

POST OFLAG 64 ITEM

SPRING 2006

Reunion 2006 New Orleans, LA

The reunion for the fall of 2006 is still planned for New Orleans. Pat is talking to lots of people in New Orleans and he is getting a very favorable response from all of them. The DDAY Museum is still the center of everything and lots of occasions are planned to be held at the Museum. It is still planned to be in the middle of Sept. Pat is going to mail out some questionnaires to get the feeling from everybody that is planning to attend.

You really should make your plans to attend because this may be our last reunion. We are all getting in such bad physical condition that it is difficult for everybody to get around and one more year will make it even worse.

Reunion 2007- ????????????????

The reunion for 2007 is still up in the air. In the last Item we asked for comments from anybody and we had zero responses. Abe Baum and Bob O'Neill were going to contact somebody in San Diego about a cruise but nobody seemed to have any interest in that. Abe Baum is going to contact a friend of his that manages reunions and see what he thinks. The reunions seem to be a little more than our members can handle because of age. Several of our past reunions were managed by members of the generation behind us and they seemed to do fine.

The time has come that a decision must be made and it seems that the decision will be made in New Orleans. The decision to be made is: will we have another reunion and where will it be? We can bring up the question in the business meeting and make the decision then. If another reunion is not planned then we will all say goodbye and all go home. All good things must come to an end sometime and it seems that New Orleans is the end of the Oflag 64 get togethers.

PUBLICATIONS

The Waters Story \$19.50
My Tour of Russia \$ 5.00
The Men of Oflag 64 \$ 20.00
The Oflag 64 Directory \$ 3.00
Oflag 64 Audio Tape \$ 5.00
Original Roster-Oflag 64 \$10.00
Tribute to TF Baum \$15.00
Hammelburg Roster \$ 7.50
Make check out to Oflag 64 PF and
mail to the Editor.

In the Presence of Mine Enemies... \$30.00
Author, Chaplain Eugene L. Daniel
Make check payable to and send to:
Mrs. Eugene L. Daniel, Jr
5100 Sharon Rd Apt 603
Charlotte, NC 28219-4720

Vic Kanners Diary---FREE
Contact- Dave Kanners
1141 Pine Ridge Court
Rochester, MN 48306

Americans Behind the Barbed Wire-By Frank Diggs
New Price....\$22.00 (includes shipping)
Contact: Vandemere Press
P.O. Box 5243
Clearwater, FL 22205

Press Releases -----\$10.95
Ted Roggen
101 Westcott
Houston, TX 77007

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Subj: **Re: oflag 64**
Date: 12/8/05 6:25:25 A.M. Central Standard Time
From: CATurnbo
To: zzuull@poczta.fm
CC: jgauntt@satx.rr.com, THO7448

Good morning, at least here in Texas.

I take it the train station and tracks are abandoned?



Thanks for the pictures. I'm enjoying the tour of your Village.

Charlie Turnbo

O, I forgot. That is very important. Train Station in Szubin ! :

MAIL CALL

Mel Rappaport, Douglaston, NY sends in the article on **Lord Haw Haw** and also a donation to the postage fund. Thanks, Mel.

Dr. Walter Parks, Austin, TX says he prefers his Item to be sent via Us Mail (Snail Mail) rather than via the internet. He is like most of our members, he is not real proficient on the computer. Your Item will be sent via the US Mail!!

Bob O'Neill, Prescott, AZ called and said the Govt has approved the Telemarketers to call you on your cell phone. He also supplied a phone number to call if you want to stop any calls coming to you!! The phone number is: 1/888/382-1222. He also sent in an article about Abe Baum's trip to Germany and a donation to the postage fund.

Bob Rivers, Orcutt, CA sends in a donation to the Postage Fund. Bob was a spitfire pilot that was at Oflag 64 before it was Oflag 64.

George Myron, Ltl Egg Harbor, NJ writes singing the praises for Irv Solotoff and the Ft. Lauderdale Reunion. He especially enjoyed the dining and happy hour area where we all got together and had our meals. George also sends in a donation to the postage fund. Thanks, George.

Charles Turnbo, Salada, TX sends in a donation to the postage fund and also an order blank to order a book about **Col Yardley**, his uncle. This book is written by using **Col Yardley's** diaries written while he was in Oflag 64

He has some books left and would like to put as many of them in the hands of Oflag 64 members as possible.

Ed Ward, Alachua, FL ordered some books with rosters and the trip thru Russia.

Alan Dunbar, Las Vegas NV, missed the Ft Lauderdale reunion because, like most of us, he has health problems. Maybe next year, in New Orleans Alan, and thanks for donation to the postage fund.

