

Post Oflag 64 Item

Fall 1998

REUNION NEWS- LAS VEGAS-1998

ALAN DUNBAR is still working hard on the reunion in Las Vegas and has everything in order. The attendance looks like it will be a little more than he had originally planned on. Probably due to the special people that will be there.

REUNION NEWS-MIAMI BEACH 1999.

SID THAL called **ALAN DUNBAR** and told him that he would be unable to attend this years reunion and that he would not be able to host next years reunion in Miami Beach.

This leaves a big hole in our plans. Everybody think about this and we will bring it up in our business meeting in Las Vegas. We will need to resolve this problem in Las Vegas, so the next host can begin to make plans.

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS.

Letters are the lifeblood of the Item. Letters arrive from all over the country and each one of them is appreciated.

Occasionally, letters are received that are unusual. There are several letters in this issue from **Gottfreid Dietz** that are in that category. For the latecomers, **Gottfreid Dietz** was a German soldier in the Guard Company at **Oflag 64**. There are several letters included in this Issue of the Item from him. I suppose his letters could be classed as coming from outside the wire and looking in and all our letters would be from inside the wire looking out. He has some very interesting comments.

He can be reached at:

The John Hopkins University
3400 N. Charles Street
Baltimore, MD 21218-2685

PUBLICATIONS

Available Publications

<i>The Waters Story</i>	\$19.50
<i>My Tour of Russia</i>	\$ 5.00
<i>The Men of Oflag 64</i>	\$20.00
<i>The Oflag Directory</i>	\$ 3.00
<i>Oflag 64 Audio Tape</i>	\$ 5.00

Send requests for the above books, booklets, pamphlets, etc. to:

Bob Thompson
7448 E. 68th Place
Tulsa, OK 74133

Make checks for the above books to: Oflag 64
Postage Fund

Additional Publications:

In The Presence of Mine Enemies \$10.00

Send requests and checks
payable to Rose Daniel for the
above book to:

Mrs. Rose Daniel
5100 Sharon Road, Apt. 603
Charlotte, NC 28210-4720

ESCAPE TO RUSSIA \$35
by H. Randolph "Boomer" Holder,
is the story of Boomer and George
Durgin's capture, life in Oflag 64, and
their *Escape to Russia*. With 48
photos and cartoons from *The Item*, its
282 pages are "The most definitive
description of life in a Nazi prison
camp ever written," critics say. It was
written from his diary the first year he
was home, but not published until this
decade. H. Randolph Holder lives at
383 Westview Drive,
Athens, GA 30606-4635.
Telephone (706)549-3337

Thanks to these donors to the
Postage Fund.

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publishing/mailing the ITEM

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**THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE HAVE PAID THEIR REGISTRATION FEES
AND WILL BE AT THE LAS VEGAS REUNION IN SEPTEMBER**

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 Jim Sherman, Jeff Sherman, Mila Emerson
 Robert & Evelyn Oshlo
 Kathy Beauchamp
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 Dr. Ed & Elizabeth Batte
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 Royal & Harriet Lee
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 Jack Rathbone
 Juliet Rathbone Gionfrido (Jack's daughter)
 Duanne Kennedy
 Jim & Emily Bickers
 Lewis & Janet Lowe
 Charlie Lowe
 Frank Diggs
 Marvin & Faye Chevalier
 Jerry & Marjorie Alexis
 Paul Lampru

Ted & Adele Pawloski
 Charles Eberle
 Dr. Vince Di Francesco
 Maria & Wayne Christman (daughter & son-in-law of Dr. Vince)
 Marcia Kanners (widow of Vic Kanners)
 Bill & Dot Warthen
 Ellen Warthen (daughter of Bill & Dot)
 Don Graul
 Virginia Durgin (widow of George)
 Evelyn Korber (widow of Bill)
 Mary Mason (daughter of Evelyn Korber)
 Don & Cassie Waful
 Bill & Duna Harrell
 Debbie & Jim Livingston
 (daughter & son-in-law of Bill & Duna Harrell)
 Charles & Francis Moore
 Carl & Betty Clawson
 Tom & Sue Lawson
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 Philadelphia, Pa 19191

1998 Reunion Chairman
 Alan Dunbar
 4675 Green Canyon Dr.
 Las Vegas, NV 89103-4386

Bret Job
 3322 Washburn Ave. N
 Minneapolis, Mn 55412

Reunion Information-Oflag 64-Sept. 14 1998 to Sept 18, 1998

**Rio Suite Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada
Reservations Dept. 1-888-746-7482**

**Reunion Chairman
Alan Dunbar
4675 Green Canyon Drive
Las Vegas, NV 89103-4386
1/702-871-5046**

**PROGRAM FOR THE OFLAG 64 REUNION 14 SEPT TO 18 SEPT 1998
RIO SUITE HOTEL AND CASINO- LAS VEGAS NEVADA**

**Monday 14 September 1998
Early Arrivals**

**Tuesday 15 September 1998
9 AM Registration Brasilia Room**

**Wednesday 16 September 1998
11 AM Brasilia Room Lunch
2 PM Board busses for Stratosphere
X PM Depart Stratosphere when we are ready
Evening meal on your own**

**Thursday 17 September 1998
9 AM Continental breakfast /Business Meeting in Flamengo Room
10 AM Hammelburg discussions with Major Abe Baum-everybody welcome
6:30 PM Cash bar will be open in Brasilia prior to dinner dance
7:00 PM Dinner Dance-no speakers
8:00 PM Dancing until we want to stop
Door prizes will be given out after the dinner**

**Friday 18 September 1998
9:00 AM Breakfast Brunch
Memorial Service- Chaplain from Nellis AFB
Farewells until we meet again in 1999**

MAIL CALL

GEORGE PATTON WATERS of Mt. Pleasant, SC. will join us at Las Vegas with his wife **Martha**. Name sound familiar? Yes, he's **General Johnny Water's** son. He says he's excited about meeting us as he credits us with helping keep Johnny alive. Frankly, many of us feel it's the other way around. Johnny could be a close friend, but still realized his responsibility as an Army officer and as Executive Officer in the camp. He was the true epitome of the finest example of what we look for in the Army, and he was responsible for many of us keeping our self-respect and morale just by using him as an example. For those few who didn't know him, he was a lieutenant colonel, second in command at Oflag 64. He was hit by a sniper at Hammelburg, spent a year in the hospital, and then, over the years, was promoted to a four-star general. We'll look forward to meeting "Pat" and Martha. He sent along an extra generous contribution to the Postage Fund. If anyone wants to send any of their personal experiences with Johnny, the address is: 412 Rice Hope Dr., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

STAN SEGAL of Bakersfield, CA, sent along a contribution to the P.F. With Las Vegas close by, can we count on you being at the reunion?

HERMAN LITTMAN, Spokane, WA, will be with us at Las Vegas. He and **Lucy** are regulars, and it will be nice to see them. Herm must have jumped one time too many or his parachute didn't open, because he has had to have knee replacements. He and Lucy went to Europe in May. Wonder if he had trouble getting through the airport security. If you don't tip them off that the metal making the beeper go off is your knees, that's the last place they look, after about on-half hour.

JACK STEWART, Lincoln, NE, writes that he doesn't know very many of us because he almost didn't make it. He arrived at Oflag 64 in November and marched out with us in January. Great chance to meet us now by coming to Las Vegas. Thanks for your contribution to the Postage Fund.

MIKE PIECUCH, Newport, MA, sent along a check for the P.F. How about joining us in Las Vegas?

WARREN WALTERS, Columbus, GA, sent along a nice check for the P.F. Many thanks - Losing my memory with age - weren't you "Bucky" ? How about "Wildcat"? Is he around? Last saw him in the late 50's when he was at Governor's Island.

LILLIAN WRIGHT (Mrs. Bill), Catonsville, MD – Thanks for the P.F. donation. She has asked for a roster, so some of you may get letters from her. Bill refused to talk about his POW days, and she's looking for information.

NEWT LANTROM, Mesa, AZ. Thanks for the P.F. check. How about Las Vegas? I don't have a map in front of me, but AZ & NV can't be too far apart. When we visited Oflag 64 in 1970, your home, 3A, had been demolished. Wonder what the contractor thought when tons of dirt (from the tunnel) suddenly dropped? Question? Do you work in the kitchen, or didn't you tell your wife you had experience?

