUNDRED ROUNDS LONG, SNAKING DOWNWARD THRU SPACE, STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE HEART OF PARIS, AND HOPED THEY WOULD HIT SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY. NEXT WENT MY GUNS, OXYGEN BOTTLES, MASKS, FIRE EXTINGUISHER, CUSHIONS AND ALL ELSE THAT WAS LOOSE. THEN, WITH THE TAIL CLEAN, I RUSHED UP TO THE WAIST TO HELP THERE. FASSIG AND HOSIER WERE BOTH STANDING THERE DOING NOTHING. BOTH SCARED STIFF. I YELLED AT THEM TO "GET THIS DAMNED STUFF OVERBOARD" AND FASSIG

7

SNAPPED OUT OF IT ENOUGH TO HELP ME SHUCK THE GUNS, ALTHO HE WAS TOO NERVOUS TO BE MUCH HELP. MASSEY CAME OUT OF THE BALL TURRET, AND, WITH HIS HELP, WE SOON HAD THE WAIST CLEARED OF ALL EXCESS WEIGHT.

BY THIS TIME WE WERE OUT OVER THE CHANNEL AND PRICE CALLED, "O.K. EVENSON, YOU BETTER START SENDING OUT S.O.S.. KEEP SENDING 'TILL THE LAST, AND THEN TIE THE KEY DOWN." EVENSON, BEING VERY NERVOUS, ANSWERED BACK SOMETHING IN NORWEGIAN, BUT CALMED DOWN WHEN PRICE LAUGHED AND SAID, "BETTER CALM DOWN AND SEND IT IN ENGLISH, THEY MAY NOT UNDERSTAND THAT STUFF."

DUNLAP, WHO HAD CLEANED OUT THE NOSE, CAME BACK AND THREW STUFF FROM THE RADIO ROOM BACK TO ME. I PASSED THEM ON TO MASSEY, WHO THREW IT OUT THE WAIST WINDOW. AFTER THIS WAS DONE, DUNLAP AND I STARTED KIDDING EACH OTHER ABOUT TAKING A BATH, AS WE WATCHED THE GOLD WATER OF THE CHANNEL, ONLY FIFTY FEET BELOW.

THEN, JUST AS THE ENGLISH COAST CAME INTO VIEW FAR AHEAD, PRICE ORDERED, "EVERYONE GET DOWN, WE'VE BEEN RUNNING ON HOT AIR FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES." DUNLAP, LOUBET AND ANDERSON SAT DOWN WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE BOMB-BAY BULKHEAD, FASSIG SAT BETWEEN ANDY'S KNEES, AND THE REST OF US LAY FLAT ON OUR BACKS, WITH FEET BRACED ON BOMB-BAY BULKHEAD, WITH KNEES SLIGHTLY BENT. EVENSON ON EXTREME LEFT, THEN HOSIER, THEN MASSEY, AND MYSELF ON EXTREME RIGHT. IN THIS POSITION WE WAITED. WOULD WE LAND ON SEA OR LAND?? WOULD WE NOSE INTO A SWELL?? WOULD WE BOUNCE AND TWIST SIDEWAYS?? WOULD WE BE MANGLED, MAIMED OR KILLED?? EACH MAN, WITH CROSSED FINGERS, BREATHED A PRAYER AND WAITED.

THEN, SUDDENLY, A TREMENDOUS JAR AS WE HIT, A SECONDS CALM AS WE BOUNCED, THEN A HARDER, MORE JOLTING, JAR AS WE HIT AGAIN, AND A RIPPING, GRINDING, CRASHING BEDLAM, A THICK SHEET OF DIRT OVER US, AS WE JOLTED AND BOUNCED TO A STOP.

I WAS FIRST OUT AND LOOKED AROUND IN TIME TO SEE PRICE AND FALLOW TUMBLING THRU THE GREENHOUSE WINDOW AND THE OTHERS THRU THE RADIO HATCH.

AFTER TAKING CHECK WE FOUND THAT NO INJURYS WERE SUFFERED. NOT A SINGLE SCRATCH. THE PLANE WAS A COMPLETE WRECK. PROPS BENT, ENGINES SMASHED, NOSE CAVED IN, WING BATTERED, BELLY RIPPED OUT AND BALL TURRET SHOVED THRU THE TOP. AS WE LOOKED IT OVER THERE IN THE CENTER OF AN ENGLISH SHEEP PASTURE, WITH OUR EYES, EARS, NOSE AND MOUTH FULL OF DIRT, STRAW AND SHEEP MANURE, NOT A ONE OF US THOT TO EVEN SAY, "DAMN!"

MY SECOND CRASH

WITH

1ST LT. KLETTE, PILOT
 F.O. REED, CO-PILOT
 2ND LT. ISACCS, BOMBARDIER
 2ND LT. MADDEN, NAVIGATOR
 T/SGT. LOUBET, TOP TURRET
 S/SGT. EVENSON, RADIO
 T/SGT. HARDY, BALL TURRET
 S/SGT. MARRON, L. WAIST
 SGT. OLIVER, R. WAIST
 S/SGT. FATIGATI, TAIL

MY SECOND CRASH OCCURED ON MISSION NUMBER SIX, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL BOMBING ON THE ENEMY SUBMARINE PENS AT NANTES, FRANCE. WE HAD BEEN BRIEFED ON OUR TARGET AT FOUR-THIRTY A.M. BUT, BECAUSE OF A HEAVY FOG, WERE UNABLE TO TAKE OFF UNTIL ALMOST NOON. GOOD LUCK WAS WITH US ALL THE WAY IN TO THE TARGET AND WE HAD SEEN NO FIGHTERS AND VERY LITTLE FLAK. THIS LOOKED LIKE A MILK RUN.

WE HIT THE I.R. AND STARTED DOWN THE BOMB RUN WITH THE TARGET LYING CLEAR BEFORE US. ISACCS RELEASED OUR BOMBS, BUT FOR SOME REASON, DID NOT CALL "BOMBS AWAY". KLETTE, SEEING OTHERS DROP THEIR BOMBS, AND THINKING OURS WERE STILL IN THE RACKS, DETONATED OURS. HE SAID NOTHING ABOUT THIS AND ISACCS TRIED TO CLOSE THE DOORS ELECTRICALLY. WHEN THEY WOULD NOT CLOSE HE BECAME FRANTIC AND RAN THEM UP AND DOWN UNTIL THE WORM SHAFT WORKED FREE AND FELL OUT. THE DOORS COULD NOT BE CLOSED AT ALL THEN.

BY TURNING TO SHARPLY OFF THE BOMB RUN, WE CAME WITHIN RANGE OF THE MANY HEAVY FLAK GUNS LOCATED AT ST. NAZAIRE. THESE BATTERYS LAID UP A VERY HEAVY BARRAGE AND, ALTHO WE ESCAPED ANY SERIOUS INJURY, WE WERE HIT MANY TIMES BY SMALL PIECES. AT LAST WE WERE THRU THE FLAK AND STARTING OUT OVER THE BAY OF BISCAY, THE SECOND FORMATION, WHO HAD FOLLOWED US ACROSS THE TARGET WITHOUT LAYING THIER OWN EGGS, NOW TURNED OFF TO CROSS THE TARGET ON THIER OWN BOMB RUN. ONE OF THIER SHIPS, APPARENTLY CRIPPLED, SEEMED UNDECIDED WHETHER TO GO BACK ACROSS WITH HIS OWN FORMATION OR TO GO HOME WITH US. THEN AN ENEMY SHIP CONVOY APPEARED AHEAD OF US AND HE TURNED IN TO MAKE HIS RUN ON THE CONVOY. ALL OF THE

GUNNERS WERE BLASEING MERRILY AWAY AT THIS CONVOY WITH NEVER A HOPE OF EVEN COMING CLOSE, BUT IT WAS THE FIRST THING WE HAD SEEN TO SHOOT AT. THE CRIPPLE DROPPED HIS BOMBS, WHICH LANDED ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD OF HIS TARGET. NOT BAD AT ALL WITHOUT A SIGHT. WE WERE STILL FIRING AT THIS TARGET, HAVING A SWELL TIME, AND THEN, — THE FUEL CONSUMPTION WARNING LIGHTS FLASHED RED.

KLETTE ASKED LOUBET, "HOW MUCH FUEL HAVE WE LEFT?" AND LOUIE ANSWERED, "ONE HOUR AND THIRTY SEVEN MINUTES" HE THEN ASKED MADDEN, "HOW FAR ARE WE FROM HOME?" MADDEN'S ANSWER WAS "ONE HOUR AND FOURTY THREE MINUTES." KLETTE SAID, "OH WELL!! WE'LL MAKE IT." THAT DIDN'T SOUND RIGHT TO ME, BUT THEN I WAS JUST A GUNNER. I WAITED FOR THE ORDER TO JETTISON ALL EXCESS WEIGHT, BUT NO ORDER CAME. UPON QUESTIONING, LOUBET SAID, "ENUF GAS FOR FIFTY THREE MINUTES" AND THEN MADDEN ANSWERED, "FIFTY EIGHT MINUTES HOME." LATER "TWENTY SEVEN MINUTES GAS" AND "THIRTY TWO MINUTES HOME." THEN "EIGHTEEN MINUTES GAS" AND "TWENTY THREE MINUTES HOME"

IT WAS NOW GETTING A LITTLE DARK, OUR BOMB-BAY DOORS WERE FLAPPING OPEN, AND WE WERE NEARLY OUT OF GAS. A COUPLE HUNDRED FEET BELOW US WAS ENGLAND. WE HAD PASSED SEVERAL AIRFIELDS WITH BEAUTIFUL, LONG, INVITING RUNWAYS, STILL KLETTE INSISTED WE WOULD MAKE IT, AND WOULD NOT LAND. TENSION WAS HIGH AND NERVES WERE ON EDGE. "EIGHT MINUTES OF GAS LEFT" AND "THIRTEEN MINUTES HOME" ISACCS WAS BECOMING SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL AND STARTED ARGUEING WITH MADDEN ABOUT SPLASHER CHARTS. KLETTE SAID, "SHUT UP!! YOU BLANK BLANK SO AND SOS," THEN A VOICE WHICH SOUNDED LIKE REED'S SAID, "FOR GOD'S SAKE, KLETTE, LAND HER AND GAS UP." KLETTE ANSWERD "YOU SHUT UP! I'M FLYING THIS SHIP. MAYBE WE WONT MAKE IT. SO WHAT??" THIS WAS TO MUCH FOR FRAYED NERVES TO STAND AND I SAID, "KLETTE, YOU CRAZY SON-OF-A-BITCH, IF YOU WONT LAND, TAKE HER UP HIGH ENUF SO I CAN JUMP." A SHORT SILENCE, BROKEN BY LOUIE'S VOICE SAYING, "THREE MINUTES GAS LEFT" AND MADDEN ECHOING, "EIGHT MINUTES HOME." ANOTHER MINUTES SILENCE, THEN KLETTE, SUDDENLY SEEMING TO REALISE WHAT THAT MEANT, SHOUTED HYSTERICALLY "EVERYONE GET DOWN IN THE RADIO ROOM, QUICK! NAVIGATOR FIND ME THE CLOSEST AIRFIELD." ISACCS CAME RUNNING BACK WILDLY SCREAMING "GET DOWN! GET DOWN! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH." I STARTED TO THROW A BOX OF AMMO BACK INTO THE WAIST, AND ISACCS SCREAMED, "NO! NO! THERE ISN'T TIME. GET DOWN! QUICK!" I STARTED TO LAY DOWN AND ISSACS YELLED, "SOME ONE THROW THAT BOX OUT." I GOT

UP TO THROW IT OUT BUT ISAACS AGAIN WILDLY SCREAMED, "NO! GET DOWN! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!" THEN HE TRIED TO KICK THE BOX OUT OF MY HAND. I KICKED HIM HARD IN THE BELLY SAY, "SHUT UP, YOU HYSTERICAL SON-OF-A-BITCH. YOUR DEATH WOULD CERTAINLY BE NO LOSS." I THREW THE BOX OUT AND AGAIN LAY DOWN. I HAD NO MORE THAN GOT SET, WHEN SUDDENLY ALL WAS STILL. OUR ENGINES WERE ALL DEAD. WE WERE OUT OF GAS.

WE GAVE A DOWNWARD PLUNGE. THERE WAS A ROAR, AND THEN A DEAFENING CRASH, A SICKENING LURCH, ANOTHER CRASH. A BEDLAM OF WOOD SPLINTERING, AND METAL RIPPING. WRENCHES, CRANKS, SPARE TUNEING UNITS, BOXES, CUSHIONS AND A MILLION OTHER THINGS, WERE FLYING AROUND LOSE. I FELT AS THO SOMEONE WAS DUMPING A TRUCKLOAD OF SCRAP IRON ON MY HEAD.

THEN WE FINALLY CAME TO A STOP. I OPENED MY EYES, AND ALTHO IT WAS NOW ALMOST DARK, I COULD SEE THE WALLS AND ROOF HAD BEEN RIPPED FROM OVER ME. A FIRE WAS GETTING A GOOD START IN OUR NUMBER FOUR ENGINE. I ROLLED OVER AND OUT OF THE SHIP, LANDED IN A TREE, CLAWED MY WAY DOWN THRU IT TO THE GROUND, AND STARTED PUTTING DISTANCE BETWEEN THAT FIRE AND MYSELF. NO ONE HAD BEEN WORRYING ABOUT ME, BEFORE, AND I WASN'T WORRYING ABOUT THEM NOW. I WAS LOOKING OUT FOR OLIVER.

THE FIRE TRUCK ARRIVED AND GOT THE FLAME UNDER CONTROL, AND THEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED. ONLY THEN DID I GO BACK TO THE SHIP. LOUIE CAME TO THE AMBULANCE UNDER HIS OWN POWER, A SIX INCH GASH IN THE TOP OF HIS HEAD. THEN THEY CARRIED REED OUT, BRUISED, AND BLEEDING FROM A DOZEN CUTS, AND A BROKEN SHOULDER. NEXT THEY CARRIED OUT KLETTE. A BROKEN, SNIFFLING, WHINING, WRECK. BASHED AND HACKED AROUND THE HEAD, COMPOUND FRACTURES OF THE SKULL, BROKEN SHOULDER, ARM AND LEG, AND SEVEN BROKEN RIBS. MADDEN, WHO HAD REMAINED IN THE NOSE UNTIL THE END, NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

WE HAD RUN INTO A NARROW WOODS OF LARGE TREES. ONE TREE CLIPPED OFF OUR WING JUST OUTSIDE THE NUMBER ONE ENGINE, ANOTHER CLIPPED IT JUST INSIDE NUMBER ONE. ANOTHER SMASHED THE NOSE IN COMPLETELY, AS WE SPUN, ANOTHER CLIPPED THE TIP OF THE TAIL OFF, THE SHIP WAS TORN IN HALF AT THE RADIO ROOM, AND FIRE DESTROYED WHAT WAS LEFT. PIECES WERE SCATTERED FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YARDS.

MILITARY EXPERTS, AFTER RECONSTRUCTING THE CRASH, AND EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE, CLAIMED IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY MAN TO COME OUT OF IT ALIVE. YET ALL SIX MEN IN THE RADIO ROOM CAME THRU UNSCRATCHED.

MY THIRD CRASH

WITH

1ST LT. HOLSTROM, PILOT
 2ND LT. FERGUSON, CO. PILOT
 1ST LT. KELLY, BOMBARDIER
 F.O. ANDERSON, NAVIGATOR
 T/SGT. LOUBET, TOP TURRET
 SGT. URHAN, RADIO
 SGT. MASSEY, BALL TURRET.
 S/SGT. MARRON, L. WAIST
 SGT. OLIVER, R. WAIST
 T/SGT. FATIGATI, TAIL

ON MY THIRD CRASH, WE HAD BEEN TO GYDNIA, POLAND WHERE WE HAD MADE A SUCCESSFUL BOMB RUN ON THE DOCKS, AND THE GERMAN NAVY. THINKING THIS HARBOR OUT OF RANGE OF OUR BOMBERS, THE ENEMY HAD CONCENTRATED HER FLEET THERE WITH DISASTEROUS RESULTS. WE BOMBED FROM AN ALTITUDE OF TWENTY FOUR THOUSAND FEET BUT AS SOON AS WE TURNED OFF THE BOMB-RUN WE LET DOWN TO SIXTEEN THOUSAND TO CROSS BACK OVER SWEDEN, DENMARK AND NORWAY. THE FLAK OVER THESE COUNTRIES WAS EXCEPTIONALY INACCURATE, ALL BURSTING THREE OR FOUR MILES BEHIND AND EIGHT OR TEN THOUSAND FEET BELOW US. THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY BEEN TRYING TO HIT US. OVER DENMARK WE ENCOUNTERED A LARGE GROUP OF ENEMY FIGHTERS COMPOSED MOSTLY OF "THE CHECKERBOARDS" (J.U.88^S AND M.E.110^S) WHO GAVE US A VERY HOT TIME FOR ABOUT A HALF HOUR. OTHER THAN THIS, WE ENCOUNTERED NO ENEMY RESISTANCE.

AS WE STARTED OUT ACROSS THE NORTH SEA, WE DISCOVERED OUR GAS GAUGES WERE NOT REGERISTING, HAVING STUCK AT SEVEN HUNDRED GALLONS. WE KNEW OUR FUEL SUPPLY WAS LIMITED AND IT WOULD BE CLOSE WHETHER WE MADE IT OR NOT. HOLSTROM SAID, "WELL! OLIVER! HERE YOU GO AGAIN. YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO BY THIS TIME." I ANSWERED, "AW HELL, SIR, THIS IS GETTING AWFULL MONSTENOUS," AND STARTED THROWING THINGS OUT OF THE WINDOW. I CLEANED OUT THE WAIST BY MYSELF, WHILE MARRON, TRYING HIS BEST TO GET SCARED, LOOKED ON. THEN I STARTED TO CLEAN OUT THE RADIO ROOM. URHAN, WHO WAS SCARED SILLY, (THIS BEING HIS FIRST MISSION) WOULD STOP SENDING S.O.S. EVERY COUPLE OF MINUTES SAYING, "WHAT'S THE USE?? NO ONE IS RECEIVING IT ANYWAY." I'D PAT HIM ON THE SHOULDER TO CALM HIM DOWN AND SAY, "KEEP ON SENDING. SOMEONE MAY PICK IT

UP, THEN IF WE DO GO DOWN THEY'LL AT LEAST KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR US." FOR SOME REASON I KNEW WE WERE GOING TO CRASH ON LAND AND NONE OF US WERE GOING TO BE HURT. DON'T ASK ME WHY OR HOW, BUT I WAS POSITIVE IT WOULD BE THAT WAY.

AS I WAS STANDING IN THE RADIO ROOM, LOUIE CAME BACK WITH THE FIRE AXE IN HIS HAND. HE HANDED IT TO ME SAYING, "HERE! HOLSTROM SAID YOU MIGHT WANT TO USE THIS BUT NOT TO CHOP THE TAIL OFF YET." LOUIE AND I SMOKED A CIGARETTE AND JOKED ABOUT NEVER GETTING HOME, THEN LOUIE WENT BACK TO THE GREEN HOUSE. I WENT TO WORK WITH THE AXE, CUTTING OUT THE AMMO BOX, RADIO SEAT, SPARE TUNING UNIT CABINET, FIRE EXTINGUISHER BRACKET AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT LOOKED LIKE IT COULD BE CUT LOOSE. I WAS THROWING EVERYTHING BACK IN THE WAIST FOR MARRON AND FATIGATI TO THROW OUT. WHEN EVERYTHING WAS CLEAR I LOOKED BACK AND THEY HAD VERY CAREFULLY STACKED EVERYTHING IN A NEAT PILE. I TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO THEM JUST WHAT BIG HELPS THEY WERE. I ALSO TOLD THEM WHAT ELSE THEY WERE, EVEN TRACING THEIR RESPECTIVE FAMILIES BACK FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS. THEN I THREW THEIR PLAYHOUSE OUT BY MYSELF. EVERYTHING WAS NOW ALL READY TO CRASH, NOTHING MORE TO DO. I WENT INTO THE RADIO ROOM, LAID DOWN, AND WENT TO SLEEP.

WHEN I AWAKENED, WE WERE FLYING LOW OVER ENGLISH SOIL WITH NO IDEA OF JUST HOW MUCH GAS WE HAD, EXCEPT THAT WE WERE NEARLY OUT, AND SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO LAND. URBAN HAD QUIT SENDING AND I TOLD HIM TO GET BACK ON THE JOB. HE SENT S.O.S. ABOUT FOUR TIMES WHEN HOLSTROM SAID, "EVERY ONE DOWN IN THE RADIO ROOM. THERE'S A SMALL FIELD AHEAD. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH IT." EVERYONE GOT DOWN AND I REACHED UP AND TIED THE RADIO KEY DOWN AS HOLSTROM SAID. "DINGHY! DINGHY! PREPARE TO CRASH." I LOOKED TO SEE DUNLAP, ANDERSON AND LOUBET WITH BACKS TO THE BOMB BAY BULKHEAD, MARRON SITTING BETWEEN ANDY'S KNEES AND URBAN, FATIGATI, MASSEY AND THEN MYSELF, LYING ON OUR BACKS, FEET BRACED AND KNEES BENT. EVERYTHING ALL SET. WE MIGHT CRASH BUT I FELT CERTAIN NO ONE WOULD BE HURT.

THE WHEELS WERE DOWN AND WE WERE COMING IN FOR A REGULAR LANDING. MAYBE WE WOULDN'T CRASH AFTER ALL. WELL! THAT WAS ALRIGHT WITH ME. I FELT THE WHEELS TOUCH THE GROUND AND A SLIGHT BUMPING AS WE ROLLED ACROSS THE SMOOTH GROUND, AND THEN, SUDDENLY — C-C-R-R-A-A-S-S-H-H! A TREMENDOUS JAR,

A FEARFUL ROARING AND RUMBELING, I FELT THE SHIP BUCKLE UNDER ME AS WE JOLTED AND PLOWED TO A JARRING STOP.

THE SHIP HAD BUCKLED AT THE RADIO ROOM AND NEARLY BROKEN IN HALF. THE SIDE HAD CAVED IN OVER THE TOP OF ME SO THAT I COULD NOT GET OUT UNTIL EVERYONE ELSE DID. AFTER EVERYONE HAD GOTTEN OUT, I CRAWLED FROM UNDER MY TIN CANOPY AND STARTED LOOKING AROUND TO VIEW THE DAMAGE. THE PLANE WAS PRETTY WELL TORN UP AND I DECIDED I MAY AS WELL GET OUT. I STARTED THRU THE HATCH AND MET FURRGY COMING IN, WITH A WORRIED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE. WHEN HE SAW ME ON MY WAY OUT, AND UNINJURED, A BIG GRIN SPREAD ACROSS HIS FACE AS HE SAID, "DAMN IT OLIVER! JUST BECAUSE THESE CRASHES DON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE IS NO SIGN YOU SHOULD SCARE HELL OUT OF THE REST OF US. COME ON OUT." I ANSWERED, "SURE! GET YOUR FAT ASS OUT OF THE WAY SO I CAN."

WE LOOKED THE PLANE OVER AND FOUND IT WAS PRETTY COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED. THE LANDING GEAR WAS WIPED OUT, THE BALL TURRET PULVERISED, NOSE CAVED IN, PROPS BENT UP, WING BATTERED AND TORN AND FUSILAGE RIPPED UP. WE HAD LANDED ON WET GRASS AND HADN'T SLOWED DOWN AT ALL. AT A SPEED OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES AN HOUR WE HAD RUN THRU A BRICK HOUSE, LEVELLING IT TO THE GROUND. THEN WE RAN THRU A PETROL DUMP TEARING OUT PIPES AND VALVES. THEN THRU A FIVE THOUSAND GALLON OIL STORAGE TANK, SHREDDING IT INTO LONG NARROW STRIPS WHICH SPLAYED OUT LIKE PETALS ON A DAISY, THROWING OIL OVER EVERYTHING. THEN WE ENDED UP BY NOSEING INTO A LARGE, THICK, DIRT BANK ABOUT TEN FEET HIGH, WHICH STOPPED US. WE FOUND, BY MEASUREING, THAT ENGINES ONE AND FOUR WERE DRY OF GAS, NUMBER THREE HAD ABOUT ONE QUART AND NUMBER FOUR HAD NEARLY A GALLON.

WE HAD TORN HELL OUT OF ANOTHER PLANE BUT NONE OF US HAD RECIEVED A SINGLE SCRATCH IN DOING IT.

URHAN WALKED OFF A WAYS AND LITE UP A CIGAR, TURNED AND LOOKED BACK AT THE WRECK AND SAID, "THIS CIGAR IS A TOAST TO MY FIRST AND LAST MISSION. I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, BROTHER, I WAS SCARED."

MY LAST MISSION

WITH

1ST. LT. GUS. A. HOLSTROM, PILOT.

2ND LT. FRANCES E. FURGUSON, CO-PILOT.

1ST LT. KELLY, BOMBARDIER.

F.O. ANDERSON, NAVIGATOR.

T/SGT. PAUL LOUBET, TOP TURRET.

SGT. "MIKE" URHAN, RADIO.

S/SGT. FRED MASSEY, BALL TURRET.

SGT. "ARKIE" ELLSWORTH, L. WAIST.

S/SGT. BILL OLIVER, R. WAIST.

T/SGT. CHARLES FATIGATI, TAIL.

ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER FOURTEENTH, NINETEEN FORTY THREE, AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, I WAS AWAKEND BY THE C.Q. SHAKING MY SHOULDER AND SAYING, "ALRIGHT OLIVER! LET'S GO! YOUR ON THIS ONE." I SPRANG OUT OF BED, RUBBING MY EYES AS I LOOKED AROUND ME, AND STARTED PULLING ON MY CLOTHES. MASSEY WAS THE ONLY OTHER ONE OF MY OLD, ORIGINAL CREW WHO WAS GETTING UP. EVENSON, WHO WAS TRYING TO GET OFF COMBAT, HAD GOTTEN HIMSELF GROUNDED TEMPORARILY; MARRON CLAIMED HE WAS GROUNDED, ALTHO NO-ONE, INCLUDING THE DOCTOR, KNEW ABOUT IT; NOISY AND BILLIE D. HAD BEEN PLACED ON ANOTHER CREW WHICH WAS NOT SCHEDULED. NOISY WOKE UP AND ASKED, "AM I ON??" WHEN TOLD "NO" HE MUTTERD, "DAMN!" AND WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

ALL OF US, WHO WERE GOING ON THE MISSION, DRESSED VERY HURRIDLY, RAN OUTSIDE AND JUMPED IN TRUCKS, AND RODE DOWN TO THE MESS-HALL. AFTER A HURRIED BREAKFAST OF POWDERD EGGS, SALT PORK, HOTCAKES, CANNED PEACHES AND COFFEE WE WALKED ON DOWN TO THE BRIEFING ROOM.

FIRST WE WERE BRIEFED ON OUR SECONDARY TARGET, WHICH WAS TO BE HIT IN CASE WE COULDN'T HIT OUR MAIN TARGET FOR ANY REASON. THEN WE WERE TOLD, "IF, FOR ANY REASON AT ALL, YOU ARE UNABLE TO HIT IETHER YOUR PRIMARY OR YOUR SECONDARY TARGETS, HIT ANY AIRFIELD, MARSHALING YARDS OR ANY OTHER TARGET OF ANY MILITARY VALUE." MAJOR ROBERTSON THEN READ A TELEGRAM FROM EIGHTH BOMBER COMMAND HEADQUARTERS WHICH STRESSED THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS RAID, AND ENDED WITH, "GOOD BOMBING, GOOD SHOOTING, GOOD 'LUCK AND GOOD BY." BOY! I DIDN'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT "GOODBY" STUFF, THEN MAJOR BARNSFATHER GOT UP TO TELL US OUR PRIMARY TARGET.

USUALLY WHEN THIS WAS GIVEN A LOUD SIGH AND MOAN WOULD ARISE AND LITERALLY SHAKE THE ROOM. THIS MORNING THE SCREEN ROLLED SLOWLY UP, REVELING A LARGE MAP OF EUROPE. MAJOR BARNSFATHER STOOD BEFORE THE MAP, WITH POINTER IN HAND, AND SAID, "GENTLEMEN, YOUR TARGET, FOR TONITE, IS - (PAUSE AS HE STABS TARGET) SCHWIENFORT." YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A PIN DROP ANYWHERE IN THE ROOM. NO WONDER THAT TELAGRAM ENDED WITH "GOODBY". WE HAD BEEN TO SCHWIENFURT ONCE BEFORE AND IT HAD COST US SIXTY-ONE OF OUR BOMBERS. AND THIS TIME WE WERE FLYING "TAIL-END CHARLY."

EVERYTHING WAS EXTREMELY QUIET AS WE WENT TO THE COMBAT ROOM, CHANGED OUR CLOTHES, AND WENT OUT TO OUR SHIPS. ALL OF US KNEW WE HAD ONLY A VERY SLIM, OUTSIDE CHANCE OF EVER COMING BACK FROM THIS ONE. A FEW SCATTERED ATTEMPTS AT HUMOR FAILED MISERABLY, AND SOON ALL WAS AGAIN QUIET. EACH MAN WITH HIS OWN THOUGHTS AS WE WAITED THE ORDER TO "TAKE OFF."

IT WAS A WET, FOGGY, MISERABLE MORNING, AND ALTHO OUR SHIP WAS CHECKED, GUNS IN, AND EVERYTHING READY TO GO, WE COULD NOT TAKE OFF BECAUSE OF THE WEATHER. TAKE OFF TIME WAS ORIGNALY SIX-THIRTY, BUT WAS SET UP TO EIGHT-THIRTY. THEN IT WAS POST PONOED UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK. THEN TEN, THEN ELEVEN. WE WERE ALL HOPING THEY WOULD SCRUB IT ENTIRELY. WE WERN'T A BIT ANXIOUS TO GO ON THIS ONE. BUT AT QUARTER TO ELEVEN THE ORDER CAME "ALRIGHT MEN! LET'S GET 'EM ROLLIN'" AND THEN AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, "BRING 'EM ON OUT HERE MEN. WE CAN'T SCRUBER ANY BALL-BEARINGS SITING AROUND HERE." WE TAXIED OUT TO THE RUNWAY, GOT IN LINE, AND AS OUR TURN CAME, WE GAVE A FINAL SALUTE TO OUR GROUND CREW WHO WERE WATCHING THE TAKE OFF, AND HEADED INTO THE BLUE.

THE SKY WAS HEAVILY CLOUDED, AND VISIBILITY ABOUT ONE HUNDRED FEET, AS WE STARTED TO CLIMB. AT ABOUT SIXTEEN THOUSAND FEET WE BROKE THRU THE LAST LAYER OF CLOUDS INTO THE CLEAR AIR AND SUNSHINE. OUR BOMBERS WERE ALL AROUND US AND WE QUICKLY FELL INTO FORMATION. THE THREE SIXTY NINTH LEADING THE GROUP, THREE SIXTY EIGHTH FLYING LEFT WING AND THE FOUR TWENTY THIRD FLYING RIGHT WING, IN PURPLE HEART CORNER. WE RENDESVOUSED WITH OTHER GROUPS OF THE FOURTH WING, FELL IN BEHIND THEM, AND STARTED OUT ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

AS WE CROSSED THE COAST OF HOLLAND AT TWENTY THREE THOUSAND FEET, THE HEAVY FLAK STARTED. THOSE BOYS WERE EXTREMELY ACCURATE TODAY. I SAW A FOUR TWENTY THIRD SHIP FALL OUT OF FORMATION WITH TWO OF HER ENGINES BURNING. I SAW CHUTES OPEN BUT COULD NOT SEE HOW MANY BECAUSE JUST THEN WE CAUGHT A DIRECT HIT ON OUR NUMBER THREE ENGINE, ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS BACK ON THE NUCELL. IT WAS LOSING A LOT OF OIL AND GREASE BUT

DID NOT IMMEDIATELY CATCH FIRE. ANOTHER FOUR TWENTY THIRD SHIP WENT DOWN, AND ANOTHER PULLED UP AHEAD, TO FILL IN A HOLE UP THERE. WE RAN OUT OF THE FLAK AND I CALLED, "NUMBER THREE IS THROWING A LOT OF OIL." I HEARD FURGY SAY, "CHRIST! SHE SHOULD BE FEATHERED," AND HOLSTROM ANSWER, "SHE'S STILL PULLING. WE'LL LET HER GO AS LONG AS IT'S GOT POWER." A FEW MINUTES LATER WE RAN INTO A GROUP OF ABOUT FIFTY ME 109'S. THEIR BRITE YELLOW NOSES TOLD US THEY WERE "THE ABBYVILLE KIDS," GERMANY'S CRACK FIGHTER DUTIFIT. THEY GAVE US A RED HOT TIME FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN OR TWENTY MINUTES AND THO I WAS DOING A LOT OF SHOOTING, MY FIRE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF ANY HITS. A FOUR TWENTY THIRD SHIP DOVE STRAIGHT DOWN PASSED US, A MASS OF FLAME; ANOTHER PULLED UP AHEAD AND THEN THE LAST ONE WENT DOWN. THE ATTACK WAS OVER, BUT WE, WITH CRIPPLED ENGINE, WERE CLEAR OUT IN "COFFIN CORNER" FOR THE NEXT ONE.

THEN IT CAME. WHAM! BANG! CRASH! A HEAVY BARRAGE OF FLAK AND WE WERE RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF IT. DOZENS OF HOLES APPEARD ALL THRU OUR SHIP AS IF BY MAGIC. FATIGATI CALLED, "TAIL GUNNER HIT BUT STILL AT GUNS." WE GAVE A SUDDEN BIG LUNGE, A DEAFENING EXPLOSION, AND ANDY CALLED, "MY GOD!! WE'RE HIT BAD IN THE NOSE. ARE YOU ALRIGHT KELLY??" THAT WAS THE LAST WE EVER HEARD OF IETHER ANDY OR KELLY. SUDDENLY THE FLAK STOPPED AND A LARGE GROUP OF FIGHTERS CAME SWOOPING IN ON US. HOLSTROM AND FURGY PUT OUR SHIP THRU EVERY TYPE OF EVASIVE ACTION IN THE BOOKS. THEY WERE BOUNCING IT ALL OVER THE SKY LIKE A TOY BALLOON BUT STILL THOSE FIGHTERS HUNG ON. GUNS WERE BLASING IN A WILD TATOO. NO TROUBLE TO FIND SOMTHING TO SHOOT AT. WE WERE SURROUNDED BY ENEMY FIGHTERS. A CRASH NEXT TO ME WHICH NEARLY KNOCKED ME DOWN. I FELT LIKE MY WHOLE LEFT SIDE HAD BEEN RIPPED AWAY. THEN I FELT A HARD BLOW ON THE LEFT SIDE OF MY HEAD JUST ABOVE MY EAR. SHELLS SEEMED TO BE TEARING THRU THE SHIP BY THE HUNDREDS. I CAUGHT AN ME 110 IN MY SIGHT AND FIRED ABOUT FIFTY ROUNDS AT HIM BEFORE HIS STARBOARD ENGINE BURST INTO FLAME AND HE TURNED LASILY TO THE PORT, AWAY FROM US, WITH FLAMES SPREADING.

OUR CONTROLS HAD BEEN SHOT AWAY AND WE WERE NOW CIRCELING SLOWLY TO THE LEFT. THE REST OF OUR FORMATION WAS FAR OUT OF SIGHT. WE WERE ON OUR OWN NOW. OUR SHIP WAS A BEDLAM OF RIPPING, TEARING METAL AND EXPLODING SHELLS. OUR OWN GUNS WERE BARKING MADLY AS WE ATTEMPTED TO FIGHT OFF THE ATTACK. I FELT A RED-HOT IRON GRASE THE THIRD FINGER OF MY LEFT HAND. ANOTHER ME.110 WAS COMING IN AT FIVE O'CLOCK. I GOT MY SIGHTS

ON HIM AND PULLED THE TRIGGERS. HIS LEFT WING BLEW OFF, HE BURST INTO FLAME AND PLUNGED STRAIGHT DOWN, WITH NEVER A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT. AN ME.109 WAS COMING IN ON US FROM TWO O'CLOCK. I GOT IN A GOOD BURST AT HIM AND SAW HIM SEEM TO FALTER AS ONE WING DIPPED SLIGHTLY. HE CROSSED OVER US TOWARD SEVEN O'CLOCK. JUST THEN OUR TAIL GUNNER CALLED, "ME.109 GOING DOWN AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. LOTS OF SMOKE."

THERE WAS AN EXCEPTIONALLY OMINOUS CRASH AND I KNEW INSTINCTIVELY THAT OUR OXYGEN HAD BEEN HIT. I GLANCED AT THE OXYGEN GAGE AND SAW THE NEEDLE POINTING TO "EMPTY". JEEES! WE WERE SHOT FULL OF HOLES, CONTROLS AND OXYGEN SHOT OUT, AND NO TIME TO CHECK HOW MANY DEAD AND WOUNDED. I GRABBED MY EMERGENCY OXYGEN MASK AND SLIPPED IT ON. I TURNED THE VALVE WIDE OPEN, TOOK A COUPLE OF DEEP BREATHS AND FELT MY HEAD SEEM TO CLEAR. ONLY THEN DID I REALISE I HAD BEEN SUFFERING FROM LACK OF OXYGEN. I GLANCED AT MY OLD MASK AND SAW TWO LONG GUTS IN IT. I FELT MY CHEEK AND FOUND TWO LIGHT SCRATCHES. I HADN'T EVEN FELT THEM.

I TURNED BACK TO MY GUN AND STARTED FIRING AGAIN. THEN I HEARD HOLSTROM SAY, "THIS THING IS GOING TO BLOW UP ANY SECOND. EVERYONE GET OUT QUICK. SHE'S TOO HOT TO HOLD ON AND LEAVING IT NOW IS OUR ONLY CHANCE. O.K. BOYS. BAIL OUT!! HIT THE SILK!! SOLONG AND GOODLUCK!"

I DROPPED MY GUN AND RAN TO THE WAIST DOOR. AS MASSEY STARTED UP OUT OF THE BALL, I SWUNG THE DOOR OPEN, PULLED THE EMERGENCY HANDLE AND KICKED LIKE HELL. NOTHING HAPPEND. THE DOOR WAS STUCK. I LOOKED BACK AT THE TAIL AND SAW FATIGATI WAS GONE AND THE TAIL DOOR OPEN. I RAN BACK TO IT, SET DOWN, SWUNG MY FEET OUT, GRABBED THE DOOR FRAME, PULLED MYSELF OUT AND LET GO. I FELT FOR THE RIP-RING AS I FELL, COUNTING ALOUD, "ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND ONE, ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWO, ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND THREE, ETC". WHEN I REACHED ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY I GAVE THE RING A BIG YANK. I FELT A JERK AND LOOKED UP TO SEE MY CHUTE OPENED AND FILLED. BOY! DID THAT LOOK GOOD??

