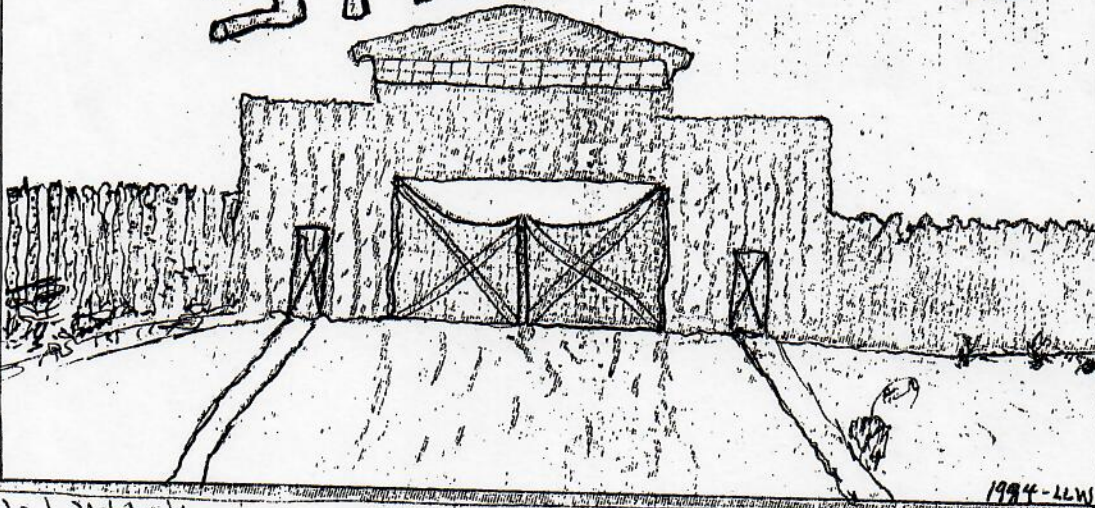


A  
P.O.W.  
LOGBOOK RECORDED IN  
GERMANY

STALAG IV-B



DATE OF  
CAPTURE  
JUNE 6, 1944

DATE OF  
RELEASE  
APRIL 23, 1945

TIME SERVED  
AS  
K9S.

△  
321 DAYS  
L.H.W.

1994-LLW

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STALAG VII A

THIS I.D. ISSUED TO ME ON 8-1-44 → # 81-461

Monday, June 5, 1944

Seems funny - but in 24 hours we won't be in England, even though we lead a quite normal life now. At 4 p.m. we have our last mail call. At 5 p.m. we turn in our baggage. At 6 p.m. we eat supper. At 7 p.m. we get our last minute inspection, and 8 p.m. saw us to our Bn. assembly area. We are now getting a queer feeling in our stomachs. Somebody tries to crack a joke, but it doesn't go over, just a few dry laughs (forced, I must say.) Here we say farewell to each other, knowing darn well all would not make out so good. But you never think that you'll get hurt. Now we form up in plane load groups and march out to the planes. The bank was playing "The Yanks Are Coming" and the Air Force boys gave us a real yell "GIVE 'EM HELL". Upon reachin the plane we get out our parachutes and look 'em over for any mistakes which they never have. Captain Mitchell reads out some last minute instructions, also a few letters from the generals. About 10 p.m. General Eisenhower comes up to our plane. Boy, I actually shook hands with the general and talked with him. In 15 minutes we start getting our equipment on. Man what a load of junk we had tied on all over ourselves. I must have weighed about 350 lbs with all my kits, bags, and chutes. At 10:58 p.m. we take off from England, and believe me, I thought for a while that poor C47 wouldn't make it, but she did. I think every man said a little prayer for the C47 to take off O.K. The trip was rather rough. At 12:30 I just can't hold it any longer so I just let it go off to my side. (P.S. I vomited). I take a peep out of the window, but see nothing. I began to feel as if I didn't care what was out there. All I wanted was for us to get to the "DZ" (drop zone) and get it over with. At 1 a.m. I think we hit the coast of France. How did I know? Flak and more flak. And then the red light came on, and very soon the green light. Here the rush started for what we had all waited for, so you can well imagine what, why, and where we were going. To France and ??? All is suddenly very quiet again, but I see a really beautiful display of fireworks, just like the 4th of July. But I can't seem to see the ground. No----it can't be water. Splash! It is, but only about 4 feet in depth. I soon come to the conclusion that I'm in a swamp. After getting out of my harness and "Mae West", I started for the shore some 500 yds distance. I can hear a lot of shouting, shooting and what not in the direction I was proceeding. When I got within 10 yds of the bank I get the darniest shock in my life (up to date). Some son of a Jerry gave me a good burst just about right down my mouth. I became an alligator in no time short, swim and crawl right back to where I started from. Next I proceed up the swamp some 1000 yds, running over plenty of canals which made it too darn deep to wade. When I get in near the shore I hear a helluva commotion from across the swamp. As I step up on dry land some smart aleck shoots first and asks questions later, but he never waited for an answer. In a coupla minutes I proceed again but I only get a little ways when I see that I've

