

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY.

am. still in a P. O. W. Camp near Moulmein, Burma, are 20,000 Prisoners, being Australian, Dutch, English, and American. There are several camps of 2/3000 prisoners who work at settled labour daily.

We are quartered in very plain huts. The climate is good. Our life is now easier with regard to food, medicine and clothes. The Japanese Commander sincerely endeavours to treat prisoners kindly.

Officers' salary is based on salary of Japanese Officers of the same rank and every prisoner who performs labour or duty is given daily wages from 25 cents (minimum) to 45 cents, according to rank and work.

Canteens are established where we can buy some extra foods and smokes. By courtesy of the Japanese Commander we conduct concerts in the camps, and a limited number go to a picture show about once per month.

LOVE TO ALL AM PAINE FINE

George L. Kemp

"DEAR MOM: DON'T WORRY—"

Continued from Page 29

dead, they may have escaped. Military officials wait for accurate information, and meanwhile the men are simply "missing in action." Some of the men, if taken prisoner, may get word out to their families before the War Department gets a report on them. That, of course, is so much the better for the family's peace of mind, but the War Department should not be blamed for not having given out the information first.

"Killed in action" is tragic information to a family, but sometimes such a message happily has turned out to be wrong. One serviceman reported killed months ago recently celebrated his birthday in a hospital in America. Following a bomb explosion, his buddy, entrenched beside him, had "come to," to find nothing but tons of rocks and wreckage where he had been lying. "Killed in action" was the logical conclusion. But the boy had been blown free of the debris, was captured by the enemy, and later repatriated as an exchange casualty.

Major General Allen Gullion, founder of the Prisoners of War Information Bureau at the beginning of the war, was himself a victim of one of these errors. Some time ago his son was reported killed in action. But several weeks ago the son's name turned up in a report from a German prison camp, and a hurried cable to Geneva confirmed that he is alive and well.

HERE'S what happens when one of our men is taken prisoner. Upon capture, the detaining power must report his name and serial number to Geneva, whence they are relayed to Washington. The War Department wires the family this much information. But because his first internment is in a temporary or "interrogation" camp, the family cannot yet be given an address to which to write him or send packages. When he is moved to a permanent camp, however, he is again reported to Geneva, thence to Washington again, and the Bureau writes to the family, telling his location, explaining how letters and packages should be addressed, and enclosing parcel labels and special tobacco labels. The tobacco labels, under arrangement with the tobacco companies, entitle the family to buy cartons of cigarettes at cost-less-tax, amounting to about \$1.40 for three cartons. Smoking tobacco is purchased on the same reduction plan. Upon capture, the prisoner of war re-

ceives the Red Cross "capture parcel" containing warm clothing, smokes, vitamins, razor, soap and towels, chewing gum, mending needs, and simple first-aid items. When he arrives at the permanent camp he receives the Red Cross medical kit which contains self-treatment medical supplies. Each week he also receives the Red Cross food parcel of biscuits, dried fruits, oleo, powdered milk, tinned meats, coffee, cheese, and concentrated vitamins.

Sick prisoners receive special parcels containing more highly concentrated foods, real butter (preserved in tins), and extra vitamins. These standard parcels are designed to furnish approximately 14,000 calories a week—enough to keep a man alive if he receives no other food. The detaining power is obliged, under the Geneva Convention terms, to furnish its prisoners its own standard Army rations. But the German rations are only 1,500 calories a day, as compared with our American Army ration of approximately 3,500.

The warehouse at the enemy camps in which these packages are stored all have two locks. The German officer in command holds the key for one; the American serviceman who has been appointed by his group holds the other. On the day of issue each week, each man has to open his lock before the parcels can be given out.

THE director of the Prisoner of War Division of the War Department says the messages from our captured men are almost 100 per cent cheerful and optimistic. Not a gripe in a carload, he reports.

"Wait for me" is the simple plea that appears time and time again in letters from married men to their wives. "I feel fine" and "Don't worry" are standard. "See you when the armistice is signed" is familiar, too.

Many of the letters contain real humor. One Air Forces colonel who had cut quite a figure in all previous flights had the tough luck to be shot down and captured by the Germans on his very first mission. His maiden letter home from prison camp signed off: "Old Flash-in-the-Pan Hank!"

THE END

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Dean Swift was once asked to preach a charity sermon. It was intimated that a brief appeal would be preferred.

