



SERGEANT, FOR YOU, THE WAR IS OVER

BY
EDWARD L. DEMENT
(Staff Sergeant)

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GRADUATION FROM GROUND GUNNERY SCHOOL
JUNE, 1943

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writing of this book has been a long, but rewarding experience. Through the encouragement of my wife and children, this book is dedicated to them. It has taken me six years to assemble the facts and they come from many sources. I maintained a diary while in the POW camp. When I had a flash back, I recorded it on paper, all other information was by POW's who gave a detailed description of camp life.

Special thanks to my wife who spent many hours proof-reading and listening to my experiences.

Special thanks to my mother who kept going to Red Cross offices for information and keeping many papers that are inserted in this book.

Thank you to June Henry, professional writer, who organized the facts and corrected my spelling and grammar.

Thank you to Lee Casteris Campbell, who typed and made this book look professional.

Many of my POW friends asked me how I could record a bad period of my life. It was not easy at times, but telling the truth made it easier when the facts were assembled.

A special thanks to the YMCA who kept up our morale by sending to the camp general reading materials and technical reading books, as well as sporting equipment.

A special, special thank you to the American Red Cross, who sent the food to us. Without their help, there would not be many POW's alive when the war came to an end. May this book be informative to my grandchildren and future generations.

This is my story.

Dad and Grandfather

PROLOGUE

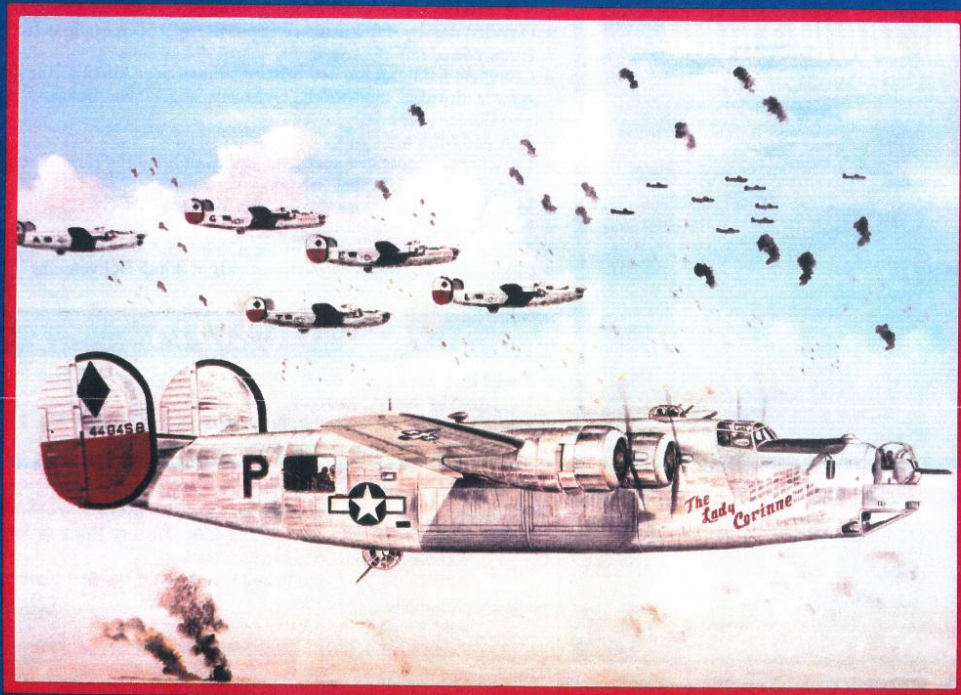
Before going overseas, to fight for my country, I had never fully realized just how wonderful this country of ours is. I had always taken for granted my complete liberty: freedom of speech and countless luxuries that I considered my heritage as an American. Nor had I ever thought that any of this would be taken from me. My thirteen and one half months of oppression and want in camp changed perspective completely. I have learned my lesson well. And I shall never forget those lessons. I am an American, for that I am grateful.

THE FATE WE SHARE AS PRISONERS

The fate we share as prisoners
Is drab and often grim,
Existing on such scanty fare
As Reich bread, spuds and klim
Beds and books and little else
To fin times flapping sail,
She makes or loses headway all
Depending on the mail
Oh drab are the days and slow to pass
Within this barbed-wire fence
When all the joys of living are
Still in the future tense
So here's to happy days ahead
When you and I are free
To look back on this interlude
And call it history.

456th Bomb Group

1943 — STEED'S FLYING COLTS — 1945



RECEPTION

The reception given allied fliers in the European theater varied, depending on the stage of the war and the attitude of the people who captured, or, otherwise had access to. Airmen dreaded the thought of landing near the target they had just attacked. Their encounter on the ground made a considerable difference, whether or not they managed to get clear of the target area. If soldiers landed near the target, capture was imminent; however, flyer's safety was usually assured. If civilians who had a change to make contact with underground improved, so did the risk of being beaten with clubs or pitchforks or being lynched by irate citizens not accustomed to the self-control exercised by the military.

LAST MISSION

456 Bomb Group, 745 Bomb Squadron was located near Italy and was composed of four squadrons of B24's (Liberators). It lay among olive orchards flanked by a sandy ridge. A perforated steel landing mat ran through the center. On one side were tents and tufa houses of the heavy bombers' squadron, with the headquarters building, the briefing and the field hospital built along the top of the ridge. On the other side of the mat were tenants and tufa houses belonging to the service squadron, mechanics, electricians, and sheet metal specialists who repaired broken planes. The men of the service squadron, meteorologists, fire-fighters, armors, oxygen makers, clerks, medics, and parachute rigors worked tirelessly around the clock to keep six hundred and eighty fliers in the air.

The crew on the B24 consisted of 10 men: Pilot, Co-Pilot, Navigator, Bombardier, Nose Gunner, Top Turret Gunner, Ball Gunner, Tail Gunner, Right and Left Waist Gunner. The field was never quiet. It was hard to separate day from night, which might have been considered either a beginning or an end. But there came a moment when the bulbs of the kitchen serving line went on and flashlights winked through the tent area of the flight crews, both lights paling as the sky grew brighter, a moment when the ground crews trudged sleepily to the ships which had to be warmed up; the sun often rising behind distant hills caused the runway to gleam a dull blue.

Monday morning, April 3, 1944, was like the past days, cloudy and overcast. We never dreamed that there was going to be a mission today; until we were awakened by the whine of an energizer and then, a spitting cough as the first engine was turned over, which clearly told us that this was going to be a mission.

This was my 25th mission. At 20 years old I was looking forward to the Isle Capri for rest and relaxation. However, other plans were being made. Briefing for the Gunners was at 5:30 a.m. and we were told that the target for today was the first raid on Budapest Hungary.

Sick call was not permitted after the mission had been announced. The crew proceeded to a hut where all of us picked up our parachutes and harnesses (some men pack their own), flak vests, and our May Vests (to be inflated if we entered the water). We waited for transportation to a plane called Texas Ranger.

War is full of surprises and few are welcome. Until their own planes are hit most airmen engaging the enemy feel that they are mere observers at a bizarre satanic affair. All round both death and destruction rained, which for some inexplicable reason passed them by. As if a dream, they watched unfortunate airmen plunge to fiery deaths. Mangled and bloody, amid debris and ruin saw airmen bailed out of their burning aircraft, pulling their cord, only to find upon opening of the parachute that the chute was engulfed in flames. In other instances, German fighters shot the men in their parachutes. Though not often, it did happen. With tightened stomachs and sweating hands they watched in awe and waited, methodically and frantically engaged in the mechanics of combat; but nonetheless suspended in time. There were times the airmen almost wished the inevitable would come, so the uncertainty would end and their long awaited fate could at last be revealed.

They prepared as best they could for the madness, steeling themselves physically and emotionally, knowing all along that their preparations were anything but adequate. Usually surprises occurred in rapid succession, and were almost always bad ones -- a fact of life for airmen. Only on the rarest occasions did the fliers find otherwise. By comparison, some missions undoubtedly were easier than others. Everyone welcomed these "milk runs" (dropping bombs on targets, but no opposition from the enemy) which counted toward tour completion just as the deep penetration did, and they were good missions for beginners, giving a taste of things to come without overwhelming them the first time out. In reality, there was no such thing as a milk run. Every mission was fraught with danger. The first flight into enemy territory frequently was the last.

The name of our plane was Boojum. There was a painted dragon on each side of the plane. Boojum means whoever sees it will disappear forever. Boojum carried us on many missions.

The Texas Ranger that we were to fly this day was a plane that was a month late arriving in Italy and never made a mission in nine starts. Our pilot was chosen to prove that the plane was okay. We had just crossed over the coastline of Yugoslavia, climbing to 12,000 feet. At this altitude, the crew put on oxygen masks and noticed small bursts of flax ahead. In seconds there was a loud explosion behind the nose turret. The ship seemed

to lift a little, and at same moment, all instruments toppled back to zero. Our pilot tore off his mask reached to feather number two engine.

Lucky for us the 88 millimeter shell did not explode, but the fuse from the 88 caused all of the damage. The fuse had hit our Navigator, tearing off part of his left leg and part of his right wrist, bounced off the flak vest, knocked out the electrical system and went to lodge in the oil line of the number two engine.

The only working instrument we had was a compass mounted high upon the windshield. Our co-pilot turned the needle to the opposite direction, setting the course for home. We were losing altitude rapidly and the number two engine could not be feathered. The plane was turned toward the Adriatic Sea. Still falling, our Pilot turned back over land. He ordered the crew to throw out any equipment they could. Ammunition belts, ammunition cans, waist guns, etc. Our engineer waist gunner was summoned by the bombardier to help give first aid to the navigator while the gunners in the back of the plane were following orders. I remained in the top turret scanning the sky for enemy fighters, which normally come up to finish a crippled plane falling out of formation. No fighters were seen. With the electrical system gone, the emergency release was used to drop our bomb load. The bomb bay doors did open and the bombs went through without exploding. At least at this point we did have luck on our side. If we were to go out over water now, ditching was possible.

What seemed like hours, fighting to keep the plane flying was only a matter of minutes. The order over the intercom came for us to leave the plane. The gunners in the back left the plane first. The engineer gunner's parachute fell through the bomb bay so he had no choice but to stay with the wounded Navigator. The bombardier had already left the plane, leaving six of us in the plane. The co-pilot pulled on my left for me to leave the turret. I looked down through the bomb bay doors which were now flapping in the breeze. My GI shoes were laying on the flight deck and I remembered to hang them around my neck. I hesitated, fear engulfing my mind, my legs were shaking, harsh shrieking wind burned my eyes and battered at my face.

The co-pilot gave me a nudge and I left the plane feet first through the bomb bay. I had bailed out of a heavy bomber flying downwind at air speed of over 300 miles

hour. The altitude was probably somewhere around 10,000 feet. I was supposed to count from one to ten and then pull the rip cord. The reason for this is as a parachutist leaves the plane, it moves forward at the rate of speed of the plane, gradually slows down to the rate of gravity, the normal rate that any given weight will fall through space.

Seven -- eight -- nine -- pull. I jerked the rip cord fully forward. I was moving at too swift a rate. A terrific concussion occurred. A strong force held a constant upward grip on my chest and armpits. I had a momentary black-out and the jerk of the chute opening woke me up with my shoes still hanging around neck. Towering above my head I saw a huge umbrella of white silk drifting parallel with my body. Suspended from a thousand cords, I dangled in space like a victim of the hangman's noose. I sighed with relief as I watched the white parasol floating above me. At no time did I see the ground due to falling through the clouds.

I remember having been instructed never attempt to correct drift feet. If your chute should collapse, you will be too low for it to reopen. Looking down, I saw the ground coming up very fast. I might have been only 50 feet away when I thought, "Keep a level head, pick your spot to hide, and hide your chute." The last 50 feet was my own undoing. As I came toward the pine trees on the side the mountain, my chute caught the top of the tree. I fell through the branches, breaking each one. Finally I landed on the rocks with knees and my face.

I landed with such force that my heated flying boots came off my feet. However, I still had my shoes around my neck. After laying there for a short time, I began to hurt all over. My nose was bleeding and it seemed to be all over my face. I then knew it was broken. I tried to stand up and fell back, both knees were feeling either dislocated or broken. My legs were pushed into my stomach. Feeling under my flying suit, my hand came out bloody. I knew I had ruptured my navel. Both legs and arms were bloody from the broken branches. I landed on the side of a mountain near the city called Mostar, Yugoslavia. I also knew that I was back to earth because I could hear the barking of a dog in the valley.

There was no chance to move to another location or to hide my chute. My next option was to cover myself with leaves and branches and hope that the Partisans would find me before the Germans.

We probably bailed out at approximately 9:30 in the morning. It was close to 3:30 in the afternoon before I heard voices. The voices were Germans. I looked up at two soldiers who were holding burp guns, which they were pointing at my head. There was also four young boys pointing shotguns at me. They asked me to rise. Not understanding them and unable to stand, made them very nervous. One soldier moved closer to me and asked if I had a pistola, He was pointing to his own. Now understanding him, I shook my head, whereupon he searched me. Finding no pistol, he asked me if I was Englander. He could say the word English that I understood. I told him I was an American. They all smiled. I was then offered a cigarette which I refused because I did not smoke. By now they could see that I was injured. The boys began putting my GI shoes on. However, they did not see my Dog Tags that were in my stockings. Two of the young boys picked me up and carried me down the mountainside. At no time was I given first aid. The pain was getting worse.

Down in the valley, I was put on an open Ford truck. I could tell by the meshing of the gears since I had been blindfolded. They drove for some time until we came to a village where I was left unattended while the soldiers and boys went inside the building. I could hear a lot of loud talking and yelling. Suddenly, I was grabbed and pulled from the truck by civilians. They started kicking my back and stomach, punching my face and head. For some reason, my legs were not kicked. I am sure if that had happened I would rather have had a bullet. My pain was so severe I threw up.

With all of the commotion, the guards finally came out, firing their rifles in the air, everyone disbursed. These soldiers saved my life. Although it seemed like hours since I was captured, I am sure it was no more than two hours. I was put back on the truck. We made several stops; each stop was picking up another member of my crew. I heard their voices. Soon six of us were on truck. I was the only one that was hurt. Four other members of the crew were unaccounted for.

We stopped after dark. We were taken off the truck and ordered into a large civilian prison. Each of us met a German major who spoke broken English and who gave orders to the guards to take us to the third floor. Before being assigned to a cell, we were stripped and our bodies searched. Watches and rings were removed. I guess you could call this humor, but it was not funny. It so happened that our radio gunner never took off

his blue and white striped pajamas. They were always worn under his flying suit. The guards took one look and laughed and laughed. Because of my injury, I was carried to a cell.

Two men were assigned to one cell and we were given, for the first time, food and water, which was German Black Bread, meat and ersase coffee (the black bread will be described in greater detail in another chapter). We could not understand why we had so much gas. It was so bad that we stayed away from each other. German bread was not for the American airmen. Within a day our co-pilot was taken away and was never seen again.

We were awakened at 4:30 a.m. by crying, screaming, and shouting. My cell mate, looking through a small opening of the cell door said that they were carrying, dragging, and pulling young boys and girls down the hall. We thought they were going to be interrogated. That was not the case. A short time later, we heard machine-gun fire below our window. The wall below our third floor was the execution wall. These young people were captured Partisans that were rounded up the day before.

You can imagine what we were thinking. With no proof that we were airmen it could be just a matter of time and we too could be placed against the wall. I asked my cell mate if he would remove my shoes as my feet and legs were in great pain. The moment he removed my shoes, a guard brought in food and water and saw my dog tags in my socks. He removed my tags and took them to the German major. Two guards came, carried me to the German major's office and questioned me. Did I know Al Capone the gangster from Chicago? I was asked because my Dog Tags indicated I was from Chicago. He asked me a few other questions regarding the crew and gave my Dog Tags back to me. When I was being carried back to the cell, he said that there was no doubt we were airmen. These tags saved the entire crew.

After two days of confinement, a German medic rendered first aid for my knees. He put my leg between his and with a jerk, plus a scream from me, put my knee back into the socket he went through the same motion with the other leg. The pain was so severe that I passed out. Two days later I was able to stand but I walked with a limp. Nothing was done for my broken nose except for a rag for cleaning up the blood. A salve was put on the many cuts for my arms and legs. My naval was never looked at.

Within a few days, the five of us were put on a civilian train with five guards. After hours, we arrived in the town of Sarajevo, changed trains and rode to the capital of Yugoslavia, Belgrade. We were taken to a private home with many rooms, where each one of us was given a room. Surrounding this home was a brick wall with a small cement courtyard. We were confined to our rooms, going outside to wash and shave, alone, except for a guard.

Sunday our menu consisted of soup, potatoes, black bread, coffee, and a hard-boiled egg. This was the last fresh egg for over a year.

I was in this room for three days. I neither saw nor heard from the rest of the crew. I was lying on a bunk when the door opened and a young German officer walked in, followed by his Dachshund dog. The dog came over to me and sniffed me all over. Once satisfied, went back to the officer. The uniform this officer wore looked like something from a Hollywood movie. He wore a green Garrison hat, trimmed in white, white tunic trimmed in green, green riding pants trimmed in white, and black shining boots. Hanging from his neck was an Iron Cross.

He introduced himself and said he was the interrogating officer. He asked if I had received any medical attention. I told him what they had done for my knees but that nothing had been done for my nose or navel. He assured me that I would receive medical attention when I arrived at the P.O.W. camp. He spoke perfect English. He said he had talked to the rest of the crew, which could have been a lie. He knew our bomb group number, when we came overseas, and the name of our commanding officer. He said that all of us were lucky that my Dog Tags were found. He never raised his voice and he smiled a lot. Looking at my Dog Tags, he also asked if I had ever seen Al Capone. The German government considered all airmen luft-gangsters, Every once in awhile, he would ask a direct question for the name of my pilot. Always saying, if and when the pilot was captured, the pilot would possibly not identify himself. He would be turned over to the Gestapo. At no time did he turn to violence. About two hours later, he got up to go and turned to me and said the famous words for prisoners, "For you, the war is over." You and your comrades will be the lucky ones.

After four days, we were brought together again. The five of us were put on a civilian

train again and locked in a compartment with four guards. We had no idea where we were going. Our ball gunner was cat-napping when the tail gunner started talking about a steak dinner to make him feel good. Every time he would mention steak the ball gunner would drool all over his face. The guards were quite amused by this display.

We travelled all day until we came to a town called Zegreb. We walked from the train to the city jail, but the city jail had been destroyed by bombing a few days before. We ended up in cells individually that was used for animals. It was pitch black when they put us in these cells. All night all that could be heard was the heavy walk of the guard, walking up and down.

I was alone, so I thought, I kept feeling something touching my legs. Thinking it could be another person in with me, I called out hoping for a response. There was none. I sure didn't get any sleep the rest of the night. When dawn broke, I got a look at my companion. It was a huge rat.

Early morning the five of us were brought together again and given some sausage, bread and water and taken to the train station. Once aboard, we again were put into a compartment with the four guards. The train ride was very slow as tracks had to be repaired from the bombing of the Allies. We rode all day and night, hoping against hope that our fighter planes would not strafe the train.

In early afternoon we arrived in Vienna, Austria and changed trains. We were in the station when the sirens went off to alert everyone that the American bombers were coming. People were running in every direction to leave the station. The guards, with pistols drawn, had us go along the railroad tracks and lay down. What a feeling to see our planes overhead and know the planes could drop their bombs on us. Fortunately, the days target was not Vienna.

We rode two more days till we came to Sagan, Germany, a place we would be forced to call home for a very long time.

DATE: 4/18/44 1530

U.S.A. 467

ME 1058

PLACE: near Giulianova
NE Pescara

2nd.Lt. GONDA, John Edward

0-1703102

FB: Thunderbolt

Markings: Grid; No. 851; 59

318 (F) Sqd; 325 Group; 306 Wing

BASE: Lesina

TARGET: Hq. 2nd Air Force

DATE: 4/20/44 0830 - 0900

U.S.A. 466

ME 1057

PLACE: Near Oriolo

10 km W. Bracciano-Lake

TYPE: Mustang

527 (F) Sqd; 86 Group

BASE: Pomigliano

TARGET: Hq. 2nd Air Force

1st.Lt. TREAT, Knight Clifford

0-736417

DATE: 4/3/44 0930

U.S.A.

ME 1056

PLACE: near Ministe

14 km S. Metkovic
(Herzegovina)

TYPE: Liberator

Markings: "Texas Ranger"

745 (HB) Sqd; 456 Group

BASE: Stuznara

TARGET: Air Force Command
South East

2nd.Lt. BONHAM, Edward C

Sgt. FISCHLER, Samuel

Sgt. DEBENT, Edward L.

Sgt. ABNER, Frederick, George

Sgt. THOMPSON, Edward O.

1st.Lt. LAZEWKI,

2nd.Lt. HARTMAN, Howard Neal

2nd.Lt. HALBERSTADT,

T/Sgt. DANCISAK,

Sgt. KIEFER,

0-753050 captured

12192888 captured

16124754 captured

33443194 captured

14153423 captured

missing

0-810878 . captured

dead, missing

missing

missing

DATE: 3/3/44 1200

U.S.A. 461

ME 1055

PLACE: 50 km N. Rome

TYPE: Liberator; No. 677

759 (HB) Sqd; 459 Group

BASE: Giuglia

TARGET: Hq. 2nd Air Force

S/Sgt. HARRIGAN, John Harold

2nd.Lt. RUTERS,

2nd.Lt. BROWN,

2nd.Lt. MLEIK,

F/O KLEIN,

S/Sgt. STOUT,

S/Sgt. WARREN,

S/Sgt. MOORE,

S/Sgt. SPRINGETT,

S/Sgt. SPINGHIST,

35623951

missing

missing

missing

missing

missing

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missing

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
 NL = Night Letter
 LC = Deferred Cable
 NLT = Cable Night Letter
 Ship Radiogram

A. N. WILLIAMS
 PRESIDENT

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LD24QC (FLA188) 42 GOVT VIA FL

WUX WASHINGTON DC APR 22 1944 621P

MRS STELLA M STADE

RS 5730 CORNELIA AVE (NH 1 ATT) CHGO

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON SERGEANT EDWARD L DEMENT HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE THREE APRIL OVER ITALY IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ARE RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED

DUNLOP ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

7235A

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

1298

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
 NL = Night Letter
 LC = Deferred Cable
 NLT = Cable Night Letter
 Ship Radiogram

A. N. WILLIAMS
 PRESIDENT

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D1005 (TB) NL

TB CHICAGO ILL MAY 6 1944

1944 MAY 6 PM 11 00

S STELLA M STADE

RS 5730 CORNELIA AVE CHGO

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE EXTENDS ITS SYMPATHIES AND WISHES TO PRINT A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR SON SGT EDWARD L DEMENT REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION. PLEASE MAIL IMMEDIATELY TO LYMAN ATWELL, CITY DESK, CHICAGO TRIBUNE. IF UNABLE DO SO PLEASE CALL TELEPHONE SUPERIOR 0100. PLEASE WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS ON BACK PICTURE AND SAME WILL BE RETURNED PROMPTLY. MANY THANKS.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

SYMBOLS

DL=Day Letter

NL=Night Letter

LC=Deferred Cable

NLT=Cable Night Letter

Shtp Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

CSZ 54 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 2 541P

MRS STELLA M STADE=

DLR 5750 CORNELIA AVE CHGO=

REPORT JUST RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS STATES THAT YOUR SON SERGEANT EDWARD L DEMENZ IS A PRISONER OF WAR OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT PERIOD LETTER OF INFORMATION FOLLOWS FROM PROVOST MARSHALL GENERAL=

DUNLOP ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL=

622 W. Du...
Miss Walsh -
Dunlop 0660
b.t. 128-

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Chicago Herald - American * Thurs., May 11, 1944

19 Chicago Area Soldiers Missing on List of 761

The War Department today announced names of 19 Chicago area soldiers missing in action included in a nation-wide list of 761. Others from the Midwest named include: 16 from elsewhere in Illinois; 21 from Indiana, including a Hammond man; 16 from Michigan and 15 from Wisconsin. Parenthetical initials indicate theater: (S. P.) South Pacific, (M.) Mediterranean, (A.) Asiatic and (E.) European. The names:

ALLEN, Pvt. William J., husband of Mrs. Mary H. Allen, 843 W. Altgeld st. (M.)

CLEMENT, Pvt. Louis, son of Mrs. Anne Clement, 405 S. Edwood av., Waukegan. (M.)

DEMENT, Sgt. Edward L., son of Mrs. Stella M. Stade, 5730 Cornelia av. (M.)

GALICA, Pvt. Andrew A., husband of Mrs. Sophie Galica, 324 Laflin st. (M.)

DOLSKY, Sgt. Jack, brother of Mrs. Helen D. Bram, 2137 E. 70th st. (S. P.)

GERHARDT, 2d Lt. Frank A., brother of Miss Catherine Gerhardt, 1526 N. Sedgwick st. (E.)

LESLIE, 1st Lt. Edward V., son of William S. Leslie, 3247 W. 66th st. (E.)

MARX, 2d Lt. Robert H., son of Mrs. Johanna W. Marx, 1119 Hyde Park Blvd. (E.)



OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

SPRINGFIELD

DWIGHT H. GREEN
VERNOR

June 8, 1944

Mrs. Stella M. Stade
5730 Cornelia Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Stade:

Some time ago it was my privilege to write you regarding your son who was reported as missing while serving in our armed forces.





Now the word has come to me that your son is being held by the enemy as a prisoner of war. No doubt you are anxious about his welfare, but the situation now is more hopeful than before, and I trust you will not lose courage. Packages of food and supplies are being forwarded from this country through the Red Cross organization for the benefit and comfort of Americans held as prisoners of war.

Please accept this expression of my continuing interest in your son's welfare, and of my wish and hope that he may eventually be able to return home safely.

