



VOL. XXXXI

POST OFLAG 64 ITEM

JULY 1996

In case you might have missed the REUNION NEWS in the April ITEM, it is being held on September 25-29 in Des Moines, Iowa, at the beautiful Holiday Inn, West Des Moines, University Park. This is easily accessible from I-80, I-35 and I-235, for those who plan to drive. For the members who plan to fly, the hotel is ten miles from Des Moines International Airport. Guests may take advantage of courtesy transportation to or from the airport. Now is a good time to make your reservations and, if you plan to join the Tour of Bridges of Madison County and John Wayne Museum, include the extra \$15 per person fee along with your \$110 amount per person for your registration. Look for additional information at the end of this ITEM. There are still many tales to be told, and we look forward to seeing all of you over there with Bob Eckman and Verris Hubbell.

WYOMISSING, PA: MORE GOOD NEWS! We just received a wonderful telephone call from JOHN SLACK, and he has made his reservations for the reunion and plans to be with you in Des Moines. Late in March we found the cheery news in our mail box from John, "WOW!! Over 70 cards have been received and still counting! What an array! From A to Z, a sight to behold. I wish I could thank each one of you in person." And now he will be able to do just that. John adds, "I want to

thank each and everyone of you from the bottom of my heart for remembering me. It meant a lot. This is my thank you message to all my Kriegie friends." He says he is feeling a lot better, but still enjoys hearing from anyone who cares to contact him. His new address and telephone:

1803 Tultehocken  
Wyomissing, PA 19610  
610/374-8224

JOHN SLACK.

WEST END, NC: We still are getting a great response to the Postage Fund. All members who have sent in donations should know what a great feeling it is that we can pay our bills on time. Our deep appreciation is sent to all contributors for their generosity and interest in the publication of our OFLAG 64 ITEM. This is our personal internet without any chips, buttons or wires, and is the way we keep in touch and make new connections. Thanks to all of you for keeping up the good work.  
ROBERT LEVIN

VIDALIA, GA: Bill, it seems bygone reunions just keep on going. The cleansing of your files from the Atlanta reunion brings us interesting information such as the letter from James McKay harkening back to "Them Days of Walking and Hunger," telling of his capture 19 June 1944 before his outfit (2nd Infantry Division) reached St. Lo. Jim had training to write in code so was

involved in getting information out of Schubin to American Intelligence. On the march back to Germany he and 18 others got caught by one of our B-17s outside of Nuremburg. Jim was seriously wounded and was hospitalized for over a year. He wrote that he was retired as Captain, and the VA has kept him in perfect health with some "false teeth, hearing aid, and glasses so he can enjoy motorcycling with his family."

Another shared letter was from Reverend Dr. E. Jerome Alexis who was a 19-year old enlisted man who arrived at Schubin 29 December 1944 on the last arriving train. This group had just vacated their barracks at Limburg and were on a siding in the camp when their barracks was hit by a British bomb. He was assigned to be Col. Goode's Orderly, so accompanied him on the march and probably was privy to meetings of Col. Goode's staff and also meetings with Col. Schneider. Bill, your praise of Jerry's enthusiasm for WW-II history is well stated. His letter and the History of the Casemate Museum paper will travel to Des Moines to be shared this September.

Also, the Notes on Task Force Baum, which you've included with your letter, will travel to Des Moines. The Major Baum comments were made right after he was liberated at Hammelburg hospital to a division historian, and were secured from Carlisle Barracks.  
BILL WARTHEN

ALEXANDRIA, VA: Jerry and Jenny, our thanks go to you for your check and note to the P.F. This spring we made a quick trip to the D.C. area where we have two

daughters, one in Fairfax and the other over in Brookeville, MD. Next time we travel over there, I promise to call you and visit a bit.

Like you, we too hope that you can attend the reunion. This one in late September in Des Moines will be well worth the trip, and we all would enjoy seeing you there. There are plans to visit the Bridges of Madison County and John Wayne's home and museum. Best wishes  
JERRY MOHER

LAS VEGAS, NV: Alan and Lilo, thank you for your check for the P.F., but more important your nice letter and its coverage of your recent operation, Lilo. We sincerely hope your recovery has been speedy. It sounds like you were fortunate to have had your surgery when you did. Alan, hope the rhythm of your new pacemaker checked out just right and it's ticking as it should.

It is too bad that the reunion date is conflicting with your family plans, perhaps by now you have been able to rearrange your schedules to make it over to Des Moines after all. There was a conflict with the hotel scheduling that brought about the change of date.

Your kind offer of assistance to any of the OFLAG 64 Kriegies who may be having problems with the VA, as Bill Korber did, would be appreciated. You've suggested that they write to you and you will try to help. You mentioned that you worked at the VA for over 35 years most of which was in Adjudication, and the last few years as the Assistant Director of the VA office in Los Angeles, retiring in

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND USE: Postage Fund checks should be sent to one of the Secretary-Treasurers. Letters with news or general information to the Secretary-Treasurer or the Guest Editors.

February 1980, and you still have many friends at the VA in Washington D.C.

We send our best wishes that you'll both stay well now, and maybe even be able to meet with us in Des Moines.

ALAN DUNBAR

ARLINGTON, OH: Tuck and Dody, we thank you for your kind comments and contribution to the P.F., as well as the book order. It was appropriate of you to ask about how to order "An Oral History - John K. Waters, Gen. USA, Ret," as the head of the U.S. Army Military Institute at Carlisle Barracks, PA, Col. Stephen L. Bowman, does not print and sell their works. Any orders are to be placed for this publication through Carl P. Christensen:

9 Pine Ridge Drive  
Whispering Pines, NC 28327

It is good to inform all members who are interested to order this publication from Carl. Hope by now you are settled back into your place there in Columbus. Best wishes.

J. TUCK BROWN

CLEVELAND, GA: Horace, thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending us a change of address. It isn't always easy to remember all the necessary changes one has to make when moving to a new residence. But for us to maintain an up-to-date mailing list, we need to be informed. Good luck on your move, and thanks again for remembering us along with all the others you had to consider.

J. HORACE WOOD

KANNAPOLIS, NC: Tom, thank you for the P.F. check which came via Bob Levin, who manages our treasury very ably. We share a lot in common and are in almost daily telephone touch with each other. It is always good to hear from a fellow Tarheel. We'd like to visit with you this fall in Des Moines if you could make it. Hope all is going well for you. Best Wishes.

THOMAS H. WINGATE

LOUISVILLE, KY: Bill, thank you for your letter and the great news about your son and the "DO" at the Washington and Lee Alumni recently. For our readers, his

son is president and a trustee of the association at this time. There they held a mock national convention for the nomination of the president from the party not in the White House this year. It was so interesting to hear that of all the coverage it gained that it was a feature spot on C-Span. Congratulations on such a nice event which even included your four-year old granddaughter on the TV coverage.

WILLIAM R. CORY

SAN JOSE, CA: We thank you for your very interesting letter which follows: "...A minor correction is that I was with the 2nd Infantry Division, 38th Regiment. There was a Lloyd Brown in the 28th Division, I believe he may have commanded it, after Dutch Coda. I'm not sure of the details and, at this date, I guess it really doesn't make much difference.

I do remember Lynn Hunsaker, but have not seen him since the end of WW-II. After the war, I was in the old Letterman Hospital for some repair work and was surprised one day to be visited by Col. "Pop" Goode. He was the Post Commander at the Presidio and got my name and Ex-POW status some way. He died shortly after retiring. I also met General Johnnie K. Waters in Korea and had a short but interesting visit with him. He was certainly an outstanding Officer."

It is hoped that you might be able to attend the reunion in Des Moines to continue more of this kind of remembrances. Thanks, and Best Wishes.

LLOYD BROWN

ARLINGTON, TX: Vic, thank you so much for your contribution to the P.F., and your order for "An Oral History - John K. Waters. By now you have received the book, and trust it has brought you some fine reading.

Have you ever expanded your own story, told briefly in "Oflog 64 - The Fiftieth Anniversary Book"? How you and Len Warren ever managed 65 days in Italy on your own following your original capture in Tunisia 6 December 1942, would be interesting reading.

We look forward to meeting you hopefully this September over in Des Moines. Best Regards.

VINCENT C. (VIC) WHITE

SILVER SPRING, MD: Al and Ruth, our thanks go out to you for your contribution to the P.F. along with your interesting letter about Chaplain Eugene L. Daniel. A copy was forwarded to Mrs. Rose Daniel to add to her memories of one of our most esteemed chaplains. "In the April 1996 POST OFLAG 64 ITEM on Page 16 it was noted that Major Eugene L. Daniel died in December 1995. Chaplain Daniel was the 2d Bn, 168th Infantry, 34th Div. Chaplain at the time of his capture in February 1943. I was a 1st Lt. platoon leader in Co. F 2d Bn. Our unit had been cut off and encircled by German General Rommel's armored forces.

On or about February 15, 1943, Major Moore our Bn C.O. received orders to withdraw along a given azimuth at 0001 hrs. in conjunction with an attack by the U.S. 6th Armored Infantry. During withdrawal we came under German machine gun fire a short distance from our position. Between bursts of machine gun fire and by bounds, I made for the high ground. At daylight I came upon 2d Lt. Bob Oshlo and about 50 troops. We assembled and planned our line of withdrawal for the coming night. In the afternoon a German major came to vicinity of our position under a white flag. The German major wanted a 48 hr. truce to exchange wounded and prisoners. The Germans wished to exchange their U.S. prisoners, Lt. Secor and Chaplain Daniels for a German Artillery Major our Bn had wounded and captured.

Chaplain Daniel had stayed with our prisoners and wounded as required by the Geneva Convention and became a POW himself. He was an extraordinary Chaplain." Best wishes and regards.  
ALFRED H. MOSS  
Lt/Col U.S. Army (Ret)

VILLA PARK, IL: James, many thanks for your continued support of the ITEM's P.F. We look forward to hearing from you again concerning your month of schooling in Texas and most certainly about your planned trip to Germany and Poland. The closing of your note is heartwarming, "Until that time I shall always remain...a friend and

patriot to all Kriegies."  
JAMES J. IVERSON

PHOENIX, AZ: Lewis, it's always good to hear from you and we thank you for your kind remarks and check for the P.F. It is sincerely hoped you will be at the next reunion in Des Moines, as always. We will have an opportunity once more to study Bob Eckman's model of the camp to be on display in the Gold Star Museum.  
LEWIS W. LOWE

CENTREVILLE, VA: George, sorry we are so late in acknowledging your New Year's greetings and contribution to the P.F. Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness. Maybe we can all get caught up at the Des Moines reunion in September - hope so. With Best Regards.  
GEORGE JUSKALIAN

ESCONDIDO, CA: Mitch, your interest in Frank J. Diggs' book, "The Welcome Swede," and Oflag 64 is very encouraging. Since your WW-II background included a POW experience in Stalag Luft III (Sagan) and Stalag VII-A (Mooseburg), we all have a lot in common. With your order for five copies of "The Welcome Swede," we are now sold out, and we thank you so much.

The information you enclosed with your letter concerning the 301st Bomb Group and your experience as a photo journalist in addition to having flown combat missions with that group prepared you for your later work with the CIA. To explain to our readers, "My fifteen years with the CIA was with the National Photographic Interpretation Center in Washington D.C. My work was totally involved with the highest classifications...much of what I worked on during the first few years was recently declassified. The program was named 'CORONA' and was applied to the first United States Satellite Reconnaissance Program. If you watch the Discovery channel you may have seen a program about it called 'Spies Above.'"

