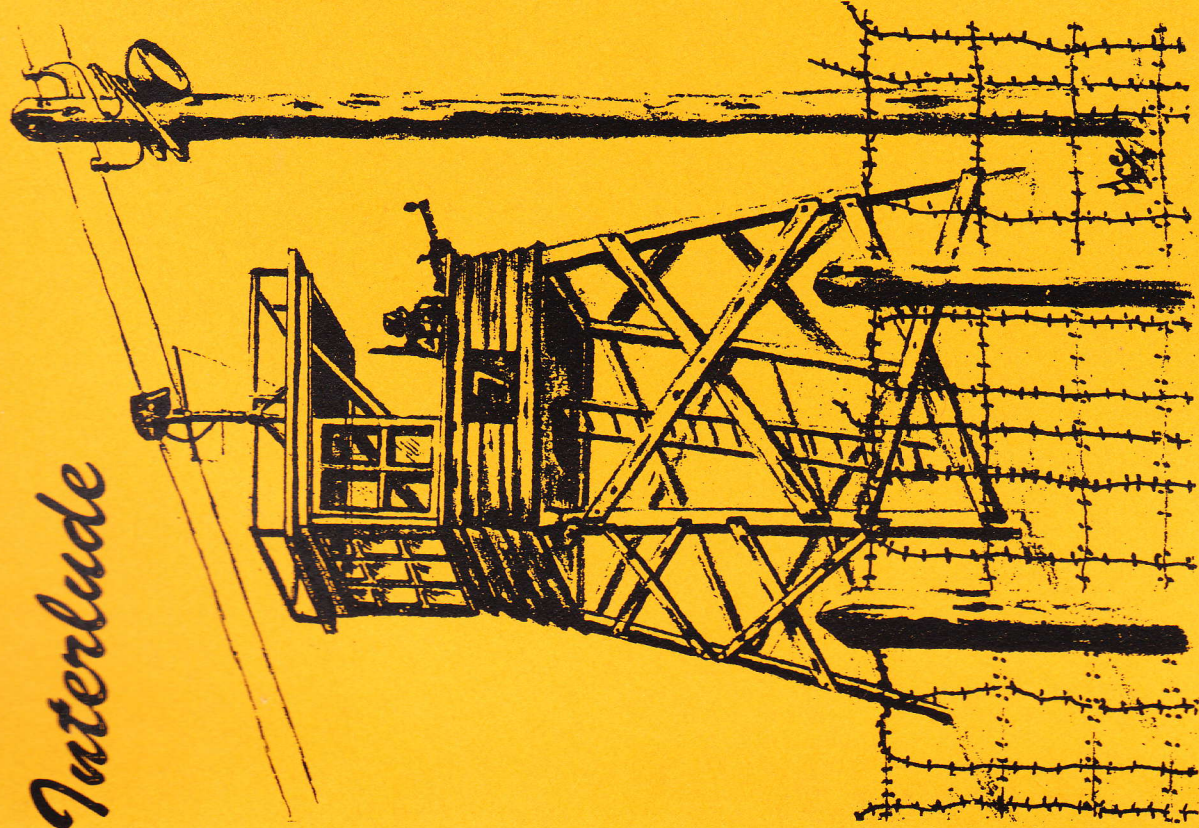


Barbed Wire Interlude



A Souvenir of

Kriegsgefangenenlager der Luftwaffe Nr. 4,

DEUTSCHLAND

1944



Leonard E. Rose
8103 E. 50th St.
Indianapolis, IN 46226

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By:

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BY

ROBERT W. LUDDEN
116 SOUTH PITT STREET
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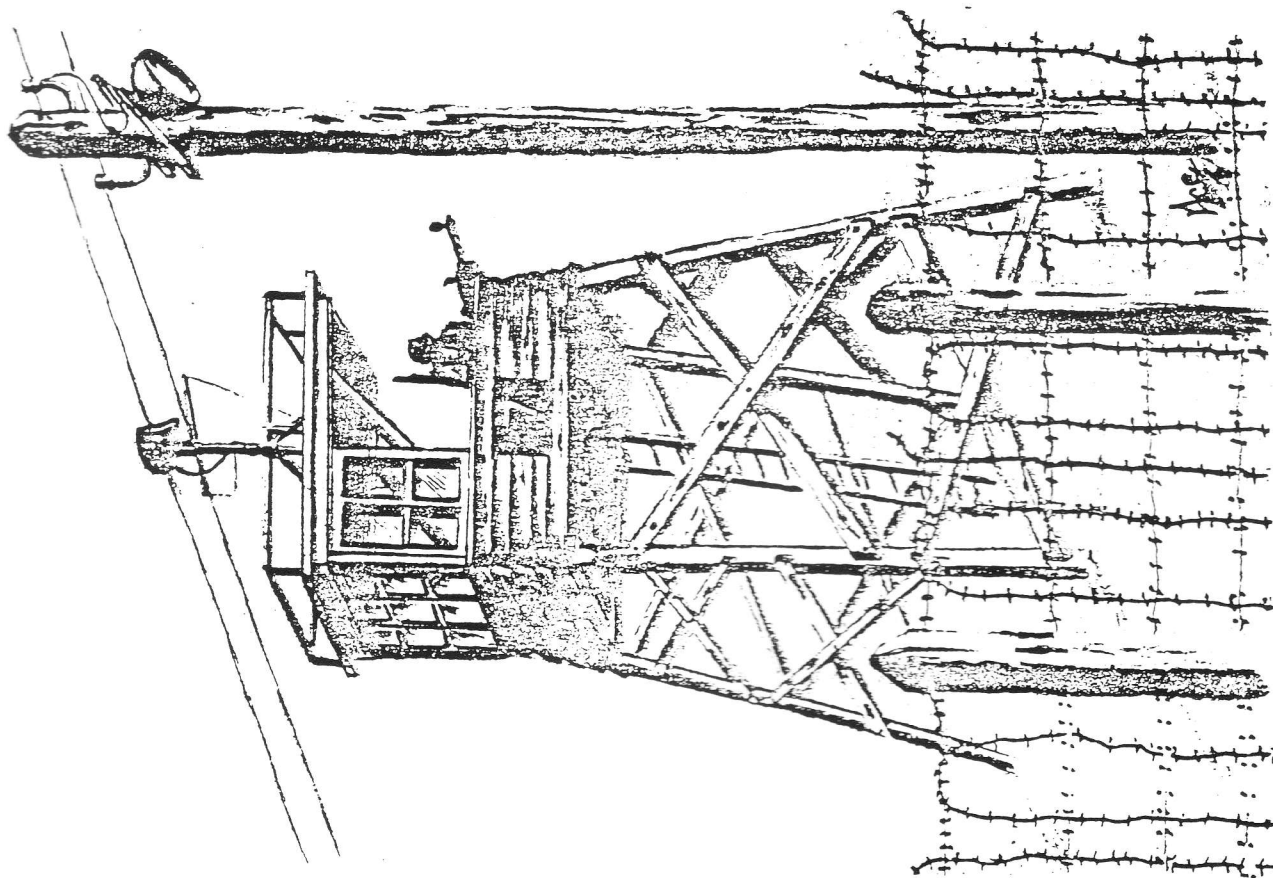
BY

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PRISONER

Black barbs of war that fetter me, and scowling towers
Only the least of me is hostage—mere limbs and voice
Which were imprisoned in one pattern or another anyway.
I was a veteran prisoner before you; these feet know well
The slavery of pattern-roads close followed;
The voice is trained to answer low in meekness
The overseeing tones of tyrant custom.
I am used to the black bread of dogma
And the tasteless water of convention, so you see
Black barbs and scowling towers, you do not chain me
No more than I am used to being chained.
I have learned well the articles of servitude
To which a man must submit his flesh,
Learned them so well indeed that they are role
And no longer interfere with that of me which is beyond the chain,
Forever reaching—forever free.