walked into a trap. Or should I say I walked into some German occupied position. I soon find out I can't walk out like I walked in. It was only a matter of minutes till they come out from cover to get me. And that was what they did. 30 minutes or so and I become a prisoner. Boy will Captain Waldmann give me hell for that. (I actually thought I'd get recaptured in a day or so.)

I was stripped of all my equipment and personal effects, then taken to a Bn. C.P. and searched again. This time I lost my clothes but I didn't mind cause they were wet and I was warmer without them on. For breakfast I got a cup of ersatz coffee and a slice of bread. Wow - what a sin to eat such food. I only ate it for curiosity sake.

At 10 a.m. Vann and White of Co. I come in. Captured. At 11 a.m. we begin to hear one helluva commotion. Then all is just as suddenly quiet. In 15 minutes or so I was called out to do first aid. It was Cpl. Clapper with 3 GSW in his back. He was a goner, but I give him morphine, apply pressure bandages, and assure him all will be O.K. He wasn't crying or didn't seem to be afraid. Johnnie Clapper was a real soldier, a gentleman, and I think a one in a million husband. He was a gentleman if there ever was one. He was also greatly admired by the boys in his company and Bn.

The three other boys who were with him were not wounded. They were just a little wild-eyed and excited. At 12 or 1 here comes 1st Sgt. Sprankle and Capt. Mitchell all beat to pieces. The Jerry was mad as the dickens at them and we found out later why for. They had murdered an officer (German) and 2 men, which the Jerries told us later. (The Capt. & Sgt. told us they didn't expect to see the end.) That night we move back across the swamp and stay there till Thursday the 8th. Plenty of Jerry wounded come in and I was put to use. On June 9th, Johnnie Clapper died. Capt. Mitchell and Sgt. Sprankle were taken to Cherbourg and interrogated. They were then shot. (Their bodies we found after the Normandy Battle, in a mud hole and their bodies full of lead. That's war, but I know both were married, the Sgt. had two children)

Thursday afternoon, we are given an hours truck ride. Out we get, get another searching, and here we meet about 15 other paratroops, glider boys & politics. About sundown, we are all put in another truck and given another ride to a crossroad. We get out and walk to a barn where we get some dry hay to sleep in. This is the first sleep I get since I'd come to France. My clothes is getting dry now so I don't freeze so much anymore. I doubt whether we will get recaptured, now. They seem to be drawing us back fast.

Friday, June 9, 1944

Start marching at 9 a.m. and at 8 p.m. we get a break. It was raining most of the day so you can imagine how miserable we were beginning to feel. No food, little rest, only a little apple cider the French civilians gave to us.

Saturday, June 10, 1944

Arrived in this collecting point about 7 a.m. this morning. Still nothing to eat. This place is very small and two out houses for some 2000 men. Of course, none of us need them for we have nothing to give. A lot of the boys escape from here, but a lot don't make it. Here I meet Dan Ellis, who is from my Bn. Section of medics. He has not seen any of the other boys.

Sunday, June 11, 1944

Today we eat, but it's such a terrible soup that I can't eat it. It was made out of spinach, grass and water, no salt. Boy, what a life.

Monday, June 12, 1944

We move out by trucks to Alencon. Arrive at destination at 8 p.m. Get our first food since we leave England. 12 men to a loaf of bread, 1 bag of crackers, and 13 men to a 3 lb tin of meat. And all the water I nearly want. All have a coupla blankets issued. Gee, I never thought bread could taste so wonderful.