Entering the pulpit, he said, "My text is, 'He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' Brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan. If you are satisfied with the security, put down your cash." That was all. The collection was a record one.

duced to as low as five crews and aircraft and, on occasion, one ship from a formation of 18 planes would come home. Each briefing was a wake and each take-off an almost unendurable tension. For months this condition existed but always those who remained went out again until gradually replacements in aircraft and men began to come to the relief of the immortal few and long-range fighters developed to convoy the bombers.

As I scanned the records, the air war appeared to fall naturally into phases. The first phase was encompassed by those days in which the 8th had few ships and crews and while fighter protection was

Eighth Airforce Wins Glory Path Hard Way

Long Struggle Against Odds Recorded Only in Log Book, But Place in History Secure

By GILL ROBB WILSON

U.S. ARMY AIRBASE SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

The men who composed the early squadrons of the 8th Airforce had no Boswell to fix with unforgettable words the memory of their sacrifice in the minds of their countrymen, yet what Mr. Churchill said of the R.A.F. after the Battle of Britain, some American statesmen might justly have paraphrased in tribute to this handful of gallant boys who pioneered the uncharted field of day bombing.

Had they faltered, the theory of strategic bombing would have been discarded as untenable for around-the-clock operations. In that case the Luftwaffe would have thrived, Nazi armament increased, our vast aeronautic production would have been ineffective and the war stalemated at best.

Lived on Borrowed Time

In those days any man who lived beyond a little cluster of raids was by the law of averages, existing on borrowed time. Now that the 8th has become a mighty power capable of going where it will, when it pleases, the contribution of those early squadrons lives still in that they not only opened the way into darkest Germany but fixed undying traditions for American airmen.

I have been over the records of those days, the log book of the 8th Airforce. It is at the same time one of the saddest and most thrilling ledgers of our national history. It is not the story of a single great battle, after which men might rest in the glow of victory or the resignation of defeat. It is rather a day by day, week by week, month by month story of attrition without rest, without victory and yet even without the anesthesia of despair.

It is a record of life, whose ambition was death at the highest possible price. None felt his job was to live, but rather to die with the greatest effectiveness.

Not Even Names Left

In the pages of that ledger are countless stories whose heroes have not so much as a name left. There was, for example, the day we bombed Schweinfurt and Regensburg, the first of the shuttle attack on Aug. 17, 1943. Approaching the target at Schweinfurt is a Boeing Flying Fortress afire from nose to tail and being given a wide berth by even the German fighters, since it was apparent she must blow up at any second.

Weaving and plunging erratically through the sky, she steadied at last into her bomb run and only then were the chutes of the crew seen to blossom from the doomed ship, all but on, and at last, beginning to fall apart, she reached her aiming point, sent her bombs down to the target, and then, as a lone figure was seen to be struggling free of the nose, blew up.

None will ever know what name he bore who remained at the bomb toggle, for he exchanged his heritage in lieu of a tradition of the 8th Airforce.

Seats Empty for Weeks

In those days the number of men in the briefing rooms were constantly shrinking. Seats at the tables and bunks remained empty for weeks. At times entire bombing groups were re-

still of extremely allotted range. The 8th lived through that period by the power of deception. Feinting here and there to draw the Luftwaffe concentration from the real target, the Americans made up for lack of power by ingenuity. In that period losses were high, percentages very high, though not so high in numbers, since numbers we lived through it.

New Phase in 1944

did not possess. Yet the 8th

A second phase begins with the first week of March, 1944. By this time replacements in strength had arrived. Deception was abandoned. The 8th started to send 1,000-plane formations in a straight line to their target. On March 6, they hit Berlin and lost sixty-nine bombers while shooting down ninety-seven German fighters. March 8 they went back to Berlin losing this time thirty-six bombers and making seventy-three kills of the Luftwaffe.

Next day they again hit the Reich's capital but now the Luftwaffe had had enough. They did not come up. The Eighth lost eight bombers and got one Nazi fighter. Then the 8th Airforce began to hit all over the Reich and the same procedure ensued. Losses during this phase run about five per cent but the back of German fighter opposition was broken throughout fortress Europe. As this phase ends, the score of our fighters against enemy aircraft starts to rise and the score of the bombers to decrease.

The 8th Airforce is now in another phase. Conditions of this phase are as follows: Losses have decreased. The majority of enemy aircraft are falling to the guns of the convoying fighter planes. Rarely does an enemy formation get through the defense screen to the bombers. There are actually bomber crews who have completed long strings of raids without ever firing a gun or seeing an enemy fighter.

