















THESE B-17 BOMBERS FLEW ALL OF US FROM P.O.W. CAMP IN GERMANY TO FRANCE ON MAY 13, 1945 TO AWAIT SHIPMENT



HOME IN  
LIBERTY  
SHIPS.



THIS B-24 BOMBER IS TYPICAL OF THE ONES I FLEW IN & WAS SHOT ON MY 4TH MISSION ON SEPTEMBER 13, 1944

Pilot, Capt. William C. Lawrence\* - Stayed with the plane; died in crash

Co-Pilot, 1<sup>st</sup> Lt Mathew W. Hall\* - Stayed with the plane; died in crash

Navigator, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt Daniel N. Blodgett - Parachuted and survived

Bombardier, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt Frank J Pratt - Parachuted and survived

N Navigator, 1<sup>st</sup> Lt George V Winter - Parachuted and survived

→ Mickey Operator, Irving P. Canin - Parachuted and survived

Radio Operator, William R. Eggers - Thrown from plane; died in fall

U Gunner, Vernon O. Christensen\* - Parachuted and survived.

W Gunner, Everett L. MacDonald\* - Thrown from plane; died in fall

W Gunner, Louis L. Kaplan - Thrown from plane; died in fall

T Gunner, Arthur E. Nitsche, Jr.\* - Thrown from plane; died in fall

\* - were from the original Hell's Angel crew.

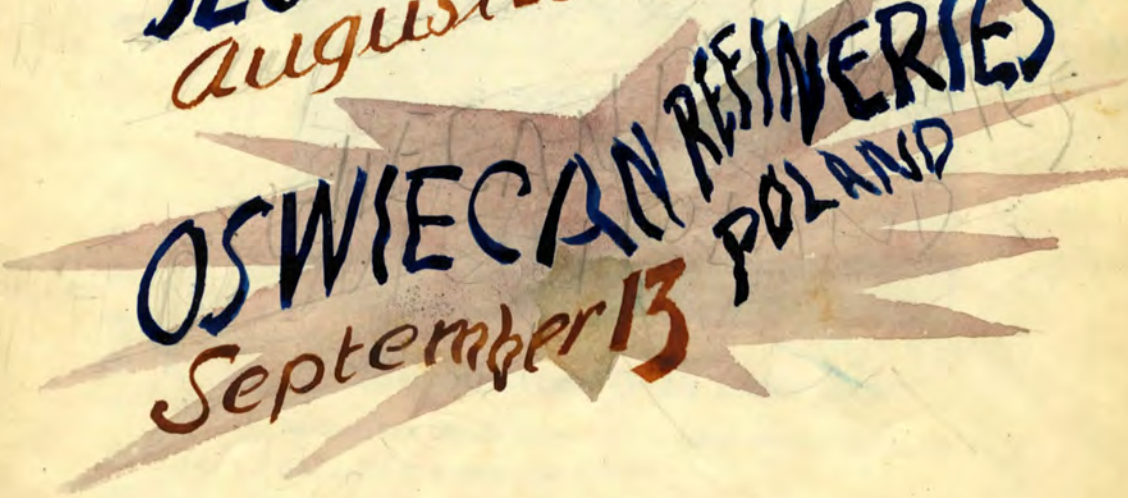




FRIEDRICHSHAVEN  
*August 3* GERMANY

TARASCON BRIDGE  
*August 6* FRANCE

SZONY REFINERIES  
*August 28* HUNGARY



OSWIECAN REFINERIES  
*September 13* POLAND



TO

*St. Camen*

[NAME]

NOTE:---THIS ENVELOPE CONTAINS SECRET DESTINATION  
ORDERS FOR THE ABOVE NAMED PERSONNEL AND  
IS NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL ONE [1] HOUR AF-  
TER DEPARTURE FROM THE CONTINENTAL LIMITS  
OF THE UNITED STATES. THE DOCUMENTS CONT-  
AINED HEREIN ARE TO BE SAFEGUARDED IN AC-  
CORDANCE WITH AR 380-5.

**SECRET**

*WESTOVER FIELD, MASSACHUSETTS*



*ST. JOHN, NEWFOUNDLAND*



*SAN MIGUEL, AZORES*



*MARRAKECH, MOROCCO*



*CERIGNOLA, ITALY*



# A WARTIME LOG

A REMEMBRANCE  
FROM HOME  
THROUGH THE AMERICAN Y.M.C.A.



PHOTO © 2001 BILL CRUMP

## **Consolidated B-24 Liberator**

The Consolidated Liberator was vulnerable to damage and more readily caught fire than did its stablemate, the B-17.



Größe:

1,65 m

Schädelform:

längl.

Haare:

schwarz

Gewicht:

66 kg

Gesichtsform:

oval

Gesichtsfarbe: gesund

Nase:

gerade

Bart:

Schnurrbart

Gebiß:

-

Besondere Kennzeichen:

Narbe a.r.Knie



Front



Profil

Rechter Zeigefinger



Fingerabdruck





THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

*IRVING PAUL CANIN*  
*SECOND LIEUTENANT USAAF*

STAMLAGER-LUFT ONE  
BARTH, GERMANY



*828<sup>TH</sup> BOMB SQUADRON - 485<sup>TH</sup> GROUP*



## CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

# WESTERN UNION

1201

A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

## SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

1944 SEP 25 PM 8 26

.NBQ118 43 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 25 759P

MRS ALICE CANIN==

1578 43 ST=



THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET  
THAT YOUR SON SECOND LIEUTENANT IRVING P CANIN HAS BEEN  
REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE THIRTEEN SEPTEMBER OVER  
POLAND IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ARE  
RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED=  
J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.





ATTENTION: AFPPA-8

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY AIR FORCES  
WASHINGTON

AAF 201 - (8347) Canin, Irving P.  
0700885

November 8, 1944.

Mrs. Alice Canin,  
1578 43rd Street,  
Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Mrs. Canin:

I am writing you with reference to your son, Second Lieutenant Irving P. Canin, who was reported by The Adjutant General as missing in action over Poland since September 13th.

Further information has been received which indicates that Lieutenant Canin was a crew member of a B-24 (Liberator) bomber which departed from Italy on a bombardment mission to Oswiecim, Poland, on September 13th. Full details are not available, but the report indicates that during this mission at about 11:25 a.m., over the target, our planes were subjected to enemy antiaircraft fire and your son's bomber sustained damage. Shortly thereafter two parachutes opened from the disabled craft as it fell to the earth. Inasmuch as the crew members of accompanying planes returning from the mission were unable to furnish any other details relative to the disappearance of Lieutenant Canin, these facts constitute all the information presently obtainable.

Due to necessity for military security, it is regretted that the names of those who were in the plane and the names and addresses of their next of kin may not be furnished at the present time.

Please be assured that a continuing search by land, sea, and air is being made to discover the whereabouts of our missing personnel. As our armies advance over enemy occupied territory, special troops are assigned to this task, and all agencies of the government in every country are constantly sending in details which aid us in bringing additional information to you.

Very sincerely,

*E. A. Bradunas*

E. A. BRADUNAS,  
Major, A. G. D.,  
Chief, Notification Branch,  
Personal Affairs Division,  
Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Personnel.



FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE  
Office of the Commanding General  
A. P. O 520

2 October 1944

Mrs. Alice Canin  
1578 43rd Street  
Brooklyn, New York

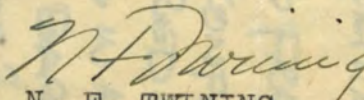
My dear Mrs. Canin:

It is my sad duty to confirm the report of the War Department that your son, Second Lieutenant Irving P. Canin, O-700885, has been missing in action since September 13, 1944 when he failed to return from a bombing mission to Oswiecim, Poland. I know that you will want the details of his last flight as I have them here.

After the bomb run your son's ship received flak hits that caused it to fall from the formation. While the craft remained within sight, two parachutes were seen to emerge. As the plane entered a cloud bank, it is highly possible that other parachutes were used after it passed from sight. I hope that we shall have additional details in the future but for now we can do little but wait and hope for the best. I assure you that the War Department will notify you immediately should further details become available.

While he was with this air force, your son exhibited all the splendid qualities associated with our finest flying personnel. As radar operator on his ship he contributed much to the success of the missions. I extend sincere sympathy in the grief that is yours at this time.

Very sincerely yours,

  
N. F. TWINING  
Major General, USA  
Commanding



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- SEPT 16<sup>th</sup> - PRISON TRAIN TO FRANKFURT
- SEPT 17<sup>th</sup> - 22 - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT
- SEPT 23 - ARRIVE WETZLAR, RED CROSS
- SEPT 24 - TELEGRAM - "MISSING IN ACTION"
- SEPT 25, 26, 27 - PRISON TRAIN TO BARTH
- SEPT 28 - ARRIVE STALAG WFT 1
- OCT 2, 1944 - 15<sup>th</sup> AF LETTER OF CONDOLENCE  
"STILL MISSING IN ACTION"
- OCT 27, '44 - TELEGRAM - INFORMED BY RED  
CROSS THAT I'M A P.O.W.
- NOV 8, '44 - AIR FORCE LETTER "STILL MISSING"
- JAN 12, '45 - TELEGRAM - INTERCEPTED BROADCAST  
WITH "OK" MESSAGE FROM ME
- MAY 23, '45 - TELEGRAM - SAFE IN ALLIED HANDS
- JUNE 21, '45 - TELEGRAM - WILL BE BACK IN USA  
SOON

★ SLIGHTLY OVER 1 MONTH BETWEEN  
"MISSING IN ACTION" & RED CROSS  
WORD THAT I WAS ALIVE

MAY 1 - GERMAN GUARDS FLEE  
 MAY 8-10 - RUSSIAN UNION PARTIES ARRIVE  
 MAY 12 - AMERICAN RESCUE PARTY ARRIVES  
 MAY 13 - FLY IN B-17 ★ FROM BERN TO PATRONS, FRANCE



Achtung! Achtung!  
Wir geben die Luftlagemeldung.  
Die gemeldete Kampfbrennbände  
sind im Anflug über Nieder don-





# SEPT. 13, 1944



11:22 A.M. AND WE WERE ON THE BOMB RUN. OSWIECAN OIL REFINERIES, ONE OF GERMANY'S DWINDLING NUMBER, LAY AHEAD. THE BOMBARDIER WAS SYNCHRONIZED ON THE TARGET; MY WORK WAS DONE. THRU OPEN BOMB DOORS, I WATCHED PATCHES OF POLISH FARMLAND







CREEP BY LIKE SECONDS IN ETERNITY. IT HAD BEEN A MILK RUN SO FAR, BUT WE WERE CLOSING IN, AND WE WERE TENSE. UGLY SPLOTCHES OF FLAK DRIFTED UNDER THE NOW LURCHING SHIP, AND I NERVOUSLY FELT TO MAKE SURE MY CHUTE PACK WAS IN PLACE.

THE BOMBS CLICKED OUT OF THEIR SHACKLES WHEN A TERRIFIC "POP!" SENT GLASS & DEBRIS RIPPING THRU THE FLIGHT DECK. FOR A MOMENT, IT SEEMED A MERE CLOSE CONCUSSION, BUT THE ACRID SMOKE FILLING THE CABIN GAVE RISE TO DOUBTS. YANKING OFF OXYGEN & INTERPHONE CONNECTIONS, I HELD ON TO BLODGETT, THE D.R. NAVIGATOR, AS HE STOOD IN THE LOWER DECK WAITING WITH THE EXTINGUISHER. HYDRAULIC FLUID & GASOLINE WERE SPURTING ACROSS THE BOMB BAYS & RUNNING OFF THE SIDES...IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN AN EXTINGUISHER TO STOP ANYTHING THERE.







BLODGETT CLIMBED UP TO THE FLIGHT DECK AGAIN, AS "CHRIS", THE TOP TURRET GUNNER, SLID DOWN IN FRONT OF ME. "NUMBER THREE'S ON FIRE!" HE HOOKED HIS CHUTE ON & GOT ON THE CATWALK. BLODGETT WAS NEXT IN LINE ON THE LOWER DECK; I JERKED OFF MY FLAK VEST AND HOOKED MY PACK IN PLACE. BLINKING THRU THE STINGING SMOKE AND SPARKS, I COULD MAKE OUT THE CO-PILOT STRUGGLING OUT OF HIS SEAT.

"LET'S GO!", I YELLED, & "CHRIS", WITH SOME HESITATION STEPPED OUT OF SIGHT. BLODGETT VAULTED OUT & I WAS PREPARED TO FOLLOW, BUT THE SHIP WENT INTO A DIVE & SLOW ROLL THROWING ME BACK AGAINST THE TWO MEN IN THE PASSAGE "GET OUT, GET OUT!", MY MIND RACED WITH THE SCREAMING AIR, BUT THE PRESSURE HAD ME CRUSHED TO THE FLOOR. BY SEIZING THE BULKHEAD MEMBER, I COULD PULL MYSELF WITHIN REACH OF THE CATWALK. I SHOVED MY CHEST OVER THE OPENING & OUT.







7  
"WHUP!" HIT MY EARS, AS I SOMERSAULTED INTO THE SLIPSTREAM. FALLING FEET FIRST, I REACHED FOR THE RIPCORDER. "MY GOD! NO CHUTE!" LOOKING DOWN AT MY CHEST, IT DAWNED ON ME & I THREW MY GAZE UPWARDS. THE PACK WAS TRAILING ME IN THE HARNESS LEADERS, WHICH HAD RIPPED OFF PREMATURELY. I PULLED IN ONE OF THE LEADERS, GRASPED THE RED HANDLE & YANKED AWAY. THE SILK DRIBBLED OUT AND CRACKED OPEN, JARRING ME, BUT IT WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL SENSATION! I LOOKED UP TO THAT HEAVENLY WHITE UMBRELLA, SHUT MY EYES & SLUMPED LIMP IN MY HARNESS, COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, COMPLETELY HAPPY.

MY MOUTH TASTED SALTY & I SPIT OUT SOME BLOOD. RAISING MY HEAD, I COULD SEE SEVERAL CHUTES AND A SKY LITTERED WITH FLOATING DEBRIS, BUT IT WAS AN EFFORT TO CONTINUE. MY BODY WAS SWINGING PENDULUM LIKE, AND THE COMBINED MOTION & EXCITEMENT MADE ME







AIR SICK FOR THE FIRST TIME. I RELIEVED MYSELF NEATLY, CLEARED MY EARS AND FELT MUCH BETTER. EVERYTHING WAS PEACEFUL. NOT A SOUND BROKE THE STRANGE ATMOSPHERE. THE CHANGE OF PACE AND SURROUNDING WAS OVERPOWERING. I CHECKED MY WATCH - 11:27!

MY HANDS WERE FROZEN & I KEPT MASSAGING THEM WHILE SCRUTINIZING THE PASTEL COUNTRYSIDE BELOW. I SEEMED TO BE DRIFTING LEFT TOWARDS A WOODED AREA & I MENTALLY RAN THRU THE PROCESS OF HIDING BOOTS, CHUTE, HARNESS, ETC. & MAKING FOR COVER MYSELF. A PALL OF SMOKE, OVER ONE SIDE OF THE HORIZON, INDICATED WHICH DIRECTION TO AVOID. IT WAS SOON EVIDENT, HOWEVER, THAT I WAS GOING TO COME DOWN IN THE OPEN FIELDS. I'D INTENDED TO CHECK THE TIME AGAIN BEFORE I HIT, BUT I FORGOT ABOUT IT COMPLETELY WHEN THE "CR-RACK! CR-RACK!" OF RIFLE FIRE REACHED ME. SOME FIGURES







WERE MOVING BELOW. A FEW MORE VOL-  
LEYS & A CLOSE WHINE MADE ME THROW  
UP MY HANDS SUGGESTIVELY & THE  
GROUND RUSHED UP CLEARER & GREEN-  
ER. I DREW MY LEGS UP SLIGHTLY &  
LANDED SHARPLY ON THE BALLS OF MY  
FEET, ROLLING FORWARD ONTO MY ARMS.  
THE CHUTE SPILLED HARMLESSLY & I  
UNDID THE HARNESS LYING ON MY BACK.  
SHOUTS MINGLED WITH THE RINGING IN  
MY EAR, & I GOT UP CLUMSILY TO SEE  
A HELMETED NAZI TROOPER LUMBERING  
UP, WITH SEVERAL COMRADES CLOSE ON  
HIS HEELS. THEIR MACHINE-PISTOLS  
LOOKED CONVINCING ENOUGH, & I SHUF-  
FLED TOWARDS THEM

THE SOLDIERS WERE PART OF AN OC-  
CUPATION FORCE FOR THE AREA & GESTUR-  
ED THE INHABITANTS INTO THEIR HOMES  
AS WE WENT TOWARDS THE GERMAN H.Q.,  
SITUATED IN A LARGE FARMHOUSE. I WAS  
SEARCHED, RELIEVED OF FLYING EQUIPMENT,  
MY WATCH & OTHER ITEMS, & QUESTIONED







BY AN AMUSED HAUPTMANN (CAPTAIN) IN FRENCH. "POUR VOUS, LA GUERRE, C'EST FINIS!" "PEUT-ÊTRE," I REPLIED...

IN A HALF HOUR, BLODGETT JOINED THE PARTY, WE WERE LOADED ON A TRUCK PICKING UP "CHRIS", WINTER (NOSE MAN) & OUR BOMBARDIER ON THE WAY, WE WERE BOUNCED ALONG TO A LITTLE TOWN. CONNECTIONS WERE MADE THERE FOR A BUS TO CRAKOW. THE TOWNFOLK WERE WAVING & SMILING TO US BUT THE GUARDS SHOODED THEM OFF.

THE GYMNASIUM OF A CHILD'S NURSERY, IN CRAKOW'S SUBURBS, WAS OUR FIRST PLACE OF CONFINEMENT. EIGHT RUSSIAN DIVE BOMBER PILOTS WERE IN WITH US. TWO OF THEM WERE BADLY BURNED, BUT IN GOOD SPIRITS AS THEY SANG AND JOKED WITH THE REST. WE WERE KEPT APART, BUT GLEANED THAT RED FORCES WERE 100 KILOS AWAY. IT WAS POOR MATERIAL FOR SPECULATION, BECAUSE WE COULD SENSE OUR STAY HERE WAS TO







BE SHORT-LIVED.

## SEPT. 14<sup>th</sup>

- CHAT WITH GERMAN FIGHTER PILOT, HIS EXPERIENCES IN AFRICA & GREECE. KNOWLEDGE WED BE P.O.W.s IN GERMANY. DIFFICULTY IN SEEING AMERICA'S REASONS FOR ENTERING CONFLICT...
- WAR-WEARY GUARD, 8 YRS. IN SERVICE, FORMERLY VIOLINIST, DRAFTED INTO BAND AS CLARINETIST. SWEATING OUT RED FRONT...
- B = BROWN BREAD & ERSATZ COFFEE,  
L = WARM POTATOES, VEGS, & WATER  
S = BREAD, LARD & TEA.
- ADDITION OF 3 MORE BOYS THAT WENT DOWN OVER BLECHAMER, SAME DAY AS US.

## SEPT. 15<sup>th</sup>

- SUNBATHING IN YARD, WATCHING THE ME-109S & FW 190S IN PATTERN...
- WALKING THRU CRAKOW TO STATION, ANTI-RUSSIAN, JEWISH POSTERS... "QUO VADIS?"







- BRESLAU, DRESDEN; RUSSIAN FRONT TRAFFIC

## SEPT. 16th

- LEIPZIG, SCHEINFURT WRECKAGE
- KID PARTING HIS MOTHER & SISTER AT STATION - HEADED FOR FRANCE
- MIDNIGHT MARCH FROM STATION TO OBERURSAL DULAG LUFT

## SEPT. 17-22

- SOLITARY CONFINEMENT; THE CELL, RECALLING CHILDHOOD INCIDENTS...
- FOOD: B = 2 SLICES BREAD, LARD, ER-ZATZ COFFEE... L = HOT SOUP... S = 2 SLICES BREAD, JAM, TEA... WATER AVAILABLE
- INTERVIEWS; 1. FLAK FELWEBEL (SGT.) 2. HAUPTMANN INTERROGATOR 3. "SOIRRÉ" WITH HIGH RANKING OFFICERS, PROMISE OF 5 YR. WAR. POLITICAL DISCUSSION, JOKES
- FIRST WASH & SHAVE IN WEEK. BIBLE
- THE NIGHT IN THE SHIPPING COMPOUND WITH THE GESTAPO TREATED BOYS. STORIES & MENUS.







# SEPT. 23rd

- FORTY MILES IN 6 HRS., BY RAIL, TO WETZLAR DULAG LUFT. ARRIVING IN AIR ALERT. WATCHING B-17'S FROM SHELTER. GUARANTEED P.O.W. STATUS.
- HOT SHOWER! RED CROSS PARCEL AND CLOTHES! WONDERFUL CHOW! LIBRARY!
- BEST SLEEP OF MY LIFE...

# SEPT. 24th

- SEND FIRST CARD HOME, NEWS OF COL. ARNOLD, STUDYING "LIMEY" TALK.
- NON-SECTARIAN CHURCH SERVICE

# SEPT. 25-27

- THREE NIGHTS ON TRAIN, TO TRAVEL FROM FRANKFORT REGION TO BARTH.
- DISCUSSIONS: EVASIONS, CIVILIAN & GESTAPO TREATMENT, RELIGION, POLITICS
- TRAIN WRECKAGE AT KASSEL, BOMBED RUINS OF BERLIN'S SUBURBS.







# SEPT. 28th

- ARRIVE AT STAMMAGER LUFT 1, BARTH, GERMANY AT NOON, SEARCHED FOR 5TH TIME, PHOTOGRAPHED 3RD TIME & GET KRIEGS-GEFANGENEN-NUMMER (P.O.W.#) 5787.

- CLOTHES STEAMED, HOT SHOWERS A BRIEF ORIENTATION & "ROOM" ASSIGNMENTS. I DRAW BARRACKS #2 IN THE MAIN (ORIGINAL) COMPOUND.

















SEVERAL TUNNELS  
DISCOVERED FROM  
BKS. # 13 & 14.

VANTAGE POINT  
FOR WATCHING  
WOMEN CIVIL-  
IANS STROLLING  
BY IN EVENING  
AS WELL AS  
FLAK SCHOOL

BRITISH POWS  
IN BKS # 5, 6,  
8, 9, 10 & 11.

HOT WATER ISSUED  
4X DAILY - CANE  
MIXTURES BAKED

AVERAGE OF 1  
PLAY PER MO. IN-  
STRUMENTS DON-  
ATED BY KIMOR.

SPINACH  
ONIONS  
CABBAGE  
TOMATO  
CAROT

COOPERATIVE  
LABOUR. SEEDS  
FURNISHED BY  
RED CROSS ORG.  
PRODUCE DIVID-  
ED PERIODICALLY

COMMUNAL  
GARDENS

THEATRE CHAP

SPORTS  
AREA

SPORTS  
FIELD

LIBR. 5

COAL

SHOWERS

Russians

JAIL

HOSP.

GERMAN OFFICE  
& GUARD ROOM  
AREA

DAILY TOURNAMENTS  
BETWEEN BRITISH &  
AMERICANS, SGTs. &  
OFFICERS OR BARRACKS.

FOOTBALL  
RUGBY  
SOCCER  
SOFT BALL  
BASEBALL

DISPENSARY. RUN BY  
P.A.F. NAVIGATOR & A WIRE-  
LESS (RADIO) OPERATOR

2 LIBRARY DAYS PER WK.  
FOR EACH BARRACK. 1 FIC-  
TION & 1 NON-FICTION  
PER WK.

SR. ALLIED OFFICER (AM.)  
COL. E. A. MALMSTROM

WARM SHOWERS  
ONCE EVERY 10  
DAYS. DETAILS OF  
20 MEN TAKE TURNS.

P.O.'S USED FOR  
COMMON LABOR

SOLITARY FOR BREAK-  
ING REGULATIONS,  
DIGGING TUNNELS, ETC.



