

A WARTIME LOG

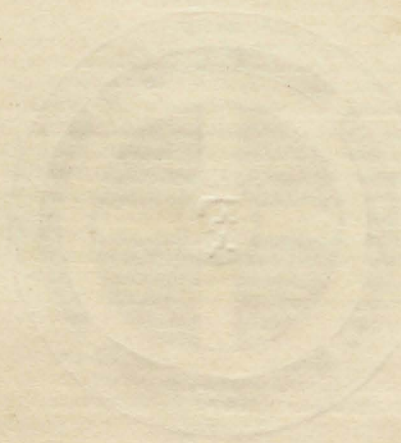


ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय



ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

NOTICE



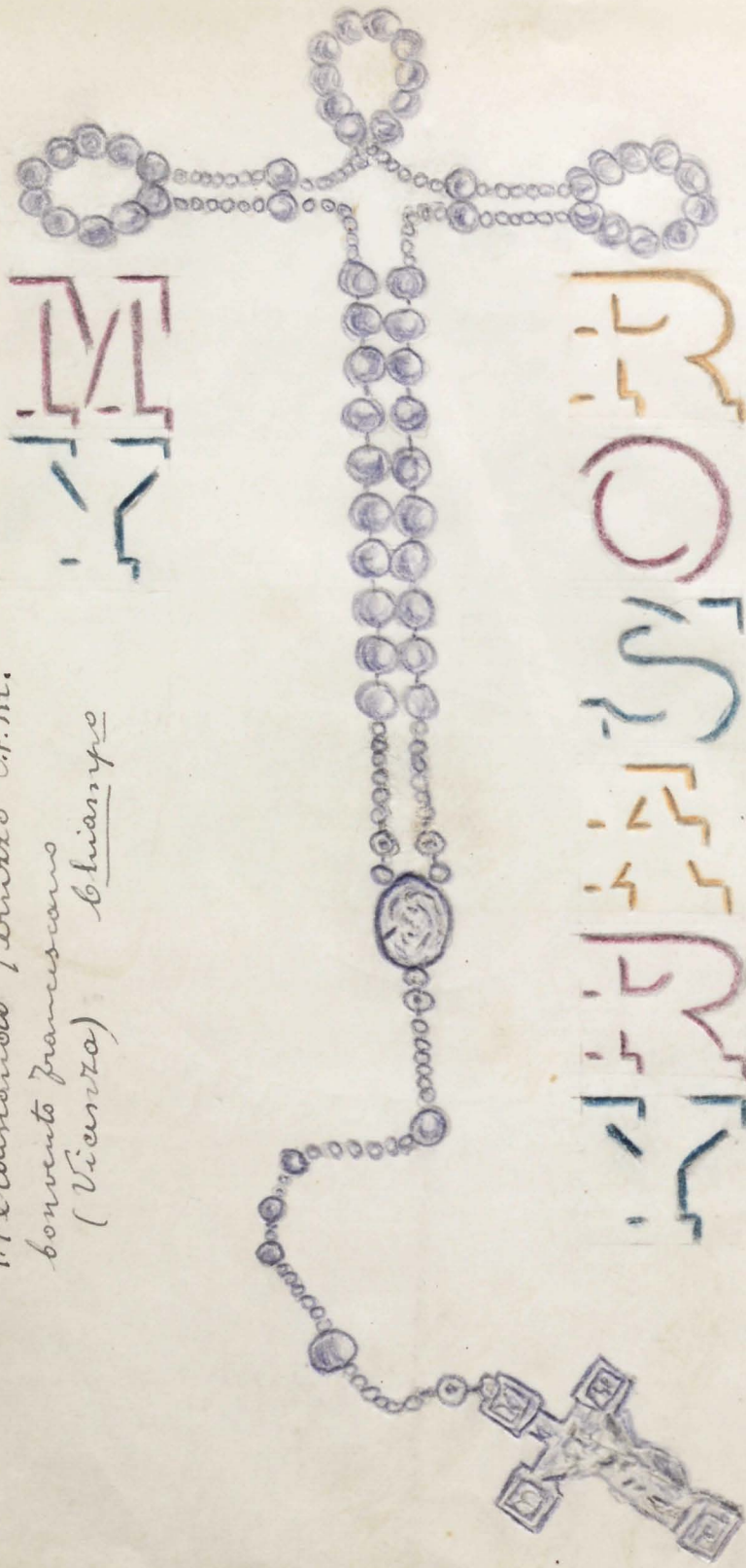
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Al carissimo amico Vincenzio e a tutto la sua
famiglia mille auguri, mentre invoco le più
celate benedizioni della Vergine Santissima.

P. Ferdinando Pennzo C.F.M.
convento francescano
(Vicenza) Ghiaryo



Handwritten text in a stylized, decorative font, possibly a name or a title, written in gold and red ink.

A WARTIME LOG

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

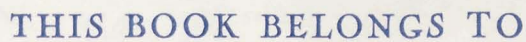


Published by
THE WAR PRISONERS' AID OF THE Y. M. C. A.
37 Quai Wilson
GENEVA — SWITZERLAND

A WARTIME LOG

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

THE WAR RECORDS OF THE R.M.C.A.
1914-1918
1919-1920
1921-1922



32703332

३०४७ ३७५३७

၂၅၃၇၇ ၂၂ ၂၅၄၄





THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

JAMES BATTISTE

22703322

FOR 87337

SET 11 1944



CONTENTS

Page

Tales of P.O.W. Days	73
Diary of Landshut Commands	7
Dedication to my folks	1
Mary	3
Mother	5
Out in the Blue	123
Blue Christmas 44	126
No Letter Today	128
Medium of Exchange	132
Prayer	136
With a Friend	137
P.W. General Orders	140
P.W. Daily Menu	141
Miss Utensils	142
P.C. Parcel Contents 143-44-45-	147
Song P.C. 59	146
Souvenirs	150
Addresses	151
Trading List & Value	133
Combat in France 60-Cox.	97
Autographs "P.W. Comrades"	118
The Backside & Stay in England	93
Autobiography of Garrison & Life	103
Song "A Soldier's Last Letter"	148



THE

WORD
THE

THE
THE

IS OF A DAY COME BY
SOME

SOME

SOME

BUT ONE SO TRUE
DEAR FOLKS IT COMES
THEIR ALL FOR YOU

JIMMY

W.L.L. 44

12 14 44



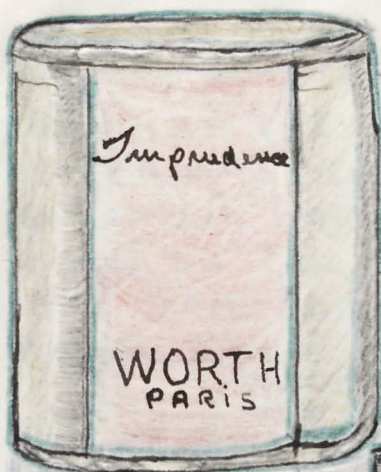
THESE
WORDS
THAT
THAT
THESE
IS ON A DAY GONE BY
SOME
THE
SOME
DAY
BUT OF THE
THESE
THESE
THESE

THAT

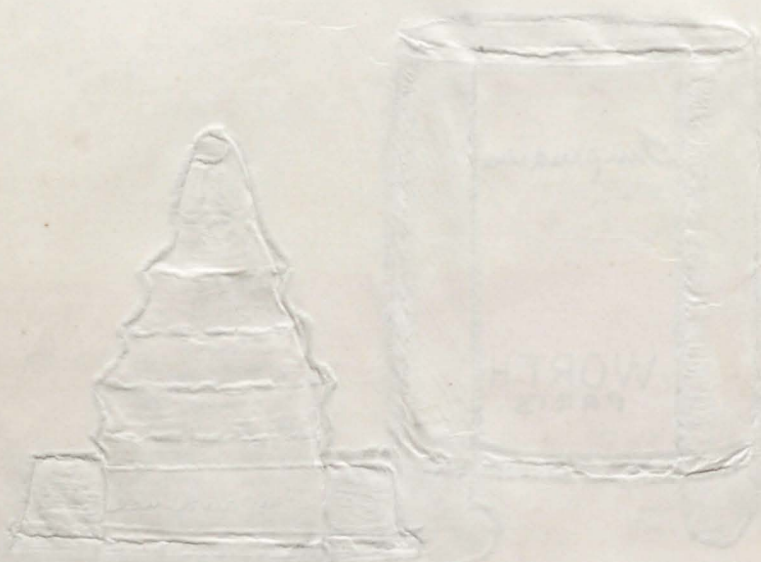
THESE

THESE

MARY



MEERY



MOM

I LIFT MY EYES TOWARD HEAVEN.
NOW THAT VICTORY'S IN SIGHT,
AND PRAY THAT GOD WATCH O'er YOU.
THROUGHOUT EACH LONELY NIGHT.
AND WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER,
AND I SAIL FOR HOME ONCE MORE,
I KNOW I'LL FIND THE SAME SWEET
MOM
I LOVED SO MUCH BEFORE.

MOM

I lift my eyes toward Heaven
Now that Victory's in sight,
And pray that God watch over you
Throughout each lonely night,
And when the battle's over,
And I sail for home once more,
I know I'll find the same sweet
I love so much before.

DIARY OF

LANDSHOT COMMANDO Group 4128

Dec. 29-1944

James Battista
Gilbert Martin
Leon Warming
Chick James
Mike Hennen
Everett Eskew

Feb. 4, 1945

Lloyd Green
Fred Iroise
Sam Braddock
John Goodpasture
Walter Cutlip
Charles Langfner

Jan. 15, 1945

Charles Mansfield Aubrey Krop

Carl Cabman

Harry Denny Jan. 26, 1945 Birmoughs Frank

Dec. 29, 1944 Friday

Eleven men & myself left Stalag VII A for a short command in Landshut. We left by a truck. It was an hour ride. We arrived at our destination and at our job. We are working for the Verlichte Kunstmühl flour mill. We were taken to the canteen in the mill & were given light pea soup & bread. It was a beautiful place. We were then taken to the shower room to clean up. That was in the bldg. We were then taken to our living quarters. Its part of the plant & a very nice place. We have two rooms. One a bedroom & the other a sort of a kitchen. It has a cooking stove, a heater, a long table & two benches & chairs. We also have a sink. Right outside is the latrine & the pastor's room. We found all to be spotless. We were then given cornalls to be used for work. We are to start tomorrow. We have now settled down a bit & are ready to go to dinner. We had a third loaf of bread, a very heavy soup & a glass of soda. We ate till it hurt. We then left

for our quarters & took with us a bag full of haled spuds. At so called house we fried them & made tea. We used our heater for a stove. We then retired to our very comfortable bed. I went to bed like a stuffed pig.

Dec. 30, 1944 Saturday

We were up at 5:30, washed up at sink, & had coffee at canteen at 7:00. Some of the boys went to work for a short time. I & 5 others were put on the night shift for to night. We returned to quarters & had tea & more of yesterday's spuds. We were given towels by the mill. At noon time we had soup, spuds & a glass of beer. They also gave us sacks for our daily bread ration to be left at our table. Back at home we came & licked a prune cake. We are now making tea for the cake & will then get ready for dinner & work. Our guard is a small old guy & very nice to us. He gave us cookies & me, a pen to write with.

Dec. 31, 1944 Sunday

My work last night wasn't bad until 4:00 A.M. My two Buddies & I were tired & sleepy so left the job. Another guard yelled at us but that was all. Our job was unloading wheat sacks into the mill. At 10:30 I had a great big dish of soup & a soda pop. At 12:30 we had more soup & coffee. At six in the morning our work was finished. Tonight is New Year's Eve. but just an ordinary day. We had some good food. at noon it was potatoe salad & meat loaf. Tonight we had a pudding & white bread. It was swell. We let it lay on the table a while thinking more food was coming. The pudding was it. The French men gave us 90 marks, bought of soda & gave us bread & flour. They are treating us swell. We are allowed to cook in the canteen on Sundays. The French had rabbit, fried spuds, onions, macaroni, cheese & prunes. We will do like wise when we get our parcels. We took spuds back from the canteen. We just got thru frying them & drinking tea & toasted bread.

Jan. 1, 1944 Monday

Worked indoors a half day. at 8:00 A.M. I had a half hour break. We had meat & bread. At noon listened to the radio. A French man played piano for us. For dinner we had meat, potatoes & salad, at night we had soup, spuds, haloney. F.M. gave us macaroni with rabbit meat. Back at our quarters we mixed flour, eggs, with a sugar. We made some very good pancakes. We also took a shower. Inducted into Army 2 years ago today.

Jan. 2, 1944 Tuesday

Worked on truck in a small town. met some more F.M. They gave us bread. The German Truck Driver had son prisoner of war in America. He bought us 6 loaves of bread. F.M. from mill gave us 12 bottles of soda pop. Postman got us up late for work. It was very cold but swell for work. at 8:00 p.m. had over head warning went to air raid shelter in mill. Saw lots of the town's people with bags & baggage.

Jan 3, 1945 Wednesday

Worked again on truck with Joe. He treats all of us swell. He particularly likes me. Calls me Jimmy all the time. I got 8 white rolls & a loaf of bread from Bakery where we delivered bread. At night truck driver bought us 2 loaves of bread.

at the canteen till it hurt. Frenchmen bought us haircuts.

Jan 4, 1945 Thursday

Worked on stone pile a half of a day. Had an alarm but that's all. Went to store next to our apt. & bought Lemons & sauer. Woman has 3 sons on Russian front. After dinner worked down carpenter shop. Had fun. F.M. gave us cigarettes at supper time. I got my first salary from the mill. I got 12 marks & 20 pfennig for 4 days. Naisi got an egg & fried it at night.

Jan 5, 1945 Friday

Worked a half day on truck. Dinner bought us loaf of bread. At dinner we had pea soup, Orangeade, & hot biscuits & blue berries. It was great. After dinner we went to R.R. station to be De-Loused. Met Slovaks. They were very disgusted with war. Returned to canteen for supper. Listened to radio. Bought back to our apt a pot full of boiled spuds. Had some delicious cheese & butter for supper. Boys are playing cards for marks. Will write a bit more to Naisi & get ready for bed. Washed out my Rankin & prepared toast for morning.

Jan 6, 1945 Saturday

Worked 2 hours chopping wood in shed. Continued my work on truck till 4:30. My friend Maurice gave me a white roll for supper. It went good with Lentils, Potatoes & meat. Another gave us 2 loaves of bread. 2 of our rations were short. The boys argued all night long. We don't get along so well. I bought 50 bottles of pop & more sacien tablets. I bought a nice razor from the guard for a mark. He's going to buy me a pen soon.

Jan. 7, 1945 Sunday

I was suppose to have the day off but due to snow I worked 2 hours with Hil. We had to clean the streets around the mill. At 8:00 a.m. we had a slice of bread & a large piece of meat. After breakfast I shaved & took a shower. Up the room I came & washed some clothes & wrote in my book. For dinner we had spuds with meat & gravy. At dinner we had coffee & a large piece of white bread. The Frenchmen gave us their share so it was double size. They also made a delicious pudding for us. After supper they played the piano, violin & drums. We had a grand time. The guard left us & came back up for us. He gives us more & more freedom each day. Green also did some stunts with one of the F.M. Had an alarm. It lasted 1 hour & a half. Had fun with F.M. 11:20 p.m. & we just returned before another acc. raid.

Jan 8, 1945 Monday

Did most everything today. Chopped wood, sowed wood, shovelled snow & carried wood to carpenter shop. Eat very good all day. Today is my anniversary. I've been in the army 2 years.

Jan 9, 1945 Tuesday

Part of the day I worked in carpenter shop. At finishing time, I wound up with a hammer & chisel. It was fun. New 7-u. I met gone me bread rolls. Didn't eat too much tonight. It was there but I didn't want to hunt again. At noon we had potato pancakes. I ate 5. Sewed Fred's coat sleeves. Met German who speaks good English.

Jan 10, 1945 Wednesday

Worked all day with hammer & chisel. I got a terrific headache from the noise & smell in the garage. Had lots of fun with Marvins. For supper we had Fania with blue berries. It was swell. At work 7-civilian got me a green a loaf of bread. German boy gave us enough bread stamps for almost a kilo. German man I met yesterday sent me 2 English books. Buttons, cotton & needles. Don't know what I'll give him in return. Got paid tonight. I got 14 marks & 10 pfennig's. 2 hours was over time. We got 100 Russian Cigarettes for a month. We had to pay 45 pfennig's for them. Chick is making pancakes. He mixed just flour, sugar, & a bottle of pop. Don't know what the outcome will be. Some of the boys have grain baked for breakfast. I've seen everything mixed & eaten. Funny, all taste good!

My French Comrades
 from
 Vereinigte Kunstmühlen, Landshut
 Maskow Robert Jean Dagnoy
 Fabel Petrus Willette Henri
 Jinn. Louis Gaudon Charles
 Robert Maurice Brazier André
 Castanet Etienne Jean Cyrille
 Benhinoel Henri Oufere Robert
 Fallet Jules ~~Ducrocq~~ Gaston
 Quierf Maurice Guandiok Come
 Morel Epilbert Franchinur Jean
 Latrielle Louis Bachard Pierre

Confidence-man Panglois Marius

Maskow Robert - TR-7-6382
 316 W 78th St. - Reminade
 N.Y.C. - West End
 90. Mrs. Selmann
 211 W. 66 St
 N.Y. City EN 2-3058

Jan. 11, 1945 Thursday

Worked all day with the Carpenter. Had cleaned spuds, turnips & boiled ham for dinner. For supper I had spuds, Kraut & Baked beef. All was good. Tonight I made a checker board. Colored it Red & Blue. It came out very good. Fred was ill tonight. Today makes 7 months that I've been taken prisoner. Washed my shirt.

Jan. 12, 1945 Friday

Worked again with carpenter. the work is very interesting. Time goes fast. Tonight we heard 3 more men are coming to live with us. I'll know more tomorrow. Had Biscuits & apple sauce for dinner. Tonight we had cheese, butter, soup & spuds. Bought some bread with markers. Washed my Caliki shirt.

Jan. 13, 1945 Saturday

Worked half day at Carpenter. Returned to the room & cleaned up the place. Took shower & shaved at mill. Over-stayed at canteen after supper. Had all sorts of conversation with our french comrades. Bought a pie from the guard for 5 marks.

Jan. 14, 1945 Sunday

Worked half day. The four & half hours went fast. After dinner I slept a short time. The boys made plum & onion cakes. Had coffee, grain soup, & white bread for supper. Nothing of interest occurred. At 9:30 we had a over head raid with out a warning. I was asleep in bed & had to dress. Returned to room at 10:15. I hope it's the last.

Jan. 15, 1945 Monday

Worked at carpenter all day. Little German boy gave me birth stamps. At 12:00 noon we

Had over head alarm. It lasted an hour & took part of our lunch hour. Tonight the 3 new men arrived. Latest news is that they have been receiving parcels. They also got the ones & was package. It smelled swell. Rumor by the guard is that our are coming Wednesday.

Jan. 16, 1945 Tuesday

Work with carpenter ended at Broth site today. Continued with handy man. Should call all after noon. Had a good dinner. A large dish of apple & bread pudding. French man is leaving back to stalog. He gave me a souvenir pie. Another gave me 2 white rolls. They continue to treat us swell. The 3 new men seem to like it here. Wasn't in bed 10 minutes when we had over-head alarm. Had to dress in a hurry. It lasted a short time.

Jan. 17, 1945 Wednesday

Worked with old man again. Chopped wood. Joe & Fred went back to the stalog after parcels. They didn't have any success. They're suppose to come Friday or Monday. We were suppose to get paid but that was called off too. The guard must of been in a rush to get home. We got a new poster for the night.

Jan. 18, 1945 Thursday

Worked out doors all day. Seems there's no finish to the snow on the ground. Had macaroni & gravy for supper. I got a "Hitler's Youth" pin from a little German boy. He spoke very good English.

Jan. 19, 1945 Friday

Worked in wood pile. Boss gave us 2 rolls. Traded a bar of Swen soap for 1 H.I loaf of bread, a civilian, and 2 bags of pudding. Got paid for last Wed. St. Ant. to 15.60. Talk of 2 more Americans joining the mill. Were my first pair of wooden shoes. They were small & hurt my feet.

Jan. 20, 1945 Saturday

Worked 1/2 day with the old man. Had an over head alarm at 12:00. It lasted till 1:45. After work cleaned the bedroom & went for shower & shave. French man gave us a large amount of tobacco. John asked me to teach him English. Had fun teaching Bob slang.

Jan 21, 1945 Sunday

Worked 2 hours shoveling snow. Before dinner I washed my hair. Had to rush dinner because of an expected air raid. It was announced over the radio. We had the over head alarm at 1:25 it lasted a short time. Some of the boys had rabbit. 7 hour. beer & blood made the evening. Stayed at Canten. a good part of the day. Had a swell time with F.M. Boys want to go to bed but are afraid of an air raid.