AS I DRIFTED DOWNWARD, A JU.88 CAME CIRCLING AROUND ME. I THOUGHT OF WHAT A HELPLESS TARGET I WAS AND WHEN HE TURNED HIS NOSE IN AT ME I EXPECTED HIM TO START SHOOTING. HOWEVER HE JUST SMILED AND WAVED AT ME AS HE FLASHED BY, AND THEN FLEW AWAY LEAVING ME ALONE.

I LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THE GROUND ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND FEET BELOW ME. I REACHED FOR A CIGARETTE BUT FOUND THAT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE THEY HAD BEEN LOST. THEN I STARTED GETTING CLOSE TO THE GROUND. THE CLOSER I GOT, THE FASTER

IT SEEMED THE GROUND WAS RUSHING UP TO MEET ME. I STARTED GETTING PRETTY CLOSE AND I COULD SEE I WAS HEADING FOR A SMALL PATCH OF WOODS. I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF LANDING IN THOSE TREES AND HAD MY EYE ON A SMALL CLEARING ON THE FAR SIDE. I HAD HOPES OF MAKING IT, BUT IT WAS GOING TO BE CLOSE. THEN, JUST AS I THOUGHT I WAS CLEAR, MY KNEES CAUGHT THE TOPMOST BRANCHES OF THE TALLEST TREE IN THE BUNCH. MY CHUTE WENT SLACK AND LEFT ME SITTING THERE, LIKE A BIRD ON A PERCH.

I UNBUCKLED MY CHUTE AND THREW THE HARNESS AWAY, THEN TOOK A LOOK AROUND. I COULD SEE NO SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE. NOTHING BUT COUNTRYSIDE. I LOOKED UP AND SAW SEVERAL LITTLE WHITE DOTS THAT MUST BE THE CHUTES OF MY CREW MEMBERS, BUT THEY WERE SO HIGH I COULDN'T TELL HOW MANY THERE WERE. THEY WEREN'T GOING TO LAND ANYWHERE NEAR ME SO I BEGAN TO FIGURE HOW I WAS GOING TO GET DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE.

I STARTED DOWN AND AT FIRST IT WAS FAIRLY EASY. THE BRANCHES WERE CLOSE TOGETHER AND I MADE GOOD PROGRESS. THEN, AS I GOT CLOSER TO THE GROUND, THE BRANCHES THINNED OUT AND THE GOING GOT HARDER. I DISCARDED MY WINTER FLYING BOOTS. A FEW MORE FEET AND I DISCARDED MY MAE WEST AND HEAVY COAT. THEN WENT MY WINTER FLYING PANTS AND MY HELMET. THEN MY HEATED GLOVES. I WAS AS FAR AS I COULD GO NOW. THE TREE WAS TOO BIG TO REACH AROUND IT AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE MORE LIMB BETWEEN ME AND THE GROUND, AND IT WAS TOO FAR TO REACH. I STARTED TO EDGE SLOWLY OUT ON THE LIMB I WAS ON, HOPING IT WOULD SPLINTER OFF AND SWING ME ONTO THE LIMB BELOW. THEN, SUDDENLY, IT SNAPPED OFF, AND SENT ME TWISTING AND SPINNING THRU THE LOWER LIMB, AND ON, TO THE GROUND.

LANDING ON MY FACE, I LAY STILL FOR A FEW MINUTES TRYING TO REALISE THAT I WAS NOT ONLY STILL ALIVE, BUT WAS ACTUALLY SAFE ON THE GROUND, SOMEWHERE IN ENEMY TERRITORY. I HAD NO IDEA JUST WHERE I WAS, BUT SOON DECIDED I BETTER START GETTING OUT OF THERE. I RAISED MY HEAD AND THERE, WITH GUNS POINTED STRAIGHT AT ME, STOOD TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS. I WASN'T GOING ANYPLACE. I WAS NOW A PRISONER OF GERMANY.

CAPTURE

WHEN I WAS CAPTURED BY TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS, AFTER FALLING OUT OF A TREE, I FOUND I WAS NEAR THE SMALL VILLAGE OF ROMMELSHAYEN, ABOUT TWENTY MILES NORTH-EAST OF FRANKFURT. I WAS PUT ON A MOTORCYCLE BEHIND ONE OF THE SOLDIERS AND TAKEN INTO THE VILLAGE. I WAS THEN MADE TO WALK THRU THE VILLAGE, FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER, PICKING UP A LARGE ESCORT OF CHILDREN ALONG THE WAY. THE BLACK STARES OF THE OLDER PEOPLE MADE IT VERY PLAIN THAT THEY CONSIDERED ME AN ENEMY. EACH DOORWAY AND WINDOW HAD TWO OR THREE PEOPLE IN IT, AND SMALL GROUPS WERE GATHERED IN THE STREET, ALL ANXIOUS FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE "AMERICAN LUFT GANGSTER"

WE PASSED THRU THE VILLAGE AND I WAS AGAIN PUT ON THE MOTORCYCLE TO CONTINUE MY JOURNEY, THIS TIME WITH A LARGE ESCORT OF BICYCLES. ONE RATHER PRETTY GERMAN GIRL, ABOUT EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD, RODE ALONGSIDE AND SLYLY POINTED TO MY HIP POCKET. I FELT THERE, AND FOUND A CANDY BAR I HAD, PARTLY STICKING OUT. UNNOTICED BY MY GAURD, I TOOK THE CANDY OUT AND HANDED IT TO HER. SHE SMILED, BUT SHOOK HER HEAD "NO", MOTIONING ME TO PUT IT OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THE GAURD SAW IT. I INSISTED SHE TAKE IT, BUT SHE REFUSED. THIS WAS THE ONLY SIGN OF FRIENDLINESS SHOWN ME.

WE ARRIVED AT ANOTHER SMALL TOWN WHERE, AFTER TAKING MY POCKET-KNIFE AND MATCHES, THEY PUT ME IN JAIL. THRUOUT THE EVENING THERE WERE PROBABLY FIFTY PEOPLE CAME IN TO LOOK AT ME, TO GLOAT, AND SPIT AT ME. THEY TALKED SIGN LANGUAGE, AND NEARLY ALL OF THEM TRIED TO GET MY RING. ONE WOMAN CLAIMED HER LITTLE BOY WAS AN AMERICAN AND WANTED MY RING. ALL ASKED IF I WAS MARRIED, IF I HAD ANY CHILDREN AND WHY I WANTED TO BOMB THEM, WHEN THEY HAD DONE NOTHING TO ME. THEN A BOY OF ABOUT SIXTEEN YEARS CAME IN WHO SPOKE A LITTLE ENGLISH. I SUSPECTED A JERRY TRICK AND WOULD ANSWER NONE OF HIS QUESTIONS ALTHO THEY SEEMED HARMLESS. AFTER A WHILE EVERYONE LEFT AND I ATE MY CANDY BAR AND A FEW MALTED MILK TABLETS I HAD. I SLEPT ON THE CEMENT FLOOR, WITHOUT BLANKETS.

NEXT MORNING ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK TWO GERMAN CORPORALS CAME IN, CLICKED THIER HEELS SHARPLY, THREW ME A SMART SALUTE, AND LED ME OUT. A SERGEANT WITH A HORSE AND CART WAS WAITING. HE SNAPPED A SALUTE TO ME, MOTIONED ME INTO THE CART, AND ALL FOUR OF US STARTED OFF. WE WENT BACK THRU ROMMELSHAYEN, PAST THE PLACE WHERE I HAD LANDED, AND THE SERGEANT POINTED OUT WHERE OUR BOMBS HAD LANDED IN A POTATOE

PATCH. THE POTATOES HAD ALREADY BEEN DUG, SO THE ONLY DAMAGE WE HAD DONE WAS TO PUT A FEW HOLES IN THE GROUND.

BY EVENING WE HAD TRAVELED POSSIBLY TWENTY MILES TO A LARGE AIR FIELD. MOST OF THE PLANES HERE WERE M.E. 110'S AND J.U. 87'S, WITH A COUPLE OF PRIMARY TRAINERS AND SEVERAL GLIDERS. I WAS TAKEN INTO A LARGE, WHITE, VERY MODERN BUILDING, BY THE SERGEANT. AFTER MANY "HIE! HITLER" SALUTES AND MUCH CLICKING OF HEELS, I WAS TAKEN TO A ROOM WHERE I WAS SEARCHED. EVERY THING THEY COULD FIND WAS TAKEN FROM ME, AND THEN I WAS ALLOWED TO DRESS AND WAS TAKEN ACROSS THE AIRFIELD TO A GUARD-HOUSE. AS I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW A JERRY OFFICER IN FLYING CLOTHES CAME BY. WHEN HE SAW ME HE SAID, "HI YUH THERE BUB. HOW WE DOIN'?" THIS WAS THE FIRST ENGLISH I HAD HEARD SPOKEN FOR TWO DAYS, AND TO SAY I WAS SURPRISED TO HEAR A JERRY SPEAKING SUCH OBVIOUS AMERICAN WOULD BE UNDERSTATING IT GROSSLY. HE CAME IN AND STARTED TALKING TO ME. HE ASKED IF I HAD ENJOYED A GOOD SUPPER. I TOLD HIM I HADN'T EATEN FOR TWO DAYS AND HE SEEMED VERY ANGRY ABOUT THAT. HE TOLD ME THAT FOOD WAS "ESSEN" AND WATER WAS "VASSER". THEN HE CALLED THE GUARD AND HAD HIM BRING ME SOME SOUP AND BLACK BREAD. HE SAID, "OF COURSE THIS ISN'T LIKE THE "BLACKHAWK" BUT IT'S THE BEST GEMANY HAS TO OFFER." AS I ATE, HE TOLD ME THAT HE HAD BEEN UP YESTERDAY, AND WHEN I SAID, "MAY BE YOUR THE ONE WHO GOT ME," HE LAUGHED AND SAID, "COULD BE! I GOT YOU YESTERDAY AND ONE OF YOUR BOYS GET ME TOMORROW. WHAT THE HELL! IT ALL EVEN'S UP IN THE LONG RUN." HE SAID HE HAD GONE TO HIGH SCHOOL IN CHICAGO AND HAD GRADUATED FROM NORTHWESTERN U. WHERE HE HAD PLAYED SOME FOOTBALL BUT WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO MAKE A LETTER. HE GRADUATED IN '38 AND HAD THEN RETURNED TO GERMANY. AFTER HE LEFT, I WENT TO BED.

NEXT DAY I WAS TAKEN, ALONG WITH ANOTHER PRISONER, BY TRAIN, BUS, HORSE-CART, AND BY WALKING, INTO FRANKFURT. THERE I WAS AGAIN SEARCHED, AND PLACED IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. I REMAINED IN MY SIX BY SEVEN FOOT ROOM FOR EIGHT DAYS, SEEING NOONE BUT MY GAURD WHO BROUGHT ME A GLASS OF TEA AND TWO THIN SLICES OF BLACK BREAD TWICE A DAY, EXCEPT FOR THE ONE TIME EACH DAY I WAS ALLOWED TO GO TO THE LATRINE. THEN I WAS NEVER ALLOWED TO SPEAK TO ANY OTHER PRISONERS. I SAID "HELLO" TO ONE PRISONER ONCE AND RECEIVED A KICK FROM MY GAURD FOR IT. AFTER THAT I MADE NO MORE ATTEMPTS AT CONVERSATION.

AFTER EIGHT DAYS OF SOLITARY, I WAS TAKEN BEFORE A JERRY OFFICER TO BE QUESTIONED. I GAVE MY NAME, RANK, AND ARMY SERIAL NUMBER, AND MY MOTHERS NAME AND ADDRESS. TO ALL OTHER QUESTIONS I REPLIED "I DONT KNOW" OR "I DONT REMEMBER." THE JERRY BECAME FURIOUS AND HAD ME TAKEN BACK AND PUT IN A DUNGEON CELL. WHEN THEY PUT ME IN I SAW IT WAS THE SAME SIZE AS MY OTHER CELL, BUT WITH NOTHING IN IT. FLEA POWDER HAD BEEN SCATERED FREELY OVER WALLS AND FLOOR. THEN THEY SHUT THE DOOR AND I COULD SEE NO MORE. THERE WAS NO VENTILATION AND NO SOUND. I SANG TO MYSELF FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, THEN THOUGHT TO MYSELF FOR A WHILE, THEN SANG SOME MORE. AFTER A WHILE THEY GOT ME AND TOOK ME BACK TO BE QUESTIONED AGAIN. AGAIN I REFUSED TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS, SO WAS AGAIN PLACED IN "THE HOLE". NEXT MORNING I WAS AGAIN TAKEN FOR QUESTIONING. THIS TIME JERRY TOLD ME WHEN I CAME INTO THE ARMY, EACH FIELD I HAD BEEN IN, WHAT I HAD DONE AT EACH FIELD, WHEN I CAME OVERSEAS, AND EACH RAID I HAD FLOWN. HE EVEN TOLD ME OF A LETTER I HAD WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE I WAS SHOT DOWN, AND WHO I HAD WRITTEN IT TO. THEN HE ASKED ME HOW MAJOR REARDON AND CAPT. FLANNIGAN WERE, IF LT. SHARKEY WAS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AFTER HIS TONSILECTOMY, AND SEVERAL OTHER QUESTIONS ABOUT OFFICERS. I REFUSED TO ADMIT KNOWING ANY OF THEM. THEN HE SAID, "YOU VILL LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPEND TO THE OTHERS OF YOUR CREW. ANDERSON, KELLY AND UGHRN VER ALL KILLED. ELLSWORTH HAD THE THUMB AND FIRST TWO FINGERS OF HIS RIGHT HAND SHOT OFF. FURGY HAD ONLY SLIGHT WOUNDS AROUND THE HEAD BUT HAD BEEN HIT BY A 20M.M. IN THE ANKLE. WITH GOOD MEDICAL CARE HE MAY ESCAPE AMPUTATION. LOUBET HAD BEEN HIT MANY TIMES BY 20 M.M. AND FLAK FRAGMENTS. MASSEY HAD BEEN HIT IN THE RIGHT ARM AND LEG BY FLAK. FATIGATI HAD BEEN BADLEY HIT IN THE RIGHT HIP BY FLAK. HOLSTROM HAD BEEN THE ONLY ONE TO ESCAPE INJURY. AFTER REFUSING TO ADMIT KNOWING ANY OF THESE MEN, I WAS GIVEN A CIGARETTE, WHICH MADE ME DISSY, AND WAS RETURNED TO MY ORIGINAL CELL.

THAT EVENING I WAS AGAIN TAKEN FROM MY CELL AND PUT IN ANOTHER CELL. A FEW MINUTES LATER ANOTHER PRISONER WAS PUT IN WITH ME. A FEW MINUTES LATER FATIGATI CAME IN, AND THEN HOLSTROM. WE WERE GIVEN BACK SOME OF OUR BELONGINGS. I RECIEVED MY RING, FOUNTAIN PEN, COMB AND EMPTY WALLET. THEY KEPT MY MONEY, KNIFE, SEVERAL PICTURES AND A DOOR-KEY SOUVENIER I HAD CARRIED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

WE WERE THEN TAKEN OVER TO ANOTHER BUILDING WHERE WE WERE TO SPEND THE NIGHT. WE WERE ALLOWED TO MINGLE TOGETHER HERE. HOLSTROM HAD SEEN ALL OF THE CREW EXCEPT ANDERSON, KELLY, URHAN AND MYSELF. JERRY HAD TOLD HIM WE WERE ALL DEAD. FURGY HAD SEEN URHAN LYING IN THE RADIO ROOM BEFORE HE HAD BAILED OUT AND THAT URHAN WAS DEFINATLY DEAD WITH A 20 M.M. BETWEEN THE EYES. HOLSTROM HAD GONE OUT THE BOMBARDIER HATCH AND HE CLAIMED THAT ANDY NOR KELLY WERE IN THE NOSE. HE ALSO SAID THAT ALL OF US LEFT THE SHIP ABOUT THE SAME TIME, THAT HE WAS LAST TO LEAVE AND THE SHIP BLEW UP TEN SECONDS AFTER HE LEFT IT.

NEXT MORNING WE WERE TAKEN TO DULAG WHERE WE WERE ISSUED A SHIRT, A PAIR OF SOCKS, AN OVERCOAT AND TWO PACKS OF "ELEGANTE" CIGARETTES. WE WERE FINGERPRINTED AND HAD OUR PICTURES TAKEN ALSO. MY HEATED SUIT WAS TAKEN, AS WAS MY WINTER FLYING SHOES. WE RECEIVED SOME JERRY SOUP, BLOOD SAUSAGE AND GREENS, WHICH TASTED PRENY GOOD AFTER TEN DAYS OF BREAD AND WATER.

THAT EVENING, ALONG WITH A HUNDRED AND NINETEEN OTHER ENLISTED MEN PRISONERS, I WAS TAKEN TO THE RAILROAD STATION WHERE WE WERE PUT INTO OLD FRENCH "40 x 8" BOX CARS. WE WERE SHUFFLED AROUND FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS UNTIL THE AIR RAID SIRENS STARTED TO SOUND. MY GOD!! THE R.A.F. WAS COMING OVER WITH THE MARSHALING YARDS FOR A TARGET AND WE WERE RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THOSE YARDS. NOTHING WE COULD DO BUT SIT THERE AND PRAY THOSE BOYS WOULD MISS THEIR TARGET FOR TONITE. WE COULD HEAR JERRY FIGHTER PLANES TAKING OFF, THEN THE FLAK GUNS STARTED. WE SEEMED TO BE WELL SURROUNDED BY THOSE BIG GUNS. THE NOISE THEY MADE WAS DEAFENING. THE R.A.F. WAS DROPPING FLARES ALL AROUND US. SPENT FLAK WAS BOUNCING OFF THE ROOF LIKE HAILSTONES. SEVERAL BOMBS FELL AND THO THEY WERE FAR ENOUGH AWAY SO THEY DID US NO DAMAGE, THEY STILL SHOOK THE CAR WE WERE IN PLENTY HARD.

FINALLY THINGS QUIETED DOWN AND THEN THE "ALL CLEAR WAS SOUNDED. SLOWLY OUR TRAIN PULLED OUT, LEAVING FRANK FURT BEHIND. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SCARED AMERICANS WERE MORE THAN WILLING TO LET GERMANY HAVE HER AIR RAIDS FROM NOW ON. NONE OF US WANTED ANY MORE OF THEM.

STALAG XVII B

WE ARRIVED IN KREMS, AUSTRIA, ABOUT ELEVEN A.M. SUNDAY, OCTOBER TWENTY NINTH, NINETEEN FOURTY THREE. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY OF US WERE UNLOADED FROM THREE FRENCH "40+8" BOX CARS BY A SQUAD OF OVER ONE HUNDRED GAURDS. INFANTRY, LUFT WAFFE, GESTAPO AND STORM TROOPERS WERE REPRESENTED. FROM THE MANY BLACK LOOKS GIVEN US, WE QUICKLY REALISED THAT SO MANY GAURDS WERE AS MUCH TO PROTECT US FROM THE CIVILIANS AS TO GAURD US FROM ESCAPE.

WE WERE LINED UP AND MARCHED OUT OF THE STATION, DOWN GOERING ROADS, RIGHT ONTO ADOLPH HITLER STREET, WHICH WOUND SLOWLY TO THE LEFT. AS WE REACHED A SMALL MUSEUM, THE FORMER HOME OF MENDOLSOHN, WE AGAIN TURNED RIGHT AND STARTED UP A HILL TO CAMP. WE PASSED THRU A SMALL VILLAGE WHERE THE DARK FEROCIOUS LOOKS OF THE PEOPLE AGAIN REMINDED US THAT WE WERE ENEMYNS. FINALLY WE REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILL AND HAD OUR FIRST LOOK AT THE CAMP WHICH WAS TO BE OUR HOME FOR THE REST OF THE WAR.

THE CAMP WAS LOCATED ON A PLATEAU, HIGHEST ON THE SOUTHERN END, GRADUALLY SLOPEING DOWNWARD TO THE NORTH, THE SOUTHERN END WAS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGHER THAN THE NORTHERN END. FROM EAST TO WEST THE GROUND WAS PRACTICALLY LEVEL. AT THE SOUTHERN, OR HIGH, END WAS A LARGE HOSPITAL, FLYING A LARGE RED AND BLACK SWASTIKA FLAG. THEN, TO THE NORTH, CAME THE BARRACKS FOR GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO GAUROED THE PRISON CAMP, AND NEXT WAS THE PRISON CAMP ITSELF. THE BARRACKS OF THE PRISON CAMP WERE LOW, TARPAPER SHACKS, ABOUT FORTY FEET WIDE BY TWO HUNDRED FEET LONG. MANY OF THE WINDOWS WERE BROKEN OUT AND THE HOLES PLUGGED UP WITH PAPER, RAGS AND CARD BOARD. THE DODRS AND SHUTERS SWUNG LOOSLEY ON BROKEN HINGES. SEVEN CHIMNEYS REARED DESOLATLY OVER EACH BARRACK BUT ISSUED NO SMOKE. OVER ALL THERE WAS A DESPAIRING, FORLORN LOOK OF DIRT AND FILTH. OUR SPIRITS, WHICH WERE VERY LOW ALREADY, DROPPED TO ROCK-BOTTOM. A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MINDS WITH ONE THOUGHT. "GOD!! WHAT A STINKING HOLE IN WHICH TO ROT."

WE WERE MARCHED UP TO A LARGE CEMENT BUILDING, WHICH, WE WERE TOLD, WAS THE DELOUSER. WE FILED INTO THIS BUILDING SINGLE FILE, WERE SEARCHED AND EVERYTHING EXAMINED BEFORE BEING GIVEN BACK TO US. THEN WE MOVED INTO THE NEXT ROOM WHERE WE STRIPPED AND GAVE OUR CLOTHES TO AN ATTENDANT TO BE FUMIGATED. NEXT INTO ANOTHER ROOM WHERE OUR HAIR WAS ALL CUT OFF BY OTHER PRISONERS. THEN INTO A SHOWER ROOM WHERE WE WERE ALLOWED FIVE MINUTES TO SHOWER. WE HAD HAD NO CHANCE TO BATHE FOR TWO WEEKS, YET WE WERE

STILL ONLY ALLOWED FIVE MINUTES. THEN WE PASSED THRU ANOTHER ROOM WHERE WE EXAMINED FOR LICE, BEDBUGS AND MOTORISED DANDRUFF BY A GERMAN, ON INTO A LARGE ROOM WHERE WE STOOD AROUND SHIVERING AS WE DRIED OFF. AFTER A COUPLE OF HOURS OUR CLOTHES WERE RETURNED TO US, WE HASTILY DRESSED AND WERE AGAIN STARTED ALONG OUR WAY.

A FIVE MINUTE WALK BROUGHT US TO THE MAIN GATE OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE CAMP. THE GATE WAS OPENED AND WE WERE COUNTED AS WE WALKED THRU. THE GATE WAS CLOSED AND WE OFFICIALY BECAME "AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR, INTERNED AT STALAG SEVENTEEN B, KREMS, AUSTRIA.

WE WERE MARCHED THRU A SMALL YARD, BETWEEN TWO OF THOSE LONG LOW BARRACKS, DOWN A COMPANY STREET TO A BATTALION ~~ROOM~~ BUILDING, WHERE WE WERE ISSUED TWO GRAY, THIN, JERRY BLANKETS. THEN WE WERE TAKEN TO BARRACK SEVENTEEN A. IT WAS, BY THIS TIME QUIT DARK, SOWE HAD ONLY A VAGUE LOOK AT WHAT WAS AROUND US. WHEN WE WALKED INTO THE BARRACKS A FEW FAINT ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS CAST A GLOOMY LIGHT OVER A DIRTY, DRAB, DISHEARTENING SCENE. ROUGH WOODEN DOUBLE BUNKS, THREE HIGH, WERE LINED ALONG THE WALLS, ABOUT THREE FEET APART, LEAVING AN ISLE ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET WIDE DOWN THE CENTER. BURLAP PALIACES, WITH VERY LITTLE STRAW, WERE ON EACH BUNK. I CHOSE A TOP BUNK, ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS BACK, ON THE LEFT, THREW MY BLANKETS ON IT, AND LAID DOWN. I WAS TIRED, COLD AND HUNGRY AND WANTED REST. IT SEEMED LIKE A MILLION OTHER PRISONERS CAME UP, ALL ASKING THE SAME QUESTIONS. "HOW LONG WOULD THE WAR LAST?" "SIX MONTHS??" "ANY CHANCE OF BEING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS??"

THEN MEN WHO I HAD KNOWN AND TRAINED WITH BACK IN THE STATES, STARTED COMING IN. MACE, BUSSY, GREEK, BROWN, JOCKO, TEES RATHBUN, AND A LOT OF OTHERS. ALL OF THEM ASKED THE SAME QUESTION, "WILL IT BE OVER IN SIX MONTHS??" I ANSWERED "YES" TO ALL OF THEM BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THEY WANTED ME TO SAY. WHAT THE HELL?? I DIDN'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT IT THAN THEY DID. I WAS A STAFF SERGEANT, NOT A FULL GENERAL.

AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, ALL OF THE OLDER PRISONERS, WHOM I SOON LEARNED WERE CALLED "KRIEGYS", STARTED TO LEAVE, AND THE TUMULT AND CONFUSION STARTED TO DIE DOWN. I AGAIN LAID DOWN AND WAS SOON ASLEEP, IN SPITE OF MY COLD AND HUNGER, WRACKED NERVES AND TROUBLED MIND.

I WAS AWAKEND AT SEVEN THIRTY NEXT MORNING BY THE SOUND OF A JERRY GAURD BLOWING A WHISTLE AND

SHOUTING, "ROUSE! ROUSE! ALLUS ROUSE MITEN APPEL!" THIS WAS TRANSLATED FOR US BY AN "OLD KRIEGY" YELLING, "ALRIGHT FELLOWS! FALL OUT FOR ROLL CALL." I CRAWLED OUT OF BED AND PUT ON MY SHOES, (I SLEPT WITH THE REST OF MY CLOTHES ON, FOR ADDED WARMTH) AND "FELL OUT" WITH THE REST OF THE MEN TO START MY FIRST DAY OF KRIEGY LIFE. A DAY WHICH WAS TO BE SO MUCH LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE DAYS WHICH FOLLOWED.

WE FELL OUTSIDE AND LINED UP IN COLUMNS OF FIVE SO THE JERRY GAURDS COULD COUNT US; EACH BARRACK IN THIER RESPECTIVE PLACES. THE JERRY OFFICER, WHOM I LATER LEARNED WAS CAPTAIN POLLETE CAME OUT AND RECIEVED THE REPORTS FROM THE GAURDS, SALUTED THE PRISONERS AND CALLED, "GDOT MORGAN," TO WHICH WE CHORUSED, "GOOD MORNING". WE WERE THEN DISMISSED AND WENT BACK INTO THE BARRACKS. THE "OLD KRIEGY" WHO WAS OUR BARRACKS CHIEF TOOK ABOUT TEN MEN TO GO AFTER OUR BREAKFAST. THEY RETURNED IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR WITH TWO TUBS OF WARM WATER. EACH MAN RECIEVED A "NO. 2 1/2" CAN OF THIS WATER. WE DRANK IT AND BREAKFAST WAS OVER. WE THEN LAID AROUND ON OUR BUNKS, TALKING, PLAYING CARDS, OR READING WHATEVER WE COULD FIND TO READ. AT NINE THIRTY A DETAIL WENT AFTER BREAD. THIS BREAD WAS A COARSE, DARK BREAD WHICH TASTED LIKE SOBBY SAWDUST. EACH MAN RECIEVED ONE SIXTH OF A LOAF FOR HIS DAILY RATION. AT ABOUT ELEVEN-THIRTY ANOTHER DETAIL WENT BACK TO THE KITCHEN AFTER DINNER. THIS TIME THEY RETURNED WITH TWO TUBS OF SOME AWFUL LOOKING MESS THAT THEY CALLED "JERRY SOUP" THIS LOOKED WHOLLY UNEDABLE AND A CLOSE EXAMINATION REVEALED A WEIRD CONGLOMERATION OF POTATOES, ROTABAGAS, CARROTS AND SEVERAL OTHER UNRECOGNISABLE INGREDIENTS. WE ATE IT WITH IMAGINATIONS RUNNING WILD.

AFTER DINNER WEHAD ANOTHER ROLL CALL AND THEN SPENT THE AFTERNOON ANSWERING "SIX MONTHS" TO ALL THE OLD KRIEGYS QUESTIONS OF, "HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?" ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK ANOTHER ROLL CALL, THEN SUPPER OF MORE "JERRY SOUP", AND THEN SITING AROUND ON OUR BUNKS PLAYING CARDS, READING, OR TALKING, MOSTLY OF WHISKEY, WOMEN AND COMBAT, UNTIL THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AT NINE O'CLOCK, ENDING MY FIRST DAY.

NEXT DAY JOCK STAVELLA ASKED ME IF I CARED TO MOVE INTO HIS BARRACKS, THIRTY-NINE-B, WHICH WAS A MORE ESTABLISHED BARRACKS. I MOVED IN THERE, AND REMAINED FOR THE REST OF MY STAY IN STALAG XVII B.

EVENTS OF STALAG

I

ON THE NITE OF DECEMBER THIRD 1943, THE FIRST ESCAPE ATTEMPT WAS THWARTED. WITH A CLEAR, COLD MOON SHINNING OVER A THIN BLANKET OF SNOW, TWO MEN ATTEMPTED TO GO OVER THE FENCE. THEY WERE APPREHENDED BY THE GAURDS IN THE TOWER, WHO IMMEDIATLY OPENED FIRE. ONE MAN, PROKUS, WAS HIT BAD AND THE OTHER ONE MADE A FAST BREAK BACK FOR THE BARRACKS. HE LUCKILY GAINED THE SHELTER OF THE BARRACKS WITHOUT BEING HIT. THE GAURDS FIRED SEVERAL SHOTS INTO THE BARRACKS, INJURING AN INNOCENT MAN IN BED. THEN THE GAURDS TURNED THIER GUNS ON PROKUS, WHO WAS CRAWLING FOR SHELTER. HE WAS HIT SEVERAL TIMES, AND AGAIN FLATTEND. THE ROVING GAURDS APPEARED THEN AND THE TOWER GAURDS CEASED FIRE. AS PROKUS LAY DESPERATLY WOUNDED, PLEADING FOR MERCY AND BEGGING THE GAURDS NOT TO SHOOT ANY MORE, A RED-HEADED JERRY SERGEANT WALKED UP TO HIM, CALMLY PLACED A PISTOL AGAINST HIS HEAD, AND FIRED THREE TIMES. THE FUNERAL WAS HELD DECEMBER SEVENTH AND THE WHOLE CAMP TURNED OUT TO STAND AT ATTENTION AS THE CASKET WAS CARRIED PAST AND ON DOWN THE HILL TO AN OPEN GRAVE. TAPS WAS SOUNDED AND ANOTHER MAN HAD GONE WEST.

II

DIFFERENT NATIONALITYS, AMERICAN, FRENCH, ITALIANS, SERBS, RUSSIANS AND OTHERS WERE SEGREGATED TO DIFFERENT INCLOSURES BUT ALL IN THE SAME CAMP. THE RUSSIANS WERE TO OUR WEST AND THE CEMETARY WAS TO OUR EAST. DURING THE WINTER MONTHS THERE WAS AT LEAST ONE DEAD RUSSIAN CARRIED BY EVERY DAY, AND SOME DAYS THREE OR FOUR, WITH ONE DAY AS HIGH AS SEVEN. THEY WERE SO WEAKEND AND RUN DOWN FROM LACK OF FOOD THAT THEY COULD NOT STAND THE CONTINUAL COLD. DEATH WAS ATTRIBUTED TO PNUEMONIA OR INFLUENZA, INSTEAD OF MALNUTRITION AND POISEN WHERE IT BELONGED. THE BODIES WERE WRAPPED IN PAPER, TIED WITH STRING AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMPED IN A HOLE. THIS CAUSED A MINIMUM OF FUSS AND BOTHER TO THE GERMANS WHOSE HARDEST JOB WAS TO REMOVE THE DEAD BEFORE THEY WERE EATEN BY COMRADES.

III

OTHER NATIONALITYS WERE NOT ALLOWED CIGARETTS AS THE AMERICANS WERE, ALTHO THEY DID HAVE MANY THINGS THAT THE AMERICANS WANTED. THEREFORE A BRISK TRADING WENT ON. WE WOULD THROW CIGARETTS OVER THE FENCE AND

THEY WOULD THROW BACK MACARONI, ONIONS ETC. JERRY PUT A BAN ON THIS TRADING, BUT STILL IT CONTINUED. ONE DAY A PACK OF CIGARETTES LANDED INSIDE THE WARNING WIRE AND AN ITALIAN DUCKED UNDER TO GET IT. A GUARD SHOT AT HIM, HITTING HIM IN THE TEMPLE, CUTTING A DEEP GASH WHICH BLED PROFUSLY AND RENDERED THE MAN UNCONCIOUS. HE LAID THERE TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE REGAINING CONCIIOUSNESS AND WAS, BY THEN, WEAKEND FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. HE WAS UNABLE TO ARISE, AND ROLLED AND FLOPPED AROUND FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR, GRADUALLY GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER, UNTIL AT LAST HE COULD NO LONGER MOVE, AND QUIETLY BLED TO DEATH. AN HOUR LATER JERRY CAME AND CARRIED HIM AWAY.

IV

MY ONE AND ONLY CHANCE TO TEST THE POWERS OF THE AMERICAN DOCTORS IN CAMP CAME WHEN MY FOOT SUDDENLY WENT BAD. IT LOOKED, FELT AND ACTED LIKE A SPRAIN, BUT I HAD DONE NOTHING TO SPRAIN IT. I WENT TO SEE DR. NUNGASTER ABOUT IT. WHILE AWAITING MY TURN, I HEARD HIM BAWL OUT TWO MEN FOR NOT SHAVEING, AND ONE FOR NOT COMBING HIS HAIR, IN A PROLONGED AND VERY HUMILIATING MANNER. HE REFUSED TO SEE THEM, ALTHO ONE WAS VERY OBVIOUSLY EXTREMELY ILL. WHEN MY TURN CAME, HE LOOKED AT MY FOOT, PINCHED IT A FEW TIMES, PUT ON A VERY WISE MEDICAL LOOK, AND ASKED ME WHAT WAS WRONG WITH IT. I TOLD HIM THAT WAS WHAT I CAME TO FIND OUT. HE TOLD ME TO PUT A BANDAGE ON IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPEND. I WORE A BANDAGE FOR TWO DAYS AND MY FOOT WAS SO BAD I COULD HARDLY WALK ON IT. I WENT BACK AND THIS TIME SAW CAPT. CORCORAN. HE ACTED MUCH THE SAME AS NUNGASTER AND TOLD ME TO CONTINUE WEARING THE BANDAGE. I LEFT, THOURGHALY DISGUSTED WITH THE TWO MEN WHO WERE SO OBVIOUSLY IGNORANT OF ANY MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE, CALLING THEMSELVES DOCTORS. I WORE THE BANDAGE TWO MORE DAYS WITH MY FOOT GETTING WORSE. I REMOVED THE BANDAGE THEN, AND MY FOOT QUICKLY HEALED BY ITSELF.

V

ONE EVENT WHICH WAS MORE COMICAL THAN ANYTHING ELSE WAS WHAT WE LAUGHINGLY CALLED "OUR PICNIC". AN AMERICAN ESCAPE WIZARD, NAMED GRAY, WHO HAD ESCAPED FROM SEVERAL CAMPS THROUOT GERMANY, WAS BROUGHT INTO "SEVENTEEN B"

GERMANY'S ESCAPE-PROOF PRISON CAMP, TO BE HELD FOR FURTHER TRIAL. HE HAD DONE SOME SABOTAGE WORK AND WAS WAITING TO SERVE ONE YEAR AT HARD LABOR. HE WAS PUT IN BARRACK THIRTY-FOUR B, BUT THEN JERRY DECIDED THEY BETTER PLAY SAFE AND PUT HIM IN THE "BOOB". (A PRISON INSIDE A PRISON) IMMEDIATELY AFTER ROLL CALL AND TOLD HIM TO "COME ALONG". HE ANSWERED, "O.K. I'LL GET MY COAT", STEPPED AROUND THE END OF HIS BUNK, AND, VANISHED INTO THIN AIR. THE THREE GAURDS SEARCHED FOR HIM, THEY CALLED IN MORE GAURDS, THEN STILL MORE GAURDS. STILL GRAY COULD NOT BE FOUND HE HAD DISAPPEARED BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES.

NEXT MORNING ALL OF US HAD TO FALL OUT WITH EVERYTHING WE OWNED. WE WERE CHECKED AND THEN HELD UNDER GAURD ALL DAY WHILE JERRYS SEARCHED THE BARRACKS. THEY SEARCHED FRANTICALLY, INSIDE, OUTSIDE, ON TOP, UNDERNEATH, EVERYWHERE. THEY RAN IN DOGS TO HELP, BUT GRAY COULD NOT BE FOUND. THIS PROCEEDER WAS REPEATED NEXT DAY, AND AGAIN THE NEXT. THEN THEY GAVE UP. THEIR ESCAPE-PROOF CAMP WAS NO LONGER ESCAPE-PROOF.

VI

ANOTHER HUMOROUS EVENT WAS THE WRECKING OF THE LATRINE. THIS BUILDING WAS ABOUT SIXTY FIVE FEET LONG BY TWENTY FIVE FEET DEEP. A "KING-SIZE" FOURTY HOLE JOB. AS LONG AS JERRY WOULD FURNISH US NO COAL WE DECIDED TO BURN THE LATRINE CIELING. JUST AFTER DARK ONE NITE THE KRIEGYS SWOOPED DOWN UPON THIS BUILDING "EN MASSE". TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER IT MUST HAVE LOOKED AS THO THE WHOLE CAMP HAD BEEN FEASTING ON LAXATIVES. THE RIPPING, TEARING, CRASHES WHICH IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED WOULD SOON HAVE CHANGED THAT OBSERVERS MIND. MEN PRIED, KICKED, PULLED, TORE AND RIPPED BOARDS FROM THE CIELING WHILE OTHER MEN CARRIED THE WOOD INTO THE BARRACKS AND RUSHED BACK FOR MORE.