MAIN COMPOUND  
STAMLAGER LUFT 1



Backs #2  
South Compound

HALLWAY

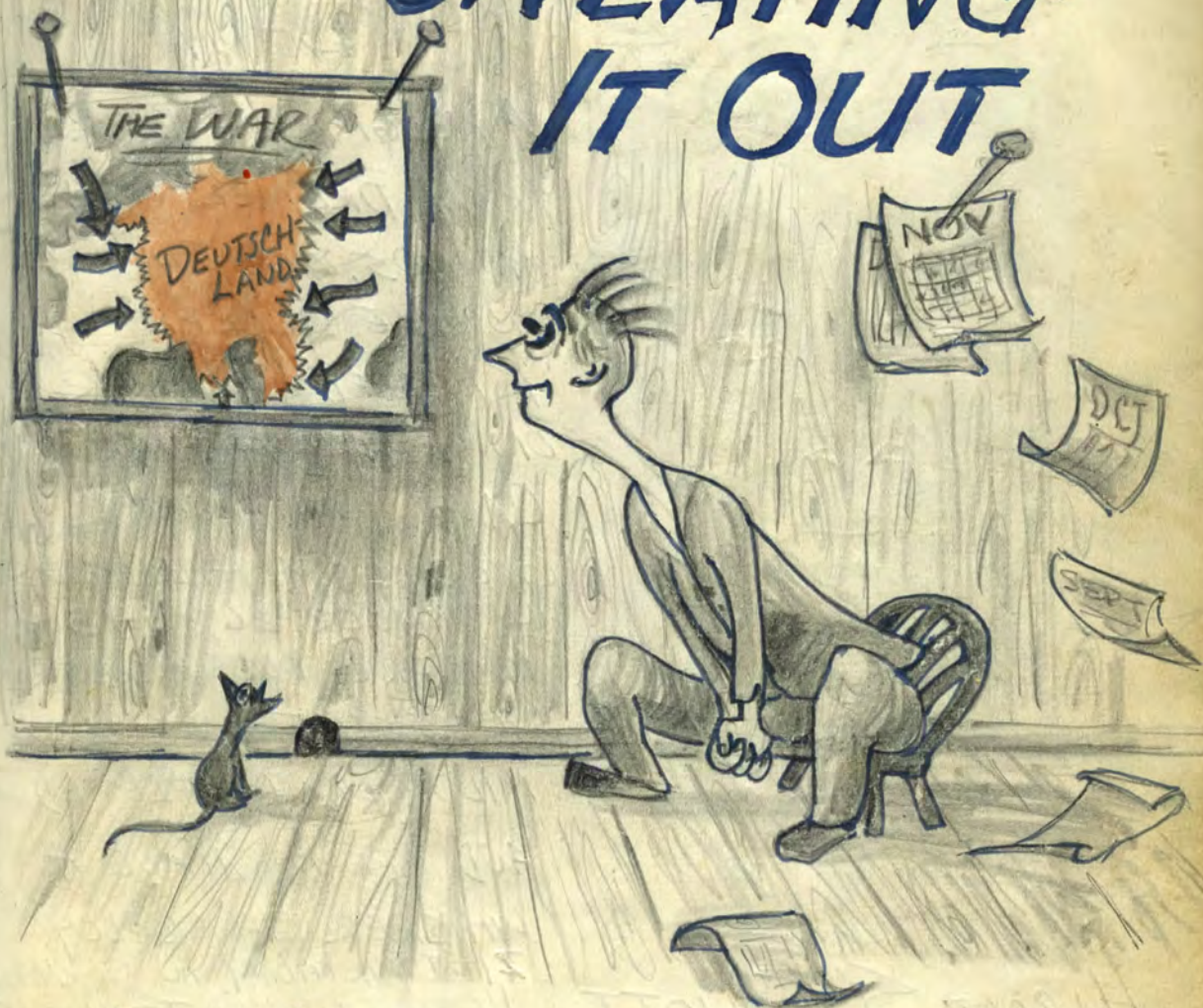
coal  
Potatoes



14' x 30' for 18 MEN



# SWEATING IT OUT.



LIFE IN RM.#4 IS TYPICAL OF "KRIEGIE LIFE" IN GENERAL. SOME OF THE BOYS HAD BEEN IN THE SAME ROOM FOR 11 MONTHS WHEN ANDREW & MYSELF ARRIVED. ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES IN "CHRONOLOGICAL" ORDER, THE FELLOWS I SHARED THE LAUGHS AND HARDSHIPS OF PRISON CAMP WITH ARE PRESENTED. DESPITE THEIR PERSONAL WORRIES & INDIVIDUAL NATURES THEY MANAGED TO MAKE A CRAMPED QUARTERS A STOREHOUSE OF GOOD WILL & HUMOUR.



M-114?

1ST PILOT  
"B-17"

HAROLD S. ELLIOTT

2ND LIEUT. A.C.

O-736495

K95 #1623

A ROUGH RIDE BACK  
FROM BREMEN WITH  
ME-110'S, AND FIRE  
IN THE COCKPIT  
"KRIEGIED" "HOMER"  
ON HIS 4TH MISSION.  
CAME DOWN NEAR  
GRONINGEM, HOLLAND.  
NOVEMBER 26<sup>TH</sup> 1943  
PICTURE DOES HOMER  
NO JUSTICE—HE'S VERY  
MILD (PLAY'S FLUTE)  
AND SPEAKS ABOVE A  
WHISPER GENERALLY.  
21ST BIRTHDAY IN GERMANY  
VERY DEVOTED TO HIS  
FAMILY AND LOVELY  
WIFE. INTENDS TO  
RETURN TO STUDYING  
DENTISTRY. LIVES  
WITH FOLKS AT:

OSAKIS,  
MINNESOTA



WHAP! - BACK WHEN IT WAS ROUGH... 29

CO-PILOT (Homer's)  
"B-17"

WAS HOSPITALIZED  
10 DAYS WITH LEG  
WOUNDS. ENGINEER  
LESS FORTUNATE DIED

PITTS & "TAP" FORM  
THE 2 MAN COMBINE  
IN THE ROOM.

PITTS WAS A CITY  
FIREMAN (LONGVIEW WASH)  
& WILL RETURN TO  
SAME IF HE CAN'T  
GET A FLYING JOB  
ON A PAN-AMERICA  
TYPE LINE. HE IS  
STUDYING SPANISH  
CONCIENTIOUSLY FOR  
THE PURPOSE.

SHELBY PITTS  
2ND LIEUT. AC.  
O-743203  
K95#1780

*Pitts*  
*Shelby*

HE LIKES TO ARGUE (ESPECIALLY WITH HUNGER)  
& CONSIDERS HIMSELF A CONFIRMED MEMBER  
OF THE B.B.C. (BITTER BASTARD CLUB). SPOILS THE  
PICTURE BY LAUGHING OCCASIONALLY. FOR  
INFORMATION OF PACIFIC N.W. CONTACT:  
ROUTE 2, GREENSBURG, INDIANA (PARENTS)





AHUH -  
WELL YES... AHEN...  
HE! HE! HE!

BOMBARDIER (Homer's)  
"B-17"

6ft 2in of BODY  
BEAUTIFUL. WILLIE'S  
GOT LOOKS & HEALTH  
AND A PHYSICAL ED.  
BACKGROUND. NOT A  
BIT DISMAYED AT  
KRIEGIE LIFE - EVEN  
SLEEPS WITH A SMILE.

RETIRES PUNCTUALLY  
AT 9 P.M. & UP AT  
DAYLIGHT. GETS THE  
MOST MAIL & PACKAGES  
IN THE ROOM. MAKES  
THE MOST OF HIS FEAT-  
URES BY ACTING "CUTE"  
ESPECIALLY IN HIS  
TALKING. HE'S NEAR-

ING 24 yrs. - HAS A ~~HOUSTON~~ TEXAS BRED WIFE.

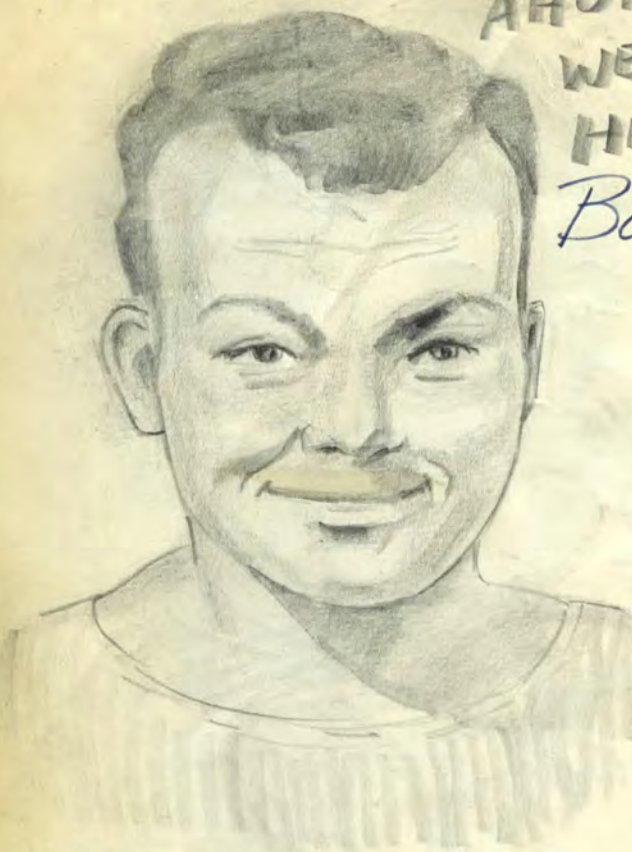
WILLIE BAKED OUT AFTER HUNGER. IT WAS  
HIS FOURTH MISSION. IF IN NEW JERSEY

CHECK FOR: 260 CLAY ST.  
TRENTON, N.J.

Box 580  
State Teachers Col.  
Trenton N.J.

WILLIAM A. STAUB  
2ND LIEUT. A.C. *Staub*  
O-670283  
Kgs# 1659d.

William





# NAVIGATOR (Homer "B-17")

H-N-M-M!



THE "ONE MAN COMBINE"  
HUNGER EATS SPORAD-  
ICALLY & SPARINGLY  
DISLIKES MESSING WITH  
DISHES. AN IOWAN  
FARMER HUNGER PEP-  
UP THE ROOM WITH  
HIS BOOMING VOICE &  
RUSTIC SINGING. HE  
LIVES ON ARGUMENT  
WITH PITTS OR ANYONE  
NAÏVE ENOUGH TO THINK  
HUNGER CAN BE INSUL-  
TED. LOOKS SOMEWHAT  
LIKE "OLD ABE" AND IS  
ABOUT AS EARTHY. HE  
THINKS & ACTS QUICK  
& IS SOUGHT AFTER AS  
A BRIDGE PARTNER. HAS MANY BRITISH & AMER-  
ICAN FRIENDS THAT KEEP CALLING.

ARNOLD W. HUNGER  
2ND LIEUT. A.C.

O-670128

Kgs# 1633

Arnold W. Hunger

FOR 1ST HAND INFO' ON CROPS & CATTLE  
WRITE TO: MOUNT LION IOWA



IT WAS THAT COLD, YET..

1<sup>ST</sup> PILOT  
"B-17"



SAMUEL H. BENDER

2<sup>ND</sup> LIEUT. AC

D-679030

K95# 1615

*Samuel H. Bender*

FLAK, ME 110'S, ME 210'S  
OVER BREMEN ON SAM'S  
2<sup>ND</sup> MISSION NOV 26, 1943  
WOUNDED SEVERAL GUN-  
NERS & CRIPPLED THE  
SHIP. FIVE UNHURT MEN  
BAILED OUT. SAM STUCK  
WITH THE SHIP FOR THE  
SAKE OF THOSE UNABLE  
TO DO SO, AND BROUGHT  
THE "TWO BOMB" IN  
FOR ITS LAST LANDING  
NEAR ASSEN, HOLLAND.

SAM'S A PENN. DAIRY  
FARMER AND INTENDS  
TO CONTINUE AS SUCH  
OR FLY "AFTER ITS  
OVER".

SAM CAN GENERALLY BE FOUND SLEEPING OR  
READING IN HIS OLD SWEAT SHIRT. HAS A SAD  
COUNTEenance, BUT A RADIANT SMILE & HUMOUR.  
ADDRESS: LANDVILLE, PENN.



1 1/2 HUNGRY!

NAVIGATOR (Sam's)  
"B-17"

"JIM" "CELEBRATED"  
HIS 27TH BIRTH-  
DAY AT STALAG.  
MORE MATURE  
THAN MOST OF  
THE ROOMMATES  
JIM STILL PRE-  
SERVES GOOD HUMOUR



& A CHILDLIKE  
GIGGLE. DOES  
CLEVER DANKY  
DIALECT, TAUGHT  
ME TO PLAY BRIDGE 0-683853  
AND A MEMBER! Kgs #1645  
OF OUR "COMBINE". J.C. Newbold.

JAMES C. NEWBOLD  
2ND LIEUT. A.C.

JIM HAD 2 MISSIONS BACK "WHEN IT WAS ROUGH."  
ONE OF THE 5 MEN TO BAIL OUT - 3000 FT.  
WORKS IN DAD'S SHOE STORE IN CINC.,  
& INTENDS TO CONTINUE SAME.  
WILL WRITE TO: 2109-LURAY AVE.  
WALNUT HILLS,  
CINCINATI, OHIO



# GET THE PICTURE?



1ST PILOT  
"B-17"

"TAP'S" 9TH MISSION TOOK HIM TO BREMEN, NOV 29, 1943. HEAD ON ATTACK BY 10 JU 88S OR ME 110'S KNOCKED OUT ALL 4 ENGINES & THE "RAMBLIN' WRECK" WAS LEFT TO RAMBLE.

THOMAS A. PARKS  
1ST LIEUT. A.C.

O-798571

K95# 1647

*Thomas A. Parks*

"TAP" IS APPROACHING 23, IS GOOD LOOKING, AND HAS A CYNICAL SENSE OF HUMOUR - LAUGHS OFTEN HOWEVER. IS PROUD OF GEORGIA, HIS BIRTHPLACE & IF HE

DOESN'T CONTINUE STUDYING AERO. ENG IN MINN. UNIVERSITY, HE'LL TAKE JOHN FARLEY AND ENTER A SPREE OF "RAISING FINE HORSES AND MAKING BEAUTIFUL WOMEN." GIRLS WITH NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS APPLY TO: AECOKEEK, MD.



# DEAL THE GAMES! PASTEBOARDS

BURKE WAS FISHED  
OUT OF THE ADRIATIC  
BY A DUCK-HUNTER  
AFTER QUITTING  
A FLAK-FIGHTER  
HIT "24" (BLEW UP)  
ON HIS 25<sup>th</sup> MISSION;  
VICHENZA, ITALY.



DEC. 28<sup>th</sup> 1943  
BOMB. & NAV. KILLED.

CHEERFUL ALWAYS VIRGIL L. BURKE  
MAKES GOOD FUDGE 1<sup>ST</sup> LIEUT. A.C.  
LIKES HIS CARDS.

DROVE A "CAT" ON O-675034  
PRE-WAR ROAD K95# 1967

CONSTRUCTION BUT  
INTENDS TO FLY OR

BUM NOW. GETS SNAP-

SHOTS OF GIRL AND HOME

AT: SPENCER, S. DAKOTA

*Virgil L. Burke*

CO-PILOT "B-24"



AW - SHUT UP!

BOMBARDIER  
"B-17"

TOUGH LUCK FOR BRUCE  
ON HIS 1ST MISSION. FLAK  
OVER KIEL KNOCKED ENGINES  
OUT SO AS TO FORCE BAIL-  
OUT NEAR SCHLESWIG ON  
JANUARY 4TH, 1944

BRUCE E. BARCLAY  
2ND LIEUT. A.C.  
O-741223  
K95# 2026

Bruce E. Barclay

TWENTY THREE NOW BRUCE  
WAS INSPECTING PARTS  
IN A DIE CASTING PLANT  
BEFORE ENLISTING. HAS  
NO DEFINITE PLANS. WOULD  
LIKE TO TAKE PILOT  
TRAINING (AGAIN) &  
REMAIN IN THE ARMY.  
HAS A LOVELY WIFE &  
3 YR OLD CHILD AT:

3636 HOYLES AVE.

TOLEDO, OHIO

JUST SLEPT IN ROOM, SPENT THE ENTIRE  
DAY IN ROOM ACROSS HALL WITH FORMER  
PILOT & NAVIGATOR.



I'M UNHAPPY HERE  
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT!

1ST PILOT  
"B-17"

FLAK & FIGHTERS  
(3 ME 109s) BROUGHT  
STEVE & JOHN DOWN  
ON STEVE'S 13TH MISSION;  
KIEL - JAN. 5th, 1944  
BAILED OUT BURNING  
SHIP AT 1500 ft.



EASY GOING & THOUGHTFUL  
STEVE LIKES HIS  
PIPE & "SACK".

"STEVE" W. BARKER

HAS A GOOD MEM-  
ORY FOR JIVE TONES  
AND BANDS BACK  
IN THE STATES. GETS

1ST LIEUT. A.C.

0-678142

K95#2027

BROODING OVER THE  
WIFE, HOME & ENVIRON-  
MENT AROUND "L.A."

WHEN LETTERS REACH HIM.

FURTHER DETAILS AT:

282 EAST PEARL ST.  
POMONA, CALIFORNIA

Steve W. Barker



# OUR FORTRESS GOT SHOT DOWN



CO-PILOT (Steve's)  
"B-17"

BORN IN MONTGOMERY,  
ALABAMA & WORKED  
FOR GENERAL MOTORS IN  
ATLANTA, GA. - PLANS  
TO LIVE IN LATTER CITY  
AND FLY COMMERCIAL  
AIRLINE OR RETURN TO  
G. M. CORP.

JOHN J. FARLEY  
2<sup>ND</sup> LIEUT. AC.  
O-684703  
K95#2054

*John J. Farley Jr.*

JOHN IS CONTENT TO  
READ HORIZONTALLY FOR  
HOURS, IS QUIET, GOOD-  
NATURED, WELL MANNER-  
ED & ALWAYS WELL  
GROOMED.

RELUCTANTLY GIVES OUT  
WITH CALYPSO RHYTHM.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED  
TO JOHN SAVE PARENTS  
& SISTERS AT:  
110 MARYLAND ST.  
MONTGOMERY, ALA.



Dear Remy, Cisco Wyman was Killed yesterday.\*  
He didn't know there was an air raid on and  
started out the front door. He went about 2 or 3  
steps and then turned around, Just as he got  
back to the door the guard walking the outside  
fence shot him through the head. The range was  
about 100 yds. The bullet entered the right temple  
and came out to the left and above his left eye.  
He was semi-conscious. Doc Nichols operated but he  
died right after the operation. There isn't much  
else news. I have moved to room 5A. Wade moved  
into 4. This 4 man room is O.K. The food is getting  
pretty short over here. I hope to get a personal  
parcel soon. Andrews has had mail. Have you  
had any yet? Well so long and be good. I'll  
be seeing you.

\* 3/18/1945

Mike Keese

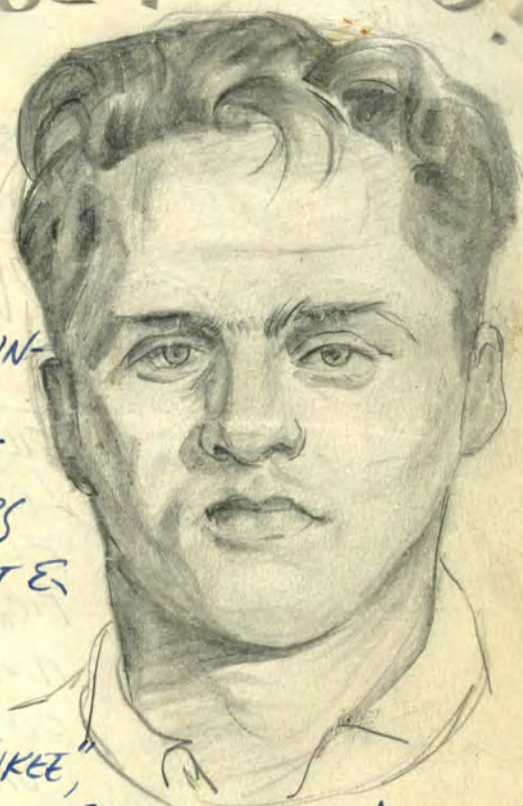


Y' MIGHT SAY MOOEY BONO! 39

BOMBARDIER-NAV.  
"B-24"

FW-190S HIT "CISCO'S"  
SHIP AFTER BOMBING BRUN-  
SWICK, FEB 20TH 1944.  
SHIP EXPLODED AFTER HE  
BAILED OUT. TWO GUNNERS  
KILLED IN POSITIONS; PILOT &  
CO-PILOT FELL OUT SHIP  
WHICH SPLIT IN TWO.

"A TYPICAL NEW ENG 'YANKEE',  
WYMAN IS A FAST WITTY  
TALKER. CAN SELL YOU A  
HORSE WITH WOODEN LEGS.  
HAS A BROAD BACKGROUND  
THRU WORKING AT MANY  
JOBS, I.E., LUMBER & TEXTILE  
MILLS, REAL ESTATE. DAD  
OWNS FARM & "CISCO" WAS HELPFUL IN TEACHING  
ME BASIC FACTS OF CHICKEN FARMING. HE INTENDS  
TO SPECULATE IN ODD ENTERPRISES AFTER THE WAR  
& IS BOUND TO MAKE GOOD. HAS A GENEROUS HAND  
ALWAYS - GOOD TO TRADE WITH. DUBBED ME "REMBRANDT".  
INTEND TO WRITE TO: BOX 359, NORTH BERWICK  
MAINE



ELROY F. WYMAN

2ND LIEUT. A.C.

O-735946

K95# 2758

Elroy F. Wyman





FERGET IT!

IT WILL DO YOU  
NO GOOD.

NAVIGATOR  
"B-17"

FILLMAN & CREW MADE A  
LONE BOMB RUN ON AUGS-  
BERG WITH THEIR FLAK &  
FIGHTER CRIPPLED SHIP. HE  
AND BOMBARDIER BAILED  
OUT SWISS-BOUND WRECK.  
WHEREABOUTS OF REMAIN-  
DER OF CREW STILL  
A MYSTERY. IT WAS

ROBERT W. FILLMAN  
2ND LIEUT. A.C.  
O-869566

K95# 4193

Robert W Fillman

"FILLIES" 12TH ON  
MARCH 16<sup>TH</sup> 1944

NERVOUS, WILD EYED  
& ENERGETIC. HEAVY  
SMOKER. PLAYS ON  
BLOCK FOOTBALL TEAM.

MAKES GOOD CAKES AND KEEPS ON THE MOVE.  
JOINED ARMY RIGHT AFTER HIGH SCHOOL &  
PLANS TO STUDY AGRICULTURE OR ENGINEERING  
AT IOWA STATE COLLEGE. CHECK AGAIN AT:  
663 WEST 17TH ST.  
DES MOINES, IOWA



I'M A COMIN' AN' A SHOOTIN'  
O-O-O-H!

CO-PILOT  
"B-17"



KEESEE'S 8TH MISSION  
ON MARCH 29<sup>th</sup>, 1944  
TOOK HIM ON A LONE  
RUN OVER BRUNSWICK.  
FOUR FW 190S TAGGED ON  
ONE WAS EXPLODED, 2  
DAMAGED, THE OTHER  
KNOCKED OUT BY  
P-51s. KEESEE &  
7 OTHERS GOT OUT  
THE FORTRESS WHICH  
EXPLODED. 5 OF THE  
BAIL-OUTS WERE INJURED

EVERETT L. KEESEE JR.  
2ND LIEUT. A.C.  
O-754352

K95 #4410  
L. Keese Jr.  
"Mike"

THE PILOT, BALL GUNNER WERE KILLED BY  
THE FIGHTERS. KEESEE WAS 3 WKS. IN THE HOSP.  
A GOOD COOK & BAKER, HE'S THE HEAD OF OUR  
EATING "COMBINE", SINGS BADE IN GLEE CLUB, LOVES  
GUNS & HAS ENTERED SEVERAL PISTOL-RIFLE MATCHES.  
WAS 24 IN OCT. & HAS A DAUGHTER "BY MAIL"  
WILL FLY OR OPEN SPORTS EQUIP. STORE NEAR  
HOME - AT: BOX 47, BALBOA ISLE, CALIFORNIA



WA-A-L. AH GUESS SO

CO-PILOT  
"B-17"

"MASSAH JONES" WAS FORCED  
TO TURN BACK FROM MIS-  
SION TO POZEN, POLAND  
WITH AN ESCORT OF 10  
ME-109S. A THRILLING RACE  
ABOVE THE TREETOPS WITH  
4 OF THE FIGHTERS MAKING  
PASSES ENDED WITH ONE  
FIGHTER BLOWN UP & A  
FORCED BELLY LANING  
FOR "HANK" & CREW,

NEAR STETTIN. NONE  
OF THE CREW BADLY  
HURT. DATE: APRIL 11, 1944

IT WAS HANK'S 23<sup>rd</sup>  
MISSION, BUT SHY AS HE  
IS, HE SELDOM TALKS IN  
CONTRAST TO OTHER REL-

ATIVELY AMATEUR "BIRDMEN" IN THE ROOM. MATTER  
OF FACT—HE SELDOM TALKS. TAKES NOON NAPS,  
IS IN NO HURRY, SPEAKS WITH A RICH SOUTHERN  
ACCENT, AND CAN'T BE RUFFLED. LIKES BRIDGE  
AT 24, HANK'S A GRAD. OF U. of S. CAROLINA. PLANS  
TO FARM OR FLY. Home: WAGNER, South Carolina

HENRY MILTON JONES  
2ND LIEUT. A. C.

O-802758

Kg# 4408  
Henry M. Jones



# HEY, REMY-

## BOMBARDIER (HANK'S) "B-17"

"PRETTY GOOD VIEW  
OF TREE TOPS &  
TELEPHONE WIRES, FROM  
NOSE," SAYS STONE  
ABOUT THE EPISODE.

REMEMBERS PASSING OVER  
A FARMER PLOUGHING  
FIELDS. THE HORSE (BOLTED  
AND) LEFT A BROKEN PLOUGH  
& CHAGRINED PEASANT  
IN ITS WAKE.

### JAMES F. STONE

JUST 23, STONE  
HAD BEEN A JUNIOR 2<sup>ND</sup> LIEUT. A.C.

AT S.W. of IOWA & O-685876

MAJORED IN SCIENCE K95#4462

INTENDS TO COMPLETE

THE COURSE & MIGHT

CONTINUE IN MEDICINE. HIS DAD WAS A SURGEON.

STONE IS A PLEASANT EARNEST FELLOW. STUDIES

FRENCH CONSTANTLY & CORRESPONDS WITH A

FRENCH-SPEAKING SWISS GIRL HE'S NEVER MET.

YOU CAN CORRESPOND  
WITH STONE AT:

BLOOMFIELD, IOWA



I SWUNG TWICE...