Here's a new wrinkle

Bob "Cheerful Charlie" Cheatham, Ashboro, NC. Cheerful Charlie sends in a check for \$61 for the Postage Fund that represents \$1.00 for each year he has been alive since the march in the winter 1945 from Oflag 64 to Parchim

Gotfried Dietz, Washington DC, sends his best wishes to all our members and sends in a donation to the postage fund. Thanks, Gottfried.

Martin Lawler, Geneva, NY sends in a donation to the postage fund with the remark "The Post Oflag Item" is a source of joy to Joan and me, and also requests that the Item be sent to him USPS because he has no computer. That will happen Martin!

Lew and Janet Lowe, Phoenix, AZ showed up at Ft Lauderdale after a long absence from our reunions. We were all delighted to see them and hope they can make it to New Orleans next fall.

MAIL CALL

Davis Glendenning, Washington DC, has joined our group and has sent in a donation to the postage fund.

Don Waful, Syracuse, NY writes that he can't explain his absence from our reunions. Don was one of the most faithful men to attend the reunions and we wish he would start coming back to greet his old friends. We miss him!

Irv Solotoff, Aventura, FL writes and orders several signed books "RAID" by Abe Baum. Irv and his wife have moved to an assisted living facility and sends in his new address and pho. no. They are:

Irv Solotoff
2751 NE 183rd ST #502
Aventura, FL 33160
Pho#: 305-932-0244
FAX # 305-932-0239

Pat Waters, Mt Pleasant, SC has written each of you a letter that was mailed before this item was mailed. He asked your comments on the possibility of your attending the reunion in New Orleans. This letter was mailed first class US Mail because of the time involved. Hopefully, each of you responded to Pat's inquiry. Pat has contacted a lot of people in New Orleans and we will probably be given a very warm welcome to the city. NOLA has been thru some bad times the last few months and they are eager to get back on their feet. It seems that they are anxious for reunions and conventions like ours to come to the city and help them recover.

THE POST AND COURIER

Mission team helps New Orleans

Eleven volunteers from Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church returned in November from New Orleans with stories of hope and courage from the local residents they encountered.

The mission team, led by Joe Rigger, joined with St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Members of Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church donated chainsaws, pressure washers, various cleaning supplies and badly needed cash.

The team installed four new showers under the direction of Joe Coates and converted a house owned by St. Charles Presbyterian into dormitory living quarters so that future groups could live there while helping in the community.

The volunteers cleaned out a sewage-infested church and one of the severely water-damaged homes of a St. Charles' parishioner who is hospitalized with cancer.

Cary Solomon, whose house was left damaged and mold-infested by the storm and the subsequent flooding in Lakeview, worked alongside the volunteers as they gutted his home.

Soloman's attitude, strength and determination were an inspiration to the members of the visiting mission team.

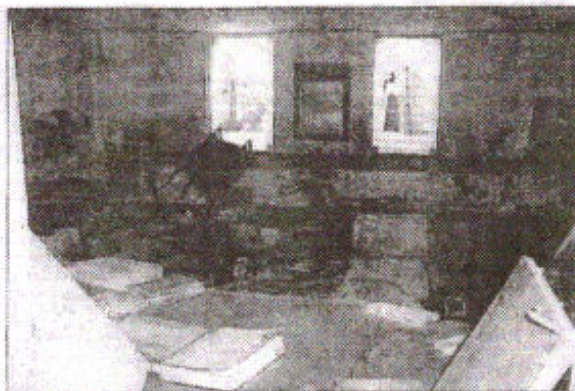
Rigger's team also cooperated with Water Missions International and two team members, Tim Roland and Gray McSweeney, returned the water treatment systems first used after Katrina to the Water Missions headquarters here in Charleston.

These systems will be reconditioned and sent back to one of the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF PULLEY

Tim Sossamon works with fellow volunteers Janet Metz (from left), Evie Evans and Martha Waters. Respirators were a must during cleanup because of the mold and stench.



Lakeview Presbyterian Church suffered severe water and wind damage from Katrina, yet its stained glass is still intact.

many disaster sites the company is helping with around the world. For more information about donating funds or participating, visit www.scapc.org and select "RHINO Info."

Martha Waters had been in New Orleans cleaning the place up for our visit next fall. She is probably the one on the right in the picture.



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
UNITED STATES ARMY WAR COLLEGE AND CARLISLE BARRACKS
CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA 17013-5008

REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

January 27, 2006

U.S. Army Heritage and Education Center
ATTN: Collection Management
950 Soldiers Drive
Carlisle, Pennsylvania 17013-5021

Telephone: 717-245-3094
E-mail: Greg.Statler@carlisle.army.mil

Mr. Robert t. Thompson
Post OFLAG 64 Item
7448 E. 68th Place
Tulsa, OK 74133

Dear Mr. Thompson:

On behalf of the U.S. Army Heritage and Education Center, thank you for your unconditional donation of the Post OFLAG 64 materials. You have enriched our collection by your generosity.