Jan. 22, 1945 Monday

Worked for the first day at the silo. It was a slow day but it went fast. Made a deal for my small "D" bar. Thought I was doing pretty good at the mill but I got a complaint. I seem to talk to the F.M. while working. I may go back in 2 days or may be given another chance. Mike went to the store. Bought back 1 pack of cigarettes & blades. Said pencils may come in a day or so. 2 more men are suppose to come in my place & Gil's.

Leon Warming left us today. They didn't like his work. Henry warned us about letting them know we like it here.

Jan. 23, 1945 Tuesday

Work continues to be slow at the silo. Nothing was said of my going back. Had my turn at K.P. in canteen. Took shower & shaved at mill. Hurt my feet again in wooden shoes. Stockings are in bad shape. Had a delicious desert at dinner. It was some sort of a melon sweet as sugar & like a carrot. Bob gave me the words to coron dancing.

Jan. 24, 1945 Wednesday.

Work at the silo was slow again. after 10 minutes work I was sent back to the dead man. shovelled snow till Broth sight. Worked on truck till noon. Delivered coal to a family & got 2 mark tip. The truck men got 10 cigarettes & gave me 3 of them. also gave me a book of Cig. papers. Met lots of Italian civilians who were once soldiers. The firm they worked for was full of Russian girls shoveling snow. The girls I met inside were German prisoners. One shook my hand. Today is suppose to be payday. I did get paid 15:40

Jan. 25, 1945 Thursday

Worked on wood pile. Chopped & sowed the wood. Traded for 4 loafs of bread for a bar of soap. As yet I've no soap to give him. Pasten went after 2 more Americans but they didn't show up. No sign of hope as my going back to staleg. Had several warning. Got a sheet for one straw mat turn.

Jan. 26, 1945 Friday

Worked on several jobs for the old man. Our parcels arrived. There were 24 of them. 2 for each of the original 12 men. There is trouble because of their arrival. They want to give us 1 box to split among the 12. We won't accept them a plan to stick to gether & return to the st. dog. Two more men arrived today. Again talk of 2 more coming to-morrow.

Jan. 27, 1945 Saturday

Worked half day in thelager. Cleaned the rooms alone. Had to get on my knees to mop floors. Got 2 of our parcels. They were those 2 extra belonging to Waremburg. Made a pudding. Had beans for supper. To had for us all. The bedroom was one continuous smell. I never laughed so much in all my prison days.

Jan 28, Sunday

Worked half day at mill. Boss said my work was "prima". Parcels are working fine. French men were confined to quarters for the day. They were caught with a rabbit in the house. Bought a glass cigarette holder from the posten.

Jan. 29, Monday

Worked in town the full day. Had some fun with a boy called Dippi. Things are changing quite a bit here. Our doors are being locked we can't work with the French men. Must go places together. Boss have been put up on the windows etc. I. M. - got caught with us talking while working.

Jan. 30, 1945 Tuesday

Worked on ice all afternoon. We don't eat in canteen anymore. We've got a room of our own. Its got to be locked at all times. Our pastor has to stay there with his rifle. Our rooms are looking like a prison. They've put up bars on every window. We've got to put our shoes & pants in the closet each night. Something is up. I hope to the end of the war. Green feels very sick. He may go back to Moscow.

Jan. 31, 1945 Wednesday

The end of the first month. Many people are seen leaving the nearby towns. The Russians are suppose to be 100 kils. from Berlin. The Falk storm is leaving for Berlin. We didn't get paid. Green left for the Stalag this noon. Worked on snow.

Jan. is over. Hope the new month brings good news.

Feb. 1, 1945 Thursday

Worked quite hard to day. Had my share of coal, ice & wood. Had 4 apple cakes for supper. Got paid to day. St. Ant. to 20.50.

Feb. 2, 1945 Friday

Went to town several times to buy lemonade. I saw 4 German planes in formation for the first time. Got an ration of Russian cigarettes. St. Ant. 11.25 for 200. Finished the day picking ice.

Feb. 3, 1945 Saturday

Worked half day with Friedlenger. After dinner worked one hour with Gil & Fred in mill. Worked the elevator alone. It rained for the second day. Washed my work clothes.

Feb. 4, 1945 Sunday.

Didn't work today. Slept till 9:30 awoke & made coffee & biscuits for breakfast. All are going to camp tomorrow. We don't know why. Gil, Fred & myself may not return. The others might.

Feb. 5, 1945 Monday

We were all up at 3:00 A.M. We arrived in the stalog at 8:00 A.M. at that time we still didn't know for the reason of our return. We stayed at the French Communists Barrack for rations. Later in the day we went to 19A. The stay there was short. We left for 16A. It rained all day. It was a miserable way to spend my 24th Birthday. We visited the boys in our old Barrack. That night we (Fred, Gil & I) slept together on 3 benches.

Feb. 6, 1945 Tuesday

Since we were in the opened Compound, we walked the main street of the camp all day. Each time we passed the canteen, we bought a box of matches for 5 shekels. We received our first R.C. Parcel. It was 12 men to one parcel. The 3 of us ate it up in one meal.

We've been giving our soup rations to the Amer. Non Coms. who barack we are living in. They can't understand our not eating it. At night I went to visit Sony. My watch had stopped at 8:10 p.m. It was actually 9:45 & I couldn't get out of the gate. Sony called the guard a S.O.B. & spit at him. The guard had started to unloading his rifle. We were in the barack soon enough. I slept with Sony & got out of the compound the next morning with the Chow detail.

Feb. 7, 1945 Wednesday

Laid around the barack most of the day. We received our sack issue of the Xmas parcel. It was one for two men. I split mine with Denning. He was a hard man to get along with. I got the pipe. It was a pretty nice parcel. The Turkey & Plum pudding was delicious. We have more cans of opened food than we know what to do with. We also have plenty of cigarettes (9) & chocolate bars. From the parcel I had the opportunity to chew my first piece of gum since I left the states. I've got 11 cans of food at the main gate. I do hope we don't lose any of it.

Feb. 8, 1945 Thursday

Late evening, Gil was called into the staff office. He got word to move into another

barack. He & 7 others had left for another commando. I got my biggest surprise later on. I received a letter from Jerry, Mary & Helma. I'd got a great kick giving them to be one extra line. They were dated round about Dec. 1, 1944.

Feb. 9, 1945 Friday

He left some time in the morning. He sent I'd the velvet items he had at the magazine. That gave us plenty to eat. We've already cooked some very good meals. The plum pudding & cream sure did things to my stomach. Fred & I argued all night long. He believes me to be able to do little or nothing at all.

Feb. 10, 1945 Saturday

Just an ordinary day spent in the stalg.

Feb. 11, 1945 Sunday.

at roll call, church services were announced. I was told communion was to be at 8:15 in the canteen & Mass at 9:00 a.m. in front of canteen. It was 8:10 so I dashed off to Communion. I was so in a hurry, I didn't realize I was in the church of England. We were just 7 & I felt as tho all eyes were on me. I was afraid of doing some thing wrong & almost did several times. I received & it was placed in my hand. It was all new to me.

I was about to leave the altar when the priest passed a cup of wine for us to drink from. It was a good experience. When it was over, I was in time for my mass. I met Tony. He came to spend the day in our barracks. At night I saw a show in the Polish barracks. They sang 'O polskis' in Polish. The got a big hand from the Italians & "Brow's" left & right.

Feb. 12, 1945 Monday

Just remembered St. Lincoln's Birthday. So what!! I spent mine in the same place. I was issued gloves, P.I. soap & a new coat. It's a 36's. & too small. Tony, visited me again. Made a Fruit Bar & Biscuit pudding. Fred took a haircut. I didn't take one since before Xmas.

Feb. 13, 1945 Tuesday

Went on a detail for the full morning. Met Tony coming back from work in Munich. He brought in some wood for me. Received 3 letters from home. One from Mary, Laura & Jerry. They were dated Nov. 27, 1944. Made a very delicious Pudding.

Feb. 14, 1945 Wednesday

Didn't know it was Ash Wed. till I went to mass. It was held in 164 at 8:00 A.M. It was very pretty. I received communion. Tony was there & stayed with me till suppertime. I'm thinking of having a portrait of my self & mother made by a French man next door. St. Valentine's day. Didn't know about it till today. Feb. 20, 1945

Feb. 15, 1945 Thursday

Had my picture drawn by a Frenchman. I paid 22 cigarettes for it. Some believe it favors me very much. Fred had won in a card game so he paid for half of it. He also paid for my boat tops for 12 smokes. I had them sent on for 6 pags. We also bought a loaf for 20 tobs. Made a delicious Raisin pudding. Took a 1st Lh. in the compound across the st. I know him as pinky. I'm trading for him. I got him shippers & chess set. I'm not making a cigarette on th. We received our Captured parcel. It was one for 8 men. I got a nice share of it. Late last night I was told to move in 19A. I just turned my name in & continue to live with Fred. I was suppose to go to Munich the next day but I was excused.

Feb. 16, 1945 Friday

Fred, Burroughs & myself moved over to 19A. Bought a straight razor 3 packs & sold it to pinky for 6. Almost got caught trading by the posten.

Feb. 17, 1945 Saturday

It was a swell day out. We walked around a good part of the day. Tony & Phemie came over. We played Cards outside. Took a sponge bath at night & prepared for Sunday.

Feb. 18, 1945 Sunday

Went to 9:00 mass. Made a wonderful dinner. We had mashed spuds & cheese with chopped ham. Played my first game of South with a Serb. We won the first game & lost the second. It was for a cigarette I enjoyed it very much.

Feb. 19, 1945 Monday

Was suppose to go to Munich but didn't. I went on sick call & complained of rupture. It didn't work. I made a delicious pudding for supper. I put in 4 crackers, 1 slice of G.D. bread, 1 sq. of choc. raisins, nut, milk & date. Also made kaffee & spuds for dinner. I enjoyed all after work.

Feb. 20, 1945 Tuesday

Didn't have to see the Medics to get off from Munich work. It was the Sander day off. The morning half gone & nothing interesting happened. My newest pudding was good enough so that the boys asked for the recipe. I didn't get out of bed yet. I feel an argument coming on. Didn't Cook for the two of us to night. He didn't get out of bed since roll call. It's now 5:00 P.M. I just washed my spuds & corn beef. Late I read. A boy from South Lodge was shot thru the neck by a guard. He was out doors during an air raid. So far we've had two alerts.

Feb. 21, 1945 Wednesday

Was up at 5:30 for the Munich Detail. It snowed all day long. I worked down an air raid shelter. We had a small guard who let us trade with everyone. He thought I spoke pretty fair German. Got one loaf of bread for 5 Smokes. They didn't search us at the gate so all was well. Fred had dinner ready for me. He made spuds with cheese & our meat ration. Met a S/Pvt from the 35th Div. He was captured Dec. 2nd. It was good to hear about the outfit again.

Feb. 22, 1945 Thursday Washington's Birth day.

Another Holiday which doesn't mean a thing here. We usually have soup at 11:00 but not today, an air raid started at 10:30 a.m. & lasted till 2:30. We could hear the bombing from the shelter. Another pudding or cake. It looks swell. Fred had his clothes washed by a Russian. He paid 6 smokes for a mess of clothes. We expect the British Band to play for us today. Hope it gets here.

Feb. 23, 1945 Friday

Was to go to work in Munich but didn't. I had a Sglt. from my barracks took my place. Had lots of fun spinning rope. Went to town for a short while.

Feb. 24, 1945 Saturday

The barracks day off. I made another one of my popular quiddies. Was told that coal &c. parcels are going low.

The hill billy band from the Barrack gave a nice little show. Wrote a post-card home.

Feb. 25, 1945 Sunday

Went to 9:00 mass. It wasn't as cold as the past two Sundays. Tony came over but had to leave in a hurry. Seven men from the church detail wasn't there so the other men couldn't get in. Did some jumping before dinner. We made some roasts with cheese. Eggs have been around in the past two days. They sell for 7 cents. The day is almost over. I believe a palak will go to work for me in the morning. Had a night raid.

Feb. 26, 1945 Monday

Was to work in Munich but sent a palak in my place. Last night's raid really got Munich. The boys said it was hit plenty. Received two letters from home. Laura's was dated Dec. 26th + Jerry's Dec. 29th. 12 cartons of cigarettes are on the way. If they arrive soon, I'll be living like a King.

Feb. 27, 1945 Tuesday

The barrack day off. I drew a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an English parcel. With it I made a pudding for breakfast tomorrow. Had an air raid. It was good to hear roars of our planes. There must of been lots of waves. We had the "Captivation" play for us. It was a grand show. An air raid is now on.

Feb. 28, 1945 Wednesday

The end of another month. I'm hoping

the new month brings good news. Everyone thinks it will end soon. We are having continuous day & night raids. There is one out right now. In Munich we didn't even start work. we were in an air raid shelter. It was the underground bidge. Our work was filling a newly made bomb crate. at the end of the day there was no difference in the hole. many time bombs went off. They were in a complete circle. One guard was killed falling with a dud. He was in the group right next to us. Fred had supps & pudding for dinner.

March 1, 1945 Thursday

The barracks day off. Had Breakfast at 8:00. for a change it was wonderful. First we had a pudding & then Bacon & Eggs. We made a bread grater. The Jerry took the Hammer away from me. At last our section was taken off the floor. I sleep in a bottom bunk. I fix it just fine. Mangelson the Indian was over at night time. It took a friend along with him. They both invited us to tea tomorrow. We can get all the hot water we want. Mangelson spoke of India & his riches. It was all very interesting.

March 2, 1945 Friday

I had it arranged for the poles to take my place in Munich. I had to cancel it because our section had the day off. We had oats & coffee for breakfast. It was our turn for an American parcel. We split it four ways. Steve & I went to tea with Mangelson & his friends. We were 6. Steve & I had to take off our shoes before eating. We sat on the blankets & a table was fixed there. We had tea with lots of

cream & sugar, 2 Canadian biscuits with jam & butter & a dish of Can. choc. I made an important mistake. I offered Mangelson a cigarette from my pack. He said "you are my guest, here" I smoked 3 on him. We had a very interesting conversation. Oh yes, we were served by another Indian - the turban signify their branch of service. We were asked to return again. Mangelson is actually crazy about Steve. He listens to every word she speaks.

March 3, 1945 Saturday

The Sanaek day off & a very dull one. I find that Germany has its crazy month of March. After a week of warm weather, we get a snow blizzard. We received our last parcel of Red Cross parcels. They are supposed to be finished. They expect more by truck which the Amer's will drive. Made another pudding. Tomorrow Sunday & a working party is going to Munich. I immediately ran to the French Barack for someone to go for me. I succeeded so I'll be able to go to church. Mangelson was over to visit Steve. During the day Amersing brought us some potatoes. Wrote a letter to Laura. Jerry. I failed to mark about the arrival of Jack's letter of Dec. 2nd. Parcels finished.

March 4, 1945 Sunday

Sunday, a day of rest. At least some of us thought it would be so. Instead we had to work in Munich. I ran to the pole barack & got George to go work for me. At 9:00 A.M. I went to Mass. There was a snow blizzard so it was held inside the canteen. It was very crowded. A German soldier also attended Mass. Before roll call, Steve & I got hot water from Mangel. In order to make Mass

in time, I wasn't able to take a bath. Went to visit Tony. He's leaving on Commendo tomorrow sometime. He gave me a nice clean board to be used as a table. He also gave me a 57 frame note for a remembrance. He's a swell guy & I'll miss him. I hope to see him in the morning. Mangel was over to visit us. He spoke of the things he will bring us. Listened to "Embrace You" by Hazel Scott & the victrola was in the pole barrel.

March 5, 1945 Monday

The barrack day off. Once again it snowed all day. Mangel & Amar Singh was over to visit us. They brought us an Amer. P.C. box full of potatoes. Fred & I went over to the magazine to draw out some food. Besides our noon soup & 3 o'clock spuds, they gave us a few cans of kraut soup & a can of spuds. It wasn't near enough to go around so the 19 sections drew for it. We lost. It was quiet to us because the boys who worked in Munich yesterday didn't get fed good. Just heard the four King sisters sing "My Heart Sings". Bought 4 large fishes for 30 cigarettes. Steve, Fred & myself paid for them. We will have a meal tomorrow.

March 6, 1945 Tuesday.

I got George the pole to take my place in Munich. At 4:30 A.M. we were told the detailed was changed to 9:00 A.M. Its now 11:00 & they haven't left yet. There was an air raid in the early hours of the morning. That might be the cause for the conversation.

at noon time, we cooked our fish. It was most delicious. It didn't take too much margarine to fry it. Some of our pale friends were here & played the accordion for us. George gave me 3 Biscuits for the fish. He wouldn't accept anything I can repay him on one of the parcels. Amer's right was here to night. We had a very interesting conversation. I learned that there are 3 casts. They are the Sick, Hindu & Mohamadian. Amer is Sick & Mugal Hindu. The sick don't shave, wear a comb in the back of the head, wear shorts under wear, don't eat meat, don't smoke & wear a ring on the right arm. The Hindus can shave, smoke, etc. The Mohamadians eat everything but pork. Amer promised to bring me a ring for a souvenir. He's a swell guy. Mugal left soon after Amer left. He's going to bring opium. Tomorrow there will be no fear. There's a rumor that Jerry has enough coal to cook for the next 2 days. Mugal also verified the rumor.

March 7, 1945 Wednesday

Alice again George. The pale went to Munich for me. Today Fred & I ate the last of our puddings. Alice put in parcels have come to a complete stop. Things are really getting rough. Sick prisoners are being taken out of hospitals to make room for the ones badly wounded. 500 with better an arm or leg missing just arrived. Fuel is very low. We were asked to contribute a bit to the camp hospitals. Rumors are very strong about getting raw food to be cooked by ourselves. They have discontinued morning tea to all. Later they changed it to just those who don't work in Munich.

To day those here had no tea at all. Camps near Berken have been evacuated to this camp. Quite a few came to this place last night. Just heard that our bread ration will be 10 men to one loaf. I'll verify it when it occurs. Received 7 cigarettes called "Apa ha Okova". Its for only the men who work in munich. Amer Sing was over to day. He brought over some spuds. He also gave Steve & a ring that the "Lickin' man" Mongol was also here. We played 52 dollar salatin. Amer caught on very fast. They both enjoyed it very much. We will play for travellers they know it better.

March 8, 1945 Thursday

Parcels have arrived. They'll be given out tomorrow. Mongol & Amer were here. They won the game we played. We'll have to serve them tea Sunday. They brought us more spuds.

March 9, 1945 Friday

A very bad day in camp. We didn't receive parcels. It was hungry all day. We had 2 soups. ate my ration of bread at one time.

March 10, 1945 Saturday

Our friends were over with spuds. They said they stayed up all night practicing Salatin. We received a 44 of a parcel late last night.

March 11, 1945 Sunday

Wanted to receive our munich but I forgot to drink Jerry tea. Made Tea + pudding for Amer. Mongol. They thought it was good. We made a good impression.

March 12, 1945 Monday

Stayed off from munich. Cooked supper for Fred. I mix spuds with pate, canned beef. Amer M & V stew. Fred came in with 2 loaves of loaf.

amer brought me spuds. Listened to the records I borrowed from the poles. Rumors of being freed by the international R.C. are strong

March 13, Tuesday

A very lovely day out. I went for a shower & a Delovak job. While there we had an air raid. I could see our planes. They were very high up. I was told by friends with better eyesight that the planes were P38's. Received a letter from Mary Dated Jan. 2, 1945. It was burnt all around the edges. I was told Moashung was it refed. Used a whole gela baraf soap for a shower

March 14, 1945 Wednesday

A quiet day spent in the barracks. Had very little to do. That's due to my not getting a parcel since Sat. January 3rd & gela help.

March 15, 1945 Thursday

A very sunny day. The boys were all outside the barracks playing ball etc. Fred & I received an English Soda Parcel. Made a good pudding. Pete The Pale invited us to the amer. show in his barracks. Rumor of 25,000 wheat bags arrived in Moashung. We are supposed to get amer. S. I. bread.

March 16, 1945 Friday

Spring may start the 21st of March but the beautiful days we've been having prove that it's already here. Tony, Fred & I together with the whole barracks was sitting outside enjoying the sun. At 1:00 p.m. the guards blew their whistles & chased us in side. There was an air raid. The roar of planes were real loud. We could see 3 planes very clear. We didn't stay out long enough to see what kind they were. Fred & I split up. We did the same to our parcel which we received yesterday. Just learned that Indians don't clean themselves with toilet paper. Mandy asked me for water for the latrine. They evenbontally use soap & water. It's all very interesting & new.

March 17, 1945 Saturday St. Patrick Day.

The weather went back to cold again. Stayed in doors a good part of the day & made pudding for to-morrow's breakfast. Mangel was over with some salt. Came back later in the evening & invited Steve & I to tea tomorrow. I avoided Fred all day. Wrote a card to Mary. We had the R.C. Victrola here to day. It was swell to hear all the name bands again. Right now we are being entertained by a white man accordion player & two colored boys. One plays drums on a suitcase. They're really swell.