WALTER PARKS, M.D. is lonesome. Know anyone who was in 64-Z. He was, and keeps checking our roster for a familiar name. If you can help, his address is 7406 Curly Leaf CV, Austin, TX. Thanks for the contribution to the P.F. Of course, if you come to Las Vegas, you'll make many new friends.

DON WERNETTE, Mecoste, MI. Thanks for the P.F. check. Don complains that he's getting older and more deaf. Know anyone who isn't? I only know one way to prevent that, and no one ever came back to tell us if it's any better, so stick it out. Can you and Vi make Las Vegas?

JEAN CHISTENSEN (Mrs. Robert) – If any of you have been corresponding, Jean has moved to 2101 South Garfield Avenue, Apt 231, Loveland, CO 80537. She is looking for a copy of *Escape from Hammelburg*, if anyone has an extra. (IY-I'm not familiar with that. The only book I know of about Hammelburg was Baum's book. If that's the one she wants, he might have some. Bob passed away in 1995.

JOE BARRETT – someone sent along the story of the realistic re-enactment of the Battle of the Bulge because **Joe Barrett's** name was in it. If it's our Joe, someone with a helicopter had to transport him from Oflag 64. Our Joe is from NJ, not PA. The show was at Indiantown Gap.

JOHN CRAMER, Penn Hills, PA – "Slick" can't make it to Las Vegas this year, but did send along a check for the P.F. Thanks!

JOHN CREECH, Columbus, NC, sent a note to correct his P. O. Box #. It's 578. He hopes to make it to Las Vegas. Sometimes I wonder how many Oflag 64 residents know how much they owe John. John was the guy who spent all his time in the "greenhouse" growing vegetables and overseeing our little garden plots to supplement our marginally acceptable potatoes and normally rotten cabbage. Our illness ratio in camp was amazingly low because of him. John is asking about **CLARENCE FERGUSON**. How about you Texas boys putting on a little pressure and getting him to Las Vegas. His address is 202 Karl Clayton Drive, Grosebeck, TX 76642. Clarence was **LTC Schaefer & Lt Shmitz's** lawyer and wrote a book called "**Kriegsgefangener**" about his experience. As we have found out since from our German "mole", the verdict was dictated from Berlin even before the trial. I (IY) always suspected that

COL Drake was sent home because they didn't want him at the trial.

HANK PERRY, Novelty P.O., OH 44072, says there is some confusion as to his street address: 7805 Kinsman Road and 7805 Rte 87 are both the same street, so you can use either one.

South Carolina checked in! **EARL SMOAK** called from Beaufort a couple of days ago and would like to hear from somebody that he was with. He started on that long cold march and after 8 or 9 days he took a ride on one of those fancy convertible (no top) steel box cars to Luckenwald. He lives about 25 miles off I-95 and would like to welcome any of you that are down that way. Thanks for calling, Earl. Are you going to make it to Las Vegas?

Earl can be contacted at: 73 Sunset Blvd.
Beaufort, SC. 29902
1/843-522-0044

VINCE DIFRANCESCO of Bethesda, MD. writes that they will be with us at Las Vegas. He writes that he attended a ceremony at his Post Office at which a POW/MIA flag designed by the National League of Families and approved by Congress was raised. See details elsewhere in this issue.

REID ELLSWORTH of Chandler, AZ., writes to tell of meeting members of a family in Italy that he lived with for a time. They met by chance at a gas station. Full story elsewhere. Thanks for the contribution to the postage fund.

IRV YAROCK from Worcester, MA. had the same experience as Ellsworth. He was in Greensboro, NC and remembered the wife of a fellow he helped to escape from Italy to Germany. He didn't have the wife's maiden name or address. He walked down the street, saw a woman on the porch, approached her and said "would you happen to know someone named **Edward Griffin?**" Her reply, "I have a son-in-law by that name". She called her daughter out, she was the one, and Edward had made good his escape and was back on duty. People who were in P.G. 21 will remember him. Thanks for the contribution to the postage fund.

EDWARD A. GRAF, of Grand Rapids, MI and his wife **PEG** will be with at Las Vegas. They attended the ceremonies at Andersonville and were quite impressed.

"BOOMER" HOLDER of Athens, GA sends an interesting patriotic article and reminds us that he still has copies of his book "**Escape to Russia**" for sale at \$35.00. Why not bring some copies to Las Vegas?

GLADYS ASCHIM, of Rockford, IL. Writes to thank the many friends of Bob for their letters and cards of condolence on Bob's loss. He had a really rough time. She is having another of several Glaucoma operations so she won't be at Las Vegas.

IDA CLARK of Lincoln NE has written asking for pictures of our plaque at Andersonville. Bill Warthen sent them. She asks why "Andersonville?" Thought everyone knew that Andersonville was a famous Civil War POW Camp. Wayne has had a really rough time. Had a stroke, but still has fairly good past memory, and if anyone near there can stop in and see him, you'd be doing a good deed. Contact Ida at 4825 So. 69th Street, ZIP Code 68516.

CHARLES WILKINSON of Model CO. has lived at his current address for 35 years and was recently notified by the Post Office that his street doesn't exist. Anyway, he's still an active cattle rancher (Herefords) but gave into age and is driving an all terrain vehicle instead of a horse. Las Vegas can't be too far, how about it? Thanks for the contribution to the P.F.

JIM IVERSON of Villa Park, IL is also having trouble with the Post Office. Jim doesn't show in the "Red" book and his note is on a card showing the Vietnam Wall. How about showing up at Las Vegas to straighten us out. Thanks for the P.F. check.

Letter from **ROY and HELEN CHAPPELL**. They are at their summer roost at Cloudcroft, New Mexico. They are there to escape the heat in Dallas. I don't know why- it's only been around 105 to 110 for the last few weeks. They are coming to Las Vegas, so maybe the cool weather in New Mexico, will put them in an good mood.

VIRGINIA DURGIN of Sacramento, CA whose husband George is deceased and was one of the oldtimers who was caught in Africa, is coming to Las Vegas to be with us. Thanks for the donation to the postage fund.

KERMIT HANSEN of Elkhorn, NE will still be in his summer home in Estes Park, CO where he entertains his brood., spouses and grandchildren and doesn't say whether he'll be at Las Vegas. Kermit was in the banking business. Maybe that's why he's getting a defibrillator, while common folks have ordinary pacemakers.

AGNES McDONOUGH, of Hempstead, NY writes a long letter about here husband "RED" who died in 1991 He was captured in Sept. of '44, was sent to Oflag 64 and got back through Odessa. He and she were treated pretty badly by the VA, and with the recent cuts we can expect more of that. The only answer I know is to really put pressure on your congressman. Agnes is alone, asked to be taken off the mailing list because her eyes are bad, and she sent a donation to the postage fund. She also sent some D-Day pictures which will be in the Hospitality Room at Las Vegas. If anyone lives nearby, she sure would appreciate a telephone friend. The address is 35 Elk St. #9C, Hempstead, NY. 11550.

CARL CLAWSON, of Newport Beach. CA writes that he will come to Las Vegas. I hanks tor the contribution to the P.F.

P.D.LAMPRU says "see you in September". (IY-don't think I've seen him Barracks 3A- hope he makes it.) Thanks for the postage fund donation.

AL CECIL of Arlington, Texas—Just a short hop for you to Las Vegas—Thanks for the postage fund donation

Received a nice letter from **GOTTFRIED DIETZE** plus some letters he received from some of our comrades. All of the correspondence we have is in this issue of the Item. There are some very interesting comments in his letters. He was in our German Guard Company at Oflag 64 and survived the war. He was befriended by **Tony Lumpkin, Amon Carter and Col. Goode**, and probably others. He was at Newport, but as far as I know was not introduced to the crowd, so most people didn't know he was there. Maybe he will come to Las Vegas. He also sent along a contribution to our postage fund, which was appreciated.

