

March 13, 2022

American Air Museum
Cambridge, United Kingdom

Please find the enclosed narrative I discovered in my late father's memorabilia. My father, 1st Lt Richard L. Carroll served in The Army Air Corps as a B24 bomber copilot. He was stationed in Italy, the 459th Bomb Group 15th Air Force. On July 2, 1944, his plane was downed and he was forced to parachute from the stricken bomber south of Budapest, Hungary. Upon landing, he was shot in the thorax by a group of local farmers. He spent several months in a civilian hospital there and was evacuated to Stalag Luft I near Barth Germany in November, 1944. He remained there until the Russian forces liberated the camp on April 30, 1945.

I believe this narrative was shared with him at a reunion of their barracks (list of names included) in the late 1990's or early 2000's. Unfortunately, I don't know the author's base location in England, nor any history of the author. I assume it was written by Frank Delmerico. It is an interesting piece of history and I hope you will be able to archive it in your collection.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jane Young". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name and address.

Jane Young
1896 Merrill St
Roseville, MN 55113

North 3 - Barracks 7 (Block 307) - Room 9

John D. Bante "Jack"	St. Louis, MO
Eugene F. Becker Gene	Milburn, NJ
Ralph F. Biondi "Shorty"	New Haven, CT
William G. Blue Bill	Tewksbury, MA
Wayne H. Buhrmann "Red"	Princeton, NE
Richard L. Carroll Dick	Rosemont, MN
Harry Colgate	
Frank Delmerico "Lefty"	Dobbs Ferry, NY
Joe Drutz	Saranac Lake, NY
Milton H. Duckworth Captain D	Jackson, MS
John R. Fitzgerald Lefty's Navigator	Dorchester, MA
→ Joe C. Frechette JCF	New Haven, CT
Henry C. Greve "Hank"	Upper Manhattan, NY
→ William H. Gullette My bombardier	Van Buren, AR
Kenneth O. Hale Ken	Kansas City, MO
→ Norman W. Hanson My co-pilot	Mars Hill, ME
Robert M. Hockman "Red"	Oil City, PA
Frank J. Hoder	Rutland, VT
Sanborne Hutchins "Hatch"	Paxton, MA
Gerald W. Lay Lefty's co-pilot	Ranburne, AL
Richard McDonnell "Dick"	Maspeth, NY
Marinus Mieras "Dutch"	Grand Rapids, MI
Donald S. Mohr Don	
Nick G. Morgan	Anita, IA
Earl C. Walsh	Jackson, MS

pg. 6 our Engineer - Billingsley
North 3 - Barracks 7 (Block 307) - Room 10

Anthony A. Aratari	New York
Ralph Brown	North Carolina
Thomas Horgan	Nevada
Lee G. Johnson	Illinois

MISSION TO STALAG LUFT I IN BARTH GERMANY VIA MERSEBERG, GERMANY
ON, 25 NOVEMBER 1944.

CREW 117 COMMANDED BY LT. FRANK DELMERICO OF THE US ARMY AIR FORCE WAS SCHEDULED FOR A STAND DOWN ON THE 25TH. FOLLOWING AN EVENING AT THE CLUB ON THE 24TH (IT WAS FRANK'S 20TH BIRTHDAY) THE CREW WAS NOTIFIED THAT THEY WERE ON ALERT FOR A CHAFF MISSION. THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION ENDED EARLY SO THAT THE CREW WOULD BE READY FOR WAKE UP CALL AT APPROXIMATELY 0400 HOURS. FOLLOWING A QUICK BREAKFAST AND MASS THE CREW MEMBERS ASSEMBLED THEIR FLYING GEAR AND ASSEMBLED AT THE GROUP BRIEFING HUT FOR 45 MINUTES OF MISSION DATA ON SUCH IMPORTANT DATA AS THE PLANNED ROUTE (BOMBER STREAM) TO MERSEBERG, ANTI-AIRCRAFT (ACK-ACK) GUN LOCATIONS, NUMBER OF AIRCRAFT ON MISSION AND THE DUTIES OF THE SIX AIRCRAFT ASSIGNED AS CHAFF AIRCRAFT.