JERRY GAURDS, HEARING ALL THE RACKET, CAME ON THE RUN. AS THE GAURDS APPEARED, THE KRIEGYS DISAPPEARED. FIVE KRIEGYS WERE UNABLE TO GET OUT IN TIME, AND SO WERE CAUGHT. ONE GAURD STARTED TO TAKE THESE FIVE TO THE BATTALION BUILDING. AT EACH CORNER ONE MAN DISAPPEARED UNTIL ALL WERE GONE. THIS AMASED AND EMBARRASSED THE GAURD BUT IT AMUSED THE KRIEGYS.

VII

ALTHO A COUPLE OF DEATHS HAD BEEN CAUSED BY TRADEING, THE PRISONERS INSISTED UPON CONTINUING THIS PRACTICE. A WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS OF FOURTY FOUR, SOME AMERICANS THREW CIGARETTES INTO THE RUSSIAN COMPOUND. A RUSSIAN JUMPED OUT OF A WINDOW TO GET THEM. AS HE PICKED THEM UP TWO SHOTS RANG OUT. ONE SHOT KILLED THE RUSSIAN AND THE OTHER WENT INTO THE BARRACK, SEVERLY WOUNDING ANOTHER MAN WHO WAS SWEEPING THE FLOOR. JERRY CAME TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE DEAD MAN, SHOWING A PACK OF "OLD GOLDS" AND A PACK OF "TWENTY GRAND" CIGARETTES STILL CLUTCHED TIGHTLY IN THE DEAD FINGERS. AGAIN THE CAMP WAS WARNED, "IT MAY BE AMERICANS NEXT."

VIII

AN AMERICAN KRIEGY NAMED WILKES WENT CRAZY ONE DAY AND MADE A MAD DASH FOR THE FENCE AND FREEDOM. HE WAS STOPPED BY COMRADES AND TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL. HERE HE WAS PRONOUNCED INSANE AND SENT TO THE BIG HOSPITAL ON THE HILL. THIS, IN ITSELF, WAS NOT UNUSUAL, BUT SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL, HE SUDDENLY LEAPED FROM THE WINDOW AND MADE ANOTHER DASH FOR THE FENCE. OTHER PATIENTS, UNABLE TO REACH HIM, FRANTICALLY SIGNALLED THE GAURD NOT TO SHOOT, THE MAN WAS CRAZY. THE GAURD LOWERED HIS GUN BUT REFUSED TO LET ANYONE GO AFTER WILKES. WILKES CLIMBED THE FIRST FENCE AND STARTED WADEING THRU THE BARB-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT BETWEEN FENCES TOWARD THE GAURD. WHEN HE CAME CLOSE ENUF THAT MISSING WAS IMPOSSIBLE, THE GAURD CALMLY RAISED HIS GUN AND FIRED. WILKES WENT DOWN WITHOUT A SOUND. A HALF AN HOUR LATER HE WAS SEEN TO BE STILL BREATHING BUT WHEN JERRY CAME TO PICK HIM UP HE WAS DEAD. ANOTHER AMERICAN BURIAL ON GERMAN SOIL.

IX

ANOTHER AMERICAN TO DIE WAS LIVINGSTON. HE DIED IN THE BIG HOSPITAL ON THE HILL, AND HIS DEATH WAS ATTRIBUTED TO PNEUMONIA. HIS BODY WAS TAKEN TO VIENNA FOR BURIAL.

REMEMBER ??

The big softball games between the north and the south where the whole Civil War was fought and refought, cussed and discussed?? The Repat boys, after waiting for months, finally marching thru the gates, homeward bound, as the All-Kriegy band blared out with, "Give my regards to Broadway?? The space behind my bunk serving for a hospital, Barber shop, carpenter shop, tailor shop, blacksmith, information bureau and any other needs?? The continual arguments ranging from classic arts and world government, down thru future world happenings and military strategy to drunken brawls and perverted prostitution??

The butter burner candles made from a small can filled with butter for fuel and a piece of sock for a wick?? The pipe stems and cigarette holders made of toothbrush handles and pipe bowls made of wooden shod?? The sand drills made of an inverted wooden cross, a sharpened nail and a shoestring?? The grinders made of perforated milk cans with a handle attached?? Knives from scraps of iron sharpened on a rock?? Dental bridgework and even whole upper plates made of wire and tooth brush handles?? Cook stoves made of tin cans?? Clothes plungers of two cans on the end of a stick??

And remember Fred Massey as the Delaware Dreamer?? Jack Kotters first letter?? Wally Watts' wine?? Soubits' attempted escape?? Sam's Curking's beard?? Bernie Swift's added fat?? Sedford Maj's zip! zip! descriptions?? Jack Stind red cross dealings?? Pierre Moisato managing wrestlers?? John Dvys snake hip dancing?? Hubert Boss' girl friends?? The Miller, DeWigg hoarding combine?? Boster, Brek, Price, Saur poker playing?? Garmon, Collins love inc.?? Pat O'Neil always late?? Chester Beasley's cooking?? Stevens' sexy drawings?? Mandell's arguments?? Slagowski's bluster?? Pollards rumors?? Doc Zingers strip tease?? Donald Duck Kilson's butter burners?? One round bated one round?? Scribbleball Williams' silliness??

yeah!! man!!

REMEMBER??

CAMP LIFE

1943

NOV.

2. TYPHOID SHOTS AT HOSPITAL
7. COAL RATION CUT TO 3 OZ. EACH DAY PER MAN.
10. FIRST DAY OF COMPULSORY CALISTHENTICS.
U.S.A. OFFICERS (1 COL., 1 CAPT., 2 LTS.) ARRIVE IN CAMP.
11. TAPS BLOWN AT 11:00 A.M.
14. FOUR AMERICAN OFFICERS RETURNED TO SAGAN.
15. TYPHOID SHOTS AT HOSPITAL
19. CAPT. NUNGASTER, AMERICAN MEDICAL OFFICER ARRIVE
20. JERRYS TORE UP ALL KRIEGY-MADE CHAIRS + TABLES
25. SECOND DE-LOUSING
27. THANKSGIVING, —, NOTHING SPECIAL.

DEC.

2. G.I. BLANKETS ISSUED. 1 TO 2 MEN.
3. PRAKES - LEVAI ATTEMPT ESCAPE. (PR. 26) BEN BOYEA INJURED
IN BED. 168 SHOTS FIRED IN ALL.
4. RED CROSS PARCELS ARRIVE
7. PRAKES FUNERAL. 6 PALL BEARERS, 18 GAURD OF HONOR, 26 IN
PROCESSION, 54 AMERICANS IN ALL. 4 JERRY GAURDS IN FRONT
AND 4 IN REAR. FRENCH FLAG DRAPED COFFIN IN ABSENCE OF
AMERICAN FLAG. 2-3 FT. FLORAL PIECES. 1 ROSES, 1 LILLIES
12. PROTECTIVE POWER HERE. THEY CANT DO THAT TO US.
23. "D" BARS + "C" RATIONS COLLECTED FOR XMAS DINNER.
25. CHRISTMAS DINNER = SPUDS + CORNED BEEF MASHED TOGETHER,
PICKLED BEETS AND CHOCOLATE PUDDING.
27. CAPT. CORCORAN, AMERICAN MEDICAL OFFICER ARRIVED

1944

JAN.

1. NEW YEAR. LITES UNTIL 1:00 A.M.
8. CAPT. KANE, AMERICAN CHAPLAN, ARRIVED
9. MOVED TO BARRACK 19 FOR 3 DAYS TO FUMIGATE 39
13. WHITE HOUSE COMPOUND QUARENTEEND FOR 2 DAYS. DIPHHERIA
21. WILLIAMS STRUCK GAURD ON NOSE. 6 MONTHS AT HARD
LABOR AND SIX MONTHS SOLITARY CONFINMENT.
25. BARRACK CHIEF 37 GETS 5 DAYS BOOB. CIG. TO RUSSIANS.
28. GREMLIN FIRST ISSUE. (17B. CAMP PAPER)
29. ITALIAN KILLED OVER CIGS. AT HOSPITAL

FEB.

2. PHYSICAL EXAM BY AMERICAN DOCTORS
3. SHAKE DOWN BY GESTAPO AND INFANTRY

4. XMAS RED CROSS PARCELS ISSUED 1 TO 3 MEN.
12. JERRY PAID EACH MAN $7\frac{1}{2}$ MARKS PER MONTH FROM NOV. ON.
18. MAJOR BEAUMONT, AMERICAN MEDICAL OFFICER ARRIVED
19. CAPT. POLETTA RETURNS FROM BURYING SISTER KILLED IN BOMBING. NO MORE GREETINGS AT ROLL CALL.
CHESTERFIELDS ISSUED BY RED CROSS. 14 PKGS. PER MAN.
20. FIRST CLASSICAL RECORDS PLAYED. - LOTS OF SNOW.
21. MEN ROAST PRUNE PITS IN ATTEMPT TO TRAP CROWS.
22. GENERAL INSPECTION BY JERRY CAPT. - DISSATISFIED
24. SHAKE DOWN BY GESTAPO
25. JERRY KNOCKED DOWN BY ELECTRIC WIRE. AMERICANS WERE BLAMED AND PENALIZED BY NO LIGHTS.
26. GOERING'S PRIZE GENERAL ARRIVES TO INSPECT CAMP.
29. LEAP YEAR.

MARCH.

4. SKATEING ON CESSPOOL WITH RED CROSS ICE SKATES
8. JERRY DECLARES WATER SHORTAGE. RATIONING STARTS.
9. DELOUSING
14. PLYLER, LANGSETH GET SEVEN DAYS BOOB, NOT DELOUSING
15. POLLARD GETS SEVEN DAYS IN BOOB FOR NOT DELOUSING
17. RUSSIANS START TO CLEAN LATRINE. TRADING BRISK.
21. FIRST BUGLE FOR ROLL CALL.
22. BIRKLEY HAS TWO FRONT TEETH PULLED.
25. LIVINGSTON DIED OF PNEUMONIA (PP 29)
27. SUN SHINES TO BREAK 61 DAYS CONTINUAL SNOW
28. DOUBLED UP IN BED AS NEW MEN COME IN AND NO ROOM.
31. SWEETS PARCELS ISSUED 1 PARCEL TO 3 MEN.

APRIL

2. SEARCH BY INFANTRY. FIRST TIME MEN MISTREATED
5. HARDTACK ISSUED $1\frac{1}{2}$ OZ. PER MAN. - 1 LOAF BREAD TO 9 MEN.
6. ITALIAN KILLED OVER CIGARETTES (PP 26)
13. CAMP ELECTION. NO CHANGES MADE IN STAFF
14. GARDEN DIGGING STARTED.
16. RETURN TO BREAD RATION OF 6 MEN TO 1 LOAF
20. GARDEN SEED ISSUED
23. NEW COMPOUND OPENED FOR USE.
24. PEASANTS (MOSTLY WOMEN) START PLOWING IN FIELDS
26. 27 JERRY OFFICERS ARRIVE IN BUS TO INSPECT CAMP
28. K.P.'S MOVE TO BARRACKS 29 B.

MAY

1. TANK MOVEMENT ON HIWAY
2. MEASUREMENTS AND WEIGHT CHECKED AT HOSPITAL.
4. JERRY CONFISCATE STOVES WHILE WE'RE AT ROLL CALL

8. FIRST SOFTBALL GAME OF SEASON
10. GESTAPO GIVE ROUGH SEARCH. CONFISCATE CIGARETTES.
11. DELOUSING. JERRY LT. WAVES GUN FRANTICALLY.
12. BIG SEARCH FOR FLYING CLOTHES. XRAY EQUIPMENT ARRIVES BY BUS AND SOME MEN XRAYED. TWO WOMEN NURSES.
13. 5 ROLL CALLS TODAY.
14. ROLL CALL AT 5:30 A.M.
20. TYPHUS EPIDEMIC IN RUSSIAN COMPOUND STOPS TRADING.
23. NO TALK, NO TRADE, NO FALL OUT FOR JERRY.
24. JERRY BEWILDERED BY ACTIONS. STRUCK SOME KRIEGYS
25. REVERSE FORM - FALL OUT QUICKLY - JERRY DUMFOUNDED
27. MACCLINTOCK RESIGNS AS GROUP LEADER - TOWNSEND TAKES OVER
29. 42,000 ROLLS TOILET PAPER ARRIVE. NO FOOD
31. 1 RED CROSS PARCEL ISSUED TO 5 MEN.

JUNE

1. WHITE WASHED BARRACKS WITH SHAVEING BRUSHES
3. RED CROSS FOOD PARCELS ARRIVE
5. SGTS. PLAYING WITH SAILBOATS ON CESS POOL
6. NEWS OF INVASION IN FRANCE
8. FIRST POPPY IN BLOOM
9. RUSSIANS FIXED PORCH LATRINE
12. CANT LEAVE BARRACKS AFTER 9:00 P.M.
16. PROTECTING POWER HERE. NO LITES FOR THEATRE
18. FIRST REPORTS ON JERRYS VI BOMB.
21. PROTECTING POWER RETURNS. THEY CANT DO THAT TO US.
26. JERRY COLNEL HIT BY FOUL BALL WATCHING SOFTBALL GAME
29. R.A.F. FURNISH SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF FLARES AND BOMBS

JULY

1. OUTDOOR BOXING RING STARTED. DEHAVEN GOES TO HOSP.
2. BINGENHIEMER GOES TO HOSP.
4. GALA SPORTS CARNIVAL - TRACK, BOXING, SOFTBALL, ECT.
5. SHAKEDOWN BY INFANTRY
7. SOUP UNEDIBLE FOR THREE WEEKS STRAIGHT.
10. FOUR RUSSIANS BURIED. DAILY OCCURANCE
14. 750 Y.M.C.A. KITS ARRIVE WITH PICCILOS
23. NEW JERRY COLONEL TAKES OVER CAMP.
24. JERRYS ORDERD TO USE NAZI PARTY SALUTE.
26. FIRST REPATS LEAVE FOR HOME.

AUG.

2. Y.M.C.A. KITS ISSUED. PICCILOS START
6. WATER ON FROM STBY, H TO I, 4 TO 8.
7. FRENCH WORKING IN FIELDS WITH OXEN. BEAVER HO!
9. WENT TO SHOWERS IN HOME MADE SHORTS.

- 10. SOME JERRY GAURDS LEAVE. NEW ONES ARRIVE
- 13. 900 LOG BOOKS ARRIVE IN CAMP.
- 14. GERMAN GIRLS WORKING IN FIELDS. BEAVER HO!!
- 17. TWO KRIEGYS DRESSED AS KOMMANDOS PLACE LADDER AGAINST FENCE AND CLIMB OVER. CAUGHT AT TOWER.
- 19. CARDBOARD TOPS PUT ON LATRINE SEATS.
- 22. 15 BRITISH KOMMANDOS ARRIVE
- 24. PROTECTIVE POWER HERE. THEY CANT DO THAT TO US.
- 25. SOUP AND BUTTER TO RUSSIANS.
- 26. JERRYS DEMAND WE PUNCTURE OWN TINS IN PARCELS. NIX.

SEPT.

- 4. LABOR DAY. GALA SPORTS. GRAY ESCAPED (PP27) ROLL CALL AT 8:00 PM.
- 14. TOWELS AND SHOE POLISH ISSUED BY RED CROSS
- 15. WILKES SHOT AT BIG HOSPITAL (PP29)
- 16. ALAN CITRON SENTANCED SIX MONTHS HARD LABOR FOR WRITING HOME, "ALL GERMANS SHOULD BE STERILISED."
- 18. WILKES BURIED. 6 PALLBEARERS, 30 PROG. AMER. FLAG, 4 WREATHS.
- 19. FOOTBALL DISCONTINUED BECAUSE OF INJURYS.
- 21. NEW CHAPEL STARTED. RUSSIANS SEARCHING GARBAGE FOR FOOD
- 22. BRITISH KOMMANDOS REFUSE TO WORK AND ARE THREATEND WITH DEATH BY FIRING SQUAD BY MAJOR 160
- 23. ANNOUNCE INFANTRY TO TAKE OVER CAMP
- 24. ALERT FOR CAMP TO BE MOVED
- 27. FRENCH STEAL CLOTHES FROM RED CROSS BLDG. COURTS-MARTIAL
- 28. BRITISH KOMMANDOS REPLACE FRENCH BUILDING CHAPEL

OCT.

- 2. TIME CHANGE OF 1 HOUR. CONTINUAL RAIN FOR THREE DAYS.
- 3. INFANTRY TAKES OYER. DOG TAG CHECK.
- 11. JERRY PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS DROPPED IN BARRACKS.
- 17. SHAKE DOWN BY S.S. TROOPERS AND GESTAPO
- 20. FIRST ISSUE OF COAL. 15 LUMPS PER DAY FOR EACH BARRACKS.
- 21. HUNDREDS EVACUATING TO NORTH-EAST BY COVERED WAGON, OX-CARTS, HAND-CARTS, HORSES, ETC.
- 23. CAMP ELECTION. SID HALL REPLACES CAGLE IN KITCHEN.
- 24. M'CLAY TAKEN TO HOSP. EMERGENCY

NOV.

- 6. BRITISH KOMMANDOS START TEARING DOWN BARRACKS 40
- 11. SECOND ARMISTICE HERE SAME AS FIRST. JERRY INSPECTION.
- 15. STEVENS GETS 10 DAYS BOOB FOR BEING LATE TO ROLL CALL
- 17. FIRST SNOW IN NEARBY HILLS. MORE RUSS. + SERBS BURIED
- 18 TO 28. OUT OF RED CROSS PARCELS.
- 19. FENCE BETWEEN COMPOUNDS DESTROYED BY G.I.'S
- 20. SMALL RIOT AFTER DARK CAUSED BY TRADEING.
- 21. MEN OF 35 KILLED, COOKED AND ATE STRAY CAT.

- 24. NO MORE REPAIRS FOR BROKEN WINDOWS
- 26. THREE MORE CATS EATEN. 5 RUSS. 4 ITYS BURIED
- 27. LATRINE CEILING CONFISCATED (PP 28)
- 30. "TEX" BRITTON TAKEN TO HOSP. EMERGENCY

DEC.

- 1. CITRON RETRIED SENTANCED TWO YEARS MILITARY PRISON.
- 4 SPUD RATION CUT. RUTABAGAS IN. USED RADIO COIL FOUND. BY GESTAPO IN SHAKEDOWN. SUGAR RATION STOPPED.
- 5. JERRYS STAGE MOCK BATTLE JUST EAST OF CAMP.
- 11. TIN CANS RETURNED TO RECIEVE PARCELS.
- 12. HAGE + SILVA GET 5 DAYS BOOB FOR LATE AT ROLL CALL
- 14. FIRST SNOW OF SEASON IN CAMP PROPER
- 15. CAPT. POLLETE TRANSFERED FROM CAMP
- 21. TWO RUSSIANS SHOT OVER GIGARETTES. ONE KILLED (PP 29)
- 25. XMAS ~ PRE-COOKED BEANS + SPAM, MASHED SPUDS, CHOCOLATE PIE, COFFEE.
- 26. XMAS RED CROSS PARCELS ARRIVE. ANOTHER MAN GOES INSANE.
- 31. SNOW AND ICY WIND. LIGHTS ON TILL 1:00 A.M.

1945

JAN.

- 1. NEW YEARS DINNER OF 4 SPUDS, 2 SLICES BREAD AND COFFEE
- 2. F.W. 190 CRASHED, EXPLODED AND BURNED IN PLAIN VIEW OF CAMP.
- 11. HEAVY SNOW. I NIX ROUSE APPEL. NUMBER TAKEN FOR BOOB-TIME.
- 15. RECIEVED FIRST PARCEL FROM HOME. LONG ROLL CALL AS JERRY REMODELS BUNKS. MAJOR 160E LEAVES CAMP.
- 17. SHOWERS TODAY. P.P. HERE. CAN'T DO THAT TO US.
- 19 RED CROSS COMFORT PARCELS ISSUED (1 TO 2 MEN)
- 29. INFANTRY TRANSIENT DIED OF WOUNDS ON HILL. GRESSETT OF KARKLAND TEX.
- 30 BREAK IN WEATHER AFTER WEEK OF CONTINUAL SUB-ZERO. HIT 21° BELOW.

FEB.

- 7 HIGH EXCITEMENT IN VERY MUDDY CAMP AS FALLING BOMBS HEARD NEARBY. VERY COMICAL. 5 PLANES SEEN GOING DOWN DURING BIG RAID. LARGEST MOST SPECTACULAR RAID TO DATE. 1500 BOMBERS 1000 FIGHTERS.
- 9. KREMS HIT BY FIGHTER-BOMBERS DROPPING 16 BOMBS. FIRST TIME. MISSED BRICK PLANT AND HIT POST OFFICE. VISIBILITY ZERO.
- 10. TWO MORE MEN WENT CRAZY. PERCENTAGE GOING UP.
- 15. LOUD EXPLOSIONS HEARD AND FELT. RUMOR SAYS TWO BRIDGES ACROSS DANUBE DESTROYD AT KREMS TWO MILES AWAY.
- 16. PARCELS START 1/2 PARCEL PER MAN EACH WEEK.
- 21. HUNDREDS EVACUATING TO SOUTHWEST BY COVERED WAGON OX-CARTS, HAND-CARTS, HORSES ETC.

22. REFUGEES ON HIWAY STILL EVACUATING BY THOUSANDS.
27. REFUGEES STILL CROWDING HIWAY. 1 CARLOAD R.C. PARCELS IN.
28. TYPHOID IN RUSSIAN COMPOUND STOPS TRADING. GAURDS PLACED BY KRIEGYS. R.C. XMAS PARCELS ISSUED 1 TO 4 MEN.

MARCH

1. P38^s BUSS CAMP WHILE STRAFING KREMS. RAID LASTS ALL DAY.
2. TRENCH-MORTAR FIRING PRACTICE JUST OUTSIDE CAMP.
5. FOUR DAYS HEAVY WINDS CEASE. SNOW HARDER. REFUGEES STILL MOVING.
13. NEW KOMANDANT ARRIVES IN CAMP. STRONG WINDS PAST FOUR DAYS.
14. BIG SHAKE DOWN AT 10:00 P.M. OF BARRACKS 17. 3 RUSSIANS, 1 AMER. TAKEN.
16. BIG AIR RAID WITH LOW FLYING P51^s
18. MEN OF BARRACKS 36, KILL, COOK AND EAT TWO CATS. NO MORE CATS.
20. BEAVER HO!! GERMAN GIRLS WORKING IN FIELDS FOR SPRING PLANTING.
21. GO FOR SHOWERS AT 6:00 A.M.. RUSSIAN GIRL PRISONER, 20 YRS. OLD, BURIED. KRIEGYS LAND RUSH FOR GARDEN SPOTS AS WARNING WIRE DISCARDED
23. EIGHT RUSSIAN FUNERALS TODAY. STARVATION.
26. BIG ALLIED AIR SHOW LASTING ALL DAY. FEATURING P51^s-P38^s B17^s
25. CAPTAIN RUSSEL, PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN, CONDUCTS FIRST SERVICE
28. FLASHES OF RUSSIAN HEAVY ARTILLARY SEEN IN EAST. FIREING HEARD

APRIL.

1. FLASHES AND REPORTS OF HEAVY ARTILLARY FOR PAST FOUR DAYS.
2. GIGANTIC SPECTACULAR AIR SHOW AS KREMS HIT HARD.
3. GERMAN TROOPS ON HIGHWAY MARCHING FROM NORTHEAST TO SOUTHWEST. TRUCK CONVOYS TRAVELING FROM S.W. TO N.E., CAMP GAURDS ESPECIALLY ALERT. RED GLOW OVER VIENNA TONITE. LATE NEWS REPORTS CLAIM VIENNA-NUSTADT FALLEN AND RUSSIANS HALF-WAY BETWEEN THERE AND VIENNA. A STRAIGHT LINE PLACES THAT 39 MILES AWAY.
4. GERMAN TANKS AND MANY TRUCK CONVOYS ON HIWAY GOING TOWARDS VIENNA. CAMP GAURDS SEEM EXCITED. NEWS REPORT PLACES RUSSIANS 30 KILOMETERS WEST OF VIENNA-NUSTADT AND 15 MILES SOUTH OF KREMS AND 3 KILOMETERS SOUTH OF VIENNA.
5. IN MORNING - LARGE TRUCK CONVOYS REACHING MILES AND MILES, HEAD TOWARDS VIENNA. RUSSIAN PRISONERS COME IN FROM STALAG 17A. IN AFTERNOON - GERMAN PLANE DROPS SEVERAL PAMPHLETS, PICKED UP BY GAURDS. - SMOKE SCREEN LAID SIX MILES EAST OF CAMP. FEW TRUCKS ON HIWAY. - AT NITE MANY PLANES HEARD INDIVIDUALLY, LIKLY JU.52^s. FLARES, LITES AND FLASHES IN EAST. NEWS REPORTS SAY RUSSIANS MOVEING WEST FROM VIENNA - ABOUT 15 MILES AWAY. REYOLTS BETWEEN ARMY-S.S. TROOPERS, CIVILIANS-DESSERTERS IN VIENNA. MANY CAMP GAUROS VERY HAPPY, SOME SAD, ALL VERY EXCITED.
6. ORDER GIVEN TO BE READY TO EVACUATE CAMP AT ANY TIME CREATES EXCITMENT AND CONFUSION. RED CROSS ISSUES ALL NEW CLOTHES. EVERYONE MAKING PACKS. HUNDREDS OF SHIRTS, TROUSERS, SWEATERS, ETC. ETC. GO IN STOVE, EVERYONE RUSHING.

- AFTER DARK MANY FLARES AND FLASHES SEEN PLAINLY. ONE VERY LARGE FIRE ABOUT FOUR MILES TO NORTH-EAST. HEAVY ARTILLARY HEARD AND FELT ALL NITE. MEN UP CONSTANTLY KEEPING OTHERS POSTED ON NEW DEVELOPMENTS. EVERYONE ASKING, "IS IT EVACUATION OR LIBERATION FIRST?"
7. ORDER GIVEN TO EVACUATE CAMP TOMORROW. FOOD AND CLOTHING ISSUED FREELY. EVERYONE HAS PLENTY OF EVERYTHING. LITES ON UNTILL 11:30 AS CAMP IN TURMOIL.
 8. EVACUATION STARTED AT 8:00 A.M. BY GROUPS OF FIVE HUNDRED. I LEAVE IN LAST GROUP AT 12:00 M. WALKED 14 KM. TO OSNA WHERE WE SLEPT ON AN UNPROTECTED WINDY HILL ON MUDDY GROUND.
 9. LEFT OSNA AT 12:30 TO PASS THRU STIXENDORF, WEINSIERAL MAIGEN, LOBENDORF AND AFTER TRAVELING 16 KM. STOPPED ON A WINDY HILL JUST OUTSIDE OF HIMBURG FOR THE NITE.
 10. REFUSED TO MARCH TODAY UNTIL JERRY FED US. GOT 3 SPOONS OF HALFCOOKED BARLEY AND $\frac{1}{18}$ LOAF OF BREAD, BUT SPENT DAY IN CAMP ANYWAY. AT NITE RECIEVED SPUD SOUP AND $\frac{1}{18}$ LOAF BREAD.
 11. LEFT HIMBURG AT 8:30 A.M. TO WALK 23 KM. THRU MÜHLDORF, TRANDORF, AND FIESTRITS TO PÖGGSTALL, WHICH WAS STORM TROOP DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS, WHERE WE STOPPED FOR THE NITE WE SLEPT IN THE OPEN AGAIN AND SOME BOYS WERE ROUGHED UP A LITTLE BY SS. TROOPERS FOR ATTEMPTING TO GET WATER.
 12. ROUSTED OUT AT 9:30 THIS AM BY SS. TROOPERS. WALKED 18 KM. THRU WIENSDORF AND ~~ALTONMARKT~~ TO ALTONMARKT. RAINED MUCH OF THE DAY AND SOAKED US AND BLANKETS. PLACED IN DRY BARNs FOR NITE AND GIVEN LOTS OF STRAW TO SLEEP ON.
 13. HAD CHOW THIS MORNING OF BEEF SOUP FROM COWS BOUGHT FROM JERRY. ONE COW TO FIVE HUNDRED MEN MADE THIN SOUP. LEFT ALTONMARKT AT 11:45, REACHED THE Blue DANUBE ABOUT 3:00 P.M. AND AFTER A DAYS MARCH OF 23 KM. STOPPED AT SARMING STIEN WHERE WE WERE PUT IN BARNs FOR THE NITE.
 14. STAYED OVER IN SARMING STIEN ALL DAY.
 15. LEFT SARMING STIEN AT 8:30 AM. TRAVELING 8 KM. ALONG DANUBE THEN TURNED NORTH. PASSED THRU ST. NIKOLA, STRUDEN AND THRU CRIEN WHERE 3 GROUPS OF SOLDIERS, (PARTY MEN) PASSED US, SINGING RATHER DISPIRITEDLY. ON TO MITTENDORF WHERE WE RECIEVED RATIONS, THEN TO BAUMGARTENBURG WHERE WE STOPPED AT A NUNNERY FILLED WITH PARTY MEN, SS. TROOPERS AND FLAK BATT. STAYED OVERNITE IN NUNNERY AFTER DAYS MARCH OF 23 KM.
 16. MANY SICK STAY AT NUNNERY THIS MORNING. OTHERS LEAVE ABOUT 7:30 AM. PASSING THRU MITTERKERCHEN AND NAARN. SPENT MOST OF AFTERNOON AT A FIELD KITCHEN GETING A LITTLE BARLEY SOUP, BREAD AND HARDTACK. LEFT AND CAMPED IN OPEN FIELD NEAR A STREAM AFTER HIKE OF 23 KM.

17. LEFT CAMP AT 8:15 AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY HIT THE DANUBE. FIRST TOWN WAS MAUTHAUSEN WHERE THERE WAS A LARGE R.R. CENTER WITH LOTS OF ACTIVITY. MANY SOLDIERS AND TRUCKS PASSING CONTINUALLY. JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN STOPPED TO REST BY BODY OF MURDERED RUSSIAN-JEW PRISONER. FURTHER ALONG SAW WHERE OTHERS HAD BEEN KILLED. PASSED WHAT WAS APPARENTLY A LARGE STONE QUARRY BUT PROBABLY AN UNDERGROUND FACTORY, NEXT PASSED A CONCENTRATION CAMP WITH PRISONERS FROM 8 YEARS OLD TO 80, SOME LOOKING VERY BAD. THEN THRU TOWNS OF ST. GEORGEN AND LUFTENBURG TO SPEYREGG WHERE WE CAMPED OUT IN THE OPEN ON A DUMMY AIRFIELD FULL OF BOMB CRATERS. AFTER A MARCH OF 24 KM. ABOUT 9:00 P.M. THE R.A.F. CAME OVER TO BOMB. SOME BOMBS LANDED VERY CLOSE AND RAID CONTINUED FAR INTO THE NITE.
18. UP AND OFF AT 7:00 A.M. PASSED THRU PLESCHING AND AT LINTZ CROSSED THE DANUBE AS THEY WERE MINING THE BRIDGE. STOPPED IN AN APPLE ORCHARD, BEHIND THE HOSPITAL AT WILHERING FOR THE NITE AFTER A MARCH OF 25 K.M. RECEIVED RATIONS AND FORMED GROUPS.
19. STARTED OUT AT 8:00 A.M. PASSING THRU ALKOVEN AND THEN FRAHAM WHERE THERE WAS A LARGE AIRFIELD ON WHICH THERE WERE APPROXIMATELY ONE HUNDRED PLANES (MOSTLY M.G. 109's) AFTER A MARCH OF 19 KM. WE CAME TO KALKÖFEN WHERE WE WERE GIVEN 1/5 LOAF BREAD, 1 OS. CANNED MEAT, 3/4 SPOON SUGAR AND 1/3 SPOON COFFEE AND PLACED IN BARN'S FOR THE NITE.
20. LEFT KALKÖFEN ABOUT 8:30 A.M. TO TRAVEL 28 KM., A LOT OF IT UPHILL. PASSED THRU ST. THOMAS, POTTING, WIOLDORF, NÜMARKT AND THEN STOPPED AT KALLHAM FOR THE NITE. BEFORE REACHING NÜMARKT WE VOTED DON ELDER OUT AND SID HALL IN AS GROUP LEADER. GROUP SIX MARCHED INTO OUR BARN RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES. SOME OF US FOUND ANOTHER BARN AND SOME SLEPT OUT IN THE RAIN. 2 TRUCKS WITH 1600 R.C. FOOD PARCELS ARRIVED ABOUT 9:00 P.M.
21. LAY-OVER TODAY AND THREE MORE TRUCKS OF R.C.P. ARRIVE. PARCELS ISSUED ONE PER MAN. LOTS OF EATS NOW.
22. COLD, HARD WIND BLOWING AS WE LEFT KALLHAM BUT PASSED THRU ERLACH, PETERSHAM AND TAISH BEFORE IT STARTED TO RAIN. THEN IN THE RAIN THRU ANTRICHÖFER AEROLMUSTER TO ELTUNG WHERE WE STOPPED FOR THE NITE IN BARN'S. AFTER A WALK OF 24 KM. FOR DAY.
23. COLD WIND AND RAIN AT START BUT RAIN STOPPED AS WE REACHED MAIRING AND THRU RANSING WHERE WE GOT OFF THE ROAD AND PASSED THRU GURTON AND GEINBURG BEFORE GETTING BACK ON THE RIGHT ROAD AT DURCHHAM. PASSED THRU ALTHIEN AND STOPPED IN BARN'S JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN FOR NITE AFTER WALK OF 24 KM.

- 24 LAID OVER TODAY DOING NOTHING MUCH BUT EATING
25. STARTED MARCH AT 7:30 AM. PASSED THRU MINING AND ST. PETER. AT BRAUNAU SAW FORMATION OF POSSIBLY 300 BOMBERS WITH STRONG FIGHTER ESCORT. SAW FLARES AND HEARD BOMBS IN DIRECTION OF SALSBURG. FLAK GUNS AROUND US FIRED AT LOW FLYING P.51^s CROSSED RIVER OVER BRIDGE THAT HAD BEEN MINED. NEXT TOWN WAS RANSHOFEN AND ABOUT EIGHT KM. FURTHER ON WE CAME TO OUR NEW HOME. THIS WAS A WOODS WITH A FIFTY FOOT CLEARING CUT AROUND US AND A THREE STRAND BARB WIRE FENCE. WATER WAS VERY HARD TO GET AND NO SHELTERS OF ANY KIND. MARCH TODAY WAS 31 KM. FOR A 1st DAY TOTAL OF 325 KM.
26. SPENT MOST OF DAY BUILDING SHELTERS, FROM FRAIL LEANTO TO STURDY LOG CABINS. FRENCH, CANADIAN AND AMERICAN R.C. PARCELS ISSUED 3 TO 4 MEN.
27. MORE FRENCH AND RUSSIANS ARRIVE TODAY. 11,000 IN CAMP NOW. ONE RUSSIAN KILLED FOR STEALING FOOD FROM KITCHEN.
28. MOST OF DAY GATHERING FIRE WOOD AND JUST LOAFING.
29. LOTS OF EXCITEMENT AS REPORT SAIS "WAR OVER"
- 30 EYES SORE FROM SMOKE AS RAIN OF PAST WEEK CONTINUES

MAY.

1. BIG GUNS HEARD PLAINLY. EXTRA LOUD EXPLOSIONS ARE RUMORED AS BRIDGES AT BRAUNAU.
2. SEE LARGE WHITE FLAGS ON BUILDINGS IN SMALL TOWN ACROSS RIVER. RIVER FILLED WITH DEBRIS OF BLOWN UP BRIDGES. ABOUT 6:15 PM. AMERICAN TANK CAPTAIN FROM 13th ARM. DIV. WALKED IN AND AMID CHEERS, LAUGHS AND TEARS ANOUNCED, "GENTLEMEN!! YOU ARE NO LONGER PRISONERS OF WAR. YOU ARE NOW MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES." THEN HE LEFT WITH JERRY STILL HOLDING THE GUN.
3. ABOUT 10:15 AM. TWO JEEPS LOADED WITH G.I.^s CAME IN AND JERRY WAS QUICKLY DISARMED. THEY WERE TREATED PRETTY ROUGH AND KRIEGYS GRABBED ALL THIER BELONGINGS. KRIEGYS SCATTERD OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE BRINGING BACK BUKU FOOD AND SOUVENIRS.
- 5 SPENT YESTERDAY AND TODAY OUT CONFISCATING.

TONITE WE MOVED INTO AN ALUMINUM FACTORY AT RANSHOFEN, AFTER WALKING INTO TOWN IN A HEAVY RAIN. WE NEEDED THREE REST PERIODS WALKING THE DISTANCE FOR JERRY BUT DIDN'T THINK OF RESTING EVEN ONCE WHEN WALKING IT FOR UNCLE SAM.