Received some correspondence from **HERB GARRIS** which was very enlightening. He enclosed 2 letters from **Gottfried Dietze** which are included with this issue. Herb's best friend of all these many years (**Ethelene**), has been having health problems and she is recovering, but not enough that Herb can come to the reunion in Las Vegas. In his last letter he said he would not be in Las Vegas because of **Ethelene's** health problems. He will be missed and we all pray for Ethelene's recovery. Herb contacted Gottfried Dietze and invited him to come to the reunion. Hopefully, he will be there, but class schedules and other school matters may prevent him from coming.

FAIRES WADE, Corpus Christi, wrote a nice letter about his Hammelburg experience. He is now a law partner of Lt. Nutto, one of Major Baum's Company Commanders, on the Hammelburg Raid. His letter is very interesting and makes you realize what a small world we live in. Thank you for writing and we hope to see you at one of our reunions

Heard from **ROGER EULER**, Columbus Ind. He enclosed a donation to the postage fund which is appreciated..

Heard from **JOHN SANFORD**, La Canada, Ca. John has never been to a reunion, because of the conflict with his business. Thanks for your letter, John, and your donation to the postage fund is appreciated.

ERROL JOHNSON, New Haven, KY checks in with a contribution to postage fund. Errol is one of the Hammelburgers that rode on a half-track that night on the recon patrol. He won't be at the reunion, because of a conflict with his divisions reunion (88th Inf). Thanks for the donation to the postage fund.



ELDER
Irving Yarock, holding a photo of himself at his college graduation in 1933, with sister Evelyn Alberts.
WORCESTER

BILL WARTHEN'S SON IN MASS. SENT THIS TO BILL AND BILL FORWARDED IT ON TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE ITEM.

IRVING J. YAROCK, 81

Irving Yarock took over his father's Star Trading Co. in Worcester after his return from World War II. But his heart was never in furniture sales; he enjoyed, instead, volunteer work, and he's spent a lifetime volunteering in his native city. To do so, he's kept his tastes simple, his living costs down; in fact, he still rents the apartment in a triple decker that his family moved into when he was 8 years old. Irving never married. "Why not? The spark never hit, I guess."

I was born on 36 Minden St. in Worcester. When I was 8 years old, we moved to 51 Barkley St., which was just a block away. And I've been living there ever since. Just renting. I never bought the house. It's a three-decker house.

We had a small furniture store. My father started out in the old days, like most of the immigrants coming over, peddling from house to house.

We moved when I was 8, and we were heading into the Depression. The bank had all kinds of property, and I still remember the bank manager trying to convince my father to take it for nothing. But my father had a bad experience one time with real estate. He wouldn't touch it.

My rent? That's an interesting thing. I can remember when it was \$30. And I've

sell. Right now, I'm paying \$200. I also pay my own heat and lights and so forth.

I lived with my parents until they died.

I dated for a while and then, I don't know. The war came along and I never really got too deep into that.

I was happy being busy. . . .

The best time was probably the college days, because you have no worries of any kind. The worst part, while I was in the service, I was a prisoner of war for 27 months. I was lucky in that I was captured on the German side and not the Japanese side. There was a big difference in treatment. The Germans were not as bad. . . .

I had a very interesting experience, when I was first captured. I had dog tags of the previous company commander who'd been killed a few weeks earlier. And I had my own. And mine said "H" on it, for Hebrew. And I couldn't make up my mind what to do with them. I had thought perhaps of using his, but I had just finished sending a letter to his parents saying he was dead. And then suddenly what if his name showed up again on one of those prisoner-of-war lists? So I ended up throwing them both into the Mediterranean when I crossed over. . . .

I wasn't sure what I was going to do, and my father asked if I wanted to go into the store, and I didn't say yes right away. My mother came to me and told me he hadn't slept since. I didn't have anything particular in mind, so I said OK. And I did everything. Delivering. Repairing. Selling. Collecting. It was a credit business. But the problem with the credit business is if you're going to make any real money, you've got to be more like a banker than I was. You get to know the people - and my father was the same before me - and they were more like family. So if somebody was sick, you didn't call on them. That type of thing.

We never made any real money there, and I was never too happy in the business anyway.

I started before the war. In 1941 I was called into the service, and in 1946 I returned and I picked up again at the store.

Then around 1969, my folks had died and I didn't particularly like it, so I closed it down. That was the end of it. . . .

I've been trying to wind things down. I've been trying for the last two years to cut out things, so I do have more time to myself. In fact, in another month, I go off the board of the United Way. If I can help it, I won't pick up another one.

I just want to be able to go home and take a nap if I want to. Or go to a movie. Or do something for myself, rather than for someone else, and I've done plenty for others. . . .

I don't need much. I don't want to rent that apartment that was in the paper the other day, the one in New York City going for \$100,000 a month. I'm not interested in that.

I have simple needs, and I don't have any real obligations. This frees me up, and I like being able to help people.

TAPS

Ellen Bryan, never a Scout, but 70-year Girl Scout leader

By Kay Powell
STAFF WRITER

Ellen Bryan, 93, of Atlanta, a Girl Scout leader for 70 years, was quick to tell anyone that she almost knew Juliette Gordon Lowe, who founded the organization in 1912.

Mrs. Bryan never was a Girl Scout but received the organization's highest award, the Thank's Badge, in 1948 after becoming a Girl Scout leader in the late 1920s, said her daughter, Newell Tozzer of



Bryan

Atlanta. In 1997, the Northwest Georgia Girl Scout Council named a lake at Camp Timber Ridge near Austell in Mrs. Bryan's honor and made her its first emeritus board member in 1996.

Mrs. Bryan died Monday of congestive heart failure at Piedmont Hospital. The funeral will be at 2:30 p.m. today at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. H.M. Patterson & Son, Spring Hill, is in charge of arrangements.

Through her mother, a member of the first Atlanta Girl Scout board, and a cousin, Atlanta's first Girl Scout commissioner, Ellen Hillyer Newell Bryan became involved in Scouting.

Two of Mrs. Bryan's proudest achievements in her Scouting work were her roles in bringing black girls into the organization and in saving the Lowe house in Savannah, said Mrs. Tozzer.

During World War II, Sadie Mays, wife of Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, the late president of Morehouse College, contacted Mrs. Bryan about establishing Girl Scout troops for black girls, said Mrs. Tozzer. Mrs. Bryan is credited with opening the organization to blacks.

In the early 1950s, Mrs. Bryan learned that the historic Lowe home in Savannah was

scheduled for demolition to create a parking lot, said Mrs. Tozzer. Long-distance telephoning was rarely used except for emergencies in those days, she added, but her mother called all over the country to raise money to preserve the house.

Mrs. Bryan was the Atlanta Girl Scout Council's third commissioner, now called director, and served on the regional board and then the national board 1945-1954 and 1959-1966.

Her late husband, Wright Bryan, editor of *The Atlanta Journal*, was a prisoner of war during World War II. Mrs. Bryan thought she should be doing war work, but made her commitment to the Girl Scouts. "She really believed in Girl Scouting for the girls of America," said Mrs. Tozzer. "She was saying that in speeches she was giving two years ago."

Mrs. Bryan also recalled entertaining Lady Astor during an Atlanta visit. Lady Astor, after dinner one night, insisted that Mrs. Bryan telephone "Gone With the Wind" author Margaret Mitchell and invite her over. Mrs. Bryan did, and Mrs. Mitchell sat drinking bourbon and talking with Lady Astor deep into the night.

Columnist Celestine Sibley remembered a late-night get-together during a Georgia Press Association convention in Athens. "The night I met Ellen Bryan, nobody could sit on the bed because she was standing in the middle of it, bouncing and singing," Ms. Sibley wrote in 1997. "She had her shoes off, a plain, middle-aged woman, but merry with infectious party humor."

Survivors other than her daughter include another daughter, Marylane Sullivan of Cleveland; a son, William Wright Bryan Jr. of Atlanta; six grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, the family requested that contributions be made to the Northwest Georgia Girl Scout Council, 100 Edgewood Ave. NE, Suite 1100, Atlanta, GA 30303-3068.

TAPS

The family of Col. Richard C. "Dick" Miles would like you to know that he went to be with his Lord on May 21st, 1998. Martha will continue to live at the family home in Redlands.