Tuesday, June 20, 1944

We have been here a little over a week and it has been work from sunup till sundown. We clean up the streets, dig out unexploded bombs, fill in bomb craters and the general likeness of prisoner work. We have had a fairly decent amount of food or rather pea soup and bread. but anyway with what the French sneak to us, we managed quite well. But worst of all is the fact, little water, no soap, so it's pretty hard to keep clean. We don't do 2 cents worth of work so the Germans get peeved with our rate of work.

Thursday, June 22, 1944

Arrived here at M. Sta. 133 at Chartres, France, at 9:30 a.m. after an all night truck ride. Plenty of German equipment lay burned up along the road. Mostly big trucks and tanks which had been caught by our "strafers". Several boys escaped off trucks during the trip under cover of darkness.

Saturday, July 5, 1944

Still here at 133. Living conditions are beyond imagination. Our food rations is 200 grams of bread, 1/2 pint of barley soup, and one cup of ersatz tea and a cup of water. We are kept inside day and night, without room enough for us all to lay down. We urinate and dispose of our feces in 3 - 30 gallon barrels, which are right here in the room with about 850 men. So we just lay around and try to keep from going nuts. Red Cross Representative was here today so he managed to make the Germans give us one food package between two men. We don't get it today - maybe on Monday.

Monday, July 17, 1944

We got one food parcel between 2 men and we have eaten all of

ours. What a delicious parcel that was. It made us all as happy as little children at Xmas time. Fact is, that was the best treat I've had in my life, I'll say now - many thanks to the Red Cross. The parcel was from the British Red Cross. Tomorrow we will get 10 Canadian cigarettes.

Tuesday, July 25, 1944

The big push must be about ready - more new prisoners coming in. Today we get on the train. We travel 50 men to the boxcar and we get 40 cigs issued to every man, plus one more British Red Cross food parcel per 2 men. Our trip lasts till Friday morning, but I must say - what a trip. Three days and nites, 50 men, one cup of water a day and that is all. When we drink the water which we get about mid-morning we then use the same "milk can" to become our one and only commode. I helped empty it the 2nd morning - the guards let us rinse it out "once" then fill it and return to the "car" and get locked back in. If that never kills us - nothing can. Oh well, it was water anyway.

Friday, July 28, 1944

Arrived here @ M-Stalag XIIIA @ Limburg in Germany. (Just over the Rhine River). I get my first bath and my first soap to clean up since I left England (53 days) and I didn't know I was that dirty - also got another Red Cross food parcel - British.

Tuesday, August 1, 1944

Rec'd my 1st Canadian food parcel and boy is it a good one. Has a whole lb of butter and is it good. We prepare to leave this place but we don't leave until this morning. Got my P.O.W. tags today - 81-461

Saturday, August 5th

Arrived at Military-Stalag IV B here @ Muleburg on the Elbe River. It is about 80 miles South of Berlin or about 1/2 way between Leipzig and Dresden. We got 12 cigarettes and 4 men to a British food parcel. If it wasn't for the food parcels we'd all be dead. I weighed in @ 106 lbs which is better than a lot of the boys. I think I weighed about 125 when I arrived in Normandy and became a "guest" of the German government. Here we get a steam bath, and literally as well as physically get scalded to death. Gosh - we all look like pink new born babies and we feel better. The British P.O.W.'s seem to be in charge of this camp. Anyway - beside the bath, we get a haircut and shave over our whole body and pay 2 cigarettes for that service, then while we "steam" - our clothes are "de-loused" and then we go to our new barracks. This place is well organized and is like a resort beach - except no women.

Monday, August 7, 1944

Boy oh boy - gat whole British R.C. parcel plus 50 smokes today. We have a swap shop here in camp where we can sell

and buy what we want with cigs. Cigs are our means of exchange - our money. I "buddy-up" with Lespie King - a boy from North Carolina.

Monday, 8-14-44

Canadian R.C. Food parcel plus 50 cigs. The Germans only feed us once a day and we get pretty good rations here. Our daily ration is always the same - one cup swede soup; (not Swedes) one cup ersatz tea; and 3 potatoes the size of a golf ball; and 9 men to a loaf of bread. No spuds on Sat. and Sunday. That is a day of rest - for our bellies, too. But who wants to rest a half empty belly? We all seem to have half empty "pots".

