

# The

# Post Oflag 64 Item

Nearly Everybody  
Reads The ITEM

Your Quiet Hour  
Companion

“Get Wise – ITEM-ize”

1<sup>st</sup> Quarter 2019

Good Ole USA

Of Undetermined Worth

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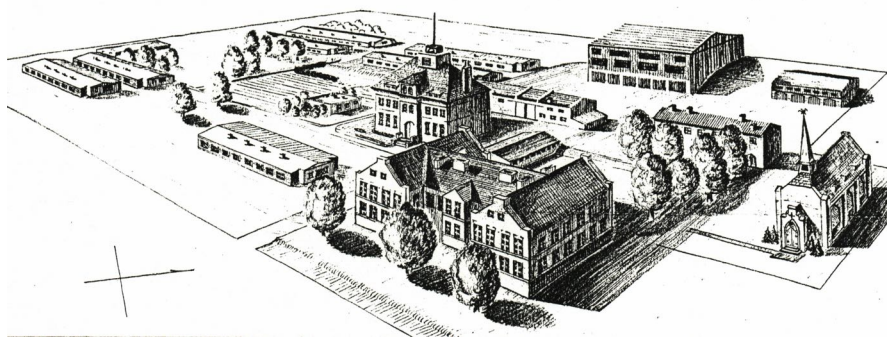
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We apologize to any others we may have overlooked but thank everyone who has contacted us.



Drawing by Jim Bickers, shown without barbed wire fences or guard towers

## Our Oflag 64 website has a new name....

...but you can still find it by typing our web address [www.oflag64.us](http://www.oflag64.us) or Oflag 64 in your browser's search bar. The change from Oflag 64 Association to Oflag 64 Remembered was made to more accurately reflect our site's objective. The same content will still be available with periodic updates, but nothing else except renaming the site has been done. We think you'll agree that this is a great change and long overdue.



Also, because our Oflag 64 family is not actually an official association per se, but a group of people with the same interests, we will begin referring to ourselves as The Oflag 64 Family rather than the Oflag 64 Association. This will also help us distinguish our group from the recently formed Oflag 64 Foundation which is working diligently on the newly named “Museum of POW Camps in Szubin” project.

Though we are different in purpose and function, we share interests and will continue to coordinate with and support each other as we have been doing. For now, the ITEM will continue to have a section dedicated to the US Advisory Council and the museum project and will include regular updates. As progress is made, that section may change. See the Advisory Council section, on page 19, for an organizational chart which details how we will all be working together.

Elodie and Bill Caldwell  
ITEM Editor and Webmaster/Blogger



# A Little Company Business

## Fund Donations



THANKS to all who very generously donate to our various Oflag 64 funds.

Now that paperwork for the new Polish-American Foundation has been submitted to the Bydgoszcz Court in Poland, the process of becoming a 501(c)(3) non-profit group has begun. As soon as it has been established, you will be able to donate to the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin fund and claim your donations on your taxes. We will let you know when this donation option is available as soon as we're set up.

The Postage and Reunion Funds will continue to be separate, not included in the 501(c)(3). You can donate to them individually as in the past. At this point in time, if you would like to contribute to any of our funds, please make your check payable to Oflag 64 Postage Fund, **write the intended fund on the memo line**, and mail it to:

[Bret Job](#)

2801 SW 46<sup>th</sup> St  
Cape Coral FL 33914-6026

OR

[Elodie Caldwell](#)

2731 Terry Ave  
Longview WA 98632-4437



You can also donate online through **VENMO** (owned by PayPal) if you have an account.

Handheld devices do not work. Please ask us for details.



## SAVE THOSE ARTIFACTS



Please see page 20 in the Advisory Council section for detailed information about artifact collection.



## Oflag 64 POW Database

Over the last few weeks we have searched extensively through our files for Kriegy POW ID numbers; those we've found have now been entered on our Oflag 64 database. As we've searched, we've noted that there are a dozen pairs of duplicate numbers.

Our desire is to make the list as accurate as possible, so if you have or know your Kriegy's POW number, please check the database and let us know at [elodie@oflag64.us](mailto:elodie@oflag64.us) if what we're showing is correct or not. POW ID cards are probably the most reliable sources.



## Volunteers Needed!!

Would you like to work with the "Friends of Oflag 64, Inc." non-profit 501 (c) (3)? They need people to serve and would like to give members of The Oflag 64 Family an opportunity to jump on board. You will find this a very rewarding experience as you work with other Kriegy

families and friends in supporting the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin.

The following required board positions must be filled right away: Chair; Vice Chair; Secretary; and Treasurer. A handful of folks have volunteered thus far but if you are interested and willing to serve in any capacity, please let me know ASAP and I will forward names to the appropriate people. Required positions must be filled in order to establish bylaws, etc., so you can see that volunteers are needed to step up and help as soon as possible.

Take a look at the organizational chart on page 19. There are other positions outside of the required positions which will be needed as well. This chart also outlines the Advisory Council's vision of how our various entities will work together.



## Historical Information and Feedback Are Always Welcome

If you have anything to submit for print in the ITEM, please contact Elodie at [elodie@oflag64.us](mailto:elodie@oflag64.us). Digital scans of original photos or anything that can be sent in .jpg format, works great. If you are unable to scan photos, I would be glad to scan the originals and send them back to you. Documents can also be sent in .pdf format.

If you notice website errors, omissions, or links that don't work properly, please contact me.



# MAIL CALL



**Thanks to all who have written since the last ITEM. We greatly appreciate the information you are able to share.**

**DAVID R. ANDERSON**, son of the late Kriegy Everett R. Anderson, recently connected with a cousin he was previously unaware of and commented in an email to us: "I am in shock receiving a letter from Tom, a relative that I didn't know I had. Thank you!" See the entry and comment below from Tom Turaville. David also sent a copy of his dad's POW ID Card and photos of him in uniform.

**ANDY BAUM**, grandson of the late Kriegy Gerhard "Gary" Baum, contacted us as follows: "I wanted to send over a copy of my grandfather's Oflag 64 P.O.W. ID card and the only written documentation I have of his WWII experience. I'm not sure if you have access to any resources to find out any more information that is specific to my grandfather and his time at Oflag 64 but anything you could provide I'm sure I would find really interesting. He didn't talk about his war time experience and passed away in 2006 so I am just trying to piece together what I can from various online sources. Also, forgot to mention that my grandfather was Jewish. I'm not sure if there were any other Jews at Oflag 64 or specifically any stories about Jewish POWs at that camp." An email query was sent recently to members of The Oflag 64 Family regarding this request. Please let us know if you have information to share with Andy.

**TERRENCE DOOLEY**, son of the late Kriegy Joseph Dooley, sent a newspaper article dated May 20, 1945, about his dad's long trek to freedom. Terrance would like to find anyone who remembers his father or who was involved in the escape who could give more details. See the Kriegy News and Information section.

**VICTORIA HERRING**, daughter of the late Kriegy Clyde E. Herring, responded to an email I sent asking for information about the path Kriegies took who marched to Luckenwalde and beyond after leaving Oflag 64 in January 1945. See the Kriegy News and Information section for a photocopy of her dad's march record.

**SUSAN HINDS HARMS**, daughter of the late Kriegy Howard K. Hinds, wrote in response to a question I had about where our men were marched after they left Oflag 64. She found that there were about 7 different columns leaving Oflag 64 all destined for different camps. Some went to Luckenwalde, some to Hammelburg, and some to other camps.

**PAM SKELLS LADLEY**, daughter of the late Kriegy James F. Skells, notified us that her father passed away in 1969. After the war he wrote a book "The Colonel" detailing his imprisonment and eventual escape. If anyone knows where we can obtain a copy, please let us know.

**ROBERT LEVIN**, Kriegy, sent us his new address and phone number. He is still living in North Carolina and appreciates receiving the ITEM. He will turn 99 the end of April.

**LANA FARBER LEVINE**, daughter of the late Kriegy Leo Farber, recently met with Cindy Sharpe Burgess and her dad Kriegy Wilbur Sharpe to learn more about her dad who passed away 44 years ago. See the Kriegy News and Information section for the photo of their meeting.

**ANNETTE SECOR NELSON**, widow of the late Kriegy Richard Secor, sent us her new address and phone number. She now lives in an assisted living facility in Pt. Richey FL not far from her old home of 46 years.

**STEPHANIE PHELAN**, niece of the late Kriegy Larry Phelan, was recently contacted by a group in a small town in Maine that puts together a major Veterans Day event every year. They wanted her permission to reprint an article her uncle had written about his experience escorting a fallen soldier back to his hometown. She had been previously unaware of the article but said it brought tears to her eyes as well as to others who have read it. Prior to this time, she was contacted by a group having a large national gathering of POWs and was told that a poem her uncle wrote while in captivity was famous among POW's and could they please have permission to have it printed and handed out at the event. Of course, Stephanie said yes to both. Larry's article and

poem are included in the Kriegy News and Information section.