Anon.



FOREWORD

The publication of this little book began with the thought of providing a directory which might be of some use after the war in relocating acquaintances made at Stalag Luft IV. Later, it was decided to add a brief account of camp activities covering the lighter aspects of our P. O. W. life, and to include a few cartoons, sketches, and poems in order to provide a sort of souvenir booklet of the days spent at Kiefheide. The undertaking was entirely unofficial and all reference to topics of a controversial or military nature were deliberately avoided.

A substantial part of the complete camp roster is included in the directory. There are a number of omissions, however, and it is regretted that the circumstances under which the directory was compiled may have occasioned a few errors to appear among the names and addresses actually represented. The collection was begun in Lager A by utilizing bits of paper such as cigarette wrappers which, together with one pencil stub, were about the only available materials with which to work. Eventually, a trickling of names and home addresses began to come in from other parts of the camp. When the work was interrupted at this point by the decision of the Germans to abandon Stalag Luft IV and distribute the prisoners among other camps more remote from the advancing Russians, a mad box-car ride provided an opportunity to augment the list again from among a group of fellow prisoners thrown together then for the first time. The directory was brought to its present state of completion in Luft I at Barth, from data obtained from the 1500 men relocated there.

Acknowledgement with appreciation is made to Tony Schultz, Bob Hittel, Johnnie Davis, Piedro Giaquinto, B. W. Glover, and Vincent J. Faralli for their contributions of cartoons and sketches, and to Jack D. Fields for his assistance in obtaining data for the directory

—R. W. L.

BARBED WIRE INTERLUDE

We arrived at Stalag Luft IV from hospitals in Vienna and Frankfurt, from German transient and interrogation centers at Wetzlar and Budapest, from camps at St. Wendell near the French border and Heydekrug in East Prussia—both of which were evacuated from the paths of Allied Armies during the mid-summer of 1944—and from numerous other points throughout Europe, where fate, generally assisted by enemy fighters or flak, had spilled us. Kriegsgefangenenlager der Luftwaffe Nr. 4, the camp's official designation, was located near the Baltic, about two miles from the small village of Kiefheide, between Danzig and Stettin, and about seventy-five miles north-east of the latter.

The camp had been activated early in May, apparently somewhat ahead of schedule, and prisoner arrivals trickled in throughout the next two months. On July 18, more than two thousand men were admitted from the evacuated Heydekrug camp, and other groups, ranging from twenty to a hundred men, joined us each few days throughout the summer and fall months until the total camp strength approached ten thousand at the close of the year. These, with the exception of about eight hundred British and Canadian airmen, were American non-commissioned officers, assigned to the various Air Forces then operating in the European theatre.

It was always a tired and disgruntled lot that arrived in camp for, despite the circumstances attending the journey of individual groups, one thing was common to nearly all—the transportation facilities involved. And we recognized those box-cars from stories of another generation. They still displayed the familiar markings “40 Hommes—8 Chevaux” and contained, perhaps, some of the same straw upon which our fathers had slept in 1918. The large group from Heydekrug had undergone, in addition to a week or more of this ordeal, two days in the hold of the not-so-good ship *Masaren*.

Some men had been provided with the Red Cross initial capture kit, containing toilet articles and a few other essentials,

The barracks were of a standard German type construction, approximately 40x130 feet, each containing ten rooms leading from a central hallway running lengthwise with the buildings. Two washrooms and a pit latrine for night use were located in the rear of the barracks, although it soon became necessary to use the larger washrooms for additional sleeping quarters. Each room, approximately 15x23 feet, was designed to provide facilities for 16 men in eight wooden, double-decked bunks. Bunks in a few instances were triple-decked, thus increasing the room capacity to twenty-four, but the same number was accommodated in all other cases by the assignment of eight or nine additional men to sleep on the floors. They fared little worse than the others, however, as the bunks were of a crude type containing six slats—no more, no less—and the only buoyancy for one's weary bones in either case was an elongated paper sack filled with wood shavings. And these were soon compressed to form a mattress not unlike a sheet of wallboard.

A small stove, a table, and a few stools constituted the remainder of the furnishings.

MY ARMY BEDS

My first was a mattress and a spring,
 Not like home but the next best thing,
 Then maneuvers and the folding cot,
 A canvas hollow was my lot.
 Then England and its bolster and biscuit,
 At first sight I hated to risk it.
 And now behind a barbed wire fence,
 I lay on a bed in the German sense.
 Five thin slats and a hard straw sack,
 Now my muscles are sore and my poor bones crack,
 So never again will I b——— and moan
 And long for a bed that's just like home.
 Just give me the mattress and the spring
 Or the folding cot—even the biscuit thing.

E. B. Spero—2936.



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ENDOWMENT

Shall I be lame because I am imprisoned?
Shall I be blind for bars that split the sun?
Shall I be deaf because my ear is pinioned?
Shall I be mute for musics that are done?

My eyes are fuller if my feet are captive,
My ears are richer in the silent hours,
And strange new senses rise above my shackles,
And suffering bestowes a monstrous power.

When I was in the world I saw no people
When I was in the garden I smelled no rose
I listened to the strings and heard no music
I kissed warm lips, yet my own were froze.

I saw the sky but not the eternal;
I sniffed the bloom but did not smell the seed;
I harkened to music, but heard no Jehovah;
I felt my wealth but did not feel my greed.

Now I am banished from the chant of color
And exiled from the scent of laughing rhyme
But suddenly I see and hear beyond me
Life's beauty rising for the first time.

Anon.

P. O. W. LOVE

Love is a nuisance nowadays,
Like a damp match, you can't strike it,
It bothers my dreams in a number of ways
But—I like it!

Love is no more than a fable now,
And a can of coffee ranks above it;
It's silly to dream of a doubtful girl
But—I love it!

Now a cozy bunk and a loaf of bread
And Nescafe with Klim in
Are better than dreams of a double bed
But—I go on dreamin'!

Anon.