FOLLOWING THE BRIEFING THE CREW RODE OUT TO THE HARDSTAND WHERE THEY FOUND THE WAR WEARY, O.D. COLORED B-17 ASSIGNED TO THEM FOR THE MISSION. THE AIRCRAFT WERE BEING LOADED WITH BOXES OF CHAFF OR WINDOW (A METAL FOIL STRIP CUT TO THE VARIOUS FREQUENCIES ON WHICH GERMAN RADAR OPERATED). IN ADDITION AN EXTRA CREW MEMBER WAS ASSIGNED TO THE CREW TO ASSIST IN THE JOB OF CHAFF DISPENSING. THE MISSION OF THE SIX AIRCRAFT WAS TO SPREAD OUT IN LINE ABREAST (APPROXIMATELY 50 YARDS BETWEEN EACH PLANE) AT THE INITIAL POINT (IP) AND LEAD THE BOMBERS ON THE BOMB RUN AND OVER THE TARGET. WHILE LEADING APPROXIMATELY 700 AIRCRAFT ON THE BOMB RUN THE SIX CHAFF SHIPS DISPENSED AS MUCH CHAFF AS POSSIBLE THEREBY OBSCURING THE GERMAN RADAR SCREENS FOR THE BOMBERS WHICH FOLLOWED. THE SIX CREWS FLYING IN THE CHAFF SHIPS WERE OF THE OPINION THAT THE CHAFF WAS OF NO VALUE TO THEM AS ATTESTED TO BY THE CREWS WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS TYPE OF MISSION.

WE OBSERVED LATER THAT MOST TARGET AREAS IN GERMANY LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS, CHAFF WAS EVERYWHERE!

CLIMBOUT THAT DAY WAS UNEVENTFUL. I DON'T REMEMBER THE WEATHER CONDITIONS BUT I THINK I WOULD REMEMBER IF WE HAD CLIMBED TO ALTITUDE USING THE INCLEMENT WEATHER PROCEDURE. THIS PROCESS WAS SOMETHING ELSE! EVERY AIRCRAFT IN EACH BOMB GROUP TOOK OFF AT 15 TO 30 SECOND INTERVALS, ENTERED THE "SOUP" AND CLIMBED ON THE ASSIGNED BUNCHERS/SPLASHERS/MARKERS UNTIL THEY BROKE OUT "ON TOP". THE SIGHT "ON TOP" WAS IMPRESSIVE TO SAY THE LEAST, WITH B-17s AND B-24s POPPING OUT OF THE CLOUDS ALL AROUND YOU. I ATTACHED A COPY OF THE APPROVED INCLEMENT WEATHER PROCEDURES ASSIGNED TO ALL 8TH AIR FORCE BOMB GROUPS TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORIES. IMAGINE US DOING THAT SORT OF THING?

AFTER WE POPPED OUT OF THE CLOUDS WE STARTED FORMING UP ON OUR LEADER, WHO MADE THINGS A LITTLE EASIER BY MARKING HIS POSITION WITH A FLARE. AFTER JOIN-UP WE CONTINUED ON THE BRIEFED HEADING FOR GERMANY WHICH INCLUDED CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND FRANCE. OUR MISSION THAT DAY WAS VERY DEEP IN GERMANY, AN OIL REFINERY IN THE LEIPSIG AREA. I CAN REMEMBER GOING THROUGH ALL THE PRE COMBAT