March 18, 1945 Sunday

Went to 9:00 A.M. Mass. I didn't stay there. I was sorry but I wanted to talk to Tony. He gave me a stick of wood. It came in handy for my daily pudding. It was officially announced that we would get 1 parcel per gang per week. I'll be given out 6 on a parcel. Pump's still strong about being fed by Sister R.C. Went to Mangel's barracks for tea. It was swell. We had Indian biscuits & chocolate.

March 19, 1945 Monday

The official notice of 1 parcel for 6 men fell thru. Due to a very long air raid, the parcels 1 to 12 arrived at 4:00 P.M. Some of us counted 54 boxes. They could very easily be seen. After we started to split the parcel 6 ways. The Sgt. Major announced we would get 6 on 1 starting tomorrow. In fact they are to make up for the one today.

March 20, 1945 Tuesday

Once again rumor of 1 to 6 to-morrow. Jerry plans have been flying very low & over our barracks all day. Sugar is so little that we are alternating sugar from 194 & 193. Was on Chow detail for the first time. It was a very lovely day out side. Bought bread from Mangel. Don't know yet if we'll pay for it. Made a pudding. Just baked it & then baked it. Was given two pairs of stockings & a handkerchief.

March 21, 1945 Wednesday

Had long raid again. Saw many planes. Received just one soup ration & bread with meat. Two days ago I had no soup. I wasn't hungry because of soup. I bought pale working in Munich actually saw street fighting among soldiers & police men. We officially received our 1 parcel for 6 men.

March 22, 1945 Thursday

Received a half parcel. It was suppose to be Canadian but it turned out to be English. Bought a can of spuds for 25 smokes for 3 fellows. George gave me a nice amount of rice for a pudding. Took a cold bath & washed all of my clothes. Tony gave me some weed. English cigarettes aren't good for nothing. all want Amer. cig. for food. Fred had an argument with Dean & got a Buffi blow in the mouth.

March 23, 1945 Friday

A wonderful day outdoors. I stayed in the sun without my clothes. Made rice that George gave me. It was swell with milk & sugar. Made pudding. Jimmyed rope a good part of the day. Again no spuds for supper. We ate fish & cheese.

March 24, 1945 Saturday

Enjoyed the sun all morning. Made macaroni pudding. George supplied the mac's. Was on lodge detail in the afternoon. Wrote a card home. Was called for Kommandos that out of it. Don't care to go any more. Bought wooden shoes for 5 English smokes.

March 25, 1945 Sunday Palm Sunday Mon's Birthday

Didn't know it was Palm Sunday altho I knew it was Easter next Sunday. Went to the Polish mass. It was held out side. It was beautiful. George gave me rice, spuds, rice pudding, cigarettes. I gave them the words to pass on doll. Tony was over & had supper with us. We had spuds, macaroni, & veg. Our Barack is working in Land shut to morning. It will be a six day working week.

March 26, 1945 Monday

We had another sunny day. A South African boy was shot thru the side of his eye. It came out from behind his ear. He was on Dodge detail & was cutting the fence. The guard didn't know it so shot with out warning. The Land shut detail was in at six. They said it was heavily bombed. Arms & legs could be seen. No firing done. They weren't given bread ration to night. Times of the big offensive came in. It was heard from S.B.C. & the guard, it was terrible.

March 27, 1945 Tuesday

Worked in munitions. Surprising but we didn't even have a 4 alarm. Guard marched us on train. I put shoe bar in heel of shoe & gave another Hungarian guard a pack of cigarettes to hold for me. I just lost soap I hid in top of sock can.

The Sgt. looked in my hair cause it was so high. Paid guard 24 Amer. cig for 2 loaves of bread. Got 1 one other for 6. Every day work is no good. I hope George gets a pole fitted to work for me.

March 28, 1945 Wednesday

Had a miserable day in hand slub. It rained all day long & we were right with. No trading was done. We got in early. Just got a light soup. Received 1/2 of the new type 'A' Amer. parcels. It's quite different from A. It has no Kaffee chocolate or fruit. It's a dehydrated parcel. met a French man who returned from our command.

March 29, 1945 Thursday, Holy Thursday

Worked in Munich. It was a nice day. I got 2 loaves of bread. Got in at 6:30 & found a letter from Sam Invernello. It was swell to hear from him. Rumors are that war will end in 2 to 3 weeks.

March 30, 1945 Friday Good Friday

Stayed away from work. Didn't have anyone to take my place. Was almost sent to South Lodge for penalty. Instead I'll have to go to Landschut in the morning. It's no good for trading. Went to church in the afternoon. I didn't stay for all the stations.

March 31, 1945 Saturday

Worked in Land slub. Have two over head raids. We were put in large open field. We all hid in the grass & enjoyed the sun while a bombing was taking place nearby. The train in was late. The planes hit the cars from Muenster to Landschut. Several were wounded. Went to confession. Had another colored show.

April 1, 1945 Sunday, Easter Sunday, April fool's day.

Went to mass outside of our tent. It was all so very nice. The altar was beautifully dressed. They had the organ & choir. Three priest's were there to give communion to the very many men. I also received. Had a good pudding for East Breakfast. Wrote letter home. For dinner I had potatoes & corned beef. Saw the police concert. George gave me a picture of his wife & sister.

April 2, 1945 Monday

Worked in Landschut. Things are picking up. I got one loaf. Had 3 4 Amer. cig. Was a warm day. I stayed down & got a punishment. Guards are swell. When we returned I washed my body & clothes. We set our watches are done ahead today.

April 3, 1945 Tuesday

Was off from work today. I felt pretty sick from a bad cough. I had warm & cold feelings. Went to sick call and found all to be well. I drew out the rest of the food from the magazine. Made pudding. ground up the kye wheat I brought in from Munich.

April 4, 1945 Wednesday

Got the day off by Lt. We taking my place. Felt much better today. All swell all day. Things are one great mix up. Men all moving to new barracks. 29 came to our barrack. Tony was among them & came to my section 17. We're turning beds to a section & 15 men to sleep in it. The French are to be transported as civilians. Capt. Walheim says the war will be over in 9 days. The Indians moved to tents. Several thousand officers are coming here.

April 5, 1945 Thursday

Worked in Munich. Didn't do any trading at all. Had wonderful guards. Had 2 over head raids. The barrack is very crowded. It's not like before. The Indians were put in tents in the open field. It rained & they had to move in an open barrack for the night.

April 6, 1945 Friday

Was suppose to work in Landsbut but went to Munich. got some bread. 900 men didn't work. We are suppose to move to closed Dodge. Movements of prisoners in & out of camp are being made.

April 7, 1945 Saturday

Worked in Munich. got 2 leaver. Succeeded out getting them in. 2 fellows took off from our group. One was a wonder. Men are still leaving.

April 8, 1945 Sunday

Failed to go to church this morning. I wanted to cook up a good breakfast & did. Ham & eggs it was. We are on the move again. We leave this compound at 5 in the morning. We don't know where. Had 3 o'clock tea with A.S. was late.

April 9, 1945 Monday

Was up at five to move to another compound. We didn't work & stayed in the open field all day. We will go to Barrack 5A at 6:00 p.m. Have had an awful raid. We saw many slaves & two go down. Awer-Singh & his friends made "Choppies" for us. Had good meals all day. Pudding for breakfast. At 10:00 George brought me some rice & potatoes. At noon he had soup from Argentina. Also 5 biscuits & a big slice of cheese. Tonight we had English tea.

April 10, 1945 Tuesday

Once again we were off from work. We moved out of the barracks at 2:00. Before we left we made a pudding. That was Tony's & Howard's. We were loaded down. The boxes broke & all fell pudding & all. We finally got to the tents behind 3 & 4 barracks. Once again Eddie is in charge. The house really hit. We had air raids all day & night. It wasn't too cold to sleep.

April 11, 1945 Wednesday

No Munich Detail. Stayed in & washed all. Lied in the sun. Had a continuous raid all around camp. They placed markers pretty close by. We were a bit scared. Got a bit of a parcel over. Ammunition was made by G.I.'s to go to work. To many being hurt.

April 12, 1945 Thursday

The start of a bad day. Was up at 5:00 for Munich. About 200 didn't go. I was one & ran all over camp to get out of it. They had dug all over our tents. When it did go out. They needed men for Dodge detail. There was more trouble for Capt. Franklin. He was out with his dog to get them out.

April 12, 1945 Thursday ↑

April 13, 1945 Friday. So-called Bad Luck day.

Worked in Landskro. No trading was done. The weather was bad. It cleared up late after noon. No air raid's at all. The spot that was cleared was hit again. Its removal in town that President Roosevelt died. Acted as deal-mitcher. Had a lot of laughs.

April 14, 1945 Saturday

Stayed away from Munich Detail. Complained to British Capt. about my rupture. I'm still at it. Washed dishes. made pudding etc. Wrapped 12 more sugar ration on the ground. Howard came in with bread, spreads & preserves all the boys got bread. got 1 box to 3. We drew an English Xmas. Got a pair of boot shorts.

April 15, 1945 Sunday

Made friends with an Italian yesterday. Went to the Italian mass. Became friendly with priest. He gave me saints & medals. They also gave me 12 blocks of cheese a great big Italian biscuit & biscuit & coffee. Have a short crowning for our president. We leave tomorrow for? We will all day.

April 16, 1945 Monday

Was up at 3 A.M. to leave. We arrived in Munchen. R.C. parcels was to be given out but they didn't. Once in Munchen we left our equipment on the box cars & went to do the regular work we were doing. When we quit we found we were to sleep on the box cars on the R.R. at 4:00 a.m. we had an over head raid. We saw like had to nowhere. planes could be & flames could be seen. Two bombs were dropped. It was a rugged night.

April 17, 1945 Tuesday

Had ferry coffee at 7:00 & off to work. Swiss man is to get us off the R.R. parcels still didn't arrive. Paper & Gray all goes well with raids.

April 18, 1945 Wednesday

Had air over head raid. There was a short bombing. It didn't harm us. We've been quit up at 5 & stay in ranks to be counted a dozen times. Quite a few men took off. Had alarm at 4:00 in the morning. We were allowed to go into 50 yds. One guard shot. There were flames all around us. No one hurt.

April 19, 1945 Thursday

Things are getting rough. Our guards are good but everything else bad. We refused our soup at noon. It's still water. Another bombing took place. It scared hell out of us. We were in an open field. The bombs were near. The roar was tremendous. All smoke was black. No one hurt but still an awful feeling. 12 more men took off. Received 8 cards from these Dmunga. It was my father's was quieting & a pleasant one.

April 20, 1945 Friday - Nithers Birthday! So what!!!
 Went to work at 9:30 because of the R.P. food situation.
 We still got the same soup so refused it again. I had
 2 oz of tea in town during over head alarm. I got 5 eggs, 1/2 loaf
 of bread, & 1/2 lb of ham. Planes were over all day. They bombed
 20. & it rained. This morning it was mighty close. I got
 2 parcels for 3 men today. Ayer. Had 2 bombings. one at
 11:30 & one Feb 1.30 A.M. All had little sleep. The bombing was
 in our vicinity.

April 21, 1945 Saturday
 While getting ready for roll call. P 41's came over doing
 bombing & strafing. They seemed to be coming in our area.
 All of us took off like a cat out of hell. Walked in passing
 Munich. Had 3 raps. Again bombing completely around
 us. We were all safe. Large P.O.W. letters were made
 out of bricks in our area. It was also written on the
 hot car. Was expecting morning raids but didn't
 due to rain.

April 22, 1945 Sunday
 Planes were over while having roll call at 7:00
 a.m. Nothing but the planes were seen. The weather
 changed suddenly. Its very windy out. we were
 shivering while eating our oat and pudding. There
 won't be no more today.

April 23, 1945 Monday
 Very few air raids all day. Very cloudy weather.
 Rumors are pretty thick. We suppose to be 80
 K.M's from Munich. 35 from Ravensbrück. We suppose
 to be taken out of the yard. The 29 men who took off
 are back. Had 2 night raids.

April 24, 1945 Tuesday
 Walked in Road House. Had 2 over head alarms.
 Went to a shelter in a ware house. Bought bags & handkerchiefs
 for a few cigarettes. Scherrie we got parcel soon. May move
 out in the morning. Had over head at 11:30. But minutes
 & enough time to see dress. It sounded again. I didn't
 feel like running until some one said. The planes are
 highest in front of the hot car. I put on wooden
 shoes & took off like mad. There was bombing but in
 passing.

April 25, 1945 San Francisco peace term conference.
 Left Munich by hot car at 6: A.M. Arrived in Passang
 yards. Had a dozen over head raids. I paraded the
 streets with Howard. got eggs, bread for choc. Civil air
 said Munich was declared an open city. Rumors
 again that we were to Munich today & start out
 for 150 to 180 K.M.'s in the morning. Some boys
 are digging out civilian bodies caught in a
 bombed shelter in Passang.

April 26, 1945 Thursday

Had an alarm at 11:30. It was terrific. The hits
 was in Passang but they seemed to be right on
 the hot cars. The men ran like mad. One shelter
 was packed so that they couldn't breathe.
 walked in Passang & saw the damage. The R.P. was
 not hit but the house were. I saw 12
 bodies that were caught in a shelter. Had just
 a 4 alarm.

April 27, 1945 Friday

A very quiet day. There was just one 4 alarm. Ate
 well & traded for food. Met German girl.

April 28, 1945 Saturday

Was up at 5:00 A.M. to go to the hospital for shower & De-
 Louse. Yanks are suppose to be 20 K.M. people in Bed
 clothes were near the windows. They must of thought we
 were the McCoy. They were all smile. People believe
 its over. 2 Jerry non coms said so as I was walking
 down. The feeling is great.

April 29, 1945 Sunday

Because of our day off yesterday, we had to work
 in Passang. I stayed behind on sick call. We were to move
 to Woodbury today but we were given our choice to stay be-
 hind. Its suppose to be too dangerous to get back. The
 Yanks are right out side of Munich. Tank fire can be
 heard as clear as day. Reports were thrown to civilians
 to stay in shelters & dis arm all soldiers & S.S. troops that are
 putting up resistance. I don't know what what but I pray
 to God that we'll be kept safe after so long a time. Bought
 a lighter for a bar of soap.

April 30, 1945. Monday

Late last night we left the box car for a nearby shelter. Tanks were to close. We slept sitting up. Hitler died early this morning. Russian committed suicide. It should be over soon. Small gun fire can be heard. There is very much activity here. Met a lovely German girl named Ingrid. We exchanged addresses.

Liberation Day. At 4:00 P.M. we saw our first river. Beep. It was led by the 42nd Div. The 4th was to follow but I didn't stay to see it.

It was a grand day & very unbelievable. People shouted & greeted the soldiers. They all threw out stuff from K. rations. I gave mine to Ingrid. Don't know as yet what will do. We are back in the box cars.

May 1, 1945 Tuesday A National Holiday in Germany
Early this morning the 900 of us were taken to the large apt. house opposite the P.C. We were given K. rations & a medical check. We are living in wonderful apts. We have a bedroom, kitchen, radio etc. I baked a cake in honor of the 42nd Div. Liberators. Heard Sammy Kaye & Ray Kayser. The boys took over the town. They riding everything on wheels. They're so happy. Many got drunk. Its swell living but I'd like to get near home.

May 2, 1945 Wednesday

The "Kopin" whip got us & gave us a talking to. we filled out Registration cards & wrote letters home. Salto sent one to Jack. He believes we'll fly to La Hame France from here & then take a train. we can't altho living in these apt is grand. visited August at her house.

May 3, 1945 Thursday

Got myself a bike & rode all over München, Lamm & Passau. Visited all friends I knew. got 10 eggs from one house. 5 at another & soup at the third. Heard "please don't pay us" & Cass Daily singing "always".

May 4, 1945 Friday

The 42nd left our apt. for guard & the 45th took over. They believe we'll move out by Tuesday. While I was in the bedroom, I almost fell over by the sight of Joe Kubing. He was liberated this past day & was sent here in our apt. He gave me one of the two pistols he had. He looks good & believe I got thin. I cooked dinner for 5. we had fried spuds, tuna fish, sardines, wheat & eggs, coffee, cake & wine.

May 5, Saturday 1945

Took a shower & shave. Went to mass. Took a hair cut from a French man after 7 months. Priest said "I don't believe you need to worry about P.T.O."

May 6, Sunday 1945

Went to several houses to trade for eggs. we were very successful. Returned to the room & had a good breakfast. We were broken down in groups of 25 (5) for our future plane trip to La Hame. A boy shot him self thru his hand fooling with a pistol. The bullet went thru another boy's chest. I was right outside the door. Saw the 4th Div. Band. Cooked macaroni & gravy for supper. Joe Kubing had dinner with us. It turned out swell.

May 7, 1945 Monday - Victory Day in Germany
 We were put on the alert to move out.
 It must be soon. Had 3 Italian political
 prisoners up the apt to eat. They were so very
 hungry. I also gave them clothes. Met a Jewish
 fellow from Palestine. He gave me his brother's
 address to write to.

Just got radio news that the war was
 over at 2:00 A.M. this morning. We
 heard church bells ring near by at about
 6:30 P.M. Radio news said "In N.Y. crowds
 cheered walking soldiers in the streets.
 Telephone books were thrown from sky-
 scrapers. In Britain flags were hung.
 The news is great, but it would of been
 greater if I were still prisoner.

Peace is declared
 with
 "Unconditional Terms"

April 7, 1945

Monday
 2:00 A.M.

May 8, 1945 Tuesday

The war was announced officially over in Germany. Papers were signed etc. Crowds cheered all over. Made enough bath water for all the day to get a bath. A lovely day & it was spent on the streets.

May 9, 1945 Wednesday

Our "supposedly day" to move out.

April 7, 1946

Monday

5:00 A.M.

Combat in France

On July 5th 1944 I arrived in France. I don't recall the name of the ship but it was a short trip over. We boarded L.C.I.s and hit the Omaha Beach. The weather was very bad. It was raining very hard. On the L.C.I. The rain & strong wind hit us in the face & got us all soaked wet. When we hit land, the beach head was full of Engineers working on roads etc. The place was a very dreary place. I could see the remains of what was a good looking beach. The fighting there must of been tough & rugged. Along side of the banks there were many German pill boxes & dug-in positions. It was my first sight of war. Just a short distance from us, we could see a cemetery for the American boys. Many wooden crosses could be seen & it wasn't good for the moral.

When we left the L.C.I., we had to carry our duffel bags which were

completely full & heavy as can be. I remember Little Joe walked out without his bag. When he was asked where it was he said "Some one is carrying it for me." What a liar he was! I don't blame him cause he's so little & almost the size of the bag. The walk with the bags was a long one & it continued for the rest of the stay in France.

Our first stop, we were placed in a large opened area. The whole Regt. dug in almost on top of one another. At night time we heard planes & saw flashes. The rumors certainly started then. At that time, no one knew anything of what was going to happen. We just knew we were troops ready for combat. We did an awful lot of walking & eat a lot of "C" & "10 in 1" rations. We met & spoke to many French people who greeted us with opened arms. They gave us fruit, wine & plenty of cider. I took all just to be sociable.

On July 5th, 1944, we took our first defensive position. We had relieved the 2nd Bu. of the 29th Division. In this area we had our first casualty. Romanowski, a boy from the fourth platoon was killed. He was a runner &

That particular night he was challenged by a Sgt. on post & he didn't know or at least he didn't answer with the countersign. The Sgt. pulled the trigger & I should say squeezed the trigger & shot him dead. It was a terrible feeling for the rest of us. Beside that accident, nothing else happened there. If I remember correctly, that position was in Carathan.

Our big day was July 15th 1944. At 5:15 that morning we were to attack the enemy. This was on the way to St. Lo. Before the attack we were told that at 4:15 we were to have an artillery barrage like we never had before. Not one of us heard a thing. We left that morning all so very green. We were the original Co. from the States. I remember we were marching in a Bn. formation & that's all. Round about 5:15 there was all kind of fire all over the area. I was dumbfounded & walked in a bent position all day. My squad (the first) was taken on the left & that's all I know. When things quieted down a bit I found that half the Co. was killed & wounded. It was hard to believe. I guess I did when I saw their bodies lying about.

Lt. Benedict & his runner was wounded that day. Many a good buddy & Sgts had left us for good. It was the worst I had ever seen. At least I thought so at that time. From then on we continued on front lines seeing other battles & other men leaving. At the same time the original men who were wounded started to come back. What a break for them.

Our next big battle was that of St. Lo. We fought on the outskirts of it for many days. The 1st Bu. of the 35th was fighting in the heart of town. When it finally fell we went right thru it. It was bombed & shelled very heavily. There wasn't a building standing. Every thing was completely flat. There wasn't one road that could be walked on. What was there was built by our Engineers. The little remains looked like what might of been a very nice town. There was a very nice cemetery & also a park. Very many "Restaurant" & "Bar" signs could be seen. It must of been a very lively town. Throughout the town there could be seen many German babies & a few Americans. At times they could be seen together. German prisoners were still being taken to our lines. They seemed so happy to be alive & a war prisoner.