Lt. James D. Cooney,
Sebastian, FL
Died April 25, 1998
Jim was a Ranger with the 1st Ranger Bn and was captured at Cisterna, Italy on Jan 30, 1944
(Anzio Beachhead)

Lt. Dallas Smith
Died in 1997
Dallas was with the 335th Infantry, 84th Division and was captured 29 November 1944
Dallas was one of the few that made it back to the American lines after the Hammelburg Raid.

Dear Bob,

First I must explain that at the time of your communication, I was out of the state, and now that I'm back, I have a job of catch up to do.

When I was in Italy evading capture for two and one half months, I was told from time to time that a partisan band was in the hills in the area. I made no effort to make contact, though, because I was intent on trying to get down and through the combat lines and into American control. After capture, and while in a Civilian jail, I was confronted by a "big" Italian Fascist (about 6' 6", and about 260 or 270 pounds) who apparently believed that I had been working with a partisan band. He asked where my "camp" was. I laughed at him, and he slugged me. I did

I told him that all he would get from me was name, rank and serial number. Before he left, he told me that he would be back at 5:00 the next morning and that then I would talk or I'd never talk again--(somewhat of a threat, I thought). He didn't see him the next morning but was moved from the jail to a temporary camp near Spoleto from which we were then sent up to Germany and eventually to Oflag 64.

You are doing a noble job being Editor of the news letter. Thanks.

Field

I'M USING AN ELECTRONIC TYPEWRITER THAT HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN.

130

EXPERIENCE OF FIELD F. ELLSWORTH

EPILOGUE III

On Saturday, June 28, 1997 Lela, my wife, and I began a summer trip from Arizona enroute through Las Vegas, Nevada and the States of Utah, Washington, and Idaho to visit with friends and family. We stopped at Kingman in northern Arizona to refuel before continuing on to Nevada. Lela went into the restroom while I was refilling the gas tank. While there, she approached the washbasin. A young woman behind her hesitated. Lela moved over and invited the young woman to move up saying that there was plenty of room. Haltingly the woman said "I... do not... understand". Lela, in Italian, but without thinking that the young woman might be Italian said "Mi Scusi" (Excuse Me) to which the young woman asked "Tu parli Italiano?". Lela responded "Si" (Yes). The two then proceeded to go outside where the young husband was waiting and where I was finishing refilling the tank.

As I had joined the three of them, there were questions as to how we were able to speak Italian. Lela answered that we had spent two years as missionaries of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Italy. The young woman then asked where, to which Lela answered Rome. The young lady then said that Rome was her home.

Further talking I explained that I had been shot down in Northern Italy and had evaded capture for some time traveling from near Milano (Milan) to near Rome. I asked if they were familiar with the city named Rieti. As would appear, they were surprised that I was familiar with Rieti. I then asked if they by chance knew of Rocca Sinibalda. In a very, very surprised voice the husband repeated the name of the village. It was obvious from his tone of voice that he was very familiar with the area. I then asked if by chance he was familiar with the family name Cenciotti. Again, in what appeared almost amazement, he said the Cenciotti name is one of the best-known names in the area.

He then explained that his home had been at Rocca Sinibalda, and that as a young boy his grandmother had related to the grandchildren that during WWII the Cenciotti's had had an American soldier live with them at their home for some time.

"That was I !!!", I exclaimed.

TO PAGE 131

ALSO SEE NOTE ON BACK OF PAGE (129) RE CHAPLAIN ROBERT SCOTT

We told them that we had the good fortune of being able to visit with the Cenciotti family in Italy in 1988. The almost incredible encounter with this young Italian couple, Massimo and Loredana Silvi, was an emotional one, occurring almost fifty-four years after my being cared for and provided for by the family Cenciotti. This latter family I consider nearly as my own family. It would almost seem that this encounter in Kingman, nearly half a world away from their home, was meant to be.

To the Cenciotti family I am greatly indebted, as was the Apostle Paul in early New Testament times, as related in the book of Acts, eighteenth chapter, second and third and eighteenth verses, and the book of Romans, sixteenth chapter, third and fourth verses in the New Testament section of the Bible. Paul referred to those who had joined the Church of Jesus Christ in Rome and in other countries as Saints, and specifically in the mentioned scriptures, he sent his greetings to Aquilla and Priscilla, "who have for my life laid down their own necks" and this is the same as did the family Cenciotti in a very real sense for my well being, and for this I hold a great love for them.

Giovanni Battista has now been gone perhaps for twenty years. Clarice, his wife, was approximately ninety years old when we were able to meet with the family in its entirety in 1988. She too is now gone. But the children of Giovanni and Clarice are now a generation older than the young Silvi couple who brought back so many poignant memories.

In the escape kits issued to us for each of our combat bombing missions were exceptionally good escape maps. For this last mission we had two maps, one for Northern Italy and into France. The other was for the length of Italy, which I used. As I stayed with the Cenciotti family, I gave them the northern map, which they framed and put under glass, and which is now hanging on the wall of the home of a daughter who was only 8 years old at the time that I was with the family. We have had a letter and pictures from the couple we encountered in Northern Arizona, and who were taken to the home and shown the map. It's a small world, isn't it?

FAIRES P. WADE
Attorney At Law
3150 South Alameda Street
Corpus Christi, Texas 78404

July 31, 1998

Telephone
512-884-9389

Mr. Robert Thompson
7448 East 68th Place
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74133

Dear Mr. Thompson:

I was at Hammelburg when Major Baum and his troops arrived just before dark. Col. Waters had already been wounded. I did not meet Major Baum but I was standing beside the jeep of Major Stiller, the aide to Gen. Patton who reached somebody at Gen. Patton's Headquarters and reported that Col. Waters had been seriously wounded. Among other things, Major Stiller was told to make his way back to American lines the best way he could. I immediately got on one of the 6 half tracks and in the night-time we started in what they thought was the direction of the front lines but all of the half tracks ran low on gas and the half tracks were placed in defensive positions where we were recaptured by the sixteen year old German youths who were students at a nearby military school. I was wounded not seriously in the altercation. The tanks held out until daylight the next day. We were taken back to Hammelburg where we stayed for a day or so or maybe a week when we were liberated by the 13th or 14th Armored Division.

I was returned to the U.S. in June and was released from active duty at Ft. Bragg in November 1945.

I came to Corpus Christi to resume my practice of law. About 5 years ago, I became associated with William Nutto in practicing law. He was the Company Commander under Capt. Baum and was seriously wounded in the altercation at Hammelburg. He was taken to a German hospital where he stayed until the war was over. Bill Nutto and I were written up in the Corpus Christi Caller-Times about the Hammelburg operation, If I can find a copy, I will enclose it herewith. Bill is in good health and we are still practicing law from adjoining offices.

Sincerely yours,


Faires P. Wade

FPW/ag

Athens Daily News

ATHENS BANNER-HERALD

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ATHENS, GEORGIA 30601

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1998

POWs knew meaning of freedom



Bonnie Heath/Photo staff

Eugene Cook, an Air Force pilot and former World War II prisoner of war, holds a banner that girls wore in a Nazi flak school next to his prison camp.



Andrew Davis Tucker/Photo staff

Randolph Holder spent nearly two years in a prison camp in Poland after his tank caught fire during a mission in Tunisia, North Africa. Behind him are his military medals.

Prisoners carried out Fourth of July celebrations

■ Former POWs feel true meaning of Fourth of July is lost. Story on Back Page.

By Joanna Soto
Staff Writer

On July 4, 1944, thousands of American soldiers tried to remember and honor the independence their families had, but that they did not. They found that the notion of freedom is much sweeter when you're standing behind barbed wire and walls.

"The Fourth of July celebrations I had were rather subdued when I was at war because I was in a POW cage," said Eugene Cook, 77, a former Air Force pilot and World War II prisoner of war.

"Unfortunately, right at that time in 1944, we were extremely short on rations. So we weren't too exuberant, but we did assemble," Cook said.

Cook and Randolph Holder, 81, both know what it's like to celebrate Independence Day from inside enemy lines. The two men, who both live in Athens, spent almost two years in German prisoner-of-war camps.