PROCEDURES WHICH INCLUDED A GOOD CHECK OF THE PLANE'S INSTRUMENTS, FUEL LEVEL AND A GUN AND OXYGEN TEST BEFORE WE ENTERED ENEMY TERRITORY. ALL OF THE CREW MEMBERS SEEMED TO BE IN GOOD SPIRITS AND EAGER TO CARRY THE WAR TO HITLER. WE HAD LITTLE IF ANY REPORTS OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT THAT DAY AND WE ENTERED THE BOMB RUN AT THE IP IN THE SPREAD OUT FORMATION AS BRIEFED. THOSE BLACK PUFFS WERE ALL AROUND US AND AS THEY SAY IN THE MOVIES, YOU COULD GET OUT AND WALK ON THE STUFF! A REPORT FROM OUR WAIST GUNNERS AND TAIL GUNNER INDICATED THAT WE HAD TAKEN SEVERE DAMAGE ON OUR VERTICAL STABILIZER. WE CONTINUED ON THE BOMB RUN (ABOUT 10 MINUTES) COMPLETING ALL OF OUR MISSION OBJECTIVES, i.e. WE THREW OUT A HELL OF A LOT OF CHAFF!

FOLLOWING THE BOMB RUN THE SIX CHAFF SHIPS WERE BRIEFED TO REJOIN IN A SIX SHIP FORMATION AND MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO ENGLAND. EASIER SAID THAN DONE AS THE BOMB RUN WOULD PROVE! THE OIL LINES FOR OUR NUMBER THREE AND FOUR ENGINES BLEW NEAR THE END OF THE BOMB RUN. PRIOR TO LOSS OF OIL PRESSURE AND THE SUBSEQUENT RUNAWAY ENGINE PROBLEM, WE WERE ABLE TO FEATHER BOTH ENGINES. WE WERE NOT ALONE, UPON LEAVING THE TARGET AND TURNING TO OUR ASSEMBLY POINT AND IN THE PROCESS TRYING TO "JOIN UP", WE NOTICED THAT EACH OF THE SIX AIRCRAFT IN THE CHAFF ELEMENT HAD SIMILIAR OR WORSE PROBLEMS. WE ALSO FOUND THAT WE WERE UNABLE TO RE JOIN THE FORMATION AND THAT OUR BEST AND ONLY COURSE OF ACTION WAS TO TRY TO STAY WITH, AND UNDERNEATH ANOTHER BOMBER FORMATION FOR PROTECTION. EASIER SAID THAN DONE! ALTITUDE AND AIR SPEED WERE OTHER FACTORS WHICH WERE ABOUT TO DESERT US. WE NOTICED THAT WE WERE ALONE (3 OF THE SIX SHIPS HAD GONE DOWN) AND THE REST OF US WERE STRAGGLERS SLOWLY DRIFTING TO THE REAR OF THE BOMBER STREAM AND LOSING ALTITUDE IN THE PROCESS. OUR CREW WAS BUSY MAKING THE PLANE LIGHTER BY THROWING AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE OVERBOARD WHILE KEEPING AN EYE OUT FOR ENEMY FIGHTERS.(THE WAIST GUNNERS HAD THREE OF THE FOUR BOLTS HOLDING THE BALL TURRET REMOVED) WE WERE REALLY OUT THERE ALL BY OURSELVES! OUR ALTITUDE HAD SLOWLY DECREASED ASSISTED BY THE FACT THAT OUR TURBO ON NO. 2 WAS INOPERATIVE(SHOT OUT). AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME JOHN FITZGERALD (NAVIGATOR) NOTIFIED THE REST OF THE CREW THAT OUR GROUND SPEED WAS ABOUT 60 KNOTS AND AT THIS RATE WE WOULD NEVER MAKE IT OUT OF GERMANY. HOW TRUE THIS WAS!