Sincerely yours,

Dwight H. Green

Governor

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Personalkarte I: Personelle Angaben Kriegsgefangenen-Stammlager: Stalag Luft 3												Beschriftung der Erkennungsmarke Nr. 3850 Lager: OTLAG LUFT 3												
Name: DEMENT Vorname: Edward Geburtstag und -ort: 17.2.24 Chicago Religion: Prot. Familienname der Mutter:												Staatsangehörigkeit: U.S.A. Dienstgrad: Sgt. Truppenteil: USAAF Kom. usw.: Zivilberuf: Buchhalter Berufs-Gr.: Matrikel Nr. (Stammrolle des Heimatstaates): 16124754 Gefangennahme (Ort und Datum): Almiste Ob gesund, krank, verwundet eingeliefert:												
Lichtbild 												Nähere Personalbeschreibung Grösse: 1,81 Haarfarbe: braun Besondere Kennzeichen: Fingerabdruck des rechten Zeigefingers: 												
Beschriftung der Erkennungsmarke Nr.:												Name und Anschrift der zu benachrichtigenden Person in der Heimat des Kriegsgefangenen: Mrs. Stella M. Stade 5730 Cornelia Ave. Chicago Illinois												
Lager:												Name:												
Bemerkungen:												Personalbeschreibung Figur: stark Größe: 1,81m Alter: 17.2.24 Schädelform: hoch, oval Augen: blau Nase: gerade Gehör: in Ordnung Haare: braun Bart:												
																								

Beschriftung der Erkennungsmarke Nr. <u> </u>	Charaktereigenschaften a.	Besondere Fähigkeiten	Sprachkenntnisse	Führung
Lager: <u> </u>				

Strafen im Kr.-Gef.-Lager	Datum	Grund der Bestrafung	Strafmass	Verbüsst, Datum

Schutzimpfungen während der Gefangenschaft gegen				Erkrankungen		
Pocken	Sonstige Impfungen (Ty. Par. Cholera etc.)		Krankheit	Revier	Lazarett-Krankenhaus	
am	am	am	<i>Keine Krankheit</i>	<i>SICK CALL</i>		
Erfolg	gegen	gegen				
am	am	am				
Erfolg	gegen	gegen				
	am	am				
	gegen	gegen				

Versetzungen	Datum	Grund der Versetzung	Neues Kr.-Gef.-Lager	Versetzungen	Datum	Grund der Versetzung	Neues Kr.-Gef.-Lager	
		<i>TOWNS VISITED</i>	<i>Sarajewo</i>					
	<i>3.4.44</i>		<i>Belgrad</i>					
	<i>16.4.44</i>		<i>Fly. H. Moster</i>		<i>Oflag Luft 3</i>			

Kommandos.		
Datum	Art des Kommandos	Rückkehrdatum

THE KRIGIES' DOMAIN Stalag Luft 3

There were five compounds at Stalag Luft 3. The British were in the North and East compounds, the Americans were in the West, Center and South compounds. The camp, about ninety miles southwest of Berlin, was approximately one-half mile south of the town of Sagan, which boasted a population of about 25,000 people in the province of Silesia. It was near the old Polish border and on the Bobr River, a tributary of the Oder River. The area was well forested. However, the trees were primarily thin and scraggly pines, which added little beauty to the setting.

Apparently the camp had not been located there by accident. The spot was well away from all combat zones and even further away from any friendly or neutral territory. The soil seemed designed to thwart tunnelers. Fine gray topsoil mixed with an accumulation of pine needles contrasted sharply with the earth below it, which was equally sandy but very light in color. This definite problem for would-be tunnelers was an obvious asset for the Germans in their efforts to detect such activities. Furthermore, extensive shoring would be needed to prevent the tunnels from collapsing on the diggers. To the tunnelers delight, the soil was virgin and had not been permeated with burrows and waste water found about three hundred feet below ground level. Equally important, Sagan lay at the juncture of six rail lines. Bringing the prisoners to the camp was therefore easier, but so were their escape attempts.

The prisoners quickly noted the anti-escape devices built into Stalag Luft 3. The perimeter fence consisted of two separate and parallel barriers about seven feet apart, each about nine feet high with an overhang at the top pointing inward and consisting of barbed-wire strands approximately six inches apart horizontally and two feet apart vertically. Between these fences lay barbed-wire tangles that were two to four feet deep. Inside the camp, approximately thirty feet from the perimeter fence, a warning wire, stretched some two feet off the ground, marked a no-man's land. The Germans solemnly declared that anyone stepping over the wire in the direction of the perimeter fence would be shot without warning. Outside and along the fence stood guard towers: one at or near each corner and others at intervals of approximately one hundred to one hundred fifty

yards. Each one had powerful searchlights, and each guard had a rifle, a semi-automatic weapon, and a machine gun at his disposal.

The barracks were built off the ground so inspections for tunneling were easy. Also, they were in the center of the compound, at least forty yards from the fence. Outside, the clearing extended on hundred feet or so to the edge of the woods.

The camp was built in 1942 and well-designed for efficient operation. It contained four distinct areas. On the west side, a large area, called the "Kommandantur" was for the Germans. In the northeast corner sat the "Vorlager" which contained facilities for the prisoners such as the cooler, sick quarters, bathhouse, coal shed, and storage buildings, as well as several barracks for Russian prisoners who were used as camp labor. In the southwest corner was the officers' compound. In the lower center of the complex was the NCO's compound, which became known as Center Compound, where we finally ended up.

The inclusion of officers in Stalag 3 meant the camp name would, therefore, be misleading. The designation "Stalag", a contraction of the word Stammlager can be interpreted to mean a prison for the "common stock" of the army or servicemen below officer ranks. Few NCO's and lower-ranking prisoners enjoyed the relative comfort of Stalag Luft 3, the majority being sent to other Luftwaffe camps or work camps. In view of the men actually occupying Stalag Luft 3, the camp should have been called Oflag (Officers' camp).

At least the Germans were consistently thorough. How us four gunners were assigned to this camp instead of a sergeants' camp, I will never know. It is a known fact that officers were treated with more respect than enlisted men. How fortunate we were. The routine of life in Stalag Luft 3 began the moment the prisoners passed through the main gate into the vorlager. The Germans, accustomed to receiving new purges almost daily, soon came to view each new group as being no different from the dozens of others that had entered this particular camp. The procedures for processing them were standard.

First, the prisoners were counted and thoroughly searched, finger-printed, and photographed, which was necessary since virtually every one of them was officially categorized as an important prisoner, a designation given every Army and Navy officer prisoner with the rank of Colonel or above, and to every British or American flyer, regardless of rank. They also were given a prisoner of war number. Number 3850 was

issued to me. By this time, the prisoners were tired, unshaven, and dirty after their long train ride to the compound.

The pictures showed some rather grisly looking characters. The photographs were useful in newspapers and posters showing the nature of the terror fliers or "Chicago types" (luftgangers) that were ravaging the countryside. In sequence, the men were then stripped of any flying clothes they might still have had, were allowed a quick shower, and were deloused. Finally, the men were issued their bedding; two blankets, one sheet, one mattress cover that held the wood shavings for the mattress and served as a bottom sheet, one pillow case, one pillow filled with straw, and one small face towel.

Our clothing consisted of one overcoat, three pairs of socks, pair of wool trousers, three shirts, three pairs of winter underwear, one sweater, one pair of high shoes, a scarp, a pair of gloves, one belt or suspenders, a cap and four handkerchiefs. Since the Red Cross clothes were considered only a loan rather than a gift, the prisoners had to be reminded continually not to modify them.

The military clothing received through the Red Cross was regular enlisted stock and quite durable. It needed to be, as a pair of trousers were worn every day and was expected to last one year. In addition, they were given a two-quart heavy mixing bowl, a cup, a knife, a fork, and a spoon. These items would not be replaced if lost or broken. The men were then sent into one of the compounds.

The old and new prisoners quickly looked at each other in the hope of seeing the face of an old friend. Prisoners who recognized one of the new men showed him around the compound and helped him get settled, which aided in his adjusting to life in captivity. However, those who were not recognized, like the five of us, were left to fend for themselves.

The new system provided for the order processing of the prisoners in a way that left little to chance. They were segregated from the old prisoners upon arrival in the compound and taken to the compound theater where they were briefed by the camp staff on what would happen to them in the coming hours. Colonel Spivey, the senior officer of Center Compound, explained in broad terms how the compound was organized. He emphasized "we have learned through organization we live better, eat better, and get along better." In general, life is much more bearable for all of us. Brotherhood, kindness,

and understanding will take you a long way while you are here. Don't be a slacker, for you will find yourself without a single friend. Life will only be as pleasant as you make it yourself. Identification will take only a few hours, but until you have been identified as an American, the old prisoners will not speak to you. You will be asked many questions and you may be placed on exhibition so that someone can identify you. You must be identified by our intelligence before any of us can accept you.

There were cases of German stooges in our group who speak perfect English and have every characteristic of being American. These men lived among us as spies for the Germans. They have since been eliminated. Before the day was over, we were confirmed as Americans and us four gunners were assigned to Barracks 41 Combine "C" and our bombardier was assigned to another barrack. We never saw him again as long as we were prisoners.



Inside the barracks

A FRESHMAN KRIGIE

In the morning my best friend, Ron, sounded the reveille bugle just before 7:00 a.m. and entire blocks (barracks) got up for the morning appall (roll call) formation. The bugle sounded the second time within twenty seconds with every one falling out for formation and the block commanders gave their count to the senior Allied officer and his staff. The afternoon appall was always held at 4:00 p.m. During this time, the German guards were busy checking the barracks, counting the charge of quarters and sick men. The official German count could not begin, until the Commandant had arrived to witness it. Immediately after appall, everybody made his bed and helped tidy the room. We then took turns getting our first ration of hot water. Breakfast was two slices of German black bread (always toasted) and a cup of powdered coffee. Lunch, the Germans usually furnished a cup of soup per man. Two slices of bread for thin sandwich spread to go with the soup and coffee.

German guards in the camp are called "Ferrets." They are special guards who move about camp in overalls. They try to listen to all conversations and constantly search to uncover tunnels or other escape projects. They speak good English but usually act dumb. There were a number of officers engaged in digging several tunnels for future escapes. All of these tunnels are planned and supervised by intelligence. There was a complete forging department composed of skilled artists who made fake passports, false documents, compasses, maps, tools, and other articles.

There was a secret trading post composed of Krigies who spoke perfect German. They are constantly engaged in bribing goon guards. These secret traders exchanged cigarettes, chocolate, and coffee for paper, radio parts, magnets, pens, ink, saws, hammers, nails, hatchets, and maps of all kinds.

LIFE IN CENTER COMPOUND

We were less able to withstand the cold and we became more susceptible to respiratory infections and other diseases. To conserve our energy and body heat, we remain inside as much as possible. I have noted that Colonel Spivey was in charge of the compound. However, in August 1944, a Brigadier General by the name of Vanaman arrived. It was reassuring to the men to have someone of his rank and experience in the camp. At a time when virtually all contact among the compounds had been cut off, the General was one man who could still sign a parole and visit the three American compounds. And so he did. As the Senior American officer, he envisioned a twofold role for himself, to boost the prisoners morale by sharing their hardships and making himself visible to negotiate with the Germans whenever possible on the prisoners' behalf.

When Krigies (prisoners of war) had something of a confidential nature or something personal they wanted to discuss, they would usually head for the perimeter and trash it out as they walked around the camp's boundary. Here such matters as philosophy, sex, camp life likes and dislikes, gripes were among the subjects covered. Pounding the perimeter was the most exercise some Krigies ever enjoyed.

Most of the morning activities were limited to straightening up the rooms, washing out a few pieces of clothing, and the like. If a jam bucket and Dobie stick could be borrowed, the next problem was to go to the cook house and get some hot water which was always at a premium. The Krigie would then take his hot water and go to the wash house (where there should have been hot water, but usually was not), put his clothes in the jam bucket, whittle off a few shavings from his bar of soap on top of them, and work the Dobie stick up and down in the bucket. The wash house, like a latrine, was a meeting place where camp gossip and rumors were exchanged. The wash house was provided with cement drain boards on either side of the sinks upon which Krigies could scrub their pants or other articles of clothing. It wasn't unusual to go in any time of the day and find each place occupied by men, their sleeves rolled up and soap suds flying.

Center Compound of Stalag Luft 3 consisted of 20 barracks, cook house, theater, shower building, laundry building and fire pool. The only English newspaper permitted in camp was the German printed "OK" (Overseas Kid), a propaganda weekly produced in

Berlin. It was primarily for POW consumption and contained war news, belated news from the states, and German propaganda.

Each barracks had a central hallway with rooms on both sides. In addition to 13 rooms accommodating from 12 to 16 men each, was a washroom, a tiny kitchen, and a latrine. Each cooking group was assigned a scheduled period, usually rotating on the communal stove. A limited amount of pressed coal was supplied by the Germans for cooking. Each night German guards with their German Sheppard Dogs would make the rounds at 10:00 p.m., barricading the barracks doors with a wooden bar. No one was permitted out of the barracks at this time and another group of guards and dogs constantly patrolled the area to see that this rule was observed. Radios were not permitted in camp by the Germans, but B.B.C. (British Broadcasting Company) news was carefully circulated among the men, attesting to the presence of concealed sets in the area. One set was being used and was concealed in a British cigarette carton, measuring four inches in length, three inches high and eleven-sixteenths of an inch in thickness.

A sergeant, who was captured in North Africa, was a medic attached to our infirmary, had the opportunity to smuggle this radio into the compound from the sick bay each day. When available, the news was carried from barracks to barracks by a newsman whose arrival in a pre-arranged room was announced to the barracks by the call "Soups On." This signal was changed from time to time to allay suspicion. When a ferret was seen or heard under the barracks, the call was "Tally Oh." Each group then sent its representative to another room for the news summary.

HOME RULE

The commandant had an experienced staff. The largest group under his command were the guards; most of whom were very young, very old, or otherwise unfit for duty at the front. They were constantly rotated out of camp. As with all the other German personnel in the camp, the guards understood if they failed in their duties, they could expect to be sent to the Russian front, a fate most of them considered to be synonymous with death. The camp adjutant known as Department 2, performed the functions everywhere and took care of all necessary military business and personnel matters pertaining to the German staff. Because of the nature of his duties, he had little contact with the prisoners. Department 3 consisted of various Abweher people whose duties were to maintain camp security and prevent escapes. It was this department that searched the prisoners when they first entered the camp, searched the barracks on a routine basis, and probed every corner of the compound in an effort to uncover escape activities.

One officer and six NCO ferrets were assigned to the compound. They paraded among the prisoners from dawn until dusk, probing anything and everywhere. They could enter rooms unannounced, listen at windows, hide under floors or inside roofs, search or arrest anyone they thought looked suspicious. Our favorite trick was when we knew a goon was under the barracks, everyone would stomp his feet, causing dirt to fall in the goon's face.

The Verwaltung, on Department 4, was responsible for a variety of camp transactions and affairs. It handled the construction of new barracks, arranged for the repairs of furniture, and provided the camp's food supply. This department also took care of the Russian prisoners who worked in Stalag 3.

The Lagarfuhrung, otherwise known as Department 5, was composed of 12 officers, 50 sergeants and privates, and all personnel who understood and spoke English. One of the duties was to maintain a large file of index cards, on which was noted the personal history of every prisoner. They spent most of their entire working day inside the compound, therefore, they knew most of the prisoners by sight. One of the most important duties assigned to Department 5 was the appell (Roll Call). If the final count did not correspond with their lists, it could take hours and often a second roll call when necessary to detect the cause of trouble. There was always one guard in front and one guard in the back taking count, but another trick was used. When the guards would move

down the line the men changed places so the guards would lose count and have to start over. If there was bad weather no tricks were tried.

The barracks or block commanders were another link in the chain of command. The block was the equivalent of a squadron in a regular installation, and they organized it in much the same way. Each block had a commander and the entire block benefitted or suffered in accordance with his abilities and efforts. The lowest level in the echelon of command was the individual room. In my barracks, the large rooms were divided into six combines, each marked by arrangements of beds and lockers. The senior man in each room was the boss. On a smaller scale, the bosses' duties paralleled to those of the block commander. The boss was also a major communication link.

When something of special importance had to be communicated to the prisoners but could not be announced at appell or at an assembly in the theater, the compound commanders would give out the news to the block commanders, who then repeated the messages to the prisoners in their rooms. In short order important matters that could have been badly distorted if left to the rumor factory were carefully cleared up. And the system worked well enough to prevent the Germans from learning anything that was not meant for their ears.

THE ESSENTIALS

One staple that the prisoners received on a regular basis was bread. The average prisoner had to cultivate a taste for this heavy black loaf as it was a repulsive, soggy mixture of questionable ingredients (sawdust) with a definite sour taste. The sogginess and sour taste could be counteracted somewhat by toasting. Other items that were issued fairly regularly included a dish of cooked and hot pea or barley soup every other day at noon. Sometimes a mouse could be seen floating in the soup. A prisoner would just remove the mouse and continue eating. When you are hungry, a mouse in your soup or food falling on the floor, picked up and eating did not deter anyone. Occasionally we received some cooked millet, cooked or uncooked potatoes (nearly every day in fair quantities), some sugar, margarine, jam (made from coal dust), limburger cheese (always toasted on bread to help eliminate the taste), fresh meat (horse), token amounts of fresh vegetables such as cucumbers, lettuce, and koharabia, and German Blood Sausage (which was never popular in camp since it consisted of nothing more than congealed blood with a few slices of onion).

The Germans faithfully punctured the tins of the Red Cross food when they were given to the prisoners so that they could not be used as escape rations. But the prisoners found that they could keep the meat several days until the tin began to turn blue. By putting margarine on top of the holes, food could be saved until they had enough to prepare special dishes. The prisoners ate in small groups rather than individually and only by saving food could they prepare a group mess.

The men had to make special baking pans, eggbeaters, grinders, scrapers, pots, and percolators out of tin (tin was received in Red Cross Parcel Powdered Milk Klim Can). Every compound had its own tinsmiths who mastered the art making watertight containers. One of my good friends was so good at making these containers that the Germans set up shop in a storeroom and issued him tools every day which had to be returned each evening.

Chef duty was usually decided by rotation unless someone was a particularly bad cook. In that case, the less adept individual "hired" a replacement and offered to do some other chores in his turn. I sure did a lot of dishes and cleaning as my cooking ability was zero. Virtually every prisoner learned something about home economics. New recipes were

constantly were constantly invented and passed around. The prisoners usually adopted standard names for their makeshift concoctions. A few of the more popular were Grape-nuts (German bread crumbs roasted in the oven, served as a cereal); noodles or macaroni (Canadian hardtack soaked in water and heated with cheese, diced Spam® and seasoning); lemon custard pie (condensed milk and lemon powder whipped until smooth); Caramel pie (burnt sugar and milk with cracker crumbs for thickening). Pulverized crackers were the primary source of flour for the thickening and for making pie crusts, cakes, and cookies. Baking powder was scarce since it was never issued and few were lucky enough to get some from home. Most cooks used a tooth powder that contained a hint of soda or else to aerate the batter by tiresome beating.

I mentioned earlier, Krigies became expert tin-smiths. As room membership increased, new pans and pots for cooking had to be devised on larger scale. It is hard to believe or imagine what was done with cans after the edges were cut off and the tin was rolled out into one large sheet. A method of making leak-proof joints was invented by creasing each edge and joining two pieces of tin with a narrow strip that had its two edges creased. This narrow strip was slid over the two pieces and then taped smooth and tight into place. Stew pots that held enough goulash and baking tins that contained enough pie for cake to feed 15 men were made to insure that the pots would hold water or liquid, a batch of barley was cooked in them to serve as a sealing agent. Borrowers of those pots and pans were always cautioned not to clean out the corners and cracks too thoroughly.

FOOD

The German rations were just enough to insure starvation in its most prolonged and unpleasant form. The symptoms of even a slight lack of vitamins and minerals, or certain nitrogen foods, are so hard to see and find in the early stages that even most physicians cannot diagnose them.

One of the first is swollen, puffy gums near the edge or surface of the tooth that gums bleed easily, due to lack of Vitamin C which you get from citrus, tomatoes, vegetables, potatoes, greens, cabbage, preferably raw. If each prisoner could find himself an old nail, iron or steel, and remove the rust, then with a stone, file off a little iron filings every day or so, then put it on tongue and wash it down with water, the stomach will change it to iron chloride. This will keep up their iron reserve and prevent anemia. Of course there were very few nails in camp and the majority of prisoners went without iron in their systems.

A grown man who is fairly active should be nourished by about 3000 calories per day. The German rations that provided between 1500 to 1900 calories a day clearly were inadequate. Although the amount and quality of the food varied from time to time, the food deteriorated of the war. A reasonably accurate impression of the deficiencies was presented in a 1944 protecting power report.

Item	Amount Allotted October 1944	Amount Necessary	Deficiency
Calories	1900	3000	1100
Fats	35	100	65
Protein	45	100	55
Carbohydrates	340	400	60
Vitamin A	2500	5000	2500
Vitamin B1	240	600	360
Vitamin C	1300	1500	200

The shortage of food was often quite serious. Theoretically the prisoners were supposed to be receiving the same rations the German troops were. The meat given them should have contained no more than an average of 25 percent bone. In reality, it often contained as much as 40 to 50 percent. Vegetables were frequently scarce or non-existent. The Germans used potatoes as one of the staples in the prisoners' diet, but often provided

spoiled potatoes or none at all. The kohbrali distributed in place of potatoes was a coarse vegetable (a cabbage-like plant) with bulbed stems that resembled turnips when prepared. Many prisoners could not stomach this vegetable.

The freshness of the meat was also questionable. Each man received about four ounces each week, enough to make one small hamburger. Without exception, the meat arrived in the kitchen covered with white maggots. After the maggots were cleaned off, the meat was then soaked in salt water to kill the germs and the smell. Within the blocks, the men in each room ran their own mess. The kitchen stoves inside the blocks were woefully inadequate. They offered a heating surface of about three square feet and an oven that could hold two flat pans at a time. Since every room in the block had to rely on the same stove, the cooking times were rotated. The cook for the day from each room had to prepare an entire meal for the 12 to 16 men in about one-half hour. Two rooms shared the stove at one time. In order to allow everyone time on the stove, some men had to eat their evening meal as early as 2:30 p.m. while others ate at the fashionably late hour of 8:00 p.m.

A Daily Menu Resembled the Following

Breakfast (9:00 a.m.)

Two slices of German bread with spread
Coffee or tea during lean periods

Lunch (Noon)

Soup (3-4 days a week from camp kitchens)
Slice of German Bread

Supper (2:30 - 8:30 p.m.)

Potatoes
1/3 can of meat (spam, corned beef, etc.) (Red Cross Parcel)
Vegetables (Possibly twice a week)
Coffee or tea
Evening Snack (10:00 p.m.)
Dessert (Pie, cake, etc.)
Coffee or tea

Few manners were displayed at mealtime, and there was never a second helping. Great care was always given to the equal sharing of food, especially when it came to cutting cakes and pies. Usually the man who cut the dessert had to take the last piece as an incentive for him to be judicious in the cutting. Everyone else in the room drew straws to determine who would be first, second, and so on down the line, just in case some pieces might be a shade larger than the others.

I witnessed a fight between two of my good friends over a piece of bread as follows: One friend was eating his slice of bread and a portion fell on the floor. It was picked up by my other friend who immediately put the bread into his mouth. Within second, the man jumped on the other and tried to tear his eyes out of the sockets. With the help of three other men, we were able to separate the two. Every once in awhile there would be a flare-up, but nothing serious. Hunger made men act like animals.

KRIGIE RECIPES

JAM CAKE (Layer)

1/2 cup of butter

1/2 cup of sugar

2 eggs (powdered)

1 cup of jam

1/2 cup of milk (powdered)

1/2 teaspoon of baking powder (tooth powder)

1/2 teaspoon of salt

3 cups of flour (crackers and crumbs)

OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup of oats

1 tablespoon of butter

1 teaspoon of salt

1 cup of raisins

1 cup of flour (cracker crumbs)

1/2 cup of milk

1/4 cup of sugar

1 teaspoon of baking powder (tooth powder)

COFFEE WHIPPED SPREAD

2 teaspoon of coffee

1/2 cup of milk (powdered)

1/2 cup of water

1/2 cup of sugar

1/2 cup of butter

All above recipes were cooked at various temperatures. Because there were no gauges to look at, it was up to the baker to use his own judgment when the treat was done.