The purpose of this letter is to acknowledge that your materials have been received. If you have any questions regarding this, please contact us at anytime.

Please sign and date both copies of the enclosed "Donor Agreement." Return one copy to the Center in the envelope provided, and retain the second for your records.

Thank you again for your contribution. Your support of the Center and its mission of telling the Army's story is greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Gregory E. Statler", written over a horizontal line.

Gregory E. Statler
Registrar
For Collection Management



Island Veteran Reflects on Meaning of Holiday

As the Vineyard joins the rest of the country this morning in observance of Veterans' Day, Curtis S. Jones of Vineyard Haven will stand quietly on the sidelines and watch the parade in Oak Bluffs. Mr. Jones is a retired lieutenant colonel in the United States Army. The 88-year-old veteran served his country in Europe for three years during World War II and spent 26 months in a German prisoner of war camp in Poland. The camp was called OFLAG 64.

In a brief interview with the Gazette this week, Mr. Jones reflected on his wartime years and spoke about the

importance of this day. For him, it is a day to remember friends who were lost in the war. "It is a sentimental time for me to remember those who are no longer with us," he said.

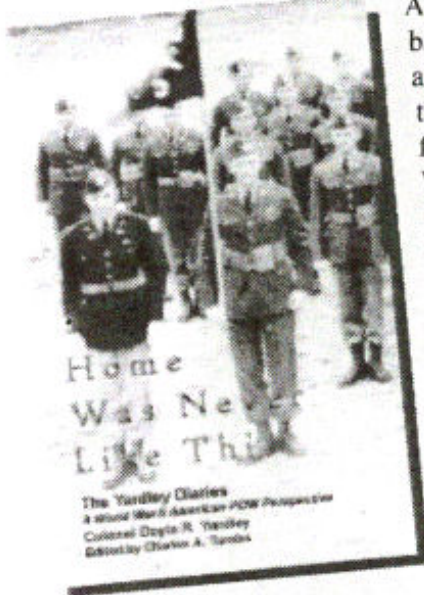
He had one final thought: "I want young people who have no idea what happened during World War II, the Korean and the Viet Nam War, to ask someone in their family to talk about it. I think they should know about these wars, and the lives that were lost. So much has happened in the last 60 years."

— Text and photograph by Mark Alan Lovewell

Home Was Never Like This

by Col. Doyle R. Yardley
Edited by Charles A. Turnbo

Home Was Never Like This was written by Colonel Doyle R. Yardley, commander of the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion - the first



American parachute battalion to attack an enemy, making the longest airborne flight of World War II from Land's End England to the Invasion of French North Africa.

Col. Yardley was captured during the Invasion of Italy and spent 16 months as a prisoner of war in Oflag 64 in Szubin, Poland.

Throughout his W.W. II experience, Col. Yardley kept personal diaries describing details of the war and the people he encountered.

He wrote "Home Was Never Like This" with the intention of publishing his memoirs after the war. Yardley escaped, leaving his journals buried behind in Oflag 64. They were, however, miraculously returned to him after the war.

Shortly after his return to civilian life, Col. Yardley died. His diaries were kept in a forgotten footlocker until his nephew, Charles Turnbo, discovered them on the family farm. Charles dedicated his efforts to publishing *Home Was Never Like This* in memory of his uncle, all the soldiers of the 509, and those who served our country during WWII.

Home Was Never Like This is a heart-wrenching and often humorous look into his life and the lives of the hundreds of others involved in or effected by the war.

A Word from Charlie Turnbo:

One day at my grandparent's house in Erath County, Texas, I discovered a small military footlocker. Grandma told me it belonged to my Uncle Doyle, her oldest son, who had died several years earlier.



Looking through the footlocker several years later, I found something I had missed before, a cache of small student notebooks filled with penciled

entries, each neatly dated, detailing his military experiences during World War II. Now it is a privilege to offer his book, "Home Was Never Like This."

In his own words Colonel Yardley wrote:

I hope to put down in black and white, in true, simple and frank language what the officers and men of the battalion thought and did while overseas, in or out of combat. How they acted, their gripes, and their complaints. And how, as typical Americans, they always found something funny to do - in spite of hardships and handicaps. I shall call this manuscript, "Home Was Never Like This," which carries on with the Yank as a prisoner of war, in a German POW camp in Poland.