VERORDNUNGEN

The International Convention Relating to the Treatment of Prisoners of War, signed at Geneva July 27, 1929, and subsequently ratified by a majority of the world powers, including the United States and Germany, became for us a combination bible, constitution, bill of rights, and set of by-laws from the moment we fell into the hands of German military authorities. It was by far the most widely discussed topic in camp throughout our detention, and G.I.s who could not name the Mayor of their own home town a week before became upon arrival self-styled political scientists and international lawyers almost overnight. One could find an expert any time at either elbow who would jump at the chance to expound long and loud on what were our privileges and just what the Jerry could or could not do in any given situation. But, while the Convention set forth the rules and minimum standards with respect to the treatment of prisoners of war by a Detaining Power, and attempted to provide, insofar as possible, for such things as their safety, adequate housing, feeding, medical attention, pay,



and recreation, it was the camp Rules and Regulations that had, perhaps, the most immediate effect on our routine activities and governed the little incidents in our every-day life.

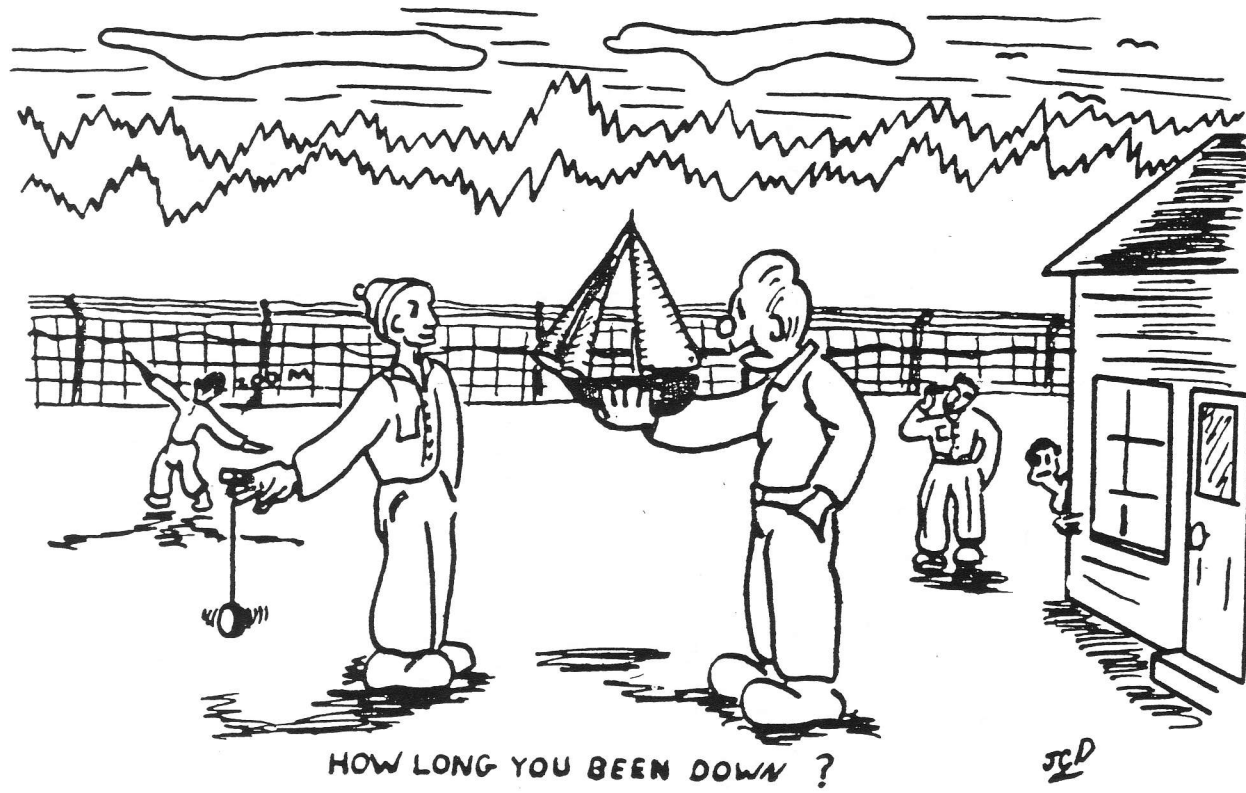
The rules were promulgated by *Der Kommandant* who had as his assistant a *Gruppenleiter*. A *Lageroffizier* was directly in charge of each compound and his orders were carried out through a *Lagerfeldwebel*, or sergeant. The language of the camp was proclaimed to be German; enlisted prisoners of war were required to salute all German commissioned officers; and the regulations insisted that all German military personnel, regardless of rank, were superior to those detained.

Most important to *Der Kommandant*, of course, was the accounting for the continued presence of his wards and to this end roll calls were held in each compound twice daily. It was not unusual however, to be awakened in the middle of the night for a so-called "identity check", a hell of a nuisance which seemed always to occur on the coldest nights and necessitated long periods of shivering in the hallways while a check was made of each prisoner's name, rank, and P. O. W. number.

At the regularly scheduled formations the men fell in by barracks around the edge of the parade ground in columns of five to be counted. If the total number did not tally with the German records, there were recounts and searches made of the barracks until it did. In justice to the ability of the Germans to count, however, it can be said that such occasions were most often caused by a slumbering G. I. who had been overlooked by his roommates. And, in spite of the most drastic threats of punishment to be meted out, for both the offender and his room-leader, sack-bound P. O. W.s continued to cause a recount to be made on the average of once every few days until the end.

Camp regulations prescribed the hours of nightly lock-up, at which time everyone was to be in his barrack, the outer doors closed and barred, and shutters placed over all windows. Somewhat similar regulations prevailed in the case of air raids. The men were given three minutes during which to clear the lager grounds and return to their barracks, after which the tower guards were ordered to shoot.

There were various regulations dealing with groups of men congregating for any purpose, and meetings, entertainments,



classes, or even religious services could not be held without express permission of the *Lageroffizier* and the presence of a German interpreter. Any act that might possibly be construed as an attempt to incite a riot was, of course, a crime of the highest order.

P. O. W.'s were forbidden to attempt to trade or exchange articles with the guards, and likewise, German personnel were forbidden to accept such things as cigarettes, even as gifts.

Apparently mail regulations were more or less consistent in all American P. O. W. camps throughout Germany. They provided that each man could write two letters and four post-cards each month, with no limitation on the amount of mail that could be received. The later was of little concern, however, since very few letters were received by the average P. O. W. and many never heard from home although they had been down for a year or more. The receipt of personal parcels was almost unheard of. The few that did get through were months old and badly damaged from shipment and "searching". Oftentimes little remained of a parcel except the label when it finally reached the addressee.

Doubtless the most unpopular regulation conceived by the Germans dealt with the handling and distribution of Red Cross supplies. The parcels designated for an individual were not actually received by him directly, but were opened in the *Lager*, the cans punched, and then the articles distributed piecemeal throughout the week. The Germans insisted on the prompt return of empty cans and kept quite an accurate record in that connection. On more than one occasion the issue of all food was withheld until a certain number of empty cans—usually in the thousands—was produced.