SAGAN GERMAN RATIONS (Per Man)
 Stalag Luft 3

	GRAMS	PER WEEK
Bread	2450	5 1/2 pounds
Margarine	175	6 1/4 ounces
Jam	175	6 1/4 ounces
Cheese	62.5	2.25 ounces
Sugar	175	6.25 ounces
Meat	50	1 5/7 ounces
Barley	150	5.25 ounces
Sauerkraut	100	3 3/7 ounces
Soup	300	11 ounces
Carrots		occasionally
Cabbage		occasionally
Kolorabes - Potatoes		occasionally
Onions		occasionally

AMERICAN RED CROSS PARCEL RECEIVED

10.5 Pounds Per Man Per Week

1 lb.	Corned Beef
12 ounces	Span
8 ounces	Liver Paste
8 ounces	Salmon
2 ounces	Coffee
1/2 lb.	Sugar
1 lb.	Margarine
1/2 lb.	Cheese
Box	Crackers
16 ounces	Prunes or Raisins
1 lb.	Milk (Powdered)
4 ounces	Jam
8 ounces	Chocolate Bar
2 Bars	Soap
5 Packs	Cigarettes

AMERICAN CHRISTMAS PARCEL RECEIVED

12 ounce can	Boned Turkey
4 ounce can	Vienna Sausage
3 ounce can	Devilled Ham
4 ounce can	Processed American Cheese
3 3/4 ounce can	Preserved Butter
12	Bouillon Cubes
7 ounce can	Mixed Nuts
12 ounce can	Hard Candy
14 ounce package	Dates
6 ounce can	Jam
8 ounce can	Honi-Spread
(2) 2 ounce package	Fruit Bars
4 ounce can	Cherries
1 lb. can	Plum Pudding
3/8 ounce Package	Tea
(3) Packages	Gum
1 Package	Tobacco and Pipe
(3) Packages	Cigarettes
1 Deck	Playing Cards
1	Game (Checkers, Chess, etc.)
1	Wash Cloth
(2) Pictures	Pictures from the States

AMERICAN "A" PARCEL RECEIVED

13 ounce	Dehydrated Corned Beef Hash
8 ounce	Liver Pâté
3 3/4 ounce	Pure Butter
(2) 2 ounce	Eggs (Powdered)
1 lb.	Milk (Powdered)
6 ounce	Orange Jelly
1/2 lb.	Sugar
7 ounce	Crackers
5 ounce	Breakfast Cereal
(3) Packages	Soup Mix
12	Bouillon Cubes
8 ounce	Dehydrated Onion Flakes
4 ounce	Sliced Peaches (Del Monte)
(4) Package	Cigarettes
100	Vitamin Pills
(2) Packages	Gum
1	Can Opener

BRITISH RED CROSS PARCEL RECEIVED

8 ounce can	Meat Roll
12 ounce can	Stew
1/2 lb. Box	Cheese
12 ounce can	Cocoa
Box	Crackers
4 ounce can	Jam
1 can	Condensed Milk
1/2 lb. Box	Sugar
4 ounce can	Margarine
1/2 lb. Bag	Dried Fruit
1 can	Sardines
8 ounce	Chocolate Bar
1 Bar	Soap

BRITISH CHRISTMAS PARCEL RECEIVED

16 ounce can	Cook Stewed Steak
16 ounce can	Roast Pork Stuffing
	Chopped Ham
12 ounce can	(Spam)
4 ounce can	Baked Beans
1 can	Sardines
1/2 lb. can	Pure Butter
1 can	Pure Honey
1/4 lb. Bag	Sugar
1 lb. can	Cake
1 lb. can	Pudding
12 ounce can	Condensed Milk
1/4 lb.	Chocolate Bar
	Yorkshire Pudding
1 Package	Mix
1 Package	Custard Powder
2 ounce Bag	Tea

CANADIAN RED CROSS PARCEL RECEIVED

1 lb. can	Corned Beef
12 ounce can	Spam
8 ounce can	Salmon
1 lb. can	Butter
1/2 lb. can	Sugar
4 ounce Bag	Coffee or Tea
1 lb. can	Condensed Milk
1 lb. can	Jam
Box	Crackers
2 ounce Box	Raisins
2 Bars	Soap
10 ounce	Chocolate Bar

INDIAN PARCEL RECEIVED

1 lb. can	Flour
1 lb. can	Rice
4 ounce Bar	Chocolate
15 ounce can	Pilchards
2 ounce can	Curry Powder
4 ounce can	Raspberry Syrup
12 ounce can	Dahl (Small Peas)
12 ounce can	Condensed Milk
1/2 lb. Bar	Sugar
2 ounce	Dried Eggs
1/2 lb. can	Margarine
12 ounce can	Crackers
1 Package	Cigarettes
1 Bar	Soap
2 ounce Bag	Salt

NEW ZEALAND PARCEL

Lamb Tongue
Mutton
Condensed Milk
Butter
Coffee Milk
Chocolate
Fish
Cheese
Tea
Sugar
Dried Green Peas
Crackers
Jam
Soap
Dried Fruit
Cigarettes

CONTENTS OF PARCELS REQUESTED FROM HOME

100 Vitamin Capsules (A, B, C, D, G)
(3) Pairs Socks
Pencils
Double-edged safety blade razors
Chocolate Bars, to the limit allowed
Hard candy
Mixed flours, such as Bisquick®, muffin mix, ginger bread mix, pancakes
Seasonings, cinnamon, ginger, onion flakes, celery, salt, garlic salt, sage, etc. (not pepper)
Bouillon cubes
Meat extracts
Dried apricots, peaches, apples, figs, dates
(not prunes or raisins)
Dried soups
Hot Cereals, such as oatmeal or farina
Powdered eggs
Biscuits, cookies, crackers
Powdered malted milk
Cocoa
Rice
Shelled nuts
Macaroni or spaghetti
Coffee or tea
Banana flakes
Fruit cake

CONTENTS OF PARCELS REQUESTED FROM HOME

Non-Food Items
Handkerchiefs
Shoe Laces
Toilet Paper
Pipe Cleaners
Shaving Soap
Tooth brushes
Tooth Powder
Playing Cards

MISCELLANEOUS ONE-TIME ARTICLES REQUESTED

Metallic shaving mirror	Bath and face towels
Safety pins	Stocking Cap
Safety razor	Shoe polish (escape helper)
Pipes	Fork
Non-metallic comb	Nail clippers
Tobacco pouches	Can opener
Shaving brush	Mending kit
House slippers	Spoons
Toilet kit	Small scissors
Scarf	Buttons
Wash cloths	Thread (black, white, khaki)
Gloves	Shoe Repair Kit (leather and nails)

HEALTH AND WELFARE

The only chance of reducing the instances of barbed-wire psychosis would have been to increase the number of parole walks or begin a program of repatriating prisoners after they had been in captivity a certain length of time. Both of these sources of relief were sought, but to no avail. The only prisoners who were repatriated were a few individuals who went before a mixed medical commission and were judged medically unsuited for further incarceration (men who suffered burns or were losing their sight). One sergeant who knew me and was leaving because of his sight said he would write to my mother and tell her he had seen me, and that I was in good health. He kept his word, a pre-printed letter with his signature on the bottom was sent home.

Shaving was usually a difficult chore. There were very few razor blades available, obtaining them was a problem and facilities in the washrooms were limited. Sweating out a basin and mirror after Appell, a man could stand there all morning waiting for his turn, watching his lukewarm water getting cooler. In spite of the brevity of the showers, long lines assembled for the shower parades into the Vorlager. In cold weather, the rewards hardly seemed worth the effort. The alternative was to take sponge baths or cold showers. Since the water table at Sagan was about three hundred feet below the surface, the water was extremely cold. All in all, bathing was possible, but easily postponed.

Haircuts were largely a matter of personal taste and convenience. There was a shortage of barber instruments. However, in time the YMCA supplied enough clippers for nearly every block. For a haircut, payment was a package of cigarettes or a chocolate bar (from Red Cross). One of the barbers was a sergeant and a friend a mine. I only wanted a trim, but after his mistakes, I ended up with a Mohawk. Of course I was upset, but with no place to go, what did it matter.

It was hard to keep clothes clean when the same ones had to be worn virtually every day. To agitate the soapy water a bucket was used which was nothing more than a large tin with a smaller can inside with holes punched through the sides that was attached to the larger tin. This was worked up and down by a broom handle.

The individual rooms were cleaned by occupants, usually on a rotation basis, and cleaning supplies were hard to come by. The barracks were inspected every Saturday morning by our staff camp leaders in order to keep the bedbugs and lice under control. A

typical monthly issue of cleaning materials for the entire camp consisted of 18 brooms, 20 deck scrubs, 15 hand scrubs, 3-4 kilograms of Carbolineum, and 25 kilograms of chlorical.

In addition to bedbugs and lice, the prisoners had to combat the sanitation problems created by the common housefly, blue bottom and green bottle flies, and mosquitoes. Screens were unavailable so the prisoners' efforts were bent toward eliminating the insects' breeding and feeding grounds and toward preventing the bugs from carrying diseases to the mess table. Fleas plagued the prisoners day and night from the moment the prisoners arrived. Those elusive maddening little creatures invaded our mattresses, blankets, clothes, hair, and bodies. We developed scabs from scratching and spent much of our time searching for fleas in the seams of our clothing which were removed and turned inside out. It was a losing battle and simply became one more thing that had to be endured. I grew a goatee about four inches long; probably the best looking one in my combine, however, not long after, fleas made a number on me. My face became raw due to my scratching. In no time, I removed my goatee, and it was weeks before I could shave again.

Items in large quantities and very description came to the prisoners through the YMCA store in Vorlager. Concerned primarily with providing religious, athletic, educational, and entertainment materials, the YMCA answered innumerable requests for items ranging from even medical supplies, such as crutches and prescription eyeglasses.

Poor lighting was one of the worst features at Stalag Luft 3. Each sleeping room had either one-60 watt bulb or two-40 watt bulbs. I did a lot of reading and noticed that I was having trouble with seeing clearly so I wrote home and asked my mother to send me glasses that I wore when in school. My request was received, but the glasses never were. Although the low wattage was a problem, the real difficulty came in obtaining replacements for burned out bulbs and getting faulty wiring fixed. With the average German issue of 22 bulbs per month and a monthly shortage of 70 to 100 bulbs, many rooms that should have burned 80 watts could get only a single 15 watt.

MAN TO MAN

An incident involving the Army personnel again reveals the ability of the prisoners to join forces to frustrate the enemy. At one point, the Germans threatened to remove more than half the Army orderlies from our compound, claiming that they were in fact Privates and should, therefore, be on work details outside the camp. Colonel Spivey interviewed the orderlies and found that at least a third, if not more, were Privates who had pinned on higher rank just prior to capture in order to avoid the work camps. He then took their identification cards and untitled them in the proper space, thereby promoting all of them on the spot. (These Privates were captured in North Africa.) It also says something about German-prisoner relations in Stalag Luft 3 that the Commandant seemed perfectly satisfied with this procedure and did not remove any of the Army personnel because of rank.

In our compound the orderlies lived in separate barracks and were supervised by an officer (Pop George), who had served in the enlisted ranks before the war. Sometimes the unending routine, crowded conditions, scarcity of materials, and over familiarity with ones' roommates got on prisoners' nerves. A man usually lived in one room for the duration, and that was enough to tax even the most patient prisoners. Each room was kitchen, mess hall, lounge, library, and bedroom, all in one. Then there were uncertainties about the future to contend with. Would there be enough food: Would the Gestapo take over the camp: Would the invasion of the continent ever come: Did the Germans really have a New Secret Weapon: How much mail will come tomorrow: Was the family getting along all right: Would the war ever come to an end? These and other thoughts continually gnawed at the prisoners' peace of mind and added to their general irritability.

The prisoners seemed to have recognized various stages of barbed-wire psychosis in themselves and others. The mildest forms consisted of nothing more than increasing inability to concentrate. The worst cases were actual insanity. When someone began to act strangely, the others said he was going around the bend or flax happy. Most prisoners had little difficulty recognizing the symptoms in someone else. Men who had been good friends quarreled or fought over small matters that later seemed meaningless. Men either became sullen or "blew their top" in an effort to relieve the pressure. One of the most common symptoms at this stage was the daily complaint of "brain fag" and the inability

to concentrate for any length of time. Every prisoner found his memory failing him in some way at some time. He could not remember dates, names, streets, addresses, or his own telephone number. The past seemed to fade and there was only the present.

There were ways to keep oneself mentally fit such as setting up a study program that was followed daily for two weeks; or taking part in all sports available, such as volleyball, softball, boxing, and weight lifting. If the blues were becoming a problem, getting out to cheer someone else up frequently helped, then it was easy to laugh. If the particular person was mechanically inclined, they might invent a Krigie Klim Kan Kontraption that will help make some housework item easier. Another alternative was to have a meeting with someone every day and talk.

There appears to have been little if any racial strife. There are no statistics available on how many blacks or Jews were in the camp. On July 9, 1944, two blacks who were Captains arrived from Italy. Being Fighter Pilots meant that they were educated and highly trained. I was told by some officers that most of the barracks were occupied by fliers from the south and the barracks leaders had to draw straws as to who was going to let these two officers live in their barracks.

The German Guards always saluted our officers, but not the black pilots. AS for the Jews, there seemed to have been a concerted effort to help them conceal their identity and make their presence as inconspicuous as possible. Either this effort was successful or the Germans simply decided not to bother the Jews and none were ever removed from camp.

One of the prisoners favorite goon-baiting practices was to get everyone in the room busily involved in some activity after the lights were turned off at night. Then, before the German Guards came through the barracks on their nightly bed check, several prisoners sat around the table playing cards, another prisoner mending his clothes, another was reading a book, the rest were occupied by other tasks. The Guards' curiosity was aroused when he saw the prisoners so busy in the pitch-dark room. The Guard flashed his light on the scene. The prisoners squinted, shaded their eyes, and rebuked him for making it so bright. The Guard wondered even more about those "crazy Americans" or worried that something was going on which had to do with escape that he, the Guard was obviously missing.

The worst German aggression was to shoot into the compound either at random or with the intent to kill. The prisoners understood and accepted the Germans shooting at anyone who got too close to the wire, although they understandably protested the Germans' refusal to fire a warning shot first. The men who were shot near the wire were usually there attempting escapes and they knew the risks involved. But there also were instances where the Germans fired at prisoners who were retrieving a softball that rolled beyond the warning wire. Sometimes this occurred even after an individual had secured permission to cross the wire. In at least one case, a prisoner was shot through the hand while walking with his hand on the wooden fence.

Far more serious were the acts of firing directly into the compound. The shooting usually came in conjunction with air-raids. When the siren sounded, the prisoners were supposed to move indoors immediately and remain there until the "all-clear" sounded. If the men did not seem to be moving fast enough, or even if they were peering out of the doors or windows and the Germans saw them, a hail of bullets would likely as not be directed into the barracks.

SUSTAINING MIND AND SPIRIT

There was a bright side to life in Stalag Luft 3. A wide range of activities and pursuits were available and most of the men took advantage of these opportunities. Visitors to the camp were impressed by the extensive religious, educational, cultural, and athletic programs found in all of the compounds. The prisoners were mostly officers, and according to the Geneva Convention, they could not be forced to work. Further, the prisoners were able to develop their resources to the fullest. The prisoners frequently expressed surprise at the talent and initiative displayed in the camp.

The materials the prisoners needed for their activities came primarily from the YMCA. The Germans contributed little more than the buildings already described. A Protestant Army Chaplain (Lt. Danial), who was captured in North Africa, was assigned to the Center Compound. The commanding officer showed the Chaplain the large room being used as the theater and chapel and told him religious services would have priority. In time of danger or great need, people frequently expressed a renewed interest in religion and matters of faith and morals. Those who held strong beliefs before capture were relieved to find that services were held for Roman Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, and Mormons. Jewish services were not allowed.

Liquor, or brew, did not pose a serious problem primarily because it was scarce. A successful approach was to use the dried fruit in Red Cross parcels and yeast obtained from one of the Germans. After fermentation, the brew was distilled in a large milk tin with half a football bladder wired to the top and the neck of the bladder attached to the mouth piece of a trombone. The latter was then placed under cold running water. One other aspect of prisoner morality (or lack of it) that disturbed our commanding officer was the use of profanities and obscenities.

We strove with might to remember George Washington's classic order pertaining to swearing. I believe we came up with a fairly good replica of it. It was published along with several editorials on the subject. We had meetings and devised penalties which each combined enforced to a degree consistent with their wishes. Efforts helped, but the habit remained.

The prisoners endeavored to recreate as closely as possible the way of life they had

known and loved. One of the ways they kept their memories alive was to observe the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter. The educational programs were plagued by difficulties yet they represent one of the prisoners' most successful endeavors. SAGAN U or KRIGIE COLLEGE, as the prisoners affectionately called their education system, offered poor facilities, suffered from a lack of text books and teaching materials, and experienced slumps in student performance at times when the news was exceptionally good or bad. Krigie College offered a wide range of courses, enjoyed large enrollment, and achieved recognition from examining boards in England and Canada, as well as from universities in the United States, thereby allowing the prisoners to earn full credit for courses completed while in the prison camp. I was enrolled in a history course but did not complete this due to being assigned to deliver mail which was a heart-warming assignment.

For equipment, the prisoners turned to the YMCA, obtaining books, large blackboards, and other educational materials. The education staff tried, but with little success, to maintain attendance rates and student interest by calling roll, administering exams, and rewarding recognition to those who finished the required work. I also was interested in drafting but had to give up the idea when the proper text book could not be obtained. There were also discussion groups and debating groups. The debating groups sometimes held inter-compound tournaments. Some of the topics discussed were Business and Business Opportunities, The World at Peace, War Aims, The Negro Problem, The Treaties of Paris and Their Consequences (Versailles), Labor in the United States, Religion, Modern Education, Opportunities in the Western Hemisphere, and Farming and Its Problems. There were libraries, one for reference material and one served for general lending of works of fiction and nonfiction.

Closely associated with both the educational programs and the libraries was the compound (Newsrooms) for they too offered the prisoners much needed diversion, plus a means of enhancing knowledge of and perspective on what was occurring in the camp and in the world beyond the barbed wire. Almost every man in Stalag Luft 3, including most of the Germans who worked inside the compound, stopped at least once a day to check the latest news as shown on large wall maps and carefully printed or typed briefs.

The newsrooms were usually located in or near the cookhouses or theaters because these were the places the Germans installed their loud speaker systems, through which news communiques were transmitted from Radio Breslau and broadcast to the prisoners throughout the day. The news was gathered from many sources and was posted in several formats. Volunteers translated the news in the communiqués. They either wrote it out in long hand or typed it on the Adjutant's typewriter. In addition, the German newspapers and magazines that were sent into the camp provided numerous items that were translated and posted.

Prisoners could send certain quantities of mail each month. Generals were allowed to send five letters and five postcards, other officers were allowed three letters and four postcards, and NCO's and other ranks were allowed two letters and four postcards. Medical personnel and the Clergy were allowed to send double the number permitted to their corresponding rank of the service. The prisoners' outgoing mail had to pass two censors. First, the mail was screened by a designated prisoner in each block to insure that the writer was not revealing any important information to the Germans, or stating something that would be useful to the German propaganda effort, or disheartening to relatives and friends back home. Then, the German censors struck out anything that cast Germany in a negative light or that appeared to be passing coded information.

There were restrictions on the number of letters prisoners could receive from home. Many men waited six months to receive their first letter. The average time for letters varied greatly, ranging from three or four weeks to sometimes many months. I received my first letter on October 4, 1944. I received 72 letters and two parcels; the last letter received was April 17, 1945. There is one letter that I want to mention. A letter from my girl in Chicago, Illinois was sent to New York, then to England, then to Berlin, Germany, and into my hands within 12 days. Some letters took 6 months.

Classes were held in three small rooms; two of them in one end of the theater building and the third next to the potato room in the kitchen. In camp, 350 prisoners received certificates of completion. After the war, colleges in the United States granted credit to many of the former prisoners on the basis of those certificates. Our compound consistently offered between 25 and 35 classes and maintained an average enrollment of about 500. The courses offered most frequently

included arithmetic, basic and advanced algebra, basic and advanced trigonometry, integral and differential calculus, architecture, zoology, meteorology, accounting, sociology, speech, music, grammar, history, shorthand, English, literature, photography, debating, geology, chemistry, body building, French, Spanish, and German. These courses were taught by highly trained officers, some of which were professors before the war.

Normally, the Germans locked us up as soon as it became dark. On Christmas Eve 1944, they made a special concession and let us visit in the various blocks until well after dark. Then, after we had been confined, I remember a brass ensemble: a couple of trumpets, an alto horn, a trombone or two, and a baritone played *Silent Night*. In the still bitter cold of that lonely, dark night, the music played by American prisoners in the middle of the compound had a great impact on all of us. It became deathly quiet in the cell blocks as everyone paused to hear the clear mellow strains of this beautiful traditional Christmas Carol. And there were some misty eyes. I for one closed my eyes and was back home with my family and my girl. I can remember that some of our German Guards were as touched as we were. This auditory impression will remain with me always. In fact, I never hear *Silent Night* without recalling that night in Sagan, Germany.

A week before Thanksgiving, two combine leaders of the entire compound were called to a meeting in the auditorium with Colonel Spivey. Since the first of September, one-eighth of the total rations of every combine had been saved for the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. We called this saving of food "saving for the bash." The bash was the day of celebration when we would eat until we could hold no more. A large majority of the combine leaders voted for a mild Thanksgiving and an all-out bash and celebration during the Christmas holidays. On December 23, 1944, 16,500 Christmas parcels came into camp to be distributed, half for Christmas and half for New Year's Eve.

Freedom was given off the grounds Christmas Eve, Christmas Night, New Year's Eve, and New Year's Night. We were allowed to go from barracks to barracks and stay up as late as we pleased. Those who did not agree to the parole reported to the compound commander on these four nights. They would be locked in the kitchen after dark and guarded by the German Guards. Any man attempting to escape and who had agreed to the

provisions of this parole would face American Military Court-Martial if his escape was successful. He also would be dishonorably discharged.

From October 27, 1943 until January 1945, the day of evacuation, Center Compound was kept well-informed by one and for a time, two newspapers, The Gafangenen Gazette throughout the time. Its competitor, The Krigie Times, published 30 editions between January 1944 through August 27, 1944, when the demand of other camp duties upon its editor and staff became too great.

The compound commanders decided which official information would be released. There were 21 daily papers and magazines delivered to Center Compound and a few should be noted.

The Illustrierte were the German pictorial magazines. The magazine Simplicissius was a savage Jew baiting propaganda replete with sadistic cartoons. The English language propaganda material consisted of three periodicals, two newspapers, and one pictorial. One newspaper, the O.K. (Overseas Kid) was published exclusively for American prisoners. It was thought that homosexual tendencies appeared from time to time. Our commanding officer told the block commanders to keep a special lookout for any queer activities. The long hours of close confinement with overcrowded conditions prevailing nearly all of the time offered possibilities for such activities, but they never occurred. If they did, they were never brought to the attention of any commanders. It is to the everlasting credit of American officers and NCO's that they were men who acted in a rational manner concerning sex at all times while being held as POW's.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

The prisoners in Stalag Luft 3 both enjoyed and created numerous entertainments consisting of performances in theatrical productions, concerts, radio programs, and a wide range of hobbies and crafts. They constructed their own theaters, either from the foundation up or by modifying existing buildings, and they spent considerable time in them. The programs served several purposes; long hours of practice consumed time that otherwise would have weighed heavily. The various performances gave the prisoners innumerable outlets for constructive self-expression.

Music was very important to the prisoners. It absorbed a great deal of their time and attention as both an individual effort and group effort. They also received recordings through the YMCA. The YMCA supplied enough musical instruments to permit each compound to form its own group. The groups were able to form a dance band, jazz band, and a concert orchestra. YMCA supplied sheet music. However, those men who were talented composed their own music.

Canadian Red Cross boxes provided the wood for the approximate 300 seats built by the prisoners. German blankets served as the basic material for the curtains which were often decorated with tassels made from unwoven socks. Carefully preserved wrapping paper was the background for stage sets constructed on wood slats that were reused again and again. Nails were often used ten or twenty times before being discarded. Nails were supplied by the Germans. Spotlights with tin reflectors were rigged into the ceiling. Oleo margarine was used for grease paint. Costumes were handmade.

The sports that the prisoners engaged in varied with the season. Softball and touch football were the favorites. There was also volleyball, track events, wrestling, weight lifting, and fencing. A funny incident happened over the 4th of July when the championship for basketball was represented by the officers' barracks and the NCO's barracks. The best NCO player was always kneed by a Major who was their best player. Everyone came out to see this game. There were quite a few high-ranking officers looking on when the NCO went for a layup, whereas the Major put out his knee and caught the NCO in the groin. The sergeant fell to the ground holding himself, whereby he looked up at the Major and said "You Son of A Bitch, Sir." The high ranking officers laughed so hard that the Major left the court never to play again.

Everyone was required to take some form of exercise each day unless he was ill or suffered from an injury. Ron and I worked out on the horizontal bar and Ron became an expert. A mandatory 15 minute callisthenic session was held each morning. At some time during the day, most of the men took several walks around the "Circuit", the beaten path that ran the perimeter of each compound just inside the warning wire.

A host of unorganized activities also brightened the prisoners' lives. Various forms of gambling enticed the men to wager portions of their meager resources (cigarettes and chocolate bars). One form of gambling was to elect one man from each barracks to see who could eat the fastest and hold it down. The food was provided by a Red Cross Parcel. Card games occupied the prisoners throughout the long winter months. Numerous hobbies, including arts and crafts projects also found adherents.

Another form of entertainment that was gross was to catch a mouse and form a large circle. While the men were placing bets of cigarettes or candy bars, one man would hold a cat that roamed the camp and another would hold the mouse (inside a box). The bets were to see how long it took the cat to catch the mouse and eat it. Though, it was not a pretty sight, it took up some of our time.

At the time that our sporting event was taking place on July 4, 1944, a contingent of representatives from the International Red Cross was taking a tour of our camp. A young man by the name of Henry Soderberg who was the field delegate for the YMCA was also reviewing the camp and its conditions. He asked if there was any message that we would like to send back to our loved ones and in turn he would give our message to the Red Cross. Most of us asked about our mothers, fathers, wives, and girlfriends. I was interested to know if my sister had had her first baby. I had written her a postcard asking about the baby.

A statement from my sister after the War is as follows:

On August 15, 1944, I had a baby boy and I wrote to tell you that you were an uncle. I did not think anything more about it until an agent from the FBI came to the door wanting me to answer some questions. Did I know Edward DeMent and all about you. Then he asked if I had just had a baby boy. He wanted to know when he was born, where, what doctor, which they checked. The doctor could not understand and I do not imagine the hospital did either. They thought perhaps it was a code since you were a prisoner of

war. He talked to my husband and went to some of my neighbors. There was no feedback and the matter was dropped. I believe this to be interesting as I do not know of any POW whose family was questioned regarding a postcard that was written, therefore this mystery will never be solved.



PAID (10) CHOCOLATE BARS AND (10) PACKS OF CIGARETTES
FOR A ARTIST TO DRAW THIS PICTURE OF LOIS
HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

PLAYS AND MOVIES SEEN

Plays

Delta Delight
The Man Who Came
Front Page
Arsenic and Old Lace
Hasty Raisin Brew
New Years Cavalcade

Movies,

Dixie Dugan
The Corsician Brothers
The Spoilers
Male Animal

Books Read

Various passages from The Bible
The Robe
A Tree Grew in Brooklyn
Many books by Zane Gray

Hammond General Hospital
Modesto, California

DEAR *Mrs. Stella Stade*

I was in the same camp with *your son*
and was quite well acquainted with him. *Luft III Ser*

When I left camp in the latter part of July he was
well and in good health.

A lot of the boys have received personal parcels
from home and so their life is better by mail and packages.

The entertainment at camp is what the boys make
and they have done a remarkable job.

The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. have done outstand
ing work for us and all of the prisoners are terribly grateful
to them.

The religious activities at the camp are very good
and I am sure you will be glad to hear that

I am sorry this is not a strictly personal letter but
I hope it serves the purpose of having heard from some one
who has seen him And lived under the same conditions
thirteen months.

I would be grateful if you would acknowledge
the receiving of this letter.

Most sincerely yours

S/Sgt. Carlos Gutierrez

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM HOME

The following lines were written to different Krigies over a period of time. Lines like these were often detrimental to morale:

É Won't be long until you return (written in 1942).

É You were posted missing a month ago, so I got married (First letter to a Krigie.)

É Sorry to hear that you are a POW. Are the Germans nice? Must send you some dancing shoes. Flight boots must be awkward to dance in.

É (From Fiance) Would you please increase my allotment. I am married now and find it hard to manage.

É (From Fiance - received in 1942) I was glad you got shot down before flying got rough.

É When your brother heard that you were a POW, he rushed out and joined the home guard.

É I wonder if you are as sick of war as we are.

É You must not forget that there is a war going on.

É (Written to a sergeant) I would rather marry a 1944 hero than a 1940 coward.

É (To a 2-year POW) Last heard what you would like in your first parcel. Are you faithful?

É (To a 2-year POW from his wife who had just had a baby) Don't worry, he is a nice man and is sending you cigarettes.

É (From Fiance) Darling, I have just married your father. Love, Mother.

LESLIE L. IRVIN
F.R.A.C.S., F.R.S.A.
HONORARY SEC.
EUROPEAN BRANCH

ICKNIELD WAY
LETCHWORTH
HERTFORDSHIRE
ENGLAND



CATERPILLAR CLUB

November 23, 1944.