Free to Concentrate

They are free, at last, to concentrate on the target which is their primary business. Accuracy has accordingly increased. The 8th is primarily keeping German production at a low ebb, while the 9th Airforce with fighters and medium bombers is primarily engaged in tactical support of the invasion. Of course, functions overlap in many instances for the 8th provides barrage and the 9th hits deep, as strategy may demand.

While 8th Airforce losses were running high, a major portion were due to enemy fighters and the remaining fourth to anti-aircraft of various causes. Now that the Luftwaffe has been cut

8th loses about one-fourth—less than two per cent to German fighters and the reminder to Nazi flak.

As a new built ship wears herself in against the tide and storm and ceases to creak, so has the 8th Airforce. Today this force is sure of itself, confident it can do anything, fly anywhere, hit anything. Weathered into its history like pitch between the planks of a Gloucester fisherman are undying traditions. As the older serv-

ices built theirs on experience of land and sea, so the men of the air have constructed in turn their philosophies and attitudes. I have watched them evolve from the first and can report that the 8th Airforce has fixed them secure in the history of American arms.

A wing and a prayer is superfluous equipment to these lads. Give them either one and they will go out and come back.

(C.: 1944: New York Tribune, Inc.)

LT. CAPEN R. SIMONS is liberated and back under military control of our Army, according to a message received yesterday by his parents. He was captured after his bomber was shot down over Germany October 9, 1943. It has been more than six months since his parents had heard from him. You can be sure Capen's family and friends' were mighty happy to get the good news. When others were reported liberated and no word from Capen, we who knew him were afraid he might have attempted a little broken field running when being transferred, and got cut down by Nazi guard. We remembered Capen's flair for slipping through hole in the opposition's lines on the grid-iron and began to wonder. Glad we can check him in O. K.

LT. HENRY WALLACE BLUM WORTH just in to see me. Like all Eighth Air Force pilots returned from England, he's heading for reassignment after a stay at home. He goes to Santa Ana Army Air Field, Calif., Thursday.

German prison camp

'Life became a nightmare'

Read this
MM

C.S. Callen
5-12-80



**Bill
Wabraven**

Life in Stalag Luft 3 was at times a little like television's Hogan's Heroes.

Tommy Worsham of Portland remembers the German prison camp where there was humor along with the hunger and misery.

"There were guys in camp who could do anything. Some could make a perfect passport. Others could sew a suit of clothes. We got materials with the help of two guards. The same guards gave warning when a search was coming up.

"We had a radio and listened to the news on BBC every night. They wanted that radio. But we always had it hidden, under the fireplace.

"A lot of guys were expert pick-pockets. When the guards came in to search, they would steal flashlights, knives and all sorts of things. The guards would come back looking the flashlights and our guys would steal more stuff."

Worsham, now an oil company executive, kept a diary of his experiences in prison camp. Some of the guards weren't smart enough to be soldiers. Prison generally wasn't funny. Life became a nightmare when the prisoners were moved as the Russian army advanced.

Men sewed newspapers in their coats and between pairs of trousers for insulation against the cold. Even then most suffered frostbite in marches in temperatures that plunged to 27 degrees below zero.

They marched 20 miles a day with little food. Allied bombings and strafings became more numerous and some men were killed by our own planes.

The diary tells of residents of a

bombed-out village demanding the prisoners be shot.

"The Jerries thought they should do something, so they beat us with clubs."

Training from a Polish officer saved him in this period. "He taught me to save chocolate and sugar from Red Cross packages no matter how hungry I was. On the march a little each day gave me the energy to make it.

"One day someone yelled my name. It was King Weldon, another Corpus Christi boy. I don't know how he recognized me. He had been an aerial gunner.

"People were helpful. The slave laborers shared their rations. Many were Poles and my friends helped me. I learned you don't freeze if you can find horses to sleep between. They won't step on you, either. We managed to steal eggs and to find potato graves to rob."

The prisoners were moved constantly on foot or by train. At Nuremberg many prisoners died in bombings. Reports said Hitler planned to have prisoners shot.

"We organized like an army so we could charge the guards if we had to die. We wouldn't go like the Jews in the concentration camps.

"Bugs were eating us up. Fleas and lice. We burned our beds and slept on the floor."

The marches continued. The war was winding down and the prisoners found more food. Some caught frogs and ate them. The

men got up a \$25 pool guessing at liberation day. Worsham drew 29, a winner. They were liberated on April 29, 1945.

"At Moosburg they crowded 186 of us into a small room. We could hear explosions. One night most of the guards left. By morning they were all gone.

"At sunrise