Thank you so much for your questions about our organization and sharing your own experiences with us. Best wishes for your continued military interests.  
MITCHELL S. CWIEK

NORTHWOOD, IA: Charlie, thank you for your check to the P.F., and we are so grateful for your recent article printed here for all to share. It's done, as you said, when most everything becomes a chore these days and especially with such health problems as you've mentioned having, Parkinsons and Glaucoma. We thank you also for your kind words about the ITEM and adding how John Slack has done it for years. We all send our best wishes to John as you've done. Charlie's article follows:

#### WE REMEMBER IT WELL

A Prisoner of War Camp would probably be the last place on earth to look for humor, yet, we who have been there, know humor is part of life that finds some way to surpass and add to life's values. Each of us have at some time or other provided that speck of humor, intended or otherwise, that left a lifetime impression on others. Henry Haynes was a case in mind.

Henry joined our Regiment right after graduation from R.O.T.C. at "Ole Miss" in June, 1941. Henry was not a gung-ho militarist and when asked about why he joined the Infantry, he said, "Right after I graduated I got a letter from the War Department. I figured I knew what it was so I threw it in the wastebasket. A few days later I got another envelope marked 'Urgent.' I figured I knew what it was so I threw it in the wastebasket, too. In a couple of days I got another letter all bordered in red and marked 'URGENT--Open at Once.' It was my orders to report to Camp Clairborne, Louisiana." Now, Henry was no lover of the Military. He answered his initial questionnaire about "What was your last job before you entered the service"? by writing "Worked for Barnum & Bailey Circus." Next question: "Just what did you do"? Carried water for the elephants," wrote Henry--a typical expression of attitude!

Henry explained his capture this way. "I had a small detail of men pinned down by a German half-track whose commander asked if I would surrender. No, I'll not surrender," Henry said. The German said, "Why would you sacrifice your men? With one wave of my arm: my machine guns could wipe you all out. Will you surrender"? "No, I'll not surrender,"

Henry said. Upon which the half-track cut loose with a blanket of fire over Henry's detail. Henry stood up, addressed the German officer and said, "Sir I've seen your little demonstration and I am thoroughly convinced."

It was mid-winter in '45 and nothing much was happening in the past months. Jim Schoaf, our contraband radio reporter, made his nightly report which for the past two weeks or more had been of bombing a ball bearing plant at Schweinfurt. After the somber news and Jim Schoaf had retired to the next room, Henry, who was not a man to swear, broke the half-minute of silence with a bellowing blast, "Well, by Gawd, all I got to say is the Germans had better be hurtin' for ball bearin's."

And then there was the night we got the report of a political announcement in the States at some convention being addressed by Will Rogers, Jr., a Congressman from California at that time, whose speech, reported by Shoaf, that "In all wars there are three stages--the beginning, the middle and the end. We are now at the end of the beginning." A 20-second silence saturated Room 2, which was broken by an acid blast from Henry's end of the room as he reviewed what had just been reported. Henry called out in a clear bellow, "Now, by Gawd, that's what I call a profound statement." The only thing louder than Henry's review of the speech was the instant roar of laughter. The somber life in a POW Camp can be overcome if looked for. We, who were there, know it.

Thanks, Henry, for helping me a bit by providing a taste of spice to the ingredients of cold, hunger and hope. It was all over 50 years ago, but we remember it well.

P.S. Some bugler in Lumberton, Mississippi blew Henry's TAPS somewhere in the mid-1960s.

Thank you so much, Charlie, for passing this bit of humor along to us. Take care so more good stories can be sent our way. Your efforts are not wasted. Best Regards.  
CHARLES L. JONES

DAYTON, OH: Bob, through Jay Drake, you wrote that you've just learned about our organization of 50 years duration. Your political work as Assistant Majority Floor Leader in the Ohio House of Representatives has, no

doubt, kept you extremely busy and we are honored by your interest in our group.

As you become acquainted with us through our newsletters and hopefully through attending our Des Moines reunion you may, as most of us have, make many interesting friends. You might even find some answers to questions you've been carrying around in your mind over 50 years. So, this is a good way to explore the events of your personal wartime experiences.

A hearty welcome to you, Bob, and we look forward to hearing from you. Best Regards.  
ROBERT L. CORBIN

TULSA, OK: Bob, thank you for sharing a copy of your letter to Mr. Carlo W. D'Este concerning his book about Anzio. It is obvious you enjoyed his writing very much according to your remark to him: "I have read several books about the Anzio Beachhead, but as a friend remarked, as you begin to age, your memory begins to leave you so that you can read a book and finish it on Monday, then read it again beginning on Friday and it is all new to you."

Another part of his book that evoked memories for you: "You mentioned that General Harmon was an exceptional polo player for the Army between the wars. I had an older brother that was also an exceptional polo player for the Army between the wars. He graduated from West Point in 1929, and was killed at St. Lo, during the breakout from the Normandy beachhead. Another man that I knew that was an Army polo player between the wars was General John Waters (General Patton's son-in-law). He and my older brother, Paul, played polo at Ft. Riley Kansas. General Waters was a prisoner at Oflag 64 and at Hammelburg. He was one of our SAOs."

All your remarks to Mr. D'Este were very interesting, we appreciate hearing from you about this very much.  
Best Regards.  
ROBERT THOMPSON

PINEHURST, NC: A letter was received from Mr. Mack C. O'Quinn, Jr., who resides in Honolulu, Hawaii. He was requesting information regarding statements he was aware of that the Germans

at Oflag 64 refused to allow Doctors Harry Abrahams and Abraham Batalion to practice medicine because these two men were Jews. Although he adds that he has not seen these statements and was hoping to travel this summer to the National Archives to obtain photocopies of them.

His letter was referred to the three remaining medical officers in our midst: Dr. Vincent Di Francesco, Dr. Louis Salerno, and Dr. Louis Tankin. Their kind replies to Mr. O'Quinn do not reveal that the Germans refused American Jewish doctors the right to treat American POWs.

Dr. Di Francesco explained that he was a prisoner for 96 days and spent only two months of that time at Oflag 64. Dr. Salerno was captured earlier, and his reply follows concerning this matter:

I am sorry to report that I have no knowledge that the Germans refused R. (Lt.) Harry H. Abraham or Dr. Abraham Batalion, both Jewish American physicians captured during World War II, to practice medicine at Oflag 64, a German POW camp in Schubert, Poland.

I was in this Oflag with about 10 other captured physicians. Captain Abraham Batalion was one of them. We held sick call daily in the camp infirmary. One of the physicians, regardless of his background, took part in this duty. There were also two dentists on call. There was no German interference.

I was not at Oflag 64 for the entire duration of the war. On occasion I received orders from the commanding officer of Oflag 64 to report to some American enlisted men's POW camp to treat our G.I.'s. At one camp our POW's were ordered to work erecting a building that was to supply electricity for the German war effort. I approached the German commanding officer and informed him that this was contrary to the articles of the Geneva convention to do this and the practice should stop immediately. He threatened me with arrest. He did not arrest me for disobeying an order. He did, however, relieve me of my duty and ordered me to return to Oflag 64 in Poland.

After returning to Oflag 64 for a period of time, I was later assigned to a GI camp in Hammerstein, Germany. Living conditions were better there than the previous camp. The enlisted men were assigned to farming

chores. While there, I learned of an incident where an American soldier would not report to work because he wasn't given food enough for the heavy work the Germans ordered him to do. The German shot and killed him in the barracks for refusing to report to duty. I remained in this camp for many months. The tide of the war was turning very much in favor of the Allies. The Russians began to inflict heavy casualties on the Germans, who began retreating westward. In the confusion that followed I was separated from the POW enlisted men. The Germans transported me to a POW camp in Neu Brandenburg. The city was on a hilltop. I found in a building 50 amputees who were at one time treated by the Germans. I remained with these patients for several months. The Russians were closing in on this camp. One day three trucks came into camp from the Geneva Red Cross. There were two British and one American trucks. They brought food parcels, blankets, clothes and drug and medical supplies. This was a very welcome sight!

The trucks were to return to the American lines at the city of Ludwigshust.

The thought came to mind to place the 50 amputees into the trucks and escape to our lines. We managed bundles of excelsior which were laid out on the floors of the trucks. In the secret of the night the 50 amputees were loaded into the trucks and we returned to our lines. It was freedom at last for me after 26 months as a POW.

The amputees were placed in a field hospital. I was sent to a hospital for physical and medical examination. The Colonel ordered trucks to Neu Brandenburg to pick up the remaining soldiers. Our convoy met the Russian convoy half way during the trip and the POWs were transferred to our trucks and returned to freedom.

I've written you a long letter to give you a brief message. To my knowledge, the Germans did not refuse American Jewish doctors the right to treat American POWs.

Dr. Tankin was kind enough to send his article printed in the November 1995

Maryland Medical Journal which is filled with accounts of the aid and comfort the brave doctors were able to bestow upon all who needed them under such trying conditions and limited supplies. It is felt appropriate to share this with our members as well. This will follow on Page 8. We feel that these responses were reasonable and well written.

HERB GARRIS

ATHENS, GA: Boomer and Clementi, we thank you so much for the check for the P.F. It is really appreciated considering how busy you've been this past winter and spring with your great South American trip plus 26 speeches last year. We proudly report, as well, your award from The Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Georgia, the "George Washington Award for Patriotic Achievement." Congratulations! and well deserved.

We thank you also for sending on the news late in May about Harris O. Machus' recent fall resulting in a broken hip. We are sorry to hear this and hope he will receive a cheerful word this summer from our members as a result of your letting us know. He will appreciate encouraging thoughts at this time.

We look forward to hearing more about your trip when we all get together in Des Moines this September, hope to see you there.

Best Wishes.

H. RANDOLPH HOLDER

ROCK ISLAND, IL: Jock, many thanks for the nice note and to learn what good fortune for you to have gotten the chance to see and visit with Charlie Moore in Atlanta after 51 years. Charlie acknowledged being with you on the way to Odessa which is why you have sent him a copy of your 44-page memoir, as you have said to determine if it needed some editorializing. It is an ambitious project to sit down and recall events of that many years ago and put it in writing, but a rewarding pursuit nevertheless. When it is finalized, perhaps you will be able to share some of it with the ITEM at a later date.

Possibly in Des Moines you will be able to meet some more comrades from 50 years ago.

Best Wishes

JOHN SUTHERLAND

# MMJ

Maryland Medical Journal

ATLANTIC NOVEMBER 1995



**Maryland Physicians During  
World War II: A Portrait**



# PRISONER OF WAR

.....

*Louis H. Tankin, M.C.*

I was in the Reserve Officer Training Corps at Johns Hopkins. I had been a reserve officer in the 66th Light Tank Battalion, but because I had a medical degree, in 1941 I was ordered to resign my commission as a combat officer and accept one in the medical corps, which I did.

Just before the attack on Pearl Harbor, I received orders to report to the Station Hospital at Edgewood Arsenal on January 12, 1942. I remained there until August, when I was ordered to the Second Armored Division ("Hell on Wheels") at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to serve as an assistant battalion surgeon. I practiced amphibious landings in the Chesapeake Bay, then was shipped to North Africa in November 1942. We landed, as part of the task force commanded by Generals Harmon and Patton, at Fadala during the brief resistance put up by the Vichy French at Casablanca. Fighting was severe in Tunisia and we lost a large part of our force. With the defeat of the Axis army in North Africa, however, the Allies prepared for an invasion through Sicily and southern Italy. My battalion remained in Oran, Algeria, where I was promoted to battalion surgeon.

In early November, we embarked for England and landed in Scotland. Trains took us to Tidworth in southern England, where we were reunited with the 3rd battalion of our regiment on Thanksgiving. In England, we trained from December 1943, until the Normandy invasion on June 6, 1944.

The night of June 5, we saw the planes towing as many as three gliders each toward the channel. We knew this was it. We moved out the next day, but it took us another day to load our equipment on the LCT ships and the heavy weather held us up one more day. I was reassigned to small landing craft that bounced around in the channel for a day. I was lucky. The LCT I originally was to take struck a mine and most of the officers aboard were killed.