Sgt. E. L. De Ment,
Gefangenennummer: 3850,
M-STAMMLAGER LUFT 3,
DEUTSCHLAND.

Dear Sgt. De Ment,

Many thanks for your post card and I am indeed glad that you were able to save your life with an Irvin Chute.

I have much pleasure in welcoming you as a member of the Caterpillar Club, and have arranged for our American Company to send your Caterpillar Pin to the address given, on our behalf.

Enclosing your Membership Card herewith, with our compliments and best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Leslie L. Irvin'.

Leslie L. Irvin.

MEL.
Encl. Card.

American Branch:
Irving Air Chute Co., Inc.
1670 Jefferson Ave.
Buffalo 8, N. Y.

I.A.C. of Gr. Britain, Ltd.
Icknield Way, Letchworth
Herts, England



CATERPILLAR CLUB

BUFFALO 8, NEW YORK

April 17, 1945

Mrs. S. Stade
5730 Cornelia Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam:

Through the facilities of the European Branch of the Caterpillar Club, we have received word of the emergency jump made by

SGT. E. L. DEMENT ON APRIL 3, 1944

It is our understanding that he escaped from his disabled aircraft by the use of his parachute, and that he was later taken as prisoner of war by the enemy.

The incident entitles him to membership in the Caterpillar Club, an international organization composed solely of those who have saved their lives by means of parachutes. The Club has been sponsored by our company since its inception over twenty years ago, and consists of many thousands of persons who have jumped to safety. We, therefore, take great pleasure in enrolling the name of the new member on the roster of the Club.

It is also our custom to present to each new member the official insignia of the Club, which is a small gold pin in the form of a caterpillar. However, it is the request of the new member that we forward his insignia to you for safe-keeping until his return, and we are pleased to comply. The insignia is now being made and will be sent to you when completed, together with his membership card.

In order to maintain our records as complete and authentic as possible, we would like to have some additional information relative to his experience. If you can furnish us with any details, they would be considered valuable additions to our records of the Caterpillar Club.

Cordially yours,

IRVING AIR CHUTE CO., INC.

G. O. Krull
Recording Secretary
CATERPILLAR CLUB

GK:OT

THE ESCAPE

The first job was to build secret trap doors. At any hour of the day or night, the Germans would rush into a block shouting "Raus, Raus." and then upset beds, pry into cupboards, and rip up floors and wallboards looking for tools, civilian clothing, buttons, and anything an escapee might use.

Under experienced leadership, escape work became highly coordinated and sophisticated which absorbed the energies and talents of a considerable percentage of the prisoner population. Escape was to be pursued primarily to hinder the German war effort. Thus, there would be less concern for its impact upon the prisoner's morale. It was well known that escapes sometimes had a considerable affect upon the enemy. Every escaped prisoner caused the Nazis to mobilize hundreds of soldiers. A mass escape (five or more) meant that thousands of police, troops, and civilian volunteers had to turn their attention toward recapturing the escaped men.

Escape alarms created havoc at all echelons of the enemy's command structure and upset the local populace. In short, virtually every escape made the enemy divert attention from the war zone to the homefront.

There was a variety of escape attempts which included using disguises for walking through the gates, sneaking off while on sick call parades, filing through the bars of the cooler, cutting through the wire fence and tunnelling. The last activity was the most feverish. Prisoners started some sixty or seventy tunnels. Most of them were poorly concealed. Only a few men got out of the camp. Virtually all of the escapees were recaptured.

Those most famous of all escapes by tunnel happened just before I arrived in the camp. On the night of March 24, 1944, 80 British and a few Americans who flew with the RAF managed to get through tunnel Harry before the Germans discovered the hole outside the wire. It took 14 months to dig their way out. Four of the 80 were captured at the mouth of the tunnel, but 76 cleared the camp area. The Germans issued a gross fahndung, the most extensive and highest priority search order in the land. The man hours, the embarrassment, and the danger of coordinated sabotage caused Hitler to issue the famous Sagan Order, which lead to their death, 50 of the 76 escapees were shot. Three of the 76 men made it home to England.

Finally, in October of 1944, London announced that escape was no longer considered a duty. Shortly after that the Americans received the same information. On December 27, 1944, one man planning to escape was equipped with German civilian clothes, wire cutters, compass, maps, train tickets, train schedules, several hundred dollars in German Marks, food, German identification card, and other necessities. The escapee had been sleeping in the snow for several nights under one of the barracks to get into condition. He was to carry a very valuable report from General Vanaman to Allied Headquarters. If he was caught escaping inside the camp they would probably shoot him. The Goons made their discovery a few minutes after midnight. Three minutes later the lights came on. The compound was lit up like a Christmas Tree. Eight guards entered each end of the barracks and started shouting at the top of their lungs: "Raus, Raus" (out out).

They came down each end of the hall armed with rifles, pistols, and spaces themselves about ten feet apart and continued to shout at us. At each exit were their terrifying German Police Dogs.

The first count totalled 2,042 - 36 too many men.

The second count totalled 2,012 - 6 too many men.

The third count totalled 2,005 - 1 man short.

The picture parade started at 2:00 a.m. and identification was made of each individual. It was 6:00 a.m. when it was discovered that one man had escaped. It was later, when he was on the last leg of his journey, that he was discovered and questioned and then returned to the camp by the S.S. He was put into solitary confinement for ten days. My experience of trying to escape happened as follows: I was dreaming that I was on my way home which almost cost others and myself our lives. First, I did not speak or read German. Second, if I did get through under the wire and into the woods, what would be my chances to outrun the dogs? You do not always think clearly before acting which was in my case only a dream. It was 1:00 a.m. and all was quiet and my dreaming took me to the latrine which did not have a shutter on the window as the other windows had. Half awake, I was sure that I was quiet and went through the window. I was almost to the wire when I heard a growl. I turned around and was face to face with the largest German dog I had ever seen. Thank God the Guard was there just pointing his rifle at my head. The alarm was given and all camp lights were turned on. For some reason, the guard did

not order the dog to attack. I was escorted out of the compound and taken to the hospital for an examination to verify that I had not received any physical injury. I was then put into solitary confinement for three days on a bread and water diet. After my release, I was taken to the infirmary and informed that my broken nose was to be treated in a few days. I sure was surprised because of what I had just done.

I was told to report to Colonel Spivey and explain to him why I made such a foolish move. For a half hour, it was explained to me how I could have caused many men to lose lives if the German guards had started firing into the compound. I have to live with this thought for the rest of my life.

TREATMENT OF BROKEN NOSE

I was going to sick call twice a week due to my nose bleeding throughout the day. A few days after my foolish attempt to escape, I was told that I would be taken to a specialist, but only if I signed a pledge that I would not attempt to escape. If I made any attempt to escape, any POW who needed medical attention would be refused. Of course I signed the pledge. This took place in May, 1944.

Four of us left camp with three guards and boarded a train to parts unknown. We travelled three hours and arrived at a town that was not touched by the war. The hospital was very modern, standing at least six stories high with beautiful landscaping. When we entered the hospital, we noticed the staff was run by military doctors, but the nurses were Nuns and did not speak English.

One at a time each one of us was taken into an office. The doctor who spoke perfect English explained to me that I had a ruptured membrane and I should not be afraid of the treatment that I was about to receive. A long wire was inserted in my nose then released. It only took a short time and was uncomfortable. However, I had no pain. We left the hospital in the late afternoon and changed trains and had a two-hour layover. The guards decided to take us to a pub (tavern). Each of us was given a bottle of ale and a meat sandwich, which was not black bread. These guards were soldiers and not a part of the Nazi Machine.

COVERT ACTIVITIES AND GERMAN COUNTERMEASURES

Center compound got its first radio by stealing it from the infirmary in the Vorlager. One of the American pre-med students who was allowed to accompany patients to and from the infirmary spotted the radio, smuggled it under his large coat and managed to get it into the compound where several men quickly disassembled it and hid the parts. A few days later it was reassembled in the shape of a long tube and placed in a hollowed-out table leg. Four nails in the table top directly above that leg were connected to the lead-in wire and the earphones. The drop cord over the table was attached to two of the nails to provide power. Earphones were hooked to the other two nails. The earphones were made from the parts of the loudspeaker plus the thin diaphragm from the hermetically sealed tins of English cigarettes.

Perhaps even more difficult than obtaining the radio was the continuing task of keeping them hidden from the Germans and disseminating the news without being detected. Again, only a few men in each compound actually listened to the broadcasts or even knew where the radio was. At night, after the prisoners had been posted around the barracks so they could observe the approach of any Germans, the intelligence personnel responsible for the radio operations listened to the newscast and wrote out brief summaries. Usually one in each barracks got a copy the next morning, read it to the assembled members of his barracks, and then destroyed the paper on which it was written. As with all such secret materials, the summaries were written on tissue paper so that they could be eaten easily if discovery appeared imminent.

The covert activities undertaken in Stalag Luft 3 fell primarily into two categories: intelligence and escape. The hope of regaining one's personal freedom undoubtedly provided the initial motivation for escape, but could not have remained the prisoner's only impetus since the odds against success were so overwhelming. In order to translate this concept into reality, the prisoners organized their efforts and made escape their number one priority. The task of gathering and disseminating intelligence was as important to the prisoners as escape work was. Because of the dangers involved, however, only a few were allowed to engage in intelligence activities or learn the extent of such operations in the camp. Reliable intelligence was essential to the success of the escape program. And, in a very real sense, it was second operational mission. The

German effort was in fact hurt as a result of information obtained in Stalag Luft 3, and covertly transmitted to England. Most important, however, the apparatus provided the information the men needed to assess accurately their precarious situation as captives of the Nazis. As accounts of German atrocities became known to prisoners, they became convinced that survival itself depended upon being able to anticipate actions by the Germans that could endanger their lives. Thus, the prisoners had to probe for clues and information that might indicate what the Germans were thinking and planning.

The Luftwaffe personnel guarded the prisoners carefully in order to keep them escaping or engaging in undercover activities. Like the prisoners, the German administrators and guards learned from experience. The prisoners and their guards exercised considerable ingenuity and imagination in the pursuit of their respective goals. Appell was usually held twice a day, but when an escape had occurred or the Germans thought one was about to occur, three and sometimes four appells were held throughout the day and during the night. Unless the weather was extremely inclement, the daytime Appells were held outdoors. During especially bad weather and at night a count was taken in the barracks by room.

An incident happened sometime in August that should be mentioned. At 2:00 a.m. the lights were turned on in all of the barracks and every man was told to stand by his bunk naked. Everyone was confused until a German medical doctor said he was going to have a short-arm inspection (a term used by the Army for looking at a man's genital area to see if there were any signs of venereal disease). Later we found out why. A few officers were sent out on a wood detail and bribed the guards to look the other way while they went off into the woods and had intercourse with some women who were slave labor.

In theory, the Appells provided the Germans with an accurate count of the prisoners. The men fell out by barracks and either marched or walked onto the sports field where they lined up in five files arranged in a large hollow square. The German Lager Officer walked around the inner side, counting the men as he walked by. An Unteraffizier (the same as a sergeant) assisted him, simultaneously passing to the rear of the blocks and comparing his count with the officers. The blocks came to attention one at a time while being counted and the block commanders exchanged salutes with the German Lager Officer when he approached. Armed guards were posted to intercept any prisoner who

attempted to move from one group to another during the count. Each barracks' commander had to prepare a list or "chit" about the men assigned to his barracks; the number on parade from each room, the number sick in each room, names of personnel working in sick quarters, the Vorlager and the theater, and the total number of personnel in the barracks. These chits were given to the Compound Adjutant who then presented them to the German Lager Officer. If the figures derived from the count did not match those on the chits and those in the official camp roster, a recount was taken.

In terms of the prisoners' morale, the most important intelligence operation in cap had to do with receiving BBC newscasts (British Broadcasting). The prisoners relied upon these broadcasts to balance the information given in the German news communiqués. Radios were strictly forbidden in camp and extreme caution had to be exercised in using them and in telling the prisoners what was said.

Colonel Spivey, our Commanding Officer of Center Compound, appointed three lieutenants to serve as compound historians. Their task was to record and enter in a log everything of significance that happened each day. To preclude the logs from falling into German hands in any useable form, certain information was coded by means of a simple but effective technique. One man took the first word of the text and every third word thereafter and wrote them on a sheet of paper without any capitalization or punctuation. The second man started with the second word and did likewise. The third man wrote down every third word. The three strings of nonsensical prose, of and by themselves meant nothing and revealed nothing. The three sheets of paper were hidden in separate locations, some in hollowed out table legs, others in prepared wall cavities, and still others found their way into nooks and crannies of every imaginable description. There they remained until the camp was hastily evacuated in January 1945. They were gathered up and transported westward with great effort and considerable risk as the Germans marched the prisoners away from the rapidly advancing Russian armies. These documents served as the basis and initial impetus for the true story related here.

EVACUATION

At 1500 hours on January 17, 1945, the Germans' news broadcast announced unprecedented Russian advances toward the camp. That same day, the prisoners heard that shipments of Red Cross food parcels had arrived from Lubeck. In light of these developments, the senior officers decided that it was time to put the prisoners back on full rations (for the first time in four and one-half months) so that they could "fatten up" and be ready for any eventuality. For some time, the men had been making extra trips around the circuit in an effort to get in better condition for a possible forced march. We began to prepare bedrolls and build various containers for our few personal belongings and supplies.

The prisoners also watched the German camp personnel closely for their reactions to the impending crisis. Some of the Germans seemed more willing to curry favor with the prisoners. Most of them, however, calmly said that the prisoners' preparations for a march were "foolish" and over-cautious.

On January 18, 1945, General Vanaman gave a special message regarding false rumors that were considered harmful to the welfare of the camp. It was rumored that the Germans were going to evacuate the camp. Another rumor stated that they would make a last ditch fight. It was asserted that we would be held hostages and shot if the Russians tried to take Sagan. It was also rumored that the Germans could kill prisoners of war if it became impossible to evacuate them. Someone even started a rumor that the goons were converting the shower houses into gas chambers and that we would be gassed if the Germans could not evacuate us.

On January 22, 1945, General Vanaman ordered every compound commander to prepare the camp for possible evacuation. Each man was required to walk the perimeter track at least four times a day. We were to make our packs out of blankets or use long underwear by sewing the bottom. We drilled for hours rolling and re-rolling packs with all items in the packs. Suggested lists of clothes to be worn were posted on each bulletin board.

A second plan to be organized by compounds in the event we were not evacuated was to be used if the Germans tried to hold the camp against the Russians, or if the Russians tried to carry out any form of mass execution against us. Groups were organized by

blocks and by combines to storm every sentry tower in the compound if mass executions were tried. In addition to this, ten men were assigned to kill each German guard. Our combine was part of this group. It is one thing to shoot the enemy and not see him personally, but to see the enemy face to face and have to kill him, it becomes very personal. Knives and various weapons were issued to the leaders of each organized group. If the Russians attacked from the outside, this attack would be launched immediately from the inside.

On January 27, 1945, at 8:45 a.m., as many men as possible crowded into the auditorium to hear what General Vanaman had to report. He told the group that one of three things was going to happen. The German guards will either evacuate or surrender the camp to the Russians. The Commandant will be ordered by some high fanatical official in Berlin to put us to death, in which event we must fight for our lives in hopes that some of us will be saved. Or, we will be evacuated on a long march across Germany. In that event, we will suffer many casualties.

The Russians were only 22 miles away from the camp. On Saturday, January 28, 1945, in the early afternoon, the rumble of artillery could be heard approximately 15 to 20 miles away. At 9:30, the order to evacuate the camp was announced. We were told to be ready to start marching in one hour. The Commandant had intended to surrender the camp but orders came from Berlin to evacuate Sagan immediately and move the entire 10,000 prisoners in the direction of Berlin. The Germans were scared to death and were told that we were their only chance for survival and that we must be held as hostages.

When the order was given, there was a mad rush, then much delay and confusion. Some prisoners felt that stalling might allow the Russians to overtake the columns fairly close to camp; others had a lot to do just before their departure. Bedrolls had to be repacked to accommodate available food. Closets were emptied, food divided, packs rolled, beds disassembled, kitchens stripped of food and dishes, tools and weapons were uncovered.

Most everyone dressed with two pairs of socks, two suits of long underwear, two shirts, an overcoat, hat and GI gloves. Certain individuals had the responsibility to carry part of the camp record. The men cleaned out cupboards and quickly "bashed" what could not be carried. They tried to consume as much nutritional food as possible. Also, they were careful to destroy anything that might be of value to the Germans.

In spite of their best efforts, the prisoners had to leave a great deal behind. All of the instruments and sporting equipment remained, most of which was collected by YMCA personnel who were still working at their headquarters in Sagan. Estimates suggest that between 25,000 to 55,000 Red Cross food parcels were left. The senior officers had gained permission at the last minute to allow prisoners to pass by the Red Cross store and take choice items from the packages. Most of the men gathered up additional cigarettes, chocolate, and other goods that were valued for barter or extra nutrition. After the prisoners departed, thousands and thousands of food cans littered the area around the Red Cross stores and down the road where the prisoners discarded items in order to lighten their load. One report indicates that approximately hundreds of books were left behind and that more than 2.5 million cigarettes were abandoned from the five compounds that left Sagan Luft 3.

Center Compound fell out at 11:30 p.m. on January 28, 1945. Everyone was warned that all guards were heavily armed and had been ordered to shoot any man who breaks rank or who deliberately disobeyed orders. For every 60 men, there was one guard and one dog on each side of the column. The dogs were more effective than the guards. Eight privates and a sergeant of the guard were assigned to each block. Each private carried a pistol, a rifle fixed with bayonet, and two hand-grenades. The sergeant was carrying two pistols strapped to his waist, a cartridge belt, and a sub-machine gun.

The sergeant told us his name and announced the rules. In case of a mass break, we had been ordered to fire on every man in the group. If one or two men break formation, the rest of you stay in line, and you won't get hurt. Everyone must keep up. We are going to march all night and all day tomorrow. We have been ordered to shoot any prisoner who falls out from exhaustion and who cannot continue on the march. Approximately 500 prisoners were too sick to be moved and a few medical personnel, clergymen, and healthy prisoners also remained to help care for them. These men received little assistance from the Germans but managed to find plenty to eat and drink by scrounging through the various compounds.

The demise of the camp, unfortunately, did not mark the end of the prisoners' travail. Snow had begun to fall several days before the march began and about six inches had

accumulated by the time the men left the camp. In some ways the snow was a blessing. Taking advantage of the time between departure of the first and last compounds, many prisoners were able to build sleds upon which to carry their possessions. In some cases, the sleds were nothing more than overturned benches with runners attached. But, however makeshift they might have been, they proved to be a boon.

The low temperatures were another matter. Estimates range from 10° below zero to 20° below zero. Snow fell during the night and the wind created blizzard conditions at times. The harsh weather soon took its toll upon the weakened men and the columns began to stretch out as fatigued men fell farther and farther behind. The prisoners generally believed that stragglers would be shot and rumors spread quickly whenever shooting was heard nearby. While some prisoners witnessed isolated shootings, there were apparently few such instances. I, myself, did witness a shooting from a guard of one of my friends. The sergeant was in front of me and bent over to tie his shoe, whereupon the guard pulled out his pistol and shot him in the back of the head. No one was allowed to touch him and the guard pulled his body out of the formation and threw him into a snow bank. I am sure he did not survive.

The guards themselves were in fact mostly older men who were in worse condition than the prisoners. There were times when the prisoners carried rifles for some of the exhausted guards. The prisoners realized that the march provided ample opportunity for escape, but only a few of them took advantage of the situation. The BBC broadcast an order that the men stay together for safety and ease of identification. Knowing that escape was not a practical alternative, the prisoners had little choice but to suffer through the hardships of the march. It soon became clear that the Germans had made little or no provision for their care on the journey. A few wagonloads of bread were sent along with several of the columns, but the prisoners ate mostly the food that they carried on their backs. They bartered for some additional food and water along the way. Water was obtained by digging in the snow and letting it melt in your mouth. The people they met were generally kind and considerate. But the isolated groups of SS men who crossed the prisoners' path berated the people for associating with the Luftgangsters.



Russian guns could still be heard in the distance after the men got on the road, and with the columns stretching out some 20 miles, there undoubtedly was concern over the progress being made. It was cold and snow was stacked two feet deep, and more snow continued to fall. German civilians cleared the center of the road as the formation passed by them through the town of Sagan. We watched in silence as soldiers of the German army and SS hurried the civilians into the endless line of marchers. German civilians who resisted were shot. The SS never argued. A rifle shot saved time and settled all arguments.

Shortly after 8:00 a.m., the Germans ordered a 15 minute rest. We were allowed to rest on one side of the road while the guards and dogs watched us from the other side. Just past 4:00 p.m. we entered the small town of Wharton and stopped for a break. General Vanaman refused to go further without an overnight stop, he and the Commandant had a furious argument. General Vanaman stood firm and the Commandant finally ordered an overnight stop.

All the sergeants were lucky to have been part of Center Compound as were assigned to a Roman Catholic Church capable of seating 400 people. It took 1 hour and 40 minutes to pack the 2,000 into the small church interior. The balance of the prisoners were left outside. On the main floor, 850 men were packed into pews. Men were jammed against each other without room to lift or move their arms. After the pews were filled, every fourth man moved under the pews and spread his blanket to stretch out for a rest. This schedule under the pews was to be rotated every three hours. The pulpit and choir section was filled. Three men were assigned to each step leading to the choir. Directly in front of the pulpit, 23 men were assigned to the kneeling rail. There were four aisles on the main

floor besides a large space between the pulpit and the first rows of pews. Men were lined up and seated on each side of the aisles, from the front to the back of the church. The center of each aisle was left open for those who had to move about. Forty-eight men were seated on each side of the four aisles. The space in front of the pulpit was used as a sick-bay for men who were sick and in need of constant medical attention. One hundred and eleven men were assigned to the small storeroom. All washrooms, toilets, and exits were filled to capacity.

Three hundred men were jammed into the balcony. There were two sets of stairs leading to the balcony. Two men were assigned to each step. My best friend, Ron, and I were assigned to the balcony. In the middle of the night I slid off the pew and ended up under the pew. When dawn broke, Ron did not seek me and thought I fell over the balcony. With a situation like we were in, we became like brothers looking out for each other.

It was at this time that I could not feel my feet when sitting. When walking, I had a burning sensation and an icy cold sensation. Snow had gotten into my shoes which did not help. Every step taken was pure agony. I knew if I fell out of formation I could be picked up and put on a horse-drawn cart, or left on the side of the road with a bullet in my body. Ron talked me out of going to sick call as the Germans would probably remove my feet. Without Ron's help, I could not have finished the march.

The heat from 2,000 warm bodies warmed the small church. Most of the men removed the heavy clothing, hoping it would dry before the march was resumed. Several large tubs of snow were brought into the church. They were used to refill canteens and water jars when the snow melted. Many men became desperately sick to their stomachs and were not able to reach the door. Dozens of men rushed up aisles vomiting all the way. Others with dysentery stepped on hands, feet, and stomachs trying to get outside. Nerves were strained to the breaking point.

By 10:00 p.m., men were cursing, crying, and fighting. Disorder sprang up in the church. No one could sleep for fear of being puked on. The odor in the church was enough to make everyone sick. However, I was lucky I was not out in the snow and wind. The snow storm continued with many degrees below zero. Colonel Spivey addressed the

men saying if there was another fight, the individual would stay outside in the snow the rest of the night. After Colonel Spivey left, Chaplain Daniels, our protestant minister, said to the men that today was Sunday, January 29 1945. He was warm and able to reach the hearts of his fellow prisoners. Chaplain Daniels had a source of strength, an unlimited faith in God which he conveyed to us. He never had the slightest doubt that we would survive the tremendous ordeal of our march and made us feel that we would come through [victorious].

There were no latrine facilities outside the small washroom. We had to use the cemetery by sitting on the tombstones. It must have been a terrible sight after the snow melted in the spring.

Promptly at 10:00 a.m., the German guards took up their positions outside the iron gates in front of the church. And the bugle sounded formation. During the afternoon, we marched six miles without stopping. At no time were we fed by the Germans. The storm was at its height of fury. Progress was extremely slow. Colonel Spivey kept marching up and down the columns giving words of encouragement. Finally, at 5:30 p.m., we stopped for a break.

We would stop overnight at a small German farm village. Again, we were lucky to be with the Center Compound as were housed in a barn approximately twice the size of the Catholic Church. Outside every barn, German women wanted to trade potatoes, onions, and bread for cigarettes, chocolate, and soap. The Commandant made arrangements with Colonel Spivey whereby one member from each combine could come out and trade with the German housewives.

The hay was 15 feet high on both sides of the barn. Each man who slept in the hay dug out his bed and packed it with his feet and hands. Again, Ron and I were placed in the barn. There were men assigned to each side of the barn to make sure no one lit up a cigarette. I crawled to the top of the barn. In the middle of the night, I started to roll down the hay, kicking, stepping, and falling over a startled group of men. There was not one man who had a kind word for the fellow that caused all of the commotion. As soon as I was able to see, I moved to the other side of the barn.

A special announcement was made that the Commandant and 63 guards were sick and so had agreed to stay another day in the barn.

On January 31, 1945, everyone was awakened at 6:00 a.m. The day's march was to Muskat', which was 29 kilometers from the barns. Sleds that were made in the village were sold for cigarettes, soap, and chocolate. They were large enough to carry all packs for entire combines. When it became warmer and the snow started to melt, the sleds and other supplies were left on the side of the road.

At 3:30 a.m., the city limits of Muskau was finally reached and the Center Compound was quartered in a brick factory which was 200 yards square and 3 stories high. It was heated by a large furnace in the basement. Shortly after breakfast, the Germans announced that we would stay at Muskau for the rest of the day and another night.

In the afternoon, eight of the large horse-drawn wagons were emptied and were issued one Red Cross food parcel to every four men. Late in the afternoon I became very ill. It took all I could do to run over everybody and get myself outside by a fence. Throwing up and getting weaker by the minute, I noticed a guard on the other side of the fence laughing and calling me names. At this time, I wished that I had a weapon in my hand.

After enjoying a cold supper, a report from the General was given. Sagan fell to the Russians on Sunday, January 29, 1945, and Wharton fell into Russian hands today. Under the direct order of Hitler, the German Air Force was ordered to march us to Berlin. We were to be held in the city as hostages to prevent further bombings from the Allied Air Force.