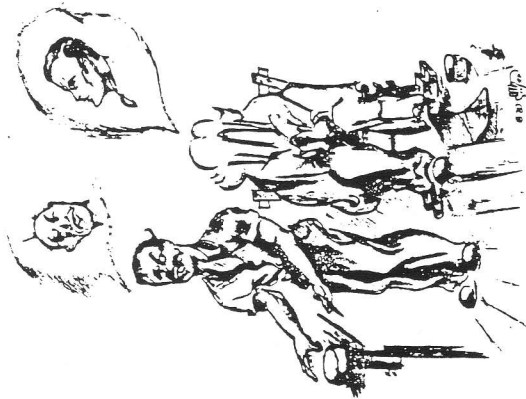
DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

Much of the actual operation and management of the camp and its respective compounds was left to the men themselves, so long as they followed, of course, certain general policies set down by the Germans. The result was a democratic government with the staff from the American Man of Confidence on down to individual room leaders being chosen by popular vote. There was dissention at times, it is true, but on the whole the plan worked out well, occupied considerable time of many of the men, and was a splendid small-scale example to all of democracy in action.

A man was chosen to represent each room on the smaller matters of administration, and a room leader was elected from each barrack to form a Camp Control Council which served in the capacity of a legislative body. The compound leader, also chosen by popular vote, was responsible to this Council for carrying out its prescribed policies. And at least one compound had a Constitution patterned after that of our American government and even provided machinery for the impeachment of its elected officers if necessary.

Several men served on the administrative staff in each compound; others were appointed to act as food and clothing representatives, recreational and educational leaders, caterers, and to serve on various other committees formed from time to time as a particular need became apparent.

Not only did the camp prove to be a laboratory in civics and self-government, but it dealt out a concrete lesson in economics as well. Trading among the men was rampant from the very beginning, which soon developed a well organized monetary system with the almighty American cigarette as the medium of exchange. Prices were more or less standardized and the value of everything—food items, pipes, or gloves—was expressed as being worth a certain number of cigarettes. Food prices would fluctuate slightly depending upon the supply and demand at any given time.



And we saw at first hand the havoc that can be wrought by inflation, for toward the end of our stay at Kiefheide an unexpected turn in the cigarette market very nearly caused a panic. The arrival of more than the usual amount of cigarettes around Christmas, plus the fact that a few personal cigarette packages in carton lots began to come through about this time threatened our entire economy, and those who had put away a few packs for a rainy day were in deep despair until the cloud passed over.

Our little community boasted several thriving business enterprises too. A barber shop and laundry made early and successful appearances, both eager to snag in a few extra cigarettes with which they, in turn, could buy added food and luxuries for themselves. The climax was reached when a "numbers game" and several "pools" made their appearance.

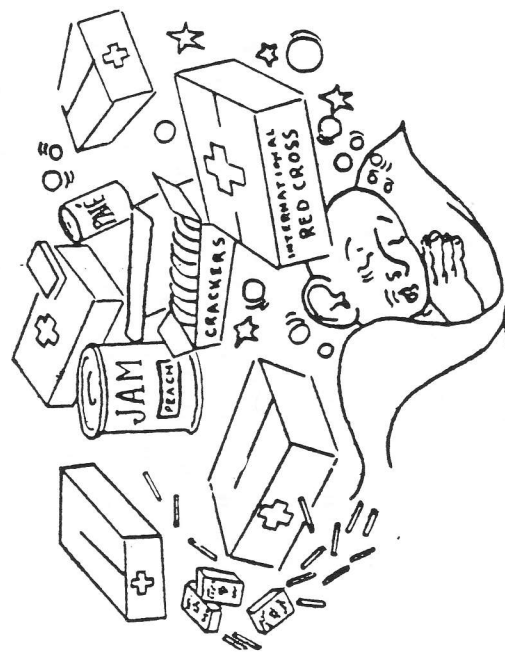
Several newspapers added to the community spirit in spite of the difficulty in finding material to fill them and the fact that due to technical difficulties their circulation was limited to one copy per issue. *Barbed Wire News* was about the first of these, followed by *Kriegic Kosmos*, edited by S. H. Kirkpatrick, and *This Week*, from the prolific pencil stub of R. W. Bryan.

WE EAT!

As armies march on their stomachs, so do prisoners of war, we learned, mark time on theirs. Food, therefore, became the all important thing in our lives and a large portion of each waking hour was given over to pondering and debating upon every new rumor concerning its availability, preparation or distribution. Camp morale would rise and fall as if geared to the food inventory records, and the frequent presence of low morale could actually be seen hovering over the barracks.

The Geneva Convention had properly provided, of course, for the feeding of prisoners of war by the Detaining Power. But nowhere in that memorable document could we find encouragement, or even a justification, for what seemed to us at the time a sort of game on the part of the Germans to eclipse inadequacy only with lack of variety.

A typical menu for a day was: breakfast, none; dinner, barley soup; supper, plain boiled potatoes. Occasional dinner substitutions might include cabbage soup, or stewed greens, or rarely a cup of barley cereal, the latter being the de-luxe