WHILE FEELING QUITE ALONE WE NOTICED THAT WE HAD BEEN JOINED BY A FLIGHT OF 3 FIGHTERS (P-51). OUR ALTITUDE WAS ABOUT 15000 FT AND DROPPING. WE THEN LOST THE OIL PRESSURE ON OUR LAST GOOD ENGINE AND HAD TO FEATHER IT LEAVING US WITH ABOUT HALF AN ENGINE, i.e. AN ENGINE WITH THE TURBO SHOT OUT. WE WERE COMING CLOSE TO A DECISION POINT. SHOULD WE STAY WITH THE SHIP AND HOPE THAT OUR SINGLE ENGINE WITH NO TURBO WOULD KEEP US IN THE AIR UNTIL WE WERE ABLE TO REACH THE ALLIED LINES? RECOGNIZING THE FACT THAT WE WERE STILL WELL WITHIN ENEMY TERRITORY, GOING LOWER AND SLOWER WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO HOLD ALTITUDE CHANCES WERE SLIM TO NOTHING. OUR DECISION WAS MADE AT 8000 FEET. I INDICATED TO OUR ESCORTING FIGHTERS, WHO WERE HAVING FUN PEELING OFF ONE AT A TIME LOOKING FOR STRAFING OPPORTUNITIES, THAT THE CREW WOULD BAIL OUT AND THAT I

WOULD APPRECIATE A REPORT ON EACH OF THE CREW MEMBERS AS THEY LEFT THE AIRPLANE. THIS PROCESS STARTED WITH THE TAIL GUNNER (WHO WOULD NOT BAIL OUT), HE WAS PUSHED OUT, USING A STATIC LINE, BY THE WAIST GUNNERS. THE REMAINING GUNNERS LEFT THE REAR OF THE B-17 AND THE FIGHTERS GAVE US FAVORABLE REPORTS RE. THEIR CHUTES OPENING, THIS PROCESS WAS FOLLOWED BY THE NAVIGATOR AND BOMBARDIER USING THE NAVIGATOR ESCAPE HATCH. THE COPILOT WAS AT HIS BAILOUT POSITION (NAVIGATOR ESCAPE HATCH) LOOKING FOR HIS GI SHOES TO CARRY WITH HIM. IN TURNING AROUND IN THE CLOSE QUARTERS OF THE CRAWL SPACE UNDER THE COCKPIT FLOOR, GERRY LAY CAUGHT THE RIPCORDER RING TO HIS CHEST PARACHUTE ON A PROJECTION. AS I LOOKED DOWN AT HIM FROM THE PILOT'S SEAT GERRY'S PARACHUTE POPPED INTO HIS LAP, THE LAST I SAW OF HIM HIS ARMS WERE WRAPPED AROUND A BIG BUNDLE OF SILK, HE YELLED GOODBY AND ROLLED OUT OF THE ESCAPE HATCH. I THOUGHT GERRY WAS A "GONER"! THE FIGHTER PILOTS WERE NOT ABLE TO TRACK HIM AND I NEVER THOUGHT HE COULD RELEASE THE CHUTE WITHOUT BECOMING CAUGHT IN THAT MESS! I INDICATED TO THE FIGHTER PILOTS THAT I WAS ENGAGING THE AUTO PILOT AND OPENING THE BOMB BAY DOORS WHERE I WOULD DEPART FOR THE FATHERLAND. THEY ACKNOWLEDGED MY PREPARATION TO BAIL OUT AND I THANKED THEM FOR THE ESCORT AND INDICATED THAT I WOULD SEE THEM AFTER THE WAR, GOOD LUCK! I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE BOMB BAY AND LEFT THE AIRCRAFT (ABOUT 8000 FEET). I DELAYED MY CHUTE OPENING FOR ABOUT 6000 FEET, NOTICING THAT I HAD GOOD CONTROL OF MY FALL BY CHANGING ANGLES OF MY ARMS AND LEGS AS I FELL. I OPENED MY CHUTE AND NOTICED THAT I WAS COMING DOWN ON THE SIDE OF A PLOWED HILL UP WHICH 6 TO 8 PEOPLE IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES WERE RUNNING. A PERSON, DRESSED WELL AND SHOOTING AT ME WITH A RIFLE SEEMED TO BE THE LEADER. I COULD HEAR THE BULLETS ZIP BY AND PUT HOLES IN THE CANOPY. I LANDED ON THE PLOWED HILLSIDE AND WAS STRUGGLING TO REMOVE THE CHUTE HARNESS WHEN ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE PACK OF CIVILIANS APPROACHED ME WITH HIS ARM RAISED, HOLDING AN AX AND OBVIOUSLY READY TO USE IT! I GRABBED HIS WRIST AND HELD IT UNTIL TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS, WHO WERE RUNNING UP THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, APPROACHED THE CIVILIANS AND ORDERED THEM TO RELEASE ME. THE GROUP OF CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS MARCHED ME DOWN THE HILL TO THE TOWN HALL WHERE THE SOLDIERS AND OBERMEISTER MADE TELEPHONE ARRANGEMENTS TO PROCESS THE AMERICAN FLYER. ALL THE WHILE THE WELL DRESSED CIVILIAN WHO SHOT AT ME WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF THOSE INTERESTED IN THE PRISONER. SUBSEQUENTLY A BUS ARRIVED AND THE TWO SOLDIERS GOT ON BOARD WITH ME (CARRYING A PARACHUTE) AND THE BUS PROCEEDED TO THE NEXT TOWN (JUST THE THREE OF US) WHERE WE GOT OFF AND STARTED WALKING. WHILE ON THE BUS THE SOLDIERS OPENED TWO LARGE NEWSPAPER WRAPPED PACKAGES WHICH CONTAINED APPLE STRUDLE. WHILE EATING THEIR STRUDLE LUNCH THEY BROKE OFF A VERY LARGE PIECE AND GAVE IT TO ME. THAT HAD TO BE THE BEST APPLE STRUDLE I'VE EVER HAD! DURING THE MARCH FOLLOWING THE BUS RIDE WE WERE APPROACHED BY A GERMAN BICYCLE PATROL. THE FIRST TWO SOLDIERS STOPPED THIS GROUP OF ABOUT 30 SOLDIERS AND HANDED ME OFF TO TWO BICYCLE SOLDIERS. ONE HANDED ME HIS BIKE ON WHICH I STARTED TO CLIMB UNTIL I HEARD "NICHTS NICHTS" AND HE MOTIONED ME TO PLACE MY PARACHUTE ON THE BIKE AND WHEEL IT. (GOOD TRY FRANK) WE PROCEEDED TO AN OFFICER TRAINING CENTER AND I WAS HANDED OVER TO ANOTHER GROUP AND WE CONTINUED ON TO A GERMAN MILITARY AIRFIELD. AT THE AIRFIELD I WAS PLACED IN A CELL AND I WAS JOINED A LITTLE LATER BY OUR NAVIGATOR,