The B-17 bomber Cook was flying was shot down over Germany near the Belgium border during a bombing run on Aug. 17, 1943. After surviving the crash, Cook was shot by a German soldier and paraded around the streets of a nearby



Eugene Cook, left, and Randolph Holder shown in their prisoner identification photos.

town to be ridiculed. He was hospitalized for the gunshot wounds and then managed to sneak into a prison camp to avoid being killed by civilians or other soldiers.

He was a prisoner in Barth, Germany, until being liberated by Russian troops on May 1, 1945.

Holder was captured Feb. 19, 1943, in Tunisia, North Africa, when bullets hit his tank and started a fire. He was held in a prison camp in Poland until he escaped Jan. 26, 1945. Holder and another prisoner spent five days between German and Russian battle lines before they were able to escape to Russia and find a way back home.

Their Independence Day celebrations in the prison camps were not filled with pomp and pageantry, but they did lift

their spirits.

"We had a little gathering and impromptu speeches and the Germans didn't bless us for it at all," Cook said.

The speeches were "just reminding the troops that this was the Fourth of July and that we were lucky to be alive and able to celebrate it."

Cook and the other prisoners made little American flags out of a British canvas duffel bag and some colored pencils the Red Cross had sent them. About a third of the 2,300 prisoners in Cook's camp were British. Despite the symbolism of the holiday, the British soldiers joined in the festivities.

"We had no fireworks, of course, and we had impromptu small flags that we made and displayed. The Germans didn't like that too much, but they pretty much left us alone," Cook said.

For Holder and his fellow prisoners, getting permission to stage a Fourth of July celebration was a bit more difficult. The German prison commander refused to allow any festivities until he was told that the Fourth of July celebrates the American defeat of the British.

Thinking that a show of patriotism by the American prisoners would signify disunity between the allies, the German

Please see PRISONERS on Back Page

POWs: True meaning of holiday is getting lost

By Joanna Soto
Staff Writer

For many people, the Fourth of July celebrates cookouts and vacations rather than independence. However, the true meaning of the holiday is not lost on those Americans who fought and suffered on foreign soil during war.

"For the holiday, it's a time of remembrance and contemplation on the benefits we've received from different people at different times," said Eugene Cook, a former Air Force pilot and World War II prisoner of war. "I think it's a time for reflection on what various and sundry people have done to serve their country from the time of the Revolutionary War."

"We think more about patriotism. There is a one-line phrase that says everything about soldiers. For those of us who fought

for it, freedom has a flavor that the protected will never know," said Randolph Holder, a former tank commander and World War II prisoner of war.

Cook said that on holidays like Independence Day and Memorial Day, he always thinks about the other nine members of his B-17 bomber crew who were killed in the war.

"I just wish that our population as a whole could realize what that sacrifice meant," Cook said somberly.

William Fletcher, 76, an Air Force B-17 pilot and former POW in World War II, shares Cook's desire to remember the soldiers who died in defense of the country. Their sacrifice makes national holidays sacred.

"Thinking about all of the young men who lost their lives in those wars. It makes it significant for anyone who takes these things into consideration," said Fletcher.

a Nicholson resident.

Many veterans are troubled by the complacency of Americans today when it comes to freedom and patriotism. They believe people don't treasure those concepts much anymore because they haven't been threatened by war or other armed conflicts in such a long time.

"I think the farther we get away from conflicts like World War II and Korea — and it's been over 20 years since Vietnam — a generation is coming up and they don't know what you're talking about," said Joe Isler, a Marine who served in the Pacific during World War II.

"They don't appreciate World War II, Korea or Vietnam," Cook said. "There are some people that do, but in so far as World War II is concerned, 90 percent of the population is ignorant about the war, why it was fought and what it was fought for."

"These young folks are not fully aware of what went on. I don't know if we can educate them or what, but they need to appreciate what's gone on in this country for the last couple hundred years," said Harold Forrester, 75, of Athens, an infantry sergeant in World War II who was shot on Nov. 19, 1944.

Some veterans complained that the schools don't teach children to respect national symbols anymore.

"All you have to do is go to a ball game now and see when they're raising the (flag) that people are still walking to their seats," Isler said.

"You go to a parade or ceremony nowadays, none of the men take their hats off and the women don't recognize the flag. ... Younger people don't seem to realize what they have in being an American and living in this country," Fletcher said.

Prisoners

From Page 1A

commander consented to the celebration. In doing so, however, the commander personally handed the prisoners their biggest morale boost of the war.

"We were never allowed anything that smacked of patriotism. We weren't allowed to have flags or play martial music like the 'Star Spangled Banner,'" Holder said.

"We were all very surprised because that kind of thing was never allowed in any goon prison camp. The band, which was now about 25 strong, went all out that afternoon," Holder said. POWs referred to their German captors as goons.

The prisoners made an American flag out of bits of cloth they found, and it became the centerpiece of their celebrations. The national anthem was played and the prisoners put on a kind of carnival with games and perfor-

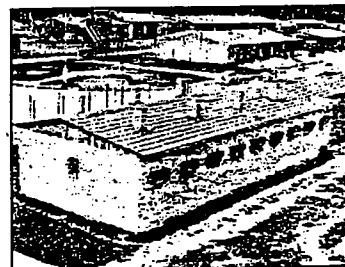
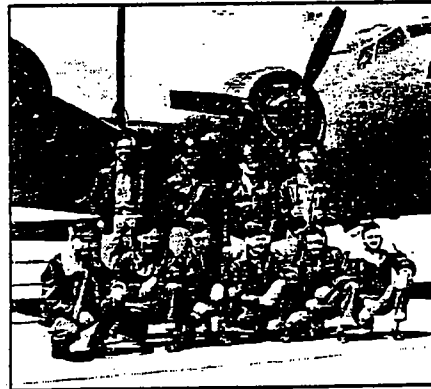
"We were never allowed anything that smacked of patriotism. We weren't allowed to have flags or play martial music like the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

Ex-POW Randolph Holder

mances.

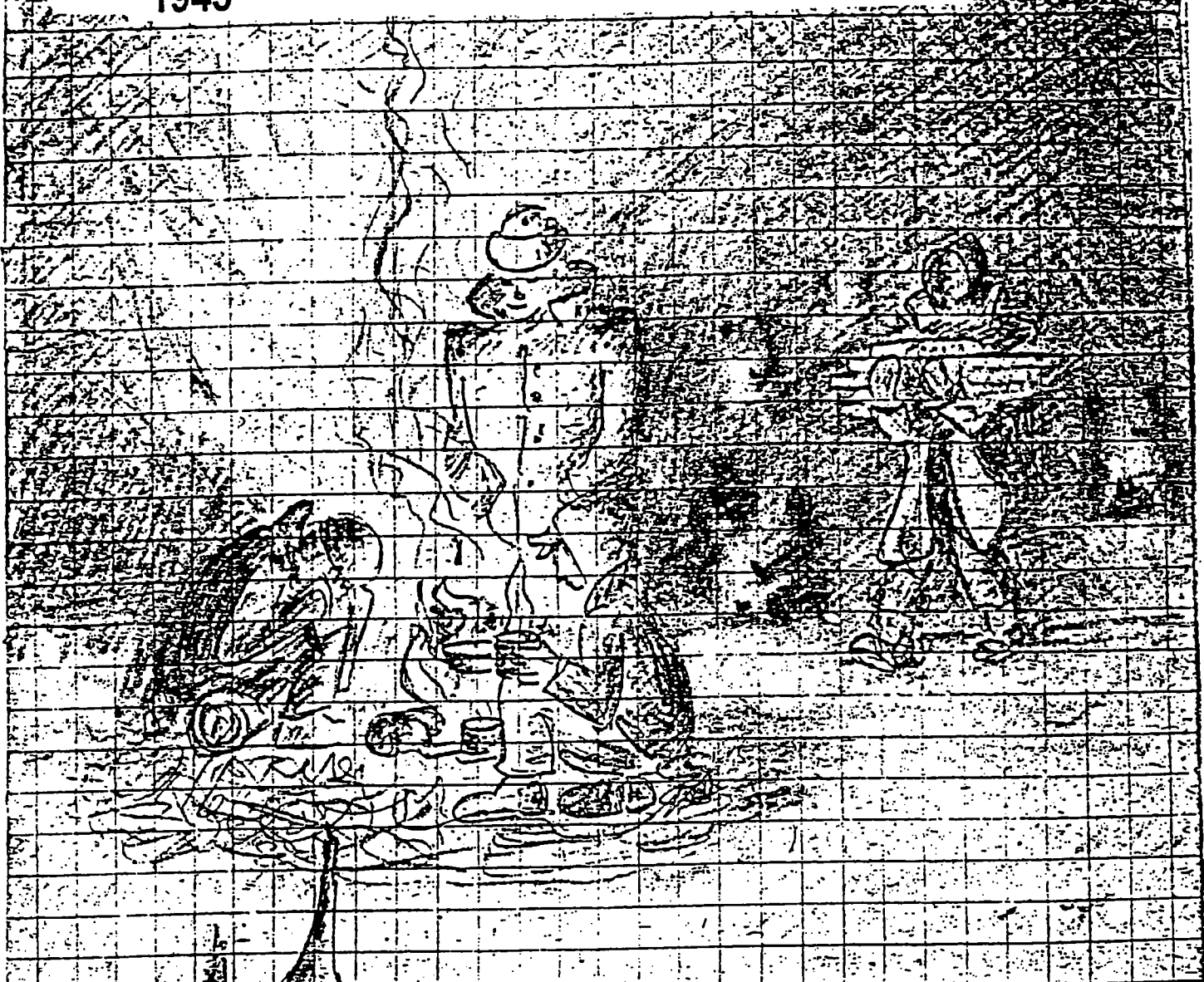
"Believe me, it never sounded better to me than it did on that small sports field, which was actually just a piece of dirt with no bushes, behind Nazi barbed wire. It was a thrill of a lifetime for us as we stood at attention and saluted with lumps in our throat," Holder said.