Uncle Doyle dedicated his book this way:

To all the boys of the old 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion, to those four hundred and eighty who made the supreme sacrifice on foreign soils, to the boys and girls in our armed forces at home and abroad - God bless them all.



How to Order:

Send \$15 check or money order per copy to:

Charlie Turnbo
700 Ashley Court
Salado, Texas 76571

Supply limited.

www.scriptart.com/Yardley.html

Museum Awarded Col. Doyle R. Yardley Collection

The Museum of North Texas History, Wichita Falls, Texas, has been awarded the personal and military artifacts of America's first combat paratroop commander. The family of Col. Doyle R. Yardley has selected this museum due to their dedication to preserve and display military history. Col. Yardley's Sister, Peggy Turnbo, is also a lifelong Wichita Falls resident.

Col. Yardley's unit, the 509th Paratroop Infantry Battalion, saw extensive combat action in North Africa and Europe in World War II. These forerunners of the Army Special Forces were infantrymen trained as paratroopers and deployed behind enemy lines to disrupt military plans and operations.

Doyle Yardley, a Tarleton College and Texas A&M graduate, led his unit in their combat deployment at Avellino, Italy. The unit's 800 paratroopers were dropped behind enemy lines after midnight September 14, 1943, in support of the Salerno invasion. This mission resulted in large numbers of casualties and the capture of many of the 509th paratroopers by the German Army. Col. Yardley was himself wounded and spent the next 17 months as a Prisoner of War at Oflag 64 in Szubin, Poland.

Daily notes were kept by Yardley throughout his World War II experience. He interviewed others – both soldiers and civilians – and recorded their stories. He kept newspaper articles and reported the latest intelligence as the war unfolded.

Yardley's diaries are among the most thorough records available on POW life in Oflag 64. He detailed the daily routines, the new arrivals, the attempts to maintain sanity in spite of miserable conditions. Following his escape from captivity, Yardley spent weeks caught between the withdrawing German forces and the advancing Russian troops. His final weeks of War World II were spent with Polish families, before joining Russian troops and being liberated.

Yardley's war diaries were salvaged from the Oflag 64 escape tunnel by an American soldier and returned intact to him. Also recovered was the handwritten journal listing POW's upon their arrival at Oflag 64.

The five volumes of Yardley's war diaries give a fresh, unedited personal account of War World II and life as an American soldier. These diaries have been transcribed in a book entitled *Home Was Never Like This* and is available through the publisher, Charlie Turnbo, 700 Ashley Court, Salado, Texas (76571).

For immediate release
December 1, 2005

*Photographs Available
on Request*

For further information, please contact:
Charlie Turnbo, Salado Texas
254-947-8329
254-466-1460

Dean Brumley, Director
Museum of North Texas History
940-322-7628



BOB & SON



Holiday Greetings

MERRY CHRISTMAS

PICTURE OF MY LAST VIOLIN
BEFORE GIVING MY SHOP
TO MY SONS IN BISHOP, CALIF
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Heggie



CAROLL HIGGINBOTHAM
3300 Kauai Ct #G2
Reno, NV 89509-4813

1329 Kasold Drive, M-1
Lawrence, Kansas 66049
January 8, 2006

Mr. Robert T. Thompson
7448 E. 68th Place
Tulsa, OK 74133

Dear Bob,

I enclose a check for \$75.00. This covers the three books you sent me, the \$5.30 of postage cost you incurred, and it leaves a little to use however you wish to use it in connection with the Post Offlag 64 Item. Thanks for sending these three items to me.

From the "Looking For Lost Men" book, I learned that Lt. Wilbur H. King, executive officer in my company (G company of 423rd Infantry Regiment), arrived at Offlag 64 on January 11, 1945. King was shot in the neck on the second or third day of the Battle of the Bulge. He and I were captured on the same day and probably in the same area. By a strange coincidence, I arrived at Offlag X!!!-B, Hammelburg, on the same day he arrived at Offlag 64. King was not among the POWs who arrived at Hammelburg in early March when you, Bill Warthen, and others arrived from Offlag 64. Do you have any information about which men were left behind at Offlag 64 because they were injured or information about which men were sent to other POW camps during your long, cold march?

I enclose a copy of a two-page story about some of my experiences, especially related to the Baum raid. This article is from the January, 2006, issue of *Armchair General* magazine. There is one minor error in the article: the RAF bombing of the railroad yards at Diez, Germany, occurred on the night of December 23, not the night of December 22-23. I got acquainted with the magazine's managing editor and senior historian, Jerry D. Morelock, last spring when he participated in a 2-½ day seminar on W.W. II at the Bob Dole Institute of Politics on our University of Kansas campus. Jerry has written one book about the Battle of the Bulge (Generals of the Ardennes), and he is writing another one.