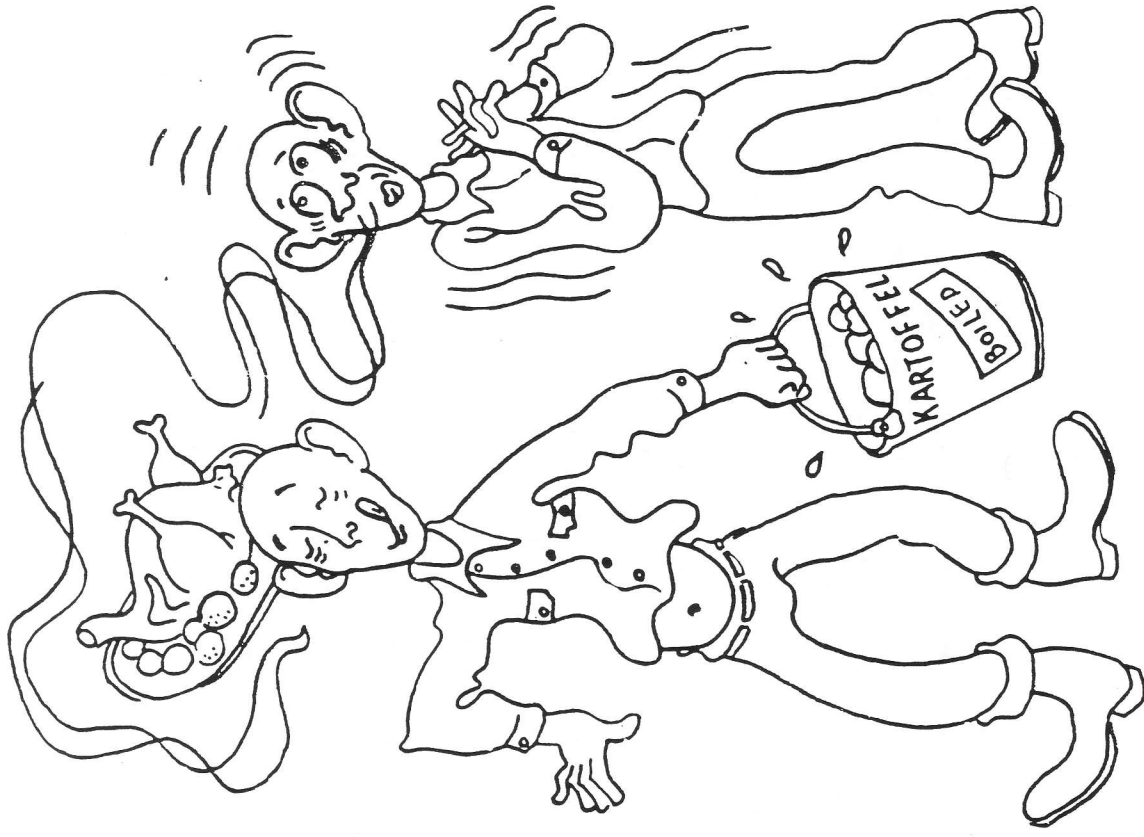


meal by comparison, and easily the camp favorite. Boiled kohlrabis, cabbage, a stew of mixed dehydrated vegetables, or possibly a serving of turnips, offered infrequent changes in the evening meal, although there were times when a bit of stringy meat of uncertain pedigree found its way into the potatoes. Breakfast, or rather the lack of it, never varied, except that hot water was available from the kitchen each morning at 7:30 for those who were fortunate enough to have any American coffee on hand. (Most of us had long since given up trying to drink the *Ersatz* brew).

In all fairness to the kitchen staff, however, it might be said that with the available rations and since two or three huge vats for each two thousand some odd men were the only utensils with which to cook, there was little hope for more variety. Nor did the facilities for serving the food add to its attractiveness, for it reached the 25 men in each room by means of a 10 quart galvanized pail of the mop-bucket type so familiar to the American household. It was no wonder, therefore, that the few personal packages from home and the Red Cross food parcels came to play such an important part during that period of our lives.

Personal parcels, unfortunately, took months to arrive and, because of the frequent shifting about of camps, the hazards involved in freight movements, and other uncertainties prevalent in a war torn country, relatively few men experienced the lift of ever receiving one. American Red Cross Prisoner of War Food Packages, distributed through the International Red Cross Committee via Switzerland, and later Sweden, helped fill this gap and provided some small measure of home contact in addition to sadly needed nourishment and a certain relief from an otherwise monotonous subsistence diet. But even this organization, commendable though its efforts were, met with only partial success in coping with the transportation problem and, as a result, food parcels designed for one man for one week had nearly always to be shared between two and, on some occasions, three or more men. Nevertheless, the distribution of each small item never failed to arouse top interest.

Theoretically, we suppose, the Red Cross intended its parcels to be issued once a week to each man but the Germans did



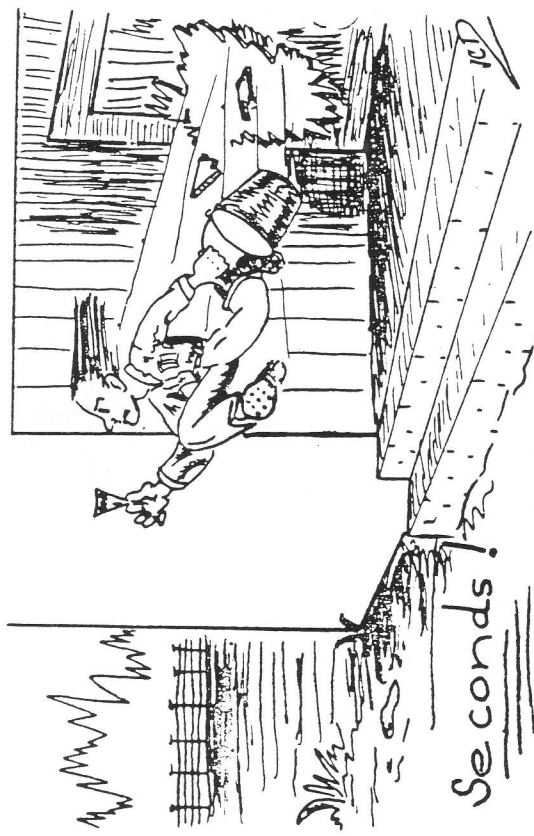
not subscribe to this idea. Instead, all parcels were opened, searched, the cans punched, and then the contents distributed at the rate of two or three items at a time over the weekly period which began on Friday.

The individual parcels were of several different types but, except for the special Christmas package and those for invalid use, it was invariably the so-called No. 10 parcel that reached us. This issue was not completely standardized, but a typical box, weighing approximately eleven pounds, contained such items as corned beef, Spam, powdered milk, cheese, cigarettes, coffee, margarine, and chocolate.

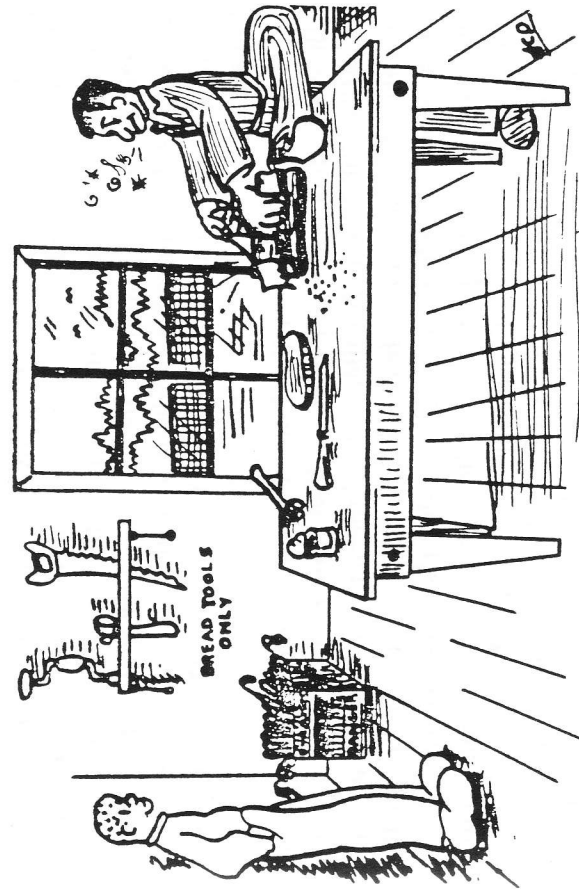
Because of the lack of cooking facilities, food for the most part was eaten cold during the summer months and without too much thought of further preparation. Some of the more ingenious individuals, and those with more "Kriegie time", during which they had cultivated some of the finer arts of better living under the circumstances, bent their efforts to the manufacture of tiny stoves with tin cans. These became known as "speedy burners" and although their use was strictly *recherché*, at least one or more could be found in nearly every room. Rare concoctions were prepared, but it was not until winter set in and small stoves were issued to each room that cooking really came into its own.

"Kriegie Kakes", made from a base of rolled bread crusts or crackers with the addition of whatever ingredients were at hand, and baked in a tin can oven, offered the greatest opportunity for originality. Another widely used recipe called for soaking crackers overnight and frying them as hoteakes, thus converting them into something much larger and more filling. Puddings, cereals, candy, spreads, and many other such items were prepared with varying degrees of success.

And so we soon came to believe that the culinary arts were much over-rated. Contrary to the tried recipes for cake baking, we found that no amount of banging doors, dropping shoes, or watching the pot boil could make a cake fall to an impossible level. It was all very simple—when it didn't look right, turn it upside down and continue the baking. Or, if the results were still unimproved—just fry it.