Our landing was easy, and we went into bivouac and reorganized. We were ready to move out on June 20 when about 4:00 a.m., our battalion headquarters and my aid station were hit by two 1-ton bombs. There were 15 killed and 45 wounded from my battalion. My left leg from the shirttail to the ankle was badly mashed by fallen earth and stones. Although no bones were broken, the leg was a massive hematoma. I was sent to a field evacuation hospital near the channel. Our division surgeon visited me and asked me to try to rejoin my battalion. I signed a waiver and was carried back to the battalion. My commanding officer took one look at my leg and ordered that I be taken to the 48th Medical Battalion of our division. I could not move my leg because the blood vessels were badly injured and all the muscles were damaged. After six weeks, I asked to be released to join my battalion. My mail had accumulated and I took it with me. It was unfortunate that I did not have time to go through it.

While my injured leg had been more or less healing, my battalion had been in close combat with the Germans and had driven them back with great losses. I evacuated wounded and dead as we began an advance on August 1.

On August 4, my battalion commander called me to headquarters and said, "We have three tanks hit up ahead, and there are wounded men. The enemy is counterattacking and the men are cut off. I want you to go in and get them. You have 15 minutes because I am calling for both artillery and air support to knock out those guns." I saluted and turned away, muttering to the sergeant major, "My next address is Stalag 12." A counterattacking enemy lets no one through, not even a doctor.

I returned to my detachment and explained the situation, including the probability of not coming back. The entire detachment volunteered. I picked two single men with no responsibilities. We drove about a mile down the road and saw a group of our tanks. We drove about another 50 yards

when Germans came out of ditches on both sides of the road. One was preparing to throw a grenade, but my driver pinned him with our jeep. Our own artillery shells started to fall and we were forced to run to the enemy rear. My driver, my aidman, two tank men (one wounded), and I were taken to German headquarter areas, along with my dispatch case, which contained, among other things, my mail. Our captors were the 17th Panzer Grenadiers.

In my dispatch case, an officer found a statement from the Associated Jewish Charities. He said, "You are a Jew?" When I answered, "Yes," he said, "No, Jews don't fight." Pointing to a tree, I said, "See the leaves? That is how many Jews are coming to fight you." He immediately ordered his men to take me to a barn, where they stood me against the wall

and aimed their rifles at me. Enraged, I shouted to my aid man and driver, "If they shoot me, let the unit know." The officer ordered his men to lower their guns.

The next morning we were put in a prison truck with a group of British soldiers. The trucks had white flags. Part of the convoy included tanks covered by large sheets of canvas painted white with red crosses. The first truck carried the German officer in command of the convoy and another group of American prisoners. I was in the second

truck next to an Air Force major who had been shot down. We were going through woods when American fighter planes flew over us. The major said the pilots were not fooled by the red crosses and would shoot as soon as we hit a clearing. Sure enough, as soon as we were in the open, the planes came back and strafed the first truck, then banked for another run. It started waving and shouting. The lead pilot had his cupola open, saw us, waved, and pulled up; the rest of the planes followed. He was so close I could see the gold rims of his sunglasses. I was then ordered out to examine the casualties. Some were severely wounded and two were dead.

Later, both British and American prisoners were taken to a Paris railroad yard where we were loaded into boxcars. The

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*During one of the train's stops, a German medical officer who spoke English came over to where I was trying to treat the wounded prisoners. He was more interested in military information than the condition of the men, and he said that with the German V-2, the war would soon be over. I said we had plenty of V-8 in six different models. Unaware that I was referring to Ford automobiles, not rockets, he hurriedly saluted and marched off. I was sure he intended to carry this important bit of information to headquarters.*

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next morning. I was ordered to examine a G.I. of the 101st Airborne who was lying on his belly, shaking and moaning. When I turned him over, he said, "Dr. Tankin, what are you doing here?" Before the war, he had been one of my father's patients in Baltimore. He had been captured on D-Day and was ill with malaria. I convinced the commandant that the sick man had to be hospitalized. Before I was taken away, however, I bent over the G.I. and whispered, "When you get to the hospital, find a hiding place. Our men are only a few days away and the Germans are evacuating. When you get home, let my father know where I am." He did.

We detrained after five days in the boxcars. We had had no water for two days, and temperatures were high. We had been packed in so tightly that we had to take turns standing. When we were allowed off the train, some men collapsed from dehydration. We were then marched to a stalag, where I developed my first episode of phlebitis in my injured leg. It was swollen, some clots in the vein had broken off, and I had a severe high fever and chills. I do not remember being taken to the infirmary, but when I regained consciousness, I realized my bed of straw was in a wooden box. The lid of the box was on the floor. The box was a coffin.

At another camp with British and American officers, we were being readied for yet another move. Another medical officer said he would stay at the camp to see the incoming prisoners, so I left with those being moved. The officer who stayed behind was killed when American bombers struck the area.

In September, I eventually arrived at Oflag 64 in Poland. The bunks were comfortable, we had a small infirmary run by two 101st Airborne medical officers, and we got nightly news reports on our clandestine radio. However, as the Russians advanced from the east and the Americans and British from the west, Red Cross supplies and food became scarce. We had two potatoes and a seventh of a loaf of bread per day. On Sundays we received some meat, but it could be from any part of the horse. On one occasion we had the head,

The Germans periodically made unannounced inspections of our barracks. One night, the guards dug up a large box, which the old German commandant ordered opened. A smaller box was inside, and inside that, an even smaller box. This continued until there was only a wooden match box left. The commandant, now impatient, yelled, "Open it!" Inside was a slip of paper. The commandant ordered an English-speaking captain to read it, who did so, then glanced at us with a very worried look. When the commandant asked him what it said, the major replied, "Oh, nothing, my colonel." Striking his thigh with his walking stick, the commandant thundered, "What does it say?" The captain rolled his eyes to heaven and answered, "It says, f--- you."

From Thanksgiving to Christmas we received no Red Cross parcels.

On January 2, I had a recurrence of phlebitis and was in the infirmary for about 10 days. It was rumored that the Russians were approaching rapidly. The German commandant notified our senior officer that all POWs would be marched back to Germany before the Russians arrived. However, a number of men were too sick or severely wounded to travel. With them, I was left behind. The road outside was choked with vehicles and people fleeing the approaching Russians. The camp was a lonely, empty place to those of us who remained.

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*We drove all day and saw Russian troops moving west. We saw a woman walking in the snow, carrying a dead child. We saw a regiment of Mongol cavalry trudging through the snow leading their ponies. They had icicles on their beards, horse hide coats, and felt boots. One officer rode a Bactrian camel. This must have been what it was like when Genghis Khan invaded eastern Europe.*

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When the Russians arrived at the camp, an officer told us that we would be going to Moscow. We were told to get ready and to take the least amount of personal belongings. The trip was slow because the roads were clogged with troops moving toward Germany. It was cold and snowy, and we only went about 20 miles the first night. We slept in the trucks. The second night, we were told that the people in the Polish village would take us in. They did, but it was obvious they were afraid of us and the Russians.

We arrived in Warsaw at the end of January. The next day, we continued on to Rembertow, where the Russians had taken over a former military barracks and headquarters for Polish cadets. It was packed with former slave laborers, concentration camp prisoners, and POWs from the United States, England, France, and Norway. There were also twelve Italian generals who were held by the Germans when Italy surrendered, and an old Yugoslavian count (all were in their 60s and 70s).

We held sick call each morning. It was an international affair. We did not have much in the way of medical supplies because the Russians were very poorly equipped. We evacuated some people to a Russian general hospital that consisted of several large buildings.

One day, the hospital commandant invited several of us to tour the hospital. During a briefing in his office, I asked if there were any cases of typhus. He said no. The officer then took us to various buildings that housed surgical and medical patients. We passed by one building, but did not go in. When I asked why, the officer replied, "Typhus."

I spoke to a woman physician who had studied in Germany and France before the Russian Revolution in 1917. She said the medical care was very poor and primitive and that they had few medical and surgical supplies. They knew about sulfanilamide, but had none. She showed me a page from a very old book taken from a monastery. Medical orders had been written between the lines because they had no other paper.

We remained in Rembertow more than two weeks. There was no transportation available and no definite assembly point for POWs. We did not then know that the Russians were

using us as pawns in their negotiations to have their own POWs released.

We were finally put in the boxcar of a train headed for Odessa. Although we had blankets and a wood stove, crossing the Ukraine in winter was cold and desolate.

In Odessa, we were marched to a camp near the water. It was surrounded by barbed wire and had guards with machine guns in the towers. The quarters were villas of the foreign government ambassadors from the time of the Russian czars. I was billeted in the pagoda of the Japanese ambassador. The rooms were completely empty. We were each issued one spoon. Two men, however, had to share one blanket and one bowl. When we complained of the cold and lack of fuel, we were told that we were in a warm climate.

There was very little to cook.

One day there was considerable excitement in the camp. A transport ship had arrived and the men were to be ready to march out the next day. One of our officers asked if I would stay until the next group of POWs arrived, since I had been so adept at learning the ropes of the camp. I did not want to, but agreed on the condition that I would leave on the next ship.

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*One morning I was standing on the steps to the main building at Rembertow when I saw a line of men in uniform wending their way down a snow-covered hill. They looked like dwarfs or midgets walking with a peculiar gait. As they came closer, I saw that they were amputees with boards on the stumps of their legs and blocks of wood strapped to their hands to help them move.*

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Later that night, a soldier came to see me. He was terribly upset because the Russians had discovered that his parents had fought against the Bolsheviks in 1917, then fled to Manchuria, where he was born. Although he was now a naturalized American citizen, the Russians told him they considered him a Russian citizen and were not going to let him leave in the morning. I told him our men would fall in marching order before daybreak. I told him to button his coat up around his face, pull down his cap, fall in the center of the column, and keep looking down when they marched out. He did and got safely aboard the ship.

It was a very lonely feeling as I stood in the center of the compound as the sun began to rise—the only Allied soldier in the camp, surrounded by machine guns, barbed wire, and guards. Another group of Allied POWs soon arrived, however, and I was kept busy. A young medical officer who had arrived with this group agreed to stay so that I could leave on the next ship.

**A**fter Oflag 64 was evacuated of all but the sick and wounded, some of the remaining fellows got into the German headquarters building and storage house. They found a safe, cracked it, and returned with duffle bags full of German marks and other money taken from POWs. We had no toilet paper when we left the camp and so used a lot of the money on the long trip to Odessa. When I arrived in Naples, I learned that all German and Austrian marks issued prior to 1932 could be exchanged for Allied currency. How many can claim to have used several thousand dollars as toilet paper?

I finally left Odessa aboard the *Duchess of Bedford*, a former Canadian Pacific Line cruise ship that had been quickly armed and camouflaged when war broke out. The ship's captain gave us a welcoming dinner that was like a banquet. After dinner, I took a stroll around the deck. Two British officers looked at me very seriously each time I passed them. Finally, one said, "I say, old chap, what the hell nationality are you? I have never seen a damn uniform like yours before." His question was justified. I was wearing a Russian cap with captain's bars, a Scottish sweater I had found at Oflag 64, a French cavalry coat, and a British battle jacket. The only American parts of my "uniform" were my

pants and the boots my wife, Ruth, had sent to me in North Africa.

We sailed through the Dardanelles to Malta, then to Sardinia and Corsica, and finally to Naples. We were asked if we wanted to try to rejoin our outfits (mine was already at the Elbe, linking up with the Russians). I chose home, although there was no guarantee I would not be reassigned. The trip from Naples was almost uneventful—as we were headed up the coast to Boston, three U.S. antisubmarine destroyers were dropping depth bombs on or around a German submarine off Sandy Hook.

We disembarked, called home, filled up on chocolate milkshakes, and boarded an all-night train for Fort Meade. Ruth met me there at the post. I had said goodbye to her at the harbor port in Baltimore in October 1942. It was now April 1945.