Saturday, February 4, 1945 at 9:00 a.m., we were given orders to leave Muskau and march to Spremberg. It was starting to get dark when we reached the outskirts of Spremberg. There were several dozen large farms at the edge of the city. We were placed in small barns for the night. Within a few hours a friend, Paul, was approached by a Polish woman who was a slave laborer. She wanted a bar of soap and cigarettes and was willing to hide us to await the Russians. Paul approached me with the idea and I turned him down because if we became separated I would be alone (safety in numbers) and I did not have the ability to speak German or Polish.

Monday afternoon we were ordered to a new location and we were marched to the edge of the city. Here was a large Luftwaffe Fighter Base with many administrative buildings. We were housed in several hangars. A short time later we were moved to a gymnasium. On Tuesday morning, February 7, 1945, General Vanaman, Colonel Spivey, three

German guards, and two aides left in two cars. Where they were taking them we did not know until months after the war ended. Colonel Spivey mailed a letter to every prisoner of Center Compound explaining why he left us.

It was announced that several freight trains would take the prisoners from Spremberg to Mooseburg, which was located about halfway between Munich and Nuremburg. Moosburg was Stalag 7A and the trip would take three days and nights. The camp was run by Storm Troopers.

When we arrived to the marshalling yard, we learned that the Commandant had received a change in orders, whereby 4,000 of us were to go to Moosburg and the rest would go to Nuremburg. Eighty cars were to stop at Mooseburg and eighty cars to Nuremburg. Fifty men were marched to a boxcar for loading. Most of the cars had been used for hauling cattle. The inside of the cattle cars were filthy. The smell was unbearable. There was no room for us to lie down, or even sit down. Thousands started shouting and sitting on the ground, refusing to board the cars. When news of this reached the Commandant, he went into a rage.

He went to each car after the guards took up firing positions and fixed bayonets. He stated that each car will be locked for 24 hours. If, at the end of that time of your confinement without light, air, or water, had taught you to obey, then he would consider giving better treatment. If you have not learned your lesson, then we would stay in these cars the rest of the trip.

The car was divided in halves. Twenty-five men were assigned to each half. Space was then allocated so that half could lie down and the other half could sit in cramped quarters or stand if they desired. It was scheduled every four hours.

Four pasteboard boxes were placed in each of the four corners of the car to be used for toilets or sickness. The blankets were used to cover the hay and cow droppings. Many men soiled their pants because we were not let out of the box cars on a timely basis. At 8:00 p. m. , the cattle car evacuation began. Three chair cars to the rear of each train were used for the Commandant, German officers, sergeants, the guards and the dogs. Inside the cattle cars, we started a trip that would turn men into swine. The Commandant was wrong about the stale air. Cold air gushed about us through holes and cracks in the

sides. Another concern was being strafed by Allied planes. However, the cold, fresh air did serve one purpose. It reduced the odor of cattle droppings.

We suffered most from thirst. Finally, the toilet boxes overflowed. The train stopped after dark, the car doors opened and the toilet boxes were dumped and thrown from the cars, splattering about the railroad station, as we jumped out of the cars and fell in line for appell.

We started shouting, "Wasser, Wasser" (Water). When they started taking the count, men broke ranks everywhere, walking up and down, defying the guards. Rifles were fired in the air several times. The Krigies disregarded the warnings. We were past the stage of caring about German reprisals. Three times the appell was taken and many Krigies were slapped or struck for falling out of ranks. The confusion and disorder continued. I was not moving fast enough to satisfy the guard, and he slammed his rifle butt down on my frost-bitten feet. From this point on, I had a lot of trouble walking long distances.

Thursday morning the train pulled into Regensburg. The doors opened and we were unloaded for another appell. The station was crowded with civilians trying to board trains. There was a pond just ahead of the engine and water fountains in the station. We broke ranks en masse. Guards fired in the air. Nonetheless, we moved to the water, men drank and filled cans and jars with water.

While taking appell, three Gestapo officers joined the Commandant and criticized his lack of control over the prisoners.

Late Thursday afternoon we arrived in Munich. The snow had melted and it was a great deal warmer. We fell out for appell and were told that the doors would not be locked for the rest of the way. We were told that we could open the doors if we wanted fresh air. We were allowed additional water. At no time were we given food while on the train.

After dark, the train pulled out of Munich. The following morning, we were unloaded on the north side of the city of Mooseburg (Stalag 7A).

It was Friday, February 10, 1945, 11:00 a.m. The march had come to an end. We had travelled across a large part of Germany, a distance of 480 miles in 13 days. Leaving the cattle cars, 4,000 sick Krigies fell in block formation for an official appell. Over 3,000 men were sick with infected stomachs, dysentery, colds, and pneumonia. We were all weak from malnutrition, mental and physical exhaustion.

Late in the war, Hitler decided us use 35,000 prisoners of war as hostages. It was Eva Braun, mistress and later wife of Hitler who saved them. Hitler had instructed General Gottlab Berger of the Waffen SS to take hostages to the mountains south of Munich and hold them there until he could obtain a satisfactory truce from the Allies. If he was unsuccessful, the prisoners were to be executed. Evan learned that General Berger opposed the plan and even if ordered, would not kill the prisoners. She decided that it would be best if Hitler gave the signed order to General Berger rather than to some other officer who would carry out Hitler's command. She and Berger, both convinced that such executions were morally wrong, entered into an agreement. She arranged for him to have an appointment with Hitler. While Hitler was discussing the matter with the General, Eva brought the typed orders pertaining to the executions into the room and handed them to Hitler. Immediately and automatically, he signed the orders and Berger left the room with the documents in his possession. Both Berger and Eva knew that Berger could stall off Hitler until the war ended without carrying out a single execution.

After the war, General Berger was sentenced to 20 years at the Nurenburg trials. However, General Vanaman and Colonel Spivey gave their report at the trials stating that General Berger had saved the lives of all prisoners of war, therefore his sentence was reduced to only a few years.



*BOX CARS USED TO TRANSPORT
PRISONERS OF WAR*

Moosberg Stalag 7A

When we arrived at Mooseburg Stalag 7A, the conditions all around us were deplorable. The camp was exceedingly crowded. Every day more prisoners arrived. In spite of the Germans' best efforts, latrines overflowed and garbage accumulated faster than it could be carried away. Again, the danger of epidemics arose, but this time the prisoners could do little to help themselves. Inadequate rations throughout the march and during the weeks before the emergency supplies arrived sapped men's health and strength.

The diet at this time consisted of approximately 1300 calories per day, the dehydrated vegetables were consistently wormy. Due to the crowded conditions, there was susceptibility to disease, especially influenza and pneumonia. At this time, many men were sleeping on cold, damp floors or outside in tents. Rats, mice, bedbugs, lice, and fleas were everywhere. No adequate disinfectants or anti-vermin powders had been distributed.

During normal times, the camp held 30,000 prisoners. However, in 1945, the camp held 100,000. The prisoners the Germans had captured were of many different nationalities. Captains, majors, and colonels were sent to separate compounds. Lieutenants were penned in a small compound and quartered in four stables. Bales of straw were spread over a dirt floor. Enlisted men were put into barracks. A long slit trench, out in the open of the compound served as the only latrine. At night this area was lit up by lights from the guard boxes.

On February 17, 1945, I celebrated my 21st birthday, seven days after arriving in Mooseburg. Some men had escaped the night before. Therefore, the Germans had appell for nine hours standing in the rain and cold, at which time I contracted pneumonia and was laid up for over a week. There was no medical attention given because supplies were very short due to the heavy bombing by the Allies.

For water, two taps fed from a 200 gallon container. This was used for washing, shaving, and drinking. There was always a line leading up to the two taps. The issue of food consisted of two different types of dehydrated soup. Carrots in one soup made it

smell like sweet perfume to the hungry men. Containers were put down on the ground outside the barracks while the men lined up with their bowls in front of them. If you were at the end of the line, the soup was cold and the tallow was caked around the edges of the bowl. And, in some cases, if you were at the end of the line, you did without, in which case, the loss was minor anyhow. This soup was called Green Death by the POW's and was served with bread and little margarine. An occasional slice of blood sausage issued once a day completed our diet.

Again, Ron and I lucked out by being assigned to a barracks instead of a tent. The barracks we were sent to had been hastily vacated by British privates who had been put out on a work party. The building was still dirty, filled with lice and vermin. It was not much better than the stables we left behind. It did, however, have floors, windows, and some bunks. The bunks were not completed. The first couple of nights the men had to sleep on the floor and tables. The last couple of months I slept on the floor because of over-crowding.

For many men, it was just like starting over again as new Krigies. Klim tins from the forced march and Red Cross parcels had been saved to be made into cooking pots and pans. To heat the food, small wood and cardboard heaters were devised. These "heatless-smokers" were made of three or four varying sizes of tin cans held together with wire. A larger can at the bottom served as a base and flue for the draft. A small can nail-punched with a line of holes and a piece of tin at the bottom which turned served the purpose as a damper and a shaker and set inside the larger can. Placed on top of this was a small, squat can with an opening through which small balls of cardboard or little splinters of wood could be thrown.

To heat the contents of a stew pan of 8 x 12 inches, it was necessary to place 2 and sometimes 3 of these heaters together underneath the pan. Before mealtime, every available inch of space in the kitchen was taken up with all the men working over these little burners. To keep one of these going, wood had to be splintered down to about the thickness of a little finger and about an inch long. It took three men one-half to one hour to cook one dish. One man would steady the pan with one hand while he stirred with the other. The other two men worked the burners throwing in small splinters of wood and paper to keep the fires burning. Different theories were held as to the best type of fuel to

use. Some men believed that a combination of small pieces of cardboard and wood splinters gave more heat. It was not at all unusual in the final stages of preparing a meal for someone to knock one of the burners out from under your cooking pan. Dinner for six men was a total loss. It is little wonder that a lot of men ate cold meals most of the time. So much smoke filled the kitchen that it was impossible to see anyone coming in from outside. The men who worked the burners continually had runny noses and red, watering eyes.

After the Germans stopped giving us fuel, the men went under the buildings and ripped out the underlining of the floors. About three or four foot boards were issued every two days to a six-man combine.

A special type of heater called a blower was also used. The blower was a large burner with a five to six inch firepot connected to a housing and a blower fan which was geared up to both a small and a large pulley wheel. The whole unit was mounted on a board and built with klim tin. A meal could be heated much faster on these. A canteen of water could be brought to a boil in less than ten minutes. The only disadvantage was using up a greater amount of the hard to come by wood.

Typical of German efficiency was the way they deloused us and then put us back into dirty barracks to sleep on old mattresses and lice-infested straw. Insect powder was passed around and sprinkled in the bed clothing. However, it did not help much. Men hung their blankets out early each morning and did not bring them in until late at night. Even then, at night when men stripped for bed, their backs and sides were livid with welts from insect bites.

At the end of February, the camp ran out of Red Cross parcels. The increased strafing of the railroad by the Allies had cut off the supply from Switzerland. Arrangements were later made to allow POW's to drive large white painted Red Cross trucks from the Swiss border to transfer the parcels. In the meantime, as there were no personal parcels from home to supplement the Red Cross boxes, the Green Death soup again made its appearance. When the parcels finally arrived, the distribution was 16 men to 10.5 pounds.

During the month of March, there were many outdoor appells while the Germans searched our compound for missing men. Frequently, there would be an air raid. We would lie on our backs and watch formation after formation of B17's and B24's from Italy

fly overhead. They flew in without any opposition, as though they were on a practice mission back home. Sometimes, as an added attraction, the P51's and P47's would come down and shoot up a neighboring railroad station. However, we noticed that in making their pass at the target, their guns always fired away from the direction of the camp.

The first week in April, the Luftwaffe took over the administration of the airmen POW's. Large tents that held 300 to 400 men sheltered the majority of POW's. The second week of April, allied smoke tracer bombs were visible in the southeast, northeast, northwest, and southwest. Germans did not bother or attempt to get us inside during the air raids. We just sat outside and watched the show. On one particular day, there were so many bombers that they blocked out the sun. After this, our area was a continuous state of air raid alarms. At no time during the day or night was the air above our section free of allied planes.

Inside fences were broken down and we could move freely from one compound to another within the camp. At this time, I had a happy reunion with my tail gunner and ball gunner. When I went to Center Compound, they were sent to the new compound known as West Compound.

The three months that I spent in Stalag 7A was an experience that I have blotted out of my mind. There were no religious services, no entertainment, no library, and no sports allowed. We all looked like walking zombies. I have always obeyed orders from officers until I was told to clean the latrine. All the plumbing had been removed and where the commode was once there was only a hole. A large broom handle was used to push down the excrement which was running over the floor. Being that everyone was equal in camp and each man using the facility was required to do their own pushing, I refused his direct order. He then stated that I would be court-martialed. Nothing came from his threat and this officer was just throwing his rank around.

We could hear sounds that we identified unmistakably as artillery and not dropping bombs. Every day the sounds came closer. Through the nights of the 26th and 27th of April, we could hear the 105's whistle over our heads.

On the night of the 28th, the Germans pulled out and left only a small force to guard the camp. All night long, we could hear the sounds of their retreating trucks.

LIBERATION

A special news bulletin said that General George S. Patton and his Third Army were nine miles from Mooseburg. General Patton dispatched a staff car under a white flag to Mooseburg late in the afternoon. He asked that the Commandant, the Senior American POW, and his chief of staff of the Third Army meet at noon the next day at post headquarters at Mooseburg. On April 28, at 8:00 p.m., General Patton's proposal was read requesting that the Commandant surrender the Mooseburg prison camp without combat. In return, General Patton guaranteed the General and his staff, and all German military personnel, that there would be no military trials for war crimes, and that all German personnel would be treated as POW's according to the terms of the Geneva Convention. A colonel in the SS was also present. At his insistence, the General declined the terms and decided to make a last-ditch effort to fight. The German general was informed that Patton's Third Army was part of the American Seventh Army which would attack at 8:00 a.m. on April 29, 1945. Patton warned that if anyone of us was harmed by the Germans, those Germans would be executed.

At 8:14 a.m., large clouds of dust rolled over the hill about two miles away. As far as anyone could see, there were tanks looking down the hillside. Five squadrons of fighter planes were coming over our way. The siren sounded loud and clear over the entire camp. In a few minutes, we were locked in and all shutters were closed. Floor boards were quickly ripped from the floors. Men got under tables and beds. Some laid on the floor and I am sure all men were praying to get through our ordeal and that this was not the end of our lives.

Machine gun bullets began bursting in every direction, attacking the sentry towers. roar of tanks got louder and the German guards started shooting machine guns. The roar of tanks, planes, and guns blasted against our eardrums. We heard the crashing and ripping of steel. The firing died out and we could not hear the sound of fighter engines. Suddenly, everything stopped, except the movement of tanks close by. Out of nowhere came a Piper Cub plane flying low over the camp and dipping his wings. We knew that the battle was over. Someone screamed out "It is over, we are free again." Everybody came out.

When I got out from under the barracks, there were men climbing out of windows and

climbing to the roof. There was an American tank going through the main gate. The battle had lasted not quite 20 minutes. The guards that were still in the camp surrendered to our officers. The prisoners rejoiced in their new freedom. They tore holes in the wire around the camp and walked into the fields to look around. Somewhat later, General Patton arrived in his command car. It was not the dun green usually seen at the front, but brightly shined and suitably decorated with sirens, spotlights, and a four-star flag. He toured a few buildings and then mounted the hood of his car to speak. As usual, Patton was immaculately dressed in whipcord trousers, boots, battle jacket, two ivory-handled pistols, and a helmet polished to a high sheen. Patton was a very imposing figure with his harsh face. He stood rigidly at attention; a man more than six feet tall, weighing approximately 200 pounds. The General grabbed the microphone attached to the loudspeaker on his car and addressed the crowd in a high-pitched, almost falsetto voice. After holding up his hand and getting complete silence, General Patton looked up and saw a Nazi flag still flying. Pointing toward it; he said "I want that son-of-a-bitch cut down and the man who cuts it down, I want him to wipe his ass with it." Then he said, "Well, I guess all you sons-a-bitches are glad to see me." Immediately a great roar went up. After the noise calmed down, Patton continued: "I'd like to stay with you awhile, but I have a date with a woman in Munich. It is 40 kilometers away and I've got to fight every damned inch of the way. God Bless you and thank you for what you have done."

Within seconds, he stepped back into his car and drove away. Within an hour, three truckloads of women nurses and American Red Cross workers arrived. They handed out gum, cigarettes, doughnuts, and coffee. White bread was also issued and tasted like cake. A sound truck with a loudspeaker started playing records. The first American song we heard was "Don't Fence Me In." Although everyone was fed that morning, we were warned that we must stay on a soft diet for several days. Stomachs had shrunk. They would have to be stretched by degrees. Two cards were given to each man. One card to write home and the other to be sent to the Red Cross.

After the battle came to a halt, the American Flag flew over the town of Mooseburg. However, at 12:35 p.m., I noticed the flag was upside down. Within a minute, the flag came down and was raised correctly.

Actually, for American POW's, the first days of liberation did not mean much in the way of change. Krigies who wanted to see the countryside were allowed to leave with a warning from our senior officers that it was dangerous because there were German units still fighting. For those who stayed behind rather than hit the road, there was not much excitement. We had a choice to fly back to France, walk back to France, or ride back in trucks that were always leaving for France. Ron and I chose to fly back.

After the hubbub, liberation day had worn off. The Krigies wanted to go home now. For a day or two, we were rationed some of the Army's supplies. We received some of that American white bread that the POW's had dreamed about. The armies travelling far in advance of their supplies could not afford to care for us. After that, we were once more on our own.

Another group of GI's brought in ten-in-one packages and all forms of K-rations which they were tired of, but to each of us they were rare delights. Krigies left the camp and did and did a little foraging and liberating of their own. Following the first week of liberation, it was not at all surprising to see chickens, pigs, rabbits, horse wagons, and automobiles parked in and around the camp.

Three days after we were liberated, we were allowed to go into the town of Mooseburg to trade with civilians, but we were warned not to molest the women or abuse the men. If these orders were not observed, we would face a court-marshal in the states.

Ron and I walked approximately one mile and came upon a farm that had sidewalks leading to the barns from the house. We were very polite and knocked on the door. A middle-aged woman and her daughter or servant came to the door and asked in broken English what we wanted. We said, "We are looking for food, to step aside." We could tell they were afraid of us, however, they did not have a weapon so we walked into their living room. There were many pictures above the fireplace. In one picture there was a German officer wearing the uniform of the SS. After searching each room and finding nothing, I started to leave when I saw a huge cedar chest. Playing a hunch, I began removing the clothing from inside the chest. To my surprise, under all these clothes there were eight buckets of fresh eggs. Just then, Ron came in and said he had found two bicycles in the barn. Just finding food made us so excited that it would be hard to describe.

We were just about ready to leave when four Russian POW's walked in. They saw the eggs. In broken English they demanded that I turn the eggs over to them. I refused, offering to give them two of the buckets. They kept looking at the women. They were looking for pistols and jewelry. They gestured for us to leave. Being outnumbered two to one Ron and I departed. We heard the women scream, possibly they were raped and killed.

Riding back to camp on a dirt road, I looked down and saw a celluloid doll, apparently dropped by a child. It must have looked funny to see two Krigies riding bicycles with buckets of eggs on the handlebars. We left the bikes outside the camp. We took the eggs into the barracks and distributed eggs to everyone. The next day we left for town again but could not find the bikes (they had been stolen). We walked into the town of Mooseburg and passed a lot of homes when an American officer called to us and asked us if we would be willing to stay with a German family over night as they were afraid of the Russian POW's. In turn, they would give us our supper and breakfast. We volunteered and took turns keeping guard two hours on and two hours off. The only weapon that we had was a sword we had found at another house. Bright and early the next morning, we found that both of us slept the night through. Lucky were we, we could have been killed in our sleep. The family kept their promise and fed us our first home-cooked meal: potatoes, horse meat, vegetables, bread and cake, plus wine. The German family was so grateful to us that they could not thank us enough. I am sure that the American MP's were coming to Mooseburg within a short time to protect 'the civilians.

The following day, my friend, John, found a live chicken and put it under the floorboard. He asked me to kill it and take off the feathers. He said he would cook it. I refused because I did not like to touch feathers. John killed it, cleaned it, and ate it. I was never offered even a bite. Some friend!

After a week, hundreds of General Patton's trucks were stripped and dismantled for hauling troops. On May 7, the truck caravan started transporting American prisoners of war to air fields and to specially built landing strips at Augsburg, Germany. Dozens of C-47 transports were landing and unloading supplies. Then they reloaded with 25 American prisoners of war aboard each plane and took off for LeHavre, France to Camp

Lucky Strike. All military personnel was processed here before going back to the states. Everyone was stripped and deloused with DDT then issued new uniforms. Putting on our new uniforms again made us feel good about being Americans.



Delousing





SURRENDER OF STALAG 7A APR. 29, 45

There were days full of hope and days filled with despair. Courageous endurance, and a determined will to live were necessary for survival, ingenuity, sacrifice, and tolerance had to be developed by every prisoner. Memories became dim. Strong characters were developed under trying conditions. Most of all, GOD BECAME KNOWN TO EVERY MAN. On Monday, May 8, 1945, a voice came over the loud speaker announcing that the war

in Europe was officially over. It now hit all of us that we were going home to our loved ones. I had hoped that Ron and I could come home together. but Ron had contracted Tuberculosis. He came home on a hospital ship a month after I came home.

My luck still held for me as I was put on a German Luxury Liner that had been captured in South America. The trip back to the states took longer than normal because there were still wolf packs (submarines) that had not surrendered. We noticed many Naval ships near us for protection. We arrived in New York Harbor on June 10, 1945. Entering the harbor, we were greeted by the most beautiful woman:

The Statue of Liberty
Saying "Welcome Home"

All POW's suffered. There were feelings of joy and sorrow. Feelings of love and hate.

CLASS OF SERVICE
 This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

CS91 23 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 4 12CP 1945 JUN 4 PM 12 53

MRS STELLA M STADE=
 :5730 CORNELIA AVE=

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON SGT DEMENT EDWARD L RETURNED TO MILITARY CONTROL

29 APR 45=
 :ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE
 This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

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SYMBOLS
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TCF-EW18 31 GOVERNMENT WASHINGTON D.C. 6/5 208A

MRS. STELLA M. STADE
 5730 CORNELIA AVE.

THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY DIRECTS ME TO INFORM YOU YOUR SON SGT DEMENT EDWARD L. HAS RETURNED TO MILITARY CONTROL AND IS BEING RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES.

J.A.ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

920A

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

HEADQUARTERS
CAMP RAMP
NORTHERN DISTRICT, NBS
COM Z. ETOUSA

APO 562
6 May 1945

Surgeon's
Bulletin

TOO OUR HAMP
TAKE THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE

The Medical Department welcomes you -- with an armful of pills and paregoric! You have just been liberated from your enemy, the Germans. It is up to you now to liberate yourselves from your new enemy -- your appetite and your digestive system.

After eating here several times you may begin to wonder what the score is, why the medics won't let you gorge yourself with doughnuts and hotdogs complete with mustard and sauerkraut, about which you must have dreamed for months. You may begin to wonder why the mess supervisors won't let you come back for seconds when you are still hungry. There's a reason for it!

Most of you have been on a starvation diet for months. A regular diet consisting of coarse German bread and watery soup when taken over a period of weeks and months does something to your stomach, digestive system, and entire body. You have lost tremendous weight, there have been changes in your digestive system, your skin, and other organs. You have become weak and are susceptible to diseases. You almost all have the G. I.'s.

The reason is that you lack vitamins and you have lost the proteins so necessary in building healthy, solid tissues and muscles. The lining of your stomach is sore, delicate, inflamed, and irritated. Your stomach has shrunk.

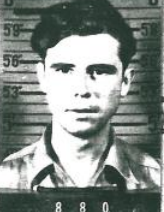
If you overload that weak, small, sore stomach of yours you will become acutely ill. Your belly will become swollen and painful. You will have cramps and your diarrhea will be much worse. Some of you will have to be hospitalized and even become very seriously ill. You must overcome this terrible craving of yours and curb your appetites. You must realize that to become well quickly and get back to normal you must eat small feedings and at frequent intervals until gradually you can once again tolerate a normal diet. The food you will be served is good and you will get more than enough. If you get hungry between meals go to the Red Cross for cocoa and egg-nog. Just don't drink too much. The first kitchen you will go to will feed you a soft, bland, non-irritating diet. Your next kitchen will give you a diet which approaches normal. Know this for your own good.

The Medical Department advises you to obey the following rules and build yourselves gradually to the point where you can once again eat anything you want and as much as you want, without getting severely ill:

1. Eat only as much as you are given in the chow line.
2. Don't come back for seconds.
3. Take the vitamin pills that are given to you in the mess line (and swallow them.)
4. Go to the Red Cross for egg-nog or cocoa between meals if you get hungry. Don't drink more than one cup.
5. Don't overeat. If you overload your small stomach you will get sick.
6. Don't eat candy, peanuts, doughnuts, frankfurters, pork, rich gravies, liquor, spicy foods, or anything that you know will make you sick.
7. There are three dispensaries in each of the three areas where you will bivouac. As you move from one area to the other, go to the dispensary in that area. Sick Call will be held between 0800-1700 hours. After that come only for an emergency. If you have trouble see your Medical Officer. He will be glad to help you.

No. 880

ARMY AIR CORPS
PERSONNEL DISTRIBUTION COMMAND
Convalescent Hospital, Fort Logan, Colo.



Edward L. De Ment

1275

21 **5** **11** **00** **AM**

Blue Brown Ruddy

880

CONVALESCENT PASS

HAROLD C BROWN? Capt,

DATE OF ISSUE: 24 Aug 45
DATE OF EXPIRATION: 31 Nov 45

IN DENVER



Sgt. and Mrs. De Ment

Newlyweds Sgt. and Mrs. Edward L. De Ment, who were married on July 14 in Nebo Lutheran church, are now in Denver, Colo., where the young man is stationed, according to word received this week by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Baird, 5708 Cornelia ave.

The bride, the former Lois Mae Baird, is a graduate of Foreman High school as is her husband, who is the son of Mrs. Edwin Stade, 5730 Cornelia ave.

The sergeant enlisted in the Army Air Corps in September, 1942. He was recently released from a German prison camp where he had spent 14 months. Sgt. De Ment holds the Purple Heart, a Presidential citation, and the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf clusters.

PATIENTS' PROCESSING SCHEDULE

ROLL CALL

Officers - sign in each morning before 0800 at Bldg 96.
Enl Men - answer in your barracks each morning at 0800.

TIME

1st DAY
Bldg 233

0830 **ORIENTATION** - Why you are here, what you will do here, what may be your disposition from here.

1300 **ORIENTATION** - What we are going to do for you, what we expect of you, what we have here.