**ROBERT RANKIN JR.**, son of the late Kriegy Robert Rankin Sr. responded to an email I sent about our men who may have marched to Luckenwalde. He commented: "My father, first Lieutenant Robert J. Rankin, said that he did not complete a march out of the camp. He said that when the order was given and the POWs were rounded up, he and a couple of other soldiers were out of sight digging a tunnel. They had no idea what was going on "Topside" (above ground). When they came out of the tunnel the entire camp had been abandoned. After overcoming their fears of being shot if they went through the gates, they started marching down the road and at some point were picked up by the Russian army. Apparently this advancing Russian army caused the German Guards to quickly round up all the prisoners and move out of the camp. The Russian army eventually turned my father and the other soldier (or soldiers) that were in the tunnel over to the American Red Cross, and they were later sent for rehabilitation stateside."

**LINDA MEADOWS RAYFIELD**, daughter of the late Kriegy Niram J. Meadows, wrote to correct his name on one of the photos of her dad included in our website Gallery. She expressed thanks for the group picture and said she has letters that were exchanged with her mother during his captivity.

**TED ROGGEN**, Kriegy, phoned to let us know about his interviews with Susanna Connaughton and David Weinstein. He gave them both high praise and is eager to share these interviews with others.

**TOM TURAVILLE**, nephew of the late Kriegy Everett R. Anderson and cousin of David R. Anderson (mentioned above), wrote asking if we had information that could help him find his cousin and more information about his uncle. After exhausting several resources and attempting to contact David through email and by phone, it seemed that a connection was not to be. Thankfully, Tom was persistent and sent a letter to David's parents' old street address. Long story short, Tom and David were finally able to connect. Tom commented: "Oflag 64 Association has served a tremendous role in allowing the POWs to reunite with each other. This story is part of a

new chapter of the association reuniting the descendants and families of the Kriegies. I owe a big thanks to you and the Oflag 64 Association."

### New Contacts/Visitors to our Website

**JAN FALLON** – currently redesigning the book "Home Was Never Like This" (Doyle Yardley's Diaries). It is currently out of print but there are a limited number of the original paperback books available. If you are interested in purchasing a copy of the book, please visit:

<https://scriptart.com/book-design> and contact Jan at [jfallon@scriptart.com](mailto:jfallon@scriptart.com). Funds will be used in the production of the new edition.

**DAVE KERR** – maintains a database of men of the 45<sup>th</sup> ID, has sent information on some of these men who were held at Oflag 64.

**ALBERT TROSTORF** – Mayor of Merode in Germany and a WWII Historian, wrote:

"Concerning the 75th anniversary of the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest, we are searching for families of former US Soldiers, NCO's and Officers who were captured during the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest at my hometown Merode. The names of the officers are: 1st Lt. Charles A. Free, 1st Lt. Leonard Lanzilotti and Captain John Hamilton. Do you have any information about these officers or contact with their families? Any help would be greatly appreciated."

Email: [al-trostorf@t-online.de](mailto:al-trostorf@t-online.de)



Please check the "What's New?" page on our website for information about new postings.

Please also check our Museum Blog at: <https://pow-museum-project.blogspot.com>

If you would like automatic updates when a new blog post is added, go to the blog page and enter your email address in the box labeled "Follow by Email".

# Kriegy News and Information

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY

to our GREAT KRIEGY HEROES and PATRIOTS

## Just Happened

Ed Graf – 1/7  
97 years



John Rodgers – 2/9  
96 years



Eugene Liggett – 2/19  
99 years



Ted Roggen – 2/22  
101 years



## Coming Up

Donald Waful - 4/8  
103 years



Robert Levin – 4/30  
99 years



Wilbur Sharpe – 6/24  
97 years



Please let us know Kriegy ages and birthdates so we can wish all a well-deserved HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

Send birthday pictures too!

(We would love photos and stories of any of these milestone celebrations!!)



Victoria Herring sent these photos of her dad's march record after they left Oflag 64 in January 1945.

Sunday, January 21, 1945  
 Left Oflag 64, Schubin, Poland  
 Marched to Exin 17km.  
 Stayed overnight in barn 4km. North of Exin

Monday, January 22, 1945  
 Marched West and North of Exin thru Nykelt  
 to Charlottenburg (?) 22km.  
 German guards left during night.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tuesday, January 23  
 "Free" for 15 hours. German SS troops marched  
 us North to barn 7km.

Wednesday, January 24  
 Marched North to Lobsens. Regained own guards.  
 Spent night in barn North of town.

Thursday, January 25  
 Marched North to Flatow. Stayed in barns West  
 of town.

Friday, January 26  
 Stayed at Flatow.

Saturday, January 27  
 Marched North to Mastow. Put on train.

Sunday, January 28  
 Train Jastrow to Neu Stettin

Monday, January 29  
 Left Neu Stettin 1330 hrs. headed North

Tuesday, January 30  
 Reached Rahnow 1300 hrs. Remained 'til 1900 hrs.

Wednesday, January 31  
 Staargard 0100 hrs. Stopped 5 km. East of Stettin  
 0900 hrs. Went on to Altdam

Thursday, February 1  
 Left Altdam 1030 hrs.

Friday, February 2  
 Arrived Berlin 0800 hrs. Arrived Templehof 1800 hrs.

Saturday, February 3  
 Left Templehof 0000 hrs.

Sunday, February 4  
 Arrived Luckenwalde, Kreis Juterbog 0800 hrs.

**HERRING-WISSLER COMPANY**

AUTOMOTIVE DISTRIBUTORS  
**DES MOINES**

Sunday  
 February 3, 1945  
 Arrived Stalag IIIA

Wednesday, March 7  
 Red Cross box

Monday, March 12 - Red Cross box

Saturday, March 24  
 Red Cross box

Saturday, March 31  
 Red Cross box

Saturday, April 21  
 Germans abandoned camp

Sunday, April 22  
 Russian spearhead hit camp

Sunday, May 6  
 Left Stalag IIIA by US truck to Schönebeck

Monday, May 7  
 Truck Schönebeck to Hanover

Tuesday, May 8  
 Plane Hanover, Germany to Nancy, France  
 Train to Epinal

Friday, May 11  
 Train Epinal to St. Vallerie-en-Caux  
 Lucky Strike Camp.

Sunday, May 20  
 Truck to Le Harve  
 Twenty-Grand (?)

Tuesday, May 22  
 USS Monticello

Wednesday, May 23  
 Southampton, England

Sunday, May 3  
 New York  
 Camp Kilmor, N. J.

Monday, May 4  
 New York, Washington



This photo was sent by Cindy Sharpe Burgess, taken on Valentine's Day, as Lana Farber LeVine met with Wilbur Sharpe for a good day and conversation. Lana's dad passed away 44 years ago and this was a great opportunity for her to learn more about her dad.

Lana's dad was the Kriegy who played "Queenie" in the Little Theater production of "The Robert E. Lee Minstrels".





Stephanie Phelan, niece of the late Kriegy Larry Phelan, sent copies of two of her uncle's writings. They were sent last summer; we apologize for the late inclusion in the ITEM. They're printed here with permission.

### **But for The Grace of God**

By Lawrence J. Phelan, Captain, Infantry

A grey watery dawn was breaking over the bleak buildings of the Brooklyn Army Base when I reported there for a new and unaccustomed duty. I was taking a soldier home—a soldier now incapable of finding his own way, incapable of speech, incapable of action. A soldier who had given his life for his country and was now on the last lap of his melancholy journey to occupy a scant six feet of soil in his native and beloved Maine. I was a military escort for one of America's returning war dead.

I went to the briefing room to receive my envelope of papers and the musette bag containing an extra flag, black armband, and blank ammunition. A dozen or so enlisted men of various grades were there before me, all quiet, all serious, examining their papers to be sure they were in order. They were all veterans in this strange new service and had, in fact, volunteered for the duty. And though this group was composed of only army personnel, the escort detachment included volunteers from the air force, navy, coastguard and marine corps; each deceased serviceman was accompanied by a member of his own service, of equal or higher rank.

I noticed that the men, despite the fact that none had made fewer than five trips, were still grave and meticulous. I realized later that this was a job that couldn't become routine, and that would lose none of its significance no matter how often repeated. It was, as the training film shown all escorts was entitled, "Your Proudest Duty".