1<sup>ST</sup> PILOT  
"B-17"

"ANDY" FOUND HIMSELF  
IN MID AIR AFTER "WABBIT"  
HIS SHIP BLEW UP NEAR  
LEIPZIG (FLAK, FW 1905,  
ME 1095) ON HIS 3<sup>RD</sup> M.  
SEPT. 11<sup>th</sup> (2 DAYS  
BEFORE ME). CO-PILOT  
& ENGINEER KILLED.

THOMAS A. ANDREW  
2<sup>ND</sup> LIEUT. A.C.

O-557874

Kgs# 5780

Thomas A. Andrew

ATROCIOUS SINGING OF "WABASH CANNON BALL",  
"JOY BOYS OF RADIO", "MOTHER IS DEAD & IN  
HEAVEN" ETC. PLANS TO FLY OR RETURN TO  
SCHOOL. MUST LOOK HIM UP NEAR PROVIDENCE:

11 MEADER ST.  
SAYLESVILLE, R.I.

"ANDY" IS A MONTH  
YOUNGER THAN MYSELF,  
A RAVENOUS EATER,  
BUT MAKES UP FOR IT  
BY HELPING THE K.P.s  
IN OUR 6 MAN COM-  
BINE OUT OF TURN.  
AN EXTREMELY LIKEABLE  
YOUNGSTER DESPITE HIS



Camp Regulations.

This Camp regulation is based on the provisions of the Geneva Convention of 1929.

All prior regulations are hereby cancelled.

I. Camp Management.

1. The language of the Camp is German.
2. The Camp is under the command of the Kommandant, who gives the instructions and orders which are necessary to maintain order in the Camp.
3. To carry out the numerous tasks, the Kommandant is assisted by the Senior Officer (Gruppenleiter) of the Camp Administration (Lagerführung), who is his permanent representative at the same time. He controls the execution of the instructions and orders given by the Kommandant.
4. For this purpose the Gruppenleiter of the Lagerführung has at his disposal:
  - a) Lageroffiziere (Camp Officers)
  - b) Lagerfeldwebel (Camp Sergeants)
  - c) Lagerpersonal (including Interpreters).

The Lageroffizier sees to it that the current duties of the Camp personnel within the compound under his command are carried out. He is also responsible for the maintenance of discipline and order. He has to immediately report to the Gruppenleiter of the Lagerführung about any particular abuses and occurrences.

5. Every German soldier, irrespective of his rank, is superior to all Ps.o.W. when he is on duty. The orders given by the German superiors must be obeyed under all circumstances.
6. In accordance with the proposal of the Ps.o.W., the Kommandant appoints as Senior Officer one of the Ps.o.W., who is fit for the task of a Senior Compound Officer according to rank and age. It is the task of the Senior Compound Officer and of the Block Commanders appointed by him, to see to it that the orders given by the German Authorities are carried out.
7. At the same time the Senior Compound Officer is the man of Confidence of the Ps.o.W.
8. There are two notice boards in every block,
  - a) one for orders and notices of the German Authorities,
  - b) one for the notices of the Senior Compound Officer and Block Commander.

II. Camp Discipline.

1. It is expected that military discipline is strictly maintained.
2. All Ps.o.W. are to salute the German officers and military officials, who are equal or superior in rank.
3. Roll Calls.

As a rule there are two roll calls, one in the morning, one in the evening. In addition to these roll calls the Gruppenleiter of the Lagerführung will order extra roll calls at hours not known before. During bad weather the Lageroffiziere may allow that the roll calls take place inside the blocks. The hours for the regular roll calls are always fixed by the Lagerführung in accordance with the season.

All Ps.o.W. have to be on parade, with exception of the kitchen personnel and those who are "sick in room" or in hospital, if they are in possession of a certificate from the German Camp doctor.

- I./6. It is the task and responsibility of each Senior Allied Compound Commander that the orders published by the German Authorities be transmitted to each and every P.O.W. within his respective Compound; in turn, the same responsibility is given to each Block Commander concerning the P's.o.W., he commands.



- The Ps.o.W. are to stand on parade in proper clothing. Shorts may be worn during the warm season.
4. According to the season, the time is fixed by the Lagerführung for the last post, and in connection with it for closing and opening of block doors and shutters.
  5. When air raid warning is given, the Ps.o.W. are to immediately proceed to their blocks or to stay in the rooms (shower bath, sick bay etc.), in which they are present at the beginning of the alarm. Block doors and windows must be closed by the Ps.o.W. Ps.o.W. who are outside their compound are taken back as fast as possible by the soldiers who accompany them.
  6. In case of fire breaking out, the guard in the nearest look-out box must immediately be notified of it. The fire must be fought at once by the Ps.o.W. by means of the fire-extinguishing equipment at hand, till the Camp fire-brigade arrives, whom they have to assist most energetically. The fire-extinguishing equipment must always be kept in order, for which the Block Commanders are responsible.

### III. The following is prohibited:

1. To touch the warning wire and trespass upon the area between the warning wire and barbed-wire fence. Balls that have fallen into this forbidden zone while playing, may be fetched out once a day in the presence of a guard.
2. Singing and playing of national anthems.
3. Hoisting or hanging of national flags and emblems.
4. To be in possession of any kind of arms or such-like instruments.
5. To wear a beard.
6. Unauthorised changing of quarters without previous permission. All requests re above must be directed to the Lagerführung through the Senior Compound Officer with corresponding reasons.
7. To remain in the block doorway or by the open windows during air raid alarm.
8. To hang laundry, blankets etc. over the warning wire or leave same in the open air over night.
9. Rubbish, thick paper, solid articles etc. are not to be thrown into the W.Cs. nor into the night latrines.



- to throw swill water, sand and rubbish into the latrine pits.
11. To throw Red Cross cardboard-boxes into the incinerators.
  12. To damage or destroy equipment or articles that are property of the Reich. Articles which have been destroyed will not be replaced; The Ps.O.W. have to pay for same the full amount of the actual price.

#### IV. Punishments.

In the following cases Ps.O.W. will be punished by disciplinary measures or by Court Martial:

1. For any violation of the above cases mentioned under paragraph III.
2. For lack of respect towards German officers.
3. For non-observance of instructions and orders that have been given, or for preventing the execution of same.
4. For hindering the German personnel in carrying out their duty.
5. For laying obstacles of any kind below the barrack floors.
6. For insulting any personnel of the German Wehrmacht or Authorities, verbally, by action or in writing.
7. For attempting to bribe or incite German personnel to rebellion.
8. For wilful damaging or destroying of equipments or articles belonging to the Reich.



9. Wilful wasting or spoiling of foodstuff of any kind.
10. Staying away from roll call without special permission.
11. Improper behaviour during roll call and during other specially appointed occasions (inappropriate clothing, smoking, reading etc.)
12. For scribbling, damaging or tearing off German orders and notices.

#### V. Use of fire arms.

Fire arms will be used:

1. To ward off a hostile attack.
2. To enforce the execution of a given order.
3. Against Ps.o.W. who are met outside their quarters after lock-up.
4. Against Ps.o.W. who are within the forbidden zone or who are attempting to enter it (touching the warning wire).
5. Against Ps.o.W. who during an air raid warning are found outside their billets in the open air or standing in the block doorway or by the open windows.
6. ~~Against Ps.o.W. who are about to escape.~~

#### VI. Hygienic Precautionary Measures.

1. Living quarters and rooms are to be kept in a clean state. They must be thoroughly cleaned at regular periods.
2. Blankets must be repeatedly aired and dusted. Palliasses (straw mattresses) must be shaken up.
3. The rooms must be aired several times a day by opening the windows.
4. Food refuse must be immediately thrown into the receptacles provided for same.
5. Ashes, sweepings and other rubbish are to be thrown into the incinerators, and not to be thrown outside same.
6. The area around the blocks must be kept orderly and free of rubbish.
7. Empty cans are to be taken daily into the crates provided for them.
8. Night latrines must be emptied daily before the morning roll call.



1. Incoming mail will be distributed immediately after receipt.
2. 3 letters and 4 postcards may monthly be written by every American or British officer P.O.W., 2 letters and 4 postcards by every American or British N.G.O. and man on forms provided.
3. In urgent cases airmail letters and telegrams may be sent.
4. Private parcels will be regularly issued after being examined by the Abwehr Dept.

#### VIII. Red Cross Parcels.

1. There will be a regular issue to the amount of a day's ration.
2. Only so many full cans will be given out as empty have been returned.

#### IX. Canteen.

1. The Ps.O.W. may run their own canteen.

gez. Warnstedt

Oberst und Kommandant

V./6. Against P's o.W. who are about to escape, if they don't raise their arms to signify surrender and stand still, after being challenged.-



To:

2. Lt. Gamin i. P.

A. Nr.

L. Nr.

6530

## NOTICE

The watch found amongst your belongings is property of the **British Air Ministry**  
**U. S. Army A. C.**  
 and has therefore been confiscated according to War regulations.

Watch Nr.:

AP 43-97784

Auswertestelle West,

17.9.44

Hessler

S 5510/44 Heidelberger Gutenberg-Druckerei GmbH. IX. 44.

Name: G A M I N

Vorname: Irving Paul

Dienstgrad: 2. Lt.

Erk.-Marke: 5787

Serv.-Nr.: 0-700 885

Nationalität: amerikan.

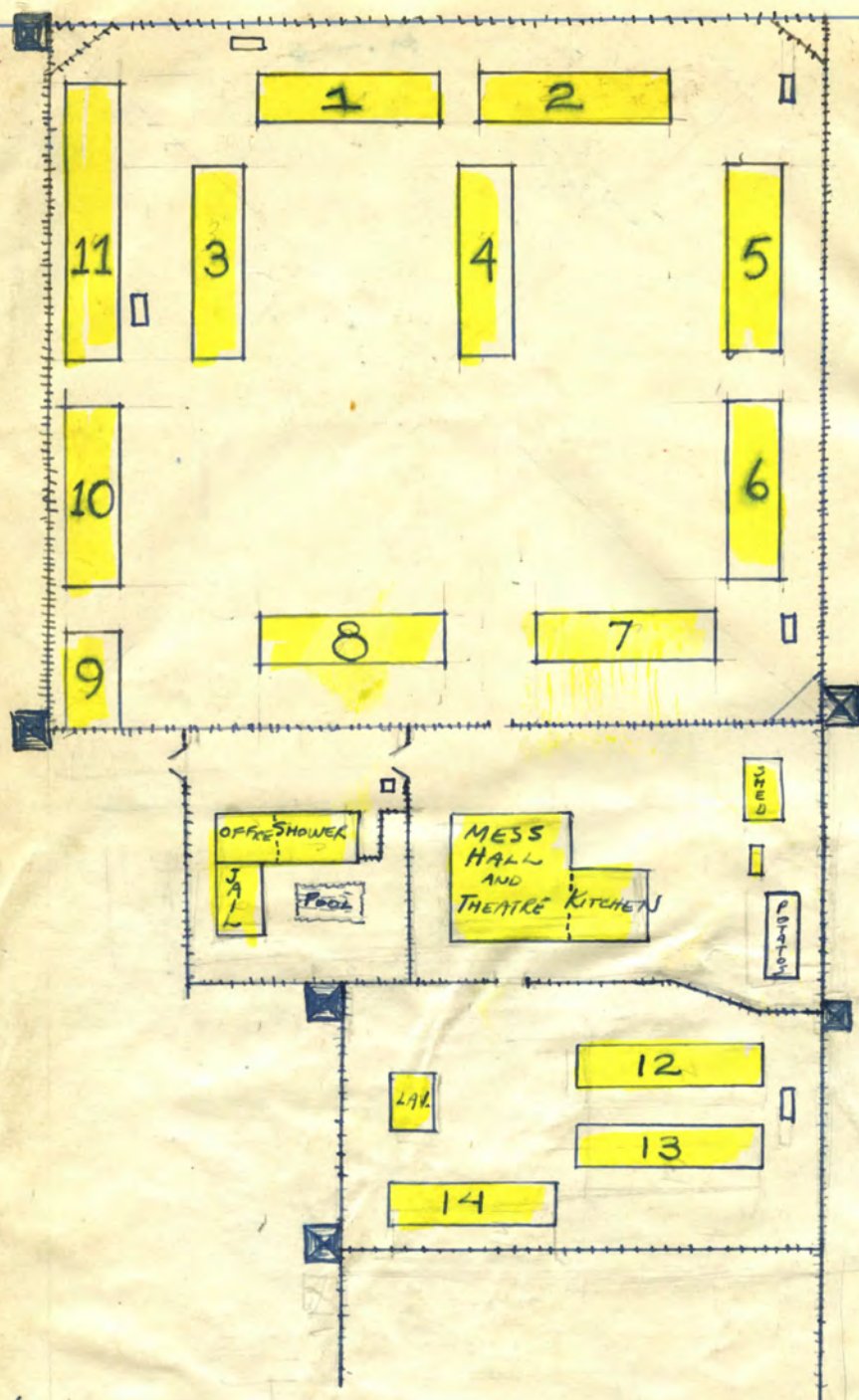
Baracke:

111

Raum:

1





NORTH 1 COMPOUND



German Rations Schedule for issue for Period of April 24 to May

Tuesday - Bread, Margarine 1130.  
Cooked Fresh Meat at 1200.  
Brattling Pulver, salt, raw dried vegetables at 1400.  
no spuds.

Wednesday Bread and Margarine at 1130.  
Barley after morning roll call.  
Fresh vegetables at 1400.

Thursday - Bread and Margarine at 1130.

Friday Bread, Margarine at 1130.  
Cooked meat at 1200.  
Sugar, raw vegetables (dried at 1400  
no spuds.

Saturday Bread, Margarine at 1130.  
2 days fresh vegetables at 1400.

Sunday Bread, Margarine at 1200.  
Potatoes (raw)

Monday Bread, Margarine at 1130.  
Flour (rye) at 1400.

A.B.AUSTIN  
1st Lt. A.C.  
German Rations Office





# FOOD

Of immediate concern to all Kriegles, second only to the culmination of the war, was the arrival of Red Cross food parcels. Our basic diet consisted of German rations. When prepared in a communal mess, these staples could be blended into satisfactory stews. The occasional distribution of Red Cross food was however, our only hope for anything similar to what we'd been accustomed to, back in the States.

GERMAN ISSUE		ORIGINAL RATION	12% CUT JANUARY 25, 1945	NEW CUT FEBRUARY 26, 1945
MEAT (generally horse meat)		150 gms/week	120 gms/week	120 gms/week
WURST		100 "	100 "	80 "
OLEOMARGARINE		150 "	150 "	140 "
COOKING FAT		68 "	42 "	35 "
BROWN BREAD (sawdust, pot, barley)		2225 "	1960 "	1800 "
BET SUGAR		175 "	155 "	140 "
BET JAM		175 "	155 "	140 "
CHEESE		31 "	27 "	25 "
ERZATZ COFFEE OR TEA		35 "	30 "	28 "
POTATOES		500 gms/day	470 gms/day	480 gms/day
* VEGETABLES (turnip, cabbage, kolrabi)		500 "	470 "	480 "
* BARLEY OR OATS		65 "	57 "	40 "
* SOUR KRAUT				180 "
* DRY VEGETABLES (carrots, peas)		80 gms/week	70 gms/week	48 gms/week
* PEAS		100 "	90 "	60 "
① WHITE BREAD		300 gms/day	250 gms/day	250 gms/day

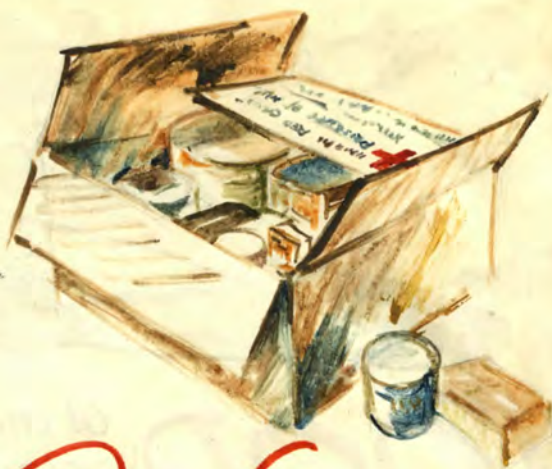
\* Issued when available

① Given to stomach ulcer cases in lieu of regular brown bread

453 grams = 1 pound



When sufficient stores of Red Cross food were delivered into the camp the parcels were distributed at the rate of 1 per wk. per man. With the influx of new kriegies and the increasing difficulty of transportation, there would be periods of partial distribution - or none at all. In Feb. 1945, the Red Cross set  $\frac{1}{2}$  parcel as a maximum issue, but even that was a luxury if we could get it. Bought at retail prices in the States, a parcel might cost \$4.00. It would



## RED CROSS FOOD

be difficult to exaggerate the value a "kriegie" attaches to its contents. A \$10.00 check might buy a can of powdered milk; a pack of cigs would sell for \$1.00. Rather than sell items to one another, a pointage system based on desirability was set up to facilitate barter.

CONTENTS OF AMERICAN PARC.	WEIGHT	TRADING
1 POWDERED MILK (KIM, MILKO)	16 oz. CAN	100 pts.
1 SOLUBLE COFFEE (NESCAFÉ)	2 or 4 oz. "	60-70 "
1 SPAM (PREM, BRUNCH etc)	12 oz. "	90 "
1 CORNED BEEF or "C" RATION STEW	12 oz. "	80 "
1 OLEOMARGARINE (MIAMI, ELGIN etc)	16 oz. "	60 "
1 LIVER PATÉ (STAHL-MEYER)	6 oz. "	25 "
1 SALMON or TUNA or 2 SARDINES	8 oz. "	30-40 "
1 JAM or ORANGE CONCENTRATE	6 oz. "	60 "
1 BISCUITS or "C" or "K" RATION	7 oz. box	50 "
1 PRUNES or RAISONS	16 oz. "	40-70 "
1 SUGAR CUBES (DOMINO, JACK FR.)	8 oz. "	60 "
1 CHEESE (KRAFT, BORDEN)	8 oz. pkg.	60 "
2 RATION "D" CHOCOLATE BARS	8 oz. "	120 "

5 PACKS OF CIGARETTES  
2 BARS OF SOAP



## PRISONER OF WAR PACKAGE — SUGGESTIONS FOR USE

*Whole Milk Powder:* Prepare only quantity needed for one serving at a time. Always keep the tin tightly closed to prevent deterioration. This powder is made from whole fresh milk, with full cream content. One pound of whole milk powder will make one gallon (4 liters) of fluid milk if mixed with one gallon (4 liters) of water. Measure cold or hot water into a container, sprinkle the powder in and stir thoroughly until the powder is completely dissolved. It is then ready for drinking or cooking.

*Processed Cheese:* This particular type of cheese was chosen for its keeping qualities. In addition to its being ready to eat as it is, it can be readily combined with other camp dishes for variety and flavor.

*Oleomargarine:* This is the highest grade oleomargarine produced. It is made entirely from natural vegetable oils, has all the food values of butter and is superior to butter in keeping quality. In addition it is especially fortified with vitamins A and D.

*Pork Luncheon Meat:* This may be eaten as it comes from the tin, or cooked in oleomargarine. It may also be cut into small pieces and added to soup or other dishes for variety.

*Corned Beef:* The same suggestions apply as for pork luncheon meat, and both can be used with potatoes or other vegetables for hash and stews.

*Liver Paste:* This may be eaten as it comes from the tin or—mixed with a little oleomargarine—used as a sandwich spread.

*Dried Fruit:* Besides being eaten as it is, it may be covered with water and soaked overnight. If allowed to soak for a day or two, the fruit and juice will have a better flavor.

*Orange Concentrate:* Contents of 4 1/4-ounce can of orange concentrate represent the essence of about 1 1/2 quarts, or 1 1/2 liters, of natural fresh orange juice. To make an orange drink, use one part of orange juice concentrate to nine parts of water. Mix thoroughly. As a drink this is better if allowed to stand at least ten minutes before being used. Orange concentrate may also be used as a spread on bread or biscuits, in place of jam or marmalade.

*Salmon:* Salmon spoils quickly and should therefore be eaten as soon as can be opened. It is already cooked.

*Chocolate Ration D:* This is an especially rich, vitamin-fortified chocolate. It should be eaten slowly. If you wish to make a hot drink, shave or break in pieces a square of chocolate, melt over hot water, and mix with milk. Bring to a boil and sweeten to taste.

*Soluble Coffee:* Put one teaspoonful of coffee powder in a cup, and fill the cup slowly with boiling water, stirring as you pour. Add milk and sugar to taste.



## PAKETI RATNIH ZAROBLJENIKA — NACIN UPOTREBE

*Mleko u prahu:* Uzeti samo onu količinu koja je potrebna za jedan obrok. Kutiju od konzerve držati uvek dobro zatvorenu da bi se sprečilo kvarenje. Ovaj prah je spravljen od svežeg mleka sa skupopom. Jedna funta mleka u prahu, pomesana sa 4 litre vode daje 4 litre tecnog mleka. Izmeriti hladnu ili toplu vodu u jednom sudu, usuti prah i dobro mesati dok se prah potpuno ne razidje. Tada se može piti ili prvo prokuvati.

*Sir:* Ova narocita vrsta sira ima tu odliku da se dobro drži. Pored toga sto se jede takav kakav je, može se promesati sa drugim jelom da mu da drugi ukus.

*Oleomargarin:* Najbolja vrsta oleomargarina koja je do sada spravljena. Pravi se potpuno od prirodnog biljnog ulja, ima sve hranljive sastojke masla a bolje se drži nego maslo. Uz to mu je data narocita jacinna vitaminima A i D.

*Svinjsko meso:* Može se jesti kao sto je u konzervi ili peceno u oleomargarinu. Može se iseckano na komade dodati u supu ili drugim jelima.

*Suseno govedje meso:* Isti nacin upotrebe kao za svinjsko meso, a oba se mogu spremati sa krompirom ili drugim povrćem kao gulas.

*Pasteta od dzigerice:* Može se jesti kao sto jeste, ili pomesana sa malo oleomargarina i namazana na hleb.

*Suseno voce:* Može se jesti kao sto je u konzervi ili se može potopiti u vodu i ostaviti tako preko noci. Ako se ostavi u vodi dan-dva, voce i sokovi imace bolji ukus.

*Koncentrisan sok od pomorandze:* Konzerva od 4 1/2 unce koncentrisanog soka pomorandze pretstavlja sok od litre i po prirodnog svežeg soka od pomorandze. Da se napravi oranzada upotrebiti 1/10 koncentrisanog soka na devet desetina (9/10) vode. Dobro promesati. Bolje da postoji najmanje deset minuta pre nego sto se pije. Koncentrisan sok pomorandze može se takodje upotrebiti namazan na hleb ili fiskvit mesto pekmeza.

*Konzerva ribe (losos):* Da bi se sprečilo kvaranje, treba jesti cim se otvori. Riba je vec skuvana.

*Cokolada:* Narocito hranljiva i puna vitamina. Treba da se jede polako. Ako se hoce spremati toplu cokolada, treba izlomiti u komade jednu kocku cokolade, istopiti je-u toploj vodi i pomesati sa mlekom. Prokuvati i osladiti po ukusu.

*Kafa:* Staviti jednu kasicicu kafe u prahu u solju, zatim solju polako puniti vrijućom vodom; mesati pri sipanju. Dodati mleko i secer po ukusu.

## PAQUET DE PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE — UTILISATION

*Lait complet en poudre:* Préparer seulement la quantité nécessaire pour une portion. Garder toujours la boîte fermée hermétiquement pour empêcher toute détérioration. Cette poudre est faite de lait frais non écrémé. Une livre de lait en poudre fait quatre litres de lait liquide, si elle est mélangée à 4 litres d'eau. Mesurer l'eau chaude ou froide dans un

boîte ou en faire des sandwiches en le mélangeant avec un peu d'oléomargarine.  
*Fruits secs:* A manger tels que. On peut aussi les couvrir d'eau et les faire tremper toute la nuit. Si on les laisse tremper un jour ou deux, les fruits et le jus auront un meilleur goût.



CONTENTS OF CANADIAN PARCEL		WEIGHT	POINTS
1	CONDENSED MILK, SWEET (NESTLE)	5 oz can	100
1	VACUUM PACK GROUND COFFEE	6 oz pkg	60
1	KAM	10 1/2 oz can	80
1	CORNERED BEEF (WILSON)	12 oz can	70
1	MEAT & LIVER LOAF (YORK)	10 1/2 oz can	55
1	BUTTER (MAPLE LEAF)	8 oz can	60
1	JAM OR MARMALADE	12 oz can	100
1	LARGE BISCUITS	14 oz box	70
2	DEHYDRATED APPLES	3 oz cans	120
1	RAISINS	7 oz pkg	35
1	GRANULATED SUGAR	8 oz pkg	60
1	CHEESE	4 oz can	20
1	SWEET CHOCOLATE	5 oz bar	50
1	QUAKER OATS	8 oz can	90

packet of salt & pepper

CONTENTS OF ENGLISH PARCEL		WEIGHT	POINTS
1	CONDENSED MILK	10 1/2 oz can	80
1	COCOA	4 oz can	80
1	TEA	2 oz pkg	50
1	MEAT ROLL OR SAUSAGE	10 oz can	50
1	STEW		70
1	BACON	8 oz can	70
1	MARGARINE	8 oz can	25
1	JAM OR MARMALADE	12 oz can	100
1	BISCUITS	can	40
1	APPLE PUDDING		50
1	POWDERED EGGS		60
1	CHEESE	4 oz	25
1	SALMON OR PILCHARDS		35-25
1	CANNED VEGETABLES		30
1	CHOCOLATE	4 oz	50

1 BAR OF SOAP  
50 PLAYERS OR CRAVEN "A" CIGS.



# KRIEGIE JOE

## DUTY STOOGA



E. F. Sinslow

Black  
before  
ide  
nks.