6. SWELL BREAKFAST TODAY FROM FIELD RATIONS AND CONFISCATED FOOD COOKED IN LAB. THEN MOVED OVER TO ANOTHER BUILDING SPENT MOST OF DAY JUST EATING. HAD CHURCH SERVICES AND A MOVIE. ALSO ISSUED 1/2 LOAF OF WHITE BREAD, MY FIRST IN A YEAR AND A HALF. WENT TO BED BETWEEN DRY BLANKETS FEELING VERY COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY.
7. HAD ANOTHER BIG BREAKFAST THEN SPENT TWO HOURS UNDER A GOOD HOT SHOWER. RED CROSS CLUBMOBILE IN TO SERVE COFFEE, DONUTS, GUM, CANDY AND CIGS. TO ALL. MY FIRST DONUTS IN 18 MONTHS. AT 4:45 WE LOADED IN TRUCKS AND AT 7:00 STARTED FOR THE AIRPORT. CROSSED THE INN RIVER INTO BAVARIA ON PONTOON BRIDGE AND ON TO AIR FIELD NEAR PASSAU. WHERE WE SLEPT IN THE OPEN FIELD AWAITING PLANES IN TOMORROW.
8. HAD EARLY BREAKFAST AND AT 8:00 A.M. THE C47s STARTED TO LAND. THERE WERE FIFTY THREE IN ALL. WE LOADED UP AND AT 11:00 A.M. WE TOOK OFF. WE LANDED AT NANCY AT 1:10 P.M. WE WENT IN TOWN IN TRUCKS AND ATE AT "G.I. JOE'S" A REAL ARMY MESS HALL WHERE, WITH OTHER THINGS, I TASTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A YEAR AND A HALF. CHILI, BAKED HAM, PEANUT BUTTER, AND A FRESH ORANGE. THEN WE BOARDED 40+8 CARS AND STARTED FOR EPINAL PASSING THRU VARANGEVILLE, BLAINVILLE, EINVAUX, CHARMES, VINCEY, IGNEY AND THAON. AT EPINAL WE LOADED INTO TRUCKS AND RODE TO THE RAMP CAMP. ABOVE THE GATE WAS A SIGN, "THRU THESE PORTALS PASS THE BRAVEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD." I HAD DYSENTERY, A SOUR STOMACH AND HEADACHE SO WENT ON SICK CALL. THEY TOOK ME TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE I HAD A HOT SHOWER + THEN TO BED.
- 9-19. IN HOSPITAL WITH REGULAR ROUTINE. RECEIVED PAY OF 1,000 FRANCS ON 12TH EXACTLY 19 MONTHS SINCE LAST PAY.
18. LEFT HOSPITAL AT 10:00 A.M. FOR RAMP CAMP. SPENT P.M. IN EPINAL CONSUMING BEER AND WINE.
19. RECEIVED CLOTHES AND BLANKETS AND ANOTHER PAY OF 1,000 FRANCS. SHIPPED OUT OF EPINAL ABOUT 5:30 P.M. ARRIVING IN NANCY ABOUT 9:00. WALKED AROUND TOWN A COUPLE HOURS BEFORE BOARDING TRAIN FOR PARIS.
- 20 ARRIVED IN PARIS ABOUT 7:00 A.M. SIGHT-SEEING TOUR INCLUDED, AMONG OTHER PLACES, AMERICAN EMBASSY, A.E.F. G.H.Q., FRENCH PARLIMENT, PRISON WHERE MARIE ANTONETTE WAS HELD AWAITING EXECUTION, EXECUTION PLACE OF MARIE ANTONETTE AND LOUIE XVI, ARC OF TRIUMPH AND TOMB OF UNKNOWN SOLDIER, DESTROYED MEMORIAL TO VICTOR HUGO, TROCADERO, NAPOLEONS TOMB, MEMORIAL TO

JOAN OF ARC, WHERE CHOPIN LIVED AND DIED, HOUSE OF MORGAN, CARTIERS OF PARIS, BANK OF FRANCE, WHERE CEASER WAS PROCLAIMED RULER OF WORLD, UNIVERSITY OF PARIS, SARAH BERNHARDT THEATRE, CAFE DE LA PAIX, CONTINENTAL HOTEL, EIFEL TOWER, CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AND THE ROUEN MUSEUM. ABOUT 9:30 P.M. BOARDED TRAIN FOR LA HAYRE.

21. ARRIVED AT LA HAYRE ABOUT 6:30 A.M. LOADED IN TRUCKS AND RODE TO CAMP LUCKY STRIKE, 71 KM. FROM LA HAYRE. WILL SPEND NEXT FEW DAYS PROCESSING.

JUNE

13 LOADED IN TRUCKS THIS MORNING AND DROVE THRU THE FLATEND TOWN OF LA HAYRE TO THE DOCKS. ALL OUR GROUP LOADED ABOARD U.S.S. ADMIRAL MAYO BY 6:00 P.M.

14. SAILED ABOUT 10:00 A.M. LEAVING FRANCE AND WAR BEHIND.

20 DOCKED ABOUT 10:00 P.M. AT BOSTON. CAN SEE LIGHTS OF UNITED STATES FOR FIRST TIME IN EXACTLY 2 YEARS.

21. UNLOADED FROM BOAT AND LOADED ON TRAIN. ARRIVED CAMP MILES STANDISH ABOUT 2:00 P.M.

22. LOADED ON TRAIN AT MILES STANDISH THIS A.M. ARRIVED AT FORT DIX N.J. ABOUT 4:30 P.M.

23. AFTER DAY OF PROCESSING GIVEN 60 DAY FURLOUGH

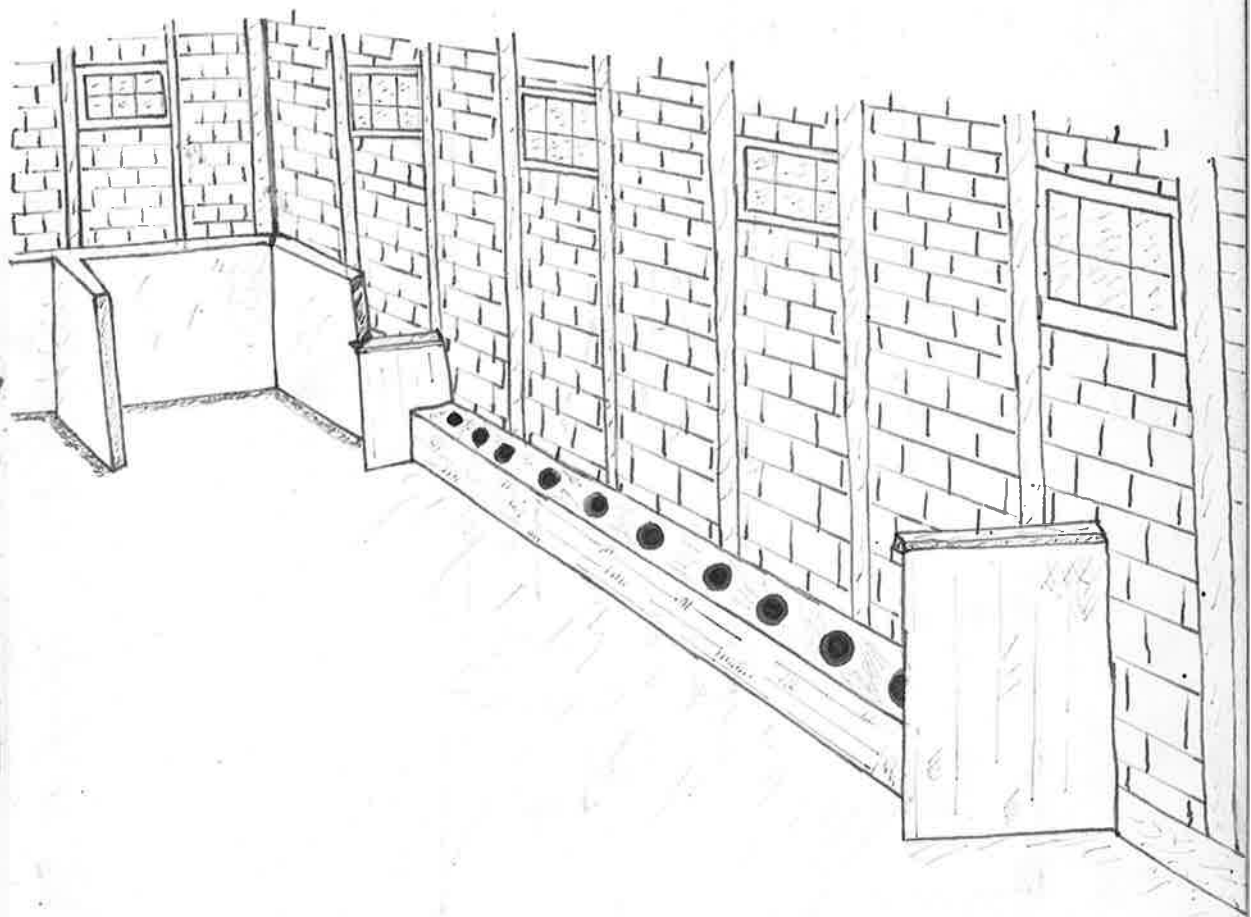
24

→ HOME !!

"THAT'S ALL BROTHER"



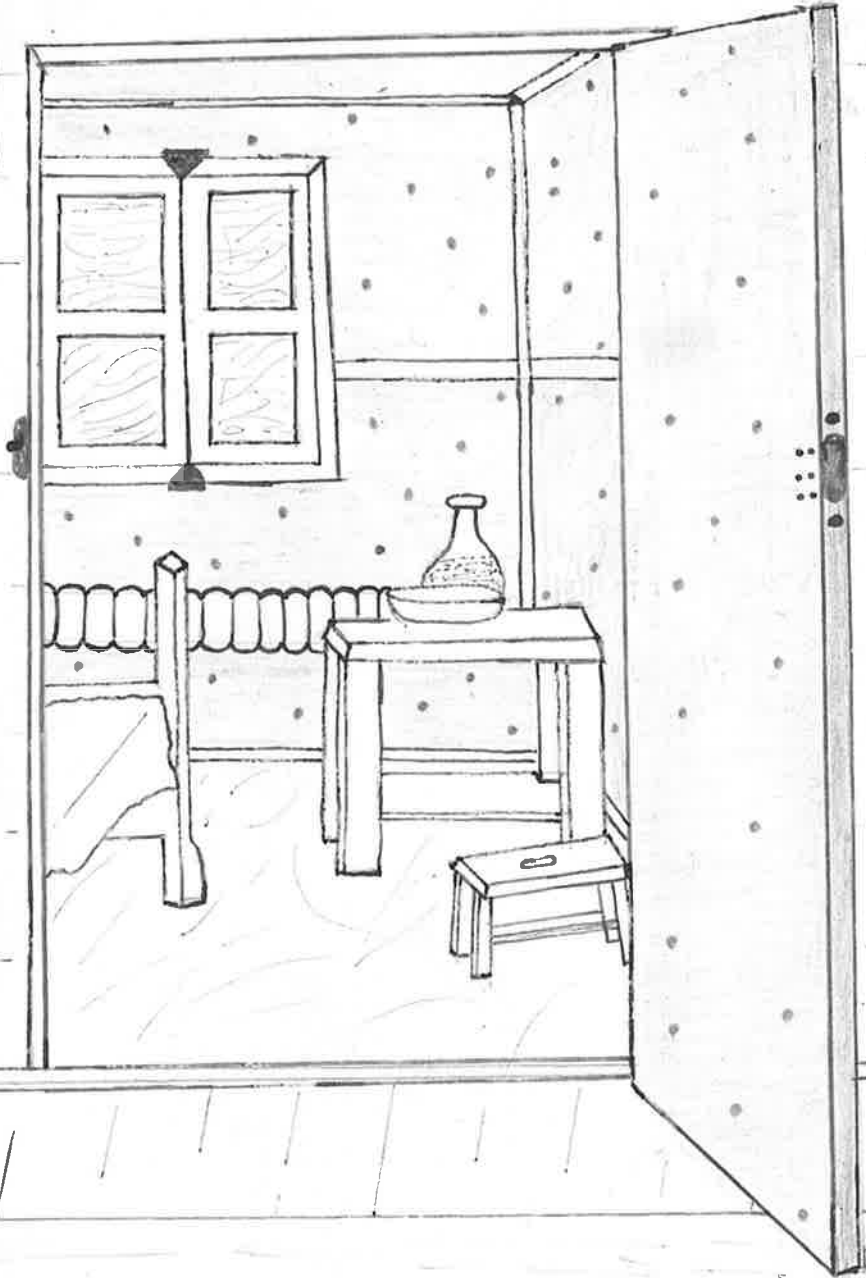
"GAURDS"



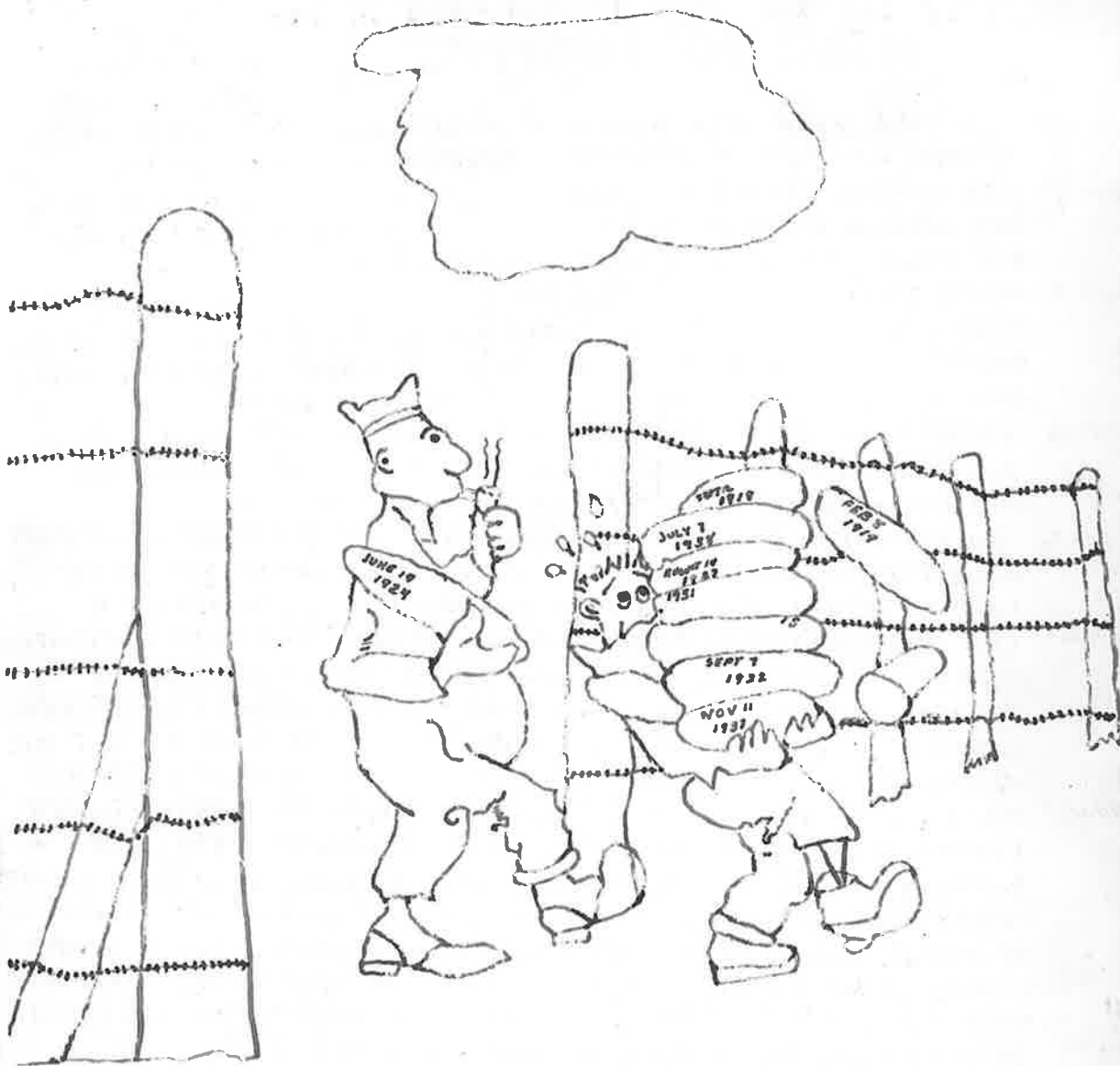
"THE
OFFICE"



13



"SOLITARE"



"BREAD DETAIL"

RAIDS BY U.S.A.A.F.

WITNESSED FROM STALAG 17B.

- MAY 29 SAW SOME FLAK AND HEARD A FEW BOMBS BUT SAW NO PLANES AS VIENNA AND FIVE SURROUNDING TOWNS HIT.
- JUNE 27 LOTS OF FLAK SEEN AND GUNS AND BOMBS HEARD. ALLIED BOMBERS AND GERMAN FIGHTERS SEEN. OIL STORAGE TANKS AT LOSENDORF HIT. SMOKE AND FIRE SEEN FOR THREE DAYS.
- JULY 8 MANY BOMBERS PLAINLY SEEN WITH FLAK LITE AND INACCURATE. MANY BOMBS HEARD AND FELT PLAINLY AS ST. POLLTEN HIT. SEVERAL DOG-FIGHTS WITNESSED BY VAPOR-TRAILS WITH THREE UNKNOWN SHIPS GOING DOWN. SOME KRIEGYS CLAIMED RECOGNITION OF P.38^s.
- JULY 26 BOMBERS AND HEAVY FLAK PLAINLY SEEN AS VIENNA HIT BY TWO SEPERATE WAVES. BIG GUNS AND BOMBS HEARD PLAINLY, ALSO FELT. LOTS OF SMOKE FOR REST OF DAY
- AUG. 22 TWO SEPERATE WAVES OF BOMBERS WITH HEAVY ESCORT SEEN VERY PLAINLY ABOUT AN HOUR APART. HEAVY FLAK. SOUNDS OF DOG-FIGHTING HEARD BUT FIGHTING PLANES NOT DISTINGUISHED
- AUG 24 TEN INDIVIDUAL FORMATIONS OF BOMBERS WITH HEAVY FIGHTER ESCORT SEEN CLEARLY. HEADING NORTH WITH MANY MORE IN CLOUDS. SEVERAL SMALL GROUPS OF ME.109^s AND FW.190^s SEEN. GERMAN NEWS SAID 1500 BOMBERS AND 1000 FIGHTERS HIT OIL FIELDS IN CZECHOSLAVAKIA. NO BOMBS AND VERY LITTLE FLAK.
- AUG. 25 MANY HEAVY BOMBERS SEEN HEADING SOUTH WITH MANY FIGHTER ESCORT. BOMBERS APPARENTLY B17^s FIGHTERS WERE P.38^s & SUPPOSED P.51^s. TWENTY-FIVE GROUPS OF BOMBERS WITH ABOUT THIRTY PLANES TO A GROUP. AND SIXTEEN GROUPS OF FIGHTERS OF ABOUT EIGHTEEN PLANES EACH WERE PLAINLY SEEN. GERMAN FIGHTERS TOOK OFF JUST EAST OF CAMP, WERE LATER SEEN IN FIGHT WITH P38^s. THREE GERMAN PLANES SHOT DOWN, ONE JUST EAST OF CAMP, CRASHED IN FLAME. VISIBILITY EXCELLENT.
- AUG 29 LARGE FORMATION OF BOMBERS COMING FROM WEST AND FOLLOWED BY SIX OTHER FORMATIONS ALL WITH P51 ESCORT. ALL HIT VIENNA AMID HEAVY FLAK. VERY HEAVY SMOKE ALL DAY.
- OCT. 7 MANY BOMBERS HEADING N.E. TOWARDS LOSENDORF FOLLOWED BY MORE ONE HOUR LATER. VAPOR TRAILS SHOWED SEVERAL DOG-FIGHTS WITH ONE UNIDENTIFIED PLANE GOING DOWN. FLAK HEAVY THRUOUT AND BOMBS HEARD AND FELT.
- OCT 16 BOMBERS DIRECTLY OVER CAMP DROPPED RADAR. ONLY LITE FLAK AS VIENNA HIT AGAIN.
- OCT 17 NINE SEPERATE WAVES OF BOMBERS WITH ESCORT THRU HEAVY FLAK TO HIT VIENNA. FIRES SEEN STILL BURNING TWO NIGHTS LATER WITH LOTS OF BLACK SMOKE.

- NOV. 1 FORMATIONS AGAIN HIT VIENNA CAUSING HEAVY SMOKE.
 NOV. 3 FIVE FORMATIONS HIT VIENNA. VISIBILITY POOR.
 NOV. 5 FIFTEEN GROUPS OF BOMBERS COUNTED GOING N.E. TO HIT
 IETHER LOSENDORF OR VIENNA. FIVE P.38^s FLEW LOW
 OVER CAMP, DROPPING PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS. MORE
 P.38^s SEEN HIGH IN CLOUDS. SOME BOMBERS CAUGHT VERY
 HEAVY FLAK WHILE OTHERS CAUGHT PRACTICALLY NONE.
 NOV 6 A CONTINUES FORMATION FROM 11:02 UNTILL 12:14 BOMBED
 VIENNA VERY HEAVILY. LARGE ESCORT OF P.38^s AND P.51^s
 FLAK VERY HEAVY. THICK SMOKE FOR REST OF DAY.
 NOV. 7. VIENNA HIT BUT VISIBILITY SERO

THERE WERE MANY OTHER RAIDS
 MUCH THE SAME AS THE ABOVE.
 DETAILS ON EACH ARE FAR TO
 LENGTHY, BUT DATES FOLLOW.

JULY.- 7, 25.

AUGUST.- 7, 9, 22, 23, 24, 27.

SEPTEMBER.- 10, 12, 20, 23.

OCTOBER.- 11, 12, 13, 18, 22, 27.

NOVEMBER.- 2, 4, 11, 17, 18, 19, 20, 26.

DECEMBER.- 2, 8, 9, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28.

JANUARY (45) 2, 8, 11, 16, 18, 20, 21, 31.

FEBRUARY.- 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
 23, 25, 26, 27

MARCH.- 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23
 24, 25, 26, 30, 31.

APRIL.- 1, 2

RAIDS BY THE R.A.F.

WITNESSED FROM STALAG 17B

- MAY 29. SAW A NUMBER OF FLARES AND FLAK AND A FEW SHIPS. ONE SHIP BELIEVED TO HAVE GONE DOWN. FLAK BATTERYS AND BOMBS PLAINLY FELT. LASTED ONE HOUR, FIVE MILES FROM CAMP.
- JUNE 29. SMALL TOWNS NINE MILES FROM CAMP HIT. FLARES AND FLAK PLAINLY VISIBLE AND BOMBS FELT. LASTED ABOUT ONE HOUR.
- JULY 6. AIRFIELDS OUT OF KREMS HIT. CAMP PLAINLY LIGHTED BY FLARES, FLAK VERY LIGHT. TWO SHIPS DOWN IN FLAME. BOMBS FELT VERY PLAINLY AND FLASHES SEEN. LASTED FOURTY FIVE MINUTES.
- JULY 24. AIRFIELDS FIFTEEN MILES EAST OF CAMP. FLARES AND FLAK SEEN PLAINLY. BOMBS HEARD AND FELT. LASTED ONE HOUR FIFTEEN MIN.
- AUG. 8 BOMBERS HEARD AND FIGHTER FLARES SEEN BUT NO ACTION.
- AUG. 20. A DOUBLE RAID HIT BOTH EAST AND WEST OF CAMP. FLARES AND FLAK PLAINLY VISIBLE BUT BOMB NOISE LESS DISTINCT.
- AUG. 21 ANOTHER DOUBLE FEATURE TO EAST AND NORTH-EAST.
- SEPT. 20 MANY FLARES AND XMAS TREE ILLUMINATED CAMP BRIGHTLY. VIENNA FLAK GUNS VERY BUSY. BOMBS PLAINLY AUDIBLE. LASTED TWO HOURS.
- NOV. 2. VAPOR TRAILS PASSING DIRECTLY OVER CAMP FROM EAST TO WEST PLAINLY VISIBLE IN MOONLITE. ONE SHIP SALVOED BOMBS THREE MILES FROM CAMP DESTROYING TWO FARM HOUSES. FALLING BOMBS HEARD PLAINLY CAUSING MUCH EXCITMENT. FLARES, FLAK AND SEARCHLITES OVER VIENNA AS THAT TARGET HIT.
- NOV. 22 FLARES, FLAK SEEN AND BOMBS HEARD AS VIENNA HIT.
- NOV. 25. BOMBS HEARD TOWARD VIENNA. NO FLARES SEEN. LITE FLAK.
- DEC. 8 A SURPRISE RAID AT DAWN WITH FLARES AND LITES AND SOME FLAK. BOMBS WERE HEARD IN EAST. CRASH ALARM WAS SOUNDED AT KREMS BUT NO CRASH WITNESSED.
- DEC. 23. SEARCHLITES AND FLAK TOWARDS VIENNA BUT NO BOMBS HEARD.

OTHER R.A.F. RAIDS IN THIS AREA WERE MUCH THE SAME AS THOSE MENTIONED ABOVE AND THERE FOR THEY ARE NOT LISTED. THE DATES OF THESE RAIDS ARE AS FOLLOWS.

SEPT.-14. OCT.-18, 20. NOV.-30. DEC. 27. FEB. 14, 16, 17.
MARCH 5, 21, 22, 23, 29, 31.

MAIL CALL AT STALAG

| DATE RECEIVED | SENDER | DATE SENT | DATE RECEIVED | SENDER | DATE SENT |
|---------------|--|---|---------------------|--|---|
| 1944 8-25 | Ann Mother Mother Liela | 3-28 3-29 4-8 4-25 | 11-3 | Ann Liela Mother Mother Mother Mother Ellen Keeter | 6-1 7-18 7-19 7-? 7-29 8-1 8-7 8-5 |
| 9-4 | Ann Mother | 3-16 3-20 | | Mother Mother | 8-7 |
| 7-30 | Mother Mother | 6-6 7-11 | 11-11 | Edith Edith Mother Bro. Brown | 7-24 8-4 8-18 9-? |
| 10-4 | Mother Liela Edith | 6-22 6-22 7-8 | | Ann Mother | 9-14 9-15 |
| 10-5 | Mary Liela | 6-16 6-17 | 11-15 | Ann Edith Edith | 5-5 7-14 8-6 |
| 10-10 | Mother Mother Mother Mother Mother | 5-16 5-31 6-13 6-15 6-26 7-? | 11-19 | Mother Mother | 8-29 9-8 |
| 10-18 | Ann Art Simm | 7-5 6-? | 11-24 | Mother | 9-30 8-? |
| 10-21 | Ann Mother | 5-26 8-25 | 12-7 | Edith | 8-15 |
| 10-21 | Ann Mother | 5-26 8-25 | 12-23 | Mother Mother Mother | 7-16 9-18 10-6 |
| 11-2 | Mother Mother Art Simm Mother Liela Edith Ann Edith Mother | 5-25 5-28 6-3 6-8 6-9 6-24 6-25 7-1 7-2 | 1945 1-4 2-13 | Mary Edith Mother Mother | 5-30 9-20 11-6 11-29 |

| DATE RELIEVED | SENDER | DATE SENT | DATE RECEIVED | SENDER | DATE SENT |
|---------------|------------------|-----------|---------------|---|-----------|
| 2-24 | mother mother | 9-26 | | Parcels Received By my Buddys Shot Down Oct. 14. | |
| 3-15 | mother mother | 11-21 | | | |
| 4-4 | mother | 12-6 | | Noisy | |
| | | 12-13 | | 4 Cigarette Parcels - 24 Cans. | |
| | | ?(1-11) | | 3 Tobacco Parcel - 144 pkts | |
| | | | | 1 Cigar Parcel - 200 | |
| | | | | 2 Food parcels | |
| | | | | First parcel received in | |
| | | | | Massey | |
| | | | | Cigarette Parcel | |
| | | | | Tobacco Parcel | |
| | | | | Cigar Parcel | |
| | | | | Food Parcel | |
| | | | | First Parcel received in | |

JOSEPH R. LYONS
2518 N. 29TH ST.
PHILA. PENNA. "JOE"

WILLIAM P. CLARK
342 BENTON ST.
SANTA ROSA CALIF. "PAPP"

HERMAN HOSKINS JR.
805 VANITIE CT.
MISSION BEACH CAL. "TEX"

VERNON P. RATHBUN
INDEPENDANCE
IOWA "SHORTY"

CHARLES MACE JR.
5405 N.E. COUCH
PORTLAND OREGON

JOE QUILES
521 W. 135TH ST.
NEW YORK N.Y. "SLICK"

JOHN W. TOWNSEND
DEER BROOK
WISCONSIN

PATRICK J. O'NIEL
2641 N. 28TH ST.
PHILA. PENNA.

DANIEL COOK
TOPMOST
KENTUCKY. "COCKY"

RAYMOND M. GRIMM
1869 W. 22ND ST.
CLEVELAND OHIO

DANIEL J. PIEDMONT
R.F.D. # 2
HOLLEY N.Y. "RED"

RICHARD L. KERN
516 TYLER ST.
TOPEKA KANSAS

ROBERT C. SHAW
23 GEORGE ST.
PITTSBURG PENNA.

JAMES GIBSON
3136 4TH ST.
DES MOINES IOWA "DONALD DUCK"

ROY A. EVENSON
7111 N. EDISON ST.
PORTLAND ORE. "EVIL"

RUDOLPH J. ANTALA
1936 W. 12TH ST
GARY IND.

JOHN J. WHITLEY
109 FARGO AVE.
HOUSTON, TEXAS. "TEX"

MAYNARD UNGER
87 E COLLEGE ST.
OBERLIN OHIO "DOC"

PAUL M'NIEL
717 N. 11TH ST.
PETERS BURG ILL. "MAC"

ALVAR B. PLATTE
R.R.#1 BOX 249
RIPON CALIF. "ABIE"

HAROLD W. BRITTON
R.R.#2
LORRAINE TEXAS "TEX"

CHESTER T. MOORE
% Y.M.C.A.
TULSA OKLA.

HOWARD CHAMPLAIN
367 QUINCY ST.
EXETER CALIF. "CHAMP"

ROBT. E. MANDELL
2314 DRUMMOND RD.
TOLEDO OHIO "PANDY"

HENRY. L HOEMN
2409 CONSTANCE ST.
NEW ORLEANS LA. "RED"

MAYNARD B. STANLEY
219 S. GREENWOOD AVE
KAYKAKEE ILL.

MANFORD L. JOHN
P.O. BOX 1678
DALLAS TEXAS

JOHN E. MESSMER
6529 E 242ND ST.
BRONX-N.Y.C. N.Y.

MENU

DESIGNED AS 5% ABOVE STARVATION

| | BREAKFAST | DINNER | SUPPER |
|-------|-----------------|---------------------|--|
| SUN. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 1 CUP CARROT SOUP | 1 CUP HOT WATER |
| MON. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 1 CUP BOILED BARLEY | 1 CUP SOUP { CARROT + PEAS } |
| TUES. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 4 SMALL POTATOES | 1 CUP SOUP { RUTABAGA PEAS CARROTS } |
| WED. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 1 CUP RUTABAGA SOUP | 4 SMALL POTATOES |
| THUR. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 1 CUP BOILED BARLEY | 6 CARROTS 1 SPOON MEAT |
| FRI. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 4 SMALL POTATOES | 4 SMALL POTATOES |
| SAT. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | 1 CUP BOILED BARLEY | 1 CUP HOT WATER |

DAILY BREAD RATION = $\frac{1}{5}$ LOAF BLACK BREAD

WEEKLY SUGAR RATION = 2 SPOONS

MONTHLY JAM RATION = 2 SPOONS

OCCAISIONAL UNEDIBLE RATIONS WERE, BLOOD SAUSAGE, COTTAGE CHEESE AND LIVER WURST.

MENU STARTING FEB. 1ST 1945

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| SUN. MON. TUES. | | 4 SMALL POTATOES | |
| WED. THURS. | 1 CUP HOT WATER | $\frac{1}{7}$ LOAF BLACK BREAD | 1 CUP HOT WATER |
| FRI. SAT. | | | |

BUTTER (OLEO) $\frac{1}{4}$ LB PER WEEK.

JAM - 4 SPOONS PER MONTH

OCCAISIONAL BLOOD SAUSAGE OR LIVER WURST - $\frac{1}{8}$ LB.

PARCEL

1 PER WEEK. (WHEN AVAILABLE)

1- 12 OZ. CAN OF
 1- 16 OZ CAN OF
 1- 8 OZ. CAN OF
 1- 16 OZ. CAN OF
 1- 8 OZ. PKG. OF

SPAM = 2 "D" BARS
 POWDER MILK = 3 "D" BARS
 COFFEE = 2 1/2 "D" BARS
 OLEOMARGARINE = 1/4 "D" BAR
 CHEESE = 1 1/2 "D" BARS

12- "K2" RATIONS
 2- "D" BARS
 1- 16 OZ. PKG. OF
 5- PKG. CIGARETTES
 1- 4 OZ CAN OF
 1- 6 OZ. CAN OF
 2- SMALL BARS

= 1 1/2 "D" BAR
 RAISENS = 1 1/2 "D" BAR
 = 1/4 "D" BAR
 JAM = 1 "D" BAR
 LIVER PASTE = 1/2 "D" BAR
 SOAP = 1 CIGARETTE

SPORTS

FROM OCTOBER THRU MARCH THE WEATHER WAS NOT VERY AGREEABLE FOR OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES OF ANY TYPE. SNOW AND COLD SUPPRESSED MUCH INTEREST IN FOOTBALL ALTHO A FEW UNORGANISED GAMES WERE ATTEMPTED. THESE ATTEMPTS WERE, FOR THE MOST PART, DISMAL FAILURES. ALL SPORTS DURING THESE MONTHS WERE PINNOCHLE, BRIDGE, POKER, BLACKJACK AND MONOPOLY.

WHEN SPRING ARRIVED, A GREAT INTEREST FLARED UP FOR SOFTBALL. EACH BARRACKS ORGANISED AT LEAST TWO TEAMS AND THE BALL DIAMOND WAS USED CONSTANTLY THRUOUT THE SPRING AND SUMMER. UNDOUBTEDLY SOFTBALL RECEIVED FAR MORE ATTENTION THAN ALL OTHER SPORTS COMBINED.

VOLLY-BALL WAS PROBABLY THE SECOND MOST POPULAR SPORT AND WAS PLAYED THE YEAR AROUND IF THE WEATHER WOULD PERMIT. ORGANISED PLAY AND SCRUB GAMES WERE ENJOYED.

THRUOUT THE SUMMER THERE WERE SEVERAL BOXING SHOWS; AND CAMP CHAMPIONS WERE CHOSEN IN EACH WEIGHT DIVISION. THESE SHOWS WERE GOOD, BUT LACK OF TRAINING FACILITIES, AND IMPROPER DIET, WERE NOT CONDUCIVE TO GOOD CONDITION. THEREFORE THESE SHOWS COULD NOT BE CONSIDERD OF PROFESIONAL CALIBRE. COMEDY FOR THESE SHOWS WERE FURNISHED BY THE CAMP WRESTLERS.

BASKETBALL RECEIVED A SHORT FLARE OF INTREST BUT LACK OF COURTS AND EQUIPMENT SOON KILLED IT.

CONSIDERING THAT ALL OF THE EQUIPMENT WAS MADE BY THE KIEGYS THEMSELVES, THE GYM WAS VERY GOOD. ALTHO IT WAS TORN DOWN BY THE GERMANS ABOUT MARCH. THRU THE WINTER MONTHS, WHILE IN OPERATION, IT HAD A BOXING RING, GLOVES, LIGHT AND HEAVY PUNCHING BAGS, TUMBLING MATS, SIDE HORSE, HORIZONTAL BARS, WEIGHTS AND PING PONG TABLES.

SOME OF THE OTHER SPORTS TO RECEIYE ATTENTION WERE TRACK, WITH TWO INTERCAMP TRACK MEETS, HORSE SHOES, IN WHICH WOODEN STAKES AND FIBER SHOES WERE USED, SOCCER, WITH TWO AMERICAN AND TWO BRITISH TEAMS, AND A FEW OTHERS WHICH WERE TO INSIGNIFICANT TO EVEN MENTION.

A FEW SPORTS TO BE ENJOYED ONLY IN A PRISON CAMP WERE (1) SWIMMING IN THE CESSPOOL. NO ONE EVER DIED FROM THIS, ALTHO SEVERAL INDOLGED. (2) HULLY-GULLY, WHICH WAS NAMED BY SOME HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE INDIVIDUAL AND WHICH WAS ACTUALLY A MODIFIED FORM OF 'GOPS AND ROBBERS, AND (3) RAT RACING.

SOFT BALL CLASS "A"

C. "JOCK" STAVELLA
 P. "BLUE" POLLARD
 S.S. "BIRK" BIRKLEY
 I.B. "PAT" O'NIEL
 2.B. "BROWNIE" BROWN
 3.B. "JAKE" KNOWER
 S.F. "ERNIE" EURE
 L.F. "DOC" UNGER
 C.F. "MAC" M'NIEL
 R.F. "RABBIT" TURNER
 A.P. "RUDY" ANTALA
 A.F. "SMITTY" SMITH

THIS SO CALLED CLASS "A" CLUB WAS, POTENTIALLY, ONE OF THE STRONGEST TEAMS IN CAMP. ALL OF THE PLAYERS WERE FAIR WHEN TAKEN INDIVIDUALLY. EACH ONE CONSIDERED HIMSELF A STAR AND REFUSED TO CO-OPERATE AND THE RESULT WAS, A COMPLETE LACK OF TEAM WORK AND SO A POTENTIAL GOOD TEAM NEVER RATED ABOVE MEDIOCRACY.

CLASS "B"

C. "SPUD" PACCIOTI
 P. "EDDIE" SAYLOR
 S.S. "FRANK" BEECH
 I.B. "MOON" MULLINS
 2.B. "MUGGS" M'GINNIS
 3.B. "C.D" PIPER
 S.F. "JACK" GOSS
 L.F. "BING" BINGENHEIMER
 C.F. "SWANG" SWANGER
 R.F. "JIM" PARRISH

THIS TEAM, WHILE A LITTLE WEAK IN SOME POSITIONS, WAS THE BARRACK FAVORITE. THEY ALL PLAYED BECAUSE THEY LIKED THE GAME, INSTEAD OF FOR THE PERSONAL GLORY. THE RESULT WAS, GOOD TEAMWORK, GOOD CO-OPERATION, AND A MEDIOCRE TEAM MADE TO LOOK GOOD.

IN MY PERSONAL OPINION THE BEST PLAYER ON EITHER OF THESE TWO TEAMS WAS BROWN, ALTHO MORE PUBLICITY WAS GIVEN TO JAKE KNOWER, THE PUBLICITY HOUND. THE BEST PITCHERS IN CAMP WERE MORGAN OF THE "SAD SACKS" AND SELLS OF BARRACKS 16B, WITH SELLS GETTING MY VOTE.

THE MOST PUBLICISED CLUB, AND SUPPOSEDLY THE HOTTEST TEAM IN CAMP, WAS THE SAD SACKS.

CLASS "G"

JOCK'S JERKS.