2nd DAY
Bldg 266

0830 **MEDICAL** - Meet your personal physician, get dental check and laboratory clearance.

1300 **MEDICAL** - Get your EBMT and X-ray checks.

3rd DAY
Bldg 267 and 268-266

0830 **PSYCHOLOGICAL (Bldg 267)** - Interviews and interviews to help your personal physician know more about you.

1300 **PAY** - Enlisted men who have NOT been paid through the last day of last month will go to Bldg 266, Detachment of Patients, to be paid.

1330 **RECORDS (Bldg 268)** - Your records checked by the Personnel Affairs Officer, Intelligence Officer, Classification Officer.

4th DAY
Bldg 269

0830 **IMMUNIZATION** - shots needed to bring you up to date.

0900 **MOVE** - to your permanent barracks.

During the 4th Day you will be registered in the Education Branch and the Health Club.

(over)

Headquarters
AAF Training Command
Fort Worth 2, Texas
10 December 1945

Dear Kriegies of Center Compound:

As Christmas draws near again I am constrained to remember those of 1943 and 1944 and to be so thankful we do not have to celebrate this one under similar circumstances. All of us have so much to be grateful for that I anticipate each of you will have the happiest Christmas you ever had. However, if perchance something has happened to mar the gay times you so well deserve, then all of us feel that through our past experiences together we are better able to share your misfortune with you and to wish you happiness from now on. In many ways we have been blessed and have been so fortunate in preserving our health and happiness that we can shut firmly the door of unpleasant memories and see some of the amusing and even beneficial things which happened to us.

So before you forget all about what happened during your P.O.W. life, I want to bring you up to date on a few things. In the first place, General Vanaman and I did not forget you after he, Bill Kennedy, "Pop" George, "Brownie" Brown and I were taken away in Spremberg. We were never repatriated but were taken to Luckenwalde (not Buckenwald) near Berlin, where we remained for six weeks. General Vanaman and I were taken to Berlin while the other three joined you at Moosberg. While we were "guests" of the S.S. in Berlin, I know that much was done to make your last days secure and to warrant the deliverance such as you experienced. General Vanaman was truly an ambassador for your cause; and through his intercession with the S.S. General in charge of all P.O.W.'s and with a couple of high-ranking members of Himmler's staff, promises were obtained which made it possible for you to get some Red Cross food and medical aid during the last days and for you to be delivered safely.

For your information, we were closely guarded all the time and experienced some "lulus" when it came to bombings. We were dashed madly by auto from Berlin to Constance just as the Russians were knocking at the gates of Berlin. The trip surpassed anything that even a Kriegie's imagination could conjure. We were wrecked; visited by P-51's; stayed in Gestapo Headquarters in Nuernberg, Munich and Bregenz; and finally we managed to escape into Switzerland on April 23. General Vanaman came to the United States to report about you, while I remained on duty in General Eisenhower's Headquarters for six weeks to tell what I knew of your predicament and to help where I could. The day you were

liberated I flew to Nuernberg and drove down to your camp, where I found all of you safe and rejoicing. I was never happier.

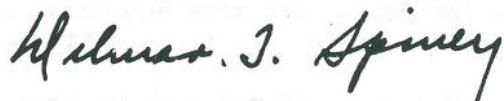
General Vanaman came back to France and remained there working for you until all of you were accounted for. All of your senior officers did all they could to take care of you while in Europe and also after they returned home. Some of the results of their endeavors are evident - promotions, quicker discharges, temporary duty for sixty days instead of leave, etc. We are sorry we couldn't do more. The Army Air Forces tried to take care of P.O.W.'s.

The history which was promised you may come on the market after all. I was unable to get the Government to sponsor the "Human Interest Story" which you wanted, but I have prospects of getting the same team who finished the official history (550 pages but not good for public consumption) to put out one for the public at a nominal sum. If any of you have any pictures or sketches, please let me have them to pass on; that is, if you have no objections.

I have seen and heard from many of you and would be pleased to hear from all. General Vanaman is Commanding General at the Mobile Depot in Alabama. Colonel A. Y. Smith is Commanding Officer at Davis Monthan Field at Tuscon; Willie Hatcher is his Deputy. Colonel Jenkins is at Columbia Army Air Field, South Carolina. Mulligan, Burbank, Rawlinson, Brunn, Goodson, Magee, Chaplain Daniel, Delaney and hundreds of others are out of the service; while Dix, "Salty" Saltsman, "Pop" Fulghum, Moe Lee, Charlie Grooms, and quite a few others are still in. Colonel Kennedy and I are here at the Training Command Headquarters.

I hope all of you have enjoyed living as much as I have since we were liberated. Yet I pray you haven't put on as many pounds in the same place as I have. God bless each one of you and may you have the Merriest Christmas and Happiest New Year ever!

Sincerely,



DELMAR T. SPIVEY
Colonel, A. C.
S.O. Center Compound



DATES TO BE REMEMBERED

- 3-Apr-44 Shot down over Mostar, Yugoslavia
- 16-Apr-44 Arrived at Stalag Luft 3, Sagan, Germany (Barracks #41, Combine "C")
- 4-Jul-44 Track events and parade
- 3-Aug-44 Ground forces moves to 2B
- 3-Sep-44 Track events and parade
- 11-Sep-44 Went on half rations
- 4-Oct-44 Received first letter from mother
- 13-Oct-44 Received first letter from Lois
- 23-Oct-44 Received first parcel from mother
- 24-Jan-45 Received second parcel from mother
- 29-Jan-45 Left Stalag Luft 3
- 7-Feb-45 Arrived at Stalag 7A in Mooseburg, Germany
- 3-Apr-45 Received first letter in Mooseburg
- 17-Apr-45 Received last letter in Mooseburg
- 29-Apr-45 Liberated by 14th Armour Division under George S. Patton

OUTSTANDING PERSONNEL

BRIGADEER GENERAL VANAMAN

In August, 1944, Brigadeer General Arthur Vanaman entered our camp and his arrival created a stir. The prisoners were well aware that as a group of trained and combat-experienced fliers, they represented a valuable resource for the Allies. Some anticipated a rescue attempt by means of a spearhead attack on the eastern front or a parachute drop to secure the immediate area long enough for them to be flown out. It seemed logical that if a rescue were in the works, someone would be sent into the camp to prepare the prisoners. Some felt confident that General Vanaman had come for just that purpose and the evidence seemed incomprehensible. An assistant air attaché in Berlin from July 1937 to July 1941. The General was personally acquainted with Goring and other Nazi officials. He knew how they thought, he spoke German fluently and he was familiar with the countryside. Since he was a General, the prisoners reasoned he would not have been flying over enemy territory had he not been on a special mission. Reportedly, he had turned down an opportunity to live in a camp specially for generals and had insisted on being sent to Stalag Luft 3.

COLONEL DELMAR T. SPIVEY

Colonel Delmar T. Spivey entered Stalag Luft 3 in late August, 1943. He was a full colonel and twice the age of most of his fellow officers. The senior staff immediately realized that his seniority and West Point training would catapult him into prominence as a leader.

A commanding officer at a large flexible-gunnery school in Florida, Colonel Spivey joined a secret investigative team that was going to Europe to discover why their graduates were reportedly not proving out well in battle. Some, it was said, could not hit the side of a barn, much less a moving aircraft. Colonel Spivey was determined to find out why.

Spivey was on his first mission flying in a B17 and toward the target in the Ruhr, when attacked by FW-190's who began to fire. Almost immediately, they turned on their backs and pulled straight down away from the formation. Brief though the exchange was, Spivey had the answer he had come looking for. He stared in disbelief as the gunners

spraying their bullets crossed the sky. Firing at a moving object from another moving object is tricky business.

Further, trajectories differ, depending on whether one is shooting out of the left or right side of the aircraft for or aft. The scientists and engineers who built the equipment for flexible gunnery designed the gun sights to compensate for such problems. The school taught the young gunners to use the sights, but in the heat of battle, the sights too often were forgotten. The term to "hose down the enemy" obviously was strong. At one point, a plane with an obviously dead or unconscious pilot flew through the bomber formation without firing a shot. The trigger happy gunners deluged him and, in the process, shot up one another.

CHAPLAIN EUGENE L. DANIEL

An Army Chaplain assigned to the 34th Infantry Division, himself sitting on a barren mountain, square in the path of German General Armies advancing 5th Panzer Army. On February 14, 1943, Valentines Day, the 10th Panzer Division came through FAID Pass about dawn. They engaged and defeated a force from the American 1st Armour Division. Within two hours, they arrived at and surrounded Mount Lessouda, North Africa. Following normal procedures, Chaplain Daniel joined the medics and the wounded men. Among the wounded were two German POW's captured a few days before. Chaplain Daniel proposed that the medical sergeant stay with the prisoners, but the sergeant declined. Chaplain Daniel decided to stay with the prisoners himself, assured that the Germans probably would recognize him as a non-combat and return him to the American lines under a flag of truce.

After everyone left, Daniel began making plans to get two wounded men into the hands of the German medics. They were lying in a deep ravine and could not be seen by the German troops. German vehicles were moving up and down the highway. Foot soldiers could be seen advancing westward toward the American lines in the distance. After peering out, he went back into the gully and tried to explain the situation. However their puzzled expressions convinced him that they did not understand English. Frustrated, he decided to brew a cup of tea before contacting the Germans for help. When the tea was

ready, the Germans begged for a swallow. The three of them quickly consumed the single cup of tea.

The idea suddenly came to Daniel to carry one of the wounded German soldiers with him for protection. Waving a white flag, arms around the shoulder and waist for support, the Chaplain Daniel and his prisoner walked slowly toward the German lines. After they had gone a half mile or more, a German motorcycle patrol spotted them and came speeding in their direction. The motorcycle was equipped with a side car and had a small machine gun mounted on the handlebars. The driver stopped close by to where they were standing. The rider dismounted and drew his automatic pistol. The wounded German called out, apparently assuring his rescuer that the Chaplain was unarmed. The soldier put his pistol back into his holster and approached cautiously.

It was late afternoon before the Germans allowed Daniel to lead them back to the other wounded German. In the interim, they questioned him at length about forces remaining on Mount Lessouda. Daniel said that the Germans were delaying an important operation until they could be sure that no further threat existed there. Accordingly, he was careful not to let it be known that the defenders vacated the area. The Germans in turn sensed that he was being coy and lectured him on the nature of warfare, stating that he did not seem to understand the seriousness of the situation. If any doubts remained, they were put to rest when Daniel reminded the Germans that he was a non-combat and that the time had come to send him west to his own lines. The Germans sent him east to their regimental headquarters. Chaplain Daniel had turned over two prisoners and now had become one himself.

HENRY SODERBERG

Swedish Lawyer

There were people living and working in Germany who were able to view Stalag Luft 3 from the outside. Among them were members of the protecting power staff, the Red Cross visitors, and the YMCA field delegates. Henry Soderberg, a young Swedish lawyer, fresh out of school, was with YMCA and was a frequent visitor. Because he was neither captor nor captive, and because his duties took him to numerous camps, his observations are particularly revealing.

Suitable quarters for the Sagan YMCA office were found in an old restaurant. As usual, the workers rented rooms from the townspeople. Henry had a clear and proper understanding of his duties and responsibilities. He came to the prisoners as a representative from the outside world. They were hungry for such contact and he was one of the few channels through which they could receive aid. He sensed that, above all, he had to keep the lines of communication open, a task that required tact and diplomacy, not to mention a conscious subjugation of personal freedoms and feelings. A composed, handsome figure, he was an outgoing individual who possessed the required linguistic talents to succeed in a highly-fluid environment that sometimes brought him into contact with individuals from 40 different nationalities in a single day.

Soderberg was struck by the distinct personalities the camp themselves seemed to have. "In walking in and out of the camps" he said, "you could feel and experience a variety of atmospheres in various respects." In some camps the spirit was low; in others they were very idle. The differences even extended to the way each camp smelled.

The job of being a YMCA field representative proved to be a very satisfying task for Soderberg. In addition to providing the normal sports and music equipment, he dealt with an array of requests that challenged his resourcefulness.

Soderberg disliked most not being able to satisfy everyone's needs, much less their desires. In his words, "Stalag Luft 3 was the most dynamic camp in Germany."

Another unpleasant aspect of his work was that he and his co-workers did not ever feel safe. They understood the risks and adjusted somewhat to the bombings and strafing attacks and the general inconveniences and scarcities in a war-time economy. But the one thing they never got accustomed to was the tactics of the Gestapo and the SS agents.

Always happy to see him, the prisoners were amused by his car with the large charcoal burner on the back and numerous bags of coal stacked up on the roof. It trundled along at about 35 miles per hour.

His most memorable visit to Stalag Luft 3 occurred during the Christmas holidays of 1944. Red Cross parcels arrived just a few days before the holidays. They contained turkey, plum pudding, and all kinds of goodies. Candles, and everything that the prisoners only in their wildest dreams thought belonged in a prisoner of war camp.

Overnight, as though wizards, the prisoners' spirits turned around and the preparations for the Christmas celebrations became hectic, nearly as a fever.

Soderberg spent Christmas Eve day with the British prisoners and on Christmas Day, starting with a religious service conducted by Chaplain Daniel in Center Compound theater. The room was packed. At the end of the service he was asked to say a few words. There were thousands of men inside and out. They all had their eyes on the man from the outside. Making the most of the contents of their Red Cross parcels, the prisoners share their noon-time feast with Soderberg.

TO MY MOTHER

HERE IN THE STALAG, AS THE DAYS PASS BY,
I'VE GOT TIME TO PAUSE - TO THINK - TO SIGH
I REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN I USED TO CRY
AND TO YOUR OPEN ARMS I WOULD FLY
I REMEMBER TOO, WHEN JUST A LAD
HOW MANY TIMES I MADE YOU SAD
I REMEMBER ALL THIS, BUT I'M GLAD
BECAUSE YOU'RE THE SWELLEST MOM, A GUY
COULD HAVE
COMPOSED OCTOBER, 1944.

MY FUTURE WITH HER

IT IS JUST A YEAR OR MORE AGO
WE SAID SO LONG, SHORT AND SWEET, YOU KNOW,
SHE SAID SHE'D WAIT FOR ME,
NO MATTER HOW LONG THE WAR WOULD BE,
SOON THE TIME WILL COME FOR ME TO GO HOME,
AND I'LL BE LIKE A KING ON THE THRONE,
I'LL HAVE HER ALWAYS BY MY SIDE,
FOR THEN SHE WILL BE MY OWN SWEET BRIDE.
WE'LL HAVE A CAR, HOUSE AND LITTLE GROUND,
JUST FOR TWO CHILDREN TO RUN AROUND.
I KNOW HOW HAPPY WE WILL BE,
JUST US FOUR, MY WIFE, THE TWO KIDS AND ME.
THESE ARE MY FUTURE DREAMS, YOU SEE,
THAT'S THE WAY I'LL LIKE TO BE,
THINGS WON'T RUN SMOOTH ALL THE TIME,
I'LL BE HAPPY WITH HER, AND SHE WITH MINE.
COMPOSED OCTOBER, 1944.

THE ESCAPE FACTORY

Prisoner of war is the least unfortunate kind of prisoner to be. But, nevertheless, it is a state of melancholy. You are in the power of your enemy. You owe your life to his humanity and your daily bread to his compassion. You must obey his orders, go where he tells you, stay where you are bid, await his pleasure, and possess your soul in patience.

Statement by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

During World War II, a secret unit was created within the military structure of the War Department. Known only by the initials MIS-X (Military Intelligence Service), this unit was to be responsible for initiating and overseeing all escape and evasion efforts of the United States.

So covert was MIS-X that the Congress of the United States and the military leadership knew nothing of its existence. Today, virtually no records of the principles of MIS-X have been found to tell anything about this agency.

Every officer and every enlisted man was to be briefed and trained to understand that, if captured, he was to consider himself an active resister, and irritant constantly occupying and distracting his captors through escape efforts, striving through any means possible to relay information to his comrades, carrying on the war behind barbed wire. The POW was to think of barbed wire as his new "front". Officers and enlisted men were being selected with prior backgrounds of cabinet makers, radio hams, electronics technicians, and printing press operators. The base of operation was "Fort Hunt". The base was to be referred to as only "1142", a post office box number in Alexandria, Virginia and the new correspondence sections building was to referred to by its code name "The Creamery".

The escape and evasion instructions were as follows:

1. Servicemen were to wear heavy shoes in the event of escape or evasion in the event that they were required to walk long distances.
2. They were, by the terms of the Geneva Convention of 1935 only required to give their name, rank, and serial number to the enemy.
3. They were not to carry on their person anything that would identify their squadrons' locations, such as letters or ticket stubs.

4. They were to conceal somewhere in their uniforms, as in a collar or belt, two Passport photos in waterproof casings, a small half-inch wide compass and tissue-paper maps of the known POW camps, and a thin serrated wire known as gigili saw.
5. They were to carry with them a plastic escape and evasion (E&E) kit containing a signaling mirror, knife, fish hooks and line, iodine, bandages, gold coins, and halzoun tablets for water purification.
6. POW's were to accept the Allied senior officer of the camp as their commanding officer, regardless of his nationality.
7. POW's were to seek out any escape organization that might exist within the camp.

While training air and ground forces in E&E tactics and procedures, some of the briefers were additionally secretly selecting two men from each squadron and battalion and teaching them the letter codes used in the Creamery. Each trained code user was given a code name and instructed that if captured, he was to advise his camp's Allied commanding officer that he was a code user and possessed the means of maintaining contact with the United States War Department. Using the prevailing United States mail system, the code user would write a conventional letter to a family member and conceal within a coded message. The CU had no idea how or by whom that coded message would be intercepted, only that somehow it would reach the proper authorities in the United States Government.

The Creamery had the list of names and addresses of all known POW's who were code users. At the post office, female sorters picked through hundreds of thousands of letters daily. Should the name of a CU appear, the sorter was to pass the envelope to her supervisor who would then direct it to a Colonel. It would then be put in a sealed pouch, placed aboard a daily military air shuttle to Bolling Air Force Base in Maryland, via courier plane. An MIS-X officer then picked up the bags and brought them to 1142. The code users who decoded the signals were all stationed in one room in the Creamery, seated at a table that was 22 feet long. Fourteen cryptanalysts worked at this table, seven at each side with a wood partition separating them to insure privacy. In addition to decoding incoming mail, each of the code users in the Creamery wrote letters to from 10

to 20 POW's. The CU's pretended to be girlfriends, wives, fathers, siblings, or just friends. They each had their own distinct stationery to avoid arousing the suspicion of the German censors. When the mailings arrived in the Creamery, the chief cryptanalysts or chief briefer would unlock the bags and separate the code letters from the rest of the POW mail. Each "hot" letter was then steamed open and the message decoded. Then the letter was resealed and returned to the mailbags, which were relocked one to two hours after receipt. The bags were sent to the post office in Alexandria, where an informed supervisor slipped the letters back into the postal system for normal delivery. All coded letters were immediately decoded and directed to the commanding officer with a copy going to the Pentagon via daily courier.

Officers were instructed to buy shoe brushes, shaving brushes, ping pong sets,¹ and layered paper products such as checker boards, Monopoly games, and talcum powder in waxed paper cones to begin testing materials and methods for loading. But steaming open the layered sections of the game boards proved to be troublesome as the different papers and glues exhibited different reactions to the steam. Some papers accepted the moisture and dried without a trace, others crumbled into mush. Some glues dissolved easily, allowing the papers to separate, others remained impervious to moisture.

In time, the United States Army Chemical Corps would solve some of these problems and more selective purchasing would solve others; different manufacturers of the same games, it was eventually discovered, used different grades of papers and glues, and those that were most suitable would become the only one used. In the meantime, there still remained the task of perfecting packaging procedures for getting parcels into POW camps. Red Cross packages would not be exploited and used to conceal escape and evasion aids, for if the Germans ever discovered that these packages were "loaded", they could stop Red Cross parcels from ever again entering a POW camp. Packages whose foods and supplies were often the difference between life and death for POW's. By the terms of the Geneva Convention Rules of War, POW's had the right to receive recreational devices approved by the holding power in parcels that would be carried postage-free by all nations. Britain had created fictitious humanitarian societies, and under the Geneva Convention, acceptably shipped parcels to POW camps.

The Creamery found this guise equally suited for MIS-X objectives and chose the names War Prisoners Benefit Foundation and Service mens Relief as American benevolent pseudonyms. Because these organizations were wholly fictitious and would not therefore be soliciting contributions from the public, the commanding officer was able to maintain complete control over their activities, as he was not required to register them with the state of Virginia or the Internal Revenue Service for permits and tax accountability.

Each of these "societies" would sent three types of parcels: "straight" food parcel which would always be strictly humanitarian and contain no escape aids; a clothing parcel which would be loaded with escape aids; and a recreational parcel, which would offer the greatest opportunity to transport escape aids as they could be hidden within the papers and other materials of the game equipment.

Each society had to appear absolutely legitimate. No one knew what checks the Gestapo would make when parcels entered Germany. Any oversights that might arouse suspicion could permanently shut down the operation. Each society's parcels, therefore, had to be composed of differently manufactured cardboard cartons, different labels, different sealing tape, wrapping paper and twine. Nothing could be used that might suggest that the two groups were of the same origin. Even the glue on each society's labels was to be distinct that under chemical analysis they would test differently. The Germans had a reputation for being painstakingly vigilant.

Regardless of how careful the operation was, the success of this critical facet would additionally depend on the cooperation of the United States Postal Service. In order to maintain the appearance of legitimacy, the MIS-X societies would not be stamped by the usual and customary postal staff but would be personally affixed by only two senior supervisors. All MIS-X mailbags would have a special tag in the routing clip indicating that only these two employees were authorized to handle and open MIS-X mail pouches. It would be the job of these supervisors to place United States postmarks on the parcels they found in the specially marked bags and then feed the packages into the regular postal system. They would not know, however, the true origin or the contents of the parcels; only that they bore the names of charitable societies that were presumably sending American POW's goodwill materials.

A special shaving brush was made in the shop area. The handle end had been cut off with a gigili saw, the handle hollowed out with a router, and five tissue maps were placed in the bottom of the handle with five small compasses resting on top of them. Ten Reichmark bills were then placed along the sides of the handle and folded so as to press against the compasses to keep them from rattling. The handle was then glued back together, sanded, and varnished until any signs of tampering were removed. The escape aids would have a crystal radio set concealed in a cribbage board; half-inch compasses wrapped in cotton inside individual chess pieces; counterfeit German work permits (the names and dates of which were left blank); travel permits and Reichmarks hidden in chessboards, ping pong paddles carried an assortment of tissue paper maps of the area around Sagan and the German - Swiss border.

MIS-X served all branches of the service equally but did not dictate to the POW's how the escape aids should be employed or by whom. The Articles of War prescribed that each American POW should avail himself of the opportunity to escape and should continue to resist and upset his captors' routine until such time as he does escape or is liberated. Escape figures are vague and often conflicting. The best records found supported by the Veterans Administration, list 95,532 members of the United States Armed Forces were captured in the European theater during World War II. Of this number, the VA recognizes 737 men as successfully escaping to return to their commands. The VA makes no distinction between officers and enlisted personnel in these figures.

I, and many other POW's never knew of this organization. But I do know that help was coming from the outside and we always knew how the war was progressing.

MISSIONS

(17) Completed (8) Sorties

No.	Date	Mission	Flight Time
Sortie 1	Feb. 10	Grottaferrata, Italy (Bad Weather)	4:14
2	Feb. 17	Grottaferrata, Yugoslavia	5:00
3	Feb. 22	Sibenik Harbor, Yugoslavia	7:10
Sortie 4	Feb. 23	Orvieto, Italy (Bad Weather)	5:15
Sortie 5	Feb. 25	Graz, Austria (Bad Weather)	6:10
6	Mar. 02	Cisterna-Velletri, Italy	5:25
Sortie 7	Mar. 03	Viterbo Landing Area, Italy (Bad Weather)	5:45
Sortie 8	Mar. 04	Breslav, Czechoslovakia (Bad Weather)	
9	Mar. 07	Viterbo Landing Area (Italy)	5:35
Sortie 10	Mar. 08	Genoa, Italy	5:40
11	Mar. 11	Pontassieve RR Bridge, Italy	5:20
12	Mar. 15	Cassino, Town, Italy	3:15
Sortie 13	Mar. 15	Aquino, Italy (Bad Weather)	5:25
14	Mar. 17	Badvoslav, Austria	5:35
15	Mar. 18	Maniago, Italy	5:50
16	Mar. 19	(Wounded) Klagenfurt, Austria (Alternate)	5:50
17	Mar. 22	Rimini / Bologna, Italy (Alternate)	5:55
Sortie 18	Mar. 23	Steyr, Austria	7:05
19	Mar. 24	Rimini, Italy	5:50
20	Mar. 26	Maniago, Italy (Alternate)	6:20
21	Mar. 28	Verona, Italy	5:50
22	Mar. 29	Milan Lambrate-Serriate, Italy	6:10
23	Mar. 30	Sofia, Bulgaria (Industrial Area)	6:40
24	Apr. 02	Steyr, Austria	6:55
25	Apr. 03	Budapest, Hungary (Wounded/P.O.W.)	

Note: Sorties represent going over enemy territory encountered flak and fighters, but not releasing bombs on the target.

Credited Missions

By Date and Description

February 17, 1944:

2nd mission by group; the target: Germany Army Headquarters at Grottaferrata, Italy, 40 bombers dropped 96.5 tons of GP bombs.

Intelligence reports stated that the mission was highly successful. Flak was heavy, moderate and accurate. Three enemy aircraft encountered; 1 destroyed, 3 probable, 2 damaged. We lost 2 aircraft. Combat flight

time 5:00 hours. First mission for me and on my birthday.

February 22, 1944:

3rd mission; 28 bombers dropped 69.75 ton of GP bombs on German installations in Sibenik Harbor, Yugoslavia. The primary target had been Brod, Yugoslavia, the alternate was struck due to the thick under cast. Flax was ineffective, no enemy aircraft were encountered and we lost no planes or crews. The success of the mission was reported as fair by the returning crews, later assessment by wing headquarter said "alternate target hit, complete destruction of target believed to be accomplished." Combat flight time 7.10 hours.

March 2, 1944:

6th mission; the target: Velletri, Italy. 32 aircraft dropped 31.98 tons of fragmentation bombs on the road between Cisterna and Velletri in support of the Allied forces at Anzio, Beachhead. Very little flax was reported and no enemy aircraft were encountered. Combat flight time was 5:25 hours. The group lost one aircraft.