My envelope gave little information I hadn't already known. First Lieutenant Ralph Hanson, Springvale, Maine. I looked at the map on the wall. Springvale was hard to find even in a state where a town of 5,000 people was considered a city. Lieutenant Hanson was a stranger to me. I didn't know his age, where he had gone to school, what he had done in civilian life (if, indeed, he had worked before entering the army)—only that he

was from a small New England town and was one of the many that had died. At 7:00 several army hearses were waiting to take us and our charges to the station. After one final check with the officer in charge I signed a receipt for the remains. Lieutenant Hanson was now my sole responsibility.

We drove to Grand Central in convoy, arriving at 8:00—two hours before the train time—but no one complained about "hurrying up or waiting". There was still plenty to do and, if an hour would cover it, the extra hour for contingencies was not begrudged. This was a time when no train must be missed, when no excuse or alibi would cover a mistake.

After the remains had been removed from the vehicles and lined up in the baggage room under special guard (not for a moment in their long journey from battlefield to home were they unaccompanied or unguarded) we descended to the main station to exchange our Government Transportation Requests for our tickets. When the New Haven Railroad agent handed me the one round-trip ticket between New York and North Berwick, Maine, and one one-way ticket, I felt, for the first time, the full poignancy of my mission. Lieutenant Hanson was going home for good.

At the baggage room I presented the one-way ticket to the baggage master who gave me a check and a tag to be affixed to the head of the flag-draped outer case. I then went back into the baggage room where forty or more similarly draped caskets were lined up under guard. The soldiers were going from one to another, lifting up the end of the flag to see the stenciled inscription at the head of the case. It was not enough to check only the name—there could be two Ralph Hansons. I found the proper case and checked the name, rank, serial number, and destination. They all agreed. I brushed some flecks of lint from the flag.

When each man had found the soldier he was to escort, motorized trucks were brought and the cases were carefully lifted on to them. Slowly, they were lowered to track level and rolled forward along the platform toward the baggage car. I walked behind Lieutenant Hanson's case

and watched the railroad men as they lifted it aboard. They had done this before.

When the doors of the baggage car were closed I went to my chair. It was number one, the closest seat on the train to my companion. I settled myself and picked up the morning paper as the train pulled out. There wasn't much new. The Hagenah had alerted its entire force against an expected Arab invasion; 73,000 Chrysler auto workers had walked out on strike; Pravda screamed imprecations at the United States and the U.S. press screamed back; Congress was still debating about selective service. And buried deep in the back pages of the paper was a small item stating that the United States Army Transport Barney Kirschbaum was arriving in New York the following day with 2,530 more war dead being returned to their homes at the requests of their next of kin. This brought the total returned to nearly 42,000. The task was less than one-sixth finished.

I looked up as the Connecticut landscape, fresh with spring and drenched with driving rain, rolled by. Drowsy, I wondered about my charge in the forward car. Lieutenant Hanson was already beginning to assume a personality for me and I tried to picture what he had been like. Sometimes his face would be that of one or another of my own friends—officers and other servicemen who had died in Africa or Sicily—who were also possibly approaching the last phase of their long voyage home (the Barney Kirschbaum was bearing bodies from Casablanca, Tunis, and Oran.) And sometimes I saw myself, mute and unseen in the flag-draped casket, while Lieutenant Hanson sat in seat number one and mused over my identity. It was only a thing called chance (some call it fate, some Providence) that this was not the case, and this thought almost more than any other gave me a strong sense of kinship with the lieutenant whose luck had gone the other way. 'There, but for the grace of God, go I,' I thought. No, this job could never become routine.

In Boston, we lined up outside the baggage car to supervise removal of the caskets. The escorts were careful and solicitous, watching to see that their charges were handled gently, that each casket, with the blue field over the left shoulder, always moved feet first. They adjusted the flags and pulled them taut. They carried themselves with dignity and reverence, visibly conscious of their responsibility. When all the caskets had

been moved onto their individual trucks, the escorts stood on the left side and the solemn procession moved slowly down the platform of Boston's South Station. As we turned toward the baggage room, hundreds of passengers leaving trains on various tracks paused and watched; men removed their hats in deference to the dead. (That was for you, Lieutenant Hanson, and your silent companions—a small tribute, but a sincere one. Perhaps those people knew what you had done for them.)

I went to North Station by truck, alone, except for the driver and Lieutenant Hanson, whose presence—the more eloquent by its silence—I felt throughout the trip. In fact, by the time we boarded the Boston train to Maine, I had mentally dropped his military title and was thinking of him as "Ralph." In two hours' time we would arrive in North Berwick, Maine, just a few minutes' drive from his hometown of Springvale. I knew I would be met there by the funeral director, Mr. L. H. Carll, and possibly by Ralph's family and friends. And I knew that would be, perhaps, the most difficult moment of the entire trip.

The train made several stops. At each station I went into the baggage car and stayed there until the train pulled out again. It would be virtually impossible for a baggage master to mistakenly put off the remains at the wrong station, but that 1,000-1 possibility was guarded against by the escort remaining in the car at all station stops, whose presence would also ensure respect on the part of employees who may be loading or unloading baggage.

At Dover, Maine, just a few miles from our final destination, I moved into the baggage car in order to be ready to supervise upon our arrival in North Berwick and, now, the full importance of my mission was clear to me. To the family and friends of Lieutenant Ralph Hanson I was the sole representative of the United States Army, the government, and the people of the nation for whom he had sacrificed his life. I placed the black band on my left arm. The train whistle sounded its nostalgic call for a crossing and then I felt the pull as the train slowed for the stop. I thought, 'This is not just happening to me. Across the width and breadth of the country, in large cities, suburbs, small villages and towns, at tiny whistle stops on the vast spider web of rails that spans the mountains, valleys and prairies of our land, this is being re-enacted almost daily—the unbelievable



price of our unpreparedness. Perhaps at this same moment a sergeant is straightening his tie as his train slows down at Waycross, Georgia, or a sailor stands at attention in a little station in Iowa while a mother who has never seen the sea weeps, with a mixture of grief at her loss and happiness over his return, by the side of her seaman son.'

The train had barely stopped when six men wearing American Legion caps climbed aboard to carry Ralph Hanson to the car that was waiting for him. The funeral director approached me. "I'd like you to meet Lieutenant Hanson's family," he said, and led me to a small group of people who stood watching from the station shed. I met Ralph's wife first, a serene, handsome young woman in a simple gray suit; his mother, a woman whose indomitable character showed in the lines of her face where grief struggled to take possession; his brother, sister, and brother's wife. There were no tears, but I could tell that the tears were there. I felt that they were bearing up for me, and my heart went out to them.

I went back to the long sleek car that was taking Ralph home. As the procession wound over the rolling green hills of Maine, the driver gave me my first glimpse of my charge's background. "Ralph was fine boy," he said, "one of the best-liked young fellows around here. It was a real sad day for Springvale and Sanford when the news came in he was killed." "Where did it happen?" I asked. The driver replied, "South of France. It was, in, oh, September-October of '44. He was in a tank battalion, I think they called it, and his jeep hit one of those mines. Fellow with him was hurt pretty bad but he pulled through. Ralph had fought all through Africa and Italy and got hit once, but went right back when he got out of the hospital." "I noticed his mother was alone. Is she a widow?" I asked. "Yes, she is," he said, "and that's mighty sad too. Mr. Hanson just died here this winter and the funeral was just a few weeks ago. You see, in Maine the ground freezes solid and when a person passes we have to keep them in a vault until spring. This is going to be pretty hard on the Hansons, coming so close afterward. Still it's a comfort to them, knowing he's home again."

We came into the town of Sanford, of which Springvale is a part. It was an old town, quiet and dignified, with old houses, large trees, and spacious lawns. It was a sturdy town, as typical of Maine as oven-baked beans, as typical of America as the people who make it up—hard-working,

industrious, honest people who are conscious of their heritage. Those on the streets paused and watched our procession as we passed.

At the funeral home, a handsome white building of simple colonial style, the casket was removed from the outer case, placed on a bronze catafalque in the chapel, and then covered with the flag again. I stood at attention at the head as Ralph's family came in. Now his mother wept, not bitterly nor hysterically, but from a heart that was too full to contain her tears. Ralph's wife took her hand. "Mother," she said quietly, "this isn't really Ralph. He's somewhere else, watching us, and he's content; remember, he told us that." They stayed a few moments after that and when they had gone I consulted with Mr. Carll. He signed the receipt for the remains and I explained that from that moment on my official responsibility had ended but that I was to remain at the pleasure of Mrs. Hanson and to give all the assistance I could to the family and to him.

Mr. Carll told me the funeral was to take place on Saturday and that the Hansons were anxious for me to stay. I asked about hotels. "No hotels in Springvale," he said. "There's one over in Sanford, but Ralph's brother and his wife want you to stay with them. They live nearby in Alfred and have lots of room." "That's very nice of them," I replied, "but our instructions are very explicit. We're to help the family as much as we can but should stay out of the way and not be a burden to them."