Seconds!





"Many letters continue to be received from American prisoners of war, and their families, thanking the Red Cross for the weekly food packages and other supplies furnished to the men. Frequently, moreover, the men ask their families to make monthly contributions to the Red Cross, which, in some cases at least, are intended as direct payment for the supplies furnished.

"To clarify the situation once again, the food packages, clothing, and certain comfort articles supplied to our prisoners of war and civilian internees abroad are paid for by the United States government. The American Red Cross supplies all medicines, medical equipment, dental supplies and dental equipment, medical parcels and orthopedic equipment. From its own funds the Red Cross also provides the initial capture parcel, which is a collapsible suitcase containing about 50 items of immediate need to the newly-captured prisoner. The American Red Cross, moreover, sustains the whole apparatus for procurement and shipping of the supplies which are moved abroad; and it contributes about \$200,000 a year to defray, in part, the expenses of the International Committee of the Red Cross.

"Prisoners often write about receiving food packages and other supplies contributed by British Commonwealth societies. These supplies are furnished to American prisoners under a reciprocal arrangement between the British and American Red Cross societies. Occasionally, British prisoners receive American Red Cross supplies when their own are not immediately available. Many times in the past two years, American prisoners located temporarily in camps and hospitals containing mainly British prisoners have likewise drawn on British and Canadian Red Cross stocks."

—Reprinted from the Red Cross News, July 1, 1944.



"... The Y. M. C. A. has secured from the authorities under which you are living permission to help organize your leisure time. You have asked for indoor games, or ping-pong, football, or hockey. You have said you could use a movie-machine, or a piano, or boxing-gloves, or gramophone records, and from the central offices in Geneva, or a branch in Melbourne, New York, Calcutta, Berlin or Stockholm, the material has been sent as soon as it was obtainable.

"The Y. M. C. A. has taken care that religious services were organized in camps or working detachments, wherever they were desired. For this purpose its secretaries have negotiated with camp authorities and with chaplains, Protestant, Catholics or Orthodox, furnishing the necessary books and other materials for these services. It has provided copies of the Koran in many eastern tongues for Moslem prisoners and unleavened bread for Jewish religious festivals.

"It has been the task of the Y. M. C. A. to furnish books of all sorts both for pastime reading and for educational courses varying all the way from 'A. B. C.'s' to university courses in mathematics, law and engineering.

"... The Y. M. C. A. is not dependent upon the subsidies of governments or on other official sources. The funds which make possible its service to prisoners of war, although expressed in millions, do not come from some vast foundation or some group of multimillionaires. They are the individual contributions of members and friends all over the world, rich and poor, old and young. And a cheque by a South African banker may appear in the receipts along-side a nickel from a Boston newsboy, the pesos donated by an Argentine gaucho, the franc from a Swiss apprentice watchmaker or the kroner from a student in Uppsala."

—Reprinted from Y. M. C. A., published in Geneva, Nov. 1943.

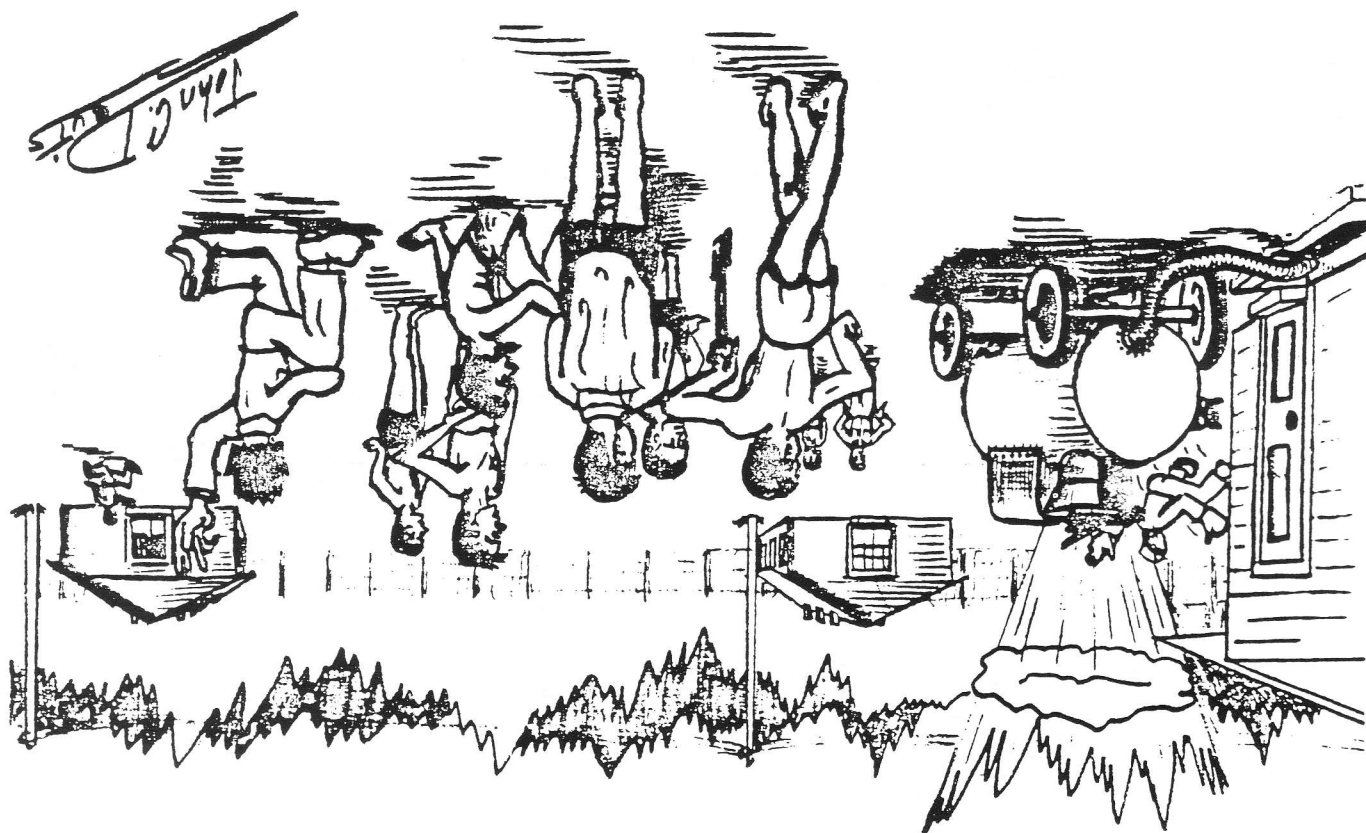
SUCH LANGUAGE!

As soon as sufficient time had elapsed for the fact that we were prisoners of war to register fully upon us, it became apparent that some sort of avocation or other time-consuming device must be brought into play if one hoped to return to a civilian life even approaching usefulness. And sooner or later, after considering all the things we had always intended doing but never found time, and after discarding them one by one because of a lack of a text book, lathe, a supply of malt, paper on which to write a book, tunnel building or other equipment—or perhaps because we finally decided that a P. O. W. camp was a hell of a place to start anything worthwhile anyway—most everybody arrived at the point where it became perfectly obvious that just the right amount of exercise might be had by reclining in the sack and trying to pick up some additional tidbits of knowledge, such as a smattering of a foreign language.