I feel my experiences between 1941 and 1945 gave me the ability to understand others and their problems, to expect great things from people, but also not to be surprised by the horrible things they can do to each other. I saw inhuman treatment and dastardly destruction. I also saw compassion and magnificent sacrifices.

A piece of bread, a blanket and shoes, the sound of laughter and the chatter of children. The look in the eyes of both young and old. A feeling of security. These are the things we take for granted until the day they are no more. ■

**A**ndrew E. Mance, M.C., was called to active duty from the U.S. Army Reserve in April 1941, reported to Fort Meade, and ended up in charge of the dispensary there when the commanding officer was transferred to the Aleutian islands. Promoted to major, in 1944 he was ordered to the station hospital in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, given a two-week course in urology, and placed in charge of the urology section. In August, he was ordered to England, where he served first at a station hospital near Liverpool, then at Duke General Hospital and the 23rd General Hospital. In addition to his urological duties, he was pressed into service as an anesthesiologist, again with minimal training. Although most patients received at the station and general hospitals already had been stabilized. Maj. Mance treated many with shrapnel wounds from which metal had to be removed. Among his most memorable patients was the soldier he asked his commanding officer to send home because the man had lost one testicle. The commanding officer replied, "Well, others have lost their lives." The soldier was returned to the front.

After the war, Maj. Mance returned to Fort Meade, but preferring the life of a country physician, declined the Army's offer of a promotion. He and his wife returned to Oakland, Maryland, where he has been in the general practice of medicine since 1946.

MARY ANN AYD

#### Bibliography

Mance AE: Telephone interview, August 29, 1995. ■

GRAND RAPIDS, MI: Ed, thanks for your recent phone call which gave me a chance to take a break from the bathroom project I was involved with. We really hope you can make it to the reunion in September. It would be a great chance to straighten out some 50-year old facts on your unit, the boxcar ride to Limberg, or other tales told in barracks 9A. Best Regards.  
EDWARD GRAF

KINSTON, NC: Marion, your recent phone call was a real pleasure. Our friendship dates back to a small high school in Kinston. we both attended. Marion went to Ft. Jackson when it mobilized in 1941 and served with the 30th Infantry Division until his capture near St. Lo in Normandy. It is good to hear you are feeling well enough to continue your law practice. We wish you all the best.  
MARION PARROTT

LIEGE BELGIUM: Felix, it is very heart-warming for us to hear of someone doing your kind of work and most especially when it relates to the children of your country. Considering at the time our people were in Belgium you were not yet born, it is a wonderful and worthwhile endeavor you are involved in.

Our group of men were prisoners of war, held in Poland by the Germans, having the misfortune to have been captured, but the good fortune to still be alive. These men have been meeting and corresponding with one another since the end of World War II. One of the ways they have managed to stay together is due to their newsletter, "POST OFLAG 64 ITEM." So that your needs are known, we have included your letter in our July ITEM, with a copy for you, and perhaps someone will be able to send you some information that will prove helpful. In this ITEM you will find human interest stories from the war days and also learn something about what has happened to our Service Men since.

You write very well in English, we are sorry not to be able to return to you in your language! Thank you for your interest and best of luck in your very important work. By remembering the past just maybe we will improve on the future.

The letter follows just as we have received it:

Derison Felix  
181, Bd.E. de Laveleye  
4020 Liege  
Belgium  
Europe

Liege, 05.10.96

Dear Sir,

Allow me to introduce myself and explain the purpose of this letter.

I'm a member of the C.R.I.B.A. (Center of research about the battle of the Buldge). I'm 35 years old and teach in an elementary school. I've undertaken a few years ago a work about the second world war more especially about the action of the U.S. Army that helped so much to free my country.

In the course of my search, I found already a lot of belgian documents and read a lot of american books. I'm more interrested by personnal stories of the Veterans who lived, fought, have been p.o.w. in Belgium or in Europe.

Could I ask you to collaborate in my search?

I do it to not let forget what U.S.A. did for us and I want the children of the futur generations always remember what you did for my country, for my parents, for me and my children. Bearing witness to your experience in my country, maybe sending me any copy of documents or picture you'd pcess would bring precious elements to me.

Please, excuse my "elementary" English! Hoping to receive some news from you, I remain yours sincerely.

/s/ Felix Derison

SPRING HILL, FL: Tom, we send you our thanks for your check for the P.F., and we are so happy that you enjoy the ITEM. Best of all, though, it sounds like you will be with everyone over in Des Moines this autumn and that is good news. We look forward to seeing you there.  
Best Regards  
THOMAS A. RONEY

CHANDLER, AZ: Reid we thank you for your recent letter, and from now on you will be known as Super-Sleuth-Ellsworth, for the fine detective work in locating Chaplain Robert S. Scott after about two years of trying to do so. You had learned shortly before the reunion in Louisville that he had suffered a massive paralytic stroke and feared that he had passed away. Finally, this May, by going to his former address, you learned enough from the buyers of their home to be able to find both Mrs. Scott and Bob and had separate visits at last with each. Mrs. Scott lives in a retirement apartment and Bob is now living in the Arizona State Veterans Home.

You found Bob to be mentally alert and able to communicate well, though some days are better than others. Since his original stroke, Bob has suffered two additional massive strokes paralyzing both sides of his body.

Bob is certainly one to be remembered as he jumped with the 101st Airborne Division and was captured at St. Mere Eglise. He would particularly enjoy hearing from anyone who knew him, though he is not able to personally reply. His mailing address is:

Mr. Robert S. Scott  
Arizona State Veterans Home  
4141 North 3rd Street  
Phoenix, AZ 85012

For an update on Reid's activities, he competed in the Senior Olympics for the State of Arizona and thinks he has qualified in four events for the Nationals next year: standing long jump, running long jump, discus, and shot put. You are very modest in saying the quality of competition in the oldest age brackets isn't nearly that of the younger groups. (We say it better not be!) We are all rooting for you, Reid, and hope you'll continue to have a great time. Thank you so much for going the extra mile in locating Bob Scott for us. We'd like to hear more about this over in Des Moines in September. Best of Luck.  
REID F. ELLSWORTH

GRAND JUNCTION, CO: Early in May, we attended the Western Reg. reunion of the Soc. of the 3rd Inf. Div. held in San Diego. One of the outstanding events

at each of these reunions is the military exhibit of Jim Threadgill. He is a young man of 33 years, who has been studying military history since his high school days. He first became enthralled with the 3rd Inf. Div., but has not limited his collection only to that or WW-II. He has memorabilia from WW-I up to the present. One thing missing, he has said, is information concerning Prisoners of War. If any of you have any mementos from your POW experiences that you would like to share through this worthy historical cause, Jim's address is: JAMES F. THREADGILL, 25783 PELION ROAD, MENIFEE, CA 92584. Jim displays his diversity of items in a very professional manner and they include articles such as helmets, mess kits, photographs, medals, badges, old newspaper items even mannequins with complete uniforms and medals. One member of this group had a very unusual collection of Nazi emblems of their glory days which he'd saved for his grandchildren. It turned out they did not want them. Fortunately for Jim, these rare items are in a special case for his visitors to study. Everything he has holds great value in his eyes and he is very careful and considerate of his collection. He attends a great variety of events and reunions other than the 3rd Inf. Div. so this collection gets wide coverage through schools and veterans.  
TOM & SUE LAWSON

ST. PETERSBURG, FL: Russ, thank you kindly for your most welcome check for the P.F. and your thought-provoking article, "Reflections on Things Past and Future." All this is deeply appreciated. You wrote this on a two-hour layover in the Innsbruck station in 1949. The quiet island for thought provided by travel allowed your mind to meander through the disturbing days of the war and an opportunity to reflect over the new perplexing and confused world of today.

Indeed, the content is interesting since it has many references to your Kriegie days. Bad as it was in the camp, the ultimate ability to be creative sparked something inside you and many others that is still burning. You weren't just in a vacuum. Maybe that was the lesson to be learned, life to be worthwhile has to be creative. Thanks for the glance into your feelings for the war and life afterwards.

Best wishes to you.  
RUSSELL H. FORD

## *REFLECTIONS ON THINGS PAST AND FUTURE*

by Russell H. Ford

The express from Paris pulled to a stop. Seven years ago, almost to the day, he had passed through Innsbruck as a prisoner of war of the Germans, and now the station master announcing the train, informed the waiting passengers that there would be a fifty-five minute stop over. Last time it had been a forced stop over, and how different his companies had been. He glanced around the compartment — near him chatting away gayly, were two former Viennese women, now British subjects. They had both lived in Vienna until Hitler, and then were among the lucky few - who had escaped the gas and horror chambers. This was their first journey back "home" as they still called and felt it to be. He tried to concentrate on their conversation, but slowly he drifted back, reflectively, into the past.

Innsbruck had been had been a jewel when he had first seen it lay, five years after hostilities, in ruin and repair. Here there were no neatly cleaned up piles of rubble, as in London and other bombed cities. Just down from the station lay several houses, two walls completely down canting crazily. He could picture again the bombed out house in Berlin, the kitchens entirely exposed with just one wall holding everything up — he could imagine how it had been, one minute before the bomb had it. The wife had just prepared noonday lunch, for the plates were still sitting on the table, the pot on the stove, the dish towel hung neatly folded over the sink, then the soup had boiled over, and the hausfrau would never again have to cook in that kitchen.

He thought of New York, and remembered how he had said before — when all the talk of the 'next' war started, even before April 1945, throughout the Army, and certainly in Washington, and the American press, the sentimental sway away from Russia. Then he had said, to a loose-tongued captain from New York. "The only way America will ever become peace loving people, is through a good taste of bombing and destruction." What did an American really know about war? Looking at the streets of Innsbruck, the center of that land of inn keepers, craftsmen, and farmers, he felt — Here is a people who know about war. Half forced half unwilling, with the few exceptions that were true Nazis, they had strung along with Hitler — who had never let an Austrian group get together, he spread them out in his frontline battalions to dissipate their weakness, as he thought. Do they now want war? Those that are still alive? Do they want war?

Thoughts drifted on till he could once again see the old boxcar he and thirty others, English and American prisoners of all ranks, sealed in they had been, and not allowed out for anything. It had taken four days to reach Innsbruck, and the stink was getting worse all the time. Five loaves of dark bread and seven cans of horse meat had been issued to them at Capua, Italy, where they had started their tour Europe. Just as night fell, they and several thousand others had been marched, flanked by SS guards, to the train yards, and loaded into box cars. Once in the cars they had been locked and sealed in, and it wasn't till six days later that they had broken the seal and let them out. Marching into the train yards they had been singing, much to the consternation of the guards, who because of what was going on above wanted out badly. The anti aircraft batteries exploded on all sides of them. The giant wartime Everready flashlights — "your guardian in the dark" swing their rays back and forth searching carefully for the "night prowlers" of the sky. The first sting of bombs came crashing down, the guard trembling to the explosions — the strain of "I've been working on the Railroad," himself taking the tenor had gone on unhaltingly, despite the shrieking guards' guttural German, now in high pitched orders — HALT!



Dreizig men heringhr! Schell. Schnell — The scene was lit by the flash of batteries which had finally found the range, the proof came hurling to the earth in flames. It occurred to him that hunting ducks in autumn was similar, the way the moment one was hit its forward movement halted most abruptly and it plunged to the earth. There was a large burst of flames, about a mile or so away, and as though by signal the trainyard seemed to jump and shake violently. Now they had been sealed in, the guards ran for shelter. Through the wire grill they could see their running figures disappear. Now only the air batteries carried on. One of them had been silenced. Over to one side they could make out dimly in the flashes some of the bombs destruction.