My explanation was worthless when Ralph's older brother Carl came back. "My wife and I have planned on having you with us until after the funeral. You won't be in the way at all because Betty's staying with Mother and my sister. Besides, my two boys expect to find you at the breakfast table in the morning." Even if I had wanted to, I couldn't have refused their generous hospitality. And so, in place of a cold hotel room I went to Carl Hanson's home—a simple white house with small porches and gables, a huge old-fashioned kitchen with a coal range side-by-side with a spotless new electric stove, and a great square bedroom (for me) filled with old and lovely furniture. It was this sort of house that Ralph had grown up in, that sort of kitchen in which he had watched his mother bake pies or fry doughnuts during the long Maine winters.

That night, before retiring, I sat with Carl and Harriet (Mr., Mrs., and Captain sounded too

formal in such a homey atmosphere). We ate homemade cake and talked. They showed me pictures of Ralph, a handsome second lieutenant with a square jaw and winning smile, fresh from officer's school at Fort Knox. Then there was another picture of him with Betty, whom he had met when they were both in college, taken after their marriage at Fort Knox.

We talked for an hour or two, mostly about Ralph. We talked about the things he enjoyed, like clam cakes and boiled lobster, hiking and lake swimming. We talked about his enthusiasm for building, architectural drawing, and his post-war plans. Before he enlisted he had taught high school in Bangor and, in the short time he was there, had built up the manual training shop into an important department of the school. He had been a popular teacher too, and they had held the position open for him. He was going to go places with it—after the war. "I was counting on Ralph, too," Carl said. "I'm a builder, and he liked to draw up plans for me. We lost so many houses in the fire last year."

I went to bed thinking about young dreams, young ambitions, shell-burst and oblivion.

The next morning I had breakfast in the large kitchen with the two boys—Teddy was nine and Earl was five. They accepted me as a friend of Uncle Ralph's and, as such, a friend of theirs. They were bright, talkative, and inquisitive. They both thought they'd be soldiers when they grew up. ('If you are,' I thought, 'may you be soldiers in a strong army of preparedness, and not—like your Uncle Ralph—in an army made strong by bitter necessity just a shade too late.')

That day we concluded most of the plans for the funeral and I met many more of Ralph's family and friends. I had often heard of the reticence of the state-of-Mainers. It applies, perhaps, to their control of emotion in deference to others. It does not apply to their friendliness and hospitality, which are boundless.

The funeral took place the following day at 2:00. The chapel, where Lieutenant Hanson lay surrounded by banks of flowers in the colors of the flag, was filled with friends and representatives of the American Legion. The family sat in a smaller room to the side. The minister read the funeral

service and said a few words of comfort to the bereaved. He also spoke significantly of the debt that we, the living, owed to Lieutenant Hanson and the thousands of his comrades.

The two-day rain had stopped when we left the chapel. We marched the half-mile to the cemetery though the streets of Springvale—the American Legion escort, the color guard, and the firing squad from the Maine National Guard accompanied us. At the request of Mrs. Hanson, I preceded the hearse, which was flanked by Ralph's boyhood friends. The sun glimmered momentarily as the bugler sounded taps and Lieutenant Ralph Hanson sank slowly to his final resting place. The folded flag which I presented to his wife was just a symbol, a few square yards of colored bunting, but I felt I was handing her the gratitude of a nation. I told her so and hoped she knew the truth of it.

The rain had started again when I returned to North Berwick and it slashed against the windows of the coach as we slid rapidly towards Boston. In looking back over my trip my strongest feeling was that I had made several friends, not the least of whom was one whose voice I would never hear.

## THE POEM

After a watery meal of hot barley-and-potato soup, the men tried to sleep, daydreaming not of women but of food. Several had memorized a poem written by a former advertising copy writer, Lieutenant Larry Phelan. He had dedicated it to his wife, "the loveliest girl in the world—who won't like it a bit."

I dream as only captive men can dream  
Of life as lived in days that went before;  
Of scrambled eggs, and shortcakes thick with  
cream,  
And onion soup and lobster Thermidor;  
Of roasted beef and chops and T-bone steaks,  
And turkey breast and golden leg or wing;  
Of sausage, maple syrup, buckwheat cakes,  
And chicken broiled or fried or à la king.  
I dwell on rolls or buns for days and days,  
Hot corn bread, biscuits, Philadelphia scrapple,  
Asparagus in cream or hollandaise,  
And deep-dish pies—mince, huckleberry, apple.



Terrance Dooley, son of the late Kriegy Joseph Dooley, sent this copy of an article published in the Southtown Economist, Front Page, on May 20, 1945.

# Long Trek To Freedom Is Described

## **Lt. Joseph Dooley Spent 2 Months Fleeing Across Northern Europe; Free 22 Other Southtowners.**

Two more Southtowners have arrived home from German prison camps, one of them having escaped from his German captors, and the names of 22 other liberated service men who will be home shortly were listed Wednesday by the army, navy and the OWI. Among the 150 soldiers who devised a means to escape January 21 from Of lag No. 64, a Nazi camp for Allied officers in northern Germany, was Lt. Joseph L. Dooley, 26, who has since arrived home to be greeted by his two-year-old daughter, Patricia Ann, whom he had never seen, and his wife, Mrs. Dolores Dooley, 1607 W. 91st st. Although Lieutenant Dooley cannot reveal the ingenious method of escape used by the Allied captives, he tells a dramatic story of how he and three other officers spent almost two months traveling south by foot and by riding in box cars, along the Carpathian mountains to Odessa. At that Black sea port the four men were picked up by a British ship and finally returned to the United States.

### **Six Difficult Days.**

Immediately after their escape, the four endured six days along the Ruisan front before they managed to get to reasonable safety far behind the front lines. "While our trek across northern Europe was difficult," said Lieutenant Dooley, who was captured November 8, "we always found ourselves befriended. "The Polish people," he said, "were extremely generous in their hospitality. Whenever a Pole saw us he would cry 'Americansky' and give us an article of food or clothing as a gift. "The Russians also treated us kindly and helped us to reach our destination." Lieutenant Dooley went on, "Shortly after we escaped," he explained, "and when we were still near the front lines, we met a Russian private who guided us until we got to Warsaw.

### **Hitch a Ride.**

"We met him one day when we hitched a ride on his truck. His officer told him to take care of us. For several days he anticipated all of our needs, obtaining sleeping quarters in houses for us and buying us food during the day. "We couldn't speak Russian and he couldn't speak English but we managed to communicate by using a little of German that all of us had picked up and also by grunting and using the sign-language. "After we arrived in Warsaw we made our way south to the Romanian border, managing to get rides on Russian army trucks and on box cars. "We finally arrived at our destination March 1 and we found the seaport crowded with other soldiers who had been liberated from a number of Nazi camps. Three days later we were among more than 1,000 other freed prisoners who boarded a British ship which took us to the U.S. army Camp in Port Said, Egypt.

### **A Big Welcome.**

"The army gave us a warm reception." He said. "They gave us wonderful food which included lots of ice cream and beer. "A week later a group of us were sent to an army hotel in Naples where we stayed for almost a month," He continued "spending our time resting, taking sulphur pills and eating. Most of us had regained the weight we lost by the time a British ship came to take us to Boston."

Lieutenant Dooley, son of Mrs. Florence Dooley, 7516 Peoria St. will remain home until his 60 day furlough ends.

**Southtown Economist, Front Page, May 20, 1945.**



In a note to Pat Waters, Lynn Kanaya wrote:

“Thank you for all that you do for the Kriegies! I am sending a picture of Jimmie taken last summer for a book about WWII Nisei Veterans. He is 98 and the last time he will wear his uniform. He looks good – eating well, walking the dog – each day a blessing. We think of you often.”

Thanks Pat, for sharing this wonderful photo of Jimmie, a true hero. We're impressed that the uniform still fits him so well!



After one of our Oflag 64 Reunions several years back, Pat Bender – daughter of the late Kriegy Vincent “Doc” Di Francesco wrote the following article. It specifically applied to Reunions then but can apply equally today. We must keep the memories of our great Kriegy Heroes and Patriots alive!!

### **It Is Our Turn Now**

Once a year a group of people gathers in the Fall in various regions of the United States. They arrive from all over, often accompanied by loved ones who struggle with small children or older people in wheel chairs or walkers. They brave indirect flights, long lines at airports, and highway traffic. Some take several days to get to their destinations. Searching airline schedules, making connections, and finalizing reservations, these resourceful people look forward every year to this annual celebration. Who are these people and what are they celebrating, you might ask? They are the remaining members of Oflag 64 and the families who accompany them to their annual reunion.