Thanks, again, for sending me the three books. And thanks for your work in putting them together. Best wishes to you and your family for 2006.

Sincerely,



L. Martin Jones
Enc. (2)

Martin Jones' Odyssey

The story of the Hammelburg Raid, as told by a Soldier who was there!

This issue's *Interactive Combat Story* (see page 56) features the exciting conclusion to our Hammelburg Raid saga. Now, experience the actual life-and-death drama through excerpts from a Soldier's firsthand account of that historical event.

On the afternoon of March 27, 1945, Captain Abe Baum's M-4 Sherman tanks crashed through the barbed wire that surrounded the prisoner of war compound at Hammelburg, Germany. Although Baum's task force had expected to find 1,000 Americans held captive, it actually found approximately 1,400, including one by the name of Lieutenant L. Martin Jones. Initially elated at the arrival of the rescuers, Jones soon discovered that the ill-fated raid would result in his recapture just a few short hours later. The young infantryman's permanent liberation would not come until May 2, 1945.

ARDENNES NIGHTMARE

Before his capture, Martin Jones had been a platoon leader in Company G, 423d Infantry Regiment, in the brand-new 106th Infantry Division manning a thin defensive line in the Ardennes. When the Battle of the Bulge began in the early morning hours of December 16, 1944, the German vanguard quickly cut off and surrounded Jones' regiment. On the afternoon of December 19, with very little rations and almost no ammunition remaining, Jones' regimental commander agreed to surrender the unit. The captain who was Jones' company commander notified him of the decision, and then he added that since individual breakouts had been authorized, he was going to attempt one. The captain promptly abandoned his company to its fate and disappeared into the dense woods. The following day, as Jones trudged drearily along with the rest of the POWs, some of his Soldiers thanked him for not "running away like the Captain did."



Lt. L. Martin Jones after his return to the U.S. in 1945. He survived the Battle of the Bulge, the Hammelburg Raid, and a 200-mile forced march before liberation.

DEADLY JOURNEY

Much of Jones' journey to the Hammelburg camp was by train. The prisoners were crowded into small boxcars with no food or water for days at a time. The most dangerous part of the trip, however, occurred during the night of December 22-23 in the railroad marshalling yards at Diez, Germany. While the POWs sat vulnerably in their boxcars, 52 RAF Lancaster bombers dropped tons of explosives on the "transportation grid" target. Later, Jones said, "The boxcar in which I was huddled with perhaps 50 cold, dirty, hungry and discouraged POWs bounced on the tracks but remained upright. The door was blown off, but no one was injured [in my group]."

Perhaps as many as several hundred Americans prisoners died in the air raid. In addition, guards shot anyone who tried to get out of the boxcars to take cover. Describing his

emotions at the time, Jones said, "While locked in that boxcar and exposed to the falling bombs, I suffered the most helpless feeling I had experienced during my [entire] time as a POW."

STARVATION DIET AND TRIGGER-HAPPY GUARDS

After more than a week on the train, Jones arrived at Stalag IX-B at Bad Orb, a filthy, overcrowded transient POW camp. Less than two weeks later, however, he was part of a group of officer prisoners sent to Hammelburg – again via locked boxcars. They arrived on January 11, 1945, and while slightly better than Stalag IX-B, the conditions at Hammelburg (Offizierslager, Oflag XIII-B) were still very severe. Daily rations, according to Jones, "usually consisted of a slice of bread [made with 20 percent sawdust], about the size of two normal slices, and a small bowl of 'green hornet' soup that was [thin, wormy] and a dark green color, [which] raced through our digestive systems." The men also received a mug of "ersatz" coffee, which tasted so foul that most prisoners used it for shaving water. After several weeks of this starvation diet, Jones dropped from his normal weight of 150 pounds down to 120.

The living conditions at Hammelburg, like most POW camps, were appalling. "I was in a room with 50 men," Jones recalled. "We had double-deck wooden bunk beds with very thin straw mattresses and one-half of a blanket for each man. We had to walk about two blocks to our latrine. [Our barracks] had a small metal stove in the middle of the room. We received seven or eight charcoal briquettes each day to provide heat, [but] what little heat they generated was absorbed by the stove itself."

Slow death by starvation was not the only threat to the POWs – German guards were often extremely quick on the trigger. "Fear of being shot by guards was a constant worry," Jones said. "Lieutenant George Vaream was killed by a guard during an air-raid alert. On

L. Martin Jones



December 17, 1944. A German tank passes columns of American prisoners of war taken captive during the Battle of the Bulge.