B. MESSMER
 P. LYONS
 SS. PHIFER
 I.B. KELLY
 2.B. PEDERSON
 3.B. LABASHEVICS
 S.F. SECOR
 L.F. CRANDELL
 C.F. UEBER
 R.F. FURRY

CRAZY MEN

C. HANSON
 P. GATES
 SS. ROSS
 I.B. MANDELL
 2.B. F. SMITH
 3.B. HUGHES
 S.F. G. SMITH
 L.F. CAMERON
 C.F. SHANNAHAN
 R.F. NEW

MOON'S GOONS

C. PENNEY
 P. OLIVER
 SS. DWYER
 I.B. OLSEN
 2.B. ROEHRBORN
 3.B. SLAGOWSKY
 S.F. SCHRUM
 L.F. DEARTH
 C.F. HAGE
 R.F. IYY

GREEK'S FREAKS

C. LAMBERT
 P. MILLER
 SS. FLUTTER
 I.B. WHITLEY
 2.B. KENDALL
 3.B. JOHNSON
 S.F. KEACH
 L.F. LOVOS
 C.F. BRIDGES
 R.F. MOORE

ERB'S SERBS

C. WEIGAND
 P. GASE
 SS. DVORSHAK
 I.B. THOMPSON
 2.B. LIVINGSTON
 3.B. RAY
 S.F. RECTOR
 L.F. DOVE
 C.F. PHILLIPS
 R.F. GRUNDMAN

REPATS

C. HASKETT
 P. BALMER
 SS. STEWART
 I.B. GUIER
 2.B. LILLARD
 3.B. DEWIGG
 S.F. WELCH
 L.F. SOPER
 C.F. VISSHER
 R.F. CUNNINGHAM

THIS LEAGUE WAS COMPOSED COMPLETELY OF MEN FROM BARRACKS THIRTY NINE B, WHO IETHER WERE NOT GOOD ENOUGH, OR DID NOT CARE TO PLAY, WITH IETHER OF THE OTHER TWO LEAGUES. EACH TEAM PLAYED FROM EIGHTEEN TO TWENTY GAMES A PIECE AND THEN, DUE TO LACK OF EQUIPMENT, THE LEAGUE WAS BROKEN UP.

ENTERTAINMENT

DURING THE MONTHS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER WE WERE ALLOWED THREE OR FOUR GERMAN MOVIES. ALTHO A GERMAN INTERPRETER EXPLAINED EACH FILM BEFORE IT WAS SHOWN, THEY WERE STILL RATHER HARD TO UNDERSTAND, AS ALL OF THE TALK WAS IN GERMAN. THEY WERE SHOWN IN THE THEATRE ON THE HILL. THEY WERE ALL OF A ROMANTIC TYPE AND ALL UNIFORMS WERE CONSPICIOUS BY THERE ABSENCE.

THE FIRST STAGE SHOW IN THE "CARDBOARD PLAYHOUSE" WITH AN ALL KRIEGY CAST WAS, "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" WHICH WAS VERY GOOD. NEXT WAS A MUSICAL TRAVELOUGE BY BOB GARCIA'S BAND, THEN CAME "THE MILKY WAY" FOLLOWED BY "HELLSAPOPPIN". OTHERS TO FOLLOW WERE "RUSTIC CABIN REVIEW", "CHARLYS AUNT", "BIRTH OF THE BOOGIE WOOGIE", "HE WEARS A PAIR OF BROKEN WINGS" "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU" AND SEVERAL OTHERS. MOST OF THESE WERE COMEDYS AND ALL WERE VERY GOOD. LOTS OF CREDIT GOES TO ALL WHO MADE THESE POSSIBLE.

FROM ABOUT AUGUST, ON, WE HAD A FEW AMERICAN FILMS. THE LIGHTING IN THE CARDBOARD PLAYHOUSE WAS NOT OF THE BEST, THE FILMS WERE OLD AND THE SCREEN NOT TO GOOD, BUT THE PICTURES WERE GREATLY APPRECIATED BY ALL. SOME OF THE PICTURES WERE "SHIP AHOY", "TARSONS TREASURE", "SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN" AND ONE OF SEVERAL SHORT SUBJECTS.

THERE WERE SEVERAL GOOD BANDS IN CAMP. THE BIG BAND WAS AT FIRST LED BY "BOB GARCIA" WHO WAS LATER REPLACED BY PAUL BAKER. THIS WAS A TWELVE TO FIFTEEN PIECE BAND WHICH SOUNDED VERY GOOD TO KRIEGYS BUT WHO WOULD NOT HAVE GONE ANYPLACE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD. SEVERAL OTHER BANDS HELPED FURNISH ENTERTAINMENT, THE LEADING ONES BEING, "VAN'S TABLE TOPPERS", "THE DAY DREAMERS" AND "BARBED WIRE MOUNTAINEERS". MANY THANKS TO EACH OF THESE BANDS.

THERE WERE SEVERAL PHONOGRAPHS IN CAMP WHICH WERE SENT BY THE Y.M.C.A., BUT A LIMITED NUMBER OF RECORDS. ALSO A NUMBER OF CLARINAS, WHISTLES AND HARMONICAS, WHICH WERE ISSUED OUT TO THE INDIVIDUALS.

THIS COMPLETED THE STAGE, SCREEN AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THIS CAMP.

MOST POPULAR

"A LOT OF MEN RECEIVED PARCELS BEARING YELLOW FEATHERS"

"THE FIGHTING 'ROOSEVELT' FRIEND DEFINITELY COULD INVASION IS NOW TAKING PLACE AT —"

"THE GIRL FRIEND"

"25,000 LETTERS UP ON HILL"

"THE RUSSIANS ARE JUST OVER THE HILL"

"WE'RE MOVING TO SW"

"BOYS' PARENTS SENT HIM PARCEL PERMITS SAYING 'DON'T SKIMP YOURSELF'"

"200 COFFINS ARRIVED"

"NEW BIG DRIVE STARTED"

"LIBERATION IS CLOSE AT HAND"

"STALAG — HAS BEEN EVACUATED"

"INFANTRY TRANSIENT SAY SIX MORE GAURDS SAY 'NO CHANCE TO WIN'"

"RUSSIANS HUNG BY KOMARADS FOR STEALING"

"AMERICANS + RUSSIANS MEET IN CZECHOSLAVAKIA"

"TALKING TO JERRY, GIVEN THIRTY BE"

"POST-WAR CONFERENCE PLAN RUMORS"

"THEY CROSSED THE DANUBE AT —"

"BONUS \$ BONUS \$ BONUS \$ BONUS \$"

STALAG RUMORS

IS NOW AROUND SHITAMIER" "LETTER FROM HOME STATES 'ALL O.K. BROTHOR WRECKED CAR, GIRL ALLOTMENT BUYING HOUSE & NATLY OVER BY —" FRIEND MARRIED 4 FEB, ALL O.K.

"PEACE CONFERENCE"

DN'T WAIT, SO MARRIED BOY'S FATHER"

VITZERLAND NEXT WEEK" "BOYS ARE SELLING FEB. PARCELS"

"LASHES AND REFUSED MEDICAL ATTENTION BY KOMARAD5-DIE"

"JERRY GAURDS AND SEVANCED TWO YEARS"

CLAIM THEYLL KILL SELVES "RAPPED BOY IN COLUMBUS"

BEFORE CAPTURE BY RUSSIANS"

RED GROSS PARCELS COMPLETELY COLLAPSED"

FROM GENEVA" "G.I. TRUCKS TO HAUL IN"

MADE SPEACH "ALL KRIEGYS TO BE IMMEDIATLY DISCHARGED FROM SERVICE UPON RETURN TO STATES"

"BIG BENEFITS FOR ALL EXKRIEGYS"

HAVE

"WESTERN WALL HAS COMPLETELY COLLAPSED"

"STREET RIOTING IN VIENNA"

DEUTSCH FERSTAIN

"IST VERBOTEN" "FLIEGER ALARUM" "BUKU"
 "ROUSE" "NIX ARBIET" "HAUS VASSER" "ALLUS KAPUT"
 "KRIEGS FERDICT" "MITTEN APPEL" "FEEL" "NIX GOOT" "GOTAFULLS"
 "GESUNHIET" "SCHLAFIN" "GOOT MORGAN"
 "IEN MON KRONKEN EN LASARETT" "ÄCHTUNG"
 "KAMARADE" "AMERICANO FLIEGER"
 "BARACKE" "ICH LIEBE SIE"
 "GANGSTER NIEN UND DRYSICK" "NAME UND NUMMER"
 "FRAU UND FEAR KINDER"
 "SCHWEEVILLS"
 "SPREKEN SIE DEUTSCH??"
 "HABEN SIE LOOSH??" "VAS IST LOS??"
 "KOMEN SIE KUCHE"

KRIEGY SAYINGS

- "TIMBER" "SEAT OPEN" "SACK TIME"
 "CHOW'S IN" "GIMME LITE" "PACK YOUR BAGS"
 "GRAB" "HOW LONG CAN THIS THING LAST?"
 "NEW MEN IN" "DA BEAVER HO"
 "JAWL GIDDOUD?" "CHIMLEY" "NEWS" "SEE DA P 38'S?"
 "CHECK 'IM 'OUT" "TONITE IS RED HOT"
 "ANOTHER GUY BLEW HIS TOP" "THOSE WERE 2-4"
 "GOD A RUMOR?" "ROOSKY"
 "YAH!! THOSE FLYIN' BOXCARS" "WHOSE SWEATIN YUH?"
 "HAVE ANY LEFT?" "JAR DER FLOOR" "D'BAR FOR A DUFFLE BAG"
 "FIRST MISSION MEN" "BUTTER BURNER"
 "WHEN I GIT HOME" "DEY FOUND DA TUNNEL AGIN"
 "PEE LEE!!" "AMPLE MAIL ON DA HILL"
 "COME ON YOU ROOSKYS"

BOOKS I READ IN STALAG

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| LOST HORIZON | JAMES HILTON |
| STATE FAIR | PHIL STONG |
| CASE OF COUNTERFEIT EYE | EARL S. GARDNER |
| TOPPER | THORNE SMITH |
| THE ROBE | LLOYD C. DOUGLAS |
| SECRETS OF MONTE CARLO | WM LE QUEUX |
| SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY | ELLERY QUEEN |
| THE VANISHING POOL | THORNE SMITH |
| GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA | BOOTH TARRINGTON |
| TURNABOUT | THORNE SMITH |
| FRIDAY THANK GOD | FERN RIVES |
| ADVENTURES OF SALLY | P.G. WODEHOUSE |
| THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS | PETER CHEYNEY |
| A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN | BETTY SMITH |
| MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION | LLOYD C. DOUGLAS |
| LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS | JANE GRAY |
| SIAMESE TWIN MURDER | ELLERY QUEEN |
| CASE OF HOWLING DOG | EARL S. GARDNER |

MOST POPULAR SONGS

DER FUEHRER'S FACE

PAPER DOLL

KRIEGY'S JUBILEE

GREEN BACK DOLLAR

{ ROCK ISLAND LINE
IN MY ARMS
ST. JAMES INFIRMARY
HEAR ME CALLIN' CAROLINE
WHERE OR WHEN

NEW ROSE OF SAN ANTONE

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

JOLLY JOLLY SIXPENCE

HOME

STREAM-LINED CANNONBALL

PENNSYLVANIA POLKA

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

MARY

WORKIN' ON DA RAILROAD

MY LITTLE GIRL

WABASH CANNONBALL

DEAR LORD YOU KNOW

WING AND A PRAYER

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

STAFF OF STALAG

KENNETH KURTENBACH
 GLENDIVE MONT.
 CAMP LEADER

STANLEY TUCKER
 BRANDON ORE.
 FOOD ADMINISTRATER

CHARLES BELMER
 GLENN FALLS N. Y.
 19 FORT AMHERST RD.
 CAMP ADJUTANT

JOHN CAGLE
 SNYDER TEXAS
 KITCHEN CHIEF

NED HURSTAM
 LOS ANGELES CALIF.
 RED CROSS CLOTHING

AL HADEN
 ROCHELLE PARK N.J.
 SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

AL UNDERWOOD
 NEW YORK N.Y.
 THEATRE DIRECTION

RAY SLOMINSKI
 ARDOCK N. DAK.
 LIBRARY HEAD

JOE DILLARD
 MIAMI BEACH FLA.
 COMPOUND LEADER

THOMAS RANDOLPH
 EVANSVILLE IND.
 COMPOUND LEADER

DON ELDER
 ALTOONA PENNA.
 COMPOUND LEADER

PAUL GIDDONS
 SAN BERNARDINO CALIF.
 COMPOUND LEADER

HELMUTH ROEDER
 SCHULENBERG TEXAS
 CAMP INTERPRETER

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% HERCULES POWD. CO
WILMINGTON DELA.

SEBASTIAN STAVELLA
27 ROSELAND AVE.
CALDWELL N.J. "JOCK"

EUGENE J SHANAHAN
625 WESTERN AVE.
DAVENPORT IOWA "SHANNY"

LAWRENCE J FERNS
1222 AMIDON ST.
WICHITA KANSAS "LARRY"

ROBIN L BASSINGER
3708 GORDON AVE.
FORT WORTH TEXAS "BASS"

RUSSELL E MCCLINTOCK
COSMOPOLIS
WASHINGTON
"GENERAL"

ERNEST E WILLIAMS
217 MOUNTAIN VIEW AVE
GREENVILLE S.C. "SCREW"

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NEW ORLEANS LA. "JAKE"

LIESURE B. MCGINNIS
STURGEON
PENNA. "BEN"

ARTHER A. JONES
14 HANLEY ST.
GREENVILLE S. CARO.

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2141 N. 72ND COURT
ELMWOOD PARK ILL. "RUSSIAN"

ROBERT E. DWYER
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JOHNSTOWN PENNA.

BOBBY J DOWNING
224 S. MAYES
PRYOR OKLA.

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2616 DELAWARE AVE.
MYREESPORT PENNA.

FORREST HUGHES
UKIAH
CALIF. "PAPPY"

JEROME A. EVENSON
R.R. #5 "SATCHEL"
EAU CLAIRE WIS.

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MILWAUKEE WIS. "BING"

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P.O. BOX 959
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BAFARIA OHIO

RALPH E. ELSWORTH
R.R. #2
GARFIELD ARK. "ARKY"

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WHEELING W. VA.

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RICHMOND CALIF.
"NOISY"

LEDFORD T MAYS
CRYSTAL
KENTUCKY

VEDIO PACCIOTTI
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"SPUD"

BILL GODFREY
% STANDARD STATION
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REXBURG IDAHO

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SULLIVAN MO.

MILFORD A. ROHRBORN
R.R. #4
APPLETON WISCONSIN
"PEE WEB"

CARL D PIPER
LEBO
KANSAS
"C.D."

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"DOONR"
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213 CAROY ST.
TAMPA FLA.

JACK GOSS
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LOWER VILLAGE
HILLSBORO N.HAMP.

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BUFFALO N.Y.

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672 SUMMIT AVE
ST. PAUL MINN.
"ONE ROUND"

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AMERICAN COAL CO
HARTFORD CONN.
"LENNY"

CARL CAMERON
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JOHNSON CITY TENN
"TOM"

JOSEPH F. BARTA
631 HUNTINGTON AVE.
PROVIDENCE R.I.

LEO A. BEAUPRE
MAPLE ST.
ESSEX JUNCTION VT.

GORDEN F LEWIS
324 FREMONT ST.
LAS VEGAS NEV.

JACKSON DOUGHERTY
P.O. BOX 350
YUMA ARIZ.

THOMAS ROGERS
1001 W. 8TH ST.
ROSWELL N.M.

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P.O. No. 99922
Stalag 9c
XVIII Germany.

My First Letter

Zipper!! yowie!! Hip, Hip, Hooray!!
I got a letter from home today.
Didn't expect it, it came so soon;
Didn't expect one for many a moon.

Boy!! Was it good to get that letter??
Made me feel a hundred times better.
Now that I know, they know I'm well,
The whole world seems rosy, and everything's swell.

And I think of old Hitler, that miserable lout.
When this war's over and we all get out
He'll never get a letter saying, "all's well."
For there isn't any mail service going to Hell.



Devils Tower, Wyoming

RED CROSS COMFORT PARCEL (1 FOR MEN)

PACKING: 157

- ✓ 1 PR. PAJAMAS
- ✓ 1/2 CAKES TOILET SOAP
- ✓ 1/2 CAKE SHAVING SOAP
- ✓ 1/2 CARTON CIGARETTES
- ✓ 1/2 BOX CHEWING GUM (27 P.GS.)
- ✓ 1 ROLL TOILET PAPER
- ✓ 1 PLASTIC RAZOR
- ✓ 1 HANDEKERCHIEFS
- ✓ 1 PLASTIC CASE FOR TOOTHBRUSH
- ✓ 1 PKG. PIPE CLEANERS
- ✓ 1/2 PKGS. SMOKING TOBACCO
- ✓ 1 PR. SLIPPERS
- ✓ 1 SWEATER
- ✓ 1/3 PRS. SOCKS (1 PR. WOOL, 2 PR. COTTON)
- ✓ 1 SET UNDERWEAR (1 PR. DRAWERS, 1 UNDERSHIRT)
- ✓ 4 PKGS. RAZOR BLADES (5 TO EA. PKG. - 20 BLADES)

- ✓ 1/2 BATH TOWELS
- ✓ 1/2 CAKES LAUNDRY SOAP
- ✓ 1 CONTAINER TOOTH POWDER
- ✓ 1 BOTTLE CASCARA TABLETS (100)
- ✓ 1 SHOE BRUSH
- ✓ 1 BOX ADHESIVE COMPRESSES
- ✓ 1 SEWING KIT
- ✓ 1/2 BOTTLE VITAMIN TABLETS (10)
- ✓ 1 TOOTHBRUSH
- ✓ 1 PIPE
- ✓ 1 HAIR BRUSH
- ✓ 1/2 PRS. SHOE LACES
- ✓ 1 POCKET COMB



THE WHALE IS TAKEN IN A CHUB.
THE SPERM WHALE IN A CHUBBY.

and the whaling industry is still in the hands of

Krems, Austria

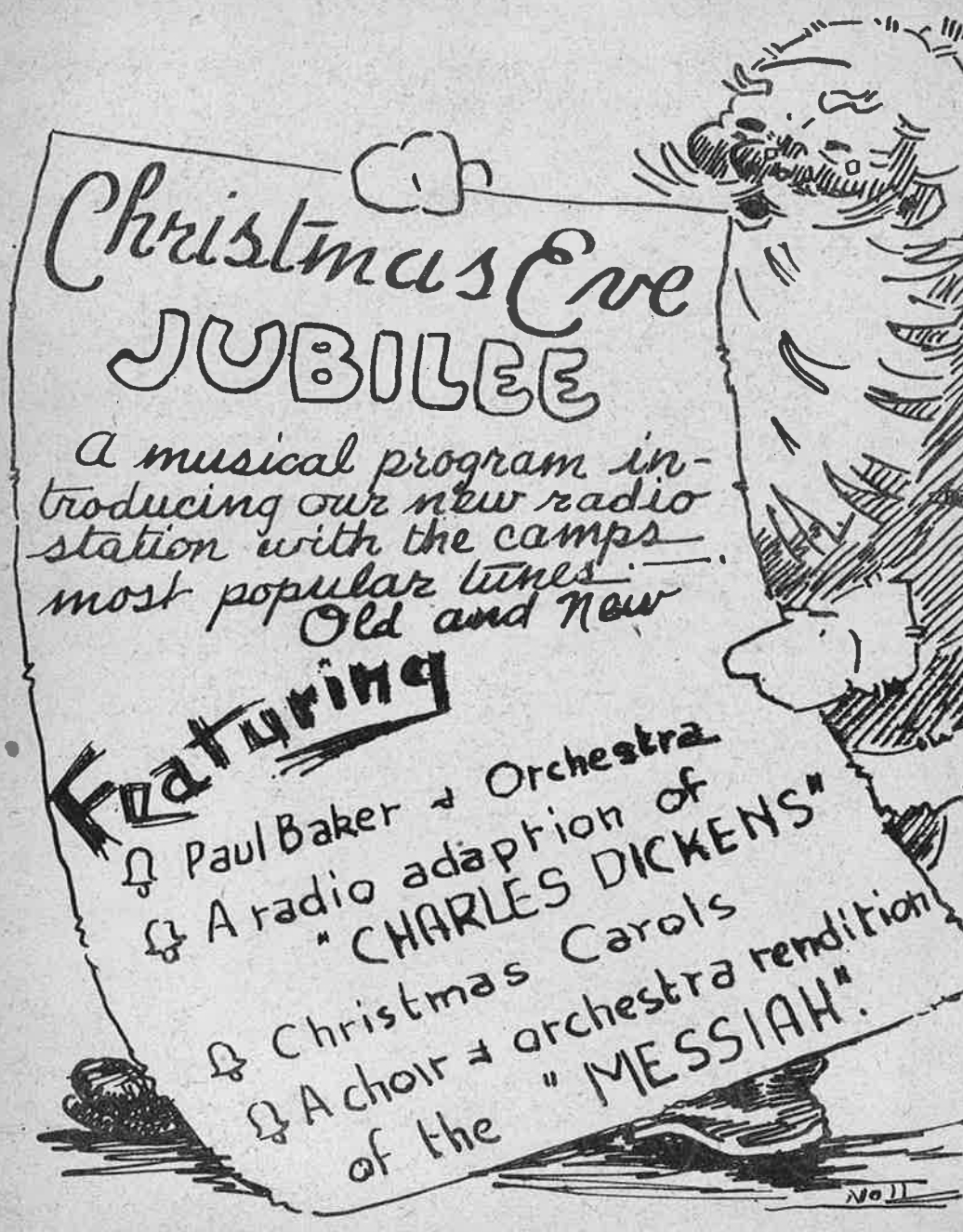
December, 1944

CARDBOARD PLAYHOUSE

CHRISTMAS

PROGRAM





Christmas Eve JUBILEE

A musical program introducing our new radio station with the camps most popular tunes.
Old and New

Featuring

Paul Baker & Orchestra

A radio adaptation of
"CHARLES DICKENS"

Christmas Carols

A choir & orchestra rendition
of the "MESSIAH".

To the Entertainers and Supporting Personnel
of the theatre Staff and Music Department,
"GREETINGS and GOOD CHEER."

Your effort and performance on behalf
of the camp, often under the most adverse and
trying conditions, is highly commendable.
You have earned the respect, admiration, and
appreciation of all our Fellow "Kriegies"

To all of you: The Table Toppers;
The Day Dreamers; The Hill Billies; Van
Vaulkenburg and Trio; Rasmussen and Or-
chestra; The personnel of the Theatre Band;
AL Lambert; the Actors; and to those, less
conspicuous but important, who have ass-
isted the traveling Bands, staged the
Theatre Band, and to the theatre Staff,
We say "WELL DONE"

Merry Christmas, and may the New
Year bring to you the very best.

Sincerely

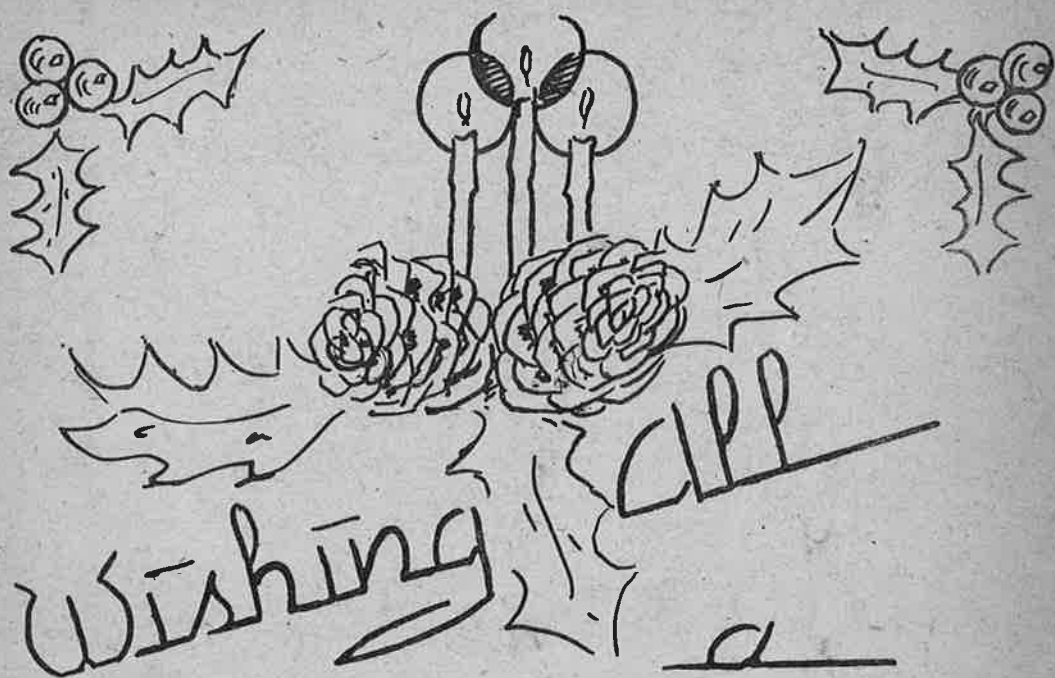
Paul E. Baker
Al Underwood

PARADE of STARS

1st anniversary
of the CARDBOARD PLAYHOUSE



- ★ TRYZINSKI - BEVAN-MONAHON-FELIX
- ★ 7A TRIO
- ★ ED FULKERSON - SHORTY ADAMS
- ★ SMITH
(Kay Kayser)
- ★ GINGER
(English Picadilly Comedian)
- ★ LEE GORDON - RIGGS
(Ballet Dancers Delux)
- ★ SAM MAGUN - 'HOT-LIPS' LEWIS
(Nose Brothers)
- ★ SCHIMDT - PAUL CASHEY
- ★ MATHIAS-GREEN-STRUNK-McGEE
(The Mad Four)
- ★ NED HERSTAM
- ★ HULL-WIDMAN-MAY-PETROSKI-SCAT &
JOHNSTON - (Boogie Woogie Stars)
- ★ SOOY - (Dead Pan Artist)
- ★ CHRISTIANSON-CHRISTOPHER-HALLER (Trio)
- ★ PAUL BAKER and the BOYS 17AC



Merry Xmas

and a

Happy New Year

He wore
"44" REVIEW
taken w/

YOU'VE HAD

OUR TO
Esmeralde's Escape

ALL I MUST
TOPPING

HELL APPOPPIN'
ABOUT

THE MAN WHO
CHARLIE

musical show
CAME TO DINNER

Don't Take It
PICCADILLY MADN
JAZZ You.

THE FUTURE

NEW THEATER

with capacity
seating of also
1000
MOVIES

NEW
RADIO STATION

Broadcasting
to each and
every barracks



MANUFACTURES DE L'ÉTAT.
FRANCE.

Série D,
E 2 B.

20
CIGARETTES



DE
TROUPE

RÉGIE FRANÇAISE DES TABACS.
CIGARETTES.

B5 045



R.M.
RÉSERVE AUX
PRISONNIERS DE
GUERRE FRANÇAIS

Typ 4 Pfg
Sondermischung

Versauert ohne Steuerzeichen
nach dem KdF. Erl. v. 21. November 1944
V 1746 Ue-839 II.

20 ZIGARETTEN
SONDERMISCHUNG



Orienttabak mit einem durch die
zuständige Bewirtschaftungsstelle
vorgeschriebenen Zusatz nichtorientalischer
Tabake verschiedener Anbaubetriebe Eurobas

OVAL

T A G

Verkauf erfolgt nur gegen Rückgabe einer leeren Packung

POST
VERKEHR
VERBODEN



CIGARETTES
MANOLA

MANOLA

CIGARETTES
MANOLA

CIGARETTES
MANOLA

S^{rs} A. & C. CIGARETTES M^{rs} M.
Rue de la Liberté, Alger
BOURBON ALGER

CIGARETTES
MÉLIA
ALGER

MÉLIA

125 g Knäckebröt

Hersteller:

Norddeutsche Knäckebrötwerke
Hecke & Co. - Hamburg

Werk I: Lüneburg

Werk II: Fallingb. ostel

Kamerad! Kennst du Knäckebröt?

Knäckebröt ist Vollkornbröt und enthält körper-
aufbauende Grundstoffe, auf die du nicht
verzichten kannst und darfst.

Knäckebröt stählt deinen Körper und macht dich
widerstandsfähig gegen Krankheiten!

Knäckebröt vermindert das Durstgefühl und gehört
daher bei Märschen, Übungen und Kampf-
handlungen in deine Tasche.

Knäckebröt bildet eine wertvolle Ergänzung des
Heeresbrötes.

**Darum, Kamerad, ist Knäckebröt; verteile es gleichmäßig
auf alle Tage**

G/1219



№ 0 50 ЛИСТОВ

Курительная бумага

КУРИТЕЛЬНАЯ БУМАГА

МИНОБЛКООИИНСОЮЗ

50
ЛИСТОВ

КУРИТЕЛЬНАЯ БУМАГА

ПОЛИГРАФИЧЕСКОЕ
ПРОИЗВОДСТВО
АРТЕЛЬ ИСКРА

КУРИТЕЛЬНАЯ БУМАГА

МИНОБЛКООИИНСОЮЗ

АРТЕЛЬ ИНВАЛИДОВ ИСКРА

Минск, Комсомольская 36.

Wiener Ausgabe

165. Ausg. 57. Jahrg. Einzelpreise: Wien-Stadt 15 Pf
Auswärts . . 20 Pf

„Freiheit und Brot!“



VÖLKISCHER BEOBSACHTER

Abbonniet

Wiener Ausgabe

Wien, Dienstag, 13. Juni 1944

8^{me} EDIT ~~Abboniement~~ ~~Zeitung~~

4^e Année. — N^o 1244

JEUDI

15 Juin 1944

L'ÉCHO DE NANCY

Le grand quotidien d'informations politiques

ÉDITEUR,
MAISON D'IMPRIMERIE
& D'ÉDITIONS
5 bis, avenue Foch
NANCY
Tél. 40.01 — C. C. P. 600.31

Bureaux de PARIS
52, Champs-Élysées
Tél. Elysées 86.17

| | |
|---------------|-----------|
| FRANCE | 1 franc |
| ALLEMAGNE.. | 15 Rpf |
| BULGARIE | 5 leva |
| CROATIE | 10 kuna |
| DANEMARK .. | 30 øre |
| ESPAGNE..... | 0.60 pes. |
| HONGRIE | 36 fillér |
| PORTUGAL ... | 120 esc |
| ROUMANIE ... | 10 lei |
| SERBIE | 3 dinars |
| SLOVAQUIE ... | 2 cour. |
| SUEDE | 35 øre |
| TURQUIE | 10 krs |

Kriegsgefangenenlager

Datum: _____

Kriegsgefangenenpost

Postkarte

An

Gebührenfrei!

Absender:

Vor- und Zuname: _____

Gefangenenummer: _____

Lager-Bezeichnung: _____

Deutschland (Allemagne)

Empfangsort: _____

Straße: _____

Land: _____
Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

Kriegsgefangenenpost

An _____

Empfangsort: _____

Straße: _____

Kreis: _____

Land: _____

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

Gebührenfrei

Deutschland (Allernagne)

Lager-Bezeichnung: _____

Gefangenennummer: _____

Vor- und Zuname: _____

Absender: _____





Kriegsgefangenen-Lagergeld 1·9729788

Gutschein über 2 Reichsmark

Dieser Gutschein gilt nur als Zahlungsmittel für Kriegsgefangene und darf von ihnen nur innerhalb der Kriegsgefangenenlager oder bei Arbeitskommandos in den ausdrücklich hierfür bezeichneten Verkaufsteilen verausgabt und entgegengenommen werden. Der Umtausch dieses Gutscheines in gesetzliche Zahlungsmittel darf nur bei der zuständigen Kasse der Lagerverwaltung erfolgen. Zuwiderhandlungen, Nachahmungen und Fälschungen werden bestraft. Der Chef des Oberkommandos der Wehrmacht



Im Auftrage: *Chmick*

Kriegsgefangenen-Lagergeld 4·1304811

Gutschein über 1 Reichsmark

Dieser Gutschein gilt nur als Zahlungsmittel für Kriegsgefangene und darf von ihnen nur innerhalb der Kriegsgefangenenlager oder bei Arbeitskommandos in den ausdrücklich hierfür bezeichneten Verkaufsteilen verausgabt und entgegengenommen werden. Der Umtausch dieses Gutscheines in gesetzliche Zahlungsmittel darf nur bei der zuständigen Kasse der Lagerverwaltung erfolgen. Zuwiderhandlungen, Nachahmungen und Fälschungen werden bestraft. Der Chef des Oberkommandos der Wehrmacht



Im Auftrage: *Chmick*

Kriegsgefangenen-Lagergeld 1·2817260

Gutschein über 5 Reichsmark

Dieser Gutschein gilt nur als Zahlungsmittel für Kriegsgefangene und darf von ihnen nur innerhalb der Kriegsgefangenenlager oder bei Arbeitskommandos in den ausdrücklich hierfür bezeichneten Verkaufsteilen verausgabt und entgegengenommen werden. Der Umtausch dieses Gutscheines in gesetzliche Zahlungsmittel darf nur bei der zuständigen Kasse der Lagerverwaltung erfolgen. Zuwiderhandlungen, Nachahmungen und Fälschungen werden bestraft. Der Chef des Oberkommandos der Wehrmacht



Im Auftrage: *Chmick*

Kriegsgefangenen-Lagergeld 5·2651916

Gutschein über 50 Reichspfennig

Dieser Gutschein gilt nur als Zahlungsmittel für Kriegsgefangene und darf von ihnen nur innerhalb der Kriegsgefangenenlager oder bei Arbeitskommandos in den ausdrücklich hierfür bezeichneten Verkaufsteilen verausgabt und entgegengenommen werden. Der Umtausch dieses Gutscheines in gesetzliche Zahlungsmittel darf nur bei der zuständigen Kasse der Lagerverwaltung erfolgen. Zuwiderhandlungen, Nachahmungen und Fälschungen werden bestraft. Der Chef des Oberkommandos der Wehrmacht



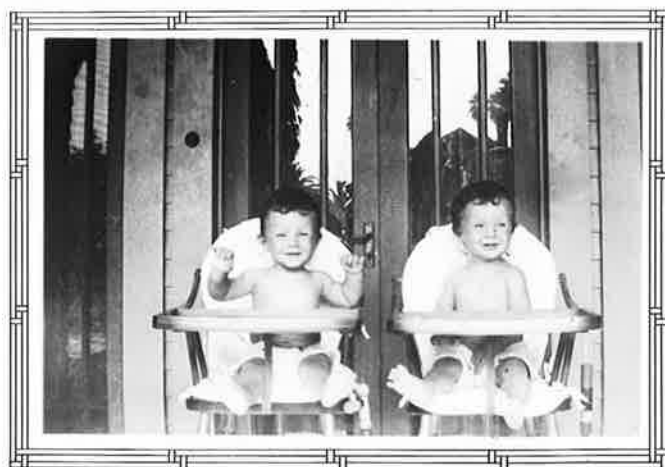
Im Auftrage: *Chmick*



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| 26 | 26 | WAR DEPARTMENT—TOBACCO RATION CARD | ARMY SERIAL NO. 39255019 |
| 25 | 25 | Expires 27 OCTOBER 1945 | |
| 24 | 24 | M | |
| 23 | 24 | ISSUED TO Bill Oliver | |
| 22 | 21 | SIGNATURE Bill Oliver | |
| 21 | 21 | ISSUED BY W. J. Grogan | |
| 20 | 23 | MAJOR, ASST | |
| 19 | 20 | STATION NEW JERSEY | |
| 18 | 20 | 17654 G | |
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| ATLANTIC CITY | |
| AAF RS-NO 1 | |
| RESIDENTIAL IDENTIFICATION CARD | |
| NAME..... | Oliver, Bill |
| GRADE..... | S/Sgt |
| ASN..... | 39255019 |
| DATE..... | 8-30-45 |
| | 743 |
| SIGNATURE..... | |
| NEW JERSEY | |









VOCABULARY

APPEL - G- ROLL CALL

ALLUS ROUSE - G- EVERY ONE FALL OUT

BREW - COFFEE - (TEA OR COCOA)

CUDAHY CANDLE - BUTTER BURNING LANTERNS

D.F.C. - DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

E.T.O. - EUROPEAN THEATRE OF OPERATIONS

FLIEGER - G- FLYER

G.I. - GOVERNMENT ISSUE

I.P. - INITIAL POINT - (START OF BOMBING RUN)

PUT - R- OVER-FINISHED

EG - G- WAR

Y - PRISONER OF WAR. (FROM KRIEGEFANGENEN - G)

T - F- HOSPITAL

AN EASY MISSION

WICK - G- 39

PILOT CONTROL

CLASS

ENGLISH

H

ILLIE

THE POEMS WRITTEN WITHIN THIS BOOK
MAY NOT BE JUST THE BEST.

BUT IF YOU CHOOSE TO TAKE A LOOK,
TAKE THE BAD ONES WITH THE REST.

NO KEATS, OR SHELLYS, OR KIPLINGS,
ARE LISTED IN THE LOT;

BUT KRIEGY'S THOUGHTS ARE HERE EXPRESSED,
WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.

YOU MAY THINK SOME ARE DIRTY

'CAUSE THEY CUSS A LITTLE BIT;

MAYBE THAT'S CAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE

A KRIEGY'S FORM OF WIT.

BUT TO ME THEY BRING BACK MEMORIES

OF THE LIFE WE SPENT IN CAMP,

THE LAUGHS, THE JOKES, THE SUNSHINE,

THE HUNGER, COLD AND DAMP.

SO GO AHEAD AND READ THEM,

SAY WHAT YOU WANT TO, - BUT!!

YOU BETTER SAY THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD,

ELSE KEEP YOUR DAMNED MOUTH SHUT.

Bill Oliver

ANGELS OF DEATH

AN ANGRY ROAR, A MIGHTY HUM;
OUT OF THE SKIES OF GRAY.
A THOUSAND WINGS ALOFT IN FLIGHT,
LIKE MIGHTY BIRDS OF PREY.

A MORNING WAIL ON EARTH BELOW;
THE WARNING OF DEATH TO COME;
DELIBERATE CALM IN TERRIFIED HEARTS;
AN ANGRY NOTE IN SOME.

THE WAVE OF DESTRUCTION, MOVING CLOSE,
IN AN UNSURMOUNTABLE ROLL;
AND IT'S HELL BELOW, FROM HEAVEN ABOVE,
AS THE MISSILES OF DEATH TAKE TOLL.

WHILE UP ABOVE, THE MIGHTY VULTURES,
FIGHT TO STAY ON HIGH;
SPURTS OF FLAME, AND WHINING ROARS,
FILL THE ANGRY SKY.

ON EARTH, BELOW, THE SMOKE FILLED AIR
HASTENS THE END OF DAY;
IN THE CLOUDS, ABOVE, FAR TO THE WEST,
THE ANGELS OF DEATH STEAL AWAY.