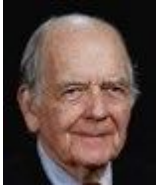
When these men were younger, travel was easier. Terrorism had not yet immobilized our country, and the Kriegies were more agile, less dependent upon steel joints, heart medications, or ambulatory devices. Their voices were stronger and their memories more exact. They wrote books and treatises about their war experiences. Many are published authors. They communicated through their newsletter, *The Item*, published since 1942. At the reunions, they joked and lied and insulted each other once a year. They wondered what happened to old bunkmates, marching partners, and fellow escapees. They had no Internet to help them; only print directories and friends. They shared common experiences and helped each other with information about obtaining medals and health benefits.

The Kriegies who are still physically able to attend the Oflag 64 reunions are dwindling. In the last few years, family members outnumbered the Oflag men. Their children are beginning to retire, and grandchildren and great-grandchildren have begun to appear. Among the next generation, special friendships have emerged. Some Kriegie “children” attend each year; others only when they can take time off from work or from family obligations.

Until recently, the men of Oflag 64 have always planned the reunions. What will happen when they are no longer around? Will the special bonds that their children and grandchildren have forged die as well? Will the pride that we feel for these men be swept into the backburner of our memories? We should not let this happen. It is our responsibility to keep our fathers’ memories alive for future generations. Our fathers’ stories must continue to live on through us. It is our turn now. Let’s begin to take charge of the reunions and keep Oflag 64 alive.

## James M. Bates

1921 ~ 2018



Brentwood - James Madison Bates, age 96, passed away on September 19, 2018. He is preceded in death by his wife of 71 years, Holly Powell Bates; parents Zollie Bates and Addie Loveless Bates; sister, Marjorie Breece and son, James Powell Bates.

James is survived by his son Michael (Martha) Bates and daughter Terry (Steve) Butler, grandchildren James Bates, Jenni Bates, Channing Powell, Beau Powell and great-granddaughter Jolie Bates.

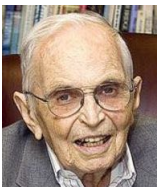
Jim was born in 1921 in Kimmins, TN. He joined the [army](#) at the age of 19 at the outbreak of [World War II](#). He served in the U.S. Army for 30 years. He participated in three wars, was captured by the Germans in WWII, and escaped into Russia; he walked several hundred miles through Russian lines until he reached an allied transport on the Black Sea. During his last two assignments, he commanded 2,500 troops in Korea at the DMZ. He then worked at the Pentagon in the Joint Chiefs of Staff briefing the National Security Council, White House, Congress, and the State Department. He received numerous medals including the Silver and two [Bronze Stars](#), all for valor.



His complete obituary can be found at: <https://obits.tennessean.com/obituaries/tennessean/obituary.aspx?n=james-bates&pid=190292403&fhid=14095>

## Roger L. Shinn

1917 ~ 2013



SOUTHBURY – Theologian, author and educator Roger Lincoln Shinn died in Southbury on May 13, 2013, at the age of 96. He was Reinhold Niebuhr professor emeritus of social ethics at Union

Theological Seminary in New York City, where he was acting president in 1974 to 1975. Dr. Shinn was the author of 15 books, including *Forced Options: Social Decisions for the 21st Century* (3rd edition, 1991) and writer and narrator for the television series, “Tangled World.”

A decorated war hero (awarded the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action), who served as company commander in the Armored Infantry in Europe in World War II, he later worked to defend conscientious objectors in courts martial and civil during the Vietnam War. He was inducted into the Infantry School Hall of Fame at Fort Benning, Ga., and lectured on ethics at the U.S. Military Academy (West Point), the Air Force Academy, the Army War College, the Air War College, the Command and General Staff School, and the Army Chaplains School.




His survivors include his wife, Katharine, of Southbury; a sister, Ruth Shinn of Washington, D.C.; daughters Carol Wheeler of N. Brookfield, Mass., and Marybeth Shinn of Nashville, Tenn.; four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

His complete obituary can be found at: <https://archives.rep-am.com/2013/05/21/roger-l-shinn-theologian-educator/>

## James F. Skells

1911 ~ 1969

James Frank Skells was born in Watertown, SD on September 4, 1911. Graduated from West Point in 1935. Married Lillian Caroline Tilton in 1937. Served at Fort Sam Houston, TX in the infantry; at Fort Benning, GA in armored units; at Fort Dix, NJ and Mitchell Field, NY with air units. During WWII in 1943 he served as a staff officer in Algiers and Oran in Africa before landing in Italy for more infantry duty. He received the DSC for extraordinary heroism at Mt. Castellone, Italy in February 1944 while under heavy mortar and machine-gun fire, he reorganized the companies of his battalion, personally placed several machine guns and by sheer inspirational valor drove the enemy from his position. As a result he was promoted to LTC. Shortly thereafter he was

captured by the Germans and eventually was moved through various camps to OFLAG 64 in Shubin, Poland. Details of his imprisonment and eventual escape are detailed in his book "The Colonel".  After the war he served in intelligence; in the Army of Occupation in Germany and attended graduate school at Ohio State University. He was regimental commander of the 180th Infantry Regiment in Korea during the prolonged cease-fire that commenced in July of 1953. He then attended the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks in PA. He served three tours in the Pentagon and at Schofield Barracks, HI in various staff positions. His last Army assignment before retiring was as Professor of Military Science at Michigan State University. He and his wife then moved to Deltona, FL in 1965. He was diagnosed with Krusfield-Jacob disease in the summer of 1969 and passed away on August 9th of that year. He has three children: Pamela Tilton Skells married to CAPT Arthur E. Ladley Jr. USCG (Ret), Penelope Susan Skells married to George A. Bragg and LCol Peter J. Skells USA (Ret) married to Patricia G. Wright.

Thanks to Pam Ladley for this write-up. No obituary was available.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Marilyn Gibson

1923 ~ 2018



Marilyn (Wilson) Gibson, 94, of Stillwater, Oklahoma passed from this life on May 23rd. Funeral service will be June 9th at 10am at the First Christian Church in Stillwater, OK followed

by graveside services at 3pm in Atlanta, KS.

Marilyn was born October 8, 1923 to Ralph and Pearl (Hensley) Wilson in Atlanta, KS. She attended school in Atlanta where she first was introduced to the piano and that she had "perfect pitch".

On June 25, 1944 she was married to her longtime boyfriend and new army officer, Harold. Not knowing where Harold would be sent by the army, Marilyn decided to teach high school in Atlanta KS so she could live at home. Harold then shipped off to war in Germany. She wrote "I was not much older than my students" she was 21. In December 1944 Harold went missing in action in the Battle of the Bulge. Marilyn received official

MIA notice on January 12, 1945 but no information until May 9th stating he was a POW in Germany. Then no word until a call to "meet my train!" June 25, 1945 exactly one year after their marriage he was back home in Atlanta. They went to a club in Wichita to "celebrate".

Marilyn was preceded in death by Harold, her husband of 59 years, brother Maurice, and her parents. She is survived by sons William (Shirley) of Los Alamos, NM; Thomas (Connie) of Tulsa, OK and grandsons James, Long Island, NY and Jeremy, Tulsa, OK.; John (Pat) of Jacksonville, FL; and Michael (Linda) of Paola, KS and grandson Matthew (Melinda) Olathe, KS with great-grandchildren Spencer and Sarah; and grandson Scott (Krystal) Paola, KS with grandchildren Tori and Keegan.

Her complete obituary can be found at: <https://strodefh.com/book-of-memories/3527261/gibson-marilyn/obituary.php>

## Jean Gray

1920 ~ 2017

My mom was a wonderful lady. She taught kindergarten for many years after raising my brothers and myself. She met my father, the love of her life, in college, on a blind date.

My father was sent overseas during WWII and became a POW and spent 18 months in a POW camp. They exchanged letters, and when he came home, they were married 3 days later. They were married for years and years.

When my brothers were of school age, and I was little, she taught at Engle's nursery school. She went back to college, night school in Newark, she drove back and forth and graduated. Then she went to work at Stillwater elementary school and retired.

Always active, she played tennis, golfed, bowled, and swam. I fondly remember going on walks in the woods with her, she always kicked the sticks out of the way. Sadly, she fell and broke her hip on May day of 2015. Her walking days were over. She went to rehab and then so badly wanted to go home, she returned to her home, and was cared for by my brother, Mark. She always had great motto's: Don't fall down is the best.

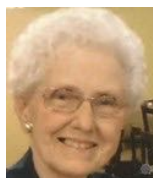
We will miss her, but feel better knowing she is with my father (William E. Gray) now.

We will always have the best picnic ever, and she will be there in spirit.