Silently he had thought. Thank whatever providence there is that the bombardier had missed his target, for most surely he had. The low dwellings that flanked the train yards were in entire shambles, screaming men and women, clutching children to them and babbling historically — Mio Dio, Mio Dio, Sancta Mama — The batteries stopped firing — the searchlights snapped out, and he found an empty spot under the grilled window. Slipping to the floor he joined in the discussion at hand. The darkness kindly prevented all of them from seeing the nervous sweat which had finally worked its way through to the surface, for most of them the only sign of the fear that stayed hidden under each of their hides. Jokes about the Air Corps came popping out in the laughing repartee they all used to cover what they had just "sweated out" — the army had consisted of a long series of "sweating out" — "Sweating-out" had become an institution, chow-lines, letters from home, weekend passes, K.P., embarkation, the African landing, from them on the one thing they had literally and figuratively sweated out was — life. Now they had something else to sweat out — the war. How long would it be? His guess was as good as any, and he felt it would be at least three years.

He hoped it would be three years like the months since his capture — that had been three months.

The Americans were weak and ill-equipped in February of forty-three. True they had landed in Africa, but the opposition had been less than weak. French forces, who didn't want to fight anyway, had been ripped to ribbons in several points. Not, however, without undue losses of Americans. Once done, they had been moved here and there in French Morocco, not ready to engage the Germans. They had opened three morale shattering months, hearing anew the mechanics of the water-cooled M.G. His own spot in all this had been as Executive Officer in an Infantry Company in the "Fighting Ninth Division."

Here and there in the outfit were some good leaders, West Pointers, Reserve, and ninety day wonders, also plenty of "calls" of the same previous background — His regiment C.O. had come off the boat the second day, landed on the new secure beach, been machine gunned by a French aircraft, a converted sea plane. Getting up from the sand, and adjusting his eagles, he had reboarded his landing boat, and wasn't seen or heard from till he landed to take the French surrender.

For his heroic action, he gave himself the Distinguished Service Medal. This served to endear him to his regiment. Several years later, one of the foremost generals in the American forces in the E.T.O. personally escorted this same colonel on foot along the front lines, in spite of the firing from the German lines, prior to relieving him of his command, and pointing to the dead soldiers who lay along the front, saying as he passed each of them — "See, there, there is a man your stupidity killed." He then relieved the colonel of his command and he was sent back to Washington, and became a Brigadier General shortly thereafter. The army had a strange way of rewarding their worst members. February 14, is a day the thirty-fourth Infantry Division will long remember, for it lost an entire regiment of soldiers at Kasserine Pass to the Africa Corps.

He glanced idly at the paper on his knees, the N.Y. Herald Tribune Division were fighting in Korea — America was once more at war — How now to evaluate the cost? Was war really necessary? Evidently, if the people can be convinced it is, then the U.S. can make war on any pretext. We hadn't thrown U.S. forces into China, nor had we brought democracy to the people of Spain. He had seen German Airmen on the trip from Tunisia to Italy, stretched on the ground eating with that precision the European seemed to have with his knife — Spanish sardines, then afterwards carefully cleaning his knife, and peeling and orange with Espagne stamped on it. Sun-kissed in sunny-fascist Spain, eaten by German aircorps man on the airstrip at Palermo, Sicily, so many years ago — Also had he not himself ridden in patrol along the Spanish Moroccan border, with the knowledge that German troops were there on the other side of the mountain pass.

Wasn't Spain then an enemy — but the United Nations, supposedly the symbol of peace, under whose flag the U.S. was now fighting, was talking of admitting Spain to the United Nations. Protect the world from Communism — let millions die of starvation, ignorance, poverty, cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease, but in the name of Peace and Democracy — Protect the world from Communism — Many, many questions came bubbling up, now, through the fog of the past few years.

What many internal secrets, concerning this war, are hidden from the American people? What war is ever fought for the true cause portended? History in turn makes traitors of us all. Abraham Lincoln today would never get, or want to get, into the Republican Party. What place in our present day world for an idealist? Our present day civilization in America has moved past idealism. How to dig under and plum the depths?

Find the truth. Could the answer be sought in war — ravaged Europe. Certainly fighting another war couldn't be the answer. Hadn't Alex the Great crossed the same Atlas Mountains in Africa with his legions — yet his civilization decayed and fell — would our atom bomb that replaced his spears bring with its destructive force — a new and lasting peace?

His mind once again recalled the boxcar as it lay in the same station in Innsbruck those many, to him at least, years ago. Absent mindedly he felt hungry — and he made his way out on the platform, returning with two wieners — hot dogs to Americans. He plunged in with enthusiasm, it must have been his subconscious at work — last time he had been there he had been very, very, hungry, and that had been the beginning of a long period of hunger.

The POW's settled themselves again three hours north of Innsbruck. Dusk had closed in the view and they huddled together, cracking jokes and talking politics, and singing. Opposite him in the boxcar was a Canadian Major — Parachutist, whose never forgotten criticism of Canada's Prime Minister was — "Mackenzie King? He's a shit!" — further than that he confined himself to the signing, each song as it ended brought the cryptic — "He's a shit!" — bringing each time it was used, more and more laughter. In Munich the door was unsealed and one of the aircorps men was pulled from the group. The Germans were not very fond those days of Air Corps men and nobody knew exactly what was happening, or if the Air Corps men would ever be heard from again.

The momentary problem that faced all the occupants of the box car was what to do about the sanitary problem in the interior. They could use the crack in the door for certain purposes, but diarrhea had hit most of them and in the three days they had been sealed in had become the most pressing problem. Now that the door was open — how to convey to the Germans the need for a sanitary clean up — the one man among them who knew any German at all being Jewish, Herman X from Chicago, ex-boxer, now ex-parachutist. He had become more or less pals with Herman, and having a slight knowledge of the pronunciation of the language, having learned the "Song of the Evening Star" in

German from his ex-signing teacher, he asked Herman what to say, and then hollered same at the guards. "Shiessen und Pissen on die decke." This brought back a stream of German, and a slammed door. They heard the seal being put back on and the footsteps running off in the gravelled yard. After a series of whistles they felt the train start up and just as they had settled down again, it stopped. The noise of approaching footsteps and the seal being opened, they slid the door open. It was a German guard who spoke sharply — with orders to empty the bucket. No second word was needed, also several helmets were passed out into the darkness, and dirt was gathered and thrown over the sloppy floor. As soon as this was through, a request for water was made and ignored for the moment. But an hour later the same guard appeared with a gerry can of water — still in his brusque forbidding manner, but certainly showing more humanity than they had been shown from the beginning of the trip. He reflected idly as to the character of the German soldier in relation to the others they had encountered surely this was no Nazi. Were there good and bad enemies?

Now he recalled the trip he had taken several days before. He had talked with a German who had been a prisoner in America — between Otz and Innsbruck, to where he was going. He started a conversation — mainly about how he had been duped by a small hotel-keeper, who distributed pamphlets quoting one price and upon arrival of a guest tried doubling the cost. The hotel keeper, himself having been a Luftwaffe Pilot, one of Germany's prime examples. He now insisted that he hadn't personally wanted to fight at all, but still not being able to resist the world conquest ideal of Hitler, he had joined the Nazi filled, Goering led Luftwaffe.

He remembered the one hundred and twenty odd Stuka dive bombers that had bombed his company in the Atlas Mountains, with clock like precision they had arrived at twelve twenty-five every day — for three weeks running, leaving surprisingly little damage in their wake, and leaving him and all his men frustrated and griping against the orders that forbade them to fire at the planes. "No firing at enemy aircraft. It divulges your position." — as if the Germans needed any divulging, laying their bombs everyday on the same target.

His head had been a tough gruelling job in those days with his Infantry Company. He was seven miles from the rest of the battalion and was assigned to the protection of the Divisional flank; the destruction and prevention of infiltration of German patrols kept the entire company awake at nights. In shifts and small teams they assumed positions just above all the approaches into the mountain position they held.

By day — sending out patrols into the neighboring rocky hills and hauling by hand over rough treacherous mountain paths the cases of "C" rations and G.I. cans of water. They had three weeks of that before. One day checking on a patrol he had sent out, he had walked and climbed into the middle of a platoon of Germans. Five minutes later he had been taken prisoner. His ammunition gone, he had broken the stock of his gun, and hurled it down the mountain. When he stood up to surrender, he thought idly of what lousy shots the Germans were. There had been some thirty odd men, all firing at him, and none hitting him directly, but leaving a ricocheted bullet imbedded in the muscle of his right leg as the only evidence of their marksmanship. Fortunately, he had been below and out of range of the German Lieutenant who had the deadly "burp-gun," a submarine gun of terrifying rapidity of fire.

That had started, what was eventually, a paid vacation, guest of the German Government. Two years and two months.

Now, as he had sat there, again in the Reich, talking with a German soldier, who perhaps had fired at him, for it turned out that this soldier had been one of the hundreds of thousands of German prisoners taken in North Africa. He had a strange detached feeling, that behind what was happening, there must be some meaning, some lesson to be learned.

The German had been reading a book "This Too Shall Pass" written in English, and secured from the American Information Service Library in Innsbruck. He recalled vaguely that it was the story of an anti-Red in Russia after the Revolution, and reflected on the choice of books that the American Information Library was putting on its shelves as an aid to shooting Germans the way to Democracy. Did Howard Fast's — "Citizen Tom Paine" also sit on the shelf — he thought idly that it would be interesting to check the lists of "blacklisted" books. Was "Mein Kampf" on the black list? Interesting thought. When Hitler has his famous book burning going strong — the shocked voices in America proclaimed him a barbarian. But were we replacing all those books or only those we saw fit. Did our freedoms include the other man's point of view? Or did we have our book burnings in private?

Two things stood out in the conversation. One, the German's remark in regard to overcharging by the hotel keeper, which went, "not that I think some things about it weren't wrong, but under the 'old' (Hitler) regime, that sort of thing never happened." And the second — the realization, and memory of the fact that in America there was no first, second, or third class trains. But that anyone could go anywhere as long as he had the fare. That is with the southern states. The Aristocratic South is still bigger than the whole United States for as long as the power exists to make second class citizens out of any American, by any other group of Americans. Then the South won the Civil War. And we have no democracy.

Could Abe Lincoln become President today? There was the answer to a true home side democracy. If Franklin D. Roosevelt had not died, would America be fighting in North Korea? Or would we be linked with Russia in a true and understanding peace?

He felt sitting there looking at the bombed out houses, that the greatest blow of the war had been the death of that leader of the 'people's America Franklin D. Roosevelt, and perhaps it was an oversimplification of the problem, but he remembered that in contacts he had had in prison camp in Germany with Russian soldiers, the one word the Russians knew in English was "Roosevelt!" Their eyes, sunken and starved would light up as they proclaimed their friendship. With their toothless smiles they would grin, and link the two most important men in their lives — Roosevelt — Stalin, Americanski — Russki — Tovarich! Simple, yet deep rooted faith in what they had been told read, about the two most important men in the two greatest nations of the world. And its impetuosity put spirit in him; getting several of the other officers together he had started on a regular "Little Theatre" project. Bribing the Germans with soap collected from the Red Cross parcels from home, they had gotten makeup, which the guard had traded for on a trip to Berlin's theatres; he had gotten a supply of makeup that was enough to last for a year. They built, in one of the old barracks, a stage, with old lumber scrounged from the Gerry's. Lights, with reflections made from powdered milk tins. Flats for the scenery out of old burlap bags, painted with calamine. Costumes made in the camp tailor shop, run by three Lieutenants who had been in the business in civilian life. Women's shoes for the female impersonators made by a Lieutenant, an ex-cobbler. He had worked out the design of the shoes, and designed the dresses and costumes.

Gradually the enthusiasm picked up, and the theatre became one of the most important camp projects. They had started by putting on 'The Man Who Came to Dinner.' A camp orchestra grew up in reception from War Prisoner's Aid of musical instruments. Then the Glee Club, and Original Variety Shows to fill in a weekly program, so that every month the entertainment program ran — one three act play, one variety show built around the twelve piece dance band orchestra, the thirty man Glee Club in performance. The final week, either two one act plays, or a quiz show, a lecture, a concert.