"We had always known we were going to win the war, but we were even more sure after that tremendous shot of morale on that Fourth of July, 1944," Holder said. "It really was quite a moment. I almost cried. That old German colonel didn't know what he was doing."



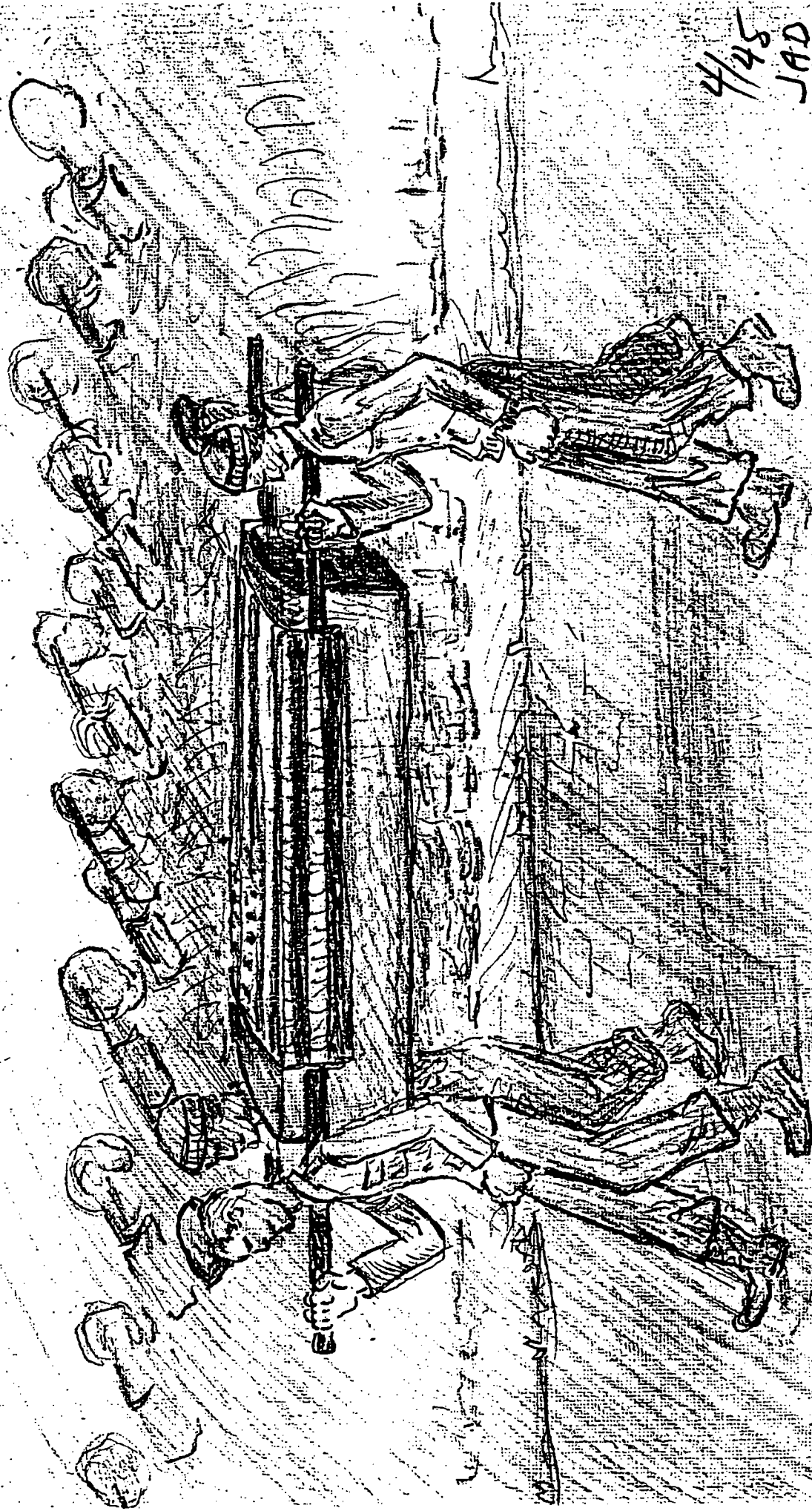
Above left, Eugene Cook's 10-member flight crew pose in front of their plane. He was the only one to survive the war. Above, Cook is shown during flight training. Left, The cooler is a solitary confinement building inside the prisoner of war camp. POWs were held in the cooler for any violation.

SKETCH BY JAY DRAKE OF THE END OF
ANOTHER DAY ON THAT LONG COLD
MARCH IN POLAND AND GERMANY IN
1945



END OF THE TRAIL

J.D. 02-4s



4/45
JAD

WEEKS
DEATH
OFLAG 13B

SKETCH BY JAY DRAKE OF THE FUNERAL
PROCESSION FOR LT. WEEKS AT
HAMMELBURG IN MARCH 1945. LT.
WEEKS WAS SHOT BY A GUARD FOR
BEING IN THE ODEN DURING AN AIR RAID.

VINCE DiFRANCESCO SENT THE FOLLOWING LITERATURE AND WILL BE AT THE REUNION IN SEPTEMBER.



History of the League's POW/MIA Flag

In 1971, Mrs. Michael Hoff, an MIA wife and member of the National League of Families, recognized the need for a symbol of our POW/MIAs. Prompted by an article in the Jacksonville, Florida Times-Union, Mrs. Hoff contacted Norman Rivkees, Vice President of Annin & Company which had made a banner for the newest member of the United Nations, the People's Republic of China, as a part of their policy to provide flags to all United Nations members states. Mrs. Hoff found Mr. Rivkees very sympathetic to the POW/MIA issue, and he, along with Annin's advertising agency, designed a flag to represent our missing men. Following League approval, the flags were manufactured for distribution.

On March 9, 1989, an official League flag, which flew over the White House on 1988 National POW/MIA Recognition Day, was installed in the U.S. Capitol Rotunda as a result of legislation passed overwhelmingly during the 100th Congress. In a demonstration of bipartisan Congressional support, the leadership of both Houses hosted the installation ceremony.

The League's POW/MIA flag is the only flag ever displayed in the U.S. Capitol Rotunda where it will stand as a powerful symbol of national commitment to America's POW/MIAs until the fullest possible accounting has been achieved for U.S. personnel still missing and unaccounted for from the Vietnam War.

On August 10, 1990, the 101st Congress passed U.S. Public Law 101-355, which recognized the League's POW/MIA flag and designated it "as the symbol of our Nation's concern and commitment to resolving as fully as possible the fates of Americans still prisoner, missing and unaccounted for in Southeast Asia, thus ending the uncertainty for their families and the Nation".