Jean's tribute was found online at:  
<https://www.dignitymemorial.com/obituaries/spar-ta-nj/jean-gray-7473655>

## Janet Lowe

1923 ~ 2018



Janet Claire Lowe (Vondracek) passed away on Friday evening, March 9, 2018, at her home at Fellowship Square in Phoenix, with her four children at her bedside. She was 94 years old.

Janet attended and graduated from her father's alma mater, Phoenix Union High School, at 7th Street and Van Buren. Janet attended one year of college at Bob Jones College at the beginning of World War II. But she decided she wanted to contribute to the war effort. So in 1943 she joined the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corp. program, which had been implemented to address the nurse shortage nationally during WWII.

In November, 1946, she married Lewis W. Lowe, who had been born and raised on a farm in Gilbert, after his return from WWII as a German POW for 2 1/2 years. They had four children, Linda, Nancy, Charlie and Joyce, born between 1948 and 1955 -- all born at Good Samaritan Hospital at 10th Street and McDowell.

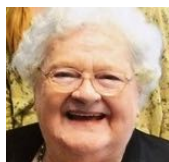
In both 1971 and 1990, before and after the fall of the Iron Curtain, she and her husband Lewis visited the campsite in Poland where he had been held as a POW for much of the time he was in captivity.

Janet was preceded in death by her parents Leo and Edna Vondracek, her sister Geneva Vondracek, her husband of 61 years, Lewis Lowe, and her son-in-law Richard Kurashige. She is survived by her four children: Linda Lowe of Phoenix, Nancy (Ralph) Lusby of Plano, Texas, Charlie Lowe of Phoenix, and Joyce Kurashige of San Diego. She is also survived by her six grandchildren: Rachel (Kevin) Arndt, Mark (Brooke) Lusby, Sarah Lusby, Ben (Veronica Lusby), Ian Kurashige (and his wife Keren Raz) and Jennifer (James) Clay, and two great grandchildren: Jacob Lusby and Trinity Arndt. She will be dearly missed by all of her family.

Her complete obituary can be found at:  
<https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/name/janet-lowe-obituary?pid=188606465>

## Dolores Meadows

1923 ~ 2018



Mrs. Dolores Falterman Meadows, age 94, of Opp, Alabama died Friday, April 13, 2018 in Mizell Memorial Hospital.

Mrs. Meadows is survived by her sons, Ronnie Meadows, John Meadows & Vickie, Bill Meadows & Sarah and Tim Meadows; daughters, Linda Rayfield & Sonny, Mary Anne Hall & Gary and Cathy Mikel & Jay; sister, Frances Senn; and 17 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren & 20 great-great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husband, Niram J. Meadows; and her parents, Tennie and Blake Blackstock, and Alexis Falterman.

Her complete obituary can be found at:  
<http://www.wyattfuneralhome.com/obituary/dolores-meadows>



## In Memoriam

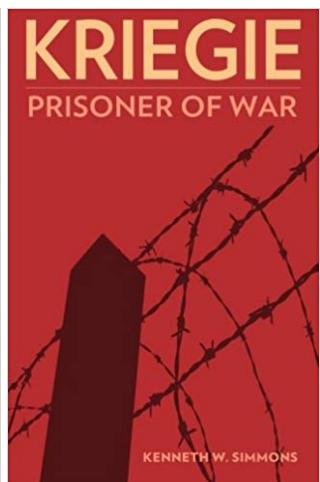
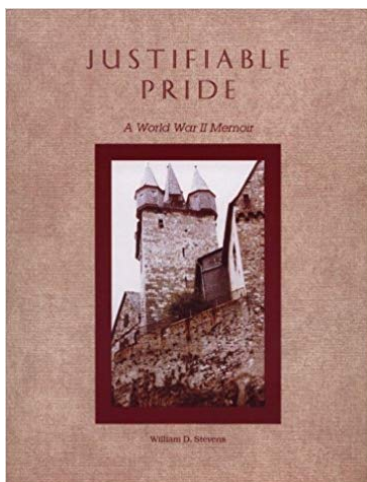
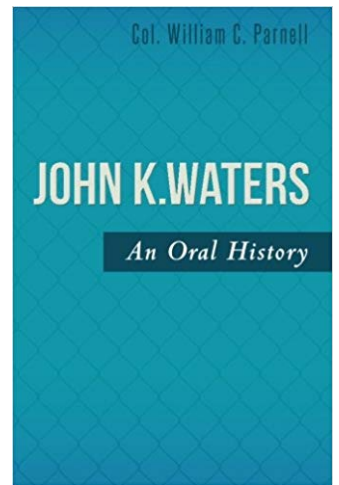
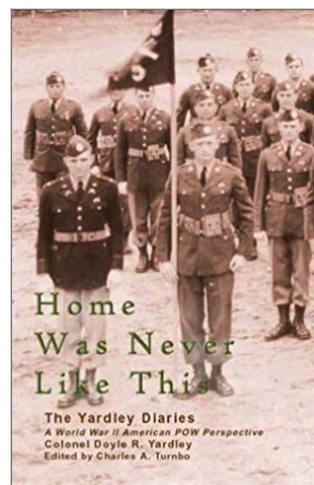
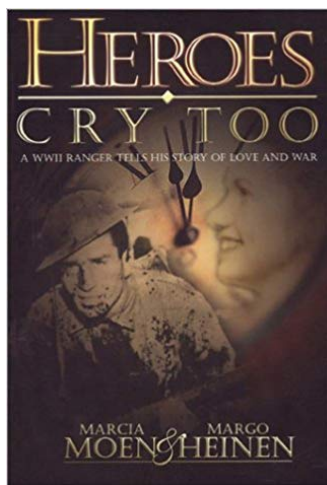
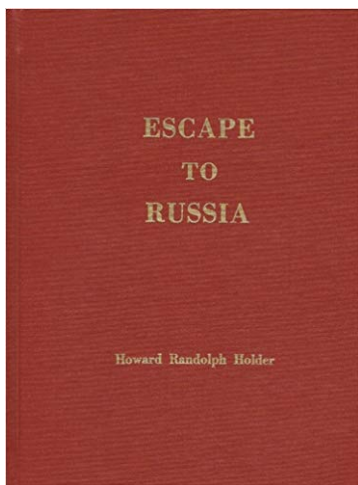
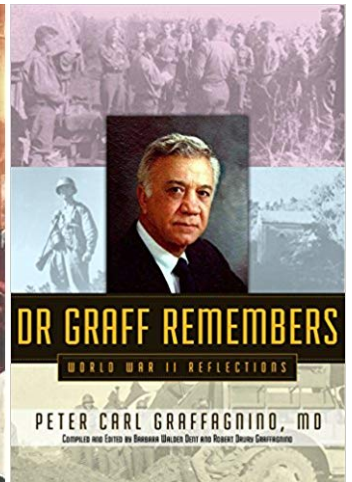
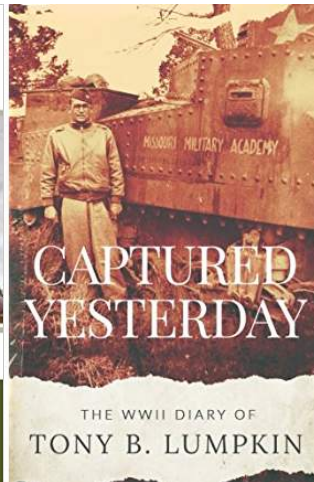
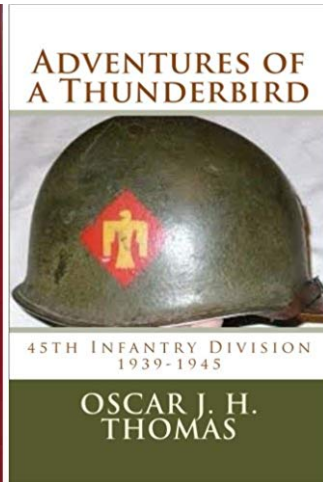
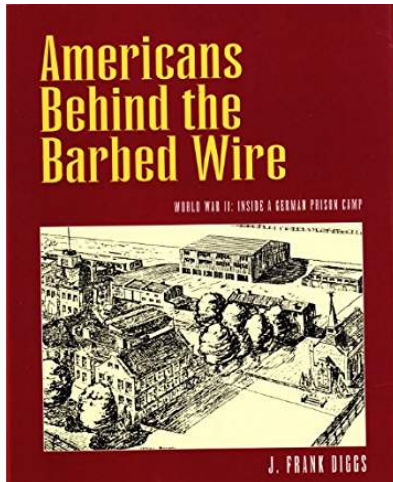
Due to limited space in the last ITEM, names of deceased Kriegies were not printed. This is a list of Kriegies who passed during 2018 OR who we learned about during the year. Our heartfelt condolences go to all their families.