I'LL BE WAITING

FRANK STEBBING

I'LL BE WAITING, ALWAYS WAITING,
FOR YOU TO COME BACK TO ME;
IT MAY BE YEARS, AND I'LL SHED MANY TEARS,
BEFORE YOUR DEAR FACE I SEE.
BUT I KNOW SOME DAY I'LL SEE YOU,
AS GOD MEANT IT JUST THAT WAY;
ELSE WHY DID HE BRING US TOGETHER,
IF SWEETHEARTS WE WEREN'T TO STAY??
WHY WOULD HE MAKE ME WANT YOU
EACH HOUR OF THE DAY??
WHY DID HE MAKE ME LOVE YOU,
IF HE MEANT TO TAKE YOU AWAY??
I KNOW WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER,
MY HEART TELLS ME THAT YOU SEE,
SO I'LL BE WAITING, ALWAYS WAITING,
FOR YOU TO COME BACK TO ME.

FLYING

PINTO PETER

F IS FOR THE FAR OUT LANDS WE'VE WANDERED,
 L IS FOR THE LATE HOURS WE HAVE FLOWN,
 Y IS FOR THE YARNS THEY FED US BACK THERE,
 I IS FOR THAT "IS HE COMING HOME"??
 N IS FOR THE NEAR ESCAPES ENCOUNTERED,
 G IS FOR THOSE GUNS THATS PLAIN TO SEE.
 PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER THEY SPELL FLYING,
 AND FLYING WILL BRING VICTORY.

ARMY AIR CORPS

UP WE GO, INTO THE TOP BUNK YONDER;
 SLEEPING HIGH IN THIRTY NINE B.
 HERE THEY COME, READY TO BREAK OUR SLUMBER;
 LOOK AT THE LICE, BEDBUGS AND FLEAS.
 DOWN WE DIVE, CHASED BY THOSE BUGS FROM UNDER;
 HIT THE FLOOR, WITH A HELL OF A ROAR.
 WE'LL FIGHT THOSE VERMIN,
 AND ALL THAT'S GERMAN,
 FOR NOTHING CAN STOP THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

DRAFT DODGER

I'M WRITING THIS SHORT LETTER, AND EVERY WORD IS TRUE.
DONT LOOK AWAY DRAFT DODGER, FOR IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU.
YOU FEEL AT EASE, IN NO DANGER, BACK IN YOUR OLD HOME TOWN.
A COOKED UP PITIFUL STORY, SO YOUR BOARD WOULD TURN YOU DOWN.
YOU NEVER THINK OF THE REAL MEN, WHO LEAVE HOME DAY BY DAY,
YOUR THINKING OF THIER GIRL FRIENDS, THAT YOU STEAL WHILE THEY'RE AWAY.
YOU SIT HOME AND READ YOUR PAPER, JUMP UP AND YELL, "WE'LL WIN!"
WHERE DO YOU GET THAT "WE" STUFF?? THIS WAR WILL BE WON BY MEN.
JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK, DRAFT DODGER, THAT THIS FREE NATION WOULD DO
IF ALL THE MEN WERE SLACKERS AND SCARED TO FIGHT LIKE YOU??
I GUESS THAT'S ALL MR. SLACKER, I SUPPOSE YOUR FACE IS RED.
AMERICA'S NO PLACE FOR YOU, AND I'VE MEANT EVERY WORD I SAID.
SO I'M CLOSEING THIS, DRAFT DODGER, JUST REMEMBER WHAT I SAY;
STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL, YOU LOUSY RAT, FOR I'M COMING BACK SOME DAY.

A COUPLE YEARS AGO

HERE IN STALAG, WHEN DAY IS THRU,

MY THOUGHTS OFT WANDER TO HOME AND YOU.

MY EYES, WHEN CLOSED, CLEAR VISIONS APPEAR,

OF ALL THE THINGS WE HELD SO DEAR;

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.

AND IN MY MIND THE VISIONS SEEM,

THOSE OF HOPES, AND PLANS, AND DREAMS.

NO THOUGHTS OF WAR, AND STRIFE, AND SUCH;

THESE THINGS DIDN'T BOTHER US MUCH;

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.

NOW HERE I AM, WITH DREAMING DONE,

TILL PEACE BELLS CHIME, AND THE WAR IS WON.

AND I RETURN TO BE WITH YOU,

THE HOME, THE PLANS, THE LIFE WE KNEW;

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO WAIT

ONCE IN EVERY GENERATION

MEN MARCH AWAY TO FIGHT,
PRESERVATION OF A NATION
DEPENDS ALONE UPON THEIR MIGHT.

UP IN THE SKY THE AIR FORCE TOILS;
OUR NAVY SERVES UPON THE SEA;
THE ARMY SERVES ON FOREIGN SOILS;
MARINES DO DUTY ON ALL THREE.

BESIDES THESE MEN, THERE ARE STILL OTHERS,
WHOSE TASKS ARE JUST AS GREAT.
THE WIVES, SWEETHEARTS, AND THE MOTHERS.
FOR THEY ALSO SERVE WHO WAIT.

A BOY STANDS BESIDE HIS SWEETHEART
AND SOFTLY WHISPERS IN HER EAR,
"IT ISN'T RIGHT THAT WE SHOULD PART,
BUT I'LL COME BACK TO YOU MY DEAR."

"PLEASE DO!! PLEASE DO!!" IS HER REPLY,
"I'LL WAIT ETERNALLY FOR YOU."
HE BENDS TO KISS HER WITH A SIGH;
AND SO THEY PART ~ LOVE'S SAD ADIEU.

A MOTHER BIDS HER SON GOOD BY,
AND SAYS, "IT'S ONLY FOR A WHILE."
STILL THERE'S A TEARDROP IN HER EYE,
AS SHE TRIES SO HARD TO SMILE.

"I'LL SAY A PRAYER EACH DAY FOR YOU;
KEEP WELL! AND PLEASE BE CAREFUL, SON."

"CHIN UP! DEAR MOM! DONT BE BLUE.

I'LL HURRY BACK WHEN WE HAVE WON."

A WIFE AND CHILD ARE WAITING TOO,
NO DOUBT A MILLION MORE;
AND THEY WILL WAIT, THO THEY BE BLUE,
WHILE HE IS ON SOME FORIEGN SHORE.

THEY, CHILDREN, SISTERS, BROTHERS, FRIENDS
ALL SAVEING PAPER AND COLLECTING SCRAPS,
AND WHEN THE WAR'S LAST BATTLE ENDS
THEY WILL HAVE HELPED TO LICK THE JAPS.

THERE'S SOMEONE MISSING HIM TONITE
IN EVERY PART OF EVERY STATE.
IT'S NOT THIER JOB TO MARCH AND FIGHT;
BUT THEY ALSO SERVE WHO WAIT.

THEY WILL NEVER GET A DECORATION;
STILL WE KNOW THAT THEY ARE GREAT.
THEY'RE THE BACK BONE OF OUR NATION,
FOR THEY ALSO SERVE WHO WAIT.

GO AND TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO THE CHAPLAIN

FRANK STEBBING

SO YOU FEEL THAT YOU'VE BEEN CHEATED IN THIS PARTY
 CALLED A WAR
 AND YOUR GETTIN' BRUISED A LITTLE IN THE GRAPPLIN'
 WELL! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO, THERE'S AN ARMY
 NURSE FOR YOU
 JUST GO AND TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO THE CHAPLAIN

HAS YOUR MARMALADE GOT FLIES IN?? WELL YOU'LL FIND HIM
 MOST OBLIGIN'
 WOULD YOU LIKE A TICKET?? HE'S THE MAN TO SEE
 HE WILL MEET YOU LIKE A BROTHER HE WILL TREAT YOU
 LIKE A MOTHER
 HE WILL BANDAGE UP YOUR THUMB AND SERVE YOU TEA

SURE! OH SURE! I KNOW IT'S TOUGH. SO YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD
 ENOUGH
 SO THE CAP'NS GOINA LEARN A THING OR TWO
 WELL! IT'S A NASTY HORRID WAR SO YOU JUST GO IN
 THAT DOOR
 AND THE CHAPLAIN WILL TAKE TENDER CARE OF YOU

ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS TELL 'IM THAT THE CAP'S FOREVER
 YELLIN'
 AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR FILL OF DUTY AND K.P.
 WHY HE'LL TAKE IT DOWN IN TYPIN' EVERY SYMPTOM OF
 YOUR GRIPPIN'
 AND HE'LL FILE IT IN A FOLDER CAREFULLY

SO YOU FEEL THAT YOU'VE BEEN CHEATED IN THIS PARTY
 CALLED A WAR
 AND YOUR GETTIN BRUISED A LITTLE IN THE GRAPPLIN'
 WELL I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO THERE'S AN ARMY
 NURSE FOR YOU
 JUST GO AND TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO THE CHAPLAIN.

A BLUEEYED BUDDY

I WISH THEY'D MAKE THE ARMY
A LITTLE MORE CO-ED;
I WANT A BLUE EYED BUDDY
TO SHARE MY LONLY BED.

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

THEY GIVE ME G.I. CLOTHING,
AND FEED ME G.I. CHOW,
THERE'S JUST ONE THING I ASK;
I WANT A G.I. GAL.

I WISH THEY'D GIVE A RATION
OF CONCENTRATED LOVE,
BUT OH! MY GOODNESS SAKES ALIVE!!
WHAT AM I THINKING OF??

I OPENED A DOOR TO A DREAM

FRANK STEBBING

I OPENED THE DOOR TO A DREAM,
AND THE BUGLE BLEW GOODNITE,
I SAW YOU RISE FROM A CHAIR,
OH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT!

I OPENED THE DOOR TO A DREAM,
AND OPENED MY ARMS TO YOU;
YOUR LIPS WERE AN INCH FROM MY OWN, MY DEAR,
AND THEN THE BUGLE BLEW.

WHY MUST A DREAM BE SO CRUEL??
WHY CAN'T IT LAST ON AND ON??
I'M IN YOUR ARMS AT MIDNITE;
I'M SO ALONE AT DAWN.

I OPENED A DOOR TO A DREAM,
LIKE A DREAM, IN A DREAM, YOU AROSE.
AND THEN THE BUGLE BLEW;
AND THE DOOR TO A DREAM WAS CLOSED.

DO I REMEMBER??

T/SGT. PEARCE

DO I REMEMBER A COTTAGE SMALL,
 A PICKET FENCE, GREEN GRASS, AND ALL;
 COLD RAINY NIGHTS, A SANDY BEACH,
 FREEDOM OF PRESS, AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH??
 DO I REMEMBER THAT FIRST RAISE IN PAY,
 A WARM LOVED HOME AT THE CLOSE OF DAY,
 THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, THE EMPIRE STATE,
 THE HOLLAND TUNNEL, AND THE GOLDEN GATE??
 DO I REMEMBER A FIRE PLACE,
 A FAITHFUL DOG, A MOTHERS FACE,
 FISHING AND HUNTING, A STARLIT SKY,
 A GIRL I LOVED, AND A HAPPY SIGH??
 DO I REMEMBER THE GREAT ROSE BOWL,
 THE YANKEE STADIUM, THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE,
 INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY, AND MADISON SQUARE,
 A PEOPLE DECENT, CLEAN, AND FAIR??
 DO I REMEMBER NIAGRA FALLS,
 BROOKLYN ACCENTS. AND SOUTHERN DRAWLS,
 LOVERS LANE, A BENCH IN THE DARK,
 CONEY ISLAND AND YOSEMITE PARK??
 DO I REMEMBER FERTILE PLAINS,
 BEAUTIFUL CROPS OF FRUITS AND GRAINS,
 ESCALATORS, AND RAUCIOUS SUBWAYS,
 WINDING RIVERS, AND ENDLESS HIWAYS??
 DO I REMEMBER UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
 THE KENTUCKY DERBY, THE GREAT GRAND CANYON,
 THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF WHICH I'M A MEMBER,
 NOW I ASK YOU -- DO I REMEMBER??

HOME AND LOVE

FRANK STEBBING

JUST HOME, AND LOVE. THE WORDS ARE SMALL,
 FOUR LITTLE LETTERS UNTO EACH,
 AND YET YOU WILL NOT FIND IN ALL
 THE WIDE, AND GRACIOUS RANGE OF SPEECH;
 TWO MORE SO TENDERLY COMPLETE.
 WHEN ANGELS TALK IN HEAVEN ABOVE,
 I'M SURE THEY HAVE NO WORDS MORE SWEET
 THAN HOME AND LOVE.

JUST HOME AND LOVE. IT'S HARD TO GUESS
 WHICH OF THE TWO WERE BEST TO GAIN.
 HOME WITHOUT LOVE IS BITTERNESS,
 LOVE WITHOUT HOME IS OFTEN PAIN.
 NO! EACH, ALONE, WILL SELDOM DO,
 SOMEHOW THEY TRAVEL HAND AND GLOVE;
 IF YOU WIN ONE, YOU MUST HAVE TWO.
 BOTH HOME AND LOVE.

AND IF YOU'VE BOTH, WELL THEN I'M SURE
 YOU OUGHT TO SING THE WHOLE DAY LONG.
 IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOUR POOR,
 WITH THESE, TO MAKE DIVINE YOUR SONG.
 AND SO I PRAISEFULLY REPEAT,
 WHEN ANGELS TALK IN HEAVEN ABOVE,
 THERE ARE NO WORDS MORE SIMPLY SWEET
 THAN HOME AND LOVE.

BLUE SKYS OF EXILE

FRANK STEBBING

ONLY TO THE EARTH AM I IMPRISONED;

THERE IS NO FIXITY ABOUT THE SKY.

FOR OFTEN UPWARD, FROM THE BARBED FENCE GAZING,

I SEE A BIT OF NATIVE BLUE ROLL BY.

BREATHED INTO, BRIGHTENED BY YOU I LEFT BEHIND;

SO MANY TIMES I THINK OF YOU BACK THERE;

AND THEN I FEEL THE SKY HAS CAUGHT

MY CONSTANT THOUGHTS, AND NEVER ENDING PRAYER.

WHICH I REALISE TO HEAVEN IN THE NIGHT,

IN SUPPLICATION THAT AN ERRAND STAR

MAY DROP THEM OFF, WHEN IN IT'S ORBIT FLYING,

HE PASSES NEXT THE GARDEN WHERE YOU ARE.

ONLY TO THE EARTH AM I IMPRISONED;

AND SOMETIMES, WHEN THE SKY'S ARE SPECIAL BLUE,

I KNOW IT IS THE SELF SAME PATCH OF HEAVEN

THAT YESTERDAY SAILED OVER YOU.

THAT'S PART OF LIFE

AMORNING PRAYER, AN EVENING SONG,
 THE WILL TO LIVE, THO' WEAK OR STRONG,
 A BABY'S SMILE, AN OLD MAN'S PIPE,
 MEN AND WOMEN OF EVERY TYPE.
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

CHRISTMAS TIME, THE CHILDREN'S FUN,
 DAY AND NIGHT, CLOUDS AND SUN,
 A LITTLE TROUBLE, AT TIMES A TEAR,
 OR JOY PERHAPS THRU ALL THE YEAR.
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

YOUTH'S OLD DREAM OF FAME AND GLORY,
 THE MISER'S GOLD, THE BEGGARS STORY,
 BOOKS AND MUSIC, THE ARTIST'S BRUSH,
 BARGAIN BASEMENTS, THE SUBWAY'S RUSH.
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

A LOAF OF BREAD, A LITTLE DRINK,
 SOME QUIET PLACE TO SIT AND THINK,
 TIME TO LISTEN AND TIME TO TALK,
 COLD MORNING SHOWERS, A SHADY WALK,
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

THOSE LITTLE QUARRELS, DRESSING FOR DINNER,
 BASEBALL CROWDS, LOUD CHEERS FOR THE WINNER,
 SUBERBS AND SLUMS, THEATERS AND DANCES,
 HOLIDAY GLADNESS, OLY, FLIRTATIOUS GLANCES.
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

FAMILYS GOING TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY,
 WISHING, PRAYING, FOR THAT SOME DAY,
 NAUGHTY CHILDREN, A SPANNING FROM MOTHER,
 LOSEING A FRIEND AND GAINING ANOTHER.
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

YOU SWEAT AND STRIVE TO GET AHEAD,
 YOU FAIL, AND WISH THAT YOU WERE DEAD.
 SOME PEOPLE NEVER GET A BREAK,
 BUT DO THEIR BEST WITH WHAT THEY MAKE.
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

THE RICH AND FAMOUS, THE LOWLY FOOL,
 BIG CITY COLLEGE, SMALL COUNTRY SCHOOL,
 THE BANKERS DESK, THE FARMERS PLOW,
 IN DAYS OF OLD, THE SAME AS NOW;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

RIP IN YOUR COAT, HOLE IN YOUR SHOE,
 SO LITTLE TIME, SO MUCH TO DO,
 A CITY'S TRAFFIC, A FACTORY'S SMOKE,
 EATING AND SLEEPING, A HUMOROUS JOKE;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

FELLOWS GET DRUNK, BRAINS IN A WHIRL,
 SOME OTHER GUY MIGHT STEAL YOUR GIRL,
 TO BE YOUNG AND SPRY OR OLD AND BENT,
 TO LOSE A FORTUNE OR FIND A CENT;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

A HUMBLE JOB OR A GREAT PROFESSION,
 A BOY AND GIRL, LOVE'S LITTLE CONFESSIONS;
 THERE MAY BE SICKNESS, THERE WILL BE HEALTH,
 ONE MAY KNOW POVERTY, ONE MAY KNOW WEALTH,
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

THE HAND OF A FRIEND, A PARTING KISS,
 A JOURNEY'S END, THE ONES WE MISS,
 A BIG NOISY CITY, A SMALL COUNTRY TOWN,
 LAUGHTER THAT CHASES AWAY A FROWN;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

WAR AND PEACE, RELIEF FROM STRIFE,
 A TENDER WARD, A LOVEING WIFE,
 RESPECT FOR GOD, THE DREAD OF PAIN,
 A LITTLE GARDEN, THE SOUND OF RAIN;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

PLATIAL MANSIONS AND THE HOBBO'S SHACK,
 THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE ACROSS THE TRACK;
 A COUPLE DIVORCED, A COUPLE WED,
 A LOVER UNTRUE, A TEAR IS SHED;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

THE LUST TO WRITE, AN URGE TO SING,
 THE INSTALLMENT PLAN, A WEDDING RING,
 A CHEERFUL HOME AT WORK DAYS END,
 SOMETIMES YOU BORROW, SOMETIMES LEND;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

A WELCOME LETTER, YOUR FAVORITE TUNE,
 THE STARS ABOVE, A YELLOW MOON,
 POLITICAL SPEECHES, THE KIDDIE'S TOYS,
 WHAT ONE MAN BUILDS, ANOTHER DESTROYS;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

THE COLD OF WINTER, THE SUMMER HEAT,
 THE THRILL OF VICTORY, THE HURT OF DEFEAT,
 A MORNING PRAYER, STANDING IN LINES,
 YOUR PAY ENVELOPE, THE STRIKE IN THE MINES;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

MEMORY LANE, A KISS IN THE DARK,
 CASTING A VOTE, A PUPPY'S BARK,
 THE ANCIENT GAME OF TAKING A CHANCE,
 ONCE TO EACH HEART A REAL ROMANCE;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

IF TROUBLE FINDS YOU, DON'T GIVE IN,
 IF THINGS LOOK DARK, GO ON, AND GRIN.
 YOU SING, YOU PLAY, YOU LAUGH, YOU CRY,
 YOU'RE BORN, YOU LIVE, AND THEN YOU DIE;
 THAT'S PART OF LIFE.

HERE AND HOME

YOU ARE SO USED TO EATING OUT OF TIN CANS,
AND BEING WITHOUT USE OF FRYING PANS,
FOR A KNIFE OR FORK YOU HAVE NO USE,
BECAUSE ALL YOU EAT IS JERRY SOUP.

NO MATTER WHAT MOOD YOU WERE IN,
YOU HAD WHISKEY, WINE, OR GIN,
TO MAKE YOU FORGET ALL YOUR TROUBLES;
TO HAVE THEM VANISH LIKE SOAP BUBBLES.

YOU NEVER SEE ANY STEAKS OR CHOPS
EXCEPT IN DREAMS OF BUTCHER SHOPS.
AN EGG! IS THERE SUCH A THING??
IF SO, I'LL EAT ALL THAT THEY CAN BRING.

WHEN YOU GET HOME, AND MOTHER COMES IN,
SHE'LL FIND YOU EATING FROM A CAN OF TIN.
JUST THINK! TO EAT WITH A KNIFE AND FORK AGAIN;
WILL BE JUST LIKE WHEN LIFE FIRST BEGAN.

WHAT THEY MADE OF ME

WHEN I WAS A PEACE-LOVIN' YOUNGSTER,
 LIVIN' UP THERE IN THE HILLS,
 I NEVER DID THINK OF FIGHTIN',
 IN PEACE I WAS RUNNIN' MY STILLS.



THEN I TOOK A WALK DOWN THE VALLEY,
 JUST TO SEE WHAT I COULD SEE,
 WHEN A FELLER CHASED ME WITH A SHOTGUN,
 AND SAID, "A SOLDIER YOUR GOIN' TO BE"



OH! CARRY ME BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS,
 BACK WHERE THE LIKKER FLOWS FREE,
 THEN I'LL BE JUST AWFULLY HAPPY,
 WHEN A CIVILIAN THEY MAKE OUT OF ME.



WELL!! I JUST COULDN'T HARDLY RESIST HIM
 WITH THAT GUN POINTED STRAIGHT AT ME,
 I SAID, "BUG NOW LETS DONT START SHOOTIN',
 A SOLDIER YOU'VE MADE OUT OF ME"



WE WENT UP TO THE INDUCTION,
 I KNEW I'D NO LONGER BE FREE,



I TOLD THEM I WAS AWFULL LASY,
SO A FLIER THEY MADE OUT OF ME.

THEY SAID THEY'D MAKE ME A GUNNER,
I TOLD THEM THAT I COULDN'T SEE,
THEY SAID THAT DIDN'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE,
SO A GUNNER THEY MADE OUT OF ME.

THEN I STARTED OUT OVER THE OCEAN,
THEN ON ACROSS THE NORTH SEA;
THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS THE FIGHTERS,
AND A CHRISTIAN THEY MADE OUT OF ME.

THEN A 20 M.M. KNOCKED OUR TAIL OFF,
THE PLANE SPLIT IN HALF, DONT YOU SEE ??
WHILE ALL THIS WAS A HAPPENIN',
A PARATROOPER THEY MADE OUT OF ME.

THEN THEY BROUGHT ME DOWN TO THIS PLACE,
IT'S CALLED STALAG SEVENTEEN B,
WITH BARBED WIRE ALL AROUND ME,
A PRISONER THEY MADE OUT OF ME.

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT

BILL OLIVER

I WANT YOU TO KNOW IT CAME TO PASS,
 WHERE LOUEY AND I ALWAYS SWEAT OUT GAS,
 THEN WE'D TRY TO CRASH LAND AND BUST OUR --- .
 BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT.

THE FIRST TIME WE CRASHED, IT WAS WITH PRICE,
 HE BROUGHT HER IN, AND HE SET HER DOWN NICE,
 BUT WE LOOKED AT THE PLANE AND WE SAID "OH! ----".
 BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT.

WE'RE TRYING TO FORGET THE THRILL,
 THAT COMES WITH THOSE TREMBLING KNEES.
 BUT THEN WE CRASHED WITH KLETTE, TOO,
 HE CRASHED US IN SOME TREES.

THE NEXT TIME 'T WAS HOLSTROM BROUGHT US IN,
 A WING AND A PRAYER, AND A GREAT BIG GRIN,
 BUT WE THOUGHT THAT OUR LUCK HAD RUN KINDA THIN.
 SO LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT.

(THEN JUST TO AD LIB, WE ALL BAILED OUT,
 WHEN, "HIT THE SILK", WE HEARD HOLSTROM SHOUT,
 THEN WE SWEAT OUT THE WAR EATING SAUR KRAUT,
 BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT.)

A GUNNERS VOW

A.A. "BLUE" POLLARD

I WANTED TO BE A PILOT;
AND YOU, ALONG WITH ME.
BUT IF WE ALL WERE PILOTS
WHERE WOULD THIS AIR FORCE BE??
IT TAKES GUTS TO BE A GUNNER,
AND SIT WAY OUT IN THE TAIL,
WHEN THE FOCKE-WOLFS ARE COMING IN,
AND THE BULLETS BEGIN TO HAIL.
THE PILOT IS JUST THE CHAUFFEUR;
IT'S HIS JOB TO FLY THE PLANE.
BUT IT'S US THAT DO THE FIGHTING
THO WE MAY NOT GET THE FAME.
SO IF WE MUST BE GUNNERS,
THEN LET US MAKE THIS BET,
"WE'LL BE THE BEST DAMNED GUNNERS
THAT HAVE LEFT THIS STATION YET."

GANGSTER FLIERS

WE KNOW THE DEATH WE FACE EACH DAY.

WE VOLENTEERD AND FIGHT THAT WAY.

STRAFEING, BOMBING HURLING DEATH, DESTUCTION.

FOR THE ENEMY THEY CALL IT SUCTION.

GANGSTER FLIERS WE ARE CALLED;

SPREADING FEAR AND TERROR TO THEM ALL.

TODAY WE LIVE, TOMORROW WE MAY DIE;

AS FATE DECREASE, WE FLAME OR FLY.

RIPPED ASUNDER BY SHOT AND SHELL,

WE FALL IN FLAME DOWN THRU DEPTHS OF HELL;

TO FALL LIKE AN EAGLE, WITH A BROKEN WING;

TO CRASH TO EARTH, AND DEBRIS FLING.

OUR THOUGHTS ARE BRIEF, AS TIME IS SHORT;

IT IS PERHAPS OUR TIME TO DIE.

A CHANCE WE LIVE, IF SO,

WE SPREAD MORE TERROR TO THE FOE.

VISIONS

ARTHER GAGE

TIS NIGHT AGAIN, AND YOU ARE THERE;

I MUST NOT MISS THIS DATE.

YET FOREIGN SKYS DO TANTALISE,

AND ROWS OF BARBS, BUT THAT IS FATE.

THRU WAR TORN EARTH AND YASTLINESS,

ACROSS AN ANCIENT SEA;

YOUR LOVE RELAYS A MILLION WAYS,

AND THEN YOU WONDER BACK TO ME.

TIS NIGHT AGAIN, AND YOU ARE NEAR;

YET DARKNESS SHROUDS THE STARS.

THE SIGHING WIND HAS TOLD ME SO,

RELAYED BY GOD, THRU MARS.

BUT LO! A LIGHT HAS NOW APPEARED

TO SLOWLY FADE AWAY,

TO LEAVE A PATTEN IN THE SKY

THAT GLOWS LIKE YESTERDAY.

TIS NIGHT AGAIN, AND YOU ARE THERE;

I WONDER DO YOU HEAR

THE CADENCE BEAT OF MARCHING FEET,

FOR THEY ARE GROWING NEAR.

YOU DIDN'T KNOW, I'D MISS YOU SO,

IN ALL THOSE WEARY YEARS;

BUT HEART IS LITE, WHILE THRU THE NITE,

YOUR SMILE I SEE, AND NOW THERE ARE NO FEARS.

A VIGIL, GOD IS KEEPING NOW

O'ER EVERY LAD TONITE;

FOR THE BATTLEFIELD IS HONOR

FOR THERE LOYAL CAUSE TO FIGHT.

IN BANDAGES, OR PRISON CAMP,

NO MATTER WHERE HE BE,

A G.I. LOVES THE TRANQUIL THOUGHT

OF FULL REALITY.

GLADIATORS OF THE CLOUDS

EXIBITS OF MANHOOD, SO GALLANTLY DISPLAYED,
UNSURPASSED IN BRAVERY, RECKLESSLY UNAFRAID.
LIKE EAGLES THEY SOARED, THOSE KINGS OF THE SKY;
DROPPING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, BRAVELY THEY DIED.

IT'S AN EPOCH OF OLD, OF MEN BRAVE AND STRONG.
FOR KNIGHTS OF THE AIRWAYS, LIFE IS NOT LONG.
THE PILOT, CO-PILOT, THE BOMBARDIER TOO,
SIX GUNNERS AND NAVIGATOR, MAKE UP THE CREW.

FAME WAS THEIR FORTUNE, ADVENTURE THEIR LIFE,
GAY AND RECKLESS IN COMBAT, AS KEEN AS A KNIFE;
THEY'LL NE'ER BE FORGOTTEN BY WE WHO CAME THRU;
THE PRIDE OF THE AIR FORCE, THOSE KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE.

TO LATE

I KNOW THEY DIDN'T AIM TO SHOOT ME,
THEY WERE JUST PRACTICING UP THERE.
BUT I CANT BELIEVE IT WAS A SWALLOW.
THAT PUT THIS NEW PART IN MY HAIR.

TO LATE, TO LATE, WE LEFT OLD ENGLAND.
TO LATE, TO LATE, WE FLEW AWAY.
THE JERRYS KNEW THAT WE WERE COMING;
AND THIS IS WHAT THEY DID THAT DAY.

THE FIGHTERS STARTED IN UPON US;
I CHARGED MY GUNS, BUT THEY WERE FROSE.
'T WAS THEN I HEARD THE PILOT HOLLER,
"THAT THING GOING PAST US IS OUR NOSE."

TO LATE, TO LATE, I PULLED THE TRIGGER.
TO LATE, TO LATE, TO SHOOT HIM DOWN.
HE'S GONE, HE'S GONE, HE WENT RIGHT BY ME.
WHEN I LOOKED THIS IS WHAT I FOUND.

TWO HOLES WERE SHINING THRU MY WINDOW,
OUR TAIL WAS GONE, I KNEW NOT WHERE,
ENGINES ONE AND TWO WERE FEATHERD,
OUR RIGHT WING WAS FLOATING THRU THE AIR.

TO LATE, TO LATE, TO FIND MY 'CHUTE NEAR.
TO LATE, TO LATE, TO DO A THING.
I GROPED AROUND IN ALL THAT DEBRIS;
GRABBED HOLD OF SOMETHING, AND STARTED TO SING —.

"FLOATING DOWN ON A WING AND A PRAYER,
ALL ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS WAY UP THERE,
AS I DRIFTED SLOWLY DOWN,
I KEPT THINKING OF THE GROUND,
FLOATING DOWN ON A WING AND A PRAYER."

A YANKEE KITE

TODAY THERE ARE BANNERS WAVEING
IN THE SOFT SWEET HEAVEN'S AIR;
AND THERE'S YANKEE FEET A TREADING
THOSE GOLDEN STREETS UP THERE.

THERE'S A YANKEE FORTRESS GUARDING
THE DOMINION OF THE SKYS;
KEEPING FAITH MIDST FLAK AND BULLETS
FOR A MILLION OTHER 'GUYS.

THE WAY ON LAND IS DIFFERENT
THAN FIGHTING IN THE AIR;
THERE IT'S LIKE AN EAGLE'S PLAYGROUND,
KEPT CLEAN BY HOLY CARE.

IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT MEN SHOULD TRESPASS
IN MACHINES OF DEATH AND WAR,
BREAKING THE HEAVENLY SILENCE
WITH THIER FIENDISH, DEVILISH ROAR.

THAT'S WHY THERE'S A FORTRESS GAURDING,
THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY;
FLYING CRUSADE ABOVE THE CLOUDS,
AWAY UP THERE ON HIGH.

THEY ARE KEEPING FAITH WITH BUDDYS
WHO BELIEVE IN THIS SAME LIFE.
AND WE KNOW THEY'LL CLEAR THE HEAVENS
WITH THAT MIGHTY YANKEE KITE.

THE LAST FLIGHT

BIG BIRDS, FILLED WITH EGGS OF DEATH,
DARKEN THE SKYS OF DAY;
AND ENEMY GUNS ALL BLEW THIER BREATH,
TO STEAL THIER LIFE AWAY.

CHICKS WERE NESTLED BENEATH HER WINGS,
EACH WITH A JOB TO DO;
SHOWING A COURAGE KNOWN TO KINGS,
AS THIER GUNS SPIT A MAD TATTOO.

THEN, THRU THE DIN OF THE GREAT BIRDS FLIGHT,
A BULLET HAD FOUND HER HEART,
AND SLOWED HER DOWN IN HER GALLANT FIGHT,
AS SHE STRIVED TO DO MORE THAN HER PART.

THEN SHE CAUTIONED HER CHICKS TO BE READY,
FOR HER LIFE WAS EBBING FAST;
HER COURSE WAS NOW UNSTEADY,
AND THEN, SHE BREATHED HER LAST.

THEN EACH CHICK LEAPED FROM THE GREAT BIRD'S WING,
AND HELD, WITH A TREMBLING HAND,
THAT WONDERFUL, MAN-MADE SILKEN THING,
THAT CARRIED HIM SAFE TO LAND.

THEN EACH CHICK HAD ONE THOUGHT IN MIND;
HIS TIME HAD COME TO DIE.
THEN HE THOUGHT OF THE LAND HE'D LEFT BEHIND,
AND UTTERED A NEW KIND OF SIGH.

THOUGHTS OF A GUNNER

A.A. "BLUE" POLLARD

I AM SITTING HERE AND THINKING
OF THE THINGS I LEFT BEHIND,
AND I'D HATE TO PUT ON PAPER
WHAT IS RUNNING THRU MY MIND.

I USED TO BE A GUNNER
BACK IN NINETEEN FORTY THREE;
BUT I'VE FOUND OUT FROM EXPERIENCE,
THAT THAT'S NO LIFE FOR ME.

OUR PLANE WAS A FLYING FORTRESS,
A BOMBER BUILT BY GOERING;
WE LEFT THE STATES IN LATE JULY;
TO ENGLAND WE WERE GOING.

TWENTY FIVE MISSIONS WAS OUR GOAL,
BUT WE ONLY GOT TO TEN;

NOW WE ARE PRISONERS OF GERMANY,
WAITING FOR THE WAR TO END.

BUT IF THERE IS ANOTHER WAR,
I WILL NOT BE A FOUL,
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO REENLIST,
FOR COOK'S AND BAKER'S SCHOOL.

THE BALLAD OF BOLT STUD BILL

A. K. BEANE

THERE ARE SOME WHO SAY A GUNNER'S PAY
IS ALTOGETHER TOO HIGH;
BUT THAT AINT SO, CAUSE WE ALL KNOW,
WE EARN IT WHEN WE FLY.
IT'S A RUGGED GAME, THE ROAD TO FAME,
AND LIFE IS OFTEN SHORT
FOR THE MEN WHO DARE TO FIGHT IN THE AIR
FOR THE SILVER WINGS THEY SPORT.
NOW I'M GOING TO TELL A TALE OF HELL,
OF GUTS, AND AN IRON WILL,
OF THE WAR IN THE SKY, AND OF THOSE WHO FLY,
AND THE TWENTY FIFTH MISSION OF BOLT STUD BILL.
NOW BILL WAS ONE OF THOSE GAMBLING GUYS;
HE HARBORED A LUST FOR THE GAME.
CARDS, DICE, ROULETTE, OR ANY DAMNED BET,
TO BILL WAS JUST THE SAME.
HE COULDN'T TAME HIS LUST FOR THE GAME,
HE'D SIT IN ANY NITE;
HE'D DRAW HIS PAY, AND THEN HE'D PLAY
TILL TIME FOR THE MORNING FLIGHT.
IF YOU COULDN'T FIND BILL DEALING BLACKJACK OR STUD;
IN THE BARRACKS HE COULDN'T BE SEEN;
HE'D BE CROUCHED 'HIND HIS GUNS, DEALING DEATH TO THE HUNS,
FROM THE TAIL OF A "B 17".
NOW BILL WAS A SLICK FROM THE OLD
THE OUTFIT HAD TAKEN ABUSE;
TO EVERY RAID, TO JERRY WE PAID
THE PRICE OF A COUPLE OF CREWS.
THEN INTO THE GROUP REPLACEMENTS WOULD TROOP,
EAGER FOR MISSIONS TO FACE;
THEY'D MAKE JUST A FEW, AND THEN A NEW CREW
WOULD COME TO TAKE THEIR PLACE.
IT GOT PRETTY BAD, AND A BUNCH OF THE LADS
WERE DISCUSSING THE PROBLEM ONE NITE,
WHILE PASSING AROUND A BOTTLE THEY'D FOUND
THEY PROCEEDED TO GET PRETTY TIGHT.
ONE OF THE GUYS, CONSIDERED QUITE WISE,
A MATHEMATICAL SLICK;
WITH PAPER AND PEN, AND A DRINK NOW AND THEN,
PROMISED THE PROBLEM HE'D LICK.

SO WITH A GLASS OF SCOTCH, THEY SET DOWN TO WATCH;
THEY WERE A DRUNKEN BLEARY-EYED LOT.

SLICK SWEATED AND SWORE, AND CUSS'D THE AIR CORPS,
UNTIL FINALLY THE ANSWER HE GOT.

"I'VE FIGURED IT OUT, AND THERE ISN'T A DOUBT,
NO MATTER HOW YOU STRIVE;

I'M WILLING TO BET THAT THERE'S NO MAN YET
WHO'LL FINISH MISSION TWENTY FIVE."

BUT THERE IN THE DAZE, IN THE CIGARETTE HAZE,
SAT BILL, WITH A DRINK IN HIS HAND;

HE LISTENED A WHILE, AND THEN SORT OF SMILED,
A GRIN ON HIS HOMLEY PAN.

SLICK LIKED TO CHOKE ON THE WORDS BILL SPOKE,
AND THE ROOM WENT SUDDENLY STILL,

"I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S ONE IN THE BUNCH;
SO I'LL TAKE THAT BET," SAID BILL.

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, WE'LL MAKE UP A POT,
SO COME ON BOYS CHIP IN.

I'M READY TO GAMBLE MY SUNNERS LUCK
THAT I'M THE GUY THAT WILL WIN."

THERE WAS NO MISTAKE THE ODDS WERE GREAT,
BUT THE LURE OF CHANCE IS STRONG,
SO ONE BY ONE IN THE POT THEY FLUNG,
AND THE GAME OF LIFE WAS ON.

IT WAS EARLY SPRING WHEN THEY STARTED THE THING,
AND WHEN SUMMER HAD ROLLED AROUND,
LEFT OF THOSE MEN WERE ONLY TEN;
THE REST WERE ALL SHOT DOWN.

BILL OFTEN THOUGHT OF THE BET THEY'D MADE;

THEN HE'D CURSE THAT FATAL NITE;

AND HE'D SOMETIMES SAY IN A TROUBLED WAY,

"WELL! IT LOOKS LIKE SLICK WAS RIGHT."

BUT STILL HE FLEW, TWO WELL HE KNEW.

THE FICKELNESS OF FATE,

THEN HE'D THINK OF THE DOUGH, AND OFF HE'D GO,

AND ANOTHER MISSION HE'D MAKE.