Following St. Lo, there was the "Market" battle. About August 7th, 1944. Our Sn. Medic were captured & the Motor pool burnt down. Among the men taken prisoners there was my dearest friend Joe Rubino & Father Hayes. Father Hayes

was later on relieved. He had gone to the
 medic's for some ailment. I thought he was
 sent to England. I found out later on of his
 experience. Father Hayes was sent back with
 some sort of a deal to exchange Amer. boys
 for medical officers & equipment. I don't be-
 lieve it ever went thru.

At this time, the second Bn. or rather
 the 134th Regt. was surrounded for 2 days.
 There was no way of getting food to us. It
 was a miserable two days, not because of
 our not receiving rations but because of
 the many casualties there. The wounded
 men were put in a nearby house & no
 good treatment could be given them. For some
 of us, food was plentiful. I'll never forget
 this little story. There was just eleven of
 us left in the 1st platoon. We were all
 very hungry so something had to be done.
 One fellow caught a chicken. Our 1st Lt.
 (who's name I don't recall) killed & cleaned
 it & I did the cooking. The pots & pans
 were gotten from the nearby house. The
 burning of a boiler house was used for a fire
 & vegetables were gotten from the garden in front
 of our positions. During the preparations, our
 area was being shelled every so often. It
 was very difficult to get it done at one time.
 The men stayed in their holes & just wouldn't
 move. Crazy men didn't give a damn too
 much so I proceeded to cook. After it was
 finished, I had to deliver it to the boys.

all turned out very well. I failed to mention that after the kitchen was cleaned & ready for cooking we were told to get ready to move in 5 minutes. We prepared for the move but it didn't come then. It did after the meal was fixed.

Our Lt. in question was hit with a piece of scrapnel in the behind. Since it was slight & he couldn't be helped if he remained with the others, he came along on the move. He was a small guy & thought very much of the few he had left to. As we went, the remnants of a good platoon. This particular incident which I'll continue from occurred on August 10, 1944. It was still hedge row fighting & we were held up at one of them. It was a machine gun that held us up. We were told to move back some & that we would have a 15 minute Artillery Barrage. When it was over with & we proceeded to the next hedge row, we found the machine gun were still going strong. I heard that our Lt. was hit bad & that Lt. Palmer was killed. Those of us who got to the first hedge row were ordered to open fire & give all we had. This I did & my rifle jammed on me. I fixed it 2 or 3 times but it continued to go wrong. This was because the barrel was too damn hot. The order to move to the next one finally came down. Here I was with a jammed rifle & a bundle of nerves. It was a very long hedge row & a damnful one to cross. As we went, I with my rifle in the ready position but broken. The few of us were just about there when the M.G. opened up on us & wounded & killed some. I got one bullet thru my left arm. It didn't hurt

me in the least but I cried very much. Calloway & another replacement dressed me up & gave me some pills. I wasn't worried about myself but over one fellow who I didn't recognize & was hit in several places. He never made the H. R. & kept yelling for help. It was too dangerous for anyone to go over. Our C.O. finally came to our position & had us back. We went over the hedge row on our right which lead to the road. It was dangerous to walk back that way. But we all made it. I was told to go back to the medic. I saw Chester & Dennis. After a few tears & part of what had just happened I threw my rifle to the ground & left.

I arrived to our Dr. Medic & they sent me to the collective station. There I saw our Lt. He wanted news of what happened but I cried too much to tell it straight. I kept thinking of all I had just seen. Our Lt. was a brave man. He cared & gave back with almost nothing but went on till he got it thru the back, throat & lost a finger. From there we left for a collective station with a jeep. There was the driver our Lt., & a boy on a stretcher on the front of the jeep. On the back there was another fellow & myself. It was a miserable ride for us. The bad roads were so lumpy & rough. The boy on the stretcher was quite sick & threw up lots of blood. It got worse when the darn driver lost his way. After a long time we got there. Once again I was treated & more than came to me as I saw the men from my Co. come thru. The medical officer couldn't under-

stand my tears. They thought it was over my slight wound. At this place the 1st. Left us. In fact all left but me. Since I was a sitting patient, I had to wait for an ambulance that carried 2 sitting & 2 stretcher. In that wait of time, I saw too much. I continued to break down. It was especially so when Christopher came in with a very bad leg. When we did leave, we were 2 sitting & Christopher & another badly wounded boy (whom I didn't know) from our Co. Inside, Christopher wanted to hold my hand & was so very interested in the boy lying alone him. He was really bad off & was given a blood plasma. The Casualties were coming in by the dozens since there were so many & so much more important than me. I didn't go to the war-hospital with Chris. I went on to the C.F. ward. There we were given some Bean soup & put to sleep in an Ambulance outside. We were 3 or 4 of us. One boy had 2 rations so we started to eat. It was a very long night but it went by. We spoke of different tales that had happened to us. The next morning we were given a good breakfast & registered for the 1st hospital. It was a nice area & it had 4 very large tents for the patients & 2 smaller ones for an office. By this time I learned that C.F. meant "Combat & Evacuation". Men who couldn't take it on the line were sent back for a 3 day rest. I met quite a number of fellows from the Co. One was Red Webster & the

other Francisco. They had been there several
 times. I remember they were talked about
 as being yellow. It seemed just before an
 attack they would break down & go to the
 "C. E." ward. It made no difference to me.
 I had spent my first 24 hours there
 & still no treatment was given to my
 arm. They treated me like everyone else.
 The same old first aid bandage Jerry
 put on my arm was still there. I got
 quite mad & complained about it to Lt. Hallis-
 ter. He told me he'd take care of it later.
 When I was ignored for sometime I be-
 come furious. I saw Lt. Hallister & said
 "Lt. This may be a rest area for broken
 down men but I didn't come here for a
 rest. I'm no more exhausted than the
 rest of the 35th. I came here to have my
 arm fixed & no one even looked at it. He
 must of relined his mistake & changed the
 dressing. The next morning it was looked
 at by a major of Special troops. For the
 next 3 days he treated it till it was in good
 shape. He asked if I had gotten a purple
 heart. I said "no". So he gave me one &
 fixed records. Before he did, he asked if
 I had proof of my being hit by a M. P. I
 said "my tunic & my shirt with seven
 holes is my only proof. I didn't hold
 it with me for 5 minutes before I
 mailed it off to Jack V.ucci. The Div.
 Post office was right there. I sent it
 1st class mail & sent an air mail letter

explaining it. I surely thought the letter of explanation would get there first but it didn't. I got a letter from Jack asking me to explain the purple heart. I didn't dare send it to my folks. They would never believe that my wound was so slight.

The days went by fast at this ward. I had a grand time. The food was excellent. We went swimming in water nearby & listened to the radio every day. Our favorite programs were "Combat Drury" & popular music by Petr. Monahan. Each night we had General sermons. I use to listen from the inside of my tent. I also wrote many letters there. I sure made up for the past. I also met many new friends here. I became quite friendly with one. I didn't care for them too much because they always spoke of not wanting to go back. It proved that they were afraid & not exhausted. I still didn't care cause I didn't blame them. In 10 days I started to get bad ideas myself. It suddenly went over with. To me there wasn't any better outfit than the 1st sq. of the 1st platoon of G. Co. My friends were all ones from the states. That is what was left of them.

At this ward, the men would only stay for a 3 or 4 days rest. I was due for the

same stay. Since a big push was on all trucks were used for the front. We had to stay behind. If it didn't occur then, I would of been back in 4 days. As it was, I stayed there for 10 days. All was well except that I wasn't getting any mail & I was so hungry for some. More pleasant days here was when we brought fresh eggs from the 7 ranch people. We use to drink lots of coffee also.

Just before the 10 days were up & we were ready to move, I heard that a Catholic mass was to be held in a nearby area. I hadn't been to one in so long a time so I naturally went over. As I passed a corner of a long tent, I heard a voice yell "Bathista, Bathista". I went over to it & to my biggest surprise it was Father Hayes. The first thing he said was, "I'm so sorry about your film, it was burnt at the pool together with all my other equipment". I was so glad to hear him speak to me again. He was the one to give the mass that day. I'm so glad I saw him before the mass as I would of never believed it was him. He told me of his stories about being a German prisoner. I laughed when he told me that they took Kentucky Wimmers from him because they were good Amer. digger allies.

He said he was treated well there & that the other boys were O.K. During mass, a correspondent from York magazine was taking pictures of the whole ceremony. Father Hayes had all French equipment. I was sitting right up front & believe I got into the photo's. I was wearing a bandage on my arm & let the sun get at it. I was worried about my family seeing it. I had done so much lying to them. Jack was the only one I trusted with the news.

At last the time came to move the C.E. ward closer to our lines. We were up very early that morning. We all helped load the trucks & went on our way. We were given 3 or 4 Biscuits & candy boxes from the 10 in 1 rations. Then the different French towns we threw out all of our guards to the civilians. It was fun seeing them make a grab for it. Some of the towns we went thru were Le Mans, Orleans & many more which I can't recall at the present. The people were so happy over their newly liberated towns. After a very long trip we arrived in the area which Division was occupying. While there by luck I ran into Dad. We had just a short talk. He had to leave in a hurry. We was so happy to see me & seemed so proud. He always told me about reading up on the 1st in the Stars & Stripes.

We stayed at Div. over night & arrived at my
 Co. Kitchen area the next morning. Agark was
 so happy to see me. I received all my mail.
 He showed me all the mail that was for the
 boys who would never get to see them. It was
 sad to read so many names of friends I
 knew so well. I was supposed to
 get a rifle & new equipment at the Kitchen
 area but I didn't. Late that day I was
 taken to the Co. area. They weren't doing
 much at the time. All looked so very
 different to me. Hedge rows were all gone. All
 that could be seen was open fields. Red
 Mcowan & Summs were still there so I stay-
 ed with them in the platoon. I continued
 being runner for my new Lt. His name
 was Jack. The division wasn't doing
 much in this area. In fact since I left
 them Aug. 10th they had been resting.
 I had lots of fun in this area. Red, Jim
 & I were all buddies. We ate lots of fresh
 eggs & lots of meat. We left this area
 by truck & wound up in the outskirts of
 the town of "X" & "Y". We stayed here for
 10 days or so. We went to the movies,
 ate in restaurants. Had some good food
 there. We went to church & met many
 new friends. Pete, White & myself ate at
 some people's house every night. We
 were setup in tents in a very nice wooded
 area. We also did some close order
 drill there & took short walks. In town
 we saw the hair cut off of many French
 girls who were friendly with the Germans.
 (con on 97)





...SAYS GERMANY

THERE was quite a busy life at the Metropolitan Hotel in Moscow. Usually you hear there only Russian and English spoken. But now there was a great influx of French. Even the Russians spoke French together. No wonder, for it was the time of the visit of General de Gaulle to Marshal Stalin.

What was the idea of this trip of General de Gaulle to Moscow? He intended to build up his government with the help of Soviet Russia and Great Britain. At first he negotiated with the British and got the recognition of the provisional government. Then Great Britain agreed after the visit of Churchill and Eden in Paris that the French would be allowed to participate as equals of the Big Four at the international peace conferences. Churchill even offered more, he intended to create a strong block of the western nations from Norway down to France, including Belgium and Holland to secure world peace.

The Russians and the U. S. A. in the meantime had objected to the British proposal of building a western block against the Russian eastern block.

While Russian diplomats were working towards this end communist elements were working hard in France. The French Forces of the Interior, the FFI, were fighting for communist ideas. The leader of the French communist party, Jean Thorez, arrived at the same moment in Paris, when de Gaulle left the capital for Russia and he was greeted by his friends in Paris who said that the leader of the communists in France was more important than the Prime Minister of the French government.

It is Stalin's intention to get a foothold in Western Europe by means of the communist party and by his friendship now with de Gaulle.

While President Roosevelt is working in the White House on postwar planning, Russia is acting all by herself and making treaties for her own security and tries to stabilize her power in Europe. He is going to stabilize his own world security, and will not care what other people might have to say.

The U. S. A. went to this war to stabilize an order according to the American conception of freedom and liberty. They have paid a high price already, in goods and in blood. Material worth millions of dollars were shipped overseas on land-lease basis, millions of American soldiers fight overseas, defending or conquering foreign soil. But the price will be still higher if the war is going on.

Now, out of this uncertainty grows the big question: what will the American people profit by all this and what will happen after the war? There certainly will be a depression bigger than the world has ever seen before. All the planning will be in vain, because the partners already now do not agree about the payments. At the end every cent of the war costs will have to be paid by the citizens of the USA.

The war certainly does not develop as the Americans want it and the people at home will ask more and more, why they have to send their boys overseas? Some say already quite bitterly that it's done to help the Russians win the battle of Europe. Some will already think uneasily that the American armies are but a foreign legion of Joe Stalin.

WORLD NEWS

GREEK FIGHTING

Reports from Athens state that embittered house-to-house fighting is taking place in the Greek capital. On December 8th a further strong bolshevik group marched against the city. British troops, supported by the RAF and tanks, are fighting the Communists.

DE GAULLE TREATY

The Moscow wireless has published a communiqué stating that a treaty of alliance has been signed between de Gaulle and the Soviets. It is understood that the French army is to be equipped with Soviet artillery and war material.

WHY THIS

Reports from Brussels state that the Belgian underground army, acting on instructions from abroad, has taken steps to unite all the underground movements in countries formerly occupied by Germany into an international organization. Connections have already been established with the French Committee of Resistance, and the leaders of the organization hope soon to get in touch with the Greek EAM, the Norwegians, Danes and Dutch, and the Spanish republicans.

Moscow reports that Passionaria, the Spanish women Communist leader, is to be brought back by de Gaulle to France by air.

IRANIAN OIL

According to a Reuter report the parliament of Iran has passed an act prohibiting oil concessions abroad, irrespective of the government in office in Iran. The exploitation of Iranian oil wells are to remain in the hands of Iranians. No Iranian government may negotiate the sale of Iranian oil products to foreigners without first having obtained the approval of its parliament.

Professor Dr. Max Huber, for many years President of the International Committee the Red Cross in Geneva, resigned from his post on his 70th birthday. Professor Dr. Carl J. Burckhardt, who has been an member of the Committee since 1933, was unanimously appointed successor.

The Führer received M. Franz Szalasi, the Hungarian Minister President, on December 12th last.

A commando of the German Navy led by Lieut. Prinzhorn, who recently blew up the large railway bridge at Moerdyk, destroyed the cross dam to the port of Antwerp, thus putting out of action the giant docks of the Schelde.

Tchiang-Kaishek has resigned his post as President of the Executive of Yuan, in order to devote all his time to the war against Japan.

A New York report states that American millionaires have just built the most expensive cinema in the world at Memphis (USA). Each of the 22 participants has to pay 5000 dollars a year entrance money. Each week one of the best Hollywood films is shown at the cinema.

Washington, D. C.: On her press conference Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt introduced editor in chief of the junior literary Miss Helen Paris. Miss Paris talked on of children's books in combating delinquency.

Mrs. Roosevelt urged more library rooms be made available for children said such reading rooms could prevent delinquency. They would keep children and offer them a place to sit and read. The "Christmas" story is to be found in the second chapter of the Bible. The "Christmas" story is to be found in the second chapter of the Bible. The "Christmas" story is to be found in the second chapter of the Bible.

women, and extension of vacation days forty to forty-eight hours.

BIG DOUGH FOR LUXURY

New York: Despite wartime federal levies it is reported that the American is spending billion dollars a year for

'NO QUIT' INJUNCTION

Boston: In Boston the War Manpower mission set a pattern for the solution shortages in the nation's war plants. T. missioners announced that male workers in any industry in greater Boston area will be f. jobs after the next Saturday will be f. take a war production job if they are and able.

The "O.K." wishes

all American Prisoners-
of - War in Germany,

a Merry Christmas!

CITY OF CHEFS

It shall be attested, in the days to come, that our incarceration was notable mainly for its appetite. Therefore, let us deal today with matters crisp and culinary. I would talk of food, of plenteous provender, of cavorting calories, of voluptuous vitamins—of beaneries, hotels, and box-lunches—of fowl assorted and abundant—of pie known as meringue,



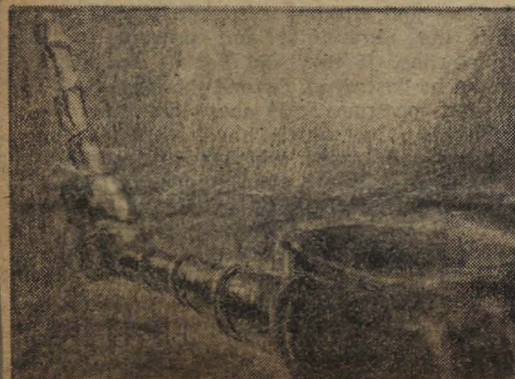
THE GRAND-DADDY OF ALL KRIEGY STOVES

and cutlet known as veal—and of fish and chips and ale. For verily, I say unto you: Chow, he is King and Master over these parts.

But I am tired of talking.

Now, we know not how it is with our brother Stalags simmering over the length and breadth of Germany; but here at III-B on the Oder, we have complicated the fine art of cookery to such extent that we threaten to graduate upon the helpless world a super-race of gourmets, gourmands, and gawdamits. With a pot and a potato and a prayer, we can turn out practically, anything—and generally do.

Our recipes are numerous and horrible. Our patience is pitiless. Our digestion—incredible! Lo! let it be known to all and sundry that we have attained to a congress of chefs and have duly written into the chronicles of the World our declaration of independence from wives, vinegar, and vitamins. Our

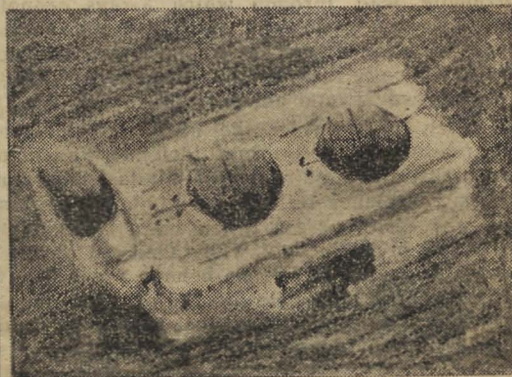


"THE ELBOW HAS BEEN ADDED" . . .

preamble: „When it's brown it's cookin'—when it's black it's done.“

There is no restraining law here. **Anybody** can take a skillet in his hands and blithely cement together any kind of a mess at all. There ought to be a law — some people are not safe with a recipe on their persons; and in my time I have seen some very sordid cases of ghoulishomania. But, oddly enough, that which would poison a city of civilians, merely inspires a Kriegy. I speak of such culinary miscarriages as "Sauerkraut with D-bar Sauce", "Salmon-cola," and the recipe of the week: „Liverpaste Cocktail au Gratin.“

Mealtime is quite merry. As you know, Man is a gregarious animal. Place 200 men in an

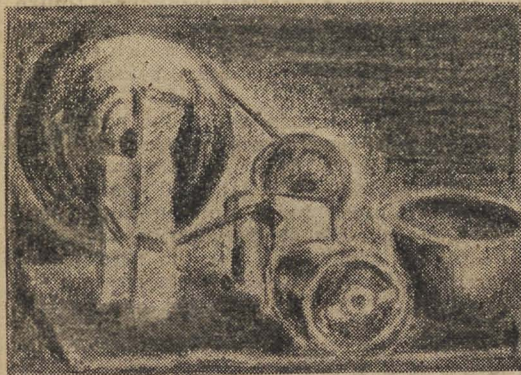


CUTE, ISN'T IT? NEWLYWED STYLE

acre of space and they will gravitate in congestion to one corner and try to stand in one another's hip-pockets. This is precisely what happens when arrives the happy hour of repast within the palings of our little nest. Every Kriegy in the billet attempts at exactly the same moment to set up kitchen in the same square yard of sandy space outdoors. The smoke is like a dream — a dream of Pittsburgh under a wet blanket. The traffic is so thick that, half the time, you are salting the neck of a first-echelon chef instead of the nameless concoctions writhing around in your own dainty little pot. Imagine cooking at the heels of Broadway and 42nd during a stampede of Sinatra fans, and you will have an understatement by way of analogy. Not infrequently, your slice of onion is dragged into the next compound by an unscrupulous heel. And you have lost count of the number of times you have had gravy down your neck. I repeat: Man is a gregarious animal.

Let it be observed that a Kriegy moves in machinistic ways his cookery to perform. Here, within a city of barbs, an evolution of tinmongery has taken place. And, even as Mankind in general has its Stone Age, its Bronze Age, and its Machine Age, so have we prisoners of war had our Bucket-Stove Age, our Bucket-with-Klim-Can Age, our Klim-Can-Tandem Age, and have finally reached the acme of scientific precision in our Blower Age. The accompanying sketches of relics of Stalagery will bear witness.