OFFICE OF THE GROUP COMMANDER  
GROUP I, USAF, NORTH COMPOUND  
OF THE LUFT I, BARTH, GERMANY

BULLETIN:

March 4, 1945

1. Dinner - Stew; Boiled Spuds; Cole Slaw.
2. NOTICE: 

<u>Front Mess</u>	<u>Rear Mess</u>
0930 Classical Concert	1100 Chess Tournament
1130 Protestant Services	
1230 Catholic Mass	
3. NOTICE: There will be Episcopal Communion in the Wing Office, Block 9, at 1240 hours today.
4. OFFICIAL: Last night was the last meal of American Red Cross Food and an inventory will be published Monday.
5. OFFICIAL: Saturday's inspection was generally satisfactory. Block 2 had the best appearance of all the Blocks. For those rooms who did not have their windows washed, there will be an inspection again before roll call this evening. The Blocks near the incinerators will divide the time for maintenance of same.
6. NOTICE: The missing pair of paratrooper boots were returned. Thanks.
7. NOTICE: Items of wearing apparel (socks, underwear, etc), confiscated by the Germans in the past few days have been returned by them. Owners of these articles may claim same in the Wing Office, Block 9.
8. NOTICE: The judging for the Baby Contest will be held in the Rear Mess at 1000 hours today.

By order of Lt. Col. GR. M. MO

G. C. HOLLER, Major  
Adjutant



# March '45

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 my first letter from home!	2 Running out of food	3
4 Snow, + max meeting + rad took home.	5 Air raid. Saw Dave McCarty	6 Strapping by night in intruder plane	7 Cologne falls. Another intruder.	8 more snow. little food	9 Rhine R. crossing at Remagen	10 Eating horse meat + liking it!
11 Talks & preparation for evacuation	12 Swimming with mid	13 Six mos. in Germany today	14 FW-190 buzzes us	15 meet Blodgett, Patti & Wilkes again	16 See Capt. Jaynes & Gillespie	17 Potato pudding
18 WYMAN KILLED	19 note from Keeslee	20 Remagen to head grow. wq.	21 one meal daily - stew	22 buried Wyman in Barthe cemetery	23 Intruder plane	24 \$100.00 Cigarettes parcel
25 "It won't be long now" Col. G.	26 4th success we clear day.	27 1/4 Red + parcel. showers clean sheets	28 letters from fil	29 Red + parcels arriving	30 Cig. parcel from home	31 Chocolate pudding

# April

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Easter Sunday 1 parcel for wq.	2 Ralph Brink intruder plane	3 max Schmitt in 1000 lbs. case BBC	4 mess hall fire	5 4 man comb. plane	6 Dog in room + thrown out + be a pup.	7 Air raid
8 Plant garden radishes + cary. this.	9 15,000 Red + 10,000 letters	10 many sick + stomach cases	11 6 man comb. 4 miles det. arts.	12 Intruder plane	13 news of F.D.R.'s death	14 Vienna falls
15 Front line air field at Barthe	16 Radishes + tops showing	17 7 man comb. plane	18 Temple, vs. member	19 jet ship	20 David lost 1 parcel in 6 hrs.	21 Artillery rumblings
22 Fighting in Berlin	23 Canadian parcel	24 jet ship	25 Link up!	26 night raid	27 stolen + Bremen falls	28 Birthday cake from home
29 Prisoners at Aachen + Wuppertal	30 GERMANS EVACUATING! RED CROSS WAREHOUSE BEING LOOTED BY SOLDIERS & CIVILIANS. DEMOLITIONS ALL THRU THE DAY. DIGGING SLIT TRENCHES. BRINGING BACK RED + PARCELS.					



4 Mrs parcel 4 for 5 men

- May 1 - waiting for Russians Straalsund taken  
Hit Parade! Star Spangled Banner! Hitler dead!
- May 2 - 6 hrs to march, phoney Colonel, controlled demonstration  
Bastle
- May 3 - Boys taking off - May 6 - Galpint leaves
- May 9 - "VE" day - Dave & I in Bastle
- May 10 - visit airfield
- May 11 - report of planes arriving
- May 12 - B-17 + C-470 - 936 men out
- May 13 - FLY TO FRANCE!

3/6/45

HITLER - Bay was it a surprise to see you here. I  
remember now you had told me in a letter you  
had gone down - looks like all our good men  
wind up here. I've been here in 11.3 since the begin-  
ning of Dec. Anyone else I know up there with you?  
I was in my 30th division almost ready to go home -  
but tough luck. Believe it or not I fled 30 divisions  
in a minute - the irony of it all. You've got his first -  
we did a bet if you didn't know, and myself of course.  
Have you had any word or parcel from home yet?  
Did you know Beaulieu at Chatham? He's here with  
me if you did. Drop me a note and let me  
know how you're doing. We'll have to have a feast when  
we get back to N.Y. - Mac.

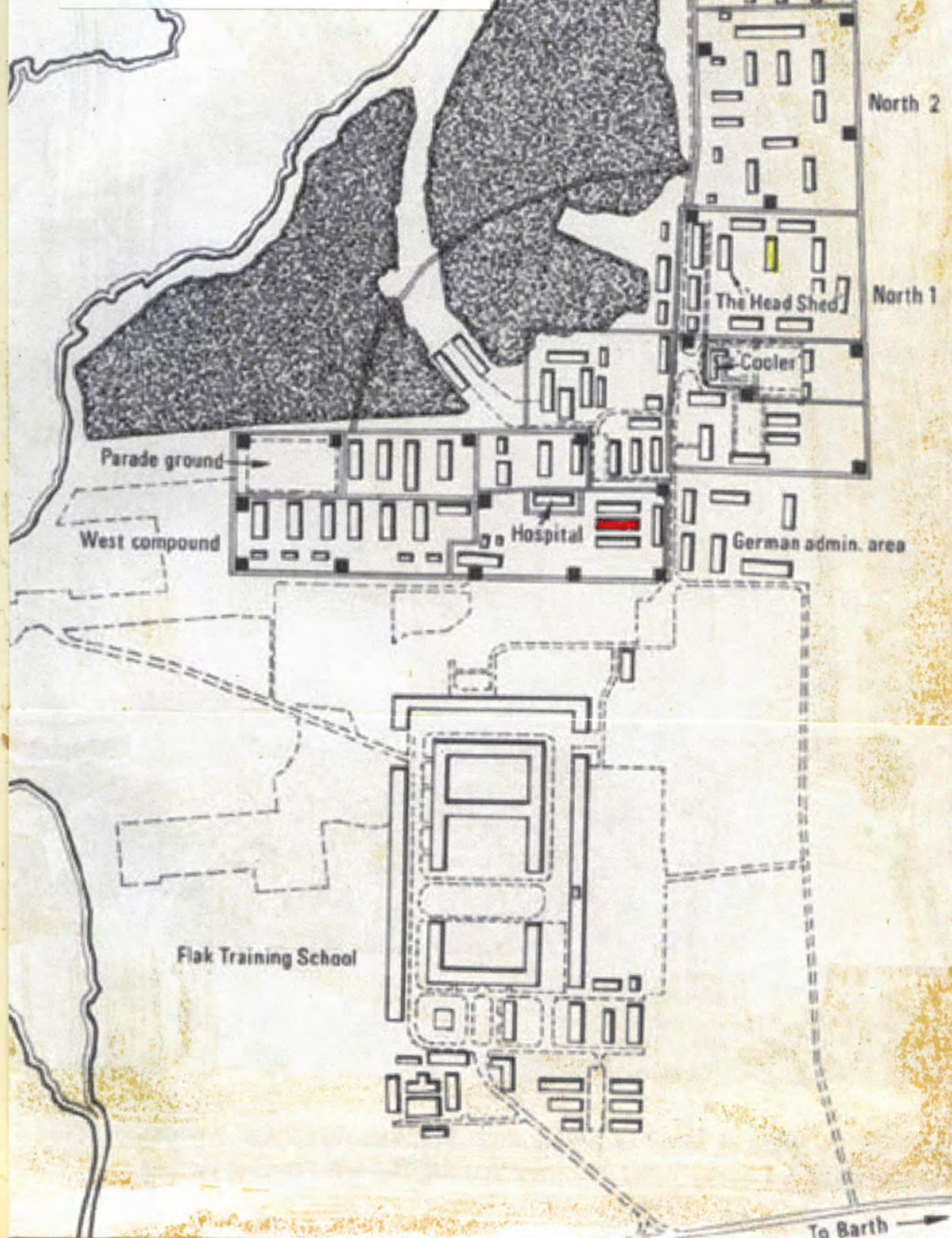


# STALAG SITE PLAN

53

(DOWN LOADED FROM  
THE INTERNET)

SEPTEMBER, 2000





# WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

## CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

1201

## SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter  
NL = Night Letter  
LC = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. 1946 OCT 27 PM 8 50

N139 34 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 27 756P

MRS ALICE CANIN=



• F1578 43 ST=

REPORT JUST RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS  
STATES THAT YOUR SON SECOND LIEUTENANT IRVING P CANIN  
IS A PRISONER OF WAR OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT LETTER OF  
INFORMATION FOLLOWS FROM PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL=  
J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



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A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

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WD221 NL GOVT PD=WASHINGTON DC 12

MRS. ALICE CANIN=

1578 43 ST BROOKLYN NY=

JAN 12 PM 10 42

FOLLOWING ENEMY PROPAGANDA BROADCAST FROM GERMANY HAS  
BEEN INTERCEPTED QUOTE SEASONS CHEER, WILL CELEBRATE...  
LOVE TO ALL. LT. IRVING P CANIN

UNQUOTE THIS BROADCAST SUPPLEMENTS ALL PREVIOUS  
REPORTS STOP=

ELERCH PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



# WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

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Ship Radiogram

WA118 20 GOVT=WASHINGTON DC 23 209A

MRS ALICE CANIN:

1578 43 ST BROOKLYN NY

1945 MAY 23 AM 3 09

Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON -/LT  
CANIN IRVING P RETURNED TO MILITARY CONTROL=  
J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



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A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

1201

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Ship Radiogram

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WD500 40 GOVT=WASHINGTON DC 20 1020P

MRS ALICE CANIN=

1578 4<sup>TH</sup> ST BROOKLYN NY=

THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY DIRECTS ME TO INFORM YOU  
YOUR SON 2/LT CANIN IRVING P IS BEING RETURNED TO THE  
UNITED STATES WITHIN THE NEAR FUTURE AND WILL BE GIVEN AN  
OPPORTUNITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU UPON ARRIVAL:  
=J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

2/LT.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



# WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

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F355CC 8H INTL

W SANSORIGINE

EFM MRS ALICE CANIN

1578 43 ST BROOKLYN NY

WRITING IN DETAIL. AM WELL AND FIT. HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON.

IRVING P CANIN

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



7792

**PRISONER OF WAR POST**  
**KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST**  
 SERVICE DES PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE

**BY AIR MAIL**  
 PAR AVION

**RANK AND NAME** 2nd Lt. IRVING P. CANTIN  
 (CAPITAL LETTERS)  
**PRISONER OF WAR NO.**  
 (SEE NOTE ON FLAP)  
**CAMP NAME AND NO.** STALAG LUFT III  
**SUBSIDIARY CAMP NO.** STALAG LUFT I  
**COUNTRY** GERMANY  
**VIA NEW YORK, N. Y.**

**UNITED STATES PRISONER OF WAR.**

**POSTAGE** 6¢  
**AFFIX**

55

12254

**PRISONER OF WAR POST**  
**KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST**  
 SERVICE DES PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE

**BY AIR MAIL**  
 PAR AVION

**RANK AND NAME** 2nd Lt. IRVING P. CANTIN  
 (CAPITAL LETTERS)  
**PRISONER OF WAR NO.**  
 (SEE NOTE ON FLAP)  
**CAMP NAME AND NO.** STALAG LUFT III  
**SUBSIDIARY CAMP NO.** STALAG LUFT I  
**COUNTRY** GERMANY  
**VIA NEW YORK, N. Y.**

**UNITED STATES PRISONER OF WAR.**

**POSTAGE** 6¢  
**AFFIX**

111A

55



BROOKLYN, 19, NEW YORK

1578 43rd STREET

MRS. ALICE CANIN

FROM (SENDER'S FULL NAME AND ADDRESS)

PRISONER OF WAR POST

KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST

SERVICE DES PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION

AFFIX

6¢

POSTAGE

RANK AND NAME 2nd Lt. IRVING P. CANIN  
(CAPITAL LETTERS)

UNITED STATES PRISONER OF WAR.

PRISONER OF WAR No.

(SEE NOTE ON FLAP)

CAMP NAME AND No. STALAG LUFT III

SUBSIDIARY CAMP No. STALAG LUFT I

COUNTRY GERMANY

VIA NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT: FOR PRISONERS IN GERMAN HANDS THE PRISONER OF WAR NUMBER SHOULD BE CLEARLY INDICATED IF KNOWN. IT MUST NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE ARMY SERIAL NUMBER.

W. D., P. M. G. Form No. 111

April 1944

16-39042-1



Received March 1<sup>st</sup> 1945

WRITE VERY CLEARLY WITHIN THE LINES. IN ORDER TO EXPEDITE  
CENSORSHIP, LETTERS SHOULD BE TYPED OR PRINTED IN BLOCK CAPITALS.

DECEMBER 12, 1944

DEAREST IRV,

THIS HAS BEEN THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.  
I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU, DARLING, WHAT THE CARD  
MEANT TO ALL OF US. WE (EXCEPT GRANDMA WHO  
DOESN'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE AT PRESENT) ACTUALLY  
CRIED FROM JOY WHEN THE CARD ARRIVED. GOD HAS  
BEEN VERY GOOD TO US AND WE ARE GRATEFUL.

THE TELEPHONE WAS BUSY ALL DAY LONG AND  
EVERYONE I CALLED WAS THRILLED AND SENDS BEST  
WISHES.

AS SOON AS I GET THE REQUIRED LABELS,  
WE'LL SEND YOU A PACKAGE. I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND

IT USEFUL. IF THERE IS ANYTHING SPECIAL YOU WANT  
PLEASE ASK FOR IT. YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE TO MAKE  
UP A PACKAGE AND I ASSURE YOU IT WILL BE MY BIGGEST  
PLEASURE. WE RECEIVED YOUR PERMANENT ADDRESS  
YESTERDAY SO I WANT TO RUSH THIS LETTER OUT TO YOU  
SINCE IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME BEFORE YOU GET IT.

YOUR CARD WAS DATED SEPTEMBER 22nd and WE RECEIVED  
IT THIS MORNING.

I SPOKE TO A PARTY WHOSE SON WAS A PILOT  
AND IS NOW A P.O.W. AT STALAG LUFT 1 ALSO. HIS  
NAME IS ABRAHAM GOLFUNT AND HIS PARENTS LIVE IN  
BENSONHURST. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN LOCATE HIM? TRY  
ANYWAY.

GOOD LUCK, DARLING, AND PLEASE DEAR DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT US. EVERYTHING IS SWELL. POP AND I  
ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN

CONTINUE ON TOP PANEL OVERLEAF



TOP PANEL

MONTHS. ALL OUR LOVE AND KESSES.

YOUR LOVING

Mom

I MAY TRY TO LEARN HOW TO TYPE  
EVEN WITH ONE FINGER, BUT UNTIL I DO, LIL  
WILL HAVE TO BE MY SECRETARY.



BROOKLYN, N. Y.

1678 43rd STREET

MISS LILIAN CANIN

FROM (SENDER'S FULL NAME AND ADDRESS)

PRISONER OF WAR POST

KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST

SERVICE DES PRISONNIERS DE GUERRE

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION

AFFIX

6¢

POSTAGE

55  
RANK AND NAME (CAPITAL LETTERS) 2nd LT. IRVING P. CANIN

UNITED STATES PRISONER OF WAR.

PRISONER OF WAR No. (SEE NOTE ON FLAP)

CAMP NAME AND No. STALAG LUFT III

SUBSIDIARY CAMP No. STALAG LUFT I

12254 COUNTRY GERMANY

U.S. CENSOR

VIA NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT: FOR PRISONERS IN GERMAN HANDS THE PRISONER OF WAR NUMBER SHOULD BE CLEARLY INDICATED IF KNOWN. IT MUST NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE ARMY SERIAL NUMBER.

W. D., P. M. G. Form No. 111  
April 1944



Received March 28<sup>th</sup> 1945

WRITE VERY CLEARLY WITHIN THE LINES. IN ORDER TO EXPEDITE  
CENSORSHIP, LETTERS SHOULD BE TYPED OR PRINTED IN BLOCK CAPITALS.

DECEMBER 24, 1944

DEAREST IRV,

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE AS I WRITE THIS  
WHILE REMINISCING ABOUT PAST CHRISTMASSES. BUT THIS  
IS A VERY HAPPY ONE, NEVERTHELESS, ESPECIALLY SINCE  
YOUR WONDERFUL CARD IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING REACHED  
US ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO -- SO I NEEDN'T TELL YOU  
HOW THRILLED AND GRATEFUL WE FEEL.

THE DAY BEFORE YOUR CARD CAME, WE WERE  
GIVEN YOUR PERMANENT ADDRESS AND IMMEDIATELY, EVERY-  
ONE WANTED TO WRITE YOU. HOWEVER, THE RED CROSS  
ADVISED US THIS WOULD BE VERY UNWISE SINCE TOO MUCH  
MAIL PUTS TOO HEAVY A BURDEN ON THE CENSORS ON BOTH  
SIDES AND IN THAT WAY HOLDS UP MAIL DELIVERY. I  
EXPLAINED TO YOUR FRIENDS AND THEY AGREED IT WOULD  
BE BETTER TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US AND WE COULD  
FORWARD ANY SPECIAL NEWS TO YOU. IN THAT WAY OUR  
MAIL MAY REACH YOU MORE REGULARLY. WE RECEIVED  
A NEWS-LETTER FROM ONIBAR AND THEY INCLUDED AN ITEM  
ABOUT YOUR BEING A P.O.W. AND WISHING YOU WELL FROM  
YOUR FORMER EMPLOYERS AND FELLOW COUNSELORS.

WE JUST HEARD A RADIO REPORT OF CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS FROM AMERICAN FLIERS INTERNED AT STALAG  
LUFT 3. THEY WERE PERMITTED TO GET THIS MESSAGE  
THROUGH TO THIS COUNTRY AND WE FELT A LITTLE LET-  
DOWN BECAUSE SIMILAR GREETINGS DID NOT COME FROM  
YOUR CAMP. HOWEVER, WE READ THAT ARRANGEMENTS HAD  
BEEN MADE TO HAVE CHRISTMAS DINNERS FOR ALL AMERICAN  
P.O.W. IN GERMANY SO I HOPE YOU HAD A NICE ONE AND  
ENJOYED YOURS; DEAR.

GRANDMA AND THE REST OF US ARE VERY WELL AND  
CONTINUE ON TOP PANEL OVERLEAF



TOP PANEL

WE'RE EAGERLY AWAITING ANOTHER LETTER FROM YOU  
IRV. PERHAPS MAIL WILL BE COMING A LITTLE FASTER  
NOW SINCE A PLAN IS BEING PUT INTO EFFECT TO CUT  
DOWN ON TRAVELLING TIME FOR P.O.W. MAIL. BUT  
WHETHER THIS LETTER TAKES A LITTLE OR A LONG TIME  
IN REACHING YOU, IRV, OUR LOVE IS WITH YOU ALWAYS  
DEAR AND OUR HOPES AND BEST WISHES FOR YOU ARE  
EVER PRESENT IN OUR HEARTS. SO PLEASE TAKE CARE  
OF YOURSELF AND KEEP WELL. LOVE,





LIVING IN A TENT  
WITH REGULAR G.I.'S  
AT RANDOLPH FIELD,  
SAN ANTONIO BEFORE  
BEING ACCEPTED INTO  
THE AVIATION CADET





CADET  
DAYS  
FEB TO DEC 1943

TOW TARGET PRACTICE  
HARLINGEN GUNNERY  
SCHOOL



COTTON & FRUIT  
LANDS OF HAR-  
LINGEN TEXAS,  
BELOW.--

TED CARMACK  
WAS IN '60'

PHIL CARLIN  
RODE '193'





L. to R. CHARLIE CHAMBERS BOB CHATFIELD, FRANCIS  
BURKE, MYSELF, TED CARMACK, JIM BYRNES

These three  
washed out



CHAMBER'S WIFE, KID  
EX ICE CREAM SALESMAN,  
ARKANSAS BORN, "CHARLIE"  
WAS THE OLDEST IN OUR  
OUTFIT — A PERPETUAL  
BINGE ADDICT, BUT A  
SWELL DISPOSITION

SOME SMILE EH?

FROM OREGON

EUGENE BISSELL

MY PARTNER IN "CRIME"







RIO GRANDE AT MISSION TEXAS. IRRIGATION PUMPING STATION IN REAR. OLD CARS LASHED TOGETHER WITH CHAINS ARE SUNK ALONG BANKS TO RETARD EROSION



HIGH TOWERS FOR "TRAP" SHOOTING. WE SAT IN MARTIN TURRETS MOUNTED ON TRUCKS AND TRACKED THE PIGEONS THRU AUTOMATIC SIGHTS.





SWIMMING POOL  
AT HARLINGEN PARK.  
NOTE THE COCONUT  
PALMS WAY BACK. —

BOB CHATFIELD  
& MYSELF —



BOB &  
HAROLD CRAWFORD,  
A FORMER WEATHER  
OBSERVER AND  
A PERFECT "ARMY  
MAN"







HEAVEN AFTER  
A WEEK'S GRIND AT  
NAVIGATION CLASSES  
SAN MARCOS TEXAS.

FRESH RUNNING  
WATER AT RIO VISTA

"SLIDE TOWER"  
AT  
RIO VISTA



THE ALAMO  
SAN ANTONIO

HARLINGEN FIELD  
SEEN AS WE  
CIRCLE TO LAND







↑ ME

# B-24 TRAINING DAYS

MARCH '49, CHATHAM FIELD, SAVANNAH GA  
HELPS TO VISUALIZE THE SIZE OF A "24  
AND THE LENGTH OF  
THE BOMB BAY DOORS



REFUELING THE SHIPS

Mel Beatty



CO-PILOT  
28 yrs



DAVE MCCARTHY  
BOMBARDIER  
20 yrs





"YANK" — BEST PILOT EVER — 28 yrs.



WOJIC — GUNNER      CAIN — ARMORER GUNNER  
AND BENFIELD — ENGINEER





LANGLEY FIELD  
VA.





OVER SEAS - 828<sup>th</sup> BOMB SQ.  
VENOSA,  
ITALY

CHECKING OUR  
FOX HOLE FOR  
SIZE



CLASS DISTINCTION



NOW... IF I COULD  
ONLY DRIVE IT!  
BACKGROUND SHOWS  
TENT AREA CLEARLY.





SAIL BOATING  
AT BARI, ITALY  
AUGUST 13, 1944



BATHING  
E  
"DINGHY DRILL"  
AT BARLETTA







BEACH AT BRINDISI  
WONDERFUL FOR  
SWIMMING



KIDS BATHE NUDE  
ALL OVER ...  
THIS IS MOLFETTA  
BEACH



ANDRIA



CANOSA  
A TYPICAL HILL  
TOWN ...





STREET E. BOMB RUINS - FOGGIA



SOLDIERS  
MEMORIAL

MOLFETTA

WHEELWRIGHTS  
AT CERIGNOLA







" ♪ OFF WE GO ... ♪ "



LOOKING THRU THE WAIST WINDOW







EN ROUTE  
TO SZONY  
OIL REFINERIES

AUGUST 28, 1943

... ONLY ONE  
SHIP IN OUR  
GROUP WAS HIT...