March 7, 1944:

9th mission; the target: Viterbo Landing Area #2, 32 aircraft dropped 80 tons of fragmentation bombs. The flax was heavy, scattered and accurate. Intelligence reports indicated that the target area was well hit. The bombers were escorted by P-47 fighters. All planes returned safely. Combat flight time was 5:35 hours.

March 11, 1944:

11th mission; the target: Pontassieve, Italy. Railroad bridge. The bridge was the primary target, which was located near Florence. None of the first element bombed the primary target because of frosting up of the bombsight. The second element had the same problem and the deputy

lead took over in time to bomb the target. On the return trip, the first element dropped their bombs in Iesi, Italy Airdrome, a target of opportunity. 29 aircraft dropped a total of 72.5 tons of general purpose bombs with only fair results. The formation was escorted by P-38 fighters. No enemy fighters were encountered and only slight, inaccurate flax was encountered. There were no casualties. Combat flight time was 5:20 hours.

March 15, 1944:

12th mission; the target: the town of Cassino, Italy. In an effect to blast a path to Cassino for the ground troupes, the Monte Cassino Abbey was being used as an observation point for German artillery. 26 bombers dropped 103.5 tons of general purpose bombs on Cassino and the surrounding area. A number of bombs were scattered on the outskirts of Cenefro. The bombers were escorted by P-38 fighters. No enemy fighters were encountered and flax was slight and inaccurate. There were no losses. Combat flight time was 3:15 hours.

March 17, 1944:

14th mission; the target: Vienna, Austria. The target was completely obscured by overcast. The group released bombs on Bad Voslau, Austria. 32 bombers dropped 59,55 tons of high explosive general purpose bombs. Intense, heavy, and accurate flax was encountered. The bombers were escorted by 30 P-38's. All planes returned safely. Combat flight time was 5:35 hours.

March 18, 1944:

15th mission; the target: Maniago, Italy. 30 bombers dropped. 34 tons of fragmentation bombs with good results. The flax was moderate, scattered, and inaccurate. No enemy aircraft were encountered. All planes returned safely. Combat flight time was 5:50 hours.

March 19, 1944:

16th mission; the target: Steyr, Austria. Unable to bomb Steyr, Klagenfurt, Austria. An alternate target was bombed. 30 bombers dropped 72.5 tons of general purpose and incendiary bombs on the target with fair results. 24 enemy aircraft were encountered, some fired rockets, 6 destroyed with the loss of 1 bomber. I saw the plane take a direct hit, 3 of my best friends were killed. A short time later, I was blown out of the nose turret and wounded by flax. Combat flight time was 5:50 hours.

March 22, 1944:

17th mission; the target: Marshalling Yards, at Rimini and Bologna, Italy. 26 bombers dropped 67.5 tons of general purpose bombs. Rimini, the primary target was overcast, but intelligence summaries indicate that scattered bombs hit the target. The secondary target, Bologna, was hit solidly. The flax was intense and accurate over Bologna and slight, light, and inaccurater over Rimini. Enemy aircraft were seen but an escort of P-38's and P-47's kept them at a distance. All planes returned safely. Combat flight time was 5:55 hours.

March 24, 1944:

19th mission; the target to return to Rimini Marshalling Yards, Italy, as a primary target. 29 bombers dropped a total of 69.25 tons of general purpose bombs on th target. There was no evidence of enemy opposition other than scattered bursts of flax. The bombers were unescorted. Photographs indicated that the target was hit squarely, tying up railway facilities and destroying part of the town. All planes returned safely. Combat flight time was 5:50 hours.

March 26, 1944:

20th mission; the target: Styer, Austria. Upon reaching the alps, the formation ran into an impenetrable front so they turned to the south and

headed for Maniago, Italy Airdrome and Aircraft Dispersal Area, an alternate. 27 bombers dropped 67.25 tons of incendiary bombs on the target area. Flax was slight and inaccurate although enemy aircraft of all types were seen and 6 ME-109's attacked. Singly shot down 1 ME-109 with the pilot bailing out. All planes returned safely. Combat flight time was 6:20 hours.

March 28, 1944:

21st mission; target: Verona Marshalling Yards, Italy. 23 bombers dropped 54 tons of general purpose bombs. Enemy aircraft were seen at the initial point and at the target area. There was no enemy contact or bombers lost. The flax was heavy, intense, and accurate. The railroad tracks and adjacent buildings were hit squarely according to interrogation reports, however, smoke made observation difficult. Combat flight time was 5:50 hours.

March 29, 1944:

22nd mission; the target: Milan-Lambrate-Serriate, Italy, Marshalling Yards. 34 bombers dropped 84.25 tons of general purpose bombs, with no enemy aircraft opposition or loss of aircraft. The flax was considered moderate. The mission results were reported as the main area of target thoroughly covered and explosions in the yard indicating that some cars may have been carrying ammunitions. Factories northwest of Marshalling Yards were seen blowing up. Combat flight time was 6:10 hours.

March 30, 1944:

23rd mission; target: Sofia Industrial Area, Bulgaria. 5 bombers dropped 10.25 tons of general purpose bombs on the industrial area with fair results. The flax was heavy, moderate, and accurate. No fighters were encountered nor were any bombers lost. Flew with squadron commander group; went into clouds; only 5 bombers came out of clouds; balance of

bombers turned off and returned to base; attached ourselves to a B17 group going over target. Combat flight time was 6:40 hours.

April 2, 1944:

24th mission; the target: An Engine Plant at Steyr, Austria. 25 bombers dropped 62 ton of general purpose and incendiary bombs. The mission was reported as highly successful. Flak was heavy, intense, and accurate. 104 enemy aircraft were reported as encountered, 10 were destroyed, 9 were probable and 7 were damaged. 1 ME109 was shot down with the plane blowing up. Our loss was 1 bomber; released 500 pound bomb hung up on the rack while under ME109 attack. Combat flight time was 6:55 hours.

April 4, 1944:

25th mission; target: Budapest, Hungary. Hit by flak; only 2 small bursts; fell out of formation and 6 crewmembers bailed out over Mostar, Yugoslavia and taken prisoner. Wounded after hitting tree.

ROUTE TAKEN AS A PRISONER OF WAR

Base	Cheranola, Italy
Shot Down	over Mostar, Yugoslavia
Train To	Belgrade, Yugoslavia (Interrogation)
Train To	Zagreb, Yugoslavia
Train To	Vienna, Austria
Train To	Breslaw, Germany
Train To	Sagan, Germany (Stalag Luft 3)
Walk and Train to	Mooseberg, Germany (Stalag 7A)
Plane To	LeHavre, France (Camp Lucky Strike)
Ship To	Southampton, England
Ship To	New York, New York

DECORATIONS AWARDED

September 8, 1942 - September 26, 1945

Silver Star

Distinguished Flying Cross

Air Metal with Three Oak Leaf Clusters

Purple Heart with Two Oak Leaf Clusters

Presidential Citation with One Oak Leaf Cluster

Good Conduct

ETO with Twelve Battle Stars

Asiatic Theater

American Theater

Victory

German Occupation

Prisoner of War

Submachine Gun Expert

Carbine Sharp Shooter

Pistol Marksman

Armour Loading Metal

EPILOGUE

The relatively independent position of the Luftwaffe camps in the German prisoner of war system, the decision to abide by the letter if not the spirit of the Geneva Convention (at least in regard to captured fliers of officer rank from the west) and the professionalism and personal honor exhibited by most members of the German camp staff, all contributed to the prisoners' well-being in Stalag Luft 3. These factors, in themselves, however, were not the camp's life blood.

The vitality that was so evident throughout the camp resulted from the efforts of outside agencies and from the prisoners themselves. The prisoners' home governments make it abundantly clear that they were interested in the treatment accorded their soldiers and that they were willing to work reciprocally in determining how German soldiers held by the Allies would be treated. Furthermore, the home governments gave material aid and moral support to the prisoners in Stalag Luft 3. This was important because resources in camp were scarce and because the prisoners were thereby convinced of their inherent worth to the Allies and their governments had not forsaken them. Russian prisoners seldom, if ever, had this assurance, and one can only guess how adversely this must have affected their will to survive. Because the home governments exhibited a genuine interest in the prisoners' welfare, the protecting power was able to act more effectively on the prisoners' behalf. The Germans knew that the information gathered and sent out by the protecting power received close attention in the United States and the Commonwealth countries. The interest also greatly facilitated the work of the YMCA and the Red Cross; without the invaluable services of these two organizations, the prisoners in Stalag Luft 3 might indeed have fared little better than those in concentration camps. There is evidence that the German government would have provided the necessary food, educational, recreational, and religious items the prisoners needed to sustain themselves as healthy and productive human beings.

The prisoners possessed the means to help themselves and deserved credit for exhibiting the willingness and expending the effort to do so. As a group, they had a high degree of native intelligence and benefitted generally good mental and physical health. They could boast a variety of special abilities, many of which had been developed in college and through other professions. Capable leaders emerged and used the chain of

command to exercise effective control. The senior officers established workable policies that suited the prisoners' particular situations from the early days until the end of the war. The decision to pool their resources and share them undoubtedly eliminated much divisiveness, as did transforming escape from an individual enterprise into an operational mission. Good leadership and wise policies contributed in turn to the growing sense of community among the prisoners. That spirit, the basis of their society, accounts in large part for their success in transferring community functions from one compound to another without serious loss of continuity.

All of these factors help to explain the unique history of Stalag Luft 3. But what do they say about the camp overall? In theoretical terms, the evidence reveals the conditions in Stalag Luft 3 did not measure up to the standards set by the Geneva Convention of 1929. The men went hungry, lived in over-crowded quarters, lacked adequate sanitation facilities, had insufficient clothing and bedding, and suffered from barbed-wire psychosis and inadequate medical care. They lived in constant fear of what the Gestapo and the SS might do to them. They were shot at repeatedly inside their compounds and in some cases were murdered in cold blood.

At the same time, it must be remembered that World War II was a total war and the suffering inflicted upon all of its victims was correspondingly severe. Not even the Geneva Convention outlined all the obligations of the detaining power when the fighting was destined to continue until the bitter end. Furthermore, the occupants of Stalag Luft 3 were not always model prisoners. Their making escape an operational mission distinguished them from prisoners who saw it as an individual duty, and their espionage clearly took them beyond the law.

In the final analysis, what occurred in Stalag Luft 3 says more about the estate of confusion in prisoner of war affairs in modern times than it does about either the Germans or the prisoners. Both parties acted as they did because of forces so complex and changeable that they defy man's best efforts to define and control them. The prisoners were exposed to virtually every hardship and danger that prisoners of war have ever encountered. And the Germans faced the same problems that detaining powers have always faced. The experiences of those who have become prisoners since World War II

indicates that mankind has made little progress toward agreeing on the prisoners' status and the detaining powers' obligations.

MEMORIES...

SAY, FELLAS, I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE "BREW" (COFFEE, THAT IS) WE MADE IN P.O.W. CAMP?

LET ME COUNT THE TIMES

IT STARTS OUT: "WE MADE OUR CUPS OUTTA TIN CANS



SEE, WE HAD TO MAKE OUR OWN CUPS FROM TIN CANS...



HEIL!

WE ATE WORMY SOUP...

AND SAWDUST BREAD

LISTEN, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THEM FLEAS!

ROLL CALL IN THE SNOW...



THEY SHAVED OUR HEADS, YOU KNOW

YESSER, BOYS, THAT WAS SOME EXPERIENCE, AND... UH...

WH... WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?

THERE WAS BOMBERS BY THE THOUSANDS!



ROY BUTLER

POW PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG ...

I am an American, I was a POW. I have served my country.

I need no one to tell me what allegiance I owe ... to my flag ... to my home.

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA ...

This is my country. I have fought for it. I have been imprisoned for it.

I have died for it ...

AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS ...

This flag stands for me, for love. My love for my family. My love for my friends. I did not forsake it when I was beaten, when I was starved, when I was killed ...

ONE NATION UNDER GOD, INDIVISIBLE ...

I am one man. I have one country. I worship one God.

Under God I was saved. Under God I have no fear ...

WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL ...

My allegiance is to Liberty, to Justice. My flag represents the best of myself, my effort, my home, my country. I will pledge allegiance to the flag. I will pledge under the love of God. It is my right. My privilege, my duty. I have earned it. Tell me not how! I have given you much. I am an ex-POW. Take nothing more from me.

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG ...

So here's to happy days ahead.

When you and I are free

To look back on this interlude

And call it history.

A HISTORY OF PRISONERS OF WAR FROM ANCIENT TIMES TO THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

Down through the ages, prisoners of war have had many fates, each reflecting the standards of the society that held them captive. These standards exhibit as many variations as civilization itself. There are, however, certain notable events or trends, the sources of recent policies around the world. It therefore, is appropriate to survey the history of prisoners of war in an effort to understand the basis for the beliefs and attitudes that exist in modern times.

Numerous factors determined the fate of prisoners of war from ancient times to the eve of the American Civil War, the first of the modern wars that brought a host of new problems for the POW.

The oldest branch of international law consisted of efforts to establish rules for the conduct of warfare. It should not surprise us that the treatment accorded prisoners of war was a major concern. It is surprising, however, that so much time elapsed before anything approaching modern ideas of that treatment appeared.

Some scholars believe that in the early years of recorded time the concept of prisoners of war was unknown. Among ancient peoples, they claim, a tribal mentality prevailed and dictated harsh treatment and almost certain death for anyone captured by the enemy. The usual explanation is that of George Friedrich Von Martens: "The ancient world had not grasped the fundamental notions of the law of nations. It had no regard for man as man. At least as early as Greek and Roman times; however, a form of international law had developed. By then, the ancients were by no means entirely indifferent to the moral obligations of justice and humanity between peoples; they were not, regardless of the elementary rights of the individual. Ancient peoples were able to sense, at times, some common bond other than tribal, political, or religious kinship. With the appearance of the Greek city-states, their common culture and shared language, the stage was set for living beyond a strict tribal mentality. Genuine cosmopolitanism emerged after Alexander the Great's conquests. He was the first to try unifying a large geographical area. After the unity attained by the Roman Empire greatly advanced. this trend in human affairs. The growing sense of oneness lead to efforts to restrain the evils of warfare. One

element discussed by philosophers was the proper disposition of prisoners of war. Whatever philosophers' expectations, the plight of prisoners of war during ancient times was, by any standard, desperate. It was universally conceded that the captor held full dominion over his captive and if the captive was spared anything, including his life, it was only through pure generosity on the part of the captor. Those fortunate enough to escape execution remained the property of their captor. They were frequently branded and used as slaves or were sold into slavery. The captor acted with no compunction whatsoever; indeed, his actions were very much in keeping with the law.

Prisoners could be disposed of in other ways. Sometimes they were released without any penalty - sometimes they had to pay ransom. Granting paroles and arranging for exchanges of prisoners was also known during ancient times. Sometimes, however, parole merely meant that a prisoner would be released upon his word that a ransom would be paid after his safe return to his homeland. It could also involve, as it frequently does today, certain freedoms in return for the prisoner's word that he will not use them to escape. The matter of exchanges is clearly enough described in the term itself.

Before concluding this discussion, we should note two features of Roman law that called for slightly different forms of treatment. The Romans thought of prisoners taken in war as the property of the conqueror. However, Roman rule encouraged preferential treatment under certain circumstances. Rome's interest in reconciling the conquered and winning their allegiance led to better treatment for many prisoners, especially those who surrendered voluntarily.

Furthermore, if prisoners were considered to be "civilized", they would usually be better treated than were "barbarians". The latter being thought to be sub-human. This distinction in treatment has manifested itself throughout the history of prisoners of war. By the dawn of the Christian Era, a few harbingers of the modern ways to treat prisoners surfaced. But little more than that can be said for ancient practices and attitudes. The unfortunate captive, viewed solely as private property, could be killed, sold into slavery, ransomed, paroled or exchanged, or given outright freedom by a generous captor. The last three: parole, exchange and unqualified freedom, were rare.

Little change occurred during the early Christian Era. Over the centuries, however,

Christian theology encouraged more humane treatment of prisoners of war. Also having an influence was the concept of warfare associated with knighthood, and the philosophies and laws that emerged during the enlightenment and age of reason.

Two contrasting features characterized Christian beliefs and practices regarding prisoners of war: the charity and love for members of the Christian brotherhood, and attachment to the holy war as derived from Jewish beliefs and customs. It is well known that involving religion can be the most inhumane of all. In antiquity, holy wars were the rule. They began at the gods' commands, progressed as omens directed, and ended successfully only with proper sacrifices to the gods. But until the covenant between God and the people of Israel, the religious overtones in war were secondary. After the covenant, however, Israeli wars became sacred.

Prisoners were frequently taken and were usually treated with relative kindness. Those who were slaves enjoyed better treatment than did their counterparts in other lands, and at times the captives were treated with great compassion.

The significance of this heritage for Christianity lies not so much in Jewish practice as it does in the tendency of later generations to find theological justification for barbaric conduct toward other Christians, and in some cases, toward fellow Christians whose beliefs were slightly different. This spirit was vividly exhibited in the Crusades and the notorious inquisitions in the Post-Reformation Europe. As late as the 17th Century, Christian leaders echoed Calvin and urged that religious war "be fought with fervor in the name of the Lord God of Host and the more holy the cause the less restrained would be the means. And since no consideration could be paid to humanity when the honor of God was at stake, the fate of war prisoners was not an enviable one.

Offsetting these attitudes in the Christian world was a more humanitarian instinct that mitigated the tendency toward harshness. Although few Christians have lived up to the dictum "Love thy Enemy", to the extent many feel they should, there is abundant evidence that Christian doctrine and practices improved both the status and the treatment of prisoners of war.

For example, early Christians were concerned over the prisoners taken by the heathens. When they realized that large numbers could be brought back into the Christian fold if

they paid ransom, they worked hard to raise the money. Saint Ambrose expressed the church viewpoint:

It is especially noble to redeem captives, particularly from the barbarous enemy who shows no humanity for mercy's sake, but only what avarice promotes him to accord in view of the ransom money. By the 17th Century, the ransoming of captives by the church was a well-established, time-honored practice of the corporal works of mercy."

A more significant development resulted from the adoption of Saint Augustine's post-war theory. In short, as necessity leads us to slay an enemy who shows fight ... so the vanquished or the captive is now entitled to mercy. The mercy was not remarkable by present day standards. It prohibited the killing of prisoners but still permitted their being sold into slavery or held for ransom. It did, however, support a principle that was becoming important in the budding field of international law that punishment meted out to prisoners of war must never exceed that which is absolutely necessary for the safety of the state.

Francisco de Vitoria was among the first writers who dealt systematically with international law and in the work he completed in the 1540's and 1550's, one can see his applying the principle that prisoners were not to be subjected to unnecessarily harsh treatment.

To evaluate any warlike act, Vitoria proposed that it would be illegal to do greater harm than attaining the war objective warrants, and to injure those innocent of taking active part in hostilities, except when there is no other way of carrying on the war. It followed then, that slaughtering captives was no longer appropriate since that act was not necessary to attain victory.

The fruition of the just war is clear. The next major improvement was the release without ransom of prisoners captured in the Thirty Years War. With notable exceptions, this can be designated as the point after which the practice of enslaving captives declined rapidly.

In 1748, Montesquieu, enunciated his belief that war gave no other right over prisoners that they be prevented from doing further harm by securing their persons since all nations had concurred that killing prisoners in cold blood was detestable. Furthermore, he declared that this position was in keeping with the general principle expressed in

international law that the various nations must do each other the greatest good during peace and the least possible harm during war without injuring their true interests. Rousseau declared in 1762 that he conceived of war as a struggle not of man against man, but rather between states in which individuals are enemies by accident and merely as soldiers. "No state could have anything but other states for enemies, not men. The aim of war being the destruction of the enemy state, the right to kill its soldiers exists so long as they are armed, but as soon as they surrender, ceasing to be instruments of the enemy, they become once again ordinary men." This realization, in my estimation, marks the greatest single development in the history of prisoners of war. Its significance lies not in the restriction on taking a prisoner's life,¹ but in the line of reasoning, which encouraged the adoption of entirely new attitudes and laws regarding the treatment of prisoners of war. The legislative assemblies in France, for example, said in 1792, that prisoners of war should no longer be considered the property of an individual captor, but would henceforth be given over to the care and protection of the nation.

Certain prisoners of war received humanitarian treatment since ancient times. It was not until the 18th century, however, that such care was sought for all prisoners, and even from that time until the present, humanitarianism has often been most conspicuous by its absence. Why did this development come so late and why have the appeals for humanitarian treatment so often gone unheeded? There are at least seven contributing factors: the persistence of doubt; disagreement over who qualifies as a prisoner of war; the absence, until recent, of a clear definition of what constitutes humane treatment for such prisoners; the difficulty of striking a proper balance between humanitarianism and military necessity; the decision of some societies to place themselves above the law, the absence of effective sanctions to be used against those who violate the laws of war; and the assignment of untrained unsympathetic personnel to prison camp duties. These philosophical and practical issues deserve a closer look.

Those who express skepticism about granting humanitarian care to the captured enemy during times of war do, at first glance, seem right. There is something inherently contradictory and hypocritical about the entire notion. The

concept is as difficult to grasp as the one that attempts to reconcile rules or laws and warfare itself. Law generally implies as orderly policy where human relationship and behavior are governed by inescapable rules. War, on the other hand, appears to denote the abandonment of the restraint of rules of behavior in international intercourse, by substituting in their place, reliance on brute force. No judicial consideration of rights and wrongs resolves the issues between warring nations. This is decided by might alone. What, therefore, has the law to do with war and war with law? The answer is that warfare has always been vicious and destructive and has become even more so with the invention of more and more powerful weapons. Man has, nevertheless, come to realize that there are definite advantages to placing some restraints upon the conduct of war. For example, honoring a white flag as a means of communicating the intention to surrender or negotiate is recognized as beneficial to all parties. These rules governing its use and sanctity are often violated did not diminish either its standing in law or the respect that combatants generally accord it. The credence given such matters of international law is enduring prosecutions for war crimes, for example, pre-dated the Nuremburg trials at least five centuries.

In a sense, the same may be said by way of justifying adherence to humanitarian principles of war. The possibility of reprisals against a nation's own soldiers held captive by the enemy is reason enough to provide adequate treatment for the prisoners under that nation's control. But the rationale extends beyond that. Most people agree that it is simply the proper thing to do since human beings are involved.

The question of who qualifies as a prisoner of war is complex. Jurists have struggled for years to ascertain the status of various combatants. Uniformed soldiers captured with their units generally pose no problem. But commandoes, guerrillas, insurrectionists, parachutists, land soldiers temporarily out of uniform can all be treated as rebels, spies, or saboteurs, rather than as prisoners of war.

Once a soldier has been classified as a prisoner of war,' he was, at least after the middle of the 18th century, entitled to humane treatment. Not until the 20th century did a document appear that outlined specific criteria. This occurred in 1929 when the Geneva Convention relative to the treatment of prisoners of war was successfully concluded. Until 1929, and to a certain extent afterward (some articles needed revision), officials

in charge of prisoners of war had to make their own judgment about what constituted humane treatment. Opinions varied widely. And then, as now, a balance had to be struck between humanitarian interests and military necessity. It is not always possible to remove prisoners from combat zones or provide sufficient rations. In times of serious crisis, civilian populations often suffer grievously. No captor can long allow his captives to live better than the major group of citizens do. Charges of coddling arise quickly when prisoners are seemingly being treated too well. When the general population is starving, "coddling" may mean sharing subsistence rations with the prisoners. In search for standards applicable in such circumstances, each case must be judged on the merits. For instance, as war draws to a close, those prisoners held by the losing side often face starvation along with the citizenry. Reason suggests that the detaining power has no right to continue its prosecution of the war when that condition exists. This position is one taken in international law today. The court at Nuremberg rejected the claim that wanton suffering could be imposed upon people facing the crises that always occur in the final phases of war. The decision read in pertinent part: It is an essence of war that one or the other side must lose and the experienced generals and statesmen knew this when they drafted rules and customs of land warfare. In short, these rules and customs of land warfare are designed specifically for all phases of war. They comprise the law for such emergency. To claim that they can be wantonly, and at the sole discretion of anyone belligerent, disregarded when he considers his own situation to be critical, means nothing more or less than to abrogate the laws and customs of war entirely.

Questions of judgment and balance are involved here. When does humane treatment become synonymous with coddling, or conversely, at what point does a harsh situation forced upon everyone by military necessity render humane treatment impossible? The difficulty in answering helps explain why demands for humanitarian treatment occurred late and why they are not always recognized even today. Civilization had to be well advanced before these questions could be adequately addressed. And the absence prior to the 18th century of clear pronouncements, such as those by Montesquieu and Henri Rousseau (French philosopher and author), suggests that only in recent times has mankind achieved the required level of civilization. But to the extent that such

considerations have received short attention since the 18th century, one must question modern man's claims to be civilized.

In this connection, what is to be said for societies that overtly or covertly reject humanitarian principles? The cultural and historical milieu within which that decision was taken should be considered. Although most westerners find it difficult to accept ill-treatment of prisoners of war, Americans can comprehend the Asians conduct in World War II (they, in fact, have historically different ideas about prisoners of war) more easily than they can the actions of the Germans who had openly espoused Western standards as outlined in international law.

Germany's conduct is a clear example of a nation placing itself above the law. That usually occurs in the name of a cause more highly valued than the interests of humanity itself, or of certain segments of humanity. In this sense, Germany's actions are reminiscent of those associated with the Holy Wars. Holy Wars, whether inspired by devotion to God, state, or ideology, are no longer recognized in international law.

Nevertheless, few effective sanctions exist for use against those people who undertake holy wars or otherwise place themselves above the law.

It is, however, beyond the scope of this study to discuss the reasons why there are no sanctions for those who treat prisoners inhumanely. It is sufficient to point here that the search for effective sanctions against those who violate all the rules of war has been going on for centuries. We should, therefore, sympathize with those who failed to impose effective sanctions when prisoners of war received less than humane treatment.

Finally, let us consider the personnel assigned to prison camp duties. One observer has noted that "humane officers should be detailed for this duty -- men, who by nature, are kind and sympathetic to persons in unfortunate circumstances, yet officers who have the necessary firmness of will and strength of character to deal with prisoners of war who are unruly, disorderly, and who do not respond to kind treatment. There should be a special effort before the outbreak of war, and during the continuance of hostilities to determine the characteristics of officers for assignment to duty with prisoners of war. It appears that such care was seldom exercised. All too often, camp personnel were chosen because they were unfit for active combat due to wounds, old age, or other disabilities including pure and simple ineptitude. National policies calling for humane treatment have often been

rendered ineffective by administrators usually dictates that prisoners suffer while the unskilled jailers learn their jobs. And when the camp personnel are hostile and unsympathetic, approach their duties grudgingly because they dislike the job or they could not continue as fighting men, or are otherwise unsuited to the work, the prisoners can expect to derive little comfort from the best of laws.