It was a coincidence, therefore, when there arrived in camp at about this time numerous copies of an attractive little blue booklet, entitled "A B C of the German language—The War Prisoners' Pocket Library No. 11," a publication made available to us through the facilities of the World's Committee of Y. M. C. A.s. Its purpose, according to the introduction, was to kindle an interest in another language, and "encourage the prisoner to turn his leisure hours in captivity to good account." Here, then, was just the thing!

The booklet contained the rules of pronunciation, some grammar, a vocabulary, and a large section was devoted to stock phrases and answers for the prisoners' use either in camp, working in factories, mines, on farms or elsewhere. Likewise, it covered occasions when making purchases at the grocer's, haberdasher's, bookseller's, chemist's, etc. and there was genuine encouragement in the realization that, should the opportunity ever present itself, one could dash into the nearest apothecary and obtain an aspirin merely by quoting from page 48: "*Haben Sie ein Mittel gegen Kopfschmerzen?*"

Our first obstacle, the length of German words, was quickly



overcome once we grasped the fact that a composite noun is always written as one word, accounting, therefore, for such things as *Kriegsgefangenen-lager* and the more formidable alphabetical processions, as Mark Twain once called them, such as *Generalstaatsverordnungsammlungen*. But our first real misgivings came soon after being introduced to the fundamentals of pronunciation. Page after page was devoted to these rules, followed by more pages of exceptions. For instance, the book explained, there are two pronunciations of "ch"—the normal pronunciation which may be compared to the English pronunciation of "sh", and the guttural pronunciation, proceeding from the back of the throat, as in the Scots word "loch". But followed by "r", "ch" is never guttural; preceded by "r" it is pronounced "sh", and followed by "s" it is pronounced as "x"! However, when preceded by A, AV, O, or U, generally speaking the "ch" is guttural, but if the same A, AV, O, or U are topped off with an *Umlaut*, the "ch" following them is invariably pronounced like the English "sh". This was but one of scores of similar rules.

More real trouble presented itself in the form of German verb conjugations and pronouns. Gender, however, appeared to be a phase of the subject entirely without plan or reason.

The gender of words formed of two or several terms, the book pointed out, "is always that of the last term used, e.g. *Kindwagen* (baby carriage) is masculine because *wagen* the last part of the composite word, is masculine. The word *Kind* (child) in German is neuter. *Küchenmesser* (kitchen knife) is neuter, because *messer* (knife) is neuter. Although *Küche* (kitchen) is feminine." Had we lost completely our appreciation of sex?

There was considerable wonder now whether all this foreign language business wasn't a mistake anyway—particularly since a few softballs and bats had just arrived in the same shipment from Geneva with a small supply of detective novels written in English.

The little blue books were relegated to less literary, but more practical purposes, therefore, and henceforth most of us directed our efforts to learn the German language in mastering the phrase "*Ich spreche nicht deutsch*."

RECREATION AND EDUCATION

What to do with one's spare time was not an especially important problem to the newly arrived P. O. W. Rest was foremost in his mind. And those who reached Luft IV during the summer months found an ideal climate and sky under which to stretch out in the grass and just relax. But in a week or so they were beating the path around the edge of the compound, and by the third week life was just plain monotonous. Games or athletic equipment did not arrive in any quantity until late in the fall. A couple soft balls and improvised bats and a few decks of cards—some homemade—served to entertain us for several months. A few hobbies sprang up, of course, such as trying to write poetry, and even an epidemic of knitting overtook the camp when, for want of something better to do, the men unraveled old sweaters and tried to work the yarn into scarfs or caps.

Later, however, football and softball equipment were received. Leagues were organized between the barracks, and it was not unusual to see a heated ball game going on in snow nearly a foot deep. The receipt of sufficient playing cards proved the real bonanza though, and there is no question but what bridge consumed the greatest number of otherwise idle man-hours of any activity at camp. Tournaments were in progress constantly.

An orchestra was organized in each of the compounds after a supply of musical instruments arrived from the Y.M.C.A. through Geneva, and soon there were regularly scheduled jam sessions and shows. A "burlesque" highlighted this phase of the entertainment. And a committee in each compound produced special Christmas week shows of outstanding success.

Meanwhile, the more serious minded P. O. W.s had not been idle in providing means to burn up idle time. A Committee on Education canvassed the camp, rounded up a quite respectable faculty, and instituted daily classes in dozens of subjects, including art, languages, mathematics, business law, agriculture, and electricity. Individual lectures, well attended, were given

on all sorts of subjects from "Wartime Psychology" to "The Growth of Cooperatives"

Several shipments of books—also from the Y.M.C.A.—began to reach the camp in the late fall and made possible the establishment of technical and fiction libraries. Most of the latter books were the paper covered Armed Services Editions of current and best sellers, published by the Council on Books in Wartime which, we believe, did a splendid job.

KRIEGSGEFANGENER KELLEY

Kelley get your barracks bag
The shipping list is here.
We're sailing on the first tide
For home and yesteryear.
But Kelley stirred no muscle
To join the homing flock,
He was parked before a tiny stove
Beside a Red Cross Box.

Kelley, we're a'sailing,
The bitter war is done.
It's off to the States boy
To sweethearts and fun.
But Kelley turned a deaf ear,
His stubbornness uncleft,
"I should sail for anywhere
With all these groceries left."

It's a sad tale they tell these days
Around the Bowery streets,
Of Kriegsgefangenen Kelley
With his parcels full of meats.
Now, some love adventure
And some love curly locks,
But Kriegsgefangener Kelley
Loved a faithful Red Cross Box.

Anon.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

Few events in camp proved more popular with the men than the various religious services. Bible study classes, masses, choir rehearsals, and prayer meetings were well attended throughout the week, and participation in the regular Sunday masses and services far surpassed goals that might have been set by the most optimistic chaplains elsewhere in the world. That the mortal presence of each man at the prison camp was testimony of a quasi-miracle having recently been performed in his favor undoubtedly had a strong influence on the extraordinary interest in things ecclesiastic, but it was also due in no small measure to the popularity and tireless efforts of a few men whom the fortunes of war had thrown in our midst.

Rev. G. Rex Morgan, of the Church of England, for instance, conducted a parish in South Wales and, at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, was commissioned a Captain and served with the British Infantry, only to become a prisoner of war at Dunkirk soon afterward. Eventually the German authorities assigned him to act as Chaplain at the British-American NCO prison camp at Heydekrug and he moved to Stalag Luft IV with the men when that camp was evacuated in July, 1944.

Similar circumstances accounted for the attachment to our group of the Rev. Father T. J. E. Lynch, also a Captain in the British Army, and the Rev. Anthony Jackson, whose parish was on the Isle of Guernsey prior to his being interned at the time of the German occupation of that Island during the early stages of the war.