Next to the passionate clanging of a spoon in a billowy canteen-cup, no sound is more reassuring than the low, industrious snarl of a blower at daybreak, spewing an aura of dancing sparks across gray prison sands, melting the frost off the toes of morning. The whine of some Kriegy's blower-fan is the first sound you hear in the bleak lanes of morning. And you are lulled to the Land of

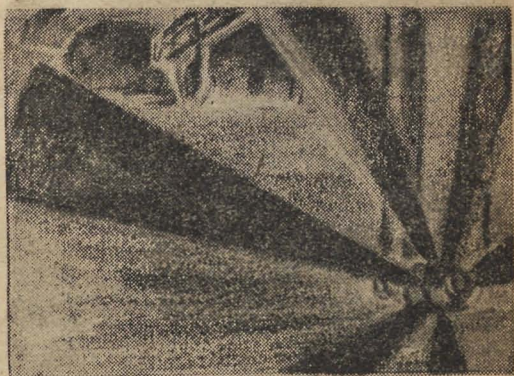


INFRINGEMENT ON PATENT

Loaves by the lullaby of some insomniacal coffee-sot's grinding at the midnight wheel.

America would chuckle if her warm old eyes could but glimpse the ingenuity of her exiled sons! The Yankee sense of humour would revel at the sight of these tribes of hand-made stovettes, and at the telling of the legends behind their multiplex evolutions. We started with an empty jam-bucket — merely a bucket, mind you — and, behold what super-duper streamlined jobs we are prepared to exhibit upon the mart this year!

Twice a day Oscar O. Kriegy emerges from the arena of smoke, flame, and blasphemy, proudly bearing the cinders of chow before him. He is not dismayed by incineration or insinuation, but parades his plate of lordly hash triumphantly before his brethren. "My head is sooty but unbowed." A P.O.W. is adamant — there is margarine to camouflage the charred grimace of a hapless slice of



"WINDMILL" OPERATED (IT WORKS!)

bread; there is the great solvent called Java to dissolve a multitude of burnt offerings.

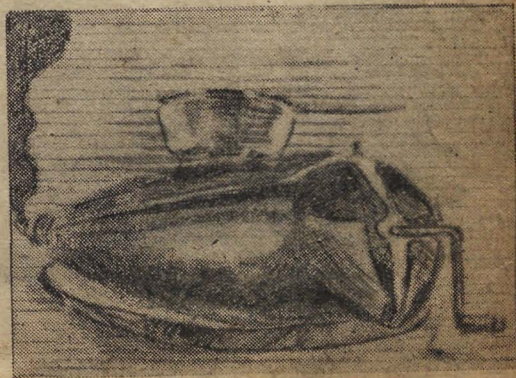
More than our studiousness, more than our loneliness, more than our great hope, this is the truest emblem of our days: the flying sparks, the good-natured oaths, the burnt spuds and fingers... in a word, the toilsome combat of determined men against the mysterious element of cookery.

I like to think of hearths: of robust, jolly hearths laughing against the frustrated fury of a freezing night: of whether I shall ever be fortunate enough to own a great open fireplace in that little corner of fancy called "Home"; of lounging long hours before it in slow, warm meditation; of travelling through the screen and sailing along on magic carpets of flame to, perhaps, Dick Whittington's Town again, maybe to ancient Tyre and Sidon, or to the land of the Forty Thieves. I like to dream of hearths...

But I think it will be the sooty stoves of men, that I shall remember.

F. S., P. o. W.

Illustrated by Ade Mersfelder, P. o. W.



STREAMLINED—1945

Merry Christmas



STALAG MIB 3 GERMANY '44

Someday
Yuletide Bells
Will Ring
Merrily Again



Someday the Yuletide bells will ring again,
And once more there'll be laughter, joy and mirth,
Someday Christmas carolers will sing again,
Those songs we love that tell of "Peace on Earth!"

Someday hearts will beat as they return again,
The husband father, son . . . the neighbor's boy,
Someday Christmas lights will brightly burn again,
Illuminating faces filled with joy.



34TH



8TH



5TH



9TH



3RD



28TH



29TH



35TH



36TH



78TH



85TH



88TH



91ST



1ST



26TH



80TH



90TH



30TH



TD



82ND



U.S. CAMPS & Near By Town's

CAMP SAN LOUIS OBISPO
PISMO BEACH



W. VA. MT.
MAN. AREA

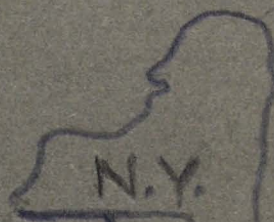
TENN. MAN. AREA
MURFREESBORO
LEBANON

TENN. N.C.

ALA.

ATLANTA - GEORGIA

CAMP RUCKER
DOTHAN
OZARK
INTERPRISE
PANAMA CITY
FLORIDA



MAN.

WRIGHTS TOWN

CAMP DIX

CAMP KILMER

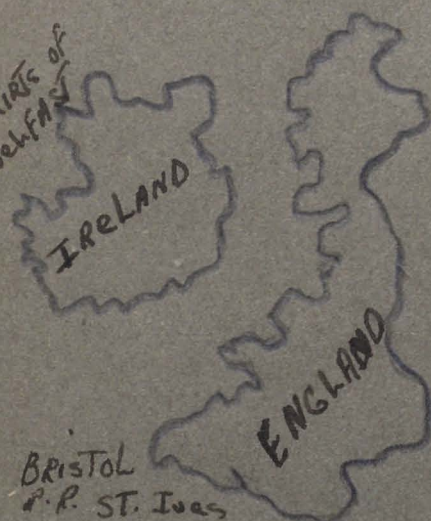
NEW BRONWICK

CAMP BUTNER

DURNAM
HENDERSON
ASHVILLE
RAILEIGH

OVER SEA TRAVELS

OUTSKIRTS of
BELFAST



BRISTOL
P.R. ST. Ives
Red Reef
Plymouth

FRANKFURT
LINDBERG
MOOSBURG JULIA

OMAHA
BOACH
NORMANDY
ST. LO
ORLEANS
LE MANS
AMIEY
X'2
NANCY
MOSELLER
MORTAIN

FRANCE

GERMANY

LANDSHUT
KUMMANGOO

FRISING
MUNICH
(PASING)

The Memory of a Battle's Din

By Stoney Bracewell, P. o. W.

A field of wheat waving, in the sun
To the right—a creak where fish are having fun,
On the left — a grove of mighty trees,
All is silent—but the rustle of the leaves.

Here and there the chirping of a bird,
Now and then—a waiting soldier's whispered word,
Of a sudden—the chatter of a 30 gun,
The shrill of a whistle—men jump up to run.

88's go screaming overhead,
Screaming, bursting, leaving many dead,
Then came that one last shell.
It had been a burning hell.

All is silent, the men begin to rise,
So few and small, they seem, beneath the spacious skies.
The field marred, covered with my comrades' blood,
All seems quiet, the only sound the ticking of a dud.

I bow my head, and utter up a prayer,
Please God, don't let shells reach my pals,
That now have gone up there.
Many years have passed silently away,
Since my pals died all in one short day.

I like to picture that field of wheat—waving in the sun.
The creak where the fish had their fun,
That grove with her stately trees,
Quiet, but for the restle of the leaves.

I'm sure, here and there today are a few forgotten men,
Thinking of a day gone by, of a battle's din,
Yes, we see those boys, talking, laughing before they died,
Their memory, to day, tomorrow, always, will abide.

Do blind their hearts to thirst and cold
For, Lord, they are so sweet and old.
Tell them I stride with vigorous breath:
They need not know the weight of Death,
Nor need they sense the truth of strife—
They have so little left of Life.
Lord, bless tonight the ancient beds,
Where wakeful loss their dear old heads,
And tell them not to worry, for
I'm coming back Someday from war.

Do comfort them and, pleasing Thee—
Keep them alive, dear Lord—for me.

Frank Stebbing, P. o. W.

Stufgabe am 19	zum Auge	besteht mit Zug
Deutsche Reichsbahn		
Kontrollbezirk München in Innsbruck		
über	München Sbf	Prag Sbf (Praha hl. n.)
nach		
über	Eger—Zusammen-Sofolup	
Stiefwert		

Stufgabe am 19	Gewicht kg
382	
über	München Sbf
nach	Prag Sbf (Praha hl. n.)
über	Eger—Zusammen-Sofolup

Stufgabe am 19	382
über	München Sbf
nach	Prag Sbf (Praha hl. n.)
über	Eger—Zusammen-Sofolup

Stufgabe am 19	382
über	München Sbf
nach	Prag Sbf (Praha hl. n.)
über	Eger—Zusammen-Sofolup

But baseball's impresarios, who mark success by gate receipts, were not downcast. For the fans, although they had known what to expect, had poured out some \$80,000 to watch the exhibition. The 29,589 paid admissions to that game were another indication that baseball is of its third wartime had

the most lopsided score in the twelve-year-old Pittsburgh the Nationals had won by 7-to-1. When it all finally came to an end in team failed to make even a single extra-base hit.

Aufgabe		Kontrolle
am		
19.....		
zum Zuge	über	
beibringt		
mit Zug		

von

nach

über

Eger—Zusammenstoß

Prag Sbf (Praha hl. n.)

München Sbf

Siebert

RK

Deutsche Reichsbahn

Beschäftigten

602 06/1 @Schuldengeldschein (zweites Verfahren) mit Vorbrud des Stämman 60 30

Old Folks

Lord, keep the old folks safe from fear
 At home, while I am over here.
 I pray that you would let them know
 I wear their hearts where, 'er I go.
 Let War and Death be, in their eyes,
 A thing of Hero's paradise.
 May they not feel the naked rain
 Nor guess the actual hurt of pain.
 Do blind their hearts to thirst and cold
 For, Lord, they are so sweet and old.
 Tell them I stride with vigorous breath:
 They need not know the weight of Death,
 Nor need they sense the truth of strife—
 They have so little left of Life.
 Lord, bless tonight the ancient beds
 Where wakeful loss their dear old heads,
 And tell them not to worry, for
 I'm coming back Someday from war.

Do comfort them and, pleasing Thee—
 Keep them alive, dear Lord—for me.
 Frank Stebbing, P. o. W.

Tales of
P. O. W. Days
Sept. 11, 1944

Like any other soldier, I thought of several things that could and might happen to me in combat. Out standing in my mind was being "killed" or getting seriously wounded. I have now learned that being taken "prisoner of war" is another important factor. I now wonder why I didn't give it more thought. If I had perhaps being captured would not have been such a great surprise. It was more or less like a shot in the arm. The big day was on Sept. 11, 1944. The time was 8:00 a.m. in the morning. It took place while crossing the Moselle River in France. Before we started out for our objective, we were told that it was going to be a tough nut to crack. I believe another outfit had tried it but failed. With all that in mind, I still didn't give it much thought & was ready to follow the man in front of me. We were in a wooded area when plans were given out for the crossing. It was set for the 17th so we were told to dig in for the night.

In no time at all picks & shovels could be heard hitting the dirt. There was one loud bang throughout the area. It was then when the order came down to quit digging. We then realized the enemy was not too far & we could be heard. It was certainly proven to us when the sound of enemy fire was in our area. With no holes to get into, there were many worried minds. It wasn't too bad because the fire was not continuous. It was just "now & then". At last the order came down to continue with our holes but to make as little noise as possible. We weren't allowed to use the picks. All we could do was shovel the dirt out. That was impossible because the ground was solid rock. With the digging situation the way it was & my not owning a shovel of my own, I quit then & there. Lt. Palk & myself then continued to read a copy of the "Stars & Stripes" which we carried with us. I remember reading about the "paint system" that would help us return to civilian life.

At this time, some of the boys had started to bed down. They were sure burnt up when we were told that we would have to cross the River that night. I still don't understand why the order was ever changed. Anyway it was a messy affair and a very slow one. It took hours to get our Bu. across. It was very dark out & you could barely see the man in front of you. We had to keep very close contact as we moved surely & get lost. In fact, in one particular spot there had been some confusion. It was taken care of so we continued on. It was still going very slow & many stops were made. I'll never forget my sitting down next to a plum tree & keeping myself busy eating. I sure had my fill of plums. By this time, we had reached the bridge & the crossing was in progress. It was a hell of a long bridge & I still don't see how we come out of it alive. The enemy had it zeroed in & was spraying it with machine gun fire. It was a horrible sight for many boys

were killed & wounded. Some sort of a shot hit in front of me & a heckly but no harm came. It was just a noise & a flare. It did scare us very much but that's all. At last I was finally on the other side but every thing was all messed up. Our C.O. was new with an Infantry Co. & couldn't handle us very well. He didn't know who went where so we were all bunched up in one spot. It was the start of a miserable night. There was fire all over the damn place & we wouldn't dare to move. The enemy was making the usual noise we were so accustomed to. We were finally separated & put in separate positions. The positions weren't any good because the enemy was right above us & could look down at us. I was placed on the extreme right & was next to Lt. Falk. We had started to dig in but it was of no use. We were much too close to one another & our feet almost touched the water. A Lt. from another Co. came to our spot to see if he could get some of his men on the right

of us. Lt. Falk stuck his head to the
 right but was immediately picked up
 & wounded. He was a pitiful sight
 but nothing new to look at. The
 time was slowly but surely passing
 by. It was about 4 A.M. when enemy
 tanks had us completely surrounded.
 They hadn't fired at us because
 they were waiting for our reply to
 whether or not we were going to sur-
 render. Lt. Falk said it was O.K. &
 to go out. It was done with no
 waste of time. We had a tough night
 & thanked God that it was over &
 we were alive. They took some
 wounded men which were later
 separated from us. Some men tried
 to cross the river again. They swam
 across before the tanks surrounded
 us but were fired at with machine
 guns. I don't know if they ever
 made it back. I pray they did
 cause Mc Gowan & Sumner were
 among them. Once in prisoner
 hands, things changed fast. They
 placed us on a road & moved slowly

searched us. Our guards were pretty nice. They offered us cigarettes & asked us where we were from New York. It seemed to be a popular spot for them. I don't believe anything was taken away from the boys. That came later on. They walked us 10 K. & we arrived in Nancy. It was a large town but I'd of enjoyed seeing it with the Americans. The French people gave us shy looks & the sign of cheer & good luck to us. It was a long walk thru the town but we finally arrived at a school building where we stayed for a short part of the day. Prior to that, we were taken to German officer quarters where we were searched again. Our knives were taken away from us & all Jerry souvenirs we had picked up. As they marched up to the school building, they took pictures of us. They were undoubtedly used for propaganda purposes. Food at our new quarters was scarce. It was all given to us by the French. Some S. I's that were there did the cooking. The only ration Jerry gave us was 3 loaves of

of bread & some fresh fruit. They just placed it on a table & the men made a grab for it. Many did get any. I had a 10 in 1 jam ration which I split among the boys. It was good but didn't last very long. When we were about to leave Nancy, I noticed that my field jacket was stolen. I believe it was taken by an Italian prisoner that was there. I sure missed it later on. Jimie soon came to leave for a camp so we boarded a box car we traveled for four days. We were 44 men in the box car & food & drink was scarce. Our guards were young boys & were all good. They gave us fruit from near by trees - gave us tobacco now & then. We didn't do to bad till we arrived at Stalag XII A in Lunenburg. The date was Sept. 15, 1944. At last we were finally processed. We also wrote out some cards to mail home. Our stay there was for 9 days. I volunteered to work in the processing building checking clothing for incoming Amer. & Eng. prisoners. At XII A we received our first Amer. Red Cross parcel. It was all so new to me. It was to be split between two men.

One day while working in the office, we
 had an air raid. An bomber bombed
 the town outside the camp. It was a
 terrible feeling & felt very close. The hit-
 ting was done beyond our tents. I surely
 thought it was out in our area. I was
 relieved later on. Our stay in Lindburgh
 was for 9 days. We were separated from
 our non-cons & sent to another camp.
 Once again we boarded box cars & headed for
 Stalag IIA in Moosburg. We left Sept. 24th
 & had our parcels with us. Our new camp
 was suppose to be our permanent camp.
 We were glad because we didn't like
 traveling the R.R. in box cars. It was to
 big of an objective for our plans. They never
 failed to hit them. We never failed to be
 on the R.R.'s at the time. The same
 amount of men were in the car again. This
 time we all had a parcel & a can to be
 used for a "Latrine". One day of the trip
 went by & no food & drink was given to us.
 Our can was completely filled but it made
 no difference to them. They didn't even open
 the door to let us throw it out. The can
 sure had its familiar odor & it wasn't

pleasant all over the floor. The boys had to drain it out thru the cracks. I didn't do my share of it. It made me sick to look at it. Lying in it at night was enough for me. To make things more miserable we were in the midst of an air raid. It happened in the Frankfurt railroad yards. It was an awful feeling. I didn't think we'd live thru it. Some English men were in the rear of the car & they had been hit. When we heard them coming down, we all dug our heads under each other's body. They didn't hit us out to get to an air raid shelter so we could do nothing but sit tight & pray. God knows I did plenty. After it was all over, a boy gave a wonderful prayer of thanks. It brought tears to my eyes & many more.

At long last the car was emptied. I was starting to dread another night in the car. We arrived in camp the next morning. It was 2 a.m. & the date Sept 26th. They put us all in one large barracks. We were so crowd we couldn't walk around at all. We weren't hungry because bread was given to us. It was drink we wanted. They brought

in buckets of hot tea. Every man made a grab for it. It was a riot. The night was slowly going by but no one slept. The boys walked around the dark & picked up rumors here & there. Some were good & some bad.

The next morning we learned that we were in Stalag VIIA located in Moosburg. The barracks we lived in were known as South Lodge. Our stay there was for 3 days. We went thru the processing business once again. We were searched & some clothing was taken away from us. The Jerry who went thru my pockets took my zippo lighter. I sure did miss it. When we were thru being processed, we left for the main part of camp & barracks 51. Before we entered camp we were deloused & took showers. It was a Friday when we entered the new barracks & our first parcel was given to us. I believe it was an English hop. We finally got settled down there & I became to know the Sgt in charge of us. His name was Eddy. He selected me to become section leader of section # 9. My job was to feed the men.

Get them up in time for roll call. And to send them out on certain details that came up. It wasn't a bad job but to many arguments involved. While there, the English band came over for a show. I saw Bonnie for the first time. He was more like a woman than a woman is. He sang for us & was given a big hand. The Russian men use to come over to give us shows & hair cuts. The price was 1 cigarette or 2 for the combination. I took a try once. At that time, we found the blower to be a rather popular stone. No one used plain fries with sauce. It was old fashion. The blowers were made by the boys & sometimes sold for 30 cigarettes. They were too complicated for me so I didn't bother to fiddle with them. I did make myself a frying pan from the English backst can.

After the 2nd or 3rd week there, we had our first big air raid. We heard the bombing & even saw some of our planes come down. It was a sad sight but we later learned that the

men were alive & taken prisoners in
 our camp. The bombing was done
 in Western Germany. Because of
 it, our compound started to send us
 there to work on the rail road. It
 was really a sight to see. Everything
 was completely knocked to hell. The
 R.C. was so badly bombed that we were
 let off the train an hour walk from
 our job. It was crazy to send our W.I.'s
 to work there. We just did nothing
 but hang around. The boys use to
 run around here & there looking for
 bread, cheese etc. We sure came in
 with plenty of bread. Things weren't
 too good with the job. We had to get
 up at 4 a.m. & never did get to work
 before 10 a.m. at night we use to
 get in at 11:00 & 12:00. With the
 situation the way it was, it was
 tough getting us to work. The Jerry's
 had to bring the dogs in to get us
 out in the morning. They were
 mean looking dogs & they sure got
 us out. The boys use to hide in
 the latrine, barracks & down the
 air raid shelters. The hiding places
 were known so the dogs were sent

all over the compound. This went on for some time - still is.

One night when we got back from muncheh we found that the Japs who stayed in from work moved over to another compound. We moved over the next day. We went to barracks #8. It was a much nicer place than 51 & held more men. The Japs were all in the same sections & I was still leader of #9. There were 4 barracks in the compound. It held 1400 Americans. Its quite a lot of men but every compound was crowded. We still continued to work in muncheh but it was much better than before. They finally got a system where we got a few days off in a week. They also started the potatoe detail at this time. It was a hell of a job. The weather was getting cold & it was hell on the feet. The only good thing about it was the row of spuds we took back with us. They were filling with the little soup we got every day. One day I refused to go to the potatoe detail & didn't go. My reason was my natch having a jacket. They were 12 of us who didn't

go that day. Eddie called the German
 Sgt. & got us out. I still refused so
 the Jerry saw me personally. He said "
 get to work or I'll get the bloody dog
 after you". He spoke English. sure meant
 it. I told him I didn't have a jacket.
 He said "when you work you get warm".
 I was so mad I called Eddie all sorts
 of names. I lost & did go to work. after
 the day was over, I was determined to
 get out of work for good. I went to see
 the British Dr who was a captain. I
 complained of my rupture & got a
 "no work slip". I guess that got
 Eddie because he became very friendly
 with me. I guess I finally won
 & was satisfied. I was then placed
 in section #10. The men there were
 un recognized medic's & other men
 who had ailments. I still continued
 my job as section leader of #9 until
 the arguments got to thick & I quit.
 Altho I didn't work anymore, I still
 went to Muckin now & then when I
 needed bread & had tea & stuff to trade.
 I could say that I had it pretty

soft now.