March 21, as Lieutenant Charles L. Weeks returned to our barracks from the latrine, I saw a guard shoot him in the back and kill him as he reached the barracks' door, apparently because Weeks was not moving fast enough. ... I always made sure I ran back to my barracks whenever the air raid sounded."

SHORT-LIVED DELIVERANCE

Camp routine changed dramatically on the afternoon of March 27, 1945. As Jones recalled, "About 4:15 p.m., we heard small-arms fire and saw red tracer bullets streaming past our barracks' windows. [Task Force Baum] attacked Oflag XIII-B and drove off our German guards. When the Sherman tanks came crashing through the barbed-wire fences, we POWs shouted and jumped with joy because we were liberated! We did not know that our freedom would last only a few hours."

Captain Baum found hundreds more American prisoners at Hammelburg than he had expected. Only a few managed to cram into the trucks or climb onto the tanks. The rest, including Jones, staggered

along in the wake of the task force as it attempted to return to U.S. lines. Jones had vivid memories of that day. "As the task force moved out ... I was among some 900 POWs who followed the tankers for a short distance out of the camp. But the Germans had encircled the task force with tanks, anti-tank guns and infantry. Captain Baum stopped the procession and announced that we were almost 60 miles from the U.S. front lines and that only the few POWs who were riding could continue with his tankers as they tried to fight their way back. He said the rest of us were on our own."

Jones and a fellow prisoner tried to hide out, but the area was swarming with German soldiers. "About two or three o'clock the next morning, we were recaptured by German troops and forced to walk to the southeast, away from the camp. Soon, there were about 160 recaptured POWs in our group."

LONG MARCH TO FREEDOM

Although Jones remained a POW for another month, he never again set foot inside Hammelburg or any other German camp.

Instead, the guards marched the prisoners for 200 exhausting miles. Walking all day and sleeping in fields or barns at night, they traveled near – but never through – the cities of Würzburg, Nuremberg and Munich. Bypassing the cities helped avoid the SS and the Allied bombing raids. However, on April 5, they passed a little too close to Nuremberg's suburbs; consequently, they found out that being bombed was perhaps their worst immediate threat. "We stopped to rest just as U.S. planes began bombing the city. [The bombs] started falling closer and closer to our group. Then we lay flat on the ground and the bombs fell among us. Approximately 25 POWs and a German guard were killed. Other prisoners were injured, some badly. Five POWs were assigned to bury the dead, and the remaining POWs continued walking for the rest of the day."

Crossing the Danube River on a raft-ferry, the prisoners moved steadily southeast. Despite walking 10 kilometers or more each day, Jones' health actually improved during his odyssey; he was exercising and eating better than he had in the camps. "Most days we ate food we could 'liberate,' although on some days our guards provided one loaf of bread for every eight men. Because I spoke a little German, I [sometimes] begged for food from German farmwives. Infrequently, they gave me potatoes or bread."

Jones' POW nightmare ended on the banks of the Inn River, about 30 miles southeast of Munich. Retreating Germans had blown the only bridge for miles, thus stranding the prisoners in the town of Gars-am-Inn. When the rumbling of American artillery moved close to Gars, the German guards disappeared, leaving the POWs on their own. Jones recounted, "At dusk on May 2, we heard the wonderful sound of American tanks coming down the hill into Gars. Tanks of the 14th Armored Division moved in without firing a shot. We celebrated our second and final liberation!" Over a month after the Hammelburg Raid, Lieutenant L. Martin Jones was finally free.

Jones, now a retired professor of accounting and administrator at the University of Kansas, returned to Germany in 1989 to retrace his 200-mile walk. This time, however, he made the trip by automobile. *

Jerry D. Morelock, Ph.D., is Managing Editor and Senior Historian of ARMCHAIR GENERAL.

VOICE OF A TRAITOR

By DAVID J. KRAJICEK
SPECIAL TO THE NEWS

Albert Pierrepoint, England's prolific chief executioner, performed his solemn duty yet again on Jan. 3, 1946, inside the historic Wandsworth jail in London.

Only a handful of men were on hand to watch the dead-weight plunge of a hooded body and to hear the ghastly neck-breaking thump as it reached the end of its rope.

Outside Wandsworth, 300 British subjects with the bitter taste of war still in their mouths waited. Soon a courier posted a message. The people surged forward for a look, and a cheer went up.

Lord Haw Haw was dead. hanged for treason.

For six years, from 1939 to 1945, Lord Haw Haw, as he was dubbed by a London scribe, had tormented Britain with propaganda on behalf of Germany.

Any Brit could imitate his irritating nasal accent as he began his radio ballyhoo: "Jairmany calling, Jairmany calling."