JOHN FITZGERALD. FITZ AND I SPENT THE NIGHT IN THAT CELL. WHILE WALKING TO THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING IN WHICH WE WERE LOCKED UP I HAD NOTICED, PARKED IN THE WOODS, A NUMBER OF THE OLD GERMAN STUKA DIVE BOMBERS. THAT EVENING FITZ AND I WITNESSED A STRAFING AND BOMBING OF THE AIRFIELD FROM UNDERNEATH TWO TABLES. THE BOMBS FELL NEARBY AND THE WALL CRACKED BUT WAS NOT BREACHED. NATURALLY I HAD VISIONS (FROM G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES) OF ESCAPING THE PRISON CELL AND STEALING A STUKA AND FLYING HOME. WHAT A DREAMER!

FITZ AND I WERE BEING MOVED IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF FRANKFURT AM MAIN. WE WERE MARCHED THROUGH FRANKFURT AND SPENT SOME TIME ON A TROLLEY ON OUR WAY TO THE INTERROGATION CENTER AT OBERRUSEL JUST NORTH OF FRANKFURT.(LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT I WOULD RETURN TO FRANKFURT AND RIDE THOSE SAME TROLLEYS LESS THAN 10 YEARS LATER) WE DID NOTE THAT FRANKFURT WAS SEVERELY DAMAGED AND THE CIVILIANS VERY UNFRIENDLY. AT OR BEFORE ARRIVING AT OBERRUSEL (IAM NOT SURE) WE WERE INFORMED OF THE STATUS OF THE REST OF THE CREW, THAT IS, ALL BUT GERRY LAY. WE LATER DISCOVERED THAT GERRY HAD EVADED FOR FIVE DAYS AND FINALLY HAD TO GIVE UP BECAUSE OF A FROSTBITTEN FOOT AND LACK OF FOOD. GERRY TOLD US HE EVEN TRIED TO BARTER HIS .45 PISTOL FOR FOOD BUT THE GERMANS WOULD HAVE NONE OF IT! WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT?

THE ACTIVITY AT OBERRUSEL CENTERED AROUND THE GERMAN INTERROGATION FUNCTION. EACH OF THE PRISONERS WAS PLACED IN A SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CELL AND TAKEN OUT AT RANDOM INTERVALS TO BE INTERROGATED BY A GERMAN OFFICER. THE FAVORITE COMMENT OF THE MAJOR WHO QUESTIONED ME, BESIDES THE FACT THAT HE HAD LIVED IN NEW JERSEY BEFORE THE WAR, WAS THAT HE HAD FLOWN IN WORLD WAR I AND NOW WAS ASSIGNED TO INTELLIGENCE OFFICER DUTIES, IN THE NEXT WAR I WOULD BE PERFORMING THE SAME DUTIES AS HE WAS IN WW II.

AT SOME TIME (DAYS) LATER, PROBABLY WHEN THE GERMANS FELT THAT THEY COULD GAIN NO ADDITIONAL INFORMATION OR THEY NEEDED SPACE FOR NEW PRISONERS, THE MOVE TO THE WETZLAR PROCESSING CENTER OCCURED. WE HAD BEEN IN SOLITARY AT OBERRUSEL FOR ABOUT 10 DAYS.

WETZLAR APPEARED TO BE A CAMP WHICH THE GERMANS USED TO SHOW TO THE RED CROSS ON THEIR INSPECTION TRIPS. THE TREATMENT AND FOOD SEEMED TO BE A LITTLE BETTER AND IT GAVE THE PRISONERS A LITTLE TIME TO GET USED TO THE IDEA THAT THEY WOULD BE UNDER ENEMY CONTROL UNTIL THE END OF THE WAR. MY MOST MEMORABLE EVENT IN THOSE FIRST FEW DAYS FOLLOWING THE BAIL OUT HAPPENED AT WETZLAR. I HAD LEFT THE BARRACKS TO GO TO THE MESSHALL AND AS I APPROACHED A LINE OF KRIEGIES IN FRONT OF THE FOOD HALL I SAW 2 FAMILIAR FACES (NOT MY CREW), AS I CLOSED ON THEM I RECOGNIZED JOE FRECHETTE AND HIS COPILOT NORM HANSON. MY FIRST WORDS WERE "GEE, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU"! I FOUND OUT THAT THEY HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN 5 DAYS AFTER MY CREW HAD GONE DOWN.(JOE AND I WENT THROUGH PILOT TRAINING TOGETHER AND AFTER CREWING UP IN THE STATES AND FLYING NEW B-17s TO ENGLAND, WE WERE ASSIGNED TO DIFFERENT BOMB GROUPS) NEEDLESS TO SAY IT WAS NICE TO BE ABLE TO SHARE OUR LAST MISSION ACTIVITIES WITH SOMEONE WE KNEW. AT WETZLAR THE PRISONERS WERE FORMED INTO GROUPS AND PREPARED FOR SHIPMENT (PCS) TO THEIR PERMANENT STATION. WE (JOE