Round about this time, a new lot came to our compound. The men were from the 34th Division. I met Johnnie & George & became very good friends with them. I guess it was because they were Italian. Our barrack clik consisted of 20 or more Italians. We had lots of fun playing cards & The Italian number game. Our parcels were coming in pretty steady but they were changed from 1 parcel between 2 men once a week to 3 parcels a week 6 men to a parcel. We use to put our tea together & brew every night. I would prepare it while they were out to work.

Round about this time, the Munchen Detail was completely stopped. Some throat epidemic was running around. We had our throats examined quite frequently. No one ever got a real serious. The boys stayed in for 2 weeks & got use to not working. During that time, Munchen was hit almost every day. It had gotten its worse so the

bays went back to work again. It was again a job to get them out.

During my stay in doors, I saw 2 shows put on by the English. One was "The Banetts of Winnipeg St." & the other "Band Wagon". Both were excellent. I became quite fond of the vocalist known to us as "Butch". I enjoyed his singing just as much as Frank Sinatra. Beside the shows put on at the French Theatre, they also entertained us at the different barracks each Sunday. They were great & a grand morale builder.

One fine day, I got my greatest surprise. I found that my good friend Joe Rubino was also a prisoner in the same stalg. He was captured Aug. 8th together with our Bu. medic & 7 other Hayes. He was in another compound so I couldn't see him very often. I had to bribe both guards to let me out one gate & in the other we use to meet each Sunday in church. It didn't last very long because he was to leave on commando. He gave me a ring for a remembrance.

I hated to say "so-long" to him. I'm sure he felt the same. I could see it on his face. Some day I'm sure we'll meet again.

I just recalled that I got into trouble once more with the Japs. It happened when thechow detail from section #10 went out for the daily soup. We were known as "Kelly's Commandos". We were outside the kitchen waiting when a wagon pulled up to deliver row spuds to the kitchen. I left from the detail over to the wagon & filled my pockets. An English Lager police man told me to leave them but I & so others just ignored him. He got mad & grabbed me by the arm to turn me in. As we walked to a barrack, I ran away from him. He had my number so they finally found me. I had to see Captain Marheim that night. It wasn't bad at all. after a lot of talk thru the interpreter, all was well. It was considered my first offence so nothing was done about it. I was afraid I was going to wind

up in the "Sonder barrack". It was suppose to be sold there.

June was surely passing by because the Xmas holiday was coming closer. At last it was here & it was a blue one. The Jungs tried to treat us better than usual. We had a third loaf of bread, potatoe soup, & a piece of roast beef with gravy. Beside that, we got a parcel per personar. George & I made a bowl full of pudding. It turned out swell. On Christ mas night, our barrack put on a little show. We didn't have gifts to give one another so we sent each other greeting cards & read them out. We had many laughs. The barrack certainly looked nice with all the colorful trimmings. We made them all our selves. Our tree was a small one but very nice. we had 12 balls on it. Late That night when it was all over, a few friends stayed up a while longer. Then the barrack came walking a group singing Xmas carols. I was so blue I cried & thought of my family

at home. George felt the same way. We were all glad when it was all over. We went back to our normal way of living.

My stay in the barrack wasn't long after was. On the morning of Dec. 29th, I had just started to write in this book when I heard my name called out for commands. I had to leave in a hurry & rush out. George & Johnnie had been working. Tony went for a shower so I didn't say "so long" to them. I left word & ran off. From this point on, I started a diary of my commands. I'll have to continue here when it's all over with. I hope it's not soon. I got to like it here very much.

The commands was finished on my birthday. We arrived back to Camp VII-A Feb. 5, 1945. I intended to continue on "P.O.W. Tales" but I decided to continue 1945 with a daily diary.

The End.

The Boat ride & Stay in England
 after our stay in Butner, we left for
 Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Stayed there for
 7 days. Was restricted 3 days & went home
 the following four. Took Dennis & Marocco
 home once. Went to Jack Dempsey's.

Left Kilmer May 10th. Arrived at Boat
 S. S. Alexander on the 11th. We got coffee,
 Doughnuts & Candy by Red Cross Women.
 The band played for us. As I boarded,
 I assumed "James" to my second name.
 Left for "Destination Unknown" on the
 12th. Had lots of fun on trip. I didn't
 get sick once. Saw Dennis, lot well, received
 P.C. kit. Band played on deck, practiced
 unloading of boat. I had many laughs
 with Duffy, Van, Joe & Marocco. Our first
 sight of land was at Belfast. It
 looked great. We continued on and
 arrived in Bristol, England at 9 A.M.
 May 25th.

We boarded a train & arrived late
 at night in St. Ives. There was
 rumor that we would live in tents.
 all concerned were very worried about
 it. At last we walked out the station.
 We came to the "Bay Hotel" & went
 inside. It was a very nice place &
 had a beautiful view. Our window faced
 the Bay. We were restricted for several

weeks. They men use to sneak out. I never did. I waited for my first pass. I had a good time. From then on I went out every night. Went to a dance or a movie most every day. The day light hours were from 4:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. The dance hall curtains were shut to give the atmosphere.

Met Alice Roberts at the dance. We became great friends & more. She was married but it made no difference. She lived in the Chy. Morrow Hotel & worked there. We went to the hotel every night after going out. Became quite friendly with Mrs. Cackling. She liked me & my friends. She met them all. Duffy was going with Ray. We had many laughs. Had many mid-night snacks at the hotel.

Many young girls use to stay around the hotel. Some were very dirty. They just loved Americans. The children would say "got any gum, chum". Met many A's there.

We didn't do any training. Just a short march & close order drill. We would go down to the beach for classes. Went swimming quite often.

The Co. always marched thru the heart of town. We stood retreat in the heart of town. Lots of people turned out for our baseball games.

Ate in many restaurants. The chief meal was fish & chips. I didn't drink the bitter beer there. Had a job getting use to English money. The monies shown were very old.

Met Monty Hartfield & Mary in the "Doughnut Dugout". Monty was sweet. She together with Alice went home. Mary was quite the girl. A Southerner in a small town. Monty helped many of us to hear from our friends. I never succeeded.

The people of St Ines got to like us as much as the boys of the 29th. They were crazy about the 29th. They returned to hospitals in St. Ines after "D" day. It was quite a time in England on that day. Went to the town church every Sunday. Priest told us not to give the children money & cigarettes. The children were really bad.

Bought many cakes during school times. They are very plain but good. Had the best at Mrs. Cocking's. She was Scotch & fairly rich.

altho our leaving St. Ives was a secret, we were given a big farewell dance by the people. It was a lot of fun. We suppose to have chicken dinner with Alice the Sunday we left.

It was a sad day when we left St. Ives. I don't recall the name of the ship. We arrived in France July 5, 1944.

Continuation is "Come Out in France".

I've written Alice while in France but only received one letter. A letter from North Hartfield explained that we were very much missed in the town. I'm sure we all missed them very much. The days that followed our stay in England weren't at all pleasant.

I didn't see too much of England but I'd really love to go back. Perhaps I will some day in the future. Until then I'll keep in mind the wonderful days I spent in St. Ives, England.

The End.

Combat in France - Continued

In this area every man was issued a qt of Cognac. The Lt Col Champagne besides the Cognac. We had lots of fun here. The boys sent home many souvenirs they had bought in town.

We left this area by trucks & continued again in another fight. I co with only a sq. from "B" co. Leading us took & liberated the town of Amilly. It wasn't a large town but there were many Germans there. We killed about 7. wounded 20 or so & took about 40 prisoners. I remember walking up the St. to my sq. when a woman called me. She made signs letting me understand that 2 Jews wanted to surrender. She took me to a shack. I was in the ready position with my rifle. I only thought they were going to walk out. Instead I found all of their equipment inside. She then took me to their position behind the house. It was a very deep hole & had about 10 steps leading down to it. Up they came with their hands clasped behind their heads. I put them together with the others & stood guard over all. We had done some good work because not a single man was killed or wounded.

Soon after French & American flags
 were put up. The church bells were
 ringing all over town. The people were
 so proud of us & gave us all. This was
 something I always wanted to be in on.
 At last I was in a town before it
 was liberated. We stayed in the
 heart of town for 2 days. During our
 stay there I got a haircut & shampoo
 for 20 francs from Madame Marie.
 She was very fast with the scissors &
 cut a great number of heads from the
 Co. while waiting inside I wrote a
 letter to mom & also home. Red, Chester
 & myself really went wild in this town.
 We had lots of laughs with the young
 girls. Sumner had received a box of
 candy & it sure made a hit with
 the people. We lived in a barn &
 cooked our meals in the people's house.
 We use to wait till they got thru
 eating & then we moved use all. St. Paul
 had his harmonica here. We always
 sang together. He had a small voice.
 During our stay here we all eat plenty
 of fresh eggs. We sometimes use to
 see who got the most. At one time
 we collected 75.

I failed to mention that there were

also 2 German girls with the soldiers. They were sweet hearts of two of the Germans. They hated us all. They took care of the wounded besides our own medics. The girls weren't had to look at.

Once again we got set to leave another small place. We boarded trucks & left from in the heart of town. It was quite early but that didn't stop the town's people to greet us farewell & "Good Luck". Before I got on the truck I went into the church & prayed that we'd be watched over for the future days to come. My prayers were always answered.

From Amilly we went on and arrived in the small town of "Germigny" in France. This was more or less of a village. We lived in a barn as usual. This town wasn't very far from Nancy. I became very friendly with a girl there. She was cleaning a gun with "Nancy" on it. I thought it would be a swell souvenir for my mother. I asked the girl for it but she refused me. She said her boyfriend in the French army gave it to her. I pinched her cheek & said.

"Come on Bon Souvenir". I kissed my finger after they touched her face. I guess she fell for it. Course I got it soon after. I had no time in sending it home to Mom. I also picked up more pins from other girls. It was very hard to get bread there. Just enough was made to supply the towns people. With the situation being so, the boys still got what they went after. The people who owned the barn we lived in gave us use of their stone in the house. Some of the boys made them cooke spuds they had stolen from their garden. Once again we wrote letters & Lh. Falk did the conveying. I still took care of all mail going to Azark. In this town there were many plums. I remember going to H. for the Co. to visit Red & Cluster. They had a large bushel & I ate almost half. I use to love the darn things.

When we hit the town at first, the winter later there wasn't an egg to be gotten. I had to mention the dead wish the boys made for eggs. Red did quite well for him self.

I'm almost sure that we were here on a Sunday. Father Hayes gave a mass in the town's church. Many of the town's people use to come along. Usually Father Hayes gives us General absolution before Communion. This time he listened to confession. I was so glad later on it proved to be so. That was the last mass I heard on the line. I believe he also gave "Benediction" that afternoon. All was so very beautiful. After mass, the boys felt for certain that something was going to be up. Father Hayes always gave a mass before a fight or battle of some sort. He was our good proof of a future battle. He didn't fail us at all. After "Germany" came the crossing of the "Moselle River". So we a very important battle. If it wasn't for the Moselle river. I would have been able to write in the "War log". In fact I would never be the owner of one. Many days when things are lonely & one doesn't want to think about food, He lies on his bunk & thinks

of the past days & of his wonderful Company. Now after I wished I was well the owner of this "War Time Log". The battle of the Maselle river is the start of my "P.O.W. Tales". I guess that's all of my "Combat in France".

There are so many other days of importance that I spent in France. It's in my mind but so very faint. What I have written is to the best of my knowledge. Some day when I am together with Red or some other near by friends we shall talk of the fun we had & no more. I pray to God each night that that day won't be too far off.

"The End"

Outline of Garrison Life

On Jan. 1, 1943. I was inducted into the Army. It was a fine way for me & my family to spend New Year's Day. My family gave me a little celebration. Many of my friends were there. I don't believe I had as good a time as I pretended to have. My mother looked so sad all night long. As in every other house, many tears were shed.

On Jan. 8th 1943 I left home for Camp Dix. Once again there were many tears. My brother, sisters & two friends saw me off.

On Jan 8th I arrived in Dix. I was placed in "D". Co. My stay there was for 21 days. I was doing special duty work in the insurance room. Because of my work I was given a weekend pass. I felt ashamed in the new uniform while home. It was good to be home again but it didn't last very long. Back to Dix I returned.

On Jan. 28 I boarded a train. It was a very bad day. It was raining. As usual, our destination was unknown.

On Feb. 2, 1943 I arrived in San Louis Obispo, California.

The five day train ride was a very interesting experience. It was all new to me. I went thru many States & saw quite a bit from the windows.

In California I was placed in the 1st Sn. Hq. Co. for a few days. I was then transferred to the 2nd Sn. Hq. Co. for Basic. This incidentally was the 300th Infantry. It was just formed by the newly inducted men. While in the 2nd Sn. I went to message center school. Parts of it was interesting but I didn't care for it. While here we only received 6 hour passes so all I could visit was S. L. O. It was a very nice little town. On one week end pass I went together with Ras & Louie to Pismo Beach. It was early in the season & there wasn't anything doing there. thru letters I found the Ras was in M. Co. and Louie C. Co. We were great friends.

On March 28th 1943 we left Calif. We were in Los Angeles & from the train window I saw the Will Rogers Memorial. It was a pretty sight.

On April 2, 1943 I arrived in Camp Rucker, Alabama.

The climate then was very hot. A few days after the arrival, I was again transferred. This time I went to "F" Co. of the 134th Inf. Louis went to "C" Co of the 137th & Ras went to the 135th Ordance. The other 2 Regts were old so they mixed the new men with them.

I hated the new outfit. I was sorry to leave all my friends from up north. In "F" Co. they were all from the South. Until I became friendly with them, I was very much disliked.

In Alabama we went thru basic again & then advanced training. We went out on bivouac for 3 days & returned to camp on the week ends. I didn't care for it very much.

While in Rucker, I got sick one time. I had fever & trouble with my nose. I was there for about a week. Louis visited me. I had a good time there. In fact I became a pest to one Lt. nurse. She took my shoes & trousers away from me. I was forced to stay in bed. If I was out of bed, I'd be playing with the wheel chair or

roaming around visiting our wards. all was forbidden.

I had my first guard duty here. It was for two weeks straight I was guarding the water pipes. The hours were 6 hours on & 6 off. The nights were very lonely. One time I was caught by the C.O. trying to kill a lizard. There were many around. I was to get a 5 day pass for it but didn't.

One time I fell out of a tree and got Co. punishment for one week. I was very stubborn & lost out. Because of it I was again disliked by Co. friends. I didn't care either. I was only interested in Louie, Ras. & Dale McManis. Dale later left the Army for good. He sent me a good parcel & a bracket.

I received my first 16 day furlough while in Alabama. It took me 32 hours to get home. Altho I made my family happy while being home, I was disgusted to stay home. All my friends worked & no one was ever around. I spent many days alone.

I went to the Hotel Astor with John Rose, & Rose's cousin for me. We had a swell time.

Back to Alabama I returned. By this time I become P.G.O. I believe it was in Sept. sometime. I was told my Sgt. Houser & Sgt. Coakly while in the Service Club. I was very shy. Louie & Rao sure kidded me about it. I did to them to.

Louie & Rao & I continued to visit Dathon & Ozark. Bath was a very dull place for us. We went to dance but I never danced. I didn't like being out in & it never failed to happen. While in Dathon we slept at Mrs. Clarke. She was a wonderful woman & treated us swell. She charged us a dollar a bed for the night. She knew everything of what was going on in the Army & when an outfit was moving & where.

Three day passes were usually available and I had several of them. On my first one I visited Panama City Florida with Van. We met 2 Finnish girls. One was married. I had the single one. We had a per-

feet time. Panama City was a lovely place & it had a small beach.

One other pass I visited Joe Enchillo in Atlanta Ad. Co. in Atlanta, Georgia. Its a small place. It struck me as being a miniature of Times Sq. Joe worked nights. We slept in a hotel together. The next day we went to his barracks. I shaved & took a shower. He introduced me to his friends there. We were to take pictures but the weather didn't permit.

Our stay in Alabama lasted 9 months. On Nov. 15th 1944-3 we left for Tenn. monomers. We arrived by truck on Nov. 18th. It was a very cold trip. The training we got was interesting but it was too cold. Our Xmas & New Year was spent there. Our Xmas dinner was eaten in the rain. We were given a party in the open. The towns people contributed all. Father Hayes couldn't pay for a thing. We had a mustache contest & I won. I was very much embarrassed because I never wore one before. I got a very big peppermint

stick but it never got home. I was very mad at Azark for it. I still believe he ate it.

During our various problems I had a good time getting lost from the Co. Some of us left for days. We lived in barns & ate with farmers. I had some very good meals.

We got permal passes there. We could only visit near freshers. I did quite often & met Dorothy Goldstein. She wasn't very pretty but a very sociable girl. She wanted to fix Joe, Don, Dennis, & Red with girls & go out. I was to be with her. It never did go thru.

Monitors were finally over & men started to go home on furlough. Joe left from Jean. so that he could see his brother who was back from Panama. The rest of us got on trucks and left for Camp Butler, North Carolina. While on trucks we had to shine our shoes so as to make a good impression on the people of Durham. I wasn't in the new camp for a short time when I went home on furlough again. This time it was only eleven days. This was sometime in Feb. I was very lucky & happy to be home for my 23 birth day.

My sisters gave me a little party. My friends were there & again bought me gifts. It made me feel like a kid again. It was all grand. I was also fortunate enough to be home for Robin's wedding. That was a very nice affair. It was a very fast furlough. Before I knew it I found myself back in Butner. Lorie's furlough started after mine so he returned later with Ann. Before either one of us got back, we heard that our Division was due to leave for West Virginia in Feb. maneuvers. It sure came true. Annie had to return home because of it. We left again by truck. We stayed in W. Va. for 3 weeks. We had some very good equipment & a very rugged training. I climbed all the mts. I'll ever want to climb. We made the trips with a very heavy load on our backs. We were all very happy when that period was over. Back to N.C. we came. It was near Easter time & I was fortunate to be home for it. I got less than a 3 day pass.

My train left at 9:00 p.m. on the Friday & I arrived Sat. morning at 9:00 a.m. I left again on Sunday at 4:00 p.m. & got back 4:00 a.m. Monday morning. Louie couldn't get that type pass but he was home anyway. He left Sat. at 9 p.m., arrived Sunday at 9:00 a.m. He had 7 hours home. He got back on my train. It was worth being home for the holiday.

Once again in Butner & there was strong rumors of going overseas. A Co. party which was held in The Washington Duke hotel proved it. It was a grand affair. I met the wife of Lt. Benedict. I had a swell time dancing all night. She must of liked me especially because she knew I was her husband's strike. I had such a grand time that I got drunk. I guess it was really for the first time. In fact I got sick outside on the streets. I don't recall how I got back to camp. I know Van & other friends took me back. I was made fun of since then.

Our few remaining days there we got nothing & packed up. Butner was a small camp. It was so convenient to get home. I'm sorry & regret that it didn't last longer.