This project brought into play an amazing variety of talent. Musical plays were written, music composed, actors developed, stagecraft, employed carpentry, electricity.

Artists painted sets, made paper mache-bust pads for the female parts. Dress design, shoe making. The box office teams that grew out of the swelling ranks of prisoners. Holidays took on a festive meaning — Christmas meant a special Christmas show, and Radio City style. To accommodate all the camps ranks five shows were given in one day. Christmas music popular and secular was presented by the Glee Club and the Orchestra. Easter, the Glee Club sang J. Stainers "The Crucifixion" — Christmas. "The Messiah."

Not left out was the national pastime baseball. Several leagues functioned in season. Weekly All-Star games were played. Former All-American baseball, basketball and football players listed on the roster. An outdoor basketball court was built with volunteer help. The baseball diamond improved. Fall saw touch - football, with eight teams in competition. A yearly track meet, with all the college track and field events, exclusive by necessity of cross country runs, the Germans naturally objected to any such proposal. For undoubtedly any such event would have included the majority of the camps inmates — think what it might lead to, one thousand men on the run — Oh Joy!!

Other camp activities included a school, with almost any major college course represented — language courses, art classes, accounting, animal husbandry, even botany. All this in spite of a lack of food, but every Prisoner of War had a chance to find himself, examine himself as a person, enter into the communal life activity. Most of them did, for themselves, their piece of mind and future. Others, however, did nothing, sat or lay in their bunks the entire day, moving out only to necessary formations, or to eat. He was glad he hadn't been one of those. Oddly enough, or perhaps not so oddly, with no exception, the activities in camp were led and carried on by the so called junior officers, in most cases by Lieutenants. The brass sat in their private rooms on their private asses and did nothing as a rule. A few of them joined in some of the activity, but most of them acted like they were in retirement, and wouldn't come out. Finally, to get the dead heads off their behinds, the American Senior Officer had to issue and order that every man in camp get in one hours walking daily. Also orders of neatness requirements, and cleanliness were necessary. There were those who unless forced to do so, would never change clothes for months at a stretch. Several amusing incidents occurred, when finally bunk neighbors would seize an offender, carry him bodily to the showers and with a scrubbing brush scour his entire body till it was red and glowing. This usually brought on a period of extreme cleanliness in the rear on border-line offenders.

He remembered with what care he had shaved daily, without fail, using the same blade for months, the ritual of honing the razorblade on the inside of a water glass. The feeling of being clean was always connected with being clean shaven, it served to keep up his morale to an amazing degree.

Mainly, the lesson of the camp life had been that of a group, each receiving from his confinement, according to his merits. For some it had been a torture, a vacuum, to others, and to himself, he knew it had been rewarding. Anything the war he could pass through no city without receiving a warm welcome from former "Kriegy" brothers.

On his return to the states he had been in two shows which had toured the Eastern and then Western States. At every town — Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Toronto, Cincinnati, Columbus — he had been met at the stage door by some one or other from POW camp. The Camp Theatre having brought to so many of them an interest in theatre that they had never before had. This was the most confusing era and generation in all America's history. Born just after the first World War, or during it, they had grown up in the wild twenties, suffered the poverty of the nations greatest depression, come to man and womanhood just in time to be drafted and go to war. Their reward for winning had been for some medals and artificial limbs, others a white cross on a field in France, for the

remainder, a confused and perplexed world.

Where does an idealist lay plans for the future? Which direction or "line" to take? The Left, weak, badly organized and opposed from every angle, holds the same advantage as that of a Negro in the South. The Liberals or Middle Thinkers, having neither a plan, nor an ideal, better named the Do-Nothings. Their closeness of association, with those men who made up the casts of the plays had somehow sunk in and created real theatre fans.

What a field lay uncultivated and neglected in America. People with higher education and those without, never having had the opportunity to see theatre close at hand, prejudiced in advance by our school plays, or a dull monotonous class in Shakespeare. They lie unknowingly and hostile to the wonder and beauty of the theatre. In POW camp it had been the greatest single contribution to the community. It could and should have as better opportunity to develop in America.

Which way was the youth who had fought in the war to turn today? What to believe? Then the Right, Republic Strong-hold opposing every ideal that would make possible a better and more secure future for America.

As the train started to pull out of Innsbruck, he wondered what had ever become of Jim "Doc" Smith, his old prison camp buddy —

PINEHURST, NC: A fascinating article from The Journal of Slavic Military Studies of December 1995 by Dr. Richard Foregger has reached us concerning the transport of Allied ex-prisoners of war from German prison camps in Poland and eastern Germany through the Black Sea Port of Odessa, during their repatriation, from 19 February to 8 June 1945.

Space in the July ITEM is too limited to reproduce this, but it will travel to Des Moines for your reading and study.

This work is well documented and there are writings by Jerry Sage and Clarence Meltesen as well as others which you will find very interesting. For any of our readers who may have gone out this way but will be unable to attend our September reunion, we are reproducing Table 3 from this study for your interest and examination (see Page 23). It is a list of the British troopships used to transport Allied ex-POWs out of Odessa and perhaps you will be able to find the ship that brought you out. We are grateful to Dr. Foregger for this outstanding study.

HERB GARRIS

INVERNESS, FL: Jacqui, we send our thanks your way for your interesting letter and checks for the P.F. and "An Oral History - John K. Waters," for your son Frank. In going through a box of Bible study books belonging to your late husband, Harry, you were able to find his notes to do this.

Your letter mentions that Harry is buried in the Veterans' Cemetery and they asked for documentation of his POW status. It is hoped that the information sent to you has satisfied this request, but if you need anything more please let us know. There are many sources to document his presence at Oflag 64.

We are very sorry he had such a tough year with so many trips into the hospital. Your wonderful positive attitude shines through your writing in knowing that his suffering is now a problem of the past. We all send our best wishes to you and your family during this time of healing for yourselves.

Kindest Regards,  
JACQUI FRAZEE

Troopship	Russian POWs To Odessa	Allied POWs from Odessa
<i>Duchess of Bedford</i>	3839	2971
<i>Moreton Bay</i>	1812	1716
<i>Highland Princess</i>	1794	1707

This officer reports that the British and American troops appeared to be in good health and spoke well of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Russian people. He reports very detailed information about the port facilities all of it supplied by Lieutenant Commander Harshaw. The harbor of Odessa had been very considerably damaged before its liberation in April 1944. There were only 14 berths working out of a total of 36 normally available prior to the war. Bullen observed 6 Liberty Ships to be discharging in the harbor. Discharge rate for the Liberty Ships was three to four weeks hampered by lack of mobile cranes and transportation, the latter being painfully inadequate. Only one troopship at a time could be berthed alongside the quay. The others had to wait their turn at anchor off the port. Bullen considered that *Duchess of Bedford* was too large a ship to have been berthed at the dock in Odessa. When she arrived she was boarded by the Russian port authorities, by two Royal Navy officers from the British Military Mission in Moscow, and by the US officers Harshaw and Paul Hall. Lieutenant Bullen concluded his 13-page report by stating that, 'The prospect of forecasting accurate details regarding the numbers of returning POWs to be lifted is doubtful.'

The troopships departed Odessa for Istanbul, Port Said, Malta, Naples (to Marseilles for French POWs) and from there the POWs were sent homeward by ship or airplane. Some of the ships which remained in the Mediterranean made several trips. Table 3 shows a list of troopships with the dates of departure from Odessa obtained from the US National Archives and the published literature.

On 8 June 1945, the Russians announced that no further Allied prisoners of war would be sent to Odessa.<sup>25</sup> Since this was a British operation, it has not been possible to locate a codename at the US National Archives.

#### Summary

The transport to Odessa, USSR of 36,171 Allied ex-prisoners of war liberated from German prison camps in eastern Germany and Poland, was carried out over Soviet rail lines from 19 February to 8 June, 1945. The POWs were transported out of the Black Sea port of Odessa to their homelands in 19 British troopships from 7 March to 22 June 1945. The article summarizes available information on transport during the repatriation operation.

TABLE 3

#### BRITISH TROOPSHIPS TRANSPORTING ALLIED EX-POWs OUT OF BLACK SEA PORT OF ODESSA, USSR, 7 MARCH TO 22 JUNE 1945

Steamship	Owner	Depart Odessa	Refugee
1. <i>Moreton Bay</i>	Aberdeen Commonwealth Line	3/7/45	NA
2. <i>Highland Princess</i>	Royal Mail Line	3/8/45	NA
3. <i>Duchess of Bedford</i>	Canadian Pacific	3/15/45	NA
4. <i>Duchess of Richmond</i>	Canadian Pacific	3/27/45	NA
5. <i>Circassia</i>	Anchor Line	3/27/45	NA
6. <i>Arawa</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	3/29/45	NA
7. <i>Bergensfjord</i>	North American Line	4/1/45	NA
8. <i>SS Gulport</i>	Gulf Oil Co.	4/10/45	M 281
(This is the only US ship. It carried 16 ex-POWs)			
9. <i>New Holland</i>	Royal Packet Navigation Co.	4/15/45	NA
10. <i>New Amsterdam</i>	Holland America Line	4/15/45	NA
11. <i>Circassia</i>	Anchor Line	4/17/45	NA
12. <i>Arawa</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	4/17/45	NA
13. <i>Bergensfjord</i>	North American Line	4/18/45	NA
14. <i>Tamaroa</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	4/20/45	NA
15. <i>Almanara</i>	Royal Mail Line	4/19/45	NA
16. <i>Staffordshire</i>	Bibby Bros. and Co. Ltd.	4/22/45	NA
17. <i>Bergensfjord</i>	North American Line	5/3/45	NA
18. <i>Monowai</i>	Union SS Co. of New Zealand	5/4/45	NA
19. <i>Staffordshire</i>	Bibby Bros. and Co. Ltd.	5/9/45	NA
20. <i>Arawa</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	5/7/45	NA
21. <i>Tamaroa</i>	Union SS Co. of New Zealand	5/12/45	NA
22. <i>Monowai</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	5/21/45	NA
23. <i>Staffordshire</i>	Bibby Bros. and Co. Ltd.	5/21/45	NA
24. <i>Arawa</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	5/23/45	NA
25. <i>Circassia</i>	Anchor Line	5/24/45	NA
26. <i>Ascanius</i>	Ocean Steamship Co.	5/27/45	NA
27. <i>Monowai</i>	Union SS Co. of New Zealand	6/4/45	NA
28. <i>Empire Pride</i>	Ministry of War Transport	6/6/45	NA
29. <i>Arawa</i>	Shaw, Saville and Albion Co. Ltd.	6/7/45	NA
30. <i>Ascanius</i>	Ocean Steamship Co.	6/22/45	NA
31. <i>Antenor</i>	China Mutual Steam Navigation Co.	n.d.	M 232
32. <i>Highland Monarch</i>	Royal Mail Line	n.d.	K 312

#### Sources:

- n.d. = According to the reference, the troopship sailed from Odessa, but the date is not cited.  
 NA = All from USMAMM Oct 1943-1945; RG 334 entry 309 Box 24, 'POW Troopships'.  
 M = Melleson, C., *Roads to Liberation from Oflag-63* (San Francisco, 1990).  
 K = Kydd, S., *For You the War is Over* (London, 1973).

#### NOTES

1. *RAMP's: The Recovery and Repatriation of Liberated Prisoners of War, Occupation Forces in Europe Series, 1945-1946*, Office of the Chief Historian, European Command, Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, 1947. See p.63.
2. John R. Deane, *Strange Alliance: The Story of Our Efforts at Wartime Co-operation with Russia*, (NY: Viking Press, 1947).
3. Maurice J. Hurdall, 'Crimea Disagreement: Story of the Repatriation of Prisoners of

## Carl D. Maginity

**HAMPTON**  
Carl D. Maginity, 89, died Thursday, Jan. 18, 1996. A native of Mansfield, Ohio, he had been a Hampton resident for many years and was a member of Wythe Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Maginity had worked for Life Insurance of Virginia, eventually becoming manager before joining the Army, serving in World War II and becoming a P.O.W. He was the past owner and operator of the Apollo and Palm restaurants. A Life Master of the National Bridge Association, he was also a member of the Hampton Golf Club, the BPOE 366, Hampton, American Legion, Post 31 and the Ex-POW Association.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Annabelle P. Maginity; a nephew, Dr. Charles Huber of Front Royal; and a niece, Patricia Hamrick of Reno, Nev.

A funeral service will be conducted at 10 a.m. Monday, Jan. 22, 1996, at R. Hayden Smith Funeral Home by the Rev. Mark Stanley with interment to follow in Peninsula Memorial Park. The family will receive friends Sunday from 7-8 p.m. at the funeral home.

Memorials may be sent to the American Heart Association, 753 Thimble Shoals Blvd., Suite 2B, Newport News 23606 or the National Kidney Foundation, 5001 Broad St., Suite 217, Richmond 23230.

Arrangements by R. Hayden Smith Funeral Home.

Carl D. Maginity, 89, died January 18, 1996. A native of Mansfield, OH, he had been a resident of Hampton, VA, for many years. He served in the Army in Europe during WWII, and it was while assigned to Co. D, 1st Battalion, 337th Regt. 68th Division, he was taken prisoner of war. He was held in Oflag 64, Stalags II-B and VII-A before being liberated by American forces in April 1945. He was a member of the James L. Hale Memorial Chapter of AXPOW. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Annabelle, a nephew and a niece.

**LAGUNA HILLS, CA:** Annabell, thank you so much for sending us the obituary concerning your husband, Carl. We were so sorry to read of your loss in the March EX-POW Bulletin. Although he was never carried on the mailing list for the POST OFLAG 64 ITEM, our membership will want to know and send their prayers to you.

It was so kind of your nephew, Dr. Charles M. Huber, to write a eulogy and reveal the love and respect your family and community held for Carl, we thank him. Our best wishes go out to you and your family.  
ANNABELL MAGINITY

### EULOGY FOR CARL D. "MAC" MAGINITY

The psalmist tells us "man is a few days and full of trouble, he cometh as a flower and is cut down." Though it is with Carl and will be with Carl, and will be with all of us.

My name is Charles Huber, and I was blessed to call Carl my uncle.

My first recollection of Uncle Carl was a boy of approximately five years of age. Carl was called to active duty during World War II and as all good Americans at that time, went off to serve his country. Unfortunately, he was captured and spent several grueling months as a prisoner of war before being repatriated to his country. On his return to Hampton, my mother, Ethel, his sister, and his other sister, Pauline, traveled by train, laden with many soldiers and sailors coming home from the war, to visit Carl and Ann. After several months, the emotional and physical scars of the war healed. Carl went on to prosper in Hampton. His later years in the American Prisoner of War organization's members were a great comfort and help to both Ann and Carl. The family owes all of it's members a great deal of thanks for their support and assistance.

Over the next several years I remembered many fond memories of trips of my family to visit Uncle Carl and Aunt Ann, of seeing the sights and vistas of beautiful Tidewater Virginia. These included areas that Carl loved so much. Such as Old Point Comfort, ferry rides on Hampton Roads, visiting Mr. Amory's fishing fleet, and the Mariner's Museum.

Uncle Carl was a true entrepreneur. During his lifetime as a business man, he developed a local driving range, the Apollo Barber Shop and Billiard Room and in his later life with Ann they developed and managed The Palms Restaurant. He was active in his community and was a member of the American Legion and Order of the Elks.

My mother always described Carl as a "man's man." He loved bridge, playing golf, and



fishing. He did all of his avocations well. He eventually became a Life Master as presented by the American Contract Bridge League. He plied the waters of the Chesapeake with his many friends, enjoying the sport of fishing and the beauty of this part of our great nation.

His greatest love was his beloved Ann. He cared for her deeply, as she did for him. During his latter years, she was of great comfort and care to him. For the past year and a half she visited him daily at the hospital attending to his many needs.

Ann and our family wish to extend our deep and heartfelt thanks to the staff and personnel of the VA Hospital in Hampton, Virginia, for their kindness and support during the past several years. As Carl served his country, the VA served him well. We also wish to extend our gratitude and heartfelt thanks to the many friends gathered particularly here today and in the community for their help and support during Carl's long illness.

We will miss Uncle Carl greatly. His life was long and full. We know, however, that he's gone to a better place where there is no more suffering. We commend his spirit to the almighty God. We will, however, have his memory for many years to come.

CHARLES M. HUBER, MD

## Madeline Tedeschi Dead; She Was Among The Finest Folks In Our World

We are among the many in the food trade this month who mourn the death of a beautiful lady, Madeline Tedeschi of Norwell, Mass. Married to the dynamic Ralph Tedeschi for, I think more than 50 years, Madeline was everything a classy lady can be. I first met her in the late 1950s and found her to be open, warm, and friendly with everyone she met. I can recall a pool party that she and Ralph had at their oceanside summer home at Green Harbor many years ago when the noise was obvious, the crowds boisterous, and the good times flowing. Despite the din, Madeline was calm, cool, and collected, as well as always moving among her guests making sure everyone was comfortable. I might have stayed inside mumbling to myself, "When are all these people going home?" She grew up in Abington and knew Ralph forever. She was instrumental in helping to make Ralph and the family major factors in the South Shore food business. We join with Ralph and their six sons and one daughter in celebrating a wonderful person who will always be in our prayers.

## Madeline Tedeschi, of Tedeschi family

NORWELL — Madeline L. Tedeschi, 83, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., and Norwell died Friday at the Cleveland Clinic in Fort Lauderdale after a brief illness.

She was the wife of businessman Ralph D. Tedeschi, the founder of Tedeschi Supermarkets, Angelo's Supermarkets, Tedeschi Realty and Tedeschi Food Shops.

Mrs. Tedeschi was a member of the Ladies of the Holy Sepulcher, Trinity College Alumnae Association, Green Harbor Yacht Club in Marshfield, and Coral Ridge Yacht Club in Fort Lauderdale. She was a former member of the Rockland Women's Club and North River Community Club in Norwell.

She graduated from Abington High School in 1930 and from Trinity College in Washington, D.C., in 1934.

A native of Abington, Mrs. Tedeschi lived in Rockland until moving to Norwell in the early 1960s. She was a winter resident of Fort Lauderdale.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by six sons, Kevin A. Tedeschi, Timothy N. Tedeschi, and Terrence C. Tedeschi, all of Duxbury, Ralph E. Tedeschi and Brian S. Tedeschi, both of Norwell, and Dennis R. Tedeschi of Marshfield; a daughter, Judith K. Lally of Norwell; a sister, Maurie Conlon of Bethesda,



Madeline L. Tedeschi

Md.; 17 grandchildren and one grandchild.

A funeral Mass will be celebrated at 10 a.m. Thursday in St. Helene Church. Burial will be at Holy Family Cemetery in Rockland.

Visiting is 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 Wednesday in Sullivan Funeral Home, 551 Washington St., Fort Lauderdale.

NORWELL, MA: Ralph, we were so sorry to learn of the loss of your Madeline, such a great lady. Our love goes out to you and your wonderful family. Thank you for sending us the fine notices telling of her rich and active life.

Mary and Vincent DiFrancesco also sent their special sympathy. Since Mary and Madeline were in Trinity College, Washington D.C., together, but not in the same class. Mary passed the articles on to members of Madeline's class. Vince mentioned he'd met you in Naples in 1945 - a long time ago.

Ralph, with correspondence passing back and forth among us we are aware you have tried to contact Lloyd Brown, who was captured with you on July 31, 1944. We hope you have succeeded in this effort.

Wishing you a complete recovery from your recent operation by now, we send our best wishes to you and your family.

RALPH D. TEDESCHI

## ANOTHER APIC LOSS

Lois Rathbone, APIC #328, of Denver Colorado, a former Board member and a member of the APIC Hall of Fame, died on March 10, 1996.

Lois was a driving force in the formation and continuous activity of the Colorado APIC Chapter. As an officer in many different capacities, she did yeoman's service with the 1972 APIC Constitution revision and, being a registered parliamentarian, filled that position at the 1978 St. Louis National Convention.

She was known throughout Colorado for her work as a coordinator for Republican candidates from governor to local committeeman.

We offer our condolences to her husband Jack and daughter Julie, and her many collector friends throughout the country. She was a great lady and enthusiastic booster of the hobby. The APIC will miss her.

*Chick Harris, APIC #139.*

From "The Political Bandwagon"  
National Publication of the  
American Political Items Collectors

DENVER, CO: Jack, we want to send you and your daughter, Julie, our sympathy and sorrow over the loss of your wife, Lois. The heart attack which took her so suddenly was merciful in that respect, but the shock for you is so great.

She will be missed by so many through her active political life as attested by the article sent to us from O. L. Bradford who belonged to the same professional organization as Lois, the APIC.

We hope by September you will be ready to meet with our members in Des Moines as you usually manage to do. In the meantime, we all send our kindest regards to you and your family in your period of grief and recovery.  
JACK H. RATHBONE

## GARRETT

THURSTON "Ted" Q. GARRETT, JR., 82, of Hitchcock, Tx., died Tuesday, March 19, 1996, in a local hospital. Veteran of WWII and a Prisoner of War. Survivors are: wife, Ann T. Garrett, sister-in-law, Mary Alice Johnson, brother-in-law, Walde Leufven, 6 nieces and nephews, 6 great nieces and nephews. Funeral service will be Thursday, March 21, 1996, at 11:00 A.M., at Forest Park Lawndale Chapel. In lieu of usual remembrances, family request donations be made to the charity of your choice. Honorary Pallbearers: Donald Leufven, Gary Johnson, Bryce Osborn, Donald Cohn, Jack Corey, John Martin, Joe Pitkovich, Sonny Brecher, Chubby Lauzon, Gilbert Chamblers, Tony Waldon, John Featherly, Joe Tomas, Mel Popham, Lonnie Grounds.

**Forest Park Lawndale**  
6900 Lawndale, 928-5141

HITCHCOCK, TX: Ann, we all were so sorry to hear of the loss of Thurston, he was loved by so many. It is not easy for you, we know, but we hope through friends you are able to find strength. It was so kind of your friend, Lloyd L. Haymon, to write us, and we want to pass on this letter to all our members. Everyone holds such fond memories of Thurston and he will be sorely missed by all.

12 April 1996... Ann has asked me to write this for her, she will proofread, sign and send to you. First, she has asked me to express her great appreciation for the kind words you communicated to her in regards to the passing of her husband Ted.

Ted entered the hospital for surgery designed to repair a leaky heart valve that was bleeding. The damage was such that the surgery could not be performed. Ted passed away without pain and with the dignity he deserved so very much.

The funeral was as Ted would have wanted it to be, without fanfare but with dignity and grace. In its simplicity there was indeed both. The family members mentioned here spoke with kindness and a genuine love of Ted. They were; Nephews: Don Leufven, Gary Johnson and Don Cohn. Nieces: Sharon Ann Axton, Jacqueline Cohn.

The American Legion performed a quiet, dignified ceremony at the casket and each saluted and departed in silence for their fallen comrade.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 3002 in Friendswood, Texas conducted a moment of silence for a fallen comrade and I spoke of him not as a man of war but of a man of peace who knew too well the horror of war. Ted never glorified war nor his part in it, for he knew as all veterans of wars know there is no glory in war... only sacrifice. Again, Ann and the family appreciate your kind words and know that Ted will be missed by both friend and family.

Sincerely...Lloyd L. Haymon  
With Great Affection,  
ANN GARRETT

#### PERIODIC BOOK SALES PROMO

In the April issue of the ITEM a slight misunderstanding went to press unobserved. It would appear that from the "Oral History - John K. Waters" review that one might be able to order it from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. That is incorrect and please for the entire membership, I am sorry for the oversight. Instead, if you want a copy write to: Carl Christensen, OFLAG 64 ITEM, 9 Pine Ridge Road, Whispering Pines, NC 28327, with your check enclosed for \$19.50, and it will be mailed out to you promptly. He also has agreed to mail a few other books of the list shown if you are interested. Many thanks to the understanding staff at the U.S. Army Military History Institute for their kind letter seeking resolution on this small problem. With my best wishes to all concerned,  
HERB GARRIS

Books still for sale from Carl are:  
"OFLAG 64 AS I SAW IT" by Henry Soderberg, \$5, paperback.

"A GRAND TOUR OF RUSSIA TO ODESSA WINTER 1945" by Herb Garris and Clarence Meltesen, \$5, paperback.

From Bill Cory you may purchase "OFLAG 64 THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY BOOK" \$50 beautifully bound. This book would make a wonderful gift for any school or college in anyone's region, especially if their curriculum includes an ROTC program. Or maybe the local schools are doing a study about World War II history.

The area where Herb Garris lives is fortunate to have Sandhills Community College

that promoted a patriotic program, of almost a year ago entitled "Remembering Heroes." The following release depicts this interesting presentation Herb made to their splendid library. See page 28.

Another suggestion, if your area has a VA Hospital, a book such as this can be a fine addition to their library. Tom Lawson presented a copy to the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Grand Junction, Colorado, and it was very well received.

DES MOINES, IA: Bob the video tape you have sent is very well done and is a thoughtful and competent production. The title itself, "OFLAG 64," reveals the subject. You feel that if someone wants a copy it could be provided for less than \$6. Either write to Bob or order at the reunion: Robert E. Eckman, 2318 - 40th Street, Des Moines, IA 50310-3942. Since this was produced by the Iowa Army National Guard for the Gold Star Museum, there is emphasis on the 168th Infantry, however, the main interest lies with Oflag 64.

This is a video of about 20 minutes that would be a fine addition to anyone's home library. Thanks to you, Bob. We'll see you and it at Des Moines.  
ROBERT E. ECKMAN

About the film, "OFLAG 64": This is a fine tribute to the over 1000 officers and men of the U.S. Army who were captured in North Africa late 1942 through to the Battle of the Bulge 21 January 1945. Their final destination became OFLAG 64 in the small eastern Polish town of Szubin (renamed Altburgund).

Those of us who remain are most grateful to two dedicated sources who made this narrative photo possible. They are the Iowa Army National Guard, headed by Major General Warren G. Lawson, who introduces the program. The story and detailed trip through the main and easily identified camp and its buildings by Bob Eckman. He was taken early in the war and saw the population at Oflag 64 grow from a modest and more comfortable 200-300 men to approximately 1400 until the day it was evacuated. The narration is vividly followed by careful photography of the model of the camp now in the museum. Bob is a skilled craftsman and produced the model by hand.

# Military Histories Given To Sandhills

BY HERB GARRIS

On Thursday morning a small, but thoughtful, event took place in the office of the president, Dr. John R. Dempsey, of the Sandhills Community College. It was a start in our paying back to the college as readers, students and veterans for an unparalleled program of almost a year ago entitled "Remembering Heroes." It was well balanced, well planned and tastefully produced, with a tremendous effort mainly by the college. One, we can be so proud of and it will long be in our memory.

This specific event was a first of a dedication of several military, international relations and historical book to the splendid library for research and pleasure reading. As one of the many volunteers for the Holocaust and the Heroes productions, Dr. Herb Garris presented Dr. Dempsey a copy of the beautifully bound "50th Anniversary of Oflag 64." Present at the ceremony were: Dr. Luella Teuton, director of Learning Resources, and Sharon Shaw, director of public relations.

The book is unique as it covers the period of early 1943 until Jan. 21, 1945 of the only American Army officers taken as POW's. It began with a small cadre of less than 500 from the early campaigns in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, initially. The later invasions of Normandy, Holland and the Battle of the Bulge swelled the ranks to

well over 1,200. It is a record in a narrative and photographic coverage of "life behind barbed wire," and how these men coped with it. One highlight was the newspaper which was so welcome by the men there. It was a talented and professional effort with wide coverage of camp news, sports, music and arts, education, avocations made available and short profiles of the camp leaders. Its title was the Oflag 64 Item and has been kept in circulation over the past 50 years. The April issue of The Item



*GIFT TO COLLEGE--Dr. Herb Garris (right) presents a copy of the "50th Anniversary of Oflag 64" to Sandhills Community College president Dr. John Dempsey.*

was also presented, and remains in very much the same style and format it originally had. The donor is the head of the organization and the newsletter management, and spent almost six months in Oflag 64.

As stated above, the book halts its story in early January 1945 as the German Commandant was ordered to march us westward, only a few miles ahead of the Berlin bound Soviet troops. All but a few, who were sick and unable to march under the worst of weather conditions, the column left on a tortuous trip. Subsequently a book was published titled "The Roads to Liberations from Oflag 64" by Clarence Meltesen, which graphically and with great research describes the movement. At various points along

the route many were fortunate enough to escape and leave the column and took an eastward route across Poland and on to Odessa on the Black Sea, and by merchant ships to Naples and home. Those less fortunate, marched and suffered over a 1,000-mile march and train passage until April 1945 and their liberation at Moosburg near Munich.

It was a rare privilege to have been able to return, in a small way, to the college part of the gratitude and appreciation which we often take for granted. In short, it is a great and very dedicated service which the college performs for our own community and Moore County at large. Our congratulations on a job well done.

## Young Seaman 'Of Age' In World War II Setting

BY HERBERT L. GARRIS

**ALL AT SEA: Coming of Age in World War II**, Louis R. Harlan, University of Illinois Press, Urbana and Chicago, Ill., 211 pp., \$24.95, 1996.

The main reason that the reviewer has enjoyed "All At Sea" is that it is a well written account of a young man who came up in the depression with some fine family training and high standards, which are shown throughout. He also had a compelling patriotic fervor, which was shown generally here in America as World War II approached. All of this led him into the service with the U.S. Navy as a midshipman at Emory University in Georgia, where he was awarded the rank of ensign and began his career as a naval officer, in which he served honorably on the Landing Craft Infantry 555 in both the European and Pacific Theaters. The photo on the dust cover shows an LCI in a convoy in the South China Sea.

The story gives an interesting coverage of the Normandy assault on D-Day June 6, 1944. One very succinct assessment he made early with his keen observations was: "The living were not the heroes, their importance derived from their remembrance of fallen comrades." A statement which this reviewer finds totally correct and respected. As a fellow participant in that same action, although airborne, it is well stated. In line with his self-effacing modesty he reports regularly many of his personal observations always with a ring of the truth. He has, indeed, provided us with a rich narration of life and service on probably one of the most vulnerable vessels in our entire fleet--the LCI.

Nothing can exceed the harsh and humiliating treatment received at "boot camp"--supervised, often as not, by young ensigns who only a few days before were chief petty officers. He looked for no mercy and received none. His sense of humor was ever present all through the 12 weeks of amphibious training until he reported for his initial assignment on the LCI 555 in lower Maryland. As he came aboard with

pride and well disciplined, he stopped and faced aft to salute the ensign and requested "Permission to come aboard, sir," his seabag fell into the oily waters below and was quickly recovered with a gaff hook. Yet for time he was often reminded of his being a "green ensign for sure." The shakedown cruise; as a part of a flotilla of LCI's, made their way to Norfolk and there joined some 60 ships, one of the largest convoys to soon cross the Atlantic.

Many things went wrong in the trip in the most violent North Atlantic weather, yet they reached their destination at Falmouth in Cornwall, England. Here, too, his impression of the small seaport town and wartime England were close and personal, much the same as those made by the reviewer, who had arrived about six months earlier and was posted near Newbury Berks, a few miles to the east near the Salisbury Plains. The next step was more intensive training near Plymouth and then Weymouth. There the crew learned of a devastating disaster a month earlier near Dartmouth along the Slapton Sands during a beach landing exercise that deadly German submarines and surface craft had infiltrated the convoys and played severe havoc and losses. Soon their skipper unfolded the maps of the Normandy coast and briefed them on their mission ahead: to deliver elements of the 29th Infantry Division to the Omaha Beachhead. The circling in the transport area waiting for one day of bad weather to clear-soon came and the landings began on D-Day with the combination of a raging sea and German shelling from the shore batteries, not yet silenced. For ten days they continued to make return trips from England to Normandy then a move was announced that they sail south through Gibraltar to Tunisia, Sicily and to Salerno, where preparations were being made for the invasion of southern France. That was very successful and under far better weather conditions and less resistance than Normandy presented.

Just after Christmas of 1944 they were ordered to Charleston, S.C., for repairs and some leave. Also his first chance to visit his family and his long standing girl friend, a southern girl now in school in North Carolina. He found that her love was waning with some uncertainty. The crew met again in Charleston and with new personnel and a refitted ship set out for the Canal Zone and San Diego for duty in the Pacific. While in California the author soon made up for his loss of the southern belle and a young lady out there helped him along in this process.

An interesting thing is how the LCI's would break down, and they did often, until repairs could be made, and while in convoy it meant slowing down to nearly a stop for the repairs to be made, and then to gain speed to catch up. The short stay in Honolulu afforded time for some shore leave and the usual chipping and repainting chores. They soon departed for Eniwetok enroute to Okinawa and the Japanese Islands approaching the mainland. Then the news of the Japanese surrender came. From then on until the return to the States the time went slowly. It took him to the Phillipines, Viet Nam and Formosa with mostly supply runs.

Finally he reached home again in South Carolina and then his long dormant love of history became more a reality. As one of his many mentors said earlier, "Write your experiences while they are fresh in your memory." Soon he was accepted at Vanderbilt, and with a fine mentor there, he was soon awarded the M.A. in history. Afterwards he was accepted at Johns Hopkins and completed his doctorate in 1955. A surprise is in store for the readers in that there was a third lady who played an even more important role in the romances he faced.

Many of the experiences he shared with us in the story are similar to our own after the end of WWII, where our plans and aspirations were radically changed from ones we had previously considered.

It is a splendid book and is highly recommended for reading and much enjoyment.

ACHTUNG!

ACHTUNG!

ACHTUNG!

Get your car ready for travel or your plane ticket in hand.  
Come to the state between the two rivers. This year IOWA  
will celebrate their SESQUICENTENNIAL, 150 years of statehood.

PLACE: Holiday Inn West on University Avenue  
West Des Moines

DATE: Wednesday, September 25 thru Sunday 29, 1996

REGISTRATION: \$110.00 per person

For those Kriegies wishing to visit the "BRIDGES OF MADISON  
COUNTY" at Winterset and the home of John Wayne (the Duke),  
the cost is \$15.00 per person, which includes a light lunch.  
We need the above information to schedule the transportation  
to and from Winterset. The added \$15.00 could be included with  
your registration.

#### THE COMMITTEE

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Registrations for the 1996 Reunion at Des Moines, Iowa, as of 7 June 1996

Bradford, O. L.	Lawson, Thomas E. (Sue)
Chappell, Roy J. (Helen)	Lussenden, Donald (Lucille)
Garris, Herb	Muehlbauer, George (Evelyn)
Graf, Edward C. (Margaret)	Sherman, James (Jeff)
Gray, William R. (Jean E.)	Slack, John F.
Holder, Harold (Clementi)	Smith, Mathew C. (Isabelle)
Hubbell, Verris (Arlene)	Spaulding, Horace M. (Mary)
Keiser, Martin E.	Stansel, John A. (Bettie)