Monday, Aug 21-44

British R.C. Food Parcel and 50 "fags".

Monday, August 28-44

Canadian R.C. Food parcel plus 50 fags. There are about 30,000 British P.O.W.'s here and about 30,000 additional "others" - and about 1200 Americans. In all we now have 27 different nationals in our camp - plus some Russian women. Boy - do they look crude. This is mostly a non-commissioned officers camp and very few of us work. Since I'm a private, I'll probably have to go to work outside pretty soon. Hope it will be in a vegetable garden so I can find some more food to eat. Most of the fellows seem to think that the war will soon be over. Gosh sure hope so - then I can be home for X-mas.

Sept 4, 44

Rec'd another Canadian R.C. parcel plus 50 fags. Got another hot bath. War seems about to be over. Our boys are reported very near German soil - hope it will be over next week or so. Had a haircut - cost 2 cigs.

Sept 11, 44

One British R.C. food parcel between 2 men plus 25 fags per man. Supply is running out in this camp - so we voted to cut down to half rations. King left on a Komando unit (will work in a sugar factory near Dresden.)

Monday, Sept 18, 44

One British R.C. food parcel between two men plus 25 fags per man. My new "mucking partner" is a Mexican boy - Norega is his name. He is a swell kid and a good partner. Raised and lived in Mexico, went to Calif for 6 months & got drafted - on purpose. They can't volunteer - so they just stay & get called.

Sept 25, 44

One Canadian R.C. Food Parcel between 2 men plus 25 fags per man. The British prisoners here are mostly men lost in the early part of the war - some have been prisoners over 5 years

already. We have one father & son in this camp. The "son" was captured in Belgium in 1939 and the father in Aleman (North Africa) in 1941. There are quite a few aussies here and also a few New Zealanders.

Monday, Oct 2, 44

1/2 Canadian R.C. Food parcel & 25 cigs. Traded a chocolate bar & 5 fags for a 7 lb. military loaf (small). The big loaf (the size of the American 1 1/2 lb) weighs 9 lbs. Sure is heavy bread but sure is good. also traded 20 fags for 10# of spuds and 100 saccharine for 10 fags.

Monday, Oct 9, 44

1/2 Canadian plus 25 fags. I bought a ticket (1 fag) to see the play "You Can't Take It With You". Have also bought a ticket to see "Dirk Hol" and his Dutch orchestra and choir. They say he has a good 3 hour program. Also - I attended the concert given Sunday afternoon by the British Military Band.

Sunday, Oct 15, 44

Here I sit in great bewilderment - why? 'Cause I'm slipping into a state of laziness which I have the most troublesome time getting out of. Yes, we have only 1/2 bar of soap a week, very little water and nothing to wash in, very few brushes and not a bit of hot water, but still I have to keep washing myself and my clothes or else it will be death, yes - it is those darn body lice. They are all over this place and too many boys end up at the cemetery when the lice get through with them - just because they are too lazy to stay spotless clean. Went to church this morning and waht a terrible mood I'm in. Just because I couldn't borrow a hammer to make a food dish. But it is my own fault I suppose, because once I used a pair of trousers from the Sgt. and it was nearly 10 days before I returned them. It seems that there are always a million things that hinder you from doing anything. Maybe it is my mind, it seems like it can't think anymore. Maybe that is what is lazy. The library is open and at present I am trying to study some Inorganic Chemistry which I know I must have sometime before I get out of college. Also grabbed a ...?... on poultry reproduction, rations & diet, diseases and anatomy of the fowl. Ever since I have become a prisoner that one urge of returning to A&I College has been getting stronger every day. My money is stacking up so I can easily afford to go to school without working. I would rather work - so I will. But should I go to A&M or return to A&I? That is a puzzle - and then what shall I major in? Really I would want a 300 acre farm and go in for a diversified farm - keep the fields like a garden and stay posted on all the latest "dope" on farming via the County Agent & farm magazines. Most of all, I wish this blasted war would come to an end. as long as I am here, I'm just living from day to day, in a complete suspense, a very much wasted life. But then again - those serve also who sit & wait. It has ceased to be a waste when a person has

decided only himself gives a damn about himself. I don't feel sorry for any of the others so I doubt they feel sorry for me. Anyway - I can also read and study. I wonder what has happened to my brother Harvey. I know that he must be over here in the ETO somewhere, but I'm hoping & praying he comes out like he came in - one piece - unbroken. That also goes for my brother Kermit - heck - he wouldn't get in battle - he'd talk his way out of any foolishness like that. More power to him. Boy that will be the day when all three of us can return to A&I College - together.