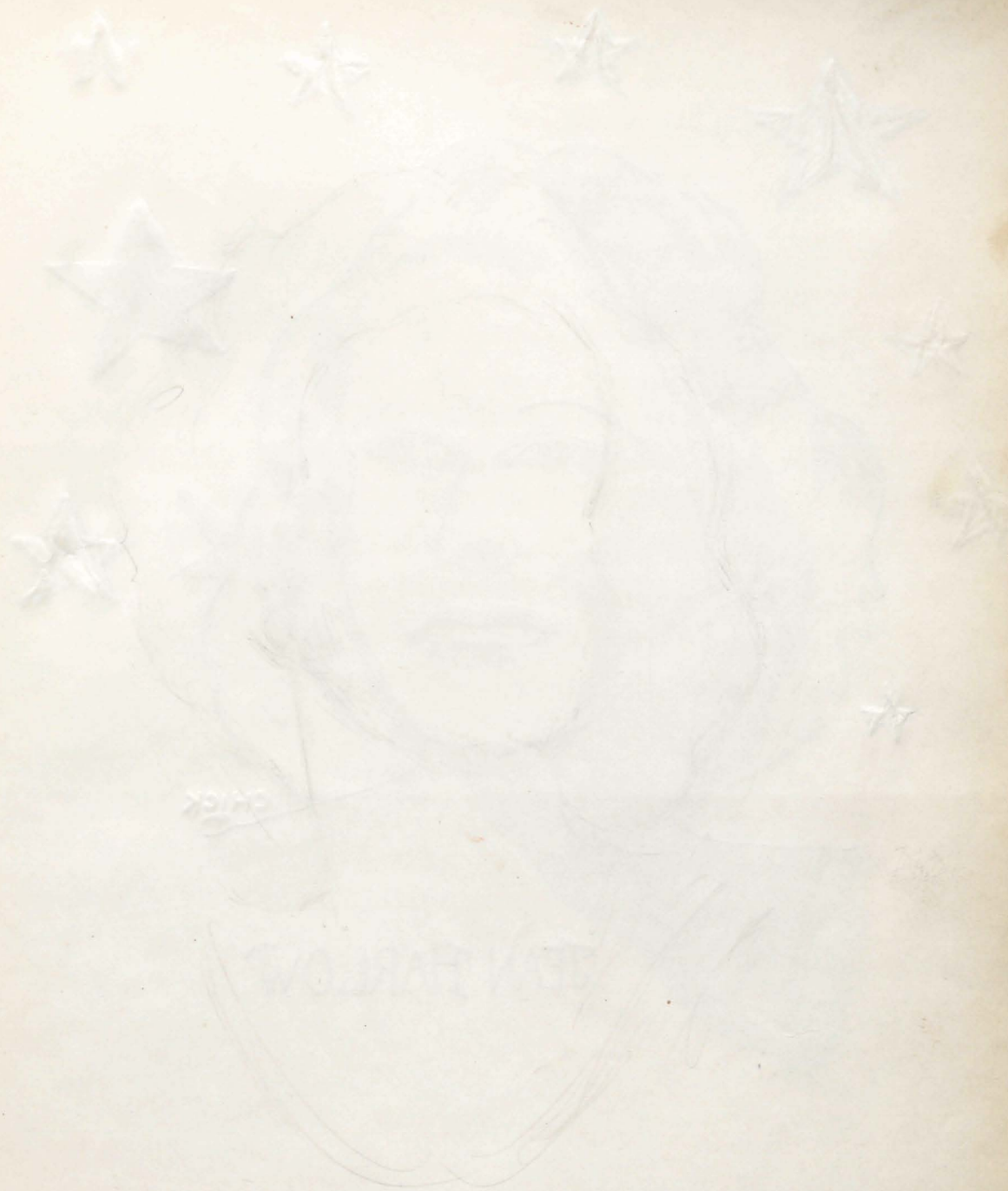
On May 1st or second we left Butner for Kilmer. While there we had a small time. I called up home & made appointments to see them. The P.X. & the food at the Kitchen was plentiful. I believe I got fatter. We were restricted for 3 days. In that time I went looking for Louie & saw him. At last I got home for 4 days. The last day I knew I wasn't to return but let them believe I moved. It was so much nicer this way. I saved a lot of tears & felt better myself. Altho I threw many hints of my camp, I never did tell them where I was. From this point on I continue with "The Boat ride & stay in England" Page "93"

"The End"

My Mucker's

The English term "Mucker" is commonly known to a "Yank" as "Buddy". It's a wonderful system if two get along very well & are agreeable. My first mucker was Walter Linscott. It started in XIA Landburgh. Parcels were one between & so I found myself a better half. Walt loved his milk & to eat as well. He never thought of tomorrow. This was a poor way to look at things. Very glad I was when we received our own parcel for two weeks. It was so when we left for VIIA Measburg. Linscott was still around but I preferred to be alone. In barrack 51 "South Lodge". I met Tony Lombardo also from my Co. He had just lost his buddy Frank Sabuska. Some how or other the Buddy system was in spring again. It worked out very well for sometime. Tony loved to gamble & he was never around when supper or meals were ready. It use to get cold during the time I hunted for him. It started to get me so off with another Buddy. At this time I surely wanted to be along again. I did for sometime until I left for Combsburg. While in Landburgh, somehow or another I was teamed with Mike Trivisi. I

didn't realize at the time that it
 was going to be double trouble. Gil
 was lazy & didn't eat till it was
 put in his mouth. Fred loved to sleep
 & got quite use to meals in bed. Before
 we did split us, Gil left for Commanche.
 I tried to get along with Fred but
 he was just a dumb kid. He did
 what Buddies never do & that was
 to throw up things he ate. One
 day he just took his part of the
 parcel & broke off. I was really
 glad. I surely thought I would be
 alone for good but it turned the
 other way. I was in the open
 compound & Tony & his new Suddy
 Howard was in 29. They were all
 placed in our barracks to make
 room for officers. Parcels were
 1 to 3 at the time. Since I man-
 aged to get bath in my section,
 it came natural to get together
 again. So far all has been
 going well. We've already learned
 each others habits & they differ so.
 I don't believe any two get along
 at all. For this reason its best
 to be alone & eat when you want,
 how much you want & what you want.





JEAN HARLOW

Autographs & Addresses of "Round the World"
P.W. Comrades

Винниград О. Драент

Смиланский Р. Рамонис

Суро Р. Р. Р. Р.

Сороков Е. Р. Р. Р. Р.

(Russian states washer!)

Louis Larivière C.M.C.

1201 rue de la Visitation

Montreal, Canada

(Print)

Caro amico Vincenzo

Tenente Fattinanzi Prof Angelo

Via San Nicolo 22 Tolentino N 45

(St. L. T. M. d. aff.) Roma

Massari Lelio

Giuliano di Roma

(Frasinone) (anduly of St.)

H. T. Rock

42 SILVER CRESCENT

CHISWICK

LONDON W4

(Miss G. J. 1911)
Rocky

Edward Mühlbauer

München 19. Lochmannstr. 29. ^{1/111}

in Deutschland
(Eddie a friend from
Munich (Capt. House))

Erndl Johann

Wösch K. 9

Post Gstraund Laganthal

(German guard) Kärnten Ostria
Jahn

Ruth Wernner
Slupfstraße 13/0
München 19
in Deutschland
(Eddie)

Hungard Meier Gmgard Meier
München 19
Schävingerstr. 20 Schaeninger 20
(German girl I met
on Libération day)

Autographs & Addresses of "Round-the-World" P.W. Comrades "con"

Norman L. Little
to David 3x

Penitentiary
Ant. Canada.

Friend of Ranchman. was poisoned in Munich.
Left for Comrades in Feb. 1945.

To, S. AMAR SINGH

Jerry Pomyk
A.K.

village JAFFAL

P.O. ALAWAL PUR

District JULLUNDUR

Warszawa Mokotow

ul. Nowakowskiego 10/9
my substitute for Munich & jail

(SIKH) INDIA Punjab
chief of Indian Kitchen personnel

To Mangal Singh Rane

Village

REKHERA

Post

JHANGHIR PUR.

District

Balandahar

also there in Indian Kitchen a very
special friend of Steve Kaitay - my self
INDIA

Therowski Wlodzimierz

Warszawa - Zoliborz

Ploiska 8 m 175

second in place - substitute for
Jesse Clark

Pisto Badmayer
Warsaw - Aleja Roz
Poland

is working Polish very
much a head with
at home. Telling a short in
toughest English

10 m 3

Ujagar Singh vi Kulam Dist Jullundur
P.O. Nawashahr (Doaba - Punjab - India -
Friend of Mrs. Singh. Learning
the Russian Language.

Mr. B. Steeg.
152 Pennington Gate.
Spalding
Leics
England.
Sengere Records.

Манх. Васькиж Цитонобук
Манамиря Жира Краева
Орлија
(Silian apparent in the game of Bouteh.)

Mohd Niaz DIST Kaimal PUR Tsil TALLA gang
ARY

P.O. DHURNAL VILLAGE gattal NO 2871 SIGNAL

P.O. DHURNAL VILLAGE gattal NO 2871 SIGN NAL
(MOHAMMADAN) jil عسکر و جفایا دیوبند 5 کلاں 12 جولائی 1913
Buyer & seller of R. e. Parcels. Price
are very high

En souvenir des temps communs de captivité.
passé à Moorburg.

Jean Bergeret. 10 quai de la Mégisserie
Paris

I'm not an artist
who drew my photo
He's also an artist.

S. Zenger

"Out in the Blue"

When you're back home where peace prevails
 And lagged by all for thrilling tales
 Tales of folks you've seen and met
 And incidents you'll ne'er forget
 Tales of things which soldiers do
 And the price they pay in winning through
 Refer them to - Out in the Blue

The City throbs with the pulse of Life
 With Commerce & industry ever at strife
 With hustle & bustle & traffic roar
 Far from the distant sounds of war
 The parks are all draped in their floral gown
 And peace prevails in the old home town.
 The bombers roar & the sirens moan
 Are things, thank God, which are quite unknown

But way out here, in the distant blue,
 There's a living hell that men go thru.
 As day by day & night by night
 They're packed in the grips of the world's worst fight
 As courageously striving, they stagger & reel
 To ward off the menacing Nazi heel
 To spare all the loved ones they left behind
 From the rape & the bondage the foe has in mind

Yet down in the city if you'll seek you'll find
 Men who have chosen to stay home behind
 Watching the fight on the silver screen
 Sipping their whiskey, calm & serene

Reading the papers, discussing the news
 Laughing & joking & airing their views
 Sleeping each night in a warm cozy bed
 while their fellowmen crash to the earth - stone dead

Out on a mission with a target in mind
 Jerry will meet you, losing no time
 Reaping the harvest so awful & grim
 which Germany has promised to him
 That harvest of youth on the threshold of life
 All trapped in the row of titanic strife
 Your husbands, your sweet hearts, even your sons
 Valiantly fighting & mowing their guns
 Yet down in the city seek & you'll find
 Men who have chosen to stay home behind
 where there's sport at each weekend in white flannel
 pants
 And a cinema show, or maybe a dance
 At which holding you close in an uniformed arms
 they whisper nice things & talk of your charms
 they speak of their loyalty & love for you
 as long as it keeps them well out of the blue

Picking our ship in an altitude glide
 Death goes around with his arrogant stride
 whispering the name of someone you love
 As fighters scream down from the sky above
 So shower our bombers with hundreds aim
 on the men they've been sent to kill or to maim
 Leaving them falling in flame & in smoke
 So dead & cry out, to die & to choke

Still in the city seek & you'll find
 These men who have chosen to stay home behind
 Stout hearted fellows with hearts of pure gold
 Gold which is yellow, gold which is cold
 Eager to share in the peace victory brings
 Claiming their rights to life's precious things
 Proud of the fact they had nothing to lose
 Their's was the choice & thus did they choose

When the battle is over & victory is won
 When the hell & the charge & the gun fire's done
 When homeward they march, these fortunate few
 To pick up the threads of the life they once knew
 How well they will know as they march down the street
 Which echoes the tramp of their military feet
 That the value they placed on their home land & you
 Was settled & paid for - Out in the Blue

Settled & gone for beyond doubt
 By them & their comrades who proudly set out
 Who suffered the agony, torture & pain
 Of war in the sky & bomb scarred plain
 In pop wash & coldness each at his gun
 Who quink & daggedly "Stuck it" & won
 To prove to the world & God high above
 That it's you above all this earth that
 They love

Still down in the city seek & you'll find
 The men who have chosen to stay home
 behind.

★ IN HONOR ★
of The
★ 42ND Div. ★
★ ★ ★

66

HEARTIEST
THANKS
AND
BEST Wishes
To The

LIBERATORS!

45 APRIL 30TH 45

James Battista P.W.
87537 "Munchie"

שְׁמִי

יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ

יְהוָה

A. E. J. Broadcast

Heard from München apt house - May 1, 45
8:45 P.M.

Maji - Glenn Miller & Orchestra

(1) Here we go again

(2) My prayer

(3) And her tears float like wine

(4) Something old

Schubert's Serenade

(5) Something new

Some other time

(6) Something blue

Under a blanket of blue

(7) Little Brown jug

(8) Piano Solo

(9) With my head in the clouds

(10) Theme - Moonlight Serenade

ITC

Kriegsgefangenenpost

8-A

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

COESBORG
Dec
16
4

AFFIX
64
POSTAGE

An P.F.C. JAMES P. BATTISTA

87-537

Empfangsort: STALAG

Straße: 7-A

Kreis:

Land: GERMANY

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

VIA NEW YORK, N.Y.

U.S. AG-VII 9
S. 1255 59
S. 1255 78
S. 1255 80
GEBÜHRENTAG

TODAY

P. W. Friends of the 48 States

- 1 Alabama - William W Bennett Mobile Ala. Gen. Delivery
- 2 Arkansas
- 3 Arizona - George Cochran Ft. Yuma Yuma. Arizona
- 4 California - Francis C. Armijo - 811 Cerrito St. - Albany.
- 5 Connecticut - Joseph Halada 3 Parker St. Danbury
- 6 Colorado -
- 7 Delaware
- 8 Florida - GERALD O. ROGERS INVERNESS FLA.
- 9 Georgia -
- 10 Idaho -
- 11 Iowa -
- 12 Illinois - William Roy Harkin Olney Ill.
- 13 Kansas -
- 14 Kentucky - Harold Stoton - Owingsville Ky. Route 2
- 15 Louisiana -
- 16 Maine - Alfred Curtis Belfast, Mitchell St.
- 17 Maryland - Harry Rubin 3511 Reisterstown Road - Baltimore
- 18 Massachusetts -
- 19 Michigan - Frank Babucke - 2324 Campbell, Det. Mich.
- 20 Minnesota - 410 West 6th St. Mankato, Minn. D. Jones
- 21 Mississippi - Allon Robinson - 306 West 2nd St. Hattiesburg, Miss.
- 22 Missouri - Joseph Sapienza 5221 Buschhoff ave St. Louis
- 23 Montana -

3. Staff Sgt. 3rd Div.

20 - preacher of protestant services

22 - Italian boy - friend of Steve. 45 ch

Sgt Car Buddies of Munich Detail - 4-8-14-21-16

- 24 Nebraska - Wand R. Schick, Custer, Nebr.
- 25 Nevada -
- 26 North Carolina - Daniel C. Wray, Box 6, 19, Blawie City
- 27 North Dakota -
- 28 New Hampshire -
- 29 New Mexico -
- 30 New Jersey - William [Chick] Cicchino - 254 Elm St. Newark, N.J.
- 31 New York - Sol Spiegel, 1800 Bryant Ave. Bronx
- 32 Ohio - Tony Lombardo 2556 E. 39 St. Cleveland
- 33 Oklahoma -
- 34 Oregon -
- 35 Pennsylvania - Charles Loughner Blairsville 389 Stewart
- 36 Rhode Island -
- 37 South Dakota - Joseph W. Flying Hawk, Marty, S. Dak
- 38 South Carolina - Clinton Chappell Wimmont, S.C.
- 39 Tennessee - Frank Thompson 2126 Lily Ave, Knoxville, Tenn
- 40 Texas - Bill Giffitt Box 65 Hecker, Tex.
- 41 Utah -
- 42 Vermont -
- 43 Virginia -
- 44 Washington - Leonard - Rachel, Monroe,
- 45 West Virginia - Lelen Dean - 563 REID AVE. HUNTINGTON
- 46 Wisconsin - George Palatka Birchwood Wis Box 215
- 47 Wyoming - Serafin J. Rey - Box 186 - Thermopolis,
- 48 Indiana - James A. Wablam Beech Grove Ind. 1424 Albany

24 - Staff Sgt. 35th

32 - 35th - Buddy F. Co.

40 - Wild Bill - Leader of the VII Air Rangers.

35 - 80th Div. on same commands

26 - Singer & guitar player of VII A W. Rangers.

Box Car Buddies of Munich Detail - 46-47-48-39

Over Sea's Radio Jokes

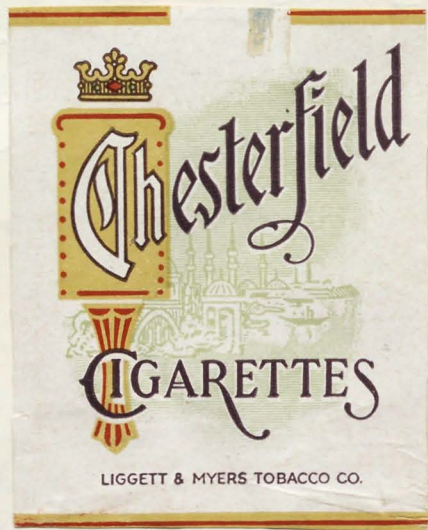
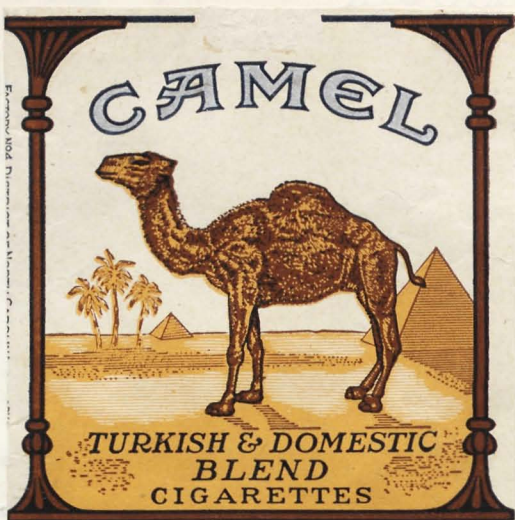
Munchen

4 ~~Soups~~

222 Amulf Str.

Bob Hope - How do you like the new photo on your dresser? Its nice but why the picture of a milk bottle? Thats no milk bottle. Its the new popular singer Frank Sinatra. Why he hasn't enough meat to fill an army's ration. Why yes! Have you plenty of gas. Why! I want to get a pack of cigarettes. The drug store is right down the corner. Why. I know that but the end of the line is in Panama.

1. She's an all American Girl
2. Time will tell
3. Some other time
4. I walk alone
5. A tree grows in Brooklyn
6. Good, Good, Good. Thats you, Thats you
7. Dont fence me in



P.O.M.

MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE

Trading List Value

Milk	40	Cigarettes
Tuna Fish	15	"
Pate	15	"
Also margarine	30	"
Canned Beef	30	"
Kam	30	"
Meat & Beans	30	"
Cheese	20	"
Soaps	5	"
Coffee	30	"
Biscuits	20	"
Sugar	20	"
Civilian Bread	12	"
Chocolate	10	"
Prunes	15	"
Raisins	20	"
Jam (small)	15	"
Hair cut & Shave	2	"
Beer	1	"
Cigarette Papers	1	"
Matches	1	"
Saccharin Tablets	6	"

Recipe of Pudding

P.W.

Ingredients

- 1/2 Box of prunes or other fruit
- 6 Biscuits of any sort
- 1/2 Ration of Military or Civilian Bread
- 2 Table spoonfuls of sugar or 2 sacen
- 2 Squares of ~~choc~~ for Chocolate
- 3 Measuring Table spoonful of powdered milk.

Directions

Take the prunes & soak for a day. This helps make the pudding larger. When thoroughly soaked, skin & place in a Jerry Bowl. If nuts are desired, break open the pits with a hammer or other heavy object & add to the prunes. You then take your Biscuits and grate down to almost a powder. The same thing is done to the bread. You then mix the Biscuits & bread together & add to the prunes. In order to get the full benefit of the 2 sq's of choc. grate very fine & add to latter. Before doing so, mix the choc & powdered milk well & add. The sugar can be added according to taste or more important, according to the amount on hand.

Important - Stir out better with water.

When the Ingredients are well mixed it is ready for baking or cooking.

Baking

If a good pan isn't on hand, butter your frying pan & place in batter. place in a "milk can" over stone & cook for one hour. If you haven't enough wood to keep the fire going & you can't steal any, your cake pudding is then complete.

Cooking over fire

If oven stone isn't available, your best bet is to cook over fire or better still borrow a blower. Place batter into 5 lb. Argentina Butter can & make thin with water. As it is being heated stir continuously as you $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{3}$ - of $\frac{1}{4}$ may burn a stick to bottom of can. Let it come to a boil & stay till excess water evaporates. When cooked, place in small pan & let freeze over night for breakfast. If you are hungry, it's good hot.

Roasting

Mix powdered milk with sugar of American Cocoa into a paste & spread over top when cooled. Jam or honey also goes well.

Sick Call

Is at 7:00 A.M. & at 6:00 P.M. in Banack 19A. They'll take care of the rest. If closed & pains are with you, take 2 Vit. C Tablets just for the hell of it.

Prayer

This prayer was composed in the year 1505. The Pope sent it to the Emperor Charles IX while he was at war, to protect him from all harm. Those who will read this prayer, hear it, read it, or carry it on their person will never die suddenly, they will never be poisoned, will never be killed at war, all those who will write this prayer will be blessed says Our Lord Jesus Christ, and those who will laugh at it will suffer.

"Oh adorable Lord Jesus Christ who died on the Cross for our sins, have mercy on us. Cross of Jesus, keep us on the right path to heaven. Ah! Jesus of Nazareth, have pity on our children, ah! Cross of Jesus, keep us from committing mortal sin.