1969	James F. Skells
1981	Leonard J. Lanzilotti
1982	John L. Peyton
1987	Philip M. Wade
1993	Milton E. Dowse
2006	Gerhard "Gary" Baum
2010	Isham Reavis
2011	Harry A. Thompson
2013	Roger L. Shinn
2016	John A. Albree
2017	Lester K. Edsall
2018	James M. Bates
2018	William "Pat" Dohoney
2018	Samuel N. Hodges, Jr.
2018	Edward M. Lescanec
2018	Orville T. Lowe
2018	George J. Rosenthal

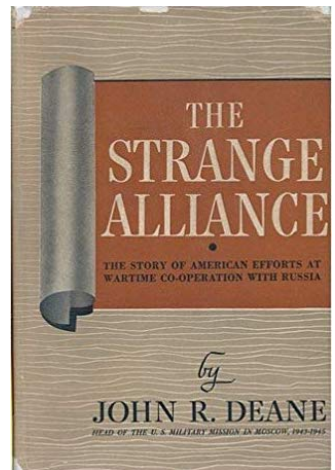
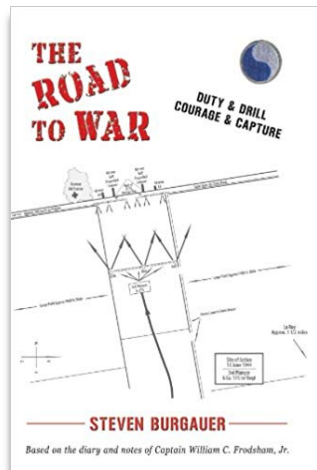
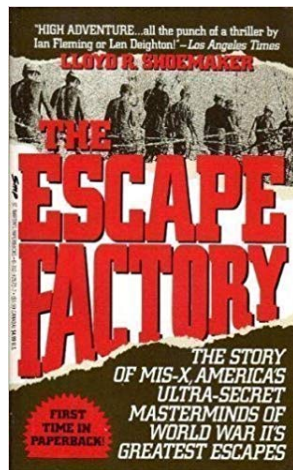
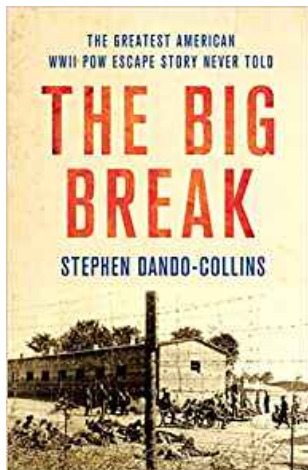
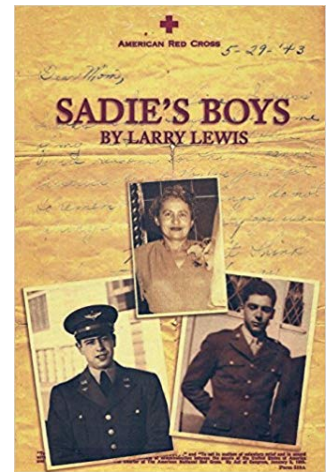
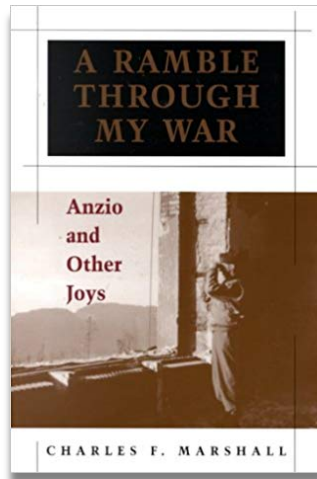
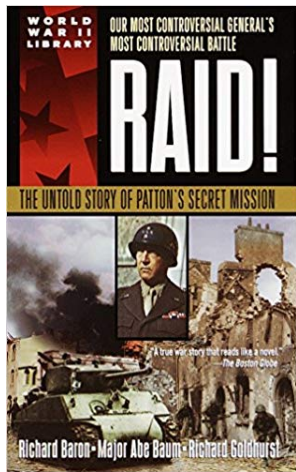
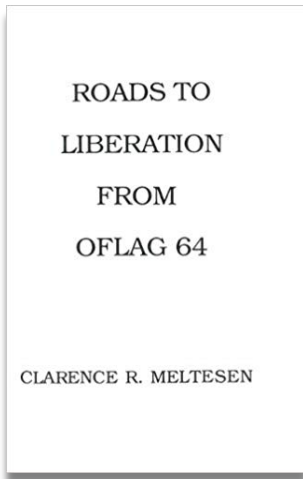
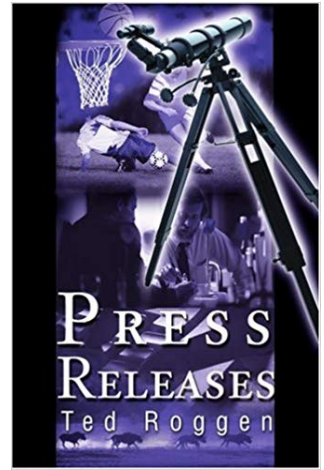
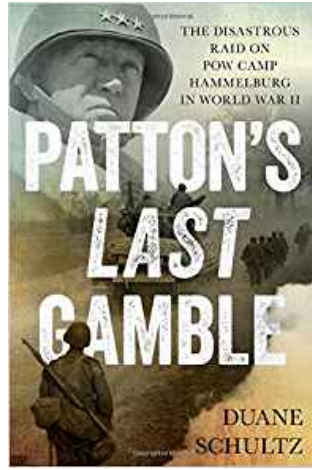
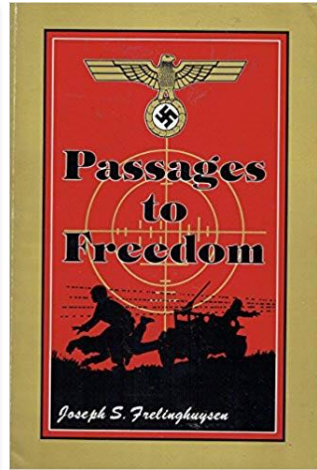
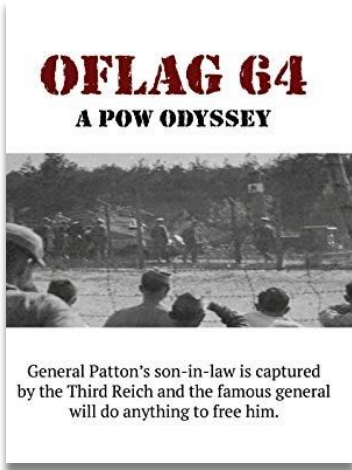


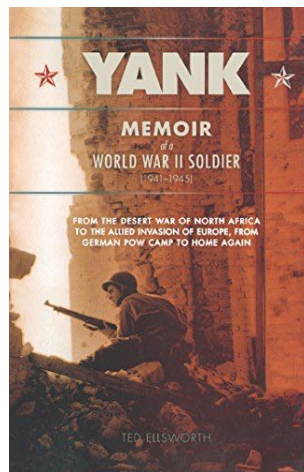
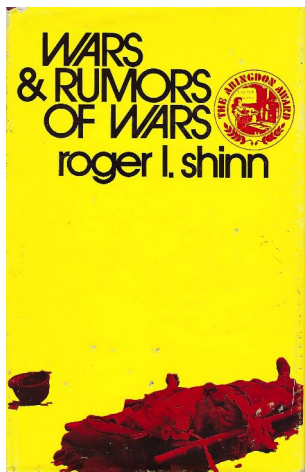
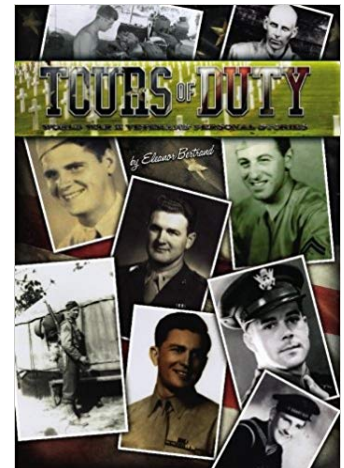
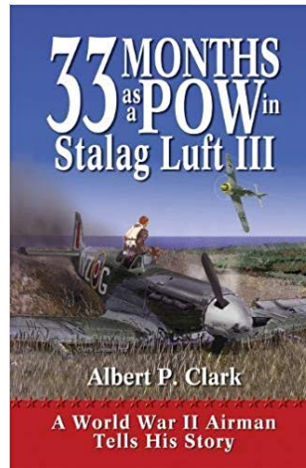
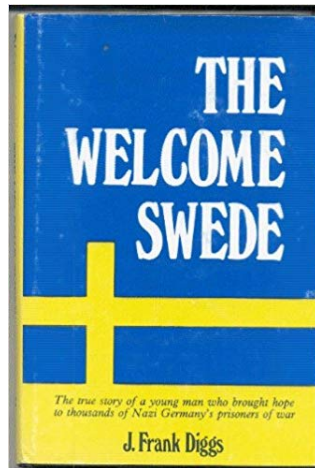
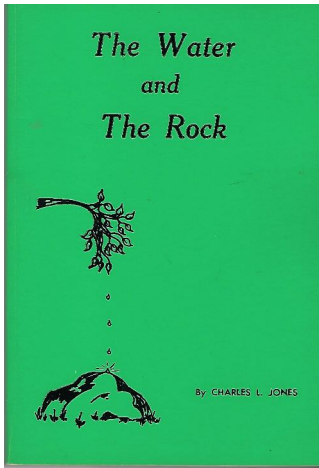
# Publications

The following publications or videos might be of interest to you. Most of them were written by or feature our Kriegies. Your local library is a good place to check for availability. You can also find many of them by Googling their titles or checking the online book sites.