He regaled listeners with lies about the totalitarian cornucopia under the Third Reich, and he predicted the imminent collapse of Great Britain and its hopelessly outmoded democracy.

He taunted his countrymen about impending bombings, and he advised English soldiers to surrender in the face of overwhelming German might.

"When all others have died," he would intone, "Jairmany will live!"

U.S. citizen

Some heard his accent as the high English of an educated person, perhaps even an Oxford man.

But his inflection was polyglot — a mix of County Mayo (from his father), common British (from his mother) and a touch of Yankee, because Lord Haw Haw began his notorious life on Herkimer St. in Brooklyn as William Joyce.

He was born in 1906 to immigrant parents who met in New York.

His father, Michael Joyce, had emigrated from Ireland as a teenager in 1888. He became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1894 after swearing "to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any and every foreign prince, potentate, state and sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whose subject he has heretofore been."

But the family returned to Ireland a few years after William was born, then moved from Galway to England when the boy was 15.



Young Joyce was an industrious student, and he took a keen interest in politics even as a teenager. In 1922, while applying to the University of London Officers' Training Corps, he revealed that he had served as an informant for the crown against native guerrilla forces during his years in Ireland.

In the same application, he swore he was neither Irish nor American. "I am in no way connected to

the United States of America," he wrote.

"As a young man of pure British descent, some of whose forefathers have held high positions in the British Army, I have always been desirous of devoting what little capability and energy I may possess to the country which I love so dearly."

A quarter century later, the words would become more important than he could have imagined when he penned them.

Radical crowd

Joyce was accepted in the school's OTC program and studied there until 1926. He continued with graduate studies in two fields essential for a budding propagandist: language and psychology.

Joyce fell in with a radical crowd during his university years. He was active in anti-Communist groups and became a spokesman for the Conservative Party, where he whetted his rhetorical skills. A future member of Parliament, upon hearing Joyce speak, rated him "one of the dozen finest orators in the country."

Joyce joined the British Union of Fascists in 1935, but was booted for nonconformity. He founded his own pro-Nazi society, the National Socialist League, and earned a reputation for shrill rebukes of democracy. He watched admiringly as the Germans began their goose step across Europe.

Joyce was known for going around with a set of knuckle-dusters gripped in his fist. While the British press liked to characterize Lord Haw Haw as a dandy, Joyce was known to mix it up when political ideology was at stake.

He was charged with riot once and assault twice, and one political brawl — Commies versus Fascists — left him with a disfiguring jackknife scar from mouth to ear. His nasal tone came from a punch-broken nose that was never fixed.

In 1933, Joyce applied for and got a British passport, another move that would have implications by and by. He lied and claimed Galway, not New York, as his birthplace.

During the final days of August 1939, Joyce fled to Germany with his English wife, a fellow radical. France and Britain declared war on Sept. 3, and just 15 days later Joyce made his first broadcast from Hamburg on behalf of Joseph Goebbels Propaganda Ministry.

Jonah Barrington of London's Daily Express, assigned to write about the turncoat broadcaster ridiculed him as Lord Haw Haw. The name stuck.

Joyce was a treasured asset in Germany. He was granted German citizenship in 1940, the same year the Third Reich published his book "Twilight Over Europe," a propaganda tome said to have "sold" 100,000 copies.

By 1942 he was chief English commentator on German radio, and in 1944 Hitler personally gave him a top civilian award. Joyce also took a new Teutonic name, Wilhelm Hansen, which he used on a phony German passport.

Drunken babble

But his glory days were in twilight just months later. Lord Haw Haw made his final broadcast from Hamburg on April 30, 1945, as Allied troops stormed the city and Hitler was plotting suicide in his Berlin bunker.

In a drunken, maudlin babble, Lord Haw Haw carried on about the certain ultimate victory of the Third Reich. One last time, he pounded the table before him and spat words at the microphone: "Jairmany will live!"

soldiers collared a British man without papers they found moving with stealth across the Danish frontier. Closely questioned, the fellow's singular accent gave him away. It was Lord Haw Haw.

He was shipped to London to face charges of high treason.

The complaint read: "William Joyce committed High Treason between the 2nd day of September, 1939, and the 29th day of May, 1945, in that he, being a person owing allegiance to His Majesty the King, adhered to the King's enemies elsewhere than in the King's realm; to wit, in the German realm, contrary to the Treason Act, 1351."

Joyce mounted a simple defense: He claimed he was American and therefore owed no allegiance to England.

His attorney sent a courier to New York to gather records of Joyce's birth and his father's naturalization.