Interestingly, the call for humanitarianism in the treatment of prisoners of war was made prior to the first great war in American history. Theoretically, the prisoners taken during the American Revolution and in every war thereafter, should have received humane treatment. And the number of times men did receive such treatment indicates that by the end of the eighteenth century, the appreciation of civilized standards had become quite sophisticated. When prisoners were badly treated, we have a right to ask why. The answer can probably be found among the seven factors discussed here.

As a word of caution, let me emphasize that the record seldom speaks solely for one side or the other. In real situations, even in hindsight, right or wrong are extremely difficult to determine. Prisoners of war often suffer when their interests must be weighed against military necessity. Allowing for the confusion and passion of war, we can readily understand the need for controlling our outrage.

The difficulty of distinguishing right and wrong clearly was demonstrated in the American Revolution. To the colonists, it was a war of independence; to the British, it was nothing less than rebellion. Americans would come to appreciate the implications of such distinctions when the Civil War raised similar questions.

The British position can be ascertained from a notation Captain Federick MacKenzie made in his journal in the autumn of 1775. "An exchange of prisoners is talked of. The measure may be right and polite; but it appears rather extraordinary that under the present circumstances we should treat with them as if on an equality -- Rebels taken in arms forfeit that lives by the laws of all countries." The British government itself adopted a policy of dealing with American prisoners as common malefactors and outlaws. Not until 1782 did an act of Parliament officially recognize Americans as prisoners of war rather than traitors.

The fruits of such policies are easy to imagine. American prisoners were treated very

harshly by the British. According to one report, American soldiers died in greater numbers aboard the infamous British prison ships than from being hit from British rifle fire.

These policies and actions contrasted sharply with the Continental Congress Council for humane treatment of British prisoners. On January 2, 1776, the Congress declared that being a prisoner of war involved "a restraint of honor only" and sought to apply humanitarian concepts to the treatment of prisoners. Since the British continued to mistreat the American prisoners, Washington lowered standards of treatment and British prisoners were similarly dealt with. At the same time, he appealed to the British to reconsider its position and at one point they protested.

The lessons in the Revolutionary War were not lost on Americans. In 1785, the United States and Prussia signed a treaty that was one of the earliest formal agreements on the treatment of prisoners of war concluded by nations not at war with each other. It also expressed all the new theories about their treatment. The parties pledged that prisoners of war would not be sent into distant, inclement countries and should not be confined in dungeons, prison ships, prisons, put in irons, bound, or otherwise restrained. It is generally conceded that this treaty furnished the precedent that formally specified the duty of the captor toward its prisoners, and, as such, was the forerunner for the multilateral conventions among nations relative to the treatment accorded prisoners of war. The treaty was re-enacted in 1799 and extended in 1828.

Surprisingly, it was the only effective agreement between the United States and Germany on the treatment of prisoners of war during World War I.

Historically, prisoners of war in the War of 1812 have received little attention. A highly respected author on the treatment of prisoners of war, William Flory, dismisses the entire matter. "Probably, prisoners of war during the war of 1812 were satisfactorily treated since the evidence to the contrary is extremely meager."

One major difference between the American Revolution and the War of 1812 affected prisoners of war. In the latter war, the British no longer considered most American soldiers as traitors and rebels. The same could not be said for those unfortunates whom Britain impressed or otherwise attempted to control under the guise of perpetual citizenship. However, their numbers were relatively small. More important, the War of

1812 represented one of the better eras in the history of prisoners of war. The United States and Great Britain generally accepted the prevailing philosophies and the laws governing prisoners. Stipulations in the Cartel of 1813 called for "prisoners to be subjects of humane treatment conformable to the usage and practice of the most civilized nations during war." But, such statements did not guaranty that prisoners' rights would be respected. There were instances of brutality and mistreatment and there were reprisals to force the British to forego holding their past subjects to perpetual citizenship. But, in general, the prisoners in the War of 1812 fared remarkably well because the views and practices of the United States and Great Britain were similar.

As the years went by, the United States could boast of consistently humane treatment policy toward prisoners of war. Although its good intentions had been largely frustrated during the American Revolution, its record in the War of 1812 was good. The same can be said for its conduct in the Mexican War.

Both sides were generally satisfied with the treatment afforded prisoners in the Mexican War. The Americans took many prisoners, but most were released on parole and permitted to return to their homes. The Mexicans treated the American prisoners well. É In -1847, the Commander of the American Home Squadron referred to their kind and liberal treatment. This philosophy governed American prisoner of war affairs in the rest of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The advent of a total war posed new problems. The future faced by prisoners seemed increasingly grim. At the same time, the realities of modern war gave impetus to a reform movement that succeeded in either eliminating or significantly reducing the impact of a few of the limiting factors and paved the way for civilians to work against the destructive forces of total war.

From the Civil War to Present On the eve of the American Civil War, the United States looked back with pride upon the humane theories and practices that had governed its conduct toward prisoners of war during the previous fifty years. Its record was later tarnished during the Civil and Indian Wars, but otherwise has been maintained down to the present. That achievement is remarkable in view of the significant changes in warfare since 1860, especially man's increasing capacity to engage 173 A History of Prisoners of War in total war. Unfortunately, enemy captors did not always adhere to policies as humane as those of the United States. There were primarily two reasons for this. First and

foremost, the consequences of total war were less strong and less immediately felt in America. Second, the previously mentioned seven factors could thus reign more freely in war zones.

Still, with the exception of the treatment accorded Americans in Asian wars, prisoners from the United States fared better than most. The United States apparently benefitted from the success of a civilian reform movement underway in the west in the mid-nineteenth century. It effectively mitigated many of the evils confronting prisoners of war in modern conflicts. These reforms bore little fruit in the east -- thus, the tragic suffering encountered in Asian conflicts.

The evil influences of total war on prisoners' lives were not entirely removed as became evident during the two world wars and even in the post-war era when limited warfare again seemed to be in vogue. In Korea and in the Viet Nam conflict, restraint was considered wise in the use of arms but not in the treatment of prisoners. Americans held captive in these two wars suffered all the abuses one would expect them to have encountered in a total war.

The American Civil War, one of the first modern wars, provides a convenient introduction to the fate of prisoners in modern times. During that conflict, prisoners fared poorly. There were two reasons for this tainted record: the uncertain status of southern captives and the totality of the war.

In 1861, the United States government found itself in a position similar to that of the British in 1775. Since it refused to admit the "right of succession," those who took up arms on behalf of the south were traitors or rebels. The terminology often applied to captives from the Confederacy reveals the attitudes of northerners: Southern soldiers were "insurgents" and "pirates." To the extent that this mentality prevailed, to that extent the opportunities for ameliorating the condition of prisoners of war remained remote. The south sought proper recognition for its captured soldiers and threatened reprisals against northern captives if southerners were imprisoned or executed as rebels and pirates. At first, these threats were ignored, but then the Confederacy came to hold increasingly large numbers of northern prisoners. In time, the north and the south concluded a series of arrangements for paroles and exchanges.

These gains were largely offset. However, when the Civil War soon evolved into a form of total war and, once again the clash between military expediency and full involvement on one hand and concern for prisoners' rights and humane treatment on the other came into focus. The results are generally well known. There were instances of mutual respect and consideration for the needs of enemy captives but the overall record is most unworthy of that previously established in the United States. Sensational stories about Andersonville, Libby and Belle Isle have frozen in the public mind vivid images of the horrors perpetrated by the south. Many complaints arose about the camps in the north also, and the evidence indicates that the Union permitted, and in some cases even fostered, poor treatment of southern prisoners.

William B. Hesseltine fully recognizes the unsanitary conditions and inadequate diet in the northern camps in 1861 - 1862. But that concludes that, in general, the food was "of good quality" and that "proper police of prisoners kept disease and death at a minimum." Hesseltine says that the same was true for the treatment of the prisoners held by the south during the early years of the war. But the rapid influx of prisoners, as well as inadequate resources, quickly led to overcrowding and widespread deprivation. He confirms the intolerable situation in Andersonville, but carefully outlines the contributing factors. One the least of these was the camp personnel's improper behavior. Prisoners were moved from camp to camp in an effort to find locations safe from northern armies. Hesseltine regards this movement as but another manifestation of the south's desperation near the end of the war, implying that the poor treatment during the moves was but one more consequence of the south's general collapse.

In time, the rumored mistreatment of prisoners was believed by both sides. Northerners especially came to feel that the "vindictive spirit" among Confederates was in stark contrast to the excellent treatment accorded prisoners in the north. Inevitably northerners demanded that the southerners held in northern prison camps be given similar treatment. Accordingly, rations were cut and further improvements in the northern camps were curtailed.

The acute shortage of supplies was a major factor in southern mistreatment of prisoners was only vaguely recognized by the north. It is not surprising to find that after the war "the psychosis which had been engendered in the minds of the people during the conflict"

led the nation to demand proper restitution from the responsible parties in the south. Numerous accusations were made, but only three of the men charged with atrocities against the prisoners were ever brought to trial and only two of them were ever convicted. Nevertheless, the political nature of the entire controversy and the literature that nurtured it contributed to the poisonous atmosphere that lingered long after the war ended. The psychosis Hesseltine describes is not uncommon in war. People often attribute their enemies actions to pure vindictiveness and reply in kind. Perhaps the environment of total war encountered during the Civil War caused the psychosis to become more widespread and vitriolic than would normally be the case. If so, the danger posed both then and now by this phenomenon can be added to the many new factors that adversely affect prisoners whenever total war occurs. A list of these factors would include, but not be limited to, the following: First, total war reaches deep into a nation's hinterland, so prisoners are often in combat zones long after their capture. Second, the massive destruction deprives the population of not only the comforts but the necessities of life. Prisoners interned in their midst can anticipate sharing those privations, which may become serious enough to cause such. Third, the hatred that often arises as a result of total war can readily be turned against the prisoners, easy targets for abuse. Fourth, as conditions deteriorate, or as the opposing forces commit more and more of their resources to the war, prisoners sometimes become a resource and are active combatants long after they have been disarmed. This situation may occur when the captor somehow endangers their lives or when prisoners harass and embarrass their captors for propaganda purposes even though such actions might lead to riots or otherwise endanger life and limb. More will be said about prisoners who, for one reason or another, continue as combatants. The difficulties they confront, though almost unfathomable are worthy of careful thought. Most of these evils affect the lives of prisoners in every form of warfare. But the intensity so increases during total war that prisoners caught up in such conflicts face an entirely new environment with problems unique to it.

The poor treatment and abuses suffered by prisoners during the Civil War then, were apparently harbingers. But many of the threatened dangers were ameliorated or staved off entirely by a movement to alleviate the plight of all victims of war. Headed by civilians, this movement rekindled public interest in the fate of prisoners of war and secured new

safeguards in their behalf. The civilians worked to codify laws, publish army field manuals, organize aid societies, and promote international agreements.

The explanation for that growing interest can be found in the history of civilian involvement in warfare. Prior to the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, the general populace had little to do with the actual fighting. The unpleasant realities of war were known primarily to mercenary and professional soldiers. Under these circumstances, the public was little interested in the conditions encountered by the fighting men. With few exceptions, only religious organizations, such as the Knights of Saint John or Jerusalem, the Knights of Saint George, and the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincente Paule, showed any serious concern for victims of war.

In the nineteenth century, however, civilians' aloofness was no longer possible. From the French Revolution onward, the general populace was enlisted in large national armies.

Furthermore, fighting was no longer restricted to the battlefields. Those who did not journey to the front encountered war on their doorstep. The American Civil War provided the first clear example when total war came to the south and no segment of the population remained unscathed. Civilians were increasingly reluctant to allow professional soldiers sole power for the conduct of warfare. As the distinctions between the homefront and the battlefield disappeared, concern for the victims of war was also transformed. Civilians mistrusted the military's seeming readiness to sacrifice everything in the name of military necessity. The survival instincts of man asserted themselves. At the very time when the realities of war seemed to demand complete submission to the dictates of war, spokesmen for humanitarian interests called for increased, rather than decreased, safeguards for every individual in society. One of the most significant achievements of the entire reform effort came during the Civil War itself. In 1863, Francis Lieber, a refugee from Germany and, at the time, professor of history and political economy at Columbia College in New York, drew up a set of instructions concerning prisoners of war for use by the Union Armies. His work was probably the first comprehensive codification of international law on this subject issued by a government.

Published as General orders No. 100 and entitled "Instructions for the Government of Armies in the Field," it was the forerunner of the present-day Army Field Manual 27-10,

The Law of Land Warfare, and served as the foundation statement for later international consequences that considered the plight of prisoners of war. Two of its articles are of particular relevance here.

Article 56 states: "A prisoner of war is subject to no punishment for being a public enemy nor is any revenge wreaked upon him by the international infliction of any suffering, or disgrace, or cruel imprisonment, want for food, by mutilation, death, or any other barbarity." And Article 79 says: "Whoever intentionally inflicts additional wounds or an enemy already disabled, or kills such an enemy, or who orders or encourages soldiers to do so, shall suffer death. If duly convicted, whether he belongs to the Army of the United States, or is an enemy captured after having committed his misdeed. These articles indicate that American policies still emphasized high standards of treatment. Although neither the north nor the south upheld them, the standards themselves were not lowered. Furthermore, introducing a clear statement of sanctions against violators was important. Applying the sanctions was, and still is, a problem since the victor often enforces the rules only against the vanquished.

Other efforts to improve conditions and establish safeguards for prisoners of war were under way at this time. The terrible suffering experienced by the victims of the Korean War, and Florence Nightingale's pioneering work in ministering to the soldiers' needs, sparked a wave of civilian action that, though earlier in time, nobly complimented the spirit of Lieber's work.

Building upon the momentum stirred by Nightingale's work, the Swiss government called a convention in 1864 to be held in Geneva for the express purpose of obtaining better protection through the provisions of an international agreement for those who cared for the sick and wounded in war zones. The Geneva Convention of 1864 for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Wounded and Sick of Armies in the field, or the Red Cross Convention of 1864, was adopted and won wide support. It also brought into existence the famous Red Cross (the Swiss flag with colors reversed) as an emblem signifying relief work in the field. National Red Cross societies were organized to provide equipment and workers who would take full advantage of the opportunities offered by the convention. And the international committee of the Red Cross, with headquarters in Geneva, was established as a clearing house for Red Cross activities

worldwide.

The United States sent delegates in 1864 but was preoccupied with the Civil War and did not immediately join the international effort. Civilians, however, did participate in relief work in an organized manner through the United States Sanitary Commission, which coordinated the efforts of many "Soldiers Aid Societies" that sprang up throughout the north.

Closely related to relief work, but still somewhat different in nature, is welfare. In the military context, relief is identified primarily with easing of physical pain and suffering. Welfare, on the other hand, encompasses the spiritual, social, recreational, educational, and religious needs to the able-bodied soldier. It is toward fulfilling these needs that the Young Mens Christian Association ("YMCA") has devoted itself since the mid-nineteenth century.

YMCA delegates were active in the United States during the Civil War, but they were concerned almost entirely with religious matters. In succeeding years, however, the YMCA came to be associated with all forms of welfare work among soldiers. Partly as a result of, and certainly in conjunction with these endeavors there were many efforts to enlarge upon, clarify, and codify the body of national and international law that pertained to prisoners of war. During the Spanish-American War, for example, the United States government asked the protecting powers to inspect prisoner of war camps. Although no substitute for effective sanctions, the moral and popular pressure brought to bear on those guilty of abusing or neglecting the prisoners were result. The designation "protecting Power" refers to a state which has accepted the responsibility of protecting the interests of another state in the territory of a land, with which, for some reason such as war, the second state does not maintain diplomatic relations. The concept of using a third national as a protecting power or intermediary dates back at least to the thirteenth century but appeared in its present form less than a century ago. During the Franco-Prussian War, all the belligerent were represented by protecting powers in the territory of the enemy. Since enemy consuls were expelled and stringent restrictions were imposed on enemy aliens, the protecting power seemed an appropriate instrument for executing such duties. It was a logical progression for the protecting power to inspect the camps where prisoners of war were confined and check on their food and how they were

treated. The protecting power played an increasingly important role as its involvement with prisoners of war became more clearly recognized and defined in international law. Meanwhile, a series of international meetings sought agreement on the rules of war. Also considered were questions about the care of prisoners of war. The first conference occurred in 1874 at Brussels, and the declaration, based largely on Lieber's work, called for improvements in the treatment of prisoners. The first Hague Conference, in 1899, adopted many of its provisions. The rest of its work dealt with establishing information bureaus, granting facilities to relief societies, and assisting with pay.

The need for revising the articles adopted in 1899 was evident by 1907 when the Second Hague Conference met. At that time, there were several changes. First, internment was distinguished from confinement, which was the more rigorous and was to be used sparingly and only as long as circumstances necessitated. Second, officers were exempted from work while prisoners of war. Third, since the 1899 provisions for information bureaus proved inadequate in the Russo-Japanese War, efforts were made in 1907 to improve their operation. And fourth, officer prisoners would receive full pay, the amount to be paid to the detaining power by their own government.

The provisions of the second Hague Conference influenced the treatment accorded prisoners of war in the years ahead, but only indirectly. The terms of the conference were considered binding only upon those who ratified them and only if ratified by all belligerent.

Since Montenegro and Serbia did not do so, during World War I, all signatories were released from their obligations. The document did stand, however, as a declaration of existing international law. Many nations, including the United States, adhered closely to its stipulations.

There were also bilateral agreements. The United States still considered its 1785 treaty with Prussia to be in force. The United States also secured a special agreement with Germany concerning the treatment of prisoners of war, but the Armistice occurred before it could be ratified.

None of these measures successfully offset the erosion of human rights that occurred during World War I. An estimated 6,000,000 soldiers were captured. It was all but impossible to provide adequate shelter and transportation for them. Equally important

was the economic blockade against the Central Powers and the unrestricted submarine warfare against Great Britain and all its allies lowered all participants' standard of living. The approximate 2,600 American soldiers captured by Germany during World War I were treated rather well. At first they were scattered throughout Germany. Upon the suggestion of Conrad Hoffman, a YMCA representative who inspected the various camps, the Americans were gathered into one location. Unfortunately, the Germans assigned them to tuchel, a camp in East Prussian that consisted of dugouts and root cellars. As a result of persistent efforts by the American Secretary of the YMCA, the prisoners were transferred in August 1918 to Rastatt.

This camp has been a showplace and the facilities were much more satisfactory. A great deal was done to make life more comfortable at Rastatt. Through cooperation with Berne and Copenhagen, a complete line of athletic equipment was provided, as well as a piano and musical instruments, thereby allowing a band to be organized. Books were sent through the Swiss office and a camp newspaper was started. Regularly, on Sunday mornings church services were held with an attendance of 500 men at times. The appearance and spirit of the camp on subsequent visits differed radically from the early melancholy days. There were baseball games, football matches, band practice, chess tournaments, checks and dominoes, reading and studying going forward simultaneously to make a kaleidoscopic pattern of activity. Such conditions were the exceptions rather than the rule. Carl Dennett states that the American prisoners in Germany received preferential treatment for at least three reasons. First, the Germans held them only briefly (the United States entered the war late), thereby lessening the discomforts that occurred during lengthy periods of imprisonment. Second, the number of German prisoners held by the United States always exceeded the total number of Americans in German hands. Furthermore, the United States saw to it that they were fed and cared for. The Germans were thus obliged to reciprocate and provide good care to their American prisoners. Third, the Germans respected the Americans. As Dennett observed, when the prisoners' state of origin neglected them, the Germans seemed to feel safe in indulging in brutality and harshness. But, if the prisoners were cared for by their Own government, the German government and prison authorities respected them and treated them well.

By the 1920's, most observers agreed that the existing protections in international law and custom were still insufficient to ensure the well-being of prisoners of war. The Red Cross and the YMCA had done a creditable job of ministering to their needs. And the prisoners fared better than if the reform efforts had been undertaken. But the toll exacted by the total war was still too high. Further safeguards were needed.

At the tenth annual conference of the International Red Cross of 1921, work began on a new code. The result was the Geneva Convention of 1929 relative to the treatment of prisoners of war. Their work was the basic document governing conduct toward and by prisoners of war in World War II. With its appearance, a seemingly comprehensive definition of humane care came into existence. Ninety-seven articles outlined the duties and responsibilities of everyone concerned from capture through repatriation. Despite its apparent thoroughness and the care with which it was written, the Geneva Convention of 1929 provided inadequate in World War II.

All the factors that eroded the prisoners rights and contributed to their misery in World War I were present in World War II, though on a much larger and more serious scale than ever before. First, the 1929 agreement did not accommodate the full spectrum of views. Neither Russia nor Japan agreed with or ratified the convention. And, despite Japan's stated intentions to abide by its spirit, gross violations were predictable since Japan did not recognize surrender as a viable solution for soldiers. Second, the Geneva Convention could not provide adequate protection against the machinations of totalitarian states engaged in ideological strife. A definition of humane treatment meant little when the Germans felt justified in adopting one standard for prisoners from the east and another for those from the west. And third, the extensive use of airpower in World War II took the war into the hinterland of almost every nation in unprecedented fashion.

The dangers and difficulties that prisoners of war encountered in World War II suggested the need for revising the rules. Another convention met in Geneva in 1949 and sought once again, as had the 1929 Convention, to go beyond a mere statement of principles. The second Hague Convention (1907) produced 17 articles on the treatment of prisoners of war, and the 1929 convention listed 97. But the 1949 Convention included 143 articles. Its purpose was to impose upon the signatories detailed, specific objectives in terms of care and safeguards. It is no exaggeration to say that prisoners of war in present

or future conflicts covered by a veritable humanitarian and administrative statute which not only protects them from the dangers of war, but also insures that the conditions in which they are interned are as satisfactory as possible.

Little comfort, however, could be gained from his words for some felt that prisoners of war had been so favored long before 1949. As early as 1911, J.M. Spaight charged: "Today, the prisoner of war, as spoiled darling, is treated with solicitude for his wants and feelings which borders on sentimentalism. Prisoner of war captivity is usually a halcyon time, a pleasant experience to be nursed fondly in the memory. A kind of inexpensive rest .cure after the wearisome turmoil of fighting." History proved Spaight's sarcastic optimism to be ill-founded.

There is much truth to the observation that "the way to international hell seems paved with good conventions."

Despite the notable work of those who strove to secure prisoners rights and interests through international agreements, there has been no real progress in enforcing these laws and customs. In the absence of adequate sanctions, disagreement continues over who qualifies as a prisoner of war and some nations choose to place themselves above the law. This situation is to be especially regretted since organizations such as the international branches of the YMCA and Red Cross have less and less influence. Many countries do not allow either group to operate within their boundaries. The latter development also stems in part from national jealousy, but no less important is the lack of suitable candidates. The large number of belligerent in World War II left no strong neutrals from which to select protecting powers. Both then and now, even 187 A History of Prisoners of War if the few uncommitted powers are offended by violations of the rules of war, the public outcry would be relatively slight.

All of these factors suggest that the prisoner of war could anticipate as many or more difficulties in the past World War II era than ever before. The American experience in Korea and Viet Nam confirmed these suspicions. Though the inhumane treatment accorded American prisoners is vividly remembered and needs no further elaboration here, several observations seem appropriate.

First, the world still is capable of expressing outrage whenever prisoners of war are

abused and mistreated, but certain closed societies can engage in brutal tactics over extended periods of time without much risk of detection. Maintaining such secrecy inevitably means that the prisoners are deprived of the benefits available to them through the Red Cross and the YMCA and the protecting power.

Second, even after evidence proves that prisoners are being treated badly, there is still no adequate way to secure relief for them. Third, the evils of total war persist even when conflicts are limited. In the past quarter century, two notable examples are the revival of the holy war in pursuit of ideological ends and change from prisoner of war to prisoner of war.

Between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, it became generally accepted in international law and custom that a soldier posed a danger only so long as he was an integral part of his nation's armed forces. As an active combatant, he was subject to all perils associated with warfare. Once he was taken captive and disarmed, however, his status changed and he immediately regained those protections and rights that he forfeited when he took up arms. The conquering nation felt safe in taking minimal safeguards against the relatively passive prisoner.

Thus, the captor could treat prisoners humanely and with consideration. Although this status did not guaranty good care, it did justify the demands or humane care levied against the captor.

The same cannot be said for a captive who is assigned the status of prisoner of war. He does not relinquish his role as a fighting man because he has been disarmed. But his own government requires that he do more than merely try to escape or force his captor to withdraw many men from the front lines for guard duty. Unarmed, he must be as violent as he would be if he still had weapons. The Chinese prepared the soldiers for such a role. The results in the Korean War can only be viewed, according to western standards, as regression in the dismal history of prisoners of war. Chinese prisoners formed well-disciplined military organizations with their camps and frequently used them to inflict corporal punishment and death upon fellow prisoners and to stage riots for propaganda purposes. The response forced upon the detaining power is seen as a tragedy by those who have sought to alleviate the prisoners' plight. The prisoner is no longer a relatively passive human in need of care and protection until the end of war; he is, in effect, still an

active combatant of the most vicious sort and must be treated as such. The small ratio of guards to prisoners dictates that whenever prisoners act in a threatening manner, either individually or en masse, unarmed though they may be, arms will be used against them. That often is the most visible response the detaining power frequently has other countermeasures. Once initiated, this regressiveness can only lead to partial or complete abandonment of the Geneva conventions.

Some see the United States Military Code of Conduct as an example of the trend initiated by the Chinese in the Korean War. Disturbed American soldiers betrayed their country and fellow servicemen in that war; the United States adopted a code that requires a captive to conduct himself at all times not just as a soldier but, in stronger terms, as a fighting man. This requirement does not, however, make American captives prisoners of war. For, their training stresses that the duty to remain a fighting man does not justify resorting to violence, except of course, in self-defense.

It is clear then, that the ideological nature of the conflicts that have dominated recent warfare have led to a significant change in the status of certain prisoners of war. The tendency to fight fire with fire is strong in this instance. Innocent prisoners are caught in a form of struggle in which they are sometimes expected to use their lives and limbs as weapons. To encourage such barbaric sacrifices in the name of warfare is to ignore the hard won heritage of civilization itself.

Still, there is something to be gained by scrutinizing the experiences of these men. Just because man has not yet come to terms with all of the implications of wartime captivity is no reason to despair. Studying what happened to them is of value if it does no more than remind us that prisoners of war cannot yet count on receiving humane treatment or an early parole to prevent wasting valuable years.