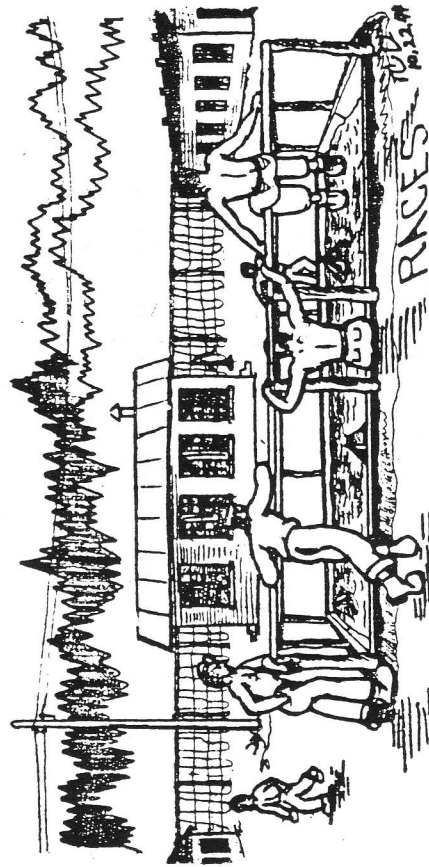
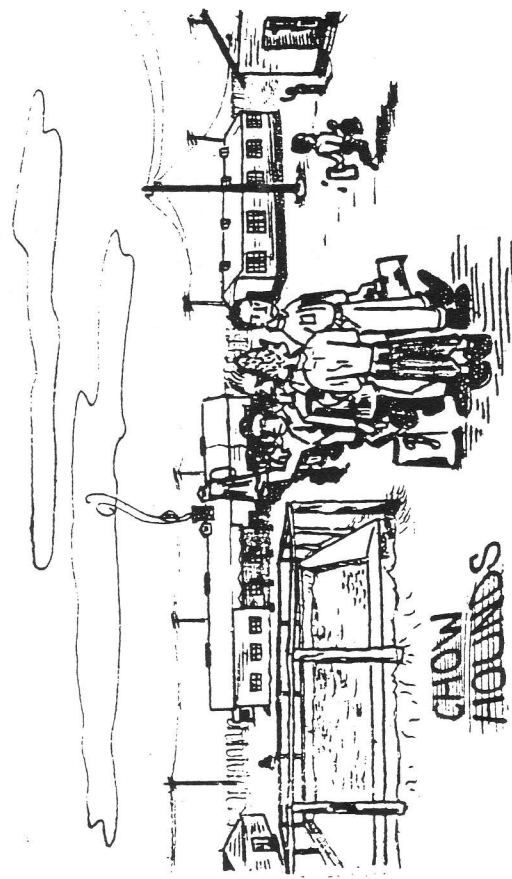
Father Lynch accomplished the seemingly impossible by holding masses and hearing confessions in each of the four lagers, as well as giving generously of his time each day to talk with the men. Rev. Morgan and Rev. Jackson divided the Sunday morning and evening services in the four lagers between them and they too were always available to the men for spiritual advice and counsel.

Much credit is due to the assistants of these Churchmen, particularly T/Sgt. Major V. Mears of Copperas Cave, Texas,

himself an ordained minister in the Baptist Church, who became one of us by virtue of his having also been First Engineer on a bomber which failed to return. Mears was at the Heydekrug camp before the arrival of the Protestant chaplain and minister and organized Bible classes and conducted services regularly. At Stalag Luft IV he was again placed in charge of the daily prayer meetings and Bible classes in Lager A, and occasionally conducted one of the regular Sunday services.

Hamlin R. Cathy of Charlotte, North Carolina, Charles M. Doss of Morris, Illinois, and Peter Smith served as assistants to the Protestant clergymen in Lagers B C and D respectively and, although not ordained ministers of the Gospel, performed their tasks well and were largely responsible for the success of the religious program.

Achievements in this work were all the more creditable when it is fully realized the handicaps under which the program was carried forward. Services for the most part were held out of doors and there was a complete lack of any equipment. Handwritten copies of some of the best known hymns were used at first, then a few Bibles, hymn books, prayer books, and other items began arriving from the Y. M. C. A. through Geneva. Choirs were organized and eventually the services were carried on with little left to be desired.



REPATRIATION

A ship equipped for any trip,
Unknown its destination,
The prisoners heard and quickly stirred,
And guessed "Repatriation".

From this clue the rumors grew,
Anew was expectation.
And then it broke, officials spoke
Of more Repatriation.

The crowd was tense within the fence,
Immense was its elation,
"You must, you must, allow us just
One more Repatriation.

"We're sick, we're krank", they loudly honk
In rising contemplation;
"Our fever's high, we'll surely die
Without Repatriation."

"Go to bed," the doctor said,
With mounting consternation.
He closed the door and loudly swore,
"Down with Repatriation."

The night was spent in sweet content
And much deliberation
Of every ruse they'd try to use
To make Repatriation.

The morning sun found everyone
Outside the doctor's station,
Well and lame, 'twas all the same,
One thought: "Repatriation."

Doc watched the count of sick call mount
And quickly set a ration,
He said, "I'm sure of just one cure,
And that's Repatriation."

The War went on, three groups had gone
And more in preparation,
But one large group still ate their soup
And talked "Repatriation".

When peace was signed no faces shined,
"We don't want liberation;
It's only fair that we should share
In one Repatriation."

"We will not come six inches from
Our present habitation,
There'll be no trade 'till plans are made
For our "Repatriation."

"There'll be no more Repats this war,"
They were told in desperation,
"Then we will wait until the date
Of our Repatriation."

The boys now pray just for the day
Of another declaration,
They'll beg 'till death with dying breath
For their Repatriation.

Anon.

OVER NITE PASS

I knocked on the door of Angels
In the faint and starry light,
"Mam" a P. O. W. would like to have
A furlough overnight.

"But you had a pass last evening"
The lovely Captain said,
"And the night before, and the night before,
Don't you like your wooden bed?"

"It isn't the quarters, Captain"
And I saw the stars in her eyes
Blink and gently soften,
"You're homesick, lad", she sighed.

She took a fluff of cloud bank
And scribbled heavily
"Here is your pass, now travel fast,
And be back for reveille."

So I boarded the train of slumber
And homeward I'd be gone
But I'd be back, by the same track
When the bugler broke the dawn.

Anon.

CAMP STAFF

American Man of Confidence

Francis Paules
600 York Ave.
Lansdale, Pa.

CAMP LEADERS

Lager A

Richard M. Chapman
314 Reva St.
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Lager B

Willard C. Miller
Carencro, La.

Lager D

Francis Paules
600 York Ave.
Lansdale, Pa.

Lager C

Francis Troy

Padres

Rev. Anthony Jackson
Isle of Guernsey

Rev. T. J. E. Lynch
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Aldershot, Hawts,
England

Rev. G. Rex Morgan
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1st Lt.
Julian E. Boggess
Macon, Miss.

Capt. H. J. Wynsen
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Youngstown, Ohio

Capt. R. Pollock (R.A.M.C.)
England

Capt. Leslie Chaplan
Detroit, Mich.