LAKE BALATIN  
OR  
"PLATTEN SEA"  
19,000 ft. BELOW









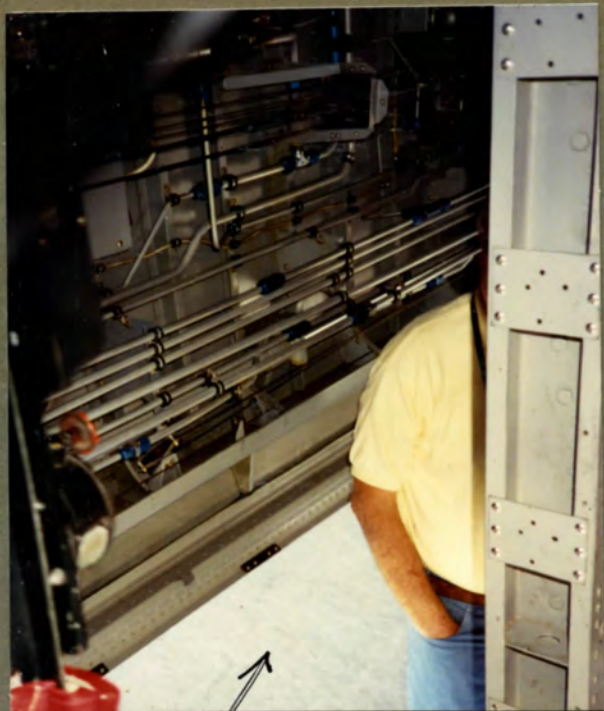
# RESTORED B-24 ... OAKLAND AIRPORT 1991



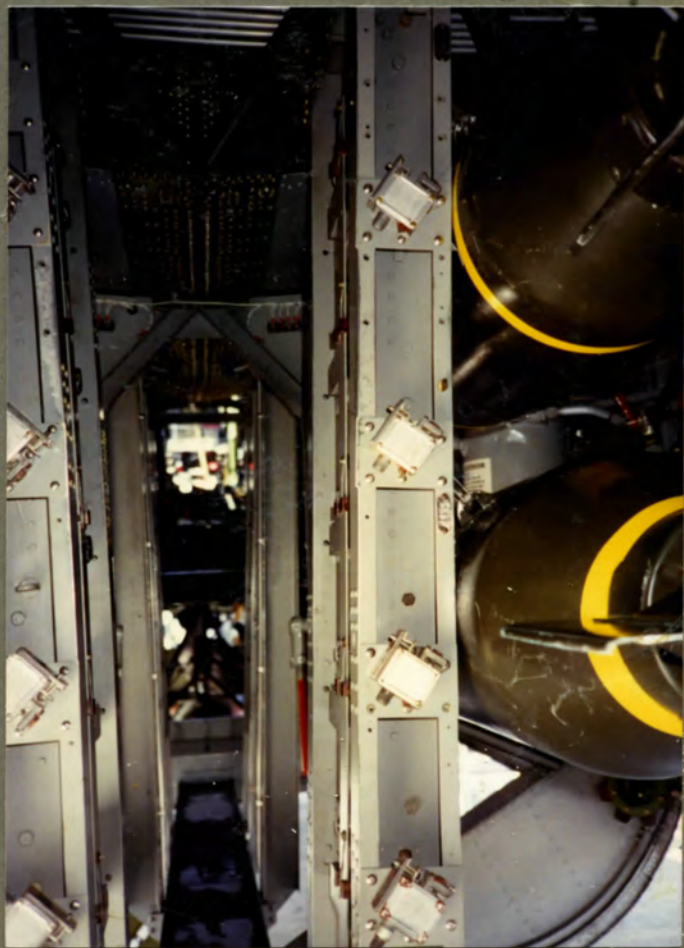






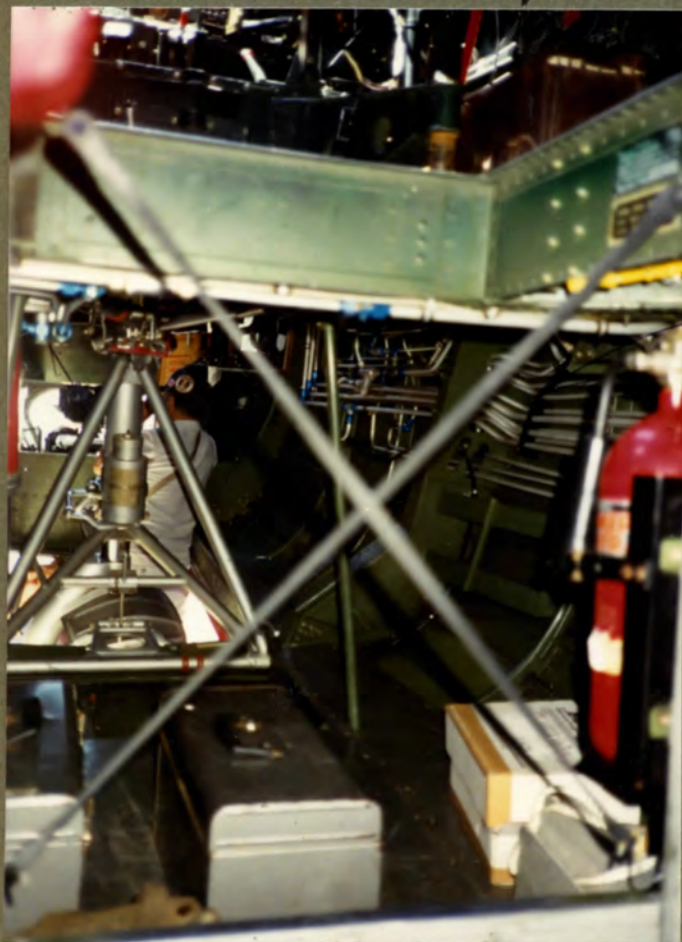


BOMB BAY  
OPENING  
THROUGH  
WHICH I  
BAILED OUT.





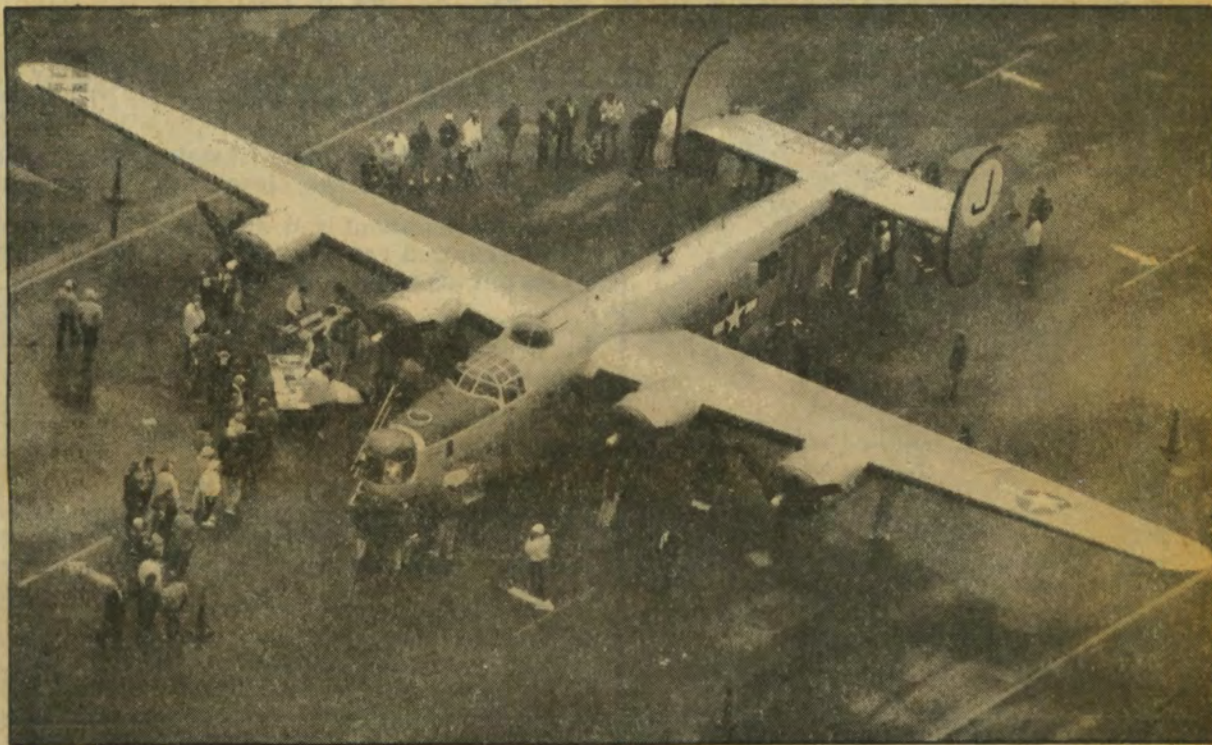
UPPER FLIGHT  
DECK (PILOT, CO-PILOT,  
NAVIGATOR, TOP  
TURRET GUNNER)



NOSE WHEEL  
COMPARTMENT

BOMB BAY





BY LANCE IVERSEN/THE CHRONICLE

## Vintage Bomber on Display

**D**ozens of people came out to catch a glimpse of a vintage B-24 Liberator bomber yesterday at Buchanan Field in Concord. The aircraft, which cost more than \$1.3 million to restore, is the last of 18,479 built during World War II that still flies. Nicknamed the 'All American,' after

another B-24 that shot down 14 enemy fighters in 1944 before being shot down, the plane has been seen by about 3 million people across the nation since it began its cross-country tour in 1989. It will be at Oakland International Airport this afternoon through Thursday.







PARIS

ARCH

OF TRIUMPH

THE HUB OF  
THE SPIDER WEB  
PLAN OF PARIS



NATIONAL  
OPERA

SEEN FROM  
"METRO" ENTRANCE



MADELAINE  
CHURCH

3 BLOCKS FROM  
MY HOTEL





# PARIS VISIT

WHILE WAITING FOR  
TRANSPORT HOME.

ON 'U-E' DAY  
FIGHTER PLANES  
ZOOMED RIGHT  
THRU THE LOWER  
ARCH!



THE CHAILLOT  
PALACE FROM  
THE EIFFEL TOWER



THE VENDÔME SQUARE  
ALL THE RITZY PER-  
FUME & JEWELRY  
HOUSES SURROUNDING.





NOTRE DAME - GARGOYLES & STAINED GLASS WERE UNFORGETTABLE.. -



NAPOLEON & MARSHAL FOCH TOMBS  
AT 'LES INVALIDES' TO LOOK AT THE  
FORMER'S IT IS NECESSARY TO BOW ONE'S HEAD



# 8,000 Captives Flown Out From Germany in Day

**Lt. Col. Gabreski, Top Ace  
in Europe, and Lt. Morgan  
Were Freed by Russians**

By Don Cook

From the Herald Tribune Bureau  
Copyright, 1945, New York Tribune Inc.

LONDON, May 14.—Heavy bombers of the United States 8th Air Force and the Royal Air Force brought nearly 8,000 liberated prisoners out of Germany today, the largest one-day evacuation since the movement began.

Among them were such American air heroes as Lieutenant Colonel Francis S. Gabreski, of Oil City, Pa., and Lieutenant John

C. Morgan, of Amarillo, Tex., holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, whose parents live at 435 East Fifty-second Street, New York.

The liberated airmen were the last to be evacuated by the 8th Air Force from Stalag Luft 1, the German camp where Air Force personnel were kept near the village of Barth, on the Baltic Sea, north of Berlin.

The first of 7,700 American and 1,500 British prisoners from the Barth camp and a second camp near by came out Saturday. At the height of the movement, Flying Fortresses were landing at the rate of twenty an hour for ten hours, loading up with thirty men and taking off without even cutting their motors.

Colonel Gabreski was the top ace of the European theater, with twenty-eight planes destroyed in the air to his credit, before he was shot down and taken prisoner. Lieutenant Morgan won the Medal of Honor for heroism as co-pilot

of a Fortress in a raid over Hamburg on July 26, 1943. His plane was brought down by flak over Berlin on March 6, 1944.

"I was lucky to be picked up by two flak gunners as soon as I parachuted down on Berlin," he said. "Some of the other fellows who were captured by civilians were tortured and killed."

Because the airmen used to cheer the Forts passing over Barth on the way to Berlin and other cities they were ordered by guards to stay in their barracks where planes were overhead. They told of one man who was shot through the head because he unwittingly walked out while a mission was flying overhead.

Liberated by the Russians, the prisoners had an amazing supply of food on hand when their evacuation began, all of which was given to them by the Red Army.

"The first night they drove in about 150 cattle," an officer related. "We appointed a butchering committee to take care of the unexpected food supply. The

THIS CREW (NOW ME) ACTUALLY COMPLETED  
50 MISSIONS

B-24H

Crew No. FA- -AY-19A

#42-51127

2nd Lt.	Yankee, Wayne A.	0813636	(P)
2nd Lt.	Bentley, Melvin	0817618	(CP)
2nd Lt.	Canin, Irving P.	0700885	(N)
2nd Lt.	Shesa, Louis B.	0694806	(B)
2nd Lt. (0141)	Harlan, James R.	0867402	(Radar O.)
S/Sgt.	Benfield, John A.	34607218	(E)
S/Sgt.	Robinson, Lloyd D.	39694637	(RO)
Sgt.	Cain, Ralph B.	36460747	(AG)
Cpl. (867)	DeLance, Harold C.	39272196	(Radar Mech)
Cpl. (867)	Niskromoni, Walter M.	39037716	(Radar Mech)

- THE ABOVE LIST ARE THE GUYS I TRAINED WITH AS A CREW.
- I NAVIGATED OUR FLIGHT FROM GANDER NEWFOUNDLAND TO OUR BASE IN ITALY.
- THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I FLEW WITH THEM SINCE I WAS ASSIGNED TO A DEPUTY LEAD PLANE ON THE BOMBING MISSIONS THAT FOLLOWED



# AIR ACE GABRESKI FREED WITH 9,200

Group Is Flown to London—  
One Says German Civilians  
Tortured, Killed Our Fliers

LONDON, May 14 (AP)—German civilians tortured and killed some American airmen forced down in Germany, one of a large group of liberated American prisoners of war said today upon returning by air from a German camp at Barth on the Baltic.

Included among the 9,200 prisoners freed from the camp, Stalag Luft No. 1, north of Berlin, were several famed United States flying aces, including Lieut. Col. Francis S. Gabreski of Oil City, Pa., and Col. Hubert Zemke of Missoula, Mont.

Colonel Gabreski, as a Thunderbolt pilot, set the present Eighth Air Force record of twenty-eight enemy planes shot down in the air and also destroyed three on the ground. Colonel Zemke, a Mustang group commander, is credited with nineteen and one-half in the air and eleven on the ground.

Evacuation of the prisoners from Barth was completed today by heavy bombers of the Eighth Air Force. One of those returned, Lieut. John C. (Red) Morgan of Amarillo, Tex., holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, told of the torture of American fliers by German civilians.

Lieutenant Morgan, whose parents now live at 435 East Fifty-second Street, New York, was captured when his Flying Fortress exploded after being struck by flak in an attack on Berlin on March 6, 1944.

"I was lucky to be picked up by German flak gunners as soon as I parachuted down," he said. "Some of the other fellows who were captured by civilians were tortured and killed."

## New Job for Big Bombers

The airborne return of 7,700 Americans and 1,500 British from Stalag Luft No. 1—described by the Eighth Air Force as one of the greatest operations of its kind ever undertaken—was begun Saturday by heavy bombers.

In Germany the planes landed on fields prepared by the prisoners themselves.

Meanwhile, the Royal Air Force flew back more than 5,500 freed Allied prisoners of war today to bring its total to 32,747 in addition to 19,854 moved from forward airfields in Germany to rear bases on the Continent.

# U.S. Aces Back in Deck



L. to r.: Col. Hubert Zemke, Lieut. Col. Francis S. Gabreski and Lieut. John C. Morgan.

London, May 14 (AP).—Several famous U. S. aces, including Lieut. Col. Francis S. Gabreski, who destroyed 28 planes in the air and three on the ground, were among 9,200 prisoners of war liberated from a camp near Barth whose return to England was completed today.

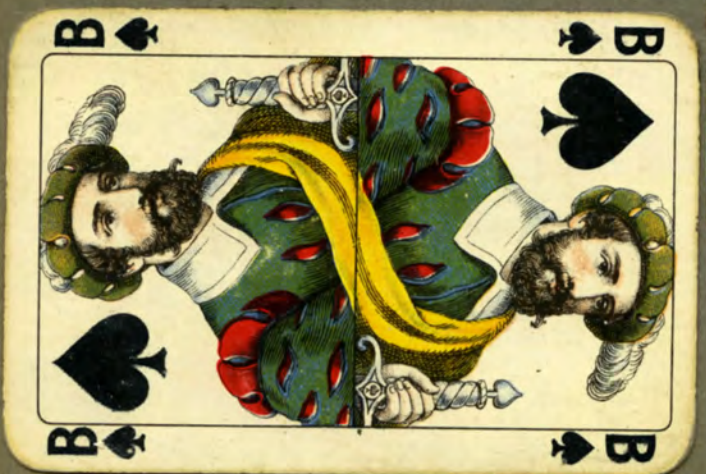
Along with Gabreski, an Oil City, Pa., Thunderbolt pilot, were Col. Hubert Zemke, Missoula, Mont., Mustang group commander who destroyed 19½

planes in the air and 11 on the ground, and Lieut. John C. Morgan, Amarillo, Tex., bomber pilot who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor. Morgan's parents now live at 435 E. 52d St., New York.

The movement of 7,700 American and 1,500 British out of the camp north of Berlin, known as Stalag Luft 1, began Saturday with 54 U. S. 8th Air Force bombers landing and taking off on a field which the prisoners themselves had prepared.

WE DIDN'T ESPECIALLY  
CARE FOR GABRESKI'S  
STATEMENTS TO THE  
PRESS THAT ALL OUR  
RETURNING AIR FORCE  
POWS WERE ANXIOUS  
TO GET OVER TO THE  
PACIFIC AS SOON AS  
WE COULD.





20  
ELEGANTES  
CAPORAL  
ORDINAIRE  
7 Frs

LS 502

CAISSE AUTONOME  
D'AMORTISSEMENT


RÉGIE FRANÇAISE

RÉGIE FRANÇAISE DES TABACS.  
CIGARETTES.

MANUFACTURES DE L'ÉTAT.  
FRANCE.

State D  
E 2 B



<p>СРПСКИ ДРЖАВНИ МОНОПОЛ</p> <p><b>ДРАВА</b></p> <p>АТЛЕВДИО 02</p> 	<p>Ч-III</p>	<p>СРПСКИ ДРЖАВНИ МОНОПОЛ</p> <p><b>ДРАВА</b></p> <p>20 ЦИГАРЕТА</p> 
--	--------------	---

ABAKMOIOPOL DOM JABA

SPORI

Red Mark

*Elegante*

DRAMA  
A2A2A

**CRAVEN**  
MIXTURE

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A HIGH-CLASS SMOKING Mixture  
MADE IN ENGLAND







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504

U.1040

JACQUES SIMON FEC.

C.16-6-1942.C

25894504

BANQUE DE L'ALGERIE

TUNISIE

CENT FRANCS  
مائة فرنك





E. A. WRIGHT BANK NOTE CO. PHILA.







DECR. MIN. 30 LUGLIO 1896 E 7 AGOSTO 1943

DECR. MIN. 28 AGOSTO 1943 E 9 AGOSTO 1943











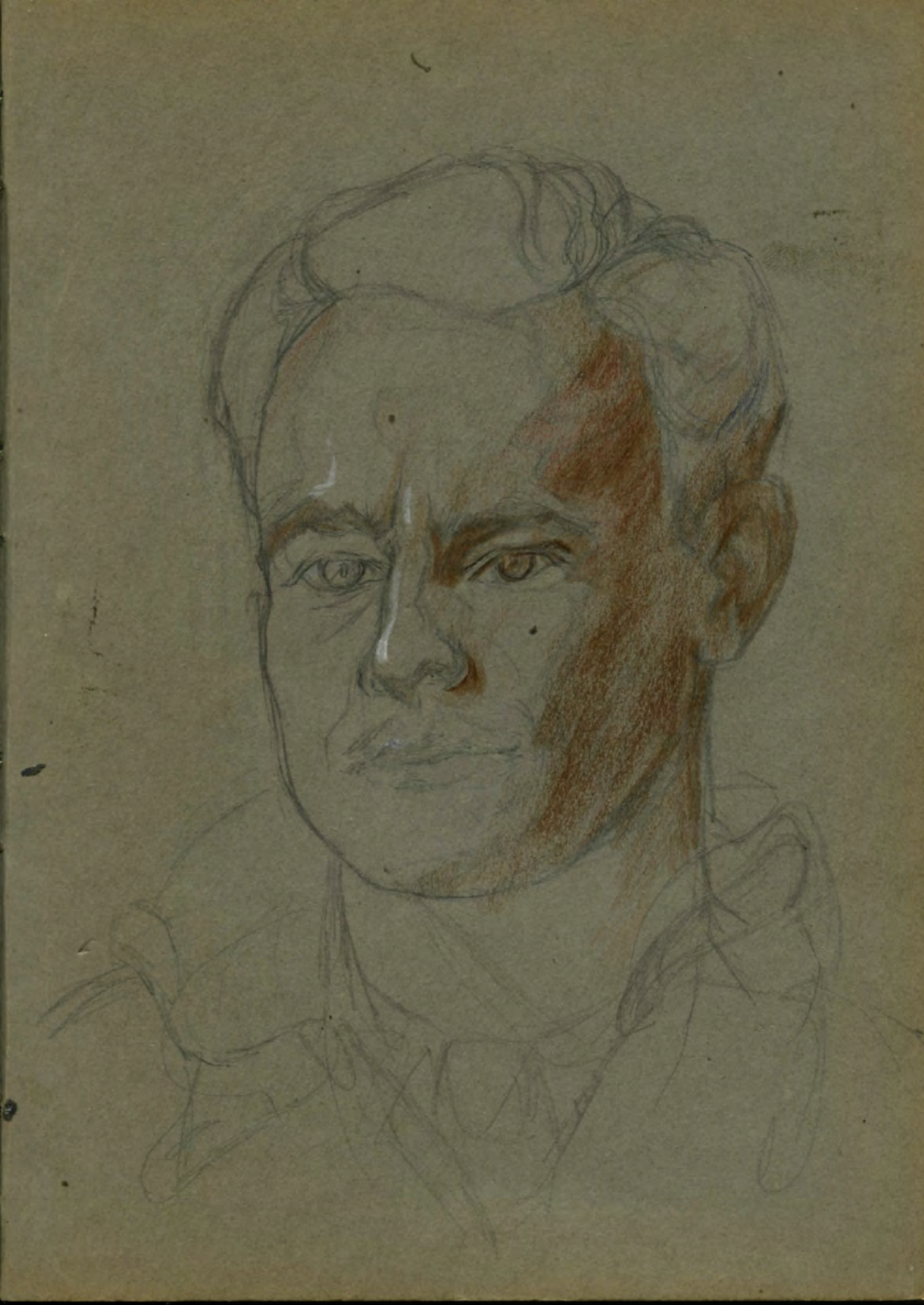
















# HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
 And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings  
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
 Of sunsplit clouds  
 And done a hundred things you have not dreamed of  
 Wheeled and soared  
 And spun high in the sunlit silence.  
 Up, up the long delirious burning blue  
 I've topped the windswept heights  
 Where never lark or even eagle flew  
 Hovering there I've chased the shouting winds  
 Along the footless halls of air  
 And while, with silent lifted mind, I've trod  
 The high, untrespassed sanctity of space  
 Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*John McGee - R.A.F., killed in action*







## AN ESCORT OF P-38S

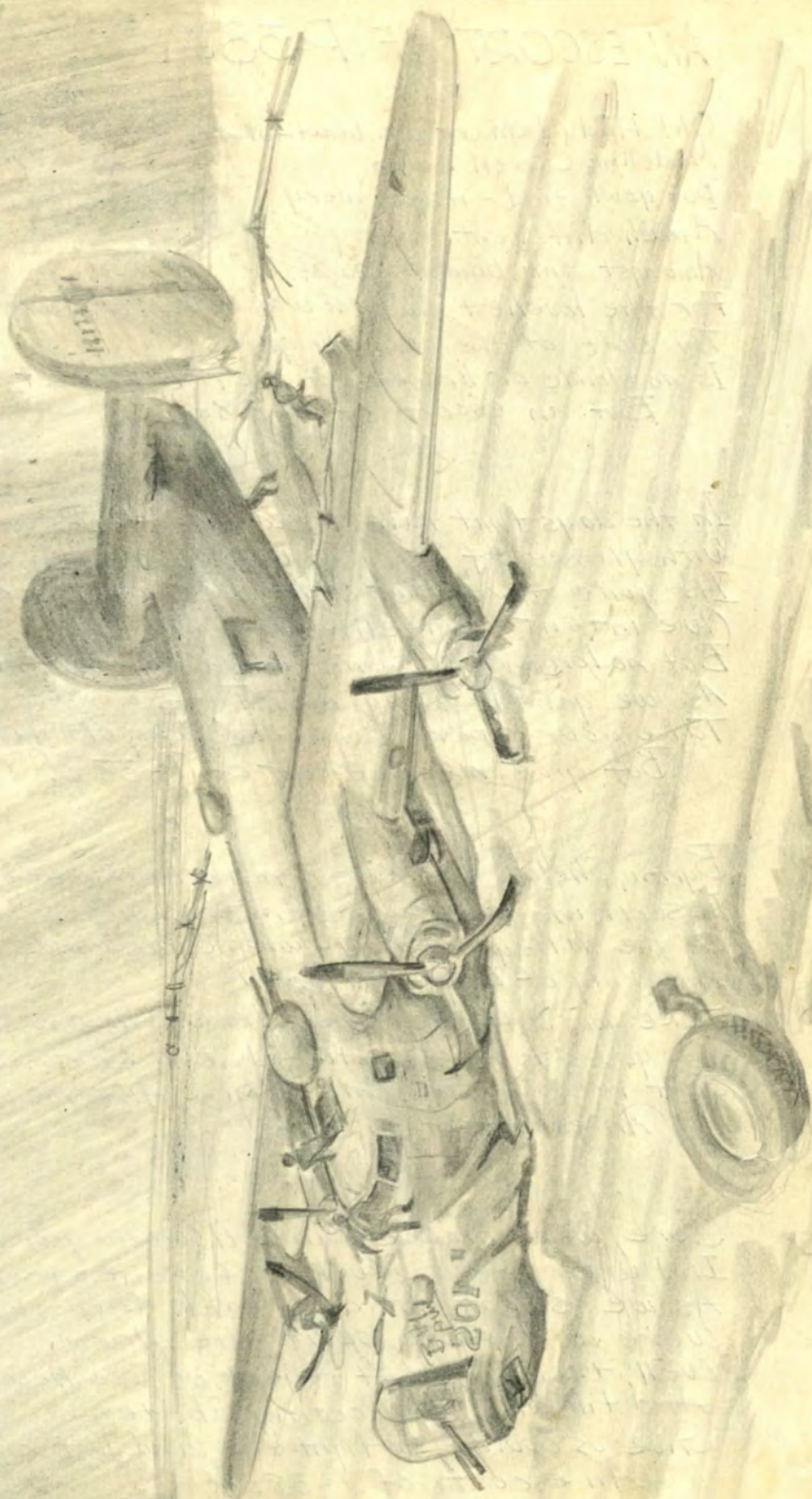
Oh! Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal,  
 Madeline Carroll is too.  
 But you'll find - if you query  
 A much different theory  
 Amongst any bomber crew  
 For the loveliest thing, of which one could sing  
 This side of the heavenly gates  
 Is no blonde or brunette of the Hollywood set  
 But an escort of P-38s!