FRECHETTE, JOHN FITZGERALD, GERRY LAY, NORM HANSON AND THE WRITER) PLUS ABOUT 75 OTHERS WERE GATHERED INTO A GROUP GUARDED BY 2 GERMAN SOLDATEN CARRYING SCHMEISER SUBMACHINE GUNS AND WERE MARCHED THROUGH THE CITY TO A RAILHEAD WHERE WE WERE HERDED INTO A PRISON CAR CONTAINING ABOUT 8 COMPARTMENTS. WE SPLIT INTO GROUPS OF 10 PER COMPARTMENT AND SETTLED DOWN FOR THE TRAIN TRIP NORTH TO BARTH. LITTLE DID WE KNOW AT THE TIME THAT WE HAD A 5 DAY EXCURSION AHEAD OF US!

OUR FIVE DAY TRIP TO BARTH WAS QUITE SCENIC AND CARRIED US DIRECTLY NORTH FROM FRANKFURT THROUGH BERLIN TO THE BALTIC SEA AND OUR PERMANENT STATION. THE MOST EVENTFUL HAPPENING ON THE TRAIN TRIP OCCURED IN BERLIN. OUR TWO GUARDS WERE STILL WITH US AND SEEMED TO HAVE NO TROUBLE CONTROLLING THE GROUP OF PRISONERS.(MUST BE THE MACHINE GUNS THEY CARRIED) AS WE ENTERED A VERY LARGE RAILROAD MARSHALLING YARD AND TRAVELING AT A VERY LOW SPEED, AT NIGHT, SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SKY LIT UP AND WE HEARD THE LOUD EXPLOSIONS ASSOCIATED WITH BIG GUNS AND BOMBS. SEVERAL YANKS LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW AND COMMENTED ON THE PRETTY RED AND GREEN FLARES IN THE SKY. THE BRITS AND CANADIAN PRISONERS HEARD THE COMMENTS AND IMMEDIATELY DOVE UNDER THE SEATS (THEY KNEW BETTER). WE THEN FOUND OUT THAT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE (RAF) BOMBED ON THE RED AND GREEN FLARES DROPPED BY THEIR PATHFINDER AIRCRAFT. AT THE SAME TIME THE GUARDS LOCKED THE DOORS OF THE PRISON CAR AND FOUND SHELTER WHILE THE TRAIN(AND OUR CAR) ROLLED VERY SLOWLY THROUGH THE YARD IN THE MIDDLE OF A BOMBING BY THE RAF. EITHER THE RAF WAS VERY ACCURATE OR WE WERE VERY LUCKY. THE BOMBING OF THE FACTORY ON EACH SIDE OF US CONTINUED AND WE ROLLED THROUGH THE YARD UNSCATHED, TO BE JOINED BY THE GUARDS AT THE OTHER END AS OUR JOURNEY TO BARTH CONTINUED WITHOUT DAMAGE!

ARRIVAL AT BARTH ON A RAINY, DREARY DAY WAS DEPRESSING AND WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED AS THE DAY EVERYTHING SEEMED TO STOP! WE WERE MET AND UNLOADED BY MORE GERMAN GUARDS WHO WERE PROBABLY SAYING "FOR YOU THE WAR IS OVER!" AND GERMAN POLICE DOGS READY TO DO A JOB ON US IF THEIR HANDLERS RELEASED THEM. WE (80 KRIEGIES) MADE OUR WAY TO THE NORTH 3 COMPOUND ESCORTED BY MANY GERMAN GUARDS AND ENTERED(WE WERE THE FIRST OCCUPANTS) THE BARRACKS, OUR NEW HOME! THERE TO REMAIN WITH NOTABLE INCIDENTS UNTIL THE GREAT DAY THE RUSSIANS ROLLED INTO CAMP AND LIBERATED THEIR AMERICAN FRIENDS.

THAT STORY TO BE CONTINUED AT A LATER TIME.