We are still on 1/2 parcel yeast and tomorrow I think we will get a Food Parcel from the New Zealand Red Cross. We have really used all our Red Cross supplies so I hope some German trains get through with more supplies very soon.

Oh, yes, I have been working on some house plans - anything to keep me busy. Only paper and pencils are hard to get.

Monday, Oct 16

Today we rec'd one New Zealand parcel between 2 men plus 25 British fags.

Monday, Oct 23

Today no food parcels - only 20 fags.

Wed, Oct 25, 44

Today we get an Argentina R.C. food parcel - Sure is good - Has

6 oz. bully beef

16 oz. meat & veg stew

4 oz. butter

6 oz. meat biscuits

4 oz. cheese

10 oz. honey

2 oz. tea

3 oz. chocolate

3 oz. dried plums

3 oz. sweetened condensed

milk

8 oz. canned sausage

Monday, Oct 30

Today we get 10 smokes per man and a small supply of British parcels arrived - so we get 2 men to a parcel. Some get British, some Canadian, some N.Z., some Argentina - anyway we are all out now. But the best part to this - I got my first letter in 5 months - mother wrote me, answering my letter of Aug 10 - on Oct 2 which I got in 28 days. That is really fast mail service - just three months round trip - most of them take 6-8 months to make the round trip. Was a good newsy letter - Max has resigned, Harvey and Kermit are still in the states and Rex (my buddy) is O.K. He wrote mother and told her I was O.K. Anyway, mother has been getting plenty of letters from Joyce and also Rex Gibson & family. Hope I get a letter from Joyce soon. Anyway - I'll be getting a parcel of food from home very soon. Will write more later.  
LLW

Monday, Nov 6, 44

No food parcel - no fags.



Monday, Nov 13, 44

One American food parcel between 4 men plus 10 fags per person. This is the 1st American parcel that has arrived in this camp - only enough got here to give one to 4 men. Hope more gets here soon - I'm getting weak again and losing weight.

Monday, Nov 20, 44

One Scottish food parcel between 2 men plus 9 smokes per man. These parcels came from a wrecked train about 10 km. from here. The boys who went out on work detail to get them said most of it had burned up - Darn it - can't our boys see those freight trains with the Red Cross?

Friday, Nov 24, 44

Rec'd a letter from Joyce dated Oct 13, 44, also got three letters from some of the Sanford, N.C. girls - but best of all - the Red Cross parcels are rolling in. We got over 12,000 parcels yesterday.

Monday, Nov 27, 44

We, Noriega & I, are now mucking in with Brown & Stamolius. Brown does the buying & trading - Noriega & Stamolius do the cooking - I do the dish or tin washing. We got one Canadian food parcel between 2 men & 25 fags - but most of all I hit the jackpot on letters. I got half the letters of all the 250 men in our barracks - boy were they jealous. Serves them right - some of the boys are too lazy to write home - how do they expect to get mail - Ole Fleming still hasn't written his mother - says he doesn't know what to write. Anyway, I got 5 from the folks, 3 from Joyce, and 6 from others.

Mon, Dec 4, 44

Today we get our first American food parcel all to ourselves. It has 100 cigs and 4 tins of meats. Got darn good food items and the Limey's think it is good also. Mostly because it has 100 cigs instead of 50 like the British. Anyway - since we Americans have been sharing with the British, we decided to share ours with them - we just decided to pool it all - what gets here. Got a letter from Aunt Enger from Denmark. She is ok. She promised to send me a parcel. Got 8 more letters today.

Monday, Dec 11, 44

Canadian plus 20 cigs per man. We are about out of parcels again so I suppose Xmas will be pretty bleak concerning the food. It is snowing now - and blows like hell - cold and worst of all, we have not a bit of heat and all the windows are out. Anyway - we sleep 3 men to a bunk and sleep 1/3 the nite in the middle spot. Anyway - with all the windows out - nobody get a cold or any respiratory disease. They say it gets down to 30 below in January.