In the days that have passed, when tables were messed  
 With glasses of Scotch and Champagne,  
 It's quite true that sight, was a thing of delight  
 (We intent on feeling no pain)  
 But no longer the same, nowadays in this game  
 As we gamble daily with Fate.  
 Take your sparkling wine, any old time  
 But give me an escort of P-38s!

Byron, Shelley, and Keats, ran a dozen heats  
 Describing the views from the hills  
 Of the valleys in May - where the winds gently sway  
 An army of bright daffodils  
 Take your daffodils, Byron, the wild flowers, Shelley,  
 Yours is the myrtle, friend Keats.  
 Just reserve me some cuties, American beauties,  
 An escort of P-38s!

Sure, we're braver than hell (on the ground), all is swell,  
 In the air, it's a much different story  
 As we sweat out our track thru the fighters & flak,  
 We're willing to split the glory.  
 Well, they wouldn't reject us, so heaven protect us  
 And till all the shooting abates  
 Give us courage to fight 'em, and just one small item,  
 An escort of P-38s!







## THE GALLANT AIRMAN

A gallant young pilot lay dying  
Beneath the wreckage he lay  
The pilots all gathered 'round him  
As these dying words he did say:

"I never should 'a joined the air corps  
Mama, dear mama knew best  
Cause 'ere I lie under the wreckage  
Pratt-Whitney all over my chest.

From the small of my back take the crankshaft  
The piston rods out of my brains  
Take the spark plugs out of my kidneys  
And assemble the fortress again.

When the Board of Inquiry assembles  
Tell 'em the reason I died  
T'was a very flat spin that resembled  
The maximum angle of glide.

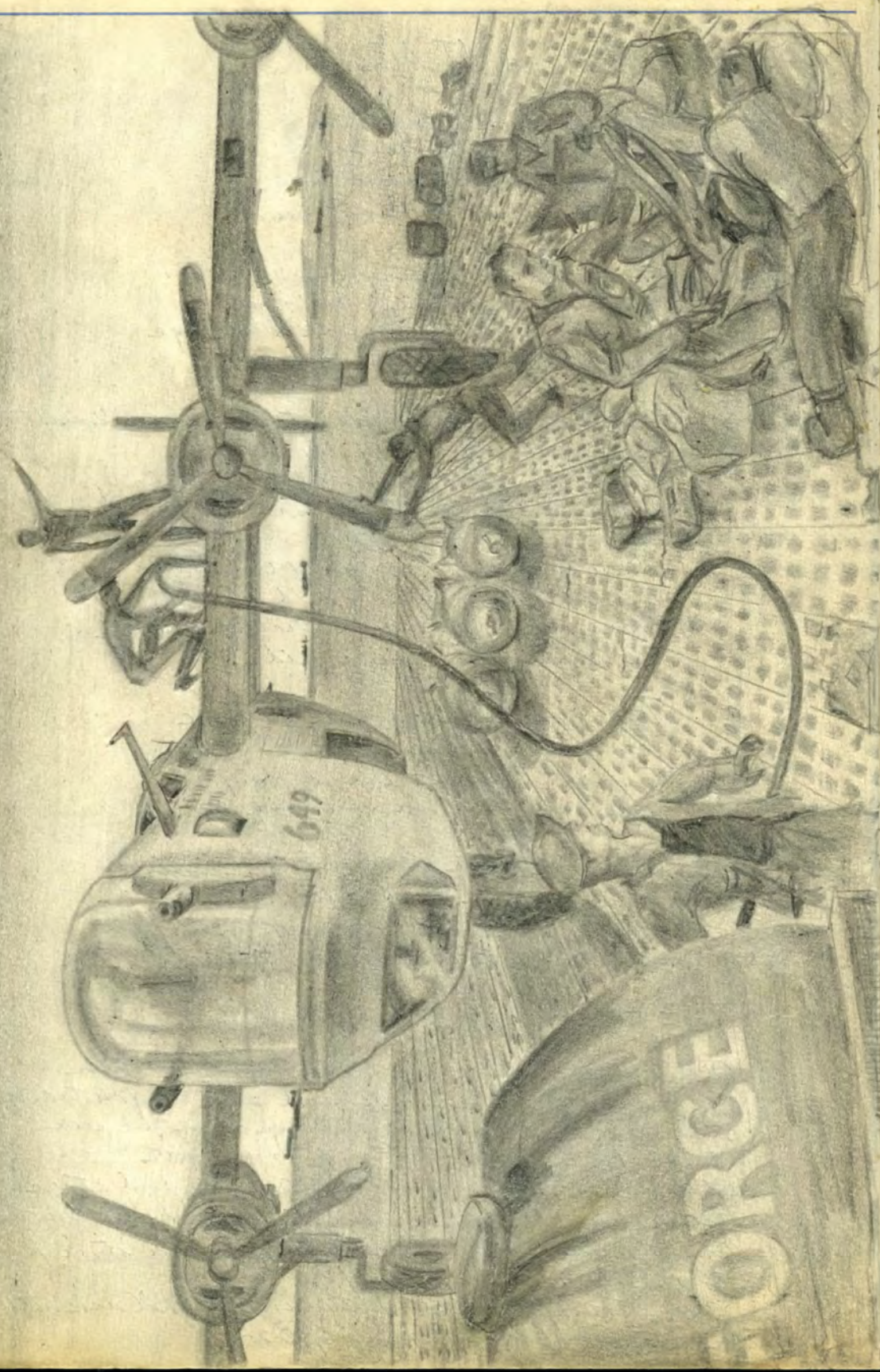
Torn from the land that bore me  
Torn from the one I love  
To fight for death and glory  
And to die in the skies above.

Stand by your glasses steady  
Hold up your glasses high  
Drink to the dead already  
And here's to the next one to die."

## THE B-24 by a B-24 pilot, Charles Knorr

A fat bellied hulk, with a hump on its back  
She wobbles and she weaves, and can't stay on track  
It shudders and sighs as it drag thru the air  
It's the B-24, and it gets in your hair  
At the throats of her engines you tremble and stare  
Lest she cans leave their mountings and fly thru the air  
On the ground it's awkward; in the air it's a flunk  
It's the B-24 and a pile of junk  
Still, it's the ship that I flew in, and I'll ask nothing more  
Than to go on carousing in my B-24.







# THE FIRST MISSION

One balmy December morning, the planes began to roar  
 Into the wild blue yonder, they were going off to war.  
 The target, it was Bremen, the mission was our first.  
 The "old man" Terror-fliers were out to do their worst,  
 We formed the 3 ship section, and then we formed the six.  
 But when we tried to join the group, the leader did  
 some tricks.

The inside ships were stalling, the outside did 210.

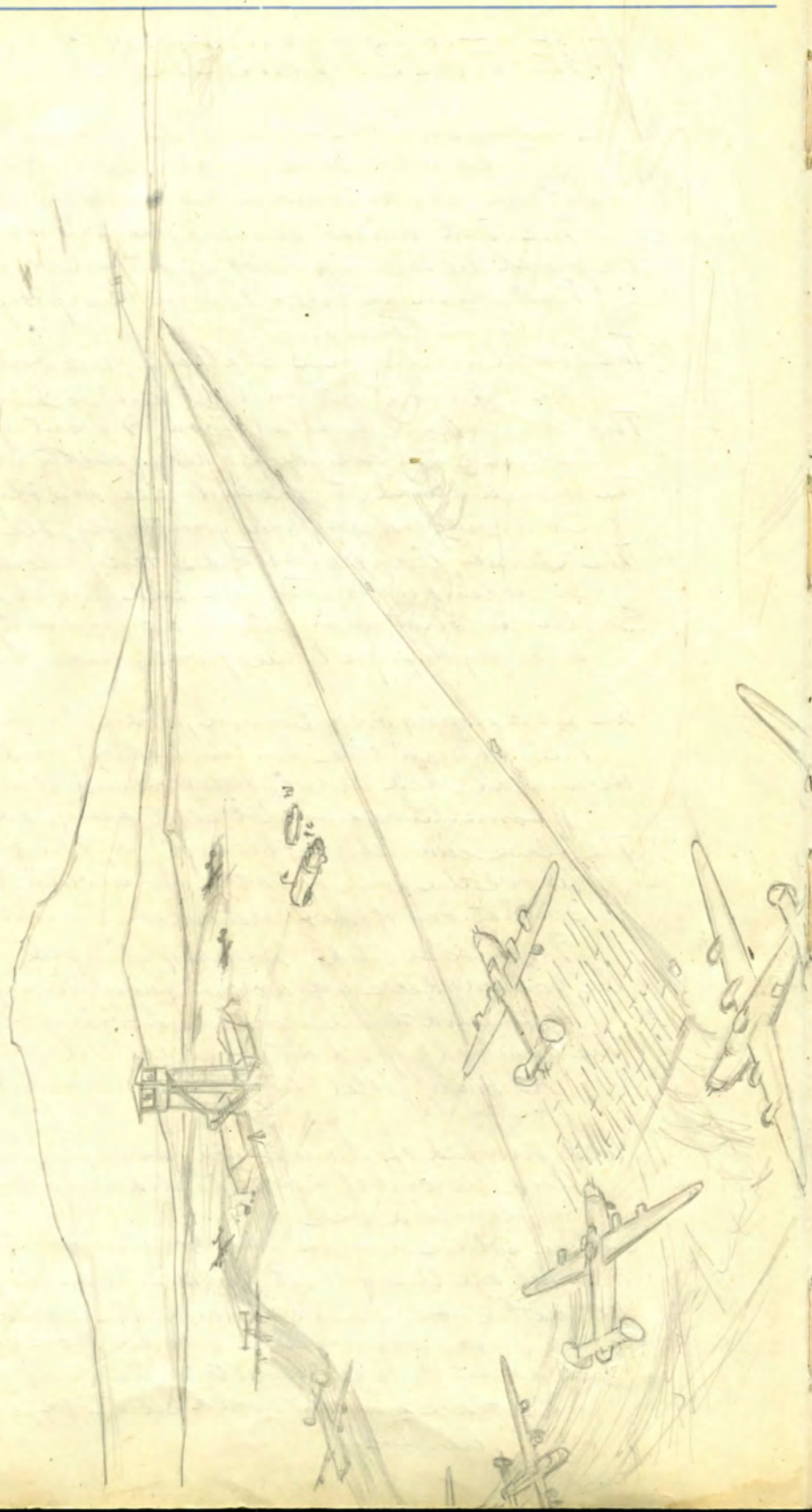
The "Old Man" got on V.H.F. and said "Now listen men!  
 Tho' this is your first mission, I want you all to know  
 When you have me tag along, there's bound to be a show.  
 The bunch ahead it's plain to see, is a Flying Fortress group  
 So about the way were going to fly, I'll now dish out some  
 The "Terries", they are bastards, they know that we are <sup>poop</sup> ~~new~~  
 Expecting us to straggle and they'll jump us, if we do  
 So this is what we'll plan to do, if "Terry" starts a fuss  
 We'll fly so close to the group ahead, they won't know which is  
 us."

We were flying over Bremen, when the Terries came in to scrap  
 The "Old Man" took his tin hat off and laid it in his lap  
 He winked back at the engineer and this is what he said  
 "If something must be shot away, I'd rather lose my head."  
 The flak was thick around us, the fighters they were worse  
 Above the roar of battle you could hear the "Old Man" curse  
 The vibrations of the turrets made the instrument panel dance  
 I was so excited, I nearly jumped out my pants.  
 The bombardier was working now his sight was synchronized,  
 He knelt there sweating drops of blood with flak before  
 The bombs dropped out from all the ships, the crisis it was <sup>his eyes</sup> ~~it was~~  
 "Old man" yelled "let's clear the joint - Brooker I mean <sup>fast</sup> ~~fast~~."

We'd finished off the mission, every "lib" accounted for  
 And the combat crews started chipping in for stuff to  
 build a bar

Cause when a man has done a job, that takes guts & spend  
 The one thing that he likes to do, is go get stinking drunk  
 No matter soon how brave you are, no matter child, how bold  
 A fliers big ambition is to die from getting old  
 And when the flak is mighty thick, and fighters by you pass  
 The place a man should like to be, is back home on  
 his ass.







## JOIN THE AIR CORPS

Come on and join the Air Corps  
 It's a grand old life they say  
 You never do any work at all  
 Just fly around all day.  
 While others work and study hard  
 And grow so old and blind  
 You take to the air without a care  
 With no worries on your mind.

Come on and get promoted  
 As high as you desire  
 You're riding on a gravy train  
 When you're an army flier  
 But just when you're about to be  
 A general... you will find  
 Your slip folds up, the wings come off  
 With no worries on your mind.

You're flying o'er the ocean  
 You hear your motors quit  
 You see your prop come to a stop  
 The worn out engines quit  
 The plane won't float, you can't swim  
 The shore is miles behind  
 Oh! What a dish for sharks and fish  
 With no worries on your mind.

You meet up with a Messerschmitt  
 He shoots you down in flames  
 Don't waste your time cursing  
 And calling nasty names  
 Just push your stick into the ground  
 And pretty soon you'll find  
 There is no hell and all goes well  
 With no worries on your mind.



## FLYING BUDDY

I have gathered up the poppies  
 That survived the searing shell  
 I have borrowed from Mohammed  
 Angel wings he wouldn't sell  
 I have drained the merest beauty  
 From the crippled hills of hell  
 And weaved a wreath in memory - Flying Buddy

I have scouted amidst the embers  
 Of the trenches but in vain  
 I have crawled upon the mountain  
 And along the desert lane  
 Seeking but a lodge of Jesus  
 To adorn a valiant stain  
 But your crucifix is cactus - Flying Buddy

I have sought around the ruins  
 Where the ghosts of flags accrue  
 But I cannot find a fragment  
 Of that dear flag we knew  
 To hold upon your memory  
 And to ward the sands from you  
 So I lay you with your wings - Flying Buddy

I have commandeered a fraction  
 Of Africa's old breast  
 And with my fingers I have torn  
 For you a bivouac rest  
 Your feet are turned to heaven  
 And your eyes are towards the west  
 I have well filled my promise - Flying Buddy

I cannot bring you bugles  
 As I close your weary eyes  
 I clasp your hands together  
 Neath the blue of foreign skies  
 But a part of me detaches  
 Descends to you and dies  
 You are not alone in slumber - Flying Buddy



# FILLMAN'S STORY (my roommates "horror story" written by his bombardier, Lt. Bernard Wasserman.)

Sitting off there in the corner  
Huddled right up to the heat  
Sat a scared and a worried flyer  
Feeling low and pretty beat  
Solitary is real trying  
Memories of a bail out close  
Where his crew were, his mind questioned  
Were the Swiss people their host?

One day they set out for Augsburg  
"milk run, milk run!", they'd cried  
Why worry 'bout distance  
When no fighters would be tried?  
But without the southern Luftwaffe  
Had these gallant bombers dreamed  
Till one hour before the target.  
From the sun, like rays, they streamed.

There was first a flock of Focke Wolves  
Then Messerschmidt one-o-nines  
Another moment brought the call  
"Twin engines - from 12 o'clock to 9!"  
From their wings like sparklers blinking  
Came a steady stream of lead  
Turret guns chattered in answer  
Kill or we'd soon be dead.

We were lucky for the moment  
From that hell we came out safe  
But when we reached the I. P.  
We could tell we had been strafed.  
It was easy to see we'd had it  
For as we straightened out,  
Number two prop ran away  
That we'd make it was in doubt.

Still we stayed right on the bomb run  
Till our indices would cross  
To do some decent bombing  
And show Jerry who was boss.

CONTINUED



"Bombs away!" and then I noticed  
 That we'd been hit by flaks.  
 Number three was smoking and burning,  
 We'd never make it back.  
 "Crew prepare yourselves for bail out,"  
 was the order from the deck  
 Could we make it to Switzerland's border  
 Or would we wind up in a wreck?

"Navigator from pilot calling:-  
 What heading should we take?"  
 "Two four two," I answered promptly  
 Switzerland was at stake.  
 "Bombardier to pilot calling:-  
 listen Mac, what shall we do  
 Do you want us to stay with it?"  
 "Jumps and I'll soon join you!"

Preached down and kicked out the hatch door  
 Spun out turning round and round  
 The bombardier close behind me  
 It seemed hours till we hit the ground.  
 The Jerries were completely round us  
 We didn't have a chance  
 They took us and our flying gear  
 With many a dirty glance.

We'd landed right in Jerry arms  
 And we would fly no more.  
 Would the Jerries treat us decently  
 Or was a rifle squad in store?  
 We were lucky, for the Wehrmacht  
 Locked us safe away  
 So Gestapo and civilians  
 Had no chance to play.

Solitary at old Dulaag  
 Was the next thing to befall  
 Time soon found us counting cracks  
 In cells along the hall.  
 After that came Stalag  
 Where now we rest our heads  
 Thinking of our home land  
 As we sack time in our beds.



## BOMBER PILOTS LAMENT

If enlisted men meander  
Or engage in rape and slander;  
It's the combat crew commander  
They defame!

If his officers are lazy,  
And from alcohol they're hazy  
If, in fact, a little crazy  
He's to blame!

If they don't salute their betters  
Or they fail to pay their debtors  
Or write censorable letters  
Or get stewed ...

If they come back late from passes  
Or decline to go to classes;  
You can bet it's not their asses  
That gets chewed

When returning from a sortie  
And the gas is down to forty  
And the plane's three engines sputter  
He brings them down

Do the crew more understanding?  
Sympathetic, less demanding?  
No! They criticize his landing -  
On the ground!

Yes, life is surely rough  
For the hero of this ditty  
And he doesn't get much pity  
In this hard school.

But although he's nurse and mother  
To Joe Blow and Joe Blow's brother  
He'd trade places with no other  
The dull tool!



## THE LAST FLIGHT OF FIVE SEVEN ZERO

I heard the speaker howling as in my bed I lay  
 "Roll call is in an hour"; another said today.  
 I pulled the covers closer; I've got an hour yet  
 If I knew then, what I know now, I'd still be there, I bet.

The minutes passed so swiftly, but gosh it still was night.  
 Don't those fools that wake us up, know you can't take off till  
 I washed and dressed and still had time to get a bite to eat,  
 and after that get on the truck and try to get a seat.

The take off was quite early, the morning sky was red  
 As things developed later, I should have stayed in bed.  
 The bomber's name was "Achtung" - attention as Jerry's say,  
 and it sure got their attention, on that sad and fateful day.  
 I was sitting in my turret, but I couldn't fall asleep  
 For the target was a rough one and our climb was awfully steep.  
 We flew hours after hour, the time had slowly passed,  
 till we were deep in Germany - almost there at last.

Three more minutes and we'll be there," the navigator said.  
 As we turned in at the T.P. - the target dead ahead.  
 Our bomb bay doors were open and we were on the run  
 when flak guns started popping; we were there to hit the bun.

The target was below us, the cry was "Bombs away!"  
 and the bomb bay doors were closing, our raid was done that day.  
 The flak was getting closer and then I felt it hit.  
 The tail, the waist and bomb bay - thru all the fragments spit

our left wing was afire, our oxygen was out  
 It seemed to us our Fortress had been to its last bout  
 one inboard engine feathered, all other planes had passed  
 the fire was gaining headway - we had to leave, but fast!

"Bail out!" the pilot shouted above the fire's roar  
 I told the men up in the nose and then went out the door.  
 The navigator followed; the bombardier close behind  
 thru the clear sky I was floating, when a thought came to my mind.

What had happened to the Fortress in the seconds that  
 then way off in the distance appeared a mighty beast?  
 And I knew then she was finished - this I couldn't hear a sound.  
 The pieces of old "Achtung" were floating to the ground.



## FOR YOU THE WAR IS OVER

"For you the war is over," the flyer heard the phrase  
But it took a while to sink in for he was slightly dazed.  
Short hours ago his plane roared thru skies above so blue  
With tons of lead in her belly and a damn good fighting crew

"For you the war is over; you can make it what you please  
Solitary confinement, rough treatment, or else a life of ease  
The information that we want can hurt you not at all  
So what is the phrase you Yankees use? Oh yes! Come on, play ball.

We can give food, and cigarettes, and quarters as good as our own  
Or else some lead from a fighting squad and a grave that's marked <sup>unknown</sup>  
Your commander was Col — and you flew with the — group  
All your training was done out west, don't lie, we have all the poop.

The Jerry told him so damn much the flyer's head just reeled.  
Then the voice began again: "Just where was your field?"  
He was just a kid and didn't want to die  
But just as he opened his mouth a scene flashed past his eye.

The boys of the group were at the bar and the spirits and toasts ran high  
'Here's to the boys who have gone before and here's to the next to die'.  
Then bombs rained down from darkened skies and the craters where  
were the gates thru which his buddies poured to swell the ranks of hell!

He tried to laugh, but it wouldn't work, he hoped it was just a bluff  
But if this Kraut was telling the truth, things were really rough  
He was scared, it's true, but what the hell, he'd played the game &  
He'd laughed at death up in the sky, so now he'd pay the cost.

"For me the war is over, Bud, you've got something there.  
But there's a million men just like me, and they'll still be in your <sup>hair</sup>  
You've got me where you want me, and I've written out my will  
So the last words you'll hear from me, are, Jerry, go to Hell."



## DULAG LUFT

Seventeen days in the cooler  
A wretched life in the clink  
Because of Hitler, the ruler  
Of politics, synonymous with stink

Daily the raving and ranting  
Interrogators tricky and sleek  
Threatening, prying and pleading  
Your Country's secrets they seek.

"What were the names of your buddies?  
Was it fighters that got you, or flak?  
I plead for the sake of their families  
Let them know they'll never come back.

Who was leading the outfit?  
Your target - was it in the Ruler?  
Come, come, we know all about it  
You won't? Oh, you're a saboteur.

Tonight the Gestapo will take you  
Tomorrow at dawn you will die  
Unless you answer our questions  
And mind you, I'll know if you lie.

## IN SOLITARY

And so another day goes by.  
On the wall, another mark  
Twilight leaves the window panes  
My lonely cell goes dark  
A pale moon makes the evening known  
The hushed birds seek their nest  
My thoughts again are turning home  
To the ones I love the best  
Thus I mark another day  
In the gloom I bow my head  
And pray for my loved ones, far away,  
Then turn to my prison bed.