Regarding the following...

We have been unable to locate images on line for these next publications, but you may still find them by clicking on their links. Questions?? Contact Elodie.

**My World War II Experiences** by Donald A. Lussenden. (currently unavailable, check libraries).  
<https://www.amazon.com/My-World-War-II-Experiences/dp/B017T6DEZU>

**People Too** by William H. Schaefer.  
<https://www.amazon.com/People-too-William-H-Schaefer/dp/B0006XT1O2>

**Vic Kanners Diary** – Contact Don Kanners, 3205 Jennella Dr, Commerce TWP MI 48390-1619.  
[dkanners@comcast.net](mailto:dkanners@comcast.net)

**Additionally....**

Reviews of some of these publications, as many as we've been able to find to date, are listed on the Oflag 64 website. Please visit the Book Reviews page: <http://www.oflag64.us/Book-Reviews.html>

If you are a Kriegy or descendant of a Kriegy who has published a book, diary, memoirs about WWII experiences in relation to Oflag 64, we would love to include them in this grouping. We're currently looking for a copy of "The Colonel" written by the late Kriegy James F. Skells, also a copy of the late Kriegy Donald Lussenden's book "My World War II Experiences.

**Finally....**

If you are interested in "Roads to Liberation" by Clarence Meltesen, his daughter Lynn has a few more copies of his book. Lynne would be happy to pay shipping to get the book to you. Please contact Elodie for Lynne's contact information. (Thank you Lynne and Meltesen family for this service.)

If you are interested in the "John K. Waters Story", you can also purchase a copy by contacting Elodie Caldwell OR Cindy Burgess, \$15.99 includes S&H, write your check to the Oflag 64 Postage Fund. (Thank you Pat Waters for making several copies available.)



# Oflag 64 US Advisory Council

## Stated Mission

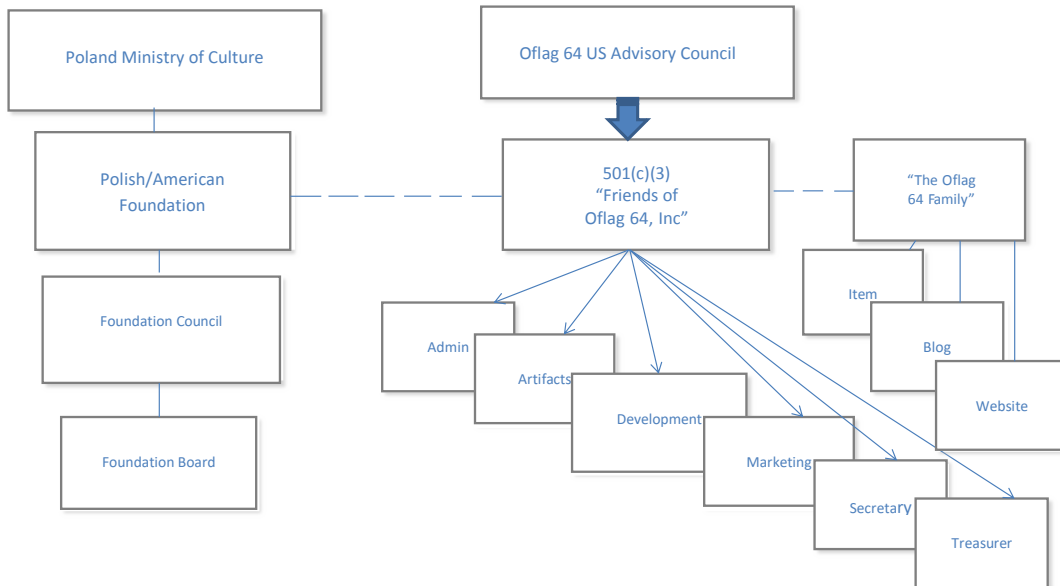


***Revised to reflect recent name changes:*** *The Oflag 64 Family, a group of American ex-Kriegies, their families, and interested parties, have a mission to assist in the development of historical museums/centers and the preservation of the history of their experience by highlighting the camp itself, its internees, and the role and support of the Polish people. The vision of the Oflag 64 Family is to support the citizens of Szubin and their governmental entities in the creation of a Museum of POW Camps in Szubin.*

Over the last several months, members of the US Advisory Council have met on a regular basis via Video Conference to move the work of creating the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin forward. To accomplish this purpose, a Polish/American Foundation has recently been established with a functioning council and board.

Currently, the advisory council is in the process of establishing a 501 (c) (3) non-profit which will be called "Friends of Oflag 64, Inc.". Once officers are in place (and they are needed right away), bylaws, etc. will be created and then the non-profit will be in a position to receive donations for the Museum. Foundation Board and Council positions will rotate over time as will positions on the 501 (c) (3). The organizational chart below shows the advisory council's vision of how each entity will work together. Please contact Elodie at: [elodie@oflag64.us](mailto:elodie@oflag64.us) if you would be willing to help.

Oflag 64/Polish American Foundation/501(c) (3)



**ARTIFACTS COLLECTION  
for the  
MUSEUM OF POW CAMPS IN SZUBIN**



Over the next few weeks, members of the Oflag 64 Advisory Council will be trying to contact you regarding possible artifacts you may have to donate to the non-profit for loan to the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin.

Here are some examples of items/artifacts that the Museum is interesting in collecting for its exhibits.

- Identity cards or paperwork for Oflag 64 POWs 1943-45
- POW numbers and mug shots for Oflag 64 POWs
- American and German dog tags for Oflag 64 POWs 1943-45
- Pictures of family members with the Oflag 64 POW before or after WWII
- Pictures of family members shipping items to the Oflag 64 POW
- Pictures taken of the Oflag 64 POW taken while in the Army between 1943-45, particularly any pictures taken in Oflag 64
- Telegrams, letters, postcards, books, diaries, or other mementos that the Oflag 64 POW had during 1943-45
- Local newspaper articles about Oflag 64 POWs being captured or released 1943-45
- Banners or flags that the family members flew to honor the Oflag 64 POW, or any flags that the POW brought home from WWII
- WWII uniforms, hats, coats, and other clothes that the Oflag 64 POW wore before, during, and after being captured (1943-45)
- Military insignia and commendation medals for an Oflag 64 POW from 1943-45
- Bedrolls or other bedding that the Oflag 64 POW used between 1943-45
- Boots or shoes that the Oflag 64 POW wore between 1943-45
- Personal items that the Oflag 64 POW brought back from WWII, including but not limited to combs, toothbrushes, razors, eating utensils, dishes, scissors, and sewing kits
- Cigarette lighters, pipes, or other tobacco products
- Solitary military brass or plastic buttons, as some may contain a secret MIS-X compass
- MIS-X items such as playing cards, maps, shaving brushes, baseballs, German money, and cribbage boards
- Sporting equipment used in Oflag 64
- Artwork from Oflag 64
- Printed material from the Oflag 64 POW camp printed in English or German
- Red Cross parcels or Red Cross parcel contents from 1943-45

If you are not certain if an item you have is needed by the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin, please contact U.S. Advisory Council members Dave Stewart at [DSLVTX@gmail.com](mailto:DSLVTX@gmail.com) or Marlene McAllister at [marlene-mcallister@att.net](mailto:marlene-mcallister@att.net).

Please send artifacts that you wish to donate to the Museum to:

Dave Stewart  
7903 Diamond Trail  
Lago Vista, Texas 78645

All artifacts donated to the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin will become the property of the "Friends of Oflag 64, Inc.", a 501 (c) (3) non-profit organization.

You can track the creation of the Museum of POW Camps in Szubin by following either:

- "THE ITEM" at: [www.oflag64.us](http://www.oflag64.us)
- Or the Museum blog at: <https://pow-museum-project.blogspot.com>