I got 2 letters with 3 pictures, one of Joyce, one of Doris,

and a snap of the folks. Brown has been out trading all our  
cigs for food so it looks like we will have a good Xmas even  
if we get no more food parcels.

Monday, Dec 18, 44

No food - no cigs. About 2000 beat up Danish policemen  
arrived last nite in the next compound. Can't get close  
enough to talk to them, they came from a concentration camp.  
They are what is left of the complete Danish police force -  
they were picked up when the Holland invasion started in Sept  
1944.

Tuesday, Dec 19, 44

I got a job - will work in the hosp. as an interpreter for  
the Danes. I will get extra rations but I will work from 5  
a.m. till 9 p.m. - 7 days a week. Am going to move out to  
the Hosp. compound. I'll be the only American who works  
there. Boy am I lucky.

Dec 25, 44

Went back to the ole compound and had Xmas dinner with my ole  
buddies or "muchers". Over ate and I think I'd have died if  
Brown had not made me keep walking it off. Over 20 men have  
died from over eating for Xmas - Gosh - I didn't know my  
stomach was so small. Anyway I didn't die.

Monday, Jan 1, 45

No food parcels - no smokes - but I got included on the list  
for the Danish Red Cross. I got one of their food parcels  
and man what a package - Butter, sausage, bacon fat  
drippings, honey, sugar, canned puddings & fruit cakes. 22  
lbs. of food in all. Must last 30 days. The Danish police  
sure are scared of the Germans. They say that if they talked  
back to the Germans like we do - they would get shot. Over  
350 of them died @ Buchenwald in 2 1/2 months. No wonder  
they are scared.

Feb 7, 45

Well, I'm now celebrating my 23rd birthday and I weigh 118  
lbs. I have gotten 2 Danish food parcels and I have been  
paying an Italian P.O.W. to keep my clothes washed & pressed.  
I feel pretty good. The work is nice - but kinda depressing  
at times. Have gotten a lot of new prisoners from the Battle  
of the Bulge. Sure are in bad shape - mostly because they  
are very poorly disciplined. Most of them are too lazy to  
wash & shave but the British soon stop that - they throw them  
out in the water basin in the compound. Darn it - why are  
Americans so lazy about cleanliness? The British all look  
like they are on parade - all spit & polish. But most of us  
Yanks won't wash unless we have hot & cold water - I'm sure  
glad I don't have to shave but every 3rd or 4th day. Sgt.  
Smith - my ward master, shaves everyday in ice water. He has  
finally accepted me - but with some reservation. The darn  
war seems to be going better now. The burial parties are

pretty busy - took out 4 corpses from our ward last nite. Pneu. and diarrhea are getting most of them & all we have is aspirins. Heck it is a mess - but what else can we do?

Friday, Mar 23, 45

Well, I guess I am lucky to be writing this. Just finished a 3 week bout with pneu - and I made it, again thanks to the Red Cross. Got some new drug or med called pennyceiling or something like that. The doctor got it when I was about gone so he tried it on me and said in just three days he knew I was saved. Anyway the war looks like ti will soon end - darn those Krauts sure fight hard. We got strafed by our own planes the other - nobody got killed, but that was a freak. We have fox holes all over the place so when it looks like a raid we jump in.

Monday, April 23, 45

Well, at 5 p.m. yesterday the Germans abandoned us here and @ 7:30 the Russians arrived. What a mess. Have had 7 camp commanders the first day - and they are all drunk. There are as many women in the Russian army as men - and they all look like heck. Getting more meat to eat. Had chicken and horse meat for supper - sure was good and satisfying.

Sat, June 5, 45

We walked over to Riefa - those Russians don't or won't let us go back. The food is hell - no salt and we get most of it from the Germans. We can't get across the river. The Russians put us in the military compound until the Americans come and get us.

Wed, June 9, 45

Arrived in Holle today - transferred to airplanes (C-47) and will fly to Camp Lucky Strike & home - back to good food and cultured people.

[Finally got to Danevang & home on June 21st. 60 day furlough]