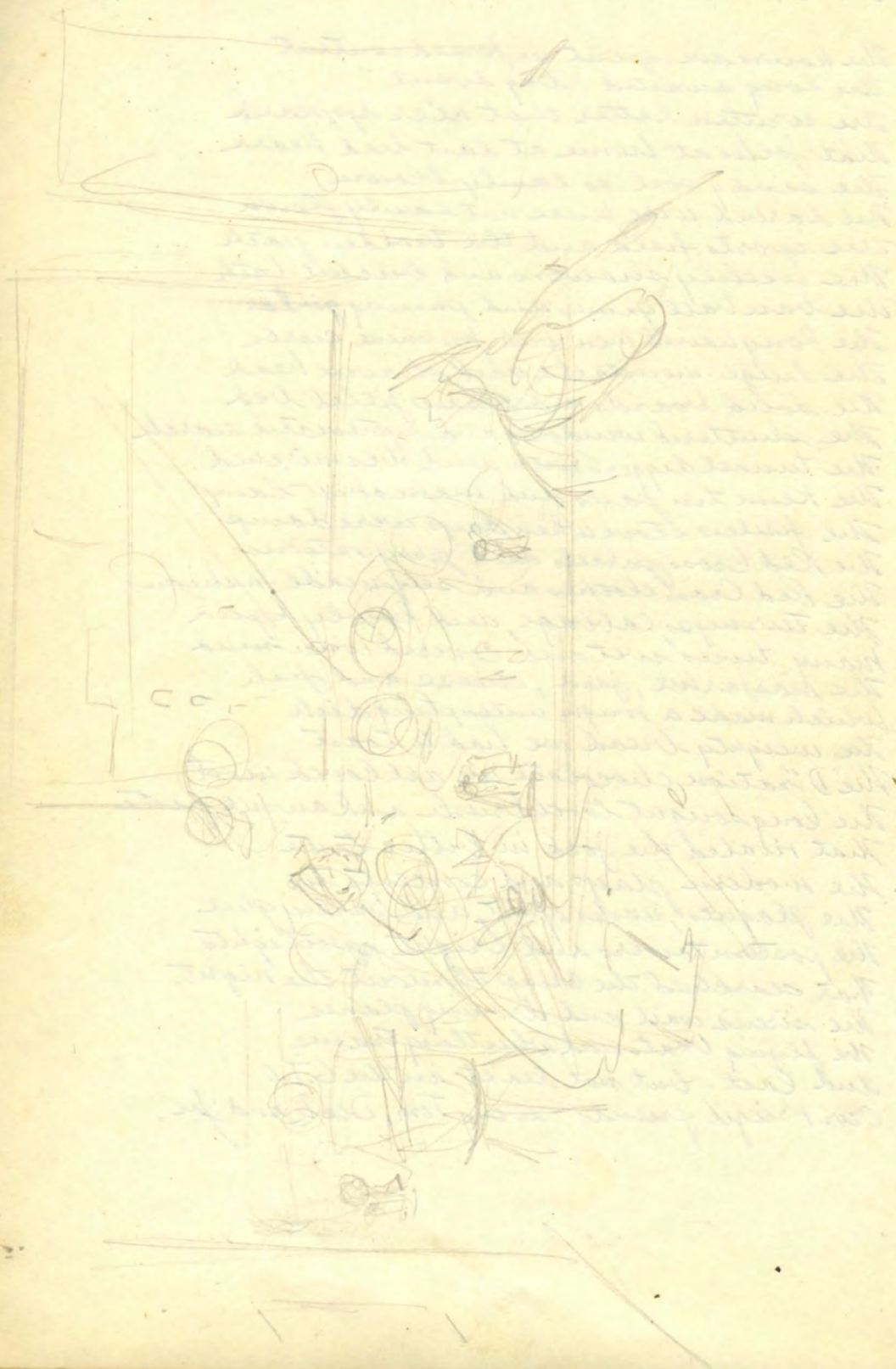


## LEST WE FORGET

The hours we spent in forced content  
 The long awaited "big event"  
 The written letter that ne'er appeared  
 That folks at home at last had heard.  
 The sandy soil so easily blown  
 The barbed wire fence not easily frown  
 The sports field and the trodden path  
 The weekly showers and bucket bath  
 The base ball games and passing girls  
 The long haired men with feminine curls  
 The huge moustache and shaven head  
 The solid boards and straw filled bed  
 The shuttered windows and systematic search  
 The tunnel diggers with mud besmirched  
 The Klim tin pans and makeshift lamp  
 The fireless stove when days were damp  
 The Red Cross parcels and Jerry rations  
 The Red Cross clothes and self-made fashions  
 The turnips, cabbage, and lowly food  
 Many times wet and covered with mud  
 The margarine, jam, cheese and fish  
 Which made a rough untempting dish  
 The weighty bread we had to toast  
 The "D" ration chocolate we all loved most  
 The long sought toothbrush and awful paste  
 That rivaled the food in bitter taste  
 The modern plays and concerts too  
 The plaques, washes apart, and varley glue  
 The postern towers and bright spotlights  
 That searched the camp thruout the night  
 The siren's wail and droning planes  
 The flying boats and whistling trains  
 And last - but not least in the G.T.O  
 Our Kriegie friends - every Tom, Dick and Joe.



LET US WE FORGET





## LAMENT AT RUMOURS

What stories of victory assault my ears  
 Assurance that "Ike" has answered my prayers  
 "I know that it's true - Von Schmaltz told the Doc"  
 "The Jerry's are thru, tell the rest of the block."  
 "They've had to retreat, just look at the map  
 Still another defeat! It looks like a snap!"

"Now listen here, chum. I heard that last crash.  
 So you think it's the end." grates advice from the back  
 "I've been here to long to listen to you  
 It's the same old sad song that never comes true.  
 When copious tanks roll up thru the fence  
 I'll know that the Yanks broke Jerry's defense.  
 When G.I.s appear and WACs take the towers  
 I'll know "Sam" is here and Germany's ours.  
 So, to tell with your story, it may be quite true  
 But when Patton slaps Herman, I'll know that it's there!"

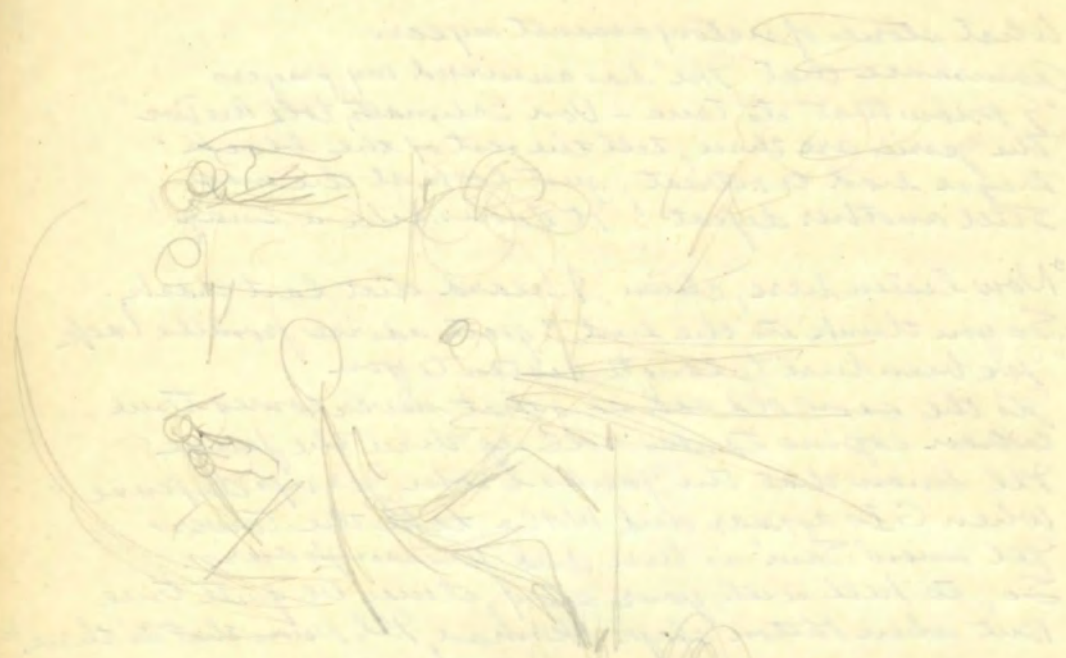
## TO AN ELEGANTE CAPORAL

When I have fears that I may cease to smoke  
 Because my ration for the week is done  
 I look about for some gullible bloke  
 To grant a Camel, or a Captain loan  
 And having failed, I turn at last to you  
 My last resort, my all unerring friend  
 Oh, Elegante Caporal, so true.

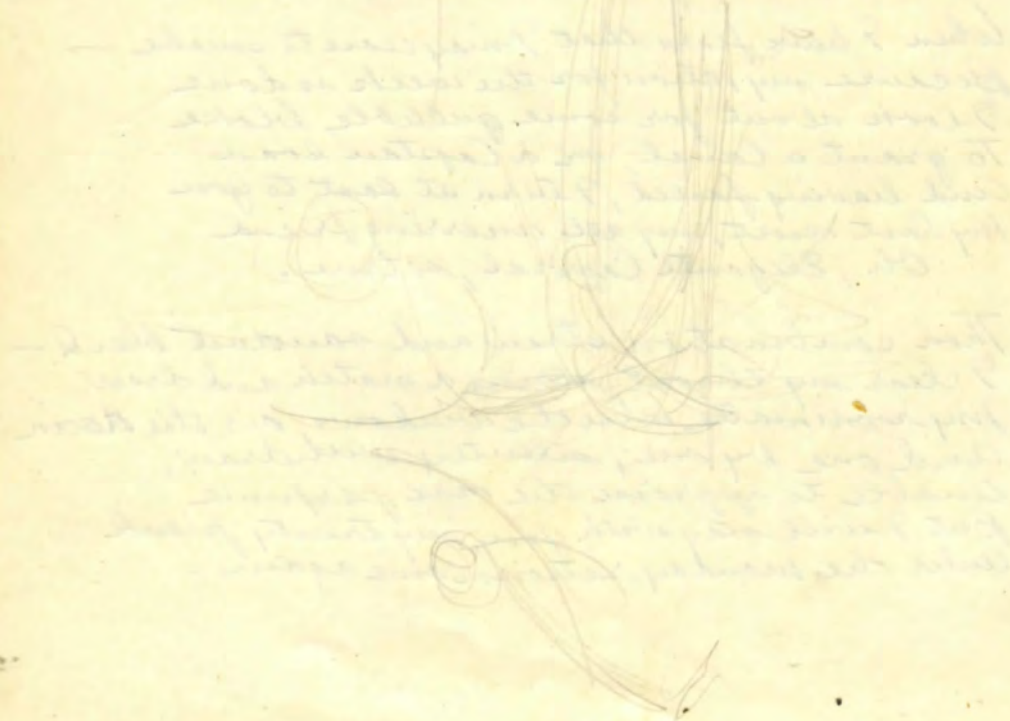
Thou combination straw and sand dust blend -  
 I clear my throat, strike a match and draw.  
 My room mates raise the windows, air the ~~down~~  
 And one by one, silently withdraw,  
 Unable to appraise the rare perfume  
 But I will stay with you, my trusty friend  
 Until the Monday rations come again.



## LAMENT AT BIRMINGHAM



## TO AN ELEGANT CAPTAIN





## ON A CAN OF ENGLISH MEAT ROLL

Oh, gentle knight in armour bright  
 Oh, welcome, wondrous visitor.  
 What gastronomical delight  
 lurks deep in thine interior?  
 Spring wide the shining visor  
 Bring to light the dark arcana  
 wrapped within thy breast;  
     Oh food of gods  
     Ambrosial entity  
 Taste I already 'tween my teeth.  
 Thy virginal and yielding flesh.  
 Nor will I rest till thou  
 Hast rendered all thyself to me  
 See how my eager blade strips thy cuirass!

With swift, impatient strokes  
 Thou standest revealed.  
 But what is this pale waxen ghost?  
 - Alas - Not fish nor fowl  
 Nor beast of dewey field.  
 No! of flesh thou never wert!  
 But some preposterous travesty  
     of golden Ceres.  
 Part price of purchased peerage. Hark  
 The hellish clink of coin!  
     The unwholesome whore!  
     Unholy wretch!  
 Despite thy metal mask, methinks  
 Thou has not e'en the strength to stink.

## MOLE SONG

Eager terror flieger, waiting in suspense  
 "Tonight we use the tunnel, underneath the fence."  
 Juft gauster prankster, like a common lug  
 Twenty days on diet in the German jug.

— ~~etc~~ —

... Roses are red, violets are blue  
 This god damn tunnel makes fifty two...



## CLIPPED WINGS

On the days when the weather is clear  
And we gaze up in the sky  
We sometimes see what our captors fear,  
Our own planes flying by.  
We see the cripples limping back  
And send up a silent prayer  
To ask Him to guide them safely back  
Our classmates in the air.

We are the boys who flew  
With some of them yet to die  
Others go down to join us  
The lucky continue to fly  
Some day when it's really over  
And all the battles are won  
Let's hope that Hell have a record  
Of the valorous deeds they have done.



## OVERNIGHT PASS

I knock on the door of Angels  
In the faint and starry light  
"Ma'm, a soldier 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 Army bed?"

"It isn't the bed, my Captain"  
And I see the stars in her eyes  
Blinks and gently soften  
"Your homesick, lad," she sighs  
And she takes a scrap of blanket  
And scribbles heavily  
"Here is a pass, now travel fast  
And be back by reveille."

So I board the train of slumber  
And homeward I am gone  
But I'll be back by the selfsame tracks  
When the bugler breaks the dawn."



## AS THEY SEE US

It really was a rotten break  
The day we found we had to make  
A chute descent which landed us  
Among the Yanks. Oh! What a fuss  
We should have made if we had known  
Before — in fact we'd not have flown

And now that we're in Stalag I  
Surrounded by the stinking Hun  
With Yanks all round inside the wire  
The situation's really dire  
With flapping shirts the Yanks parade  
Sometimes in undershirts arrayed  
Or even worse — in naked skin  
With matted hair and knees so thin  
Like cave men of the Stone Age  
Or something out of Ripley's page.

Strange games, they play, with stick and ball  
At times they utter curious calls  
Of "Hubba lubba", "Let's get two!"  
We don't know what they mean; do you?

The things we'll "have", they'll always "take"  
They say "cookies" — we say "cake"  
Our "chocolate" is their "candy bar"  
We really don't know where we are.

But though we make these nasty cracks  
We will admit (behind their backs)  
They're all good chaps, the ones we know  
But don't you, for God's sake, tell them so.



## LOOKING AHEAD

It's easy to be nice boys, when everything's O.K.  
 It's easy to be cheerful, when you're having things your way.  
 But can you hold your head up and take it on the chin  
 When your heart is nearly breaking & you feel like giving in?

It was easy back in your own home, among the friends & folks  
 And now you miss the helping hand, the joys, the songs, the jokes  
 The road ahead is plenty hard, and unless you're strong of mind,  
 You'll find it isn't long until you're lagging far behind.

You've got to climb the hill boys - it's no use turning back  
 There's only one way home and it's off the beaten track  
 Remember you're American, and when you reach the crest,  
 You'll see a valley cool and green - America at her best.

You've heard that saying time again that "sunshine follows rain"  
 And soon enough you'll realize joy really follows pain.  
 Let courage be your watchword; fortitude your guide  
 And then instead of grizzling - just remember those who died.

## HITCH IN HELL

I'm sitting here and thinking of things I left behind  
 and it's hard to put on paper what's running thru my mind.  
 I've flown in many aircraft over plenty foreign ground  
 a drearies place this side of hell is waiting to be found.  
 But there is one consolation, sit closer while I tell  
 When I die I'll go to heaven -

For I've done my hitch in hell  
 The angels all will greet me, the harps will start to play  
 and then I'll get that greeting reserved for that special  
 It's then I'll hear St. Peter, say loudly with a yell, hey  
 "Just take a front seat buddy -  
 Cause you've done your hitch in hell."







## OUR FORTRESS GOT SHOT DOWN

(calypso melody)

There's a fire in the East and a fire in the West  
 The fires are gonna burn up all of Brest  
 But our Fortress got shot down  
 Oh, Commandos don't you weep

Chorus: Oh, Commandos don't you weep, don't you moan  
 We were flying when we shouldn't have flown  
 Our Fortress got shot down  
 Oh, Commandos, don't you weep.

Every morning from the bombs we dropped  
 This old world used to reel and rock  
 But our Fortress got shot down  
 Oh, Commandos don't you weep.

One of those mornings look bright and fair  
 We put on wings to cleave the air  
 But our Fortress got shot down  
 Oh, Commandos don't you weep

## THANKS FOR THE MEMORY (P.O.W. version)

Thanks for the memory, of flights to Germany  
 Across the cold North Sea  
 With blazing guns, we fought the Huns, for  
 Air supremacy - How lucky we were.  
 Thanks for the memory, of ME-109s  
 And flak along the Rhine  
 They did their bit and we were hit  
 So ended our good times - We miss them so much  
 We drifted out of formation  
 We were jumped - and what a sensation  
 And now to sweat out the duration  
 Our job is done - we had our fun, so...  
 Thanks for the memory, of days we had to stay  
 In Stalag Luft One A  
 The cabbage stew which had to do,  
 Till Red Cross parcel day.  
 How thankful we were.







# LIKE HIS DADDY USED TO DO

(tune of "Bell Bottom Trousers")

There once was a lad who flew a seventeen  
He dropped his bombs on Germany, all in the fields so green  
He went out on a mission one bright September day  
The target - it was "Munchy" and now he's gone away.

CHORUS:

Singing fur boots and parachutes and heated suits of blue;  
He'll fly the big ones like his Daddy used to do.

There once was a lad who flew a twenty-four  
He used to think that combat was such an awful bore.  
He went out on a milk run; it was only to Calais  
They moved in some new flak guns & now he's gone away.

CHORUS: ... big ones...

There was another lad who flew a fifty-one  
He flew from early morning until the day was done  
He always had a good time; enjoyed himself all day  
He didn't see the 109, and now he's gone away

CHORUS: ... fighters...

There was another lad who flew a thirty-eight  
He always thought the Luftwaffe was only second rate  
He tried to shoot a train up while coming home one day  
He didn't see the Focke-Wulfe, and now he's gone away

CHORUS: ... fighters

The moral of this story as you can plainly see  
If you're going to fly in combat, then don't fly from Italy  
For if you're in the Fifteenth, then all I have to say  
Is - you're only here a short time, and then you're gone away

## HEAD UP (to tune of Clementine)

Over Naples, in a cockpit, of a spitfire number nine  
Sat a hot rock, fighter pilot, on the tail of a one-o-nine  
Oh he missed him; should 'a hit him;  
Had his head up all the time.  
No correction, for deflection, so he lost the one-o-nine.



## ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold  
And quite unaccustomed to fear.  
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah  
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

If you wanted a man to encourage the van  
Or harass the foe from the rear  
Storm fort or Redoubt, you had only to shout  
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame  
In the troops that were led by the Zar  
And the bravest of these was a man by the name  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool  
And strum on the Spanish guitar  
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team  
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun  
And donned his most truculent sneer  
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

"Young man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull  
That you now wish to end your career?  
Vile infidel, know, you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

Said Ivan, "my friend, your remarks in the end  
Will avail you but little, I fear.  
For you ne'er will survive to regret them alive,  
Sir, Abdul Abulbul Amir."

"Better take your last look at sunshine and brook  
And send your regrets to the Zar  
For by this I imply, you are going to die,  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar



Then this bold mameluke drew his trusty shiboub  
 With a cry of "Allah Akbar!"  
 And with murderous intent he ferociously went  
 For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fought all the night 'neath the pale yellow moon;  
 The din, it was heard from afar,  
 And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame,  
 Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life  
 In fact he was shouting "Huzzah!"  
 He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck  
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,  
 Expecting the victor to cheer  
 But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh  
 Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch too, in his spectacles blue,  
 Rode up in his new crested car.  
 He arrived just in time to exchange a last line  
 With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls,  
 And graved there in characters clear  
 Are, "Strangers, when passing, oh pray for the soul  
 Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

A splash in the Black Sea, one dark moonless night  
 Caused ripples to spread wide and far  
 Was made by a sack fitting close to the back  
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,  
 'Neath the light of the pale polar star,  
 And the name that she murmurs so oft, as she weeps  
 Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold  
 And quite unaccustomed to fear, etc.



## FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers, gawd how they could love.  
They swore they'd be true to each other - as true as the stars above,  
He was her man - he wouldn't do her wrong.

Frankie she was a good woman, just like everyone knows  
She'd give a man a hundred dollars, just to buy him a suit  
He was her man, etc.

Frankie went down to the corner, just for a bucket of beer  
She said, "Oh Mr. Bar-tender, Has my lovin' Johnnie been here?  
He is my man, an' he wouldn't do me wrong."

"I don't want to cause you no trouble I don't want to tell you no lie  
But I saw your lover half an hour ago, with a gal named Nellie Bly.  
He is your man, but he's doin' you wrong."

Frankie went down to the lock shop, she bought her a "44"  
She aimed it at the ceiling, and shot a big hole in the floor  
Where is my man? - He's doin' me wrong.

Frankie went down to the -- she wrong the -- hell  
"Stand back all you cluggies, or I'll blow you all to hell  
I want my man, He's doin' me wrong."

Frankie looked over a transom, there to her great surprise  
Yes, there on a bed was Johnnie, lovin' up Nellie Bly  
He was her man, etc.

Frankie throw back her kimono, took out her "44"  
Boo-ta-toot-toot, three times she shot, right thru that hardwood door  
She shot her man 'cause he done her wrong

Roll me over easy, oh roll me over slow  
Roll me on my right side honey, where the bullets aint hurtin' me so  
I was your man, but I done you wrong.

Oh, bring out your rubber-tired carriage Bring out your rubber-tired horse  
Goin' to take my Johnnie to the barin' ground & they aint goin' to bring him back  
He was my man, etc.

Oh, bring 'round a thousand police men, bring 'em around today  
To lock me in that dungeon and throw the key away  
I shot my man 'cause he done me wrong.

Frankie she said to the warden "What are they going  
The warden he said to Frankie, "It's the electric chair for you.  
You shot your man, tho' he done you wrong."

This story has no moral, this story has no end  
This story only goes to show that there aint no good in men,  
He was her man, and he done her wrong.



DON'T SWAT YOUR MOTHER, BOYS

Homeward to their mother, two working men did come  
 Their brows were wet with honest sweat, their noses wet with rum  
 Supper was not ready - one aimed a brutal blow  
 When spoke their little sister, saying "Brothers, don't do so."

CHORUS

Don't swear yer mother boy just cause shes old! Don't mop  
the floor with her face.

Think how her love is a treasure of gold, <sup>keeping</sup> <sup>her place</sup> <sup>off her beam</sup>  
Don't put the rocking chair next to her eye, don't bounce the lamp  
Angels are watching you up in the sky, don't snarl your mother - it's mean

Angus was arrested - the strongmen bowed in tears  
They were kinder to their parent, than her few remaining years  
Now her place is vacant, of her they sit and dream  
While the memories awakened in their hearts to say will seem

CHORUS

## THAT SOUTHERN JACK

Gonna ride that train, that south bound passenger train  
Gonna buy me a ticket, that's as long as your arm  
Gonna ride that train, babe, all the night long  
Gonna ride that train, that south bound passenger train  
Gonna chwo-chwo, ride 'er thru - all aboard for Birmingham  
Gotta letter from my jazy, babe, that I left in Birmingham  
She looked so nice, she looked so neat, when she walks  
(REPEAT)  
She'll sweep you offa your feet.  
She is the hon. that I left in Birmingham.

That Southern Jack, that great big Southern Jack  
The first thing you do is stick your shovel in the coal  
Put your head out de window - see dem drive wheels roll  
That Southern Jack, that great big Southern Jack  
Yonna choo-choo, ride her thru - all aboard for B'ham.



## THE FATAL CURSE OF DRINK

There was once a poor young man who left his country home  
And came to the city to seek employment  
He promised his dear mother that he'd lead the simple life  
And always shun the fatal curse of drink

He came to the city and accepted employment in a quarry  
And while there he made the acquaintance of some college men  
He little guessed that they were demons for they wore the best of  
But clothes do not always make the gentlemen <sup>clothes</sup>

One night he went out with his new found friends to dine  
And they tried to persuade him to take a drink  
They tempted him and tempted him, but he refused and he refused  
Till finally he took a glass of beer

When he seen what he had done he dashed the liquor to the floor  
And staggered thru the door with delirium tremens;  
While in the grip of liquor he met a Salvation Army lassie,  
And cruelly he broke her tambourine

All she said was "Heaven bless you!" and placed a mark upon his <sup>brow</sup>  
With a kick that she had learned before she was saved;  
So kind friends, take my advice and shun the fatal curse of drink,  
And don't go around breaking peoples tambourines.



# SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST...

She was poor, but she was honest  
Victim of a rich man's game  
When she met the village squire  
And she lost her maiden name.

CHORUS It's the rich, what gets the grai-vey  
It's the poor, what gets the blame  
It's the same, the whole world over  
Aint it all a bloody shame!

how he sits in legislature  
making laws for all mankind  
while she walks the streets of London  
stealing pennies from the blind

See her standing by the corner  
Selling pencils by the box  
If you have relations with her  
You will get a case of Pox.



## THE GHOST OF ANN BOLYN

In the tower of London large as life  
The ghost of Ann Bolyn walks, I declare.  
Now Ann Bolyn was once King Henry's wife  
Until he had a headsman bob her hair.

Oh yes, he did her wrong long years ago  
And she comes back each night to tell him so

### CHORUS

With her head tucked underneath her arm  
She walks the bloody tower  
With her head tucked underneath her arm  
At the mid night hour.

And oft at night King Henry gives a spread  
For all his pals and gals, a ghostly crew  
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread  
Then in comes Ann Bolyn to queer the do  
She holds her head up with a wild warhoop  
And Henry shouts, "Don't drop it in the soup!"

The sentries think that it's a football  
That she carries in  
And when they've had a few, they shout,  
"Is army going to win?"  
They think that it's Red Grange  
Instead of poor old Ann Bolyn  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes  
She often catches cold, poor thing; it's cold there when it blows  
And it's awfully awkward for the Queen  
To have to blow her nose  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.



## THE FOUR BASTARDS ~ Ogden Nash

I

I'm a democratic figure  
 In these democratic states  
 A pathetic demonstration  
 Of hereditary traits  
 As the daughters of the bakers  
 Behind the most delicious bread,  
 As the sons of Casanova  
 Filled the most exclusive beds.  
 As the Roosevelts and Berrymores  
 I inherited their talents  
 Which perpetuate their fame  
 My position in the structure  
 Of society I owe  
 To those qualities bequeathed me  
 By my parents long ago  
 My father was a traveling man  
 And minimal to boot.  
 He used to play piano in a  
 House of ill repute.  
 But the madam was a lady  
 And a credit to her cult.  
 She enjoyed my daddy's playing  
 And I was the result.  
 So my Maummy and my Pappyy  
 Are the ones I have to thank  
 That I grew up to be President  
 Of the City National Bank.

III

In a cozy little chain gang,  
 On a dusty southern road  
 My late lamented Pappyy  
 Has his permanent abode.  
 Now some were there for stealing  
 But my Pappyy's only fault  
 Was an overwhelming weakness  
 For criminal assault.  
 His philosophy was simple  
 And free from moral tape  
 Seduction is for sissies  
 But a he-man likes his rage.  
 Though Pappyy's list of victims  
 Was incredibly rich  
 And Maummy she was one of them  
 He wouldn't tell me which  
 Now I never went to college  
 But I got me a degree  
 I reckon I'm the model  
 Of a perfect S.O.B.  
 I'm a debit to my country  
 But a credit to my Dad  
 And the worst expensive sinator  
 The nation ever had.



## IV

In a cozy little farm house  
 In a cozy little dell  
 A dear old-fashioned farmer  
 And his daughter used to dwell  
 She was sweet, and she was gentle  
 She was tender, she was mild  
 But her sympathies were such  
 That she was frequently with child  
 Now the hired man was a favorite  
 With the gals in mammy's set  
 And the traveling man from Scranton  
 Was an even money bet  
 For such were mammy's morals  
 And such was her allure,  
 That even Roger Babson  
 Wasn't very sure  
 When she was feeling gloomy  
 I could always make her grin  
 By childishly inquiring  
 Who my Pappy might have been  
 So I took my mammy's morals  
 And I took my Pappys' crust  
 And they appointed me the head  
 Of a huge investment trust.

I'm an ordinary figure  
 In these democratic states  
 A pathetic demonstration  
 Of hereditary traits  
 As the daughters of policemen  
 Have the largest kind of feet  
 And the daughters of the Kongs  
 Have a wiggle in their seat  
 My position at the bottom  
 Of society I owe  
 To those little qualities my  
 Parents bequeathed me long ago  
 Now my father was a married man  
 And what is even more  
 He was married to my mother  
 A fact which I deplore  
 I was born in holy wedlock  
 Consequently my and my  
 I was rooted by every bastard  
 With plunker in his eye  
 I invested, I deposited  
 I voted every fall  
 And if I had a nickel  
 The bastards took it all  
 But at last I learned my lesson  
 And I'm on the proper track  
 I'm a self-appointed bastard  
 And I'm out to get it back.



## VAGABOND HOUSE

When I have a house ... as I sometimes may...  
 I'll suit my fancy in every way.  
 I'll fill it with things that have caught my eye  
 Drifting from Ireland to Molokai.  
 It won't be correct or in period style  
 But... oh, I've thought for a long, long while  
 Of all the corners and all the nooks  
 Of all the bookshelves and all the books  
 The great big table, the deep soft chairs  
 And the Chinese rug at the foot of the stairs  
 It's an old, old rug from far Chow Wan  
 That a Chinese princess once walked on

My house will stand on the side of a hill  
 By a slow, broad river, deep and still,  
 With a tall lone pine on guard nearby  
 Where the birds can sing and the storm winds cry.  
 A flag stone walks with lazy curves  
 Will lead to the door where a Pan's head serves  
 As a knocker there like a vibrant drum  
 To let one know that a friend has come;  
 And the door will squeak as I swing it wide  
 To welcome you to the cheer inside.  
 For I'll have good friends who can sit and chat  
 Or simply sit, when it comes to that,  
 By the fire place where the fir logs blaze  
 And the smoke rolls up in a weaving haze  
 I'll want a woodbox scarred and rough  
 For leaves and bark and odorous stuff  
 Like resinous knots and cones and gums  
 To chuck on the flames when winter comes;  
 And I hope a cricket will stay around  
 For I love its creaky, lone some sound.

There'll be driftwood powder to burn on logs,  
 And a shaggy rug for a couple of dogs —  
 Boreas, winner of prize and cup  
 And Mickey, a lovable gutter pup.  
 Thoroughbreds, both of them, right from the start  
 One by breeding, the other by heart!

(Continued)



②

There are times when only a dog will do  
 For a friend - when you're beaten, sick and blue  
 And the world's all wrong; for he won't care  
 If you weep and cry, or grouse or swear;  
 For he'll let you know as he licks your hands  
 That he's downright sorry - and understands.

I'll have on a bench a box inlaid  
 With dozen plaques of milk white jade  
 To hold my own particular brand  
 Of cigarettes brought from the Pharaoh's land  
 With a cloisonné bowl on a lizard's skin  
 To flick my cigarette ashes in,  
 And a squat blue jar for a certain blend  
 Of pipe tobacco. I'll have to send  
 To a quaint old chap I chanced to meet  
 In his dusty shop on a London street

A long low shelf of teak will hold  
 My best loved books in leather and gold  
 While magazines lie on a bowlegged stand  
 In a polyglot mixture close at hand.  
 I'll have on a table a rich brocade  
 That I think the pixies must have made  
 For the dull gold thread on beves and gray  
 Weaves the patteran of Puck - the Magic Maze  
 On the mantelpiece I'll have a place  
 For a little mud god with a painted face  
 That was given to me - oh, long ago  
 By a Phillipine maid in Sam Quapo

Then - just in range of a lazy reach -  
 A bulging bowl of Indian Beech  
 Will brim with things that are good to munch -  
 Hickory nuts to crack and crunch.  
 Big fat raisins and sun dried dates  
 And curious fruit from the Malay Straits  
 Maple sugar and cookies Brown  
 With good hard cider to wash them down  
 Wine Sap apples, pick of the crop,  
 And ears of corn to shell and pop,  
 With plenty of butter and lots of salt -  
 If you don't get filled it's not my fault.



③

And there when the shadows fall, I've planned  
 To have a magnificent Concert grand  
 With polished wood and ivory keys  
 For wild discordant rhapsodies  
 For wailing minor Hindu songs  
 For Chinese chants and clanging gongs  
 For flippant jazz and for lullabies  
 And moody things I'll improvise  
 To play the long gray dusk away  
 And bid good-bye to another day.

Pictures - I think I'll have but three  
 One in oil of a wind swept sea  
 With the flying sand and the waves whipped white -  
 (I know the chap who can paint it right)  
 In lapis blue and a deep jade green,  
 A great big smashing fine marine.  
 That'll make you feel the spray in your face -  
 I'll hang it over my fire place.

The second picture - a freakish thing -  
 As gaudy and bright as a macaw's wing -  
 An impressionistic smear called " "  
 A nude on a striped zebra skin  
 By a Danish girl I knew in France  
 My respectable friends will look askance  
 At the purple eyes and the scarlet hair  
 At the pallid face and the evil stare  
 Of a sinister, beautiful vampire face.  
 I shouldn't have it about the place.  
 But I like - while I loath - the beastly thing  
 And that's the way one feels about sin.

The picture I love the best of all  
 Will hang alone on my study wall  
 When the sunsets' glow and the moon's cold gleam  
 Will fall on the face and make it seem  
 That the eyes in the picture are meeting mine;  
 That the lips are curved in the fine sweet line  
 Of that wistful, tender, provocative smile  
 That has stirred my heart for a wondrous while  
 It's the sketch of a girl who loved too well  
 To lie me down to that bit of hell  
 That a drifter knows when he finds his held  
 By the soft strong chains that fashions weld.

(CONTINUED)



④

It was best for her and for me, I know  
 That she measured my love and bade me go  
 For we both have our great illusion yet  
 Unsoiled, unspoiled by a vain regret  
 I won't deny that it makes me sad  
 To know that I've missed what I might have had  
 It's a clear, sweet memory quite apart  
 And I've been faithful - in my heart.

All these things I will have about  
 Not a one could I do without,  
 Cedar and sandalwood chips to burn  
 In the tarnished bowl of a copper urn  
 A paperweight of meteorite  
 That seared and scarred the sky one night  
 A Moris kris - my paperknife  
 Once slit the throat of a Rajah's wife  
 The beams of my house will be fragrant wood  
 That once in a teeming jungle stood  
 As a proud, tall tree where the leopard crouched  
 And the parrot screamed, and the black man crouched  
 The roof must have a rakish dip  
 To shadowy eaves where the rain can drip  
 On a damp, persistent, tuneless way;  
 It's a cheerful sound on a gloomy day.  
 And I want a shingle loose somewhere  
 To wail like a banshee in despair  
 When the wind is high and the storm gods race  
 And I am snug by my fireplace.

I hope a couple of birds will nest  
 Around the house. I'll do my best  
 To make them happy so every year.  
 They'll raise their brood of fledgelings there  
 When I have my house I will suit myself  
 And have what I'll call my "Condiment shelf"  
 Filled with all manner of herbs and spice  
 Curry and chutney for meats and rice  
 Pots and bottles of extracts rare -  
 Onions and garlic will both be there -  
 And saffron and saffron and savory goo  
 And stuff that I'll buy from an old Hindu.



⑤

Ginger and syrup in quaint store jars  
 Almonds and figs in tinselled bars  
 Astrakhan caviar, highly prized  
 And citron and orange peel crystallized.  
 Anchovy paste and pooka jam.  
 Basil and chili and marjoram  
 Pickles and cheeses from every land  
 And flavors that come from Samarkand.  
 And hung with a string from a handy hook  
 Will be adog-eared well thumbed book  
 That is pasted full of recipes  
 From France and Spain and the Caribbees  
 Roots and leaves and herbs to use  
 For curious soups and odd ragouts.

I'll have a cook that I'll name Oh Joy  
 A sleek, fat, yellow faced Chinese boy  
 Who can roast a pig or mix a drink  
 (You can't improve on a slant-eyed chink)  
 On the gray-stone hearth there'll be a mat  
 For a scrappy, swaggering yellow cat  
 With a war-scarred face from a hundred fights  
 With neighbors' cats on moonlight nights:  
 A wise old Tom who can hold his own  
 And make my dogs let him alone.

I'll have a window seat broad and deep  
 Where I can sprawl to read and sleep,  
 With windows placed so I can turn  
 To watch the sunsets blaze and burn  
 Behind high peaks that scar the sky  
 Like bare white wolf fangs that defy  
 The very gods. I'll have a nook  
 For a savage idol that I took  
 From a ruined temple in Peru  
 A demon chaser named Manq-chu  
 To guard my house by night and day  
 And keep all evil things away.

Pewter and bronze and hammered brass  
 Old carved wood and gleaming glass,  
 Candles in polychrome candlesticks  
 And jars and lamps in floating wicks  
 Dragons in silk on a Mandarin Suite  
 In a chest that is filled with vagabond loot  
 All the beautiful, useless things  
 That a vagabond's aimless drifting brings.

(CONTINUED)



⑥

Then when my house is all complete  
 I'll stretch me out on a window seat  
 With a favorite book and cigarette  
 And a long cool drink that oh joy will get.  
 And I'll look about my bachelors nest  
 While the sun goes zooming down the west  
 And the hot gold light will fall on my face  
 And make me think of some heathen place  
 That I've failed to see - that I've missed Somewhere  
 A place that I'd planned to find some day  
 And I'll feel the lure of it drawing me  
 Oh damn, I know what the end will be.

I'll go. And my home will fall away  
 While the mice by night and the moths by day  
 Will nibble the covers of all my books.  
 And the shadows weave in the spidered nooks  
 And my dogs - I'll see that they have a home  
 While I follow the sun - while I drift and roam  
 To the ends of the earth like a chip on the stream  
 Like a straw on the wind, like a vagrant dream  
 And the thought will strike with a swift sharp pain  
 That I probably never will build again,  
 This house that I'll have in some far day.  
 Well - it's just a dream house anyway.

— ③ — DON BLANDING



# READING NOTES

"... I had come from two years imprisonment in a Canadian factory, from ~~an~~ atmosphere of dust and artificial humidity. During summer we automatically used to peer through the shut windows at the shafts of sunlight as they fought their way down through the smoke and chimney-stacks to spill on the dirty paving, like storm-troops on enemy concrete. And in winter the snow lay in the streets, her virginity prostituted under careless feet, so that she taunted us, like the slut she was, with the purity of her sister in the country "

from I Bought A Mountain - Thomas Firbanks

" I discovered that more than  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the things which the average family now buys could be produced more economically at home than they could be bought factory made. — that the average man and woman could earn more by producing at home than by working for money in an office or factory and that, therefore, the less time they spent working away from home and the more time they spent working at home, the better off they would be; — finally, that the home itself was still capable of being made into a productive and creative institution and that an investment in a homestead equipped with efficient domestic machinery would yield larger returns per dollar of investment than investments in insurance, in mortgages, stocks & bonds. ... all these victims of unemployment are alike in this respect, that they are periodically unable to support themselves & their families through no fault of their own because of their dependence upon what they earn as a cog in some part of the complex machinery of our factory dominated civilization. ... 'the establishment of my own little island of intelligence and beauty that should stand gallantly and unshaken amidst the chaotic seas of human stupidity and ugliness'..." "

from Flight From The City - Ralph Borsodi  
1933



"No personal originality is enough to make a rich work unique, unless it has also the characteristics of a particular time and locality and the life that is in it... There are beautiful and interesting plants which are deadly, and others that are kindly. It is absurd to say a flower is not beautiful nor admire its beauty because it is deadly, but it is absurd also to deny its deadliness... what is highest in poetry is always reached where the dreamer is leaning out to reality, or where the man of real life is lifted out of it, and in all the poets the greatest have both these elements, that they are supremely engrossed with life, and yet with the wildness of their fancy they are always passing out of what is single and plain."

### From Plays & Extracts of John M. Synge

"Have a religion, my religion, and I even have more than all these others with their mummeries and their juggling. I adore God, on the contrary. I believe in the Supreme Being, in a Creator whatever he may be. I care little who has placed us here, how to fulfil our duties as citizens and fathers of families; but I don't need to go to church to kiss silver plates, and fatten out of my pocket a lot of good-for-nothings who live better than we do. For one can know him as well in a wood, in a field, or even contemplating the eternal vault like the ancients. My God! mine is the God of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire, and of Béranger! I am for the profession of the faith of the 'Savoyard Vicar' and immortal principles of '89! And I can't admit of an old boy of a God who takes walks in his garden with a cane in his hand, who lodges his friends in the belly of whales, dies uttering a cry, and rises again at the end of three days; things absurd in themselves, and completely opposed, moreover, to all physical laws, which proves to us, by the way, that priests have always wallowed in turpid ignorance, in which they would fain engulf the people with them."

"... She hoped for a son; he would be strong and dark; she would call him George; and this idea of having a male child was like an expected revenge for all her impotence in the past. A man, at least, is free, he may travel over passions and over countries, over some obstacles, taste of the most far-away pleasures. But a woman is always hampered. At once inert & flexible, she lies against her the weakness of the flesh and legal dependence. Her will, like the veil of her bonnet, held by a string, flutters in every wind; there is always some desire that draws her, some conventionality that restrains."

Madame Bovary - Gustave Flaubert  
1857



"...how what happens but Regret does not show up in front of kindly's for several mornings have running, because it seems that Regret makes a very nice score for himself one day against the horses, and buys himself a brand new tuxedo, and starts stepping out around the night clubs, and especially around Miss Missouri Martin's Three Hundred Club, where there are many beautiful young dolls who dance around with no more clothes on than they will make a pal for a crutch, and it is well known that Regret dearly loves such deals..."

## THE BEST OF DAMON RUNYON, 1938

- "... And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,  
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,  
and that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the  
women my sisters and lovers  
And that ~~the~~ of the creation is love,
- ... Through me forbidden voices  
Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veiled and I remove the veil  
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigured
- ... I believe in the flesh and the appetites  
Seeing, hearing, feeling are miracles, and each part & tag of me is a miracle.
- ... I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,  
And the promise is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,  
And the tree-load is a chief-douress for the highest,  
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven,  
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,  
And the cow crouching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,  
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.
- ... I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid & self-contained,  
I stand and look at them long and long.  
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,  
Not one breeds to another, not to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth
- ... And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud,  
and for you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth,  
And to glaze with an eye or sew on a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all times,  
And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,  
and there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe..."

## LEAVES OF GRASS - WALT WHITMAN 1855



"It was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with vigorous, relentless persistency; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from... the whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great pale noses drooping towards the point. The crochets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church..."

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT — F. L. STEVENSON

The Japanese:

How courteous is the Japanese;  
He always says, "Excuse it, please."  
He climbs into his neighbor's garden  
And smiles, & says, "I beg your pardon";  
He bows & grins a friendly grin,  
And calls his hungry family in;  
He grins, & bows a friendly bow;  
"So sorry, this is my garden now."

Reflections on Ice Breacking:

Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker.  
... No McTavish, was ever lazier.

from THE OGDEN NASH POCKETBOOK, 1931

The Turtle:

The turtle lives twist-plated deep,  
Which practically conceal its sex.  
I think it clever of the turtle  
In such a fix to be so fertile.

The Cobra:

This creature fills its mouth with venom  
And walks upon its duodenum.  
He who attempts to tease the cobra  
Is soon a sadder he, & cobra.

The Kitten:

The trouble with a kitten is THAT  
Eventually it becomes a CAT.



"Henry Hillbrandt soon began to show signs of breaking under the strain of confinement. By nature he was a man of brooding, melancholy disposition, & it was evident that thoughts of the court-martial ahead of us were preying upon his mind. I remember well the evening when he first gave evidence of this. The sea was dead calm, but a fine cold rain had been falling since morning & we were cold, wet & miserable. It must have been toward midnight that I was woken from a dog's by the sound of Hillbrandt's voice. It was pitch dark in the round house. Hillbrandt was praying in low monotonous tones that went on interminably. Seamen, however irreverent some of them may be, invariably respect those of a religious temperament, and rarely interfere with another man's prayers. Although I could see nothing in the darkness, I knew that the other men were awake, listening to Hillbrandt. He continued for at least half an hour, praying to God to save him from being hanged. It was the same thing over & over again. At last I heard Hillbrandt's voice: "Hillbrandt! For God's sake, <sup>mom!</sup> (Be quiet!)... Hillbrandt broke off. "Who was that? Was it you, Hillbrandt?" "Yes, we want no more of your praying." "No," someone else put in. "Pray to yourself if you must Hillbrandt, but give us a rest." Of a sudden Hillbrandt broke into a violent fit of sobbing. "We're doomed, men," he said; "doomed, every one of us! We're to be hanged, think of that! Clothed to death at the end of a rope!"

FROM MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—NORDHOFF & HALL

"How does it feel to be so desirable—to be wanted so much—tell me, please—I want to know—I want to know what your heart's doing now, your loving female heart! How enviable to be able to walk away into the future, free of love, free of longing, a new life before you and the dead behind you—not quite the dead, though, let's say the dying—the dying aren't as sensibly quiet as the dead—they can't help crying a little—you must walk swiftly out of ear-shot and don't—don't, I implore you, look back, it would make too dreary a picture for your neat, sentimental memory book. There's little charm in dying—it's only clinically interesting—the process of defeat, but your viewpoint is far from clinical, my sweet—you're a sane, thrilling animal without complications, and the fact that my life has been broken on your loveliness isn't your fault."

THE ASTONISHED HEART from plays by NOEL COWARD  
1935



"This could be a whole life," she thought. "You work 8 hrs. a day covering wires to earn money to buy food and to pay for a place to sleep so that you can keep living to come back to cover more wires. Some people are born and kept living just to come to this. Of course some of these girls will marry; marry men who have the same kind of life. What will they gain? They'll gain someone to hold conversations with in the few hours at night between work and sleep." But she knew the gain wouldn't last. She had seen too many working couples who, after the children came and the bills piled up, rarely communicated with each other except in bitter snarls. "These people are caught," she thought. "And why? Because" (remembering her grandmother's repeated convictions), "they haven't got enough education". Fright grew in Francie. Maybe it would be so that she'd never get to high school; maybe she'd never have more education than she had at that moment. Maybe all her life she'd have to cover wires... cover wires... one... and a half... two... three... four... five... six... seven... eight... nine... ten...

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN - BETTY SMITH



A WORLD HISTORY OF ART - Cheldon Cheney  
DIARY OF AN IDLE WOMAN IN ITALY, Vol. I - Francis Elliot<sup>1872</sup>  
LIVES OF THE 12 CAESARS - Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus  
BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK - Max Schulman  
DAILY LIFE IN BIBLE TIMES - ~~Albert~~ E. Bailey  
LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE FACTORY - H. Allen Smith  
LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE - H. Allen Smith  
READ 'EM AND WEEP - Sigmund Spaeth  
RETURN OF THE NATIVE - Thomas Hardy

Stalag Luft 1 THEATRE

Row. 7 Seat. 13

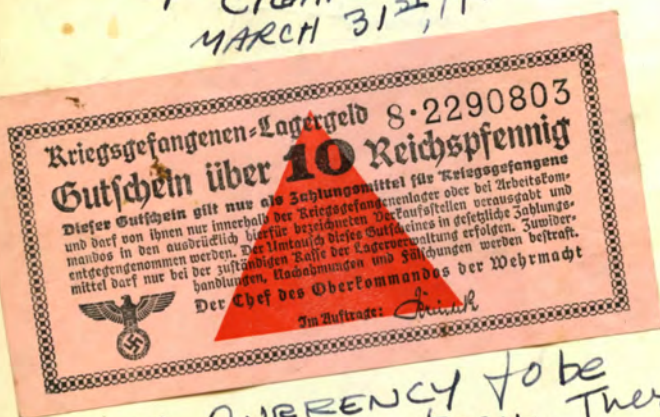
Date. 28 Perf. 9



# ODDS *and* ENDS



MY FIRST CIGAR II, 1945  
MARCH 31



P.O.W. CURRENCY to be  
used in camp canteen. There  
was nothing to be purchased  
hence it was recalled.





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IS THAT DUFF GEN? - NOPE, PUKKA GEN!

WIZZARD!

WIZZO!

CHEESED OFF

BANG ON!

CHERIO

PLAY THE GAME

CASH CIGARETTES

BLOKE

BLOODY GOOD

KITE

ANY

FLICKS TONIGHT?

ALL

GOOD SHOW!

UNDERCART

LOVELY PLAY

WELL DONE!

ON EMPIRE!

GOODO!

I SAY!

GOOD FOOT.

BAGS OF MAIL  
WHIZZO

AWFULLY... ACTUALLY... WHAT'S THE LATEST  
KNOCK ME UP AT 8 O'CLOCK  
I'VE BOOBED ON THAT ONE  
YOU'VE HAD IT  
SKIPPER  
2ND DUCKEY



# LIMEY LINGO



KEEP ALIVE TILL '45  
 RUSSKI COME  
 GET SOME TIME IN  
 WHAT'S YOUR HORROR STORY?  
 PARCEL LIST UP  
 BACK WHEN IT WAS ROUGH...  
 FOOD ACCO  
 WAS MY NAME ON IT?  
 DID I GET ONE?  
 RATIONS UP!  
 JERRY CHEEZE  
 WHO'S BURNIN?  
 NEW KRIEGIES UP!  
 "STAND BY!"  
 GOON GUARD  
 ENEMY UP!  
 WHAT'S THE GEN?  
 ANY RUMORS?  
 BITE 'EM CLEAN!  
 BALLS OUT  
 KRIEGIE BLOWER  
 ONE AUTOMATIC  
 & TWO MANUALS OPEN  
 COME ON JOE!  
 JERRY UNDER THE BARRACKS  
 15 MINUTES TILL ROLL CALL...  
 ROLL CALL - PARAADE!  
 SHOWERS UP!  
 WHEELS  
 GO GET SHOT DOWN.  
 CAPUT  
 VEE FELA ZIGARETTEN?  
 "I  
 ROUND THE BEND BEFORE THE END"  
 RECTAL HARMONICAS!  
 SHOULD A COME ON IKE!  
 THERE I WAS...  
 "OUT THE GATE BY '48"  
 SEARCH PARTY!  
 STOOD IN BED  
 WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS  
 IN THE COMPOUND  
 200 LETTERS  
 WHADDYA WANT - THE D.F.C.?  
 HOW MANY POINTS IS COCOA?  
 THAT'S THE SADDEST STORY I'VE HEARD ALL DAY

# KRIEGIE TALK



Mrs. R. Q. Hall  
Andrew College  
Cuthbert Georgia

lt. & Mrs. J. A. Golden  
G-2 Section  
HQ 24<sup>th</sup> Inf. Div.  
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194 Linden St.  
Everett 4, Mass



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1944



# MILITARY RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL Camin Irving P		2. FIRST REGIMENT NUMBER 0 700 885		3. DATE OF ENTRY 24 Lt		4. DATE OF SERVICE AD		5. COMPONENT AUG	
6. PLACE OF SEPARATION 32nd Bomb Squadron 485th Bomb Group		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 18 Oct 45		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION Atlantic City New Jersey		9. DATE OF SEPARATION 28 Apr 23		10. PLACE OF SEPARATION Brooklyn New York	
11. FATHER'S NAME 1578 43rd Street, Brooklyn, New York		12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH DEPLOYMENT WILL BE MADE 348 9		13. DATE OF ENTRY 28 Apr 23		14. COLOR Brown		15. HEIGHT 5'8"	
16. BIRTH DATE 28 Apr 23		17. BIRTH PLACE Brooklyn New York		18. COLOR Brown		19. HEIGHT 5'8"		20. WEIGHT 140	
21. BIRTH DATE 28 Apr 23		22. BIRTH PLACE Brooklyn New York		23. COLOR Brown		24. HEIGHT 5'8"		25. WEIGHT 140	

26. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9		27. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9	
28. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		29. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
30. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		31. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
32. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		33. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
34. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		35. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	

36. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9		37. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9	
38. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		39. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
40. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		41. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
42. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		43. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
44. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		45. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	

46. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9		47. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9	
48. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		49. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
50. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		51. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
52. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		53. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
54. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		55. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	

56. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9		57. SERVICE NUMBER 348 9	
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60. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		61. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
62. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		63. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	
64. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43		65. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 4 Dec 43	



Army of the United States

## CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

This is to certify that

IRVING P. CAMIN 0 700 885 Second Lieutenant  
32nd Bomb Squadron 485th Bomb Group

honorably served in active Federal Service  
in the Army of the United States from

4 December 1943 to 18 October 1945

Given at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 1  
Atlantic City New Jersey

on the day of October 19 45

October

*Harold E. Smith*  
HAROLD E. SMITH  
Major, Air Corps