The prosecutor, L.A. Byrne, argued Joyce swore allegiance to England on his passport and military service applications. He read aloud in court Joyce's own words from his Officers' Training Corps petition — his denunciation of the U.S. and devotion to Britain, "the country which I love so dearly."

Byrne won the argument, and Joyce was convicted and sentenced to the rope. Two appeals failed, and he swung on that January day in 1946.

By British custom, very few witnesses were allowed, and no details of the death were released. No one revealed whether the talkative Lord Haw Haw went to the gallows jabbering or mute.

This page and the next page are (I think!) are from Oflag 64 before it was Oflag 64. It was XXIB and used for holding English, French, US, etc pilots. It appears to be a little eating humor

Smith

W. Bonville

C. Harding

F. A. ...

F. J. ...

U.S. ...

Word ...

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

Balance Sheet

of the

Accountants Group

to be laid before the

General Eating

on Sunday, 23rd May 1943.

Accountants Group.

Balance Sheet as at 23rd May, 1943

Liabilities.

Loans:-

The King.

The Profession.

Assets.

Goodwill:-

Hors d'Ouvre de l'Institute.

Item in Suspense:-

Crème de Capper.

Floating Asset:-

Fish Croquettes de Frutes Lynch.

Rolling Stock:-

Galantine de Miles Taylor.

Fictitious Asset:-

Forbet de Champagne.

Current Asset:-

Trifle de la Society.

Balance c/d:-

Subsidiary Savoury.

Liquid Asset:-

Café Carter.

We have checked the above Balance Sheet and Certify it is in accordance with Goods supplied

Exhib 1943.

Messrs Stormont, Pollok and Essler.

TAPS

Sorry it took me so long to write to tell you my dad passed away February 6, 2004 after a stroke and long hospitalization in the Danville VA



*****MIXED ADC 73
WALLACE M WILSON
218 MOORE ST
WESTVILLE IL 61883-1210

*Included is a check for postage and please take dad off your list.
Thanks, Ann Wilson*

Mark Moore Leewood, Kansas

Mark was a chaplain that was involved in the RAID at Hammelburg. He was a Nazarene pastor and was involved in accounting for all the casualties as a result of the bombing at Nurenberg. He made a complete list of all the KIA and reported it to the proper authorities. Mark Moore died on Wednesday, February 15, 2006. His good friend, Harry Thompson of Dallas, reported the death of his friend Mark.

Robert Thompson
7448 East 68th Place
Tulsa, OK 74113

December 21, 2005

Dear Bob:

I received a card from a trust officer of a Bank of America office informiing me they had received a Christmas Card which I had sent ro Ormand Roberts. She informed me that Ormand had passed away last May.

I had corresponded with him for many years and was aware of the fact that he was in an assisted living arrangement.

I have called Bob Cheatham and informed him of Ormand's death.

I guess this is the type of news we receive too often.

However I can wish you and yours a Very Merry Christmas.

Sincerely

Royal I Lee

Donald Ray Waful

June 13, 2005

Donald Ray Waful, 57, of Alameda, California and a native born Syracusan died June 13, 2005 of a rare blood cancer disease.



He was born September 8, 1947 to his parents, Olga C. (Cassie) and Donald Roy Waful, he attended Edward Smith and

Nottingham high School, graduating from Alfred University in 1969. While in school he was a member of Nottingham's JV basketball team, its varsity baseball team and played Kiwanis League baseball and Sherman Park Football.

He moved to California Bay area immediately after college graduation and tried several careers, becoming an excellent printer; he worked for AAA and in recent years was employed by Lonely Planet, an Australian publisher of travel books.

His passion was baseball, particularly the Oakland Athletics and he was a much sought after player for several Bay area softball teams. Although he never married, he had a long and close family relationship with his parents families and especially with his brother, Peter's children and grandchildren. He was predeceased by his WWII heroic army nurse mother in 1998.

Among many survivors are his father, Donald Roy Waful (Virginia) of Syracuse NY; a brother, Peter (Dana) of Cape Cod MA; a niece, Allison Cunningham (Mark) of MA; and her three children, Emily, Maya and Tyler. A nephew, Jefferson Waful; as well as an aunt, Melva Everson of CT and her children, Jay, Janet and Joan.

Graveside services will be at Woodlawn Cemetery in Syracuse NY at the convenience of the family. The service will be officiated by Pastor Lucy Perkins of the Reformed Church of Syracuse. There will be no calling hours. Friends and family will meet at the entrance to the cemetery.

Contributions may be made to the Cassie Fund at the Reformed Church, 1228 Teall Ave., Syracuse NY or any Hospice organization or charity of ones choice.

Please sign the guest book at syracuse.com/obits