HE CUSS'D AND MORNED IN A DREARY TONE,

AND SWORE HE'D FLY NO MORE,

AND IN THIS WAY, HE FOUND ONE DAY,

THAT HE'D COMPLETED TWENTY FOUR.

BUT THE COMBAT GAME DEMANDS A PRICE

THAT ALL MUST PAY WHO FLY;

IT'S A SETTLED FATE THAT YOU CAN'T ESCAPE,
AND PAY YOU MUST, OR DIE.

FOR THE LAW IS SO IN THE E.T.O.,
THERE'S NO EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE,
AND NEITHER WAS BILL, HE'D BEEN THRU THE MILL,
AND HE PAID HIS DEBT IN FULL.

HIS WEIGHT WAS DOWN TO A HUNDRED POUNDS,
HE WALKED LIKE A MAN IN A DAZE,
HE'D A BLANK SORT OF LOOK, AND HIS HAND IT SHOOK;
YES! HE'D CHANGED IN MANY A WAY.

HE HAD THE PURPLE HEART, AND THE D.F.C.,
AIR MEDAL, WITH CLUSTERS FOUR;
FOR BILL HAD MADE HIS TWENTY FOUR RAIDS,
AND HAD ONLY TO GO ONE MORE.

HE WAS SWEATING OUT THIS ONE MORE TRIP,
HOLDING OUT FOR AN EASY ONE;

WHEN THERE HAPPEND BY CHANCE, A TRIP TO FRANCE,
THAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLD MILK RUN.

THE BRIEFING WAS DONE, AND THE MORNING SUN
WAS JUST COMING UP IN THE EAST.

THEY CLEARED THE PROPS, AND PULLED THE CHOCKS,
THEN TOOK OFF FOR LA PALLICE.

BILL IN THE TAIL WATCHED THE VAPOR TRAIL
AS OVER THE CHANNEL THEY FLEW,
AND HE THOUGHT OF THE BET, AND THE DOUGH HE'D GET,
WHEN THIS LAST BIG MISSION WAS THRU.

THEY CARRIED THE SIGHT ON THIS ONE FLIGHT,
FOR THEY WERE LEADING THE WAY,
AS THE HOURS PASSED, THEY CAME AT LAST,
TO WHERE THE TARGET LAY.

WITH ANXIOUS EYES HE SEARCHED THE SKYS,
NO FIGHTERS COULD HE SEE;
BUT THE SKY WAS BLACK WITH BURSTING FLAK
AS THEY HIT THE OLD J.P.

THEN THEY SWUNG ON THE BOMBING RUN,
THEIR COURSE WAS LEVEL AND TRUE,
THEY WERE FLYING BY THE P.D.I.
AS THE TARGET CAME IN VIEW.

BILL'S BROW WAS WET WITH CLAMY SWEAT
AS THEY OPENED THE BIG BOMB BAY;
FROM THE NOSE HE COULD HEAR THE BOMBARDIER
AS HE SHOUTED, "BOMBS AWAY".

BILL WIPEO HIS CHIN, AND SAID WITH A GRIN,
 "WE'LL HIT THE TARGET AT NOON.

IT'S THE EASIEST PAID I'VE EVER MADE."

BUT HE SPOKE A LITTLE TOO SOON.

FOR HIS SHIP GAVE A PLUNGE IN A DOWNWARD LUNGE
 LIKE A BARGE ON A HEAVY SEA;

"WELL I GUESS THIS IS IT. WE'VE SURE BEEN HIT,
 AND IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD TO ME."

THEN TO HIS DISMAY WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY
 BILL SAW THAT TWO ENGINES WERE OUT.

THEN FROM THE WAIST, IN A TONE OF HASTE,
 HE HEARD A WAIST GUNNER SHOUT,

"GET SET FOR TROUBLE FOR WE'RE FALLING BEHIND,
 AND THERE'S FIGHTERS COMING IN FAST!"

RIGHT THEN AND THERE BILL BREACHED A PRAYER,
 AS THE FIRST FOLKE-WOLFE FLASHED PAST.

HE TIGHTEND HIS GRIP, AND BIT HIS LIP,
 AND SETTLED DOWN TO FIGHT,

HIS SHOULDERS SLOUGHED IN A GUNNERS CROUCH
 BEHIND HIS FLEXIBLE SIGHT.

THE BIG GUNS BOUNCED AND BUCKED IN THEIR MOUNTS,
 SPEWED FORTH THEIR LEADEN DEATH,

AS HE TURNED HIS GUNS ON THE DIVING HUNS
 THAT WAS COMING IN ON THEIR LEFT.

BILL'S EYES WERE BRUTE WITH A BLASEING LIFE;
 HIS LIPS WERE SET IN A GRIN.

THE TWENTYS CRASHED, WITH A BURSTING FLASH;
 AS THE FIGHTER PLANE'S CAME IN.

IN STREAKS OF ~~FLAME~~ RED, THE TRACERS SPED,
 BILL KNEW HIS AIM WAS RIGHT,

FOR THE JERRY PLANE IN A BURST OF FLAME
 BLEW UP WITHIN HIS SIGHT.

THRU BURSTS OF FLAK, AND FIGHTER ATTACKS,
 THE BIG SHIP STAGGERED ON;

STILL IN CONTROL, BUT SHOT FULL OF HOLES,
 WITH TWO OF HER ENGINES GONE.

UP IN FRONT THE PILOT SLUMPED,

THREE BULLETS THRU HIS HEAD,

IN THE WAIST OF THE SHIP, WITH A SHATTERED HIP,

WAS ONE GUNNER DYING, THE OTHER DEAD.

SHOT IN THE SHOULDER, AND HALF IN HELL,

BILL CROUCHED IN THE BLOODY SPRAY;

"I'VE LOST MY BET, BUT I'M NOT LICKED YET;
 COME ON IN HENRIES AND GET YOUR PAY!"
 IN THEY CAME WITH GUNS AFLAME,
 LIKE HORNETS FROM THEIR NEST,
 AND WELL BILL KNEW FROM THE WAY THEY FLEW
 THEY WERE SOME OF GOERING'S BEST.
 THRU THE TRACER FLASH, AND CANNON CRASH,
 BILL HEARD THE CO-PILOT SHOUT,
 IN A CRACKLING TONE, THRU THE INTER-PHONE,
 THE ORDER TO 'BAIL OUT'.

BILL SAW AT A GLANCE THEY HADN'T A CHANCE,
 HIS LUCK HAD PASSED HIM BY;
 FOR THE GALLANT PLANE WAS A COFFIN OF FLAME;
 IT WAS 'HIT THE SILK' OR DIE.

THE ENGINEER, AND THE BOMBARDEER,
 WERE THE FIRST TO USE THEIR 'CHUTES,
 AND THE REST OF THE CREW, THAT WERE ABLE TO,
 ALL QUICKLY FOLLOWED SUIT.

OUT OF THE SKY IN A SCREAMING DIVE
 THE JERRYS SWOOPED IN FOR THE KILL,
 AND HATING TO QUIT, THO HE KNEW HE WAS LICKED,
 THE LAST TO LEAVE HER WAS BILL.

OUT BILL CAME FROM THE BURNING PLANE,
 LIKE A HUMAN SAPHYR ON HIGH,
 HE GRABBED FOR THE RING, GOT A HOLD OF THE THING,
 AND PLUNGED DOWNWARD THRU THE SKY,
 WHEN YOUR LIFE DEPENDS UPON ODDS AND ENDS
 OF SILK AND CORD AND SUCK;

RIGHT THEN AND THERE, BILL BREATHED A PRAYER,
 FOR HIS LIFE WASN'T WORTH VERY MUCH.

HE TWISTED AND TURNED, AND OH! HOW HE YEARNED,
 AS THE DEVIL LAUGHED AT HIS FLIGHT,
 BUT A P.F.C. AT HIS HOME BASE, YOU SEE,
 HAD PACKED BIL'S CHUTE JUST RIGHT.

WITH A TUG AT HIS BACK, UP WENT THE SLACK,
 AND HIS PARACHUTE STARTED TO SWAY,
 HE LOOKED ALL AROUND, BUT HEARD NOT A SOUND,
 FOR THE FIGHTERS 'HAD FLOWN ON THEIR WAY.

AND BELOW HIM LAY THE BAY OF BISCAY;
 BILL KNEW HE WAS IN FOR A SWIM,
 THERE BROAD, BLEAK AND BLACK, WITH TINY WHITE CAPS,
 THE WATER RUSHED UP AT HIM.

BILL HAD LOST ALL HIS BETS AND HAD MANY REGRETS,
 FOR THE FRENCH COAST WAS FAR OUT OF ~~THE~~ VIEW;
 AND ENGLAND'S SHORE, HE'D SEE NO MORE,
 HIS LIFE WAS JUST ABOUT THRU.
 BILL SHOULD HAVE QUIT LIKE HIS OLD PAL SLICK,
 THEN HE'D HAVE BEEN SAFE AT HOME;
 BILL DROWNED THAT DAY, IN THE COLD BLACK BAY,
 HE WENT UNDER BENEATH THE FORM.
 SOME CANT UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN FATE TAKES A HAND
 THE ODDS AGAINST HIM ARE GREAT;
 BILL WAS IN TROUBLE, AND WENT DOWN FOR DOUBLE,
 AND HIS LUCK HAD DEALT HIM AN ACE.
 IF THERE'S STILL SOME WHO SAY A GUNNERS PAY
 IS ALTOGETHER 'O HIGH;
 JUST THINK OF OLD BILL, AND HIS IRON WILL,
 AND HIS LAST BATTLE IN THE SKY.

GLADIATORS OF THE CLOUDS

EXHIBITS OF MANHOOD SO GALLANTLY DISPLAYD,
 UNSURPASSED IN BRAVERY, RECKLESSLY UNAFRAID.
 LIKE EAGLES THEY SOARED; THOSE KINGS OF THE SKY,
 DROPPING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION; BRAVELY THEY DIED.

IT'S AN EPOCH OF OLD, OF MEN BRAVE AND STRONG;
 FOR KNIGHTS OF THE AIRWAYS, LIFE IS NOT LONG.
 THE PILOT, CO-PILOT, THE BOMBARDIER TOO,
 SIX GUNNERS AND NAVIGATOR, MAKE UP THE CREW.

FAME WAS THIER FORTUNE, ADVENTURE THIER LIFE,
 GAY AND RECKLESS IN COMBAT, AS KEEN AS A KNIFE.
 THEY'LL NE'ER BE FORGOTTEN BY WE WHO CAME THRU,
 THE PRIDE OF THE AIR FORCE; THOSE KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE.

THE INCOMPLETE MISSION

COME GATHER ALL AROUND ME
AND LISTEN, AS I REPEAT
THE STORY I'VE TOLD SO OFTEN
OF THE MISSION WE COULDN'T COMPLETE.

OUR GOAL WAS TWENTY FIVE MISSIONS,
AND THIS WAS OUR EIGHTH FEAT,
BUT NONE OF US DREAMED THAT IT WOULD BE
THE MISSION WE COULDN'T COMPLETE.

WE SET OUT THAT DAY FROM OLD ENGLAND;
TEN MEN IN A FORTRESS STRONG;
WE WAVED FAREWELL TO THE GROUND CREW,
AND SAID, WE WOULDN'T BE LONG.

THE DAY WAS THE LAST OF SUMMER,
AND THE SKYS ABOVE WERE CLEAR;
WE BREATHED A PRAYER TO THE LORD ABOVE
FOR WE KNEW THE TARGET WAS NEAR.

FIGHTERS CAME IN FROM EVERY ANGLE,
AS IF PLAYING SOME KIND OF A GAME,
ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY HIT US,
TILL OUR ENGINES BURST INTO FLAME.

THE CREW GAVE, AS THE FIRE RAGED ON,
AND THE PILOT SLUMPED IN HIS SEAT;
FOR ALL OF US KNEW THAT THIS WOULD BE,
THE MISSION WE COULDN'T COMPLETE,

SO TAKE A TIP FROM A VETERAN BOYS,
THERE'S A REWARD FOR EVERY FEAT;
BUT DONT PLAY TO UNDERTAKE IT
IF IT'S A MISSION YOU CAN'T COMPLETE.

A KRIEGY REPLY

YOU SAY THAT WE ARE QUITTERS;
 THAT WE HAVN'T THE GUTS TO DIE;
 LET ME TELL YOU A PART OF THE HELL
 THE BOYS GO THRU WHO FLY.
 THE HIGENIES MAKE IT HOT UP THERE;
 BUT NATURALLY, YOU KNOW,
 YOU'VE SEEN THE FLAK A-BURSTING
 IN THE LOCAL MOVIE SHOW.

YOU'VE SEEN THE FOCKE-WOLFS CANNON FLASH
 AS HE DASHED IN FOR THE KILL;
 AND YOU COULDN'T LINE YOUR SIGHTS UP,
 CAUSE THE BASTARD WONT STAND STILL.
 WE'VE LINED OUR SIGHTS UP THO;
 YES! AND BLOWN THEM ALL TO HELL.
 WE TOOK OUR SHARE OF JERRYS
 AND IT DIDNT TASTE SO ~~GOOD~~ WELL.

YOU'VE SEEN A FORTRESS BLOWN TO BITS,
 AND PIECES DOWNWARD STREAM;
 YOUR FIGHTING IN THE STRATOSPHERE
 IS ALL CONFINED TO DREAMS.
 MIDST ALL THE FLAK AND FIGHTERS,
 YOU HEAR THE PILOT SHOUT,
 "CONTROLS ARE HIT! TWO ENGINES GONE!
 GET READY TO BAIL OUT."

THE KID IN THE TAIL HAS LONG BEEN GONE
 FROM A TWENTY IN THE HEAD.
 YOU GLANCE AT YOUR BUDDY IN THE WAIST;
 YES! THERE'S ANOTHER DEAD.
 THE ENGINES WHINE WITH A HELL OF A ROAR;
 SHE'S PLUNGING TOWARD THE GROUND;
 YOU GASP, YOU FEEL, YOU FUMBLE,
 YOUR PARACHUTE CAN NOT BE FOUND.

THE KID LOCKED IN THE TURRET,
 THAT LITTLE REVOLVING GALL,
 STRUGGLES TO RELEASE HIMSELF
 THRU ALL THAT FEARFULL FALL.

AT LAST YOU GET YOUR CHUTE ON,
AND YOU STRUGGLE FOR THE DOOR;
BUT YOU ARE PINNED IN THE FUSILAGE;
STILL YOU HEAR THE WHINE AND ROAR.

THEN YOUR SHIP BLOWS ALL TO PIECES.
YOUR BLACKED OUT FROM ALL SOUND.
YOU COME TO WITH YOUR CHUTE ON
AND YOUR FLOATING TO THE GROUND.
FROM TWENTY THOUSAND FEET UP,
THE WIND IT TWISTS YOU 'ROUND;
IT TAKES YOU NEARLY HALF AN HOUR
BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND.

THEN YOU SEE A DOZEN JERRYS;
ON EVERY FACE A GLOAT;
THEY KNOW YOU KILLED THEIR FAMILYS,
AND THEY'D LOVE TO SLIT YOUR THROAT.
YOU HAVN'T GOT A WEAPON;
AND YOU CANNOT STAND TO RUN;
IF THAT WERE YOU LIGHT THERE
I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE SOME FUN.

I COULD GO ON AND TELL YOU
MORE OF THIS LITTLE TALE;
GRUSE WHEN THE JERRYS WANT TO
HE CAN MAKE A GRAVE MAN QUAIL.
NOW WHERE I GOT THESE STORYS;
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TELL.
THEY'RE FROM MY BUDDIES ROUND ME
IN A NAZI PRISON CELL.

SOME WITH ARMS AND LEGS OFF,
AND SOME THAT CAN NOT SEE,
BUT EVERY MAN HAS DONE HIS PART
FOR THIS DEMOCRACY.
THEIR FIGHTING DAYS ARE OVER;
IN MY MIND THERE IS NO DOUBT;
IF EVERY MAN WOULD DO AS MUCH,
WE'D SOON PUT JERRY'S FIRE OUT.

PASSING COMRADES

HIGH UP THERE SO NEAR TO HEAVEN,
WHERE BEAUTIFUL WHITE CLOUDS FLOAT,
BRAVE MEN FIGHT AND STRUGGLE;
BUT NEVER TO BRAG OR GLOAT.
THE ENEMY MAY BE POWERFULL
WITH FLAK AND FIGHTERS SO THICK;
BUT THE PILOT'S THOUGHTS NEVER WAYER
FROM THE INSTRUMENTS AND THE STICK.
THE BOYS WHO ARE THE GUNNERS,
WHO FEEL DEATHS ICY BREATH,
ARE THINKING OF SWEET LIBERTY,
AND TRYING TO DO THIER BEST.
THE FORMATION STRUGGLES ONWARD,
WITH MANY LIVES TO PAY;
BUT NEVER A THOUGHT OF TURNING
FROM THIER TARGET FOR TODAY.
OH! THAT FORT! SHE IS WOUNDED!
A BLAST WITHIN HER BREAST.
HER FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM IS ENDED,
AND TEN MEN GONE TO REST.
FOR WHEN THE ODDS TURN AGAINST YOU
AND YOU FEEL YOUR GOING TO DIE;
THEN YOU TRUST THE LORD ABOVE YOU,
AND THE GREATEST PLANES THAT FLY.
I MIGHT HAVE JOINED MY COMRADES
HAD OUR MAKER WILLED IT SO,
BUT MANY WARS MAY BE FOUGHT AND WON
BEFORE IT'S MY TURN TO GO.
AND AS I DREAM WHILE I LINGER,
AND MY PRISON DAYS GO BY,
MY THOUGHTS WILL OFTEN WANDER
TO MY COMRADES IN THE SKY.

P-38 ESCORT

HEDDY LAMAR IS A BEAUTIFUL GAL,
 AND MADELINE CARROL IS TOO.
 BUT YOU'LL FIND YOUR GIVEN
 A DIFFERENT THEORY,
 FROM ANY BOMBER CREW.
 FOR THE LOYLIEST THING
 THAT ONE COULD SING
 THIS SIDE OF THE HEAVENLY GATES,
 IS NO BLONDE, OR BRUNETTE,
 FROM THE HOLLYWOOD SET,
 BUT AN ESCORT OF P-38s.

YES! IN DAYS THAT WERE PASSED
 AND THE TABLES WERE MASSED,
 WITH GLASSES OF SCOTCH, AND CHAMPAIGNE.
 IT'S TRUE THAT THE SIGHT
 WAS ONE TO DELIGHT,
 INTENT UPON FEELING NO PAIN.
 BUT NO LONGER THE SAME,
 NOW-A-DAYS IN THIS GAME,
 HEADING EAST FROM OLD ENGLAND'S STRAITS,
 KEEP YOUR SPARKLING WINE,
 BUT EVERY TIME, MAKE MINE
 AN ESCORT OF P-38s.

BYRON, SHELLY AND KEATS
 RAN A DOZEN DEAD HEATS,
 DESCRIBING THE VIEW FROM THE HILLS,
 OF THE VALLEY IN MAY
 WHERE THE WIND GENTLY SWAYS
 AN ARMY OF BRITE DAFFODILLS.
 TAKE YOUR DAFFODILLS BYRON,
 YOUR WILD FLOWERS SHELLY,
 YOURS ARE THE MYTHS, FRIEND KEATS,

JUST RESERVE ME THOSE CUTIES,
THOSE AMERICAN BEAUTYS,
AN ESCORT OF P-38s.

SURE! WE'RE BRAVER THAN HELL.
ON THE GROUND ALL IS SWELL.
IN THE AIR IT'S A DIFFERENT STORY.
WE SWEAT OUT OUR TRACKS
THRU FIGHTERS AND FLAK,
BUT WERE WILLING TO SPLIT UP THE GLORY.
THEY WOULDN'T REJECT US,
SO HEAVEN PROTECT US,
UNTIL THE FIGHTING ABATES.
GIVE US COURAGE TO FIGHT 'EM,
AND ONE OTHER SMALL ITEM,
AN ESCORT OF P-38s.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER FOR HER!!

FRANK STEBBING

DEAR GOD, WATCH OVER HER FOR ME;
THAT SHE MAY SAFELY GUIDED BE.
HELP HER EACH CONLEY HOUR, TO BEAR
AS I WOULD, LORD, IF I WERE THERE.

WHEN SHE IS SLEEPING; WATCH HER THEN;
THAT FEAR MAY NOT HER DREAMS OFFEND.
BE EVER NEAR HER THRU THE DAY;
LET NONE BUT GOODNESS COME HER WAY.

SWEET, FAITHFUL GIRL, WHO WAITS FOR ME
BEYOND A WIDE AND SPACIOUS SEA.
BE MERCIFUL, DEAR GOD, I PRAY,
TAKE CARE OF HER WHILE I'M AWAY.

KRIEGY LIFE

THIRTEEN BARRACKS IN A ROW;
FOUR THOUSAND MEN SLEEP HEAD TO TOE.
PLYWOOD AND BOARDS MAKE OUR BED;
ROLLED UP TUNICS HOLD OUR HEAD.
TWO THIN BLANKETS KEEP OUT THE COLD;
HUNDREDS OF LICE HIDE IN EACH FOLD.
DIRTY LATRINES THAT STINK OF LIME;
WALKS MADE UP OF MUD AND SLIME.
FOOD SERVED UP IN DIRTY PAILS;
BREAD THAT'S MOULDY, HARD, AND STALE.
STOVES THAT HAVE NO FUEL TO BURN;
FILTH THAT MAKES YOUR STOMACH TURN.
JERRY GAARDS PATROL EACH FENCE;
ON THE ALERT AND ON THE DEFENSE.
THIS IS THE LIFE WE AIRMEN SEE
AFTER WE LAND IN GERMANY.

OUR LAST FLIGHT

A. A. "BLUE" POLLARD

COME, GATHER ALL AROUND ME
AND LISTEN, WHILE I TELL
OF THE GREATEST AIR BATTLE IN HISTORY,
EVER FOUGHT THIS SIDE OF HELL.

THEY WOKE US AT THREE IN THE MORNING,
ON OCTOBER THE FOURTEENTH,
TO GO ON A MISSION TO GEMANY,
WITH THE REST OF OUR B-17'S.

THE FOG WAS LOW AND HEAVY.
WE WERE GROUNDED TILL ALMOST NOON.
WE SAID GOODBY TO OUR GROUND CREWS;
AND, "WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN PRETTY SOON."

AS SOON AS WE GOT OVER GERMANY
WE KNEW WE WERE IN FOR A FIGHT.
WE HAD LOST ABOUT TEN OF OUR BOMBERS,
AND THE TARGET WAS NOT YET IN SIGHT.

THE FIGHTERS CAME FROM EVERY DIRECTION,
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FIVE HUNDRED STRONG;
WHILE DODGING THE FLAK AND GUNFIRE,
OUR BOMBERS FLEW STEADILY ALONG.

WE WERE THINKING AGAIN OF OLD ENGLAND,
AND WONDERING IF WE WOULD GET BACK.
FOR IF WE COULD GET BY THE FIGHTERS,
WE COULD SURLEY OUT DODGE THE FLAK.

TWO PLANES ON OUR RIGHT WERE BURNING;
WITH TWO OF THEIR ENGINES GONE.

THEY KEPT FALLING LOWER, AND LOWER,
TILL AT LAST THEY COULNT GO ON.

THEN WE FELL OUT OF FORMATION;
WE KNEW WE WOULD HAVE A HOT TIME.
WE COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH OUR OUTFIT;
WE WERE TO DAMNED FAR BEHIND.

WE FOUGHT FOR ALMOST AN HOUR,
OUR AMMUNITION WAS RUNNING LOW,
WE WERE HEADED FOR SOME OTHER COUNTRY,
BUT THE FIGHTERS WOULD NOT LET US GO.

THE PILOT SAID, "JUMP WHEN YOUR READY,
WE CANT STAY HERE VERY LONG."
AND LONG AFTER THE CREW HAD LEFT HER,
OUR GOOD SHIP STILL FLEW ON.

WE JUMPED, AND OUR PARACHUTES OPENED.
THE SKY WAS DOTTED WITH WHITE.
AS CHUTE AFTER PARACHUTE OPENED
AND WE WERE CLEAR OUT OF THE FIGHT.

NOW! YOU BOYS WHO WANT TO BE GUNNERS
JUST TAKE A TIP FROM ME,
YOU'LL LIVE A HELL OF A LOT LONGER
IN THE GOD DAMNED INFANTRY.

PARACHUTE

IT WASN'T QUITE WHAT I HAD PLANNED,
 BUT I WAS QUICK TO FIND;
 THE FLAK GUNS THAT THE GERMANS MANNED
 WILL VERY QUICKLY CHANGE YOUR MIND.

I LEFT THE SHIP BENEATH THE WINGS,
 AND AS I FELL KEPT HOPIN':
 FROM WHAT I'D HEARD ABOUT THESE THINGS,
 THEY SOMETIMES FAIL TO OPEN.

TWEN THERE I WAS HUNG OUT IN SPACE;
 AND OVERHEAD A SILK UMBRELLA;
 I WISH THAT I COULD CHANGE MY PLACE
 WITH SOME GROUND MAN, LUCKY FELLOW.

TIME STOOD STILL, WITHOUT A SOUND,
 FROM THE MOMENT OF MY JUMP;
 THEN SUDDENLY UP SPRANG THE GROUND,
 AND I MET IT WITH A BUMP.

BALANCED DIET

AT HOME, WHEN SUNDAY ROLLS AROUND,
 THE COOKS BEGIN TO DROOP.
 'CAUSE FOLKS AT HOME GET STEAKS AND CHOPS;
 BUT WHAT DO WE GET ~ SOUP!!

THANKSGIVING ROLLS AROUND AND THEN,
 ON STEAMER, YACHT, AND SLOOP.
 THEY ALL GET CHICKEN, TURKEY, AND DUCK.
 STILL WHAT DO WE GET ~ SOUP!!

CHRISTMAS DINNER COMES ALONG
 WITH CRANBERRY SAUCE, AND GOOSE.
 CHRISTMAS GIFTS, AND WINE GALORE;
 STILL WHAT DO WE GET ~ SOUP!!

WHEN I GET HOME IN SOME HASH-HOUSE,
 AND SOME WAITRESS UP TO ME DROOPS;
 GOD HELP HER IF SHE SAYS TO ME,
 "AND WHAT DO YOU WANT ~ SOUP"??

WHO'S BOSS??

A GUNNER IS A HAPPY GUY;
TAKES WHAT COMES AND NEVER BATS AN EYE.
IN KRIEGY CAMPS HE IS THE SAME.
"LUFT GANGSTER" IS HIS SPECIAL NAME.
THE JERRY SLAPS ON DOUBLE GAURDS,
ADDS ON FENCES, CUTS OFF YARDS.
THE GUNNER LOOKS ON, WITH A GRIN,
AS JERRY SWEATS TO HOLD HIM IN.
"NOW PLEASE, MIEN HERR, AT ONCE, ROLL CALL.
IN FOURTY MINUETS OUT HE'LL FALL.
PLEASE! GENTLEMEN, WONT YOU LINE UP??
THE GUNNER SIPS HIS BREW-FILLED CUP,
THE HUNS RUSH 'ROUND, ARMS WAVEING FRANTIC,
THE GUNNER SMILES AT JERRY'S ANTIC.
IT'S STRANGE, THO JERRY HAS THE GUN,
IT SELMS THE YANK STILL MAKES HIM RUN.

A PRISONER'S DREAM

R. NICKOLS

I TRY TO SLEEP, BUT ALL IN VAIN;
I SEE YOUR FACE, AND HEAR YOUR NAME;
IT'S COLD TONITE, AND THE WIND IS HIGH,
ALL SNOW, AND ICE, AND A COLD GRAY SKY.

I SEEM SO HELPLESS IN THIS WORLD OF STRESS;
MY SOUL CRIES OUT IT MUST HAVE REST.

IF I COULD ONLY SEE YOUR FACE
ACROSS THE TABLE, WHERE YOU SAID GRACE.

IF ONLY ALL THESE DREAMS COME TRUE;
THE DREAMS I OFTEN DREAM OF YOU;
I DREAM OF THE DAY WE WENT TO THE RACES,
THE PARTYS, SHOWS, AND A THOUSAND PLACES.

JUST TO SEE YOU AGAIN AS YOU WERE THAT TIME,
WHEN WE WENT TO THE PARK, ON ONE THIN DIME.
AT NITE I LOOK AT THE SAME OLD MOON;
AND I THINK OF THAT WONDERFUL NITE IN JUNE.

IT WAS THEN YOU PROMISED TO BE TRUE;
AND WE PLANNED SO MANY THINGS TO DO.

IT ALL NOW SEEMS SO LONG AGO,
TIME GOES ON, BUT OH! SO SLOW.

AT NITE MY SHIP OF DREAMS SET SAIL
WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT, AND THE MOON IS PALE.
THE SAILS ARE FULL AND THE BREEZE IS STRONG;
I MUST REACH PORT BEFORE THE DAWN.

WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS YOU WAIT FOR ME
UPON THE SHORE, FAR ACROSS THE SEA.
ALL NITE LONG I SAIL ON, AND ON,
BUT IM STILL AT SEA WITH THE BREAK OF DAWN.

SO FOR ANOTHER DAY I'M A PRISONER OF WAR;
WHILE YOU WAIT FOR ME ON THAT DISTANT SHORE.
BUT THE DAY WILL COME WHEN BELLS WILL RING,
WHEN HEARTS WILL BE LIGHT, AND PEOPLE WILL SING.

THE DARK CLOUDS WILL ALL BE BLOWN AWAY,
AND THE WORLD WILL REJOICE THIS HAPPY DAY.
SO CHIN UP, AND A HAPPY SMILE,
FOR I'M COMING HOME IN A LITTLE WHILE.

FLEAS

BLUE POLLARD

IN MY SACK, IN A SHACK, IN GERMANY,
 IT'S A CONSTANT BATTLE 'TWEEN ME AND THE FLEA.
 NOW THIS SACK THAT I LIE ON IS FILLED WITH STRAW.
 IT'S SO THIN THAT MY "PERSONAL PARTS" ARE RAW.
 AND IN THIS STRAW, THAT I MENTIONED BEFORE,
 IS A HOST OF FLEAS, NUMBERED BY THE SCORE.
 THESE FLEAS, WITH THIER SEEMINGLY HARMLESS FACES,
 ARE CONSTANTLY BITEING EMBARRASING PLACES.
 FROM TOE, TO ANKLE, TO KNEE, THEY JUMP,
 AND WHEREVER THEY LAND, THEY LEAVE A BUMP.
 WHEN ~~THEY~~ ^{WE} CAME, THEY TOLD US WITH SMILING FACE,
 THAT WE HAD ARRIVED AT A HEAVENLY PLACE.
 "FOR YOU," THEY SAID, "THE WAR IS OVER.
 YOUR LIFE, FROM NOW ON, IS A BED OF CLOVER."
 BUT THEY NEVER MENTIONED THE GOD DAMNED FLEAS,
 WITH THIER BITE AS BAD AS A BUMBLE BEE'S.
 I'LL SAY NO MORE ABOUT THIS PEST.
 YOUR POUNDED EAR DESERVES A REST.
 BUT REMEMBER MY STORY, WHEN FROM PRISON YOU PART,
 AND PUT ME IN FOR THE PURPLE HEART.

CHOW DETAIL

AT THE AWFULL HOUR OF SEVEN THIRTY
THEY CALL FOR THE CHOW DETAIL;
STILL WE FIND TWO BUCKETS DIRTY;
STRANGE BUT TRUE IT NEVER FAILS.

AT DINNER TIME, THE SAME OLD TALE,
WE'RE MISSING SEVERAL MEN;
AND STILL THERE SITS A DIRTY PALL,
BY SUPPER TIME IT MAY BE TEN.

NO ONE WANTS TO CARRY THE TUB,
BECAUSE OF THE MESS IT MAKES,
THEY'RE BRINGING IN THE SOUP I LUB,
SO BE CAREFULL FOR GOODNESS SAKES.

THE GROUND IS SLIPPERY HERE AND THERE,
ONE GUY DOES A LOOP;
WE HAVE TO WRING OUT THIS GUYS HAIR,
TO GET BACK ALL OUR SOUP.

BREAD DETAIL

GRAB TWO BLANKETS AND COME ALONG,
WE GOTTA GO AFTER THE BREAD.
BE SURE THE MEN YOU TAKE ARE STRONG,
THIS STUFF IS AS HEAVY AS LEAD.

I REMEMBER THE FATE OF A COUPLE OF BO'S;
I REMEMBER THE MOANS, AND THE GROANS.
ONE OF THE LOAVES HIT THEM ON THE TOES,
AND BROKE AT LEAST TWENTY BONES.

A SIXTH OF A LOAF FOR EVERY MAN;
WHICH DOES NOT GIVE THEM MUCH.
SOME OF THE LOAVES, WHEN THEY LEFT THE PAN,
SHOULD HAVE BEEN GIVEN A CRUTCH.

AFTER YOU'VE SAWED, AND HACKED, AND CHOPPED,
YOU'LL FINALLY CUT IT IN TWO.
THEN YOU'LL FIND THE DARN THINGS CRACKED,
SO YOU STICK IT TOGETHER AGAIN WITH GLUE.

RUMORS

P.O.W. AKERS

THOSE LITTLE STALAG RUMORS ARE PRESENT EVERY DAY,
THEY TRAVEL FAR AND FAST, AND THEY COME WITHOUT DELAY.
AT FIRST THEY'RE JUST MERE TRIFLES; BUT AS THEY REPEAT,
THEY GROW A LITTLE LARGER, UNTIL THEY CANT BE BEAT.
THEY MULTIPLY IN NUMBER, AND NEVER SEEM TO MOULD,
AND AS EACH DAY IS OVER THEY INCREASE A HUNDRED-FOLD.
THAT THE WAR IS ALMOST OVER, COULD BE THE LATEST DOPE,
OR MAYBE ROME HAS FALLEN, OR A BOMB HAS KILLED THE POPE.
COULD BE MAHALOVITCH IS DEAD, OR WE'VE TAKEN BRENNER PASS,
OR "RUN LIKE HELL FOR COVER MEN, THEY'VE STARTED USEING GAS".
EACH DAY YOU HEAR THE STORY, THE ITYS HAVE GIVEN IN,
AND THEN, OFCOURSE, YOU HEAR AGAIN, THE RUSSIANS TOOK BERLIN.
IN FRANCE A REVELUTION; YOU HEAR IT'S QUIET A BATTLE;
OR ON OUR OWN HOME FRONT, OFCOURSE, THE JAPS HAVE BOMBED SEATTLE.
AND IN OUR LITTLE COMPOUND THE PARCELS HAVE ARRIVED,
THEY TAKE THE ACTUAL NUMBER AND MULTIPLY BY FIVE.
SO WHEN THE PACT OF PEACE IS SIGNED, AND WE ARE ON OUR WAY,
I WONT BELIEVE IT TILL I SEE THE GOOD OLD U.S.A..
THE MORAL OF THIS STORY AS YOU GO FROM YEAR TO YEAR,
BELIEVE JUST HALF OF WHAT YOU SEE, AND NONE OF WHAT YOU HEAR.

POOR ME

JOHN W. MULLINS

IN DAYS OF OLD, WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD,
AND SEATS IN THE LATRINE WERE ICY COLD;
THOSE WERE THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE TOUGH;
AND THEY DIDNT MIND WHEN THE GOING GOT ROUGH.
BUT I'VE BEEN DOWN SINCE AN EARLY DATE;
AND I'M ABOUT TO LOSE ALL FAITH.

I'M SO BLUE AND ALL ALONE,
DOGGONUT, I JUST WANNA GO HOME.
I'VE SPENT THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THIS DARN PLACE,
AND MINE IS SURE A MORBID CASE.

THINGS LOOK BLACK, AND SORTA HAZY,
I GUESS I'VE JUST GONE STONE CRAZY.

I NEVER WAS A DRUNK, OR A SDT,
BUT IN THE PAST YEAR I'VE LEARNED A LOT;

I'LL EAT, AND DRINK, WITHOUT A CARE,
AND HAVE PRETTY WOMEN TO COMB MY HAIR.
PLENTY OF "SLICK CHICKS" IN THE LATEST FROCKS,
SHARP PEG PANTS, AND THE LADDEST SOX.
I'LL SOON FORGET ALL THE HARD KNOCKS,
AND KNOCK MYSELF OUT ON A HOT JUNE BOX.

BUT NOW I GUESS I BETTER STOP;
CAUSE I'M REALLY BEGINNING TO BLOW MY TOP;
BUT BEFORE I GO, PLEASE LET ME SAY,
"JUST WAIT TILL I HIT THE U.S.A.!"

CHOW

SOME ONE YELLS, "CHOW IS HERE,"
THE LINES THEY QUICKLY FORM;
ONE POOR KRIEGY LOST AN EAR,
HE WAS TRAMPLED BY THE SWARM.

FORTH THEY RUSH TO GET THE STUFF,
AND REALLY RISKS THIER NECKS.
I'M TELLING YOU IT'S PRETTY ROUGH;
IN THREE MEALS TIME, THEY'RE BROKEN WRECKS.

THE FOOD DONT EVEN CARRY GERMS;
THE KITCHEN FIXES THAT.
THE GERMS WERE EATEN UP BY WORMS;
SO THE WORMS ARE NICE AND FAT.

THE MORE I THINK ABOUT THE GRUB,
I HAVE BUT ONE SUGGESTION.
IT'S BETTER JUST TO EAT THE TUB
THAN DIE OF INDIGESTION.

CHOW-KING'S NITE-MARE

A HUNDRED POTS, AND FIFTY PANS,
HAD THE CHOW-KING BACKED TO THE WALL.
SURROUNDED BY TUBS, BUCKETS AND CANS,
HE WAITED FOR THE BLOWS TO FALL.

THEY SHACKLED HIS ARMS WITH HEAVY CHAINS,
AND BEGAN BEATING HIM WITH A SPOON.
COVERED WITH SOUP, AND ACHEING WITH PAIN,
HE WAS KICKED IN THE SHINS BY A PRUNE.

POTATOES THREW JACKETS DOWN WITH A SLAM,
THEN BATTERED HIM TO AND FRO,
HE WAS SLAPPED IN THE FACE BY A SLICE OF SPAM,
BEFORE THEY WOULD LET HIM GO.

HE FINALLY AWOKE, GLAD TO BE FREED,
AND HE THOUGHT HE HAD HARDLY A CARE;
BUT FACED BY THE MOB HE HAD TO FEED,
HE WISHED HE WAS BACK IN THAT DARNED NITE-MARE.