May the wicked enemies, keep far away from us now & always.

In honor of his Holy Resurrection & glorious ascension, may he lead us on the right path to his glory.

Amen



With a Friend

Look God, I have never spoken to you before
 But now I want to say "How do you do?"
 You see God, they told me you didn't exist
 And like a fool, I believed all of this

Last night from a shell hole, I saw your sky
 I figured right then they had told me a lie.
 Had I taken time to see things you made,
 I'd of known they weren't calling a spade, a spade.

I wonder God if you would shake my hand
 Some how I feel that you will understand
 Funny I had to come to this Hellish place
 Before I had time to see your face.

Well I guess there isn't much to say
 But I'm sure glad God I met you to day
 I guess the "Zero Hour" will soon be here
 But I'm not afraid since I know your near

The Signal. Well God, I'll have to go
 I like you a lot, this I want you to know
 Look now, this will be a horrible fight
 Who knows I may come to your house tonight
 Though I wasn't friendly to you before.

I wonder God, if you'd wait at your door
 Look I'm crying, the, shedding.

I wish I had known three many years
 Well I have to go now God, good-bye.
 Strange, since I met you I'm not afraid
 to die.

"Found on the body of a Yank killed in action"

Remember

From ?

To Jimmie

If when you're fighting over seas
You should feel lonely & Blue
Just think of the fun we used to have
And Remember, I'm waiting for you.

For some lonely moonlit night
You wonder if I'm still true
Stop wondering for I'll be out with the girls
Remember, I care just for you.

If you your self should meet a girl
A certain some body new
Please think twice before brushing
me off

Remember I'm faithful to you
If you're across a long, long time
Even a decade or two
I'll still feel the same, until you
return
Remember, I'll "Always Love You".

ah! I could write a song. I miss you so, that I have traveled far, and never found a Rose to match the Radiance of your glow. A voice to touch the music that you sound.

ah! I could count the many nights I have not slept and cursed the space that kept us apart, and I could tell the silent tears I've wept that could not sooth the aching of my heart. Yes, I could name the many girls I've scorned, who held soft vibrations in their eyes, and all the sweetness lost but never mourned of aching tenderness and melting sighs.

ah! yes I could pledge my love until eternity. But darling, what a liar I would be!

"What a soldier wouldn't tell his girl at home, and what would be perfectly true!!"

P. W.
GENERAL ORDERS

1. To take charge of my plate & all food in view.
2. To eat my food in a hasty manner, keeping always on the alert, and stopping all spuds, beans, & pie that comes within sight or reach.
3. To report all weak coffee, honey fish, & scalded soup to the mess. Sgt.
4. To quit my seat only when there is no more food.
5. To ignore all calls from seats more distant from the food than my own.
6. To receive & pass on to the others chow hounds all food I dislike.
7. To talk to no one who eats garlic or onions.
8. To give the alarm in case the food is too hot or too highly seasoned.
9. To call the table waiters in case of wanted refills.
10. To salute all chicken, ice cream, & all deli & our food that pass.
11. To be especially watchful at chow, & during the time for eating, to challenge any one who gets more than I do, & to allow no one to beat me to the table.

P. W.
Daily Menu

Mon -	<u>Breakfast</u>	<u>Dinner</u>	<u>Supper</u>
	Tea	Cabbage Soup	Spuds 1/6 Bread Butter
Tues -	Tea -	Sour Kront Soup	Onion S. 1/6 Bread
Wed -	Tea -	Cabbage Soup	Spuds 1/6 Bread Butter
Thurs -	Tea -	Pea Soup	Onions 1/6 Bread
Fri -	Tea -	Cabbage Soup	Meat Spuds 1/6 Bread Butter
Sat -	Coffee?	Onion Soup	Spuds 1/6 Bread Meat
Sun -	Coffee?	Pea Soup	Spuds 1/6 Bread Butter

Holidays

Tea	Soup	Spuds 1/6 Bread Butter
-----	------	------------------------------

MESS



UTENSILS

Argentina Red Cross P.W.'s Parcel Contents

Swift	M. & V. Ration	16 oz.
W & L's	Lamb & Beans	16 "
Nestle	Milk	12 "
Swift	Butter	5 lb.
Friger Frio Armour	Peach Jam	16 oz.
Argentina	Sarmaggio cheese	4 oz.
Argentina	Tea	2 "
Sunlight	Soap	2 Bars
Argentina	Biscuits	5 Bisc.
Argentina	Sugar	7 lumps.
Nestle	Chocolate	8 oz.
Black	Pea Soup	1/2 lb.
Argentina	Powdered Eggs	2 oz.
Swift & Caporal	Can. Cigarettes	6 C.

PEA & BACON FLOUR

(88 o/o Peas & 12 o/o Smoked Bacon)

Mix to a paste in cold water or soup.

Put paste in boiling water or soup and boil for about 15 minutes on slow fire.

Contents of this packet will make 9 soup rations. One heaped tablespoonful equals one soup ration.

Prepared for, and forwarded by, Prisoners of War Sub-Committee of British Community Council in the Argentine.

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



MEDALLAS DE ORO 1867 - PARIS - 1868



INDUSTRIA ARGENTINA

BLOCH

HARINA DE
ARVEJAS CON
PANCETA AHUMADA

MODO DE PREPARARLA

SOPAS: En un poco de agua o caldo frío, disuélvase una cucharada de esta HARINA por persona. Echela en el líquido cuando esté en ebullición, revuélvala durante algunos instantes y déjala cocinar un cuarto de hora a fuego lento. Si la sopa es de agua simplemente, agréguele un poco de jugo de carne o de manteca. Sálea a voluntad y échela en la sopera sobre pequeños trozos de pan frito.

American Red Cross P.W.'s parcel Contents

Armours	Canned Beef	12 oz.
Army "C" Ration	Meat & Beans	12 "
Hunts	Tuna Fish	7 "
Milkos	Powdered Milk	1 lb.
Standard	Alco margine	1 "
Welch's	Grape jam	2 oz.
Rosenberg Bros.	Prunes	1 lb.
Krafts	Amer. White chese	1/2 "
J. L. Kellogg & Co.	Alt. Coffee	2 oz.
McCambridge	Vit. C Pills	7 Tab.
Swan	Soap	2 Bars
Army K 2	Biscuits	6 oz.
Dominos	Sugar	1/2 lb.
Rackwood & Co.	D. Ration Choco	2 oz.
Rose Mill	Pate	6 "
Chesterfield	Cigarettes	7 Pks.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

RECEIPT FOR PRISONER OF WAR PACKAGE

NY Form 1629
Rev. Feb. 1943

BATTISTA	P. JAMES	P.F.C.
(Last Name)	(First and Middle Names)	(Rank)
87-537	VII A	GERMANY
(Number)	(Prison Camp)	(Country)

I have received today one ¹/₆ food package from THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS through the International Red Cross Committee.

(Signed) James P. Battista
 Nationality American Date Dec. 15, 1944

Canadian Red Cross P.W.'s Parcel Contents

Emery Brand	Canned Beef	12 oz.
Canada Packers	Kam	10 1/2 "
Brunswick	Sardines in Oil	3 1/2 "
Astra	Salmon	7 "
Bordon Co.	Klim	1 lb.
Maple Leaf	Creamery Butter	1 "
Aylmer	Orange & ar melade	12 oz.
At las	Prunes	6 "
at las	Seedless Raisins	7 "
Maple Leaf	Cheese	4 "
Dalton Ltd	Tea	4 "
Canadian	Salt & pepper	2 "
Canadian Red Cross	Soap	1 Bar
McCormick	Biscuits	1 Box
Canadian Ltd.	Sugar	1/2 lb
Neil sons	Chocolate	1 Bar
English Cigarettes	333	6 -

PRISONERS' PARCELS

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

KRIEGSGEANGENENPOST

COMITE INTERNATIONAL CROIX ROUGE,
GENEVE-TRANSIT,

SUISSE.

"P. G. '59"

There's a place in Italy where everything is fine
It's a little "Sti" prison camp, they call it "59"
We get our parcels regular, we couldn't ask for more
And you'll always hear us singing when we're winding up our blower.

"Chorus"

In campo concentramento "P. G. '59"

Seldom you'd ever see a frown
There's English & Irish & good old Welshman too
The Scotch is who never lets you down

In campo concentramento "P. G. '59"

We don't care if the weather wet or fine

We're just waiting for the day
when we'll all sail away

From Campo concentramento "P. G. '59"

In our little prison camp we cook some lovely scoffs
And when we draw our parcels we line like blooming toffs
The "Sti's" give us rice & macs, & a loaf of bread each day
And we wash that down with vino. So the skies are never grey.

There's lots of bugs come out each night. To keep us wide awake
They crawl beneath our blankets & they play at pats & take
They come in mass formation & when done me insane
When revellie blows they form two rows & all march out again

Although we're prisoners of war
And hemmed in by high walls
Old Jerry thinks he's got us licked
But we know that's just balls
Let's get together here & now
And show him where he's wrong
Let's raise the blind ing roof off
With this scatchy little song.

By the Captivators
P. W's

British Red Cross & Order of St. John P.W. Parcel Contents

Morton	Plum jam	12 oz.
B.R.C.S.	Dried Eggs	2 "
"	Processed Cheese	" "
"	Dried Carrots	8 "
Atlee Lytle	Sugar	12 oz.
Nestle	Creamed Milk	12 oz.
Greening	Tea	2 oz.
B.R.C.S.	Rollid Oats	4 oz.
Grade 1	salmon	7 oz.
D.D.C.	Butter pure	1/2 lb.
B.R.C.	Cabbage pie	12 oz.
B.R.C.	Chocolate	12 oz.
Peck Treans	Cookies	8 "
B.R.C.	Meat Roll	10 1/2 oz.
"	Bacon	1/2 lb.
"	Salt	3 oz.
"	Soaps	1 bar
"	apricat	1/2 lb.

BRITISH RED CROSS

ORDER OF ST. JOHN

PRISONERS' PARCELS



A Soldier's Last Letter

Now the postman delivered a letter
 It filled her old heart full of joy
 But she didn't know till she read the inside
 'Twas the last one from her darling boy.
 Dear Mom, was the way that it started
 I miss you so much it went on,
 But I didn't know that I loved you so
 I'll prove it when this war is won.
 I'm writing this down in a trench now.
 Don't seal it if it's so near
 You know as you did, when I was a kid
 When I come home with mud on my feet.
 The Captain just gave us an order
 And Mom up will follow them three
 I'll finish this letter the next chance I get
 But for now I'll just say "I love you."
 The mother's old hands began to tremble
 She fought against tears in her eyes
 But there was no shame, for there was no
 And she knew that her darling had died.
 That night when she knelt at her bedside
 She prayed "Oh Lord above" hear my plea,
 And protect all the sons who are fighting
 to night
 And oh God, keep America free.

Always Sincerely VHA
 Feb. 1948

Jealousy

I was all over my jealousy
 My crime was my blind jealousy
 My heart was on fire with desire
 for you

But I didn't know that our love
 was true

You gave all your kisses to me
 And now all too soon I can see
 The heartaches I cost you
 No wonder I lost you
 I was all over my Jealousy.

To Alice Roberts
 40 Chy-Morvah Hotel
 St. Ives, Cornwall
 England



Charles Farrell



JANET GAYNOR



JEAN HARLOW

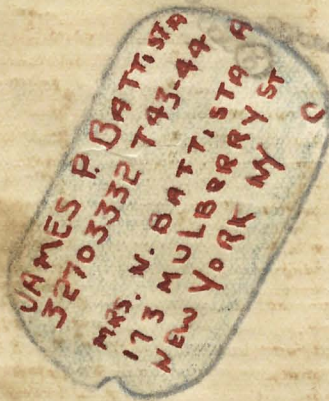
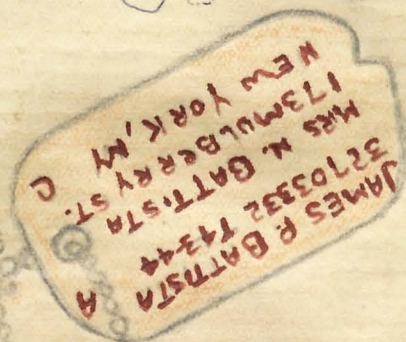
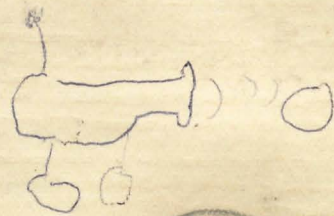


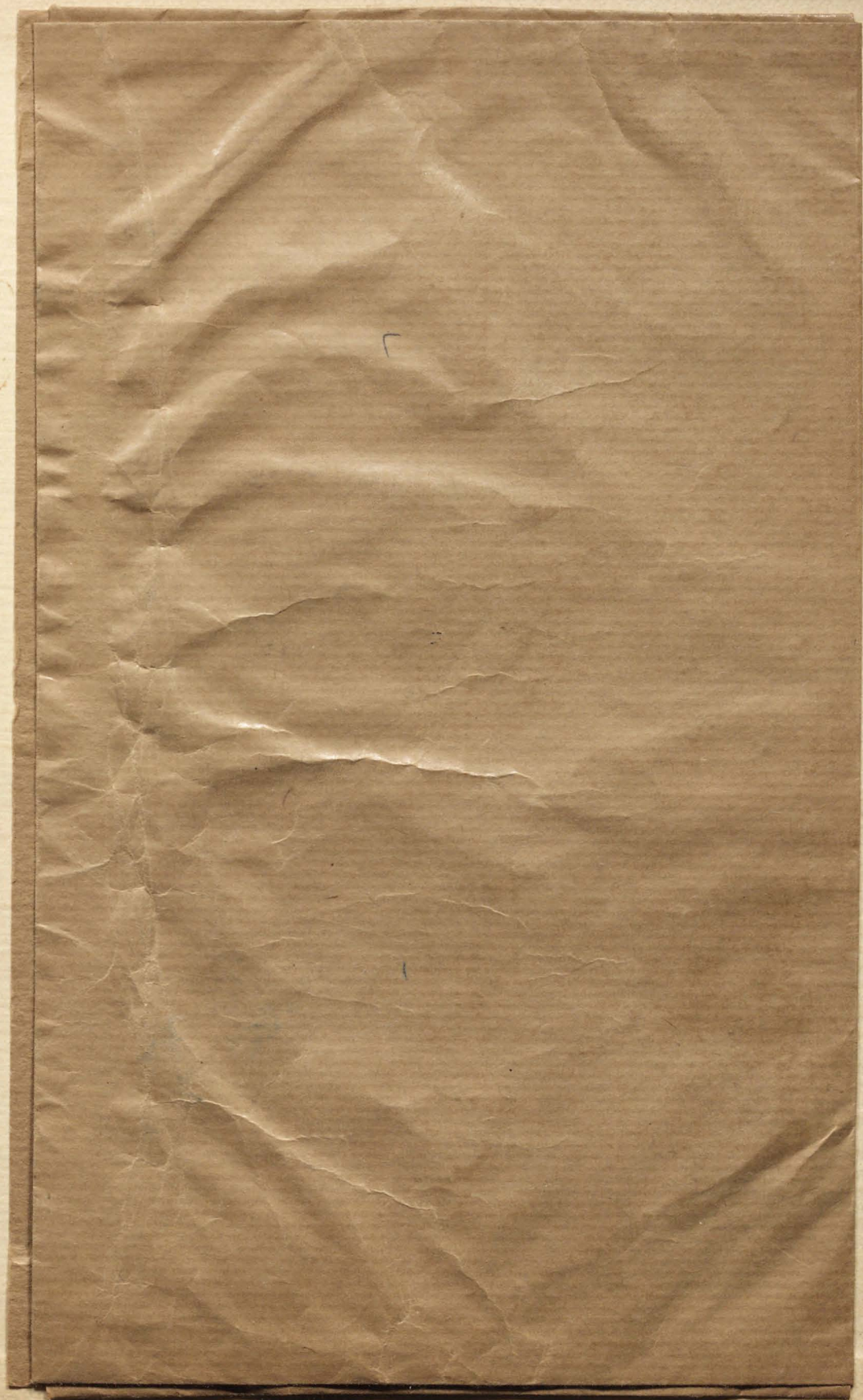
Anthony Lombardo - 2556 E. 39th St. - Cleveland, Ohio
 Richard Lassman - 20 Howard St. Waltham Mass.
 Frank Babuska - 2324 Compellaw. Detroit, Mich.
 Adolph Buonaguro - 169 Withers St. Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Joseph Rubino - 326 S. 7th Ave. Long Branch, N.J.
 Russell Van Houten - 697 E. 29th St. Paterson, N.J.
 Hugo Marasco - 800 Fruit Ave. Ferrow, Pa. 451 Market St.
 Clyde White - Dumouth, Texas
 Joseph Walters - Bankston, Alabama
 Charles Stayton - Dismitt, Texas
 Walter Linscott - Sterling Farms, Kittery, Maine
 Sam Charlton Jr. - 1008 S. 9th St. Harrisburg, Pa.
 Jerry Calloway - Rte #2 - Ronda, N.C.
 Johnnie Womble - Melber, Ky.
 Pete Pepia - 100 Prospect St. Rockton Mass
 Robert Fields - R.F.D. #9 - Box 103 B - Springfield Mass
 Andy Maick - 1628 Central Ave. Detroit, Mich.
 James Flus - #4 Selborn Pl. Stanmore Winchester, Wants
 John Falconi - 26 Hoffman St. Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Tel. 5495
 George Bando - 6 Elliott St. Worcester, Mass.
 Joseph Casati - 666 Morris Park Ave. Bronx, N.Y.
 Anthony Arlino - 1740 W. 8th St. Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Mike J. Disceglia - 14 Columbus St. Worcester, Mass.
 Freddie Trasi - 12 Linden St. Medford, Mass.
 Nick Schecadnie - 1617 Karelworth S.E. Warren, Ohio
 Steve Alexander - 229 Burruss Pl. Victoria Courts, S.A. Texas
 Herschel L. Gadsby - Madison Heights, Virginia.
 Cleme O. Gutierrez - Box 353 - Freeport, Texas
 Marlin Davis - Four Mile, Kentucky
 Don Raven - 2941 S. 6th E. St. Salt Lake City, Utah
 Jimmy Bonese - 144 N. 60th St. W. Phila, Pa.
 Joe Esday - 602 Hartford Ave. S.E. Canton, Ohio
 Harold Yagg - 229 Limestone Plaza Warner, N.H.
 Joe Vanyana - 10 Trunto St. Rochester, N.Y.
 Wm. Sells - 3454 N. Penn. St. Indianapolis, Ind.
 Gilbert Martin - 319 E. Houston St. New York, N.Y.
 Steve Kirtyan - 504 E. 120th St. New York, N.Y.
 Margot Singhs Kane - P.W. 280 - Rehoboth -
 Sahaquie Ave. - Bulandshah U.P. - India
 James Chick - R.I. Box 257 E. Kingston, New York
 Ralph W. DePaulo - 53 Academy Hill, Southington, Conn.
 Chester Howard - 4123 Main St. Phila, Pa. 4123

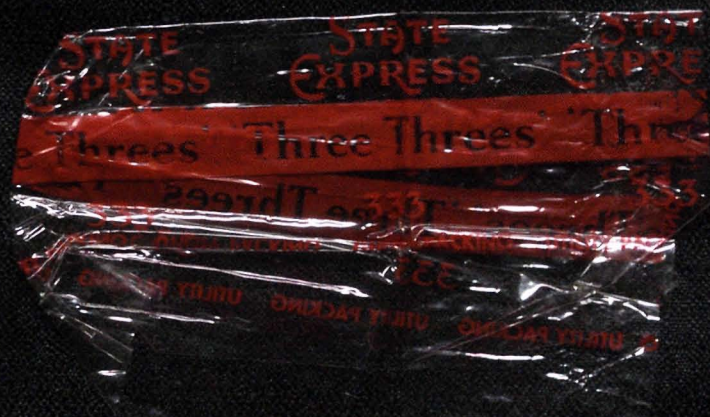
James Kilgus - 60-46 67th Avenue Brooklyn, N.Y.

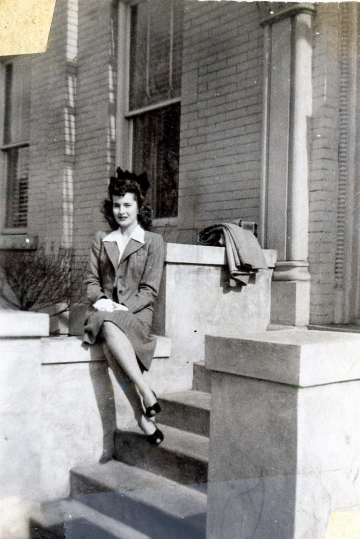
PRINTED BY ATAR S. A., GENEVA

1944









1887

This was
taken a
couple of
weeks ago
in front of
the "old
house" and



1602
709T



July, 1944 -



3517