The importance of the League's POW/MIA flag lies in its continued visibility, a constant reminder of the plight of America's POW/MIAs. Other than "Old Glory", the League's POW/MIA flag is the only flag ever to fly over the White House, having been displayed in this place of honor on National POW/MIA Recognition Day since 1982. With passage of Section 1082 of the 1998 Defense Authorization Act during the first term of the 105th Congress, the League's POW/MIA flag will fly each year on Armed Forces Day, Memorial Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, National POW/MIA Recognition Day and Veterans Day on the grounds or in the public lobbies of major military installations as designated by the Secretary of the Defense, all Federal national cemeteries, the national Korean War Veterans Memorial, the National Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the White House, the United States Postal Service post offices and at the official offices of the Secretaries of State, Defense and Veteran's Affairs, and Director of the Selective Service System.

POW-MIA Flag on Display

Post offices and many federal facilities will be flying the new prisoner-of-war-missing-in-action (POW-MIA) flag today. Selected agencies are required to display the special flag on six specified days during the year under the Defense Authorization Act signed by President Clinton on Nov. 18.

Today is Armed Forces Day, the first of the designated days. The others: Memorial Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, National POW-MIA Recognition Day and Veterans Day.



THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
Baltimore, MD 21218-2685

Department of
Political Science

July 14, 1998

Post Oflag 64 Item
Robert T. Thompson
7448 E 68th Place
Tulsa, OK 74133

Mystery Unsolved!

Dear Robert:

At 21, I came to Oflag 64 in August 1944 as a private first class and stayed there until early in January 1945. As did many of my German comrades and officers, I felt that the POWs could help it as little to be confined there as myself, and fair treatment was warranted. I was glad to read later on that from the American side, treatment was considered correct.

I was assigned to the parcel hut, where parcels arriving for the POWs were checked for contraband, especially arms. My superior was Feldwebel Schoberth who did not speak English. Tony Lumpkin was the American officer in charge. Under him was Amon Carter.

When you work with the same people for months, it is natural that you get closer, especially under circumstances you do not like, as for all of us were those in Szubin. Conversations of a personal nature develop. Tony Lumpkin came to know that my father had suffered under the Hitler regime and that I did not like that regime, a feeling that was shared by Oberst Schneider and some of my comrades.

We were outraged when Lt. Col. Schaefer and Lt. Schmitz were sentenced to death, obviously on orders from Berlin where Himmler, the leader of the SS was now, after the failure of the Putsch against Hitler on July 20, 1944, was now in charge of the Ersatzheer (all non-frontline troops), including jurisdiction over POW camps. Obviously, the sentence against Schaefer and Schmitz was making a mockery of the Geneva Convention protecting prisoners of war.

As a young student of law and as a human being, it was then when I warned Tony Lumpkin to be extremely cautious, for I knew that Betty, his wife, and his three young children prayed for his safe return. He was, I thought, as officer in charge of the parcel hut especially in danger, since there was talk that a radio set had been smuggled into the camp, probably through the parcel hut. (I might well have been responsible for that trusting Amon Carter's assurance that a sports article was harmless, so that I did not examine it).

Giving Carter as a reference probably helped me getting a teaching fellowship at the University of Texas for 1951-52. A close friend of his as well as a student of mine from Texas told me he spoke well of me. I have nice letters from his widow and his sister Ruth.

with kind regards, as always,

Gottfried Dietze
Gottfried Dietze

Copy to John Slack

HEADQUARTERS, PORT MONROE
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
PORT MONROE, VIRGINIA

9 December 1949

Dr. Gottfried Dietze
39 South Edwards Hall
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

My Dear Doctor Dietze:

I remember you very well with nothing but the kindest feelings. I have always felt that the mere fact that there was a war on should never cause hard feelings with the professional military men who may in one war be fighting on opposite sides, and in the next as allies.

I have heard from many of the Guard Company and I sent a CARE package to Mrs. Schneider. She never heard from her husband since he got in the hands of the Russians.

I know Princeton only slightly, but I know it well enough to know what a beautiful place it is, and it must remind you of your own Heidelberg. When I went back to Germany it was for a very hurried visit, and I was only there a few days. I have always wanted to go back there to station, but my time is running out, since I am due for retirement in a couple of years and it will be very difficult to get transferred for that short time.

I came back from Hawaii and went to San Francisco in March with General Clark, who has brought me here where I arrived a few short days ago.

The very best of luck to you, and I was delighted to hear from you.

Sincerely,



PAUL R. GOODE
Colonel, Infantry
Deputy Post Commander



HEADQUARTERS

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

MEXICO, MISSOURI

June 3, 1946

Student Gottfried Dietze
(20) Göttingen, Rote Str. 39
British Zone, Germany

My dear Dietze:

I was indeed glad to find that you had made the end of the war O.K.

On the 21st of January I was able to escape and join the Russians. After some two months of traveling through Russia, Egypt, and Italy, I arrived in the States about a month before the end of the European war.

I had your address on a slip of paper but in the mix-up it became lost. Is there any possible chance that you could give me the address of Feldwebel Schopert (?) the old man in charge of the parcel hut. Also any address that you might have of Captain Merck and Captain Minner. (?) I thought quite a bit of these men, together with several others, and sincerely hope that they came through O.K. As far as Zimmerman is concerned, I would just as soon that he work his time out in the salt mines. Drop me a line if you know anything relative to these men.

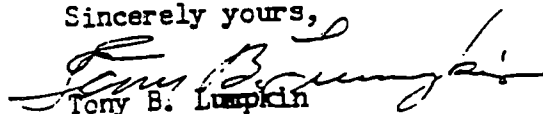
Enclosed you will find a recommendation that I want you to feel free to use. I know that I am speaking not only for myself but for Colonel Good.

By the way, I received a Christmas card from Colonel Schaffer but have heard nothing from Lt. Schmidt, although he lives only three or four hundred miles away.

I know these are hard times in Europe but I am not as well informed as to your own actual needs. However, if there is anything that I can send you, I will be only too glad to do so. I recall with a great deal of gratitude the night that you "stuck your neck out" to save me from that goat-headed Zimmerman. I have a suit of clothes that will probably be too large for you but I will send them as soon as they return from the cleaners provided there isn't some postal regulation against this.

Drop me a line whenever you can. I will always be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely yours,


Tony B. Lumpkin

TBL/dd

Included: One enclosure

December 19, 1979

Dear Johnny:

News of the passing of Col. Schaefer brought back memories to what I have considered the low point of my years in the German army, into which I was drafted in 1941 at the age of eighteen. I liked in the announcement that no mention was made that he was sentenced to death, that's probably the way he wanted it. Some of my comrades at Oflag 64 said he was the most anti-German of all Pows. If that was the case, he certainly did not let me feel it when I talked with him occasionally. I remember when Hauptmann Merk told us that he and Lt. Schmitz had been sentenced to death, we were stunned. There was only one who after that instruction session loudly justified the arguments of the military court at Gnesen. He was a local party leader who excelled in pointing out his arm injury so that he would not be sent to the front. My friend Kossi, a Berlin lawyer and a Pfc., who had been present at the court martial, told all of us frankly (which was dangerous in Hitler's Reich), that he was shocked when a judge asked one of the accused to hurry up with his defense statement, when obviously his life was at stake. He said that he gained the impression that the verdict was ordered from Berlin and spoken before the trial even began.

I never saw Col. Schaefer afterwards, and we all had orders not to talk with Lt. Schmitz, who was in solitary confinement across the street from the old building. I have always considered it one of my finest moments when I passed by the little compound where he walked around, looked at me as if he wanted to say, "now you probably won't talk with me any more," and I went over to him and told him through the barbed wire how sorry I and many of my comrades felt and that we all did not think that he would be executed. He was quite happy to hear my words, if a person can be happy under these conditions. Of course, I had made all that up because I knew that a human life was not worth much under Hitler's dictatorship. It was only much later that Otto Skorzeny, who was in charge of the kidnaping of Mussolini, told me in Madrid that death sentences like this were ordered from Berlin in order to swap sentenced Americans for sentenced Germans caught in American uniforms during the Battle of the Bulge.