HARD TIMES

"DOC" UNGER

THEY SAY THAT BREAD'S THE STAFF OF LIFE,
BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THAT'S TRUE,
FOR WITHOUT MY RED CROSS PARCEL
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO.

WE USED TO GET ONE EVERY WEEK,
AND WE ATE THEM JUST AS FAST;
NOW I WISH I'D SAVED SOME
FOR LAST WEEKS ISSUE WAS THE LAST.

I HAVE TO BE CONTENT THESE DAYS
WITH A HUNK OF BREAD, AND SOME STEW;
INSTEAD OF COFFEE, CHEESE AND SPAM,
LIKE WE ALWAYS USED TO DO.

CIGARETTES ARE THINGS OF THE PAST;
IT'S ALL "ROLL YOUR OWNS" NOW;
BUT SOON THERE'S GOING TO BE A CHANGE,
AND I CAN TELL YOU HOW.

THE ALLIES SOON WILL WIN THIS WAR,
THEN WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE STATES;
WHERE THERE'S PLENTY OF GOOD CLEAN FOOD TO EAT,
AND HUNDREDS OF GIRLS TO DATE.

JERRY SOUP

BILL OLIVER

WHILE BUMMIN' 'ROUND THE COUNTRY
I'VE HAD SOME LOUSY MEALS;
I LEARNED HOW LUKE-WARM COFFEE TASTES,
AND I'VE LEARNED HOW PTOMAIN FEELS.
I'VE EATEN MEAT SO AWFULLY TOUGH
'TWOULD WEAR YOUR TEETH OFF SHORT;
I'VE EATEN HASH THAT WAS SO ROUGH
IT WOULD MAKE A BULLDOG SNORT.
I'VE EATEN BISCUETS LIGHT AS LEAD,
AND PIES THAT TASTES LIKE GLUE,
AND SOME THE CAKES WOULD LAY YOU DEAD,
AND I'VE HAD SOME LOUSY STEW.
I'VE HAD SOME EGGS THAT WERE SO ROTTEN
THE SMELL WOULD MAKE YOU SICK.
AND BREAD THAT TASTES LIKE SO MUCH COTTON;
STUFF A BRAVE PIG COULDN'T LICK.
BUT OF ALL THE BAD THINGS I HAVE HAD;
YOU COULD BUNCH THEM IN ONE GROUP;
AND THEY COULDN'T BE ONE HALF AS BAD
AS A BOWL OF JERRY SOUP.

ROLL CALL

HYLLER COMES IN AND THE WHISTLE BLOWS,
 "ALLUS ROUSE MITTEN", HE'LL ROAR.
 THE RUMBLEING STARTS, AND THEN IT GROWS,
 STILL NO ONE JARS THE FLOOR.

THE BARRACKS CHIEF TAKES UP THE GRY,
 "ROLL CALL, LETS GO," HE'LL SAY.
 COATS SLIP ON WITH A MOURNFUL SIGH,
 EACH DAY IT'S THE SAME OLD WAY.

WE HAVE TO WADE THRU KNEE-DEEP SNOW,
 OR MUD, UP TO OUR NECKS,
 AND EVERY OTHER DAY, OR SO,
 WE HAVE THOSE DOG-TAG CHECKS.

SOME STAND INSIDE THE DOOR DEBATING,
 AFTER EVERY ONE ELSE HAS LEFT.
 RESULT, — THEY'VE KEPT THIER COMRADES WAITING
 TILL THEY'RE NEARLY FROZEN TO DEATH.

ALLUS ROUSE

"ALLUS ROUSE MIT, — APPEL!"
 FALL OUTSIDE AND STAND A SPELL.
 MAYBE AN HOUR, MAYBE THREE, ..
 I DONT KNOW! THEY DIDN'T CONSULT ME.

PICTURE CHECK, — DOG-TAG TOO,
 SAME OLD THING, NOTHIN' NEW.
 WHAT IF IT SNOWS?? WHAT IF IT RAINS??
 THEY DONT CARE FOR YOUR ACHES AND PAINS.

ALL I CAN SAY IS "HAVE YOUR FUN."
 'CAUSE SOON THE DAY IS GOIN TO COME
 WHEN WE'LL SAY, FROM FORGE OF HABIT,
 "NOW! MR. JERRY, YOU HAVE HAD IT."

KRIEGY JUBILEE

GATHER YOU KRIEGYS, GATHER 'ROUND;
 AND OUR TROUBLES TO YOU WE WILL EXPOUND.
 WITH THE MUD UP TO OUR KNEES,
 AND OUR SACK SO FULL OF FLEAS,
 BELIEVE ME, IT'S BOUND TO GET YOU DOWN.



OH KRIEGYS WE ARE, AND KRIEGYS WE'LL BE,
 TILL THE GOOD OLD U.S. ARMY SETS US FREE.
 SO DONT BITCH AND MOAN, JUST JOIN IN OUR SONG,
 IT'S THE KRIEGY'S JUBILEE.



FOR BREAKFAST OUR COFFEE'S BARELY WARM,
 AND TO ME THE JERRY CHOW HAS LOST IT'S CHARM,
 OH! THEY SAY THE BREAD IS GOOD,
 BUT WE KNOW IT'S MADE OF WOOD,
 AND THE SOUP COMES IN NINTY DIFFERENT FORMS.



OH KRIEGYS WE ARE, AND KRIEGYS WE'LL BE,
 TILL THE GOOD OLD U.S. ARMY SETS US FREE,
 SO DONT BITCH AND MOAN, JUST JOIN IN OUR SONG,
 IT'S THE KRIEGY'S JUBILEE.



YOU KRIEGYS, YOU PLAY POKER ALL THE NITE;
 AND THOSE CUDAHY CANDLES MAKE YOUR LITE,
 THEN IT'S TWO TO YOU,
 AND "I'LL RAISE YOU TWO."
 CHECK CINCHES TO MAKE THE SUCKERS BITE.



OH KRIEGYS WE ARE, AND KRIEGYS WE'LL BE,
 TILL THE GOOD OLD U.S. ARMY SETS US FREE.
 SO DONT BITCH AND MOAN, JUST JOIN IN OUR SONG,
 IT'S THE KRIEGY'S JUBILEE.

A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO

BILL OLIVER

THE Y.M.C.A. SENT US KITS;
AND IN EACH ONE DID THROW;
PENCILS, PAPER, SHOES AND SHORTS,
AND A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO.

IN ALL THE TORTURES OF THIS CAMP
THE WORST ONE THAT I KNOW,
IS LISTENING TO THE CONSTANT SHRILL
OF A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO.

FOR WHEN THE WEATHERS BAD OUTSIDE,
AND IT STARTS TO RAIN AND SNOW,
THE WIND AND COLD'S NOT HALF AS BAD
AS A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO.

AND WHEN WE START TO TAKE A BATH,
AND THE WATER STOPS IT'S FLOW,
IT DOESN'T GRIPPE US HALF AS MUCH
AS A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO.

AND IF WE'RE ON A CHOW DETAIL
WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO GO,
BECAUSE IT MEANS WE GET RELIEF
FROM A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO.

SO WHEN I DIE, AND GO UP THERE,
WHERE THE HARPS PLAY SOFT AND LOW,
I HOPE TO HELL NO BASTARD PLAYS
A GOD-DAMNED PICCILO.

WASH ROOM

IF A FELLOW'S NOT TO LASY,
HE'LL TRY AND CRACK THE ICE,
ONE GUY HERE MUST BE CRAZY,
WE CAUGHT HIM WASHING TWICE.

MY TOOTHBRUSH HAS THREE BRISTLES NOW;
WE WASH OUR TEETH WITH SAND.
IN ORDER TO PRESERVE OUR TOWEL,
WE ONLY WASH ONE HAND.

WE HAVE TO SWIM TO REACH THE SINKS
BECAUSE OF PLUGGED UP DRAINS,
THE WATER'S DEEP, AND HOW IT STINKS.
WE HAVE SHOWERS WHEN IT RAINS.

WE SELDOM EVER WASH OUR FACE,
WE HAVE NO HAIR TO COMB,
BUT THEN, WHO CARES, WE'RE GOING NO PLACE,
WE HAVE NO CHANCE TO ROAM.

GLOOMY ME

THE SKY IS CLOUDY THE WIND IS COLD
THE BREAD IS HARD AND COVERED WITH MOULD
THE THUNDER ROLLS AND EXPLODES WITH A BOOM
MY SPIRITS ARE LOW IM ENCLOSED IN GLOOM

SO COMES MONDAY TO START ANOTHER WEEK
DOWN COMES THE RAIN THE ROOF BEGINS TO LEAK
IT SEEMS LIKE A BOOK PAGE AFTER PAGE
WHICH NEVER ENDS BUT GOES ON IN AGE

NO FOOD TO EAT NOT EVEN A SNACK
SO I GUESS I'LL RELAX AND HIT THE SACK
IT'S GOTTA END SOON IT CANT LAST LONG
I SAID LAST CHRISTMAS BUT I WAS WRONG

THEY FREED THE FRENCH AND FREED THE DUTCH
THEY LIBERATED BELGUM WITH A DEFINATE TOUCH
THE QUESTION NOW ARISES AND CONFRONTS ME
WHEN WILL THEY TAKE AUSTRIA AND SET ME FREE

TWIN-GUN BILL

THE FORT SOARED HIGH THEN OUT OF SIGHT
 IT'S TARGET THE JAWS OF HELL
 BUT 'T'WAS NEVER TO ROUGH FOR A CREW SO TOUGH
 "BLOOD!" WAS THIER BATTLE-YELL

UP! UP! THEY CLIMBED THRU CLOUDLESS SPACE
 DOVER WAS FAR TO THIER REAR
 WITH EACH MAN AT HIS BATTLE PLACE
 DEFIANT GUNNERS TO FEAR

AND TWIN-GUN BILL FROM HIS PLACE IN THE TAIL
 WHISTLED A MERRY TUNE
 AS THE PILOT CALLED ON THE INTER-PHONE
 "IT'S A GINCH WE'LL BE HOME BY NOON."

THEN OF A SUDDEN, WITH A SPLINTERING CRASH
 THE SKY WAS DOTTED WITH BLACK
 AS THE WIND RUSHED THRU THE GAP IN THE FLOOR
 AND ONE ENGINE WAS HIT BY FLAK

SIX FIGHTERS DIVED FROM OUT OF THE SUN
 AND FLAK SRRAYED FROM BELOW
 HOT LEAD SPIT FROM A DOSEN GUNS
 AND SIX FIGHTERS BLEW UP IN A ROW

THE WAIST GUNNER WOUNDED BUT STILL AT HIS GUNS
 AT HIS FEET WAS A FROSEN POOL OF RED
 BUT HE SHOT DOWN TWO OF THE CURSSED HUNS
 'FORE HE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR - DEAD

TWO ENGINES WERE OUT, THE WING WAS ABLASE
 THE TAIL WAS SPLINTERD AND TORN
 THE STERN OLD KITE HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS
 BUT NOW SHE WAS RIDDLED AND WORN

THEN THREE SCREAMING MESSERSMIDTS MAD WITH LUST
 MADE A DIVING PASS AT THE TAIL
 THREE SCREAMING MESSERSMIDTS BIT THE DUST
 TO RECIEVE THIER IRON CROSS IN HELL

THE ENGINEER WITH HIS EYE TO THE SIGHT
 HAD ENUF OF THIER DANGEROUS WORK
 AND WONDERD WHY HE HAD WANTED TO FIGHT
 WISHED HE'D BEEN AN M.P. OR A CLERK

THEN ONE FOCKE-WOLFE LIKE A PHANTOM SPOOK
 MADE A QUICK SUCCESFULL PASS
 THE WOUNDED FORT QUIVERED AND SHOOK
 AND WENT DOWN IN A BLASEING MASS

BUT TWIN-GUN BILL STUCK TO HIS GUNS
 GALIANT, DAUNTLESS AND BRAVE
 AND RODE HIS SHIP IN SPITE OF THE HUNS
 TO THE FOOT OF AN UNMARKED GRAYE

A DEPUTY DEVIL WITH LIEUTENANTS BARS
 AND A SICKLY GROUND OFFICERS LOOK
 TOOK TWIN-GUN BILL TO A DEVIL WITH STARS
 WHO WAS WRITING IN AN ASBESTOS BOOK

THE GENERAL DEVIL LOOKED UP FROM HIS WORK
 LAID DOWN HIS BLASEING PEN
 THEN DISMISSED THE IMP WHO WAS THE CLERK
 WHO SALUTED AND THEN LEFT THE DEN

"ATTENTION!" SNAPPED OUT THE DEVIL
 BILL GLARED BACK WITHOUT ANY FEAR
 "SALUTE" THEN SHOUTED THE DEVIL
 FOR I'M SATAN, THE C.O. HERE

NOW HERE IN THIS BOOK HE SAID TO THE LAD
 ARE STORIES THAT CANT BE BEAT

AND YOUR HISTORY SEEMS TO BE VERY BAD
BUT IT ISN'T, AS YET, QUITE COMPLETE

SO TELL ME HOW YOU GOT SHOT DOWN
AND HOW MANY FIGHTERS YOU CLAIM
AND A LITTLE ABOUT YOUR LIFE ON THE GROUND
A CORRECT CLASSIFICATION OUR AIM

BILL LOOKED THE DEVIL STRAIGHT IN THE EYE
THEN TOLD OF HIS LIFE IN A FORT
AND OFCOURSE HE ADDED MANY A LIE
TO HIS EXCITING, ADVENTUROUS REPORT

WHILE SATAN SAT ON THE EDGE OF HIS CHAIR
IN HIS EYES WAS A SPELL BOUND LOOK
BILL'S WILD YARN RAISED EVERY HAIR
IT RESEMBLED A PAGE FROM A BOOK

WHEN BILL TOLD OF A FORGED PASS
THE DEVILS FACE TURNED RED
AND WHEN HE SPOKE OF THE ENGLISH W.A.A.F.S
THE DEVIL FINALLY SAID

TWIN-GUN BILL YOUR QUIET A LAD
AND I HAVE GOT ME A NOTION
YOUR PAST HAS BEEN SO AWFULLY BAD
THAT HERE YOU DESERVE A PROMOTION

TO YOU I'LL GIVE ANOTHER STRIPE
YOUR A LIAR THAT CAN'T BE BEAT
AND SUCH AFFAIRS AS YOUR LONDON TYPE
DESERVES A DEVILS SEAT

SO YOU SHALL BE MY RIGHT HAND MAN
IN CHARGE OF ALL THE AIRMEN
FORMAN OVER ALL THE ARMY LIARS
AND YOU'LL HAUNT THOSE LONDON WOMEN

SCRATCHED FINGER

WE'VE GOT THREE DOGS IN OUR REVIER
WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT ITS ABOUT
AND IF YOUR SICK WHEN YOU GO THERE
YOUR HALF DEAD WHEN YOU GET OUT

ONE FELLOW HAD A BROKEN LEG
AND SEVERAL OTHER ILLS
FOR THIRTY DAYS HE HAD TO BEG
AND FINALLY GOT A COUPLE PILLS

ONE DAY ON MY WAY TO CLASSES
A CINDER BLEW INTO MY EYE
AND SO I GOT A PAIR OF GLASSES
ONE FILLED WITH GIN AND ONE WITH RYE

I SCRATCHED MY FINGER LOOKING THRU SOME CLOVER
IT MADE ME FEEL DOWN IN THE DUMPS
AND WHEN THE DOGS ALL LOOKED ME OVER
THEY TREATED ME FOR MUMPS

QUICK SHAVE

I WENT INTO OUR BARBER SHOP
A RASOR BLADE TO SAYE
UPON MY CHIN THERE WAS A CROP
I NEEDED ONE QUICK SHAVE

UPON THE FLOOR THE BLOOD WAS DEEP
IT CAME FROM KRIEGBY FACES
I SAW UPON MY SECOND PEEP
PILES OF EARS IN DIFFERENT PLACES

ONE MAN SAT DOWN HIS SHIRT WAS BLUE
BUT SOON IT TURNED A SCARLET RED
AND AFTER THIS GUYS SHAVE WAS THRU
HE HAD TO SPEND SIX MONTHS IN BED

THEY PUT NO POWDER ON YOUR FACE
BUT ROLLS OF BANDAGES INSTEAD
I FINALLY CAME ACROSS THE PLACE
WHEREIN THEY BURIED ALL THIER DEAD.

PROPHEYS

BILL OLIVER

I'M WRITING TO MENTION A MISAPPRE HENSION
I'VE HARBORED SINCE FIRST I CAME DOWN,
MIDST GROANS AND GRUNTS I SAID "SIX MONTHS
AND THESE JERRYS ARE SURE TO COME 'ROUND."
"WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, THEY CAN'T HOLD OUT,
THIS WINTER WILL SURE SEE THE END.
THERE'S NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT CHRISTMAS WILL FIND
ME HOME, WITH MY FAMILY, AND FRIENDS."
BUT WHEN YULETIDE ABOUNDED, I STILL WAS SURROUNDED
BY GAURDS, AND A BARBED WIRE FENCE.
I STILL WASN'T NEAR TO THE ONES I HOLD DEAR;
SOMEHOW IT JUST DIDN'T MAKE SENSE.
MAY FIRST WAS ELECTED, WHEN NEXT I PREDICTED,
"IT CANT LAST ANY LONGER THAN THAT."
I FELT RATHER BEREFT WHEN MAY CAME AND LEFT,
AND STILL HERE IN PRISON I SAT.
BUT THE INVASION TOOK PLACE, AND A SMILE LIT MY FACE,
YES! THAT GLADSOME DAY I REMEMBER.
"WITH AMERICA'S WAYS, IN JUST NINTY DAYS.
IT WILL END BY THE SIXTH OF SEPTEMBER."

BUT NOW OCTOBER IS HERE, AND I GREATLY FEAR
I'M STILL IN A HORRIBLE PLIGHT;
FOR THO THE WAR'S ON THE SHELF, (I KEEP TELLING MYSELF,
STILL THE END IS NOT YET IN SIGHT.
BUT MAYBE SOME DAY, (WHEN I'M OLD AND GRAY,)
AND THIS WAR DOES FINALLY END,
WITH A HELL OF A FUSS, THE ARMY WILL TAKE US
BACK HOME, TO OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS.
IN MY OLD ROCKING CHAIR WITH A DEAD BLANK STARE,
THEY ASK ME TO TELL SOME OF MY STUNTS,
WITH VOICE NO LONGER FIRMER; WITH EYES GLAZED 'ILL MURMER,
"WELL!! IT CAN'T LAST OVER SIX MONTHS."

RED CROSS PARCEL DAY

EVERY ONE IS FEELING GOOD,
THEY ALL ACT AWFULLY GAY.
YOU ASK ME WHAT THE REASON IS??
WHY! TODAY IS PARCEL DAY.

ALL WEEK LONG THE GLOOM PREVAILS;
GRIPES, AND GROWLS, HOLD SWAY.
SO WHY THE CHEERFUL TUNE TODAY??
WHY! TODAY IS PARCEL DAY.

TRADE "D" BARS FOR "C" RATIONS,
AND MILK FOR CIGARETTES,
AND WHEN THE TRADINGS OVER
THERE'S NONE WHO HAVE REGRETS.

THO PRISON LIFE IS NONE TO GOOD,
WE MANAGE DAY BY DAY.
BUT I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IF THERE WAS NO PARCEL DAY:

RUMORS

WHEN THE PARCELS START RUNNING LOW,
AND EVERYTHING STARTS GOING SLOW,
SOMEONE STARTS A TALE THAT YOU WANT TO BELIEVE,
BUT IT'S "ONE OF THOSE THINGS", SO YOU TURN AND LEAVE.

WE HAD THE INVASION STARTED A DOZEN TIMES,
BUT IT ALWAYS DISSOLVED, AS IF IN QUICK-LIME.
WE HAD THE WAR ENDED, TWAS JUST ANOTHER TALE;
AND WHEN THE TRUTH CAME THE BOYS TURNED KINDA PALE.

THEN ONE BRIGHT DAY, TWAS THE SIXTH OF JUNE,
SOMEONE BROUGHT THE RUMOR, THE INVASION STARTED AT NOON.
AND WHEN WE FOUND OUT THAT THE RUMOR WAS RIGHT,
THE BOYS TALKED ABOUT IT HALF THE DAMNED NIGHT.

AND NOW WE ARE SWEATING THE END, WHICH IS NEAR,
THEN WE CAN WALK IN A JOINT AND CALL FOR A BEER.
A CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM THESE SAME FACES,
AND A CHANCE TO SEE SOME DIFFERENT PLACES.

POST WAR PROPHECY

MY POSTWAR PLANS FOR HAPPINESS
AFFECT A MILLION SOULS.
I'D LIKE TO MENTION SEVERAL POINTS
TO DEFINE MY AIMS AND GOALS.

I DO NOT PLAN, AS MANY DO,
TO LIVE IN SWEET CONTENT.
BUT AIM TO RAISE A LOT OF HELL
UNTIL MY FORTUNE'S SPENT.
I'LL BREAK ALL TEN COMMANDMENTS,
YES! SMASH THEM ONE BY ONE;
NICE FOLKS WILL NEVER SPEAK TO ME,
BUT BOY!! WON'T I HAVE FUN??
I'LL PILLAGE, PLUNDER, RAPE, AND STEAL,
SELECT A SHAPLEY FRANION,
AND HIDE AWAY FOR MANY MONTHS
WITH HER AS MY COMPANION.

I'LL REFUSE TO BE INFLUENCED
BY RELIGIOUS SECTS, OR CREEDS.
I'LL BE LOOKED UPON IN WORSE CONTEMPT
THAN FAMILIARITY BREEDS.
I'LL FLIRT WITH ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS
THAT I SEE IN EVERY DIVE;
IF PLANS WORK OUT I'LL BE THE MOST
ADULTEROUS MAN ALIVE.
AND WHEN MY VIOLENT PROGRAM
HAS SCORCHED MY SOUL WELL,
I'LL BE PREPARED TO PASS AWAY,
AND GENTLY GO TO HELL.

HISTORY???

VINCE E MERIC^{CH}

JEALOUSIES AND HATRED KINDLED A FLAME;
SCARING HISTORY AGAIN, WITH A DAMNABLE NAME.
WAR!!! UNBELIEVABLY TRUE, AS EQUALLY SAD.
FOR IT'S CALL MUST AFFECT EVERY INNOCENT LAD.
A SWEETHEART, A BROTHER, A FATHER, A SON
SACRIFICE THIER LIVES. YET WHAT HAVE THEY DONE??
WHY MUST THEY DIE?? A WRONG NEVER RIGHT :
MUST HISTORY REPEAT, LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT??
POSSESING NIETHER CONSIENCE, EMOTION, OR FEAR;
BUT INTENT UPON MURDER OF THOSE HELD SO DEAR??
ENCOUNTERS INCREASE, CASUALTIES MOUNT HIGH;
STATISTICS EXACTED FROM LAND, SEA, AND SKY;
THE RECORDS ARE KEPT, AND ALL IN DUE TIME
OUR HISTORY BOOK GATHERS THE WHOLE GHASTLY CRIME.
IT'S CONTENTS ARE TRUE, BUT NO MENTION IS MADE
OF THE LOVED ONES WHO SUFFERED, OR THE PRICE THEY PAID.
THOSE FIGURES, ONCE HISTORY, WERENT MENT FOR A BOOK.
BUT AS SUCH ARE TOTALED. HAVE ANOTHER LAST LOOK.
AND ONCE IN A WHILE, PAUSE, TO PRAY FOR THOSE LADS,
THOSE SWEETHEARTS, THOSE BROTHERS, THOSE SONS, AND THOSE DADS.

REPATRIATION

FRANK STEBBING

A SHIP EQUIPPED FOR ANY TRIP,
UNKNOWN ITS DESTINATION.
THE KRIEGYS HEARD, AND QUIETLY STIRRED,
THEY GUESSED, REPATRIATION.

FROM THIS CLUE THE RUMOR GREW;
ANEW WAS EXPECTATION.
AND THEN IT BROKE, OFFICIALS SPOKE
OF MORE REPATRIATION.

THE CROWD WAS TENSE WITHIN THE FENCE;
IMMENSE WAS ITS ELATION.
YOU MUST! YOU MUST! ALLOW US JUST
ONE MORE REPATRIATION.

WE'RE SICK, WE'RE CRACKED, THEY'D LOUDLY HONK
IN RISING CONTEMPLATION.
OUR FEVERS HIGH, WE'LL SURELY DIE
WITHOUT REPATRIATION.

"GO BACK TO BED," THE DOCTOR SAID
WITH MOUNTING CONSTERNATION.
HE CLOSED THE DOOR, AND LOUDLY SWORE,
"DOWN WITH REPATRIATION."

THE NIGHT WAS SPENT IN SWEET CONTENT
AND MUCH DELIBERATION,
OF EVERY RUSE THEY'D TRY TO USE
TO MAKE REPATRIATION.

THE MORNING SUN FOUND EVERY ONE
OUTSIDE THE DOCTORS STATION.

WELL AND LAME, TWAS ALL THE SAME,
ONE THOUGHT; REPATRIATION.

DOC WATCHED THE CALL OF SICK CALL MOUNT,
AND QUICKLY SET A RATION.
HE SAID, "I'M SURE OF JUST ONE CURE.
THAT IS, REPATRIATION."

THE WAR WENT ON; THREE GROUPS WERE GONE,
AND MORE IN PREPARATION;
BUT ONE LARGE GROUP STILL ATE THIER SOUP
AND TALKED, REPATRIATION.

WHEN PEACE WAS SIGNED, NO FACES SHINED,
WE DON'T WANT LIBERATION.
IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT WE SHOULD SHARE
IN ONE REPATRIATION.

WE WILL NOT COME SIX INCHES FROM
OUR PRESANT HABITATION.
THERE'LL BE NO TRADE, TILL PLANS ARE MADE
FOR OUR REPATRIATION.

"THERE'LL BE NO MORE REPATS THIS WAR."
THEY WERE TOLD IN DESPERATION.
"THEN WE WILL WAIT UNTIL THE DATE
OF OUR REPATRIATION."

THE BOYS NOW PRAY JUST FOR THE DAY
OF ANOTHER DECLARATION.
WITH EVERY BREATH, THEY'LL BEG TILL DEATH,
FOR THIER REPATRIATION.

KRIEGSGEFANGENER KELLY

FRANK STEBBING

KELLY! GET YOUR BARRACKS BAG!
THE SHIPPING LIST IS HERE.

WE'RE SAILING ON THE FIRST TIDE,
FOR HOME, AND YESTER YEAR.

BUT KELLY STIRRED NO MUSCLE
TO JOIN THE HOMING FLOCKS;
HE WAS PARKED BESIDE A TINY STOVE,
BESIDE A RED CROSS BOX.

KELLY! WE'RE A-SAILING!
THE BITTER WAR IS DONE!
IT'S OFF TO THE STATES, BOY!
TO SWEETHEARTS, HOME AND FUN.

BUT KELLY TURNED A DEAF EAR;
HIS STUBBORNESS UNLEFT.
"I SHOULD SAIL FOR ANYWHERE
WITH ALL THESE GROCERIES LEFT."

IT'S A SAD TALE THEY TELL THESE DAYS
ALONG THE BOWERY STREETS,
OF KRIEGSGEFANGENER KELLY
WITH HIS PARCEL FULL OF MEATS.

THERE'S SOME WHO LOVE ADVENTURE;
AND SOME LOVE CURLY LOCKS;
BUT KRIEGSGEFANGENER KELLY
LOVED A FAITHFUL RED CROSS BOX.

YOU CAN GO WITH YOUR "AIR-CORPS BLUES"
 AND GET ALL THE GIRLS YOUR ABLE
 BUT GIVE ME AN HOUR WITH A WHISKEY-SOUR
 AND I'LL BE UNDER THE TABLE.

NEVER HAVE SO MANY OWED SO MUCH TO SO FEW!! (Winston Churchill)

FROM HAMBURG TO INNSBRUCK, FROM DANZIG TO ST. DIE
 WHEREVER THE BOMBERS FLY
 THEY'RE HITIN' THE AIRPORTS AND HITIN' THE SUB-PENS
 AND THIS IS NO LIE
 THE LUFT WAFFE CAN'T STOP 'EM
 THE FIGHTERS AND FLAK KEEP ECHOING BACK
 THE BLUES IN THE REICH!!

IF YOU HIT YOUR TARGET TODAY, THOSE WHO HAVE DIED BEFORE
 YOU, AND THOSE WHO DIE TODAY, WILL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN.
 ("Hap" Arnold)

WITH SMILES AND DRINKS THEY'LL GREET YOU
 WITH TEARS OF JOY YOU'LL BE RECIEVED
 BUT WHEN YOU START YOUR "BAILING OUT"
 DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE BELIEVED??"

REFLECTIONS

FOUR THOUSAND MEN WITH BROKEN WINGS
 TIRED, WOUNDED, CRIPPLED THINGS
 WE CALL OURSELVES MEN AND AS MEN WE TRY
 TO CARRY ON; OUR IDEALS HELD HIGH
 WE TRY TO BE HAPPY, TRY TO BE GAY
 FOR THERE'LL BE PEACE ON EARTH SOMEDAY
 WE MUSTN'T BE BITTER WE MUSTN'T HAVE FEAR
 TOLERANCE, JUSTICE, LOVE. YES! OUR WAY IS CLEAR
 WE TURN TO GOD TO RENEW OUR FAITH
 TO ASK FOR COURAGE TO CARRY ON
 AS THEY DID IN THE OLDEST VOLUME KNOWN
 BESIDE THE WATERS OF MERMION
 HE WONT LET US DOWN WHERE ERE WE BE
 HE KEEPS WATCH OVER US FOR YOU SEE
 WE'RE TIRED WOUNDED CRIPPLED THINGS
 FOUR THOUSAND MEN WITH BROKEN WINGS

AIR FORCE PRAYER

WHO MAKETH THE CLOUDS HIS CHARIOT
 WHO WALKETH UPON THE WINGS OF THE WIND

THOU WHO OF OLD DIDST BARE THY PEOPLE AS ON EAGLES WINGS
 AND FROM WHOSE ENCOMPASSING LOVE NOR HEIGHT NOR DEPTH
 CAN SEPERATE THY CHILDREN;

WE PRAY THEE, FOR THY SONS, WHO FOR THIER COUNTRYS
 SAKE, DARE THE UTMOST REACHES OF THE SKY.

MAKE THEM FAITHFUL IN SERVICE, CLEAR HEADED IN TIME OF
 CRISIS; BRAVE WHEN PERILS CONFRONT THEM; TERRIBLE IN
 COMBAT; CHIVALOUS IN VICTORY; SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY
 NOBLE ENDEAVOUR.

AND IF SUDDEN DISASTER SHOULD BEFALL, MAY THEY SEE
 THIER SAVIOR COMING AS HE PROMISED IN THE CLOUDS.

FOR WHOSE SAKE WE ASK IT

"AMEN"

THANKS FOR THE MEMORYS

THANKS FOR THE MEMORYS

OF FLIGHTS TO GERMANY

ACROSS THE COLD NORTH SEA

WITH BLAZEING GUNS WE FOUGHT THE HUNS

FOR AIR SUPREMACY

HOW LUCKY WE WERE

THANKS FOR THE MEMORYS

OF M-E ONE OH NINES

THOSE FLAK GUNS 'LONG THE RHINE

THEY DID THIER BIT AND WE WERE HIT

WHICH ENDED OUR GOOD TIME

HOW SORRY WE WERE

WE DRIFTED FAR OUT OF FORMATION

WE JUMPED AND WHAT A SENSATION

AND THEN WE SWEAT OUT THE DURATION

OUR JOB WAS DONE WE'D HAD OUR FUN

SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORYS

OF DAYS WE HAD TO STAY

IN STALAG SEVEN A

THE CABBAGE STEW THAT HAD TO DO

TILL RED CROSS PARCEL DAY

OH THANK YOU SO MUCH

* * *

**Sergeant Bill Oliver
Home From Germany**

Telegram was received Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Jennie Oliver of East College street from her son, Sergeant Bill Oliver, saying that he would write soon. Sergeant Oliver has been a German prisoner for about nineteen months, in Stalag B-17. He had been on a flying mission over Germany, serving as a gunner on a B-17 at the time of his capture, when the plane was shot down.

* * *

Southland Has 76 More Freed From Nazi Camps

The names of 76 more Southland soldiers released from German prison camps were made public yesterday by the War Department. They are:

- Alvarado, Pvt. Joe M., 1143 S. Rowan St.
 Anderson, 2nd Lt. Gordon L., 2805½ Ellendale Place.
 Bennett, Staff-Sgt. Sidney E., 2514 Plata St.
 Braithwaite, 1st Lt. James E., 1139 N. McCadden Place.
 Brooks, Pvt. Voris P., 2727½ Roseanna St.
 Clyde, 2nd Lt. Edgar N., 6206 Vineland Ave.
 Dark, Sgt. Jack M., 3772 Glen Feliz Blvd.
 Esser, Staff-Sgt. George S., 3670 Keystone Ave.
 Herring, Staff-Sgt. George E. Jr., 1848 Preston Ave.
 Hutchison, Cpl. Elmer M., 1551 W. 24th St.
 Lehmann, Staff-Sgt. James W., 8500 Flight Ave.
 Lincoln, Tech. 5th Grade Thomas R., 4242 S. Grand Ave.
 Luna, Pvt. Victor M., 1918 Stanford St.
 MacPherson, Sgt. Harold J., 222 N. Hoover St.
 McEachron, Capt. Gordon W., 1431 W. 101st St.
 Magruder, Sgt. James T., 1626 N. Kingsley Drive.
 Martinez, Pfc. Adolph L. Jr., 6936 Beckett St.
 Meehan, 2nd Lt. William R., 2714 Eastern Ave.
 Miller, Sgt. Donald V., 1507 Kurtz Ave.
 Passin, 2nd Lt. Sidney, 2350 Crenshaw Blvd.
 Pick, Pvt. Harlan M., 1101 Westwood Blvd.
 Powers, Staff-Sgt. Franklin K., 2410 Virginia Road.
 Reams, 2nd Lt. Patrick P., 5932 N. Figueroa St.
 Rodarte, Pvt. George D., 425 S. Grand View St.
 Roth, Pfc. Joseph A., 6219 S. San Pedro St.
 Sheehan, Sgt. Kenneth E., 11553 Victory Blvd.
 Sherrell, Staff-Sgt. Harold A., 4237 Sunnyside Ave.
 Simpson, Staff-Sgt. Eugene M., 928 N. Oxford St.
 Spiker, 2nd Lt. Robert G., 1200 N. State St.
 Vaughan, Tech. 4th Grade William D., 11652 Margate St.
 Barton, 2nd Lt. Sherwin L., 1525 Ordeevin Ave., Glendale.
 Becker, 2nd Lt. Max N., 829 N. Birch St., Santa Ana.
 Burrill, Capt. Wilson E., 405 E. Ocean Ave., Lompoc.
 Callender, Tech. Sgt. Robert D., 335 N. Palm Drive, Beverly Hills.
 Eydman, Staff-Sgt. Thomas Jr., 2714 Vermont St., Long Beach.
 Fleming, Maj. Thomas B., 1163 Geneva St., Glendale.
 Giddens, Sgt. Paul O., 772 Fourth St., San Bernardino.
 Godfrey, Staff-Sgt. William M., San Dimas.
 Guier, Sgt. James R., 160 S. Bonnie Ave., Pasadena.
 Gunther, Sgt. Fred J., 112 S. Brand Blvd., Glendale.
 Hamann, 2nd Lt. Lloyd A., 3479 Lemon Ave., Long Beach.
 Haworth, Tech. 5th Grade Orville E., Box 177, Route 1, Palmdale.
 Hemsworth, Pvt. Earl R., 717½ S. San Antonio St., Ontario.
 Henderson, Sgt. James H., 1977 W. 19th St., Long Beach.
 Herrington, 2nd Lt. Frank F. Jr., 1418 26th St., Santa Monica.
 Holmes, Staff-Sgt. Charles E., 7820 Ira Ave., Bell.
 Holzer, Sgt. William P., 209 S. Montebello Blvd., Montebello.
 Hornidge, Pfc. Robert H. Jr., 147 Miller Drive, Glendale.
 Kranz, Pfc. Richard G., 1220 Morada Place, Pasadena.
 Ladow, 2nd Lt. William O., 2430 French St., Santa Ana.
 LeFever, Sgt. Luther E., 928 Orange Grove St., Colton.
 LeTourneau, 1st Lt. Marcel, 344 E. Tujunga Ave., Burbank.
 Livesay, Sgt. Bennie E., Route 1, Box 281, Ventura.
 Lovett, Pfc. Carl E., Indio.
 Lundquist, Pfc. Merlin M., 323 W. Florence Ave., Downey.
 Madrigal, Pfc. Henry E., 422 Almond St., Monrovia.
 Merkel, 1st Lt. Ehud, Box 322, Shafter.
 Morgan, Tech. Sgt. Leslie D., 829 E. G St., Colton.
 Morrill, 1st Lt. Byron L., 1542 Rose St., Burbank.
 Murchison, Sgt. Ralph W., Red Chief Motel, Cucamonga.
 Murray, Staff-Sgt. Charles R., 543 E. Rose Ave., Bellflower.
~~Oliver, Sgt. Bill, 252 E. College St., Covina~~
 Orena, Pvt. Anthony T., 1012 Garden St., Santa Barbara.
 Parker, 2nd Lt. James A., 2420 Santa Ana St., Huntington Park.
 Patterson, Pvt. Jess H., 2916 Broadway, Santa Monica.
 Pearson, Sgt. Donald C., 3901 S. Budlong St., Gardena.
 Potts, Tech. Sgt. Merwin, 1811 W. Main St., Alhambra.
 Primeau, Staff-Sgt. Maurice A., 300 W. Holt St., Pomona.
 Reedall, Staff Sgt. Allen R., 650 Reese Place, Burbank.
 Reyes, Pvt. Albert M., 12 Sherden St., Corona.
 Rutell, Tech. 4th Grade Daniel F., 1351 E. Bennett St., Compton.
 Sainsevain, Pvt. John L., 149 Laverne Ave., Long Beach.
 Smith, 2nd Lt. Clark W., 8677 Clifton Way, Beverly Hills.
 Thompson, Tech. Sgt. James D., 297 E. Ramona Blvd., Baldwin Park.
 Tucker, 2nd Lt. Forest R., 961 E. Glenoaks St., Glendale.
 Wamboldt, 2nd Lt. Harold, 179 Michigan Ave., Pasadena.