When shortly after the verdict I had duty as a telephone operator, an order came through to bring more Americans up for court martial, obviously for peculiar reasons, and obviously to mete out further capital punishments. Oberst Schneider, who harbored severe doubts about the regime and was an upright Prussian officer of the old school, was quite uneasy about that order. He talked in veiled terms, but in my opinion directly enough that I gained the impression that he wanted the Pows to be warned in order to prevent further death sentences. To my knowledge, he also delayed the court-martial of Lt. Bolton, who so happened later to study under my faculty adviser at Harvard. It was then that I decided, on my last visit to the camp the day I was transferred to Rosen, to warn Capt. Lurkin. I tried to make that warning as urgent as I could, in order to make it as effective as possible, but should like to emphasize here that I knew that there was no danger that he would be shot the next day, as it said in the newspaper memorial to him. The regular German army did not operate that way. It always was my feeling at Schubin that the Americans were safe as long as they were under the jurisdiction of the regular army. But then, after the unsuccessful plot against Hitler in the summer of 1944, the question was when the army would lose jurisdiction, and

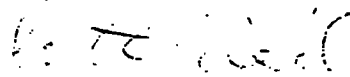
a visit by a Gestapo group to search the camp augured ill. Some of the Abwehr's tougher measures can be explained from a desire to prevent a takeover of the camp by the SS or Gestapo, although in the case of Hauptmann Zimmermann it should be added that the loss of a member of his family through an American air raid probably played its part. He was, I heard, killed in action near Nuremberg.

As I said at the reunion in Washington eleven years ago, where I was emotionally carried away, the experience at Oflag 64 has been a valuable one to me. Here I met the first Americans. Here I participated for the first time in a class on American history, here I saw the first American books, among them a copy of the Federalist Papers, on which I later wrote my dissertation at Princeton which became the first book published on the American classic. Oflag 64 may well have saved my life. When the Russians approached Posen, I was ordered back to the Oflag. However, since the direct line of the railroad had already been pierced by the Russians, I was ordered to take the train via Berlin. This way I was able to get out of Posen, whereas all my comrades from the interpreters company perished there.

Destitute as a refugee after the war, my first ray of hope was a letter of Tony Lumpkin in 1945. It helped me to get admitted to the law school of the University of Heidelberg and, later on, to Princeton and Harvard. During my year at Princeton back in 1950, I received a kind letter from Col. Goode, telling me that Oberst Schneider fell into the hands of the Russians and that his wife never heard of him. When I visited Tony Lumpkin's family upon his passing, I saw in his home on the wall the poster warning that escaped Poles would be shot, which Col. Schaefer and Lt. Schmitz tried to keep away from the billboard reserved for the American administration at the Oflag. I am glad that they, and all of us, survived the war. For at Schubin, I often asked myself who of us would be lucky enough to survive.

With my best wishes for the Holiday Season and the New Year,

Cordially,



Mr. John Slack
1015 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Jan. 29, 1998

Dear Herb,

due to the vacation between semesters, your last mail, with the beautiful photos, the two World War II issues and Oflag 64 Item news, including your fine book reviews, reached me late, being sent not to my home but to the Department in Baltimore. Please receive my belated warm thanks for everything.

I am delighted to hear that Mrs. Garris is recovering and I hope you and your family will have a pleasant new year in good health.

I was impressed by the coverage the passing of Henry received in the Swedish press and am so happy to have met him and Claire, and to have the photo of the two of them sitting at the breakfast table, one of him and John Slack, who introduced me to him, the one of the table with John Slack and myself, and you and myself, and the other photos. They all came out well.

I read the Stalingrad report in world war II. A good friend whom I went to school with in Liegnitz, Silesia, perished there. Liegnitz was the city where both Hoth and Manstein were stationed, both of whom lost their sons in the war. I saw them all frequently. Manstein I remember having seen standing right next to myself in a café, talking to the owner who addressed him "Excellency", in 1944. I went to school with the owner's son, Siegfried, who is still alive and whom I saw only two years ago. We packed things in the shop, and a female employee reported him saying that Hitler would never get enough. I was interrogated by the Gestapo and against better knowledge told them that Siegfried had not said this, so nothing happened to him. But I can still see the anxiety in the face of his mother when I returned from the interrogation. Such was life under Hitler, I am glad these times are past.

I hope everything is well with you and your family and to see you on your next trip to Washington.

My best, as always,

John Hopkins University
Baltimore, MD.21218

Department of Political Science Washington, 6/8/97

Dear Herb,

Tony Lumpkins letter was the first pleasant and encouraging mail I received after the war. His recommendation prompted the U.S. University Officer in Heidelberg to raise the numerous clauses at the university so that I could be admitted without taking away a place from another person.

When Tony visited me at Princeton in the fall of 1949, he suggested I write to Goode and received his letter. In the following summer, I hitchhiked to Fort Monroe, met him on my way to his house. He asked me where I was going. When I told him (without recognizing him), he took me back to his house to meet Mrs. Goode and we had a nice chat. Aware that I was hitchhiking, he told his chauffer" to drive this gentlemen" to the ferry I had planned to take. The war in Korea had just started.

It was good to hear from you!

Want to meet you and your family.

Sincerely,

Gottfried Dietz (original signed by Gottfried Dietz)

This letter was so dim that retying it was necessary to be legible.

From my "Der Hitler-Komplex", published by Karolinver Verlag, Vienna, and first presented at the Frankfurt Book Fair on Oct. 7, 1990, the day of the reunification of Germany:

"...I need not suffer from Hitler-Komplexes or demonstrate them. I grew up in a home which was opposed to Hitler. My father, the last freely elected mayor of Goldberg in Silesia, in 1934 denounced the brutal activities of the SA (Hitler's stormtroopers) in an appeal "Wege zur Volksgemeinschaft?" (Ways toward the community of the people) published in the two local newspapers. The year following he organized, excluding Hitler's party a well received Heimatfest (festival for Goldbergers in Germany), incurring the wrath of the local party boss. In the beginning of 1936 he was fired as a mayor on the grounds of the "restoration of professional officialdom", even though he had been a professional official since 1914. In the party proceedings against him he was accused, among other things, of not signing his official letters with "Heil Hitler", of having seen entering the Jewish store Maurwitz in Liegnitz, of having been a freemason. As the latter, he now was a citizen second class and according to the law was not permitted to occupy a leading official position. In 1937, the county administrator Jacobi in Spremberg wanted to give him the position of county manager and applied to the party headquarters for an exceptional exemption from that law. His petition was turned down.

As to myself, in 1932 I became a member of a boy scout group founded on November 1, 1929, the Deutsche Jungenschaft, abbreviated dj.l.ll. It was distinguished from other boy scout groups because it admitted the sons of Jews and communists and thus attracted the wrath of the leadership of the Hitler-Youth. After Hitler had come to power, it was prohibited. But it continued to exist illegally and until the outbreak of the war went in small groups in foreign countries, attending meetings of refugees from the Hitler regime. I participated in some of them until 1939. In 1937 the Gestapo (Hitler's secret police) searched my home. I was interrogated in their headquarters and released after signing a statement that I would not talk to anybody (including my sisters!) about search and interrogation. Having been drafted into the Wehrmacht in 1941, I refrained from saying "Adolf Hitler" in the oath taking, feeling that God was the leader of the German Reich. (The oath formula was something like this: "I swear this holy oath to obey the Führer of the Germany Reich, Adolf Hitler, until death). In my three and a half years in the army, my highest grade was Gefreiter (Pfc.). I disregarded urgings of superiors, to become an officer, contemptuously. I never wore a brownshirt. My comrades in school knew my opinions on the brown leaders of Germany, as did my comrades in the Wehrmacht. Some of them are still living. I am still proud today for having helped a comrade of my school days, who now lives in Bamberg. During the war he said Hitler would never get enough. He was denounced by an employee of his father's business. Against better knowledge I said in the Gestapo headquarters that he did not make that statement. I am also proud for having treated American prisoners of war according to the provisions of the Geneva Convention, and not in accordance with orders which, obviously prompted by the Reichsführer SS, arrived in the last months of the war. I have been invited to all reunions of the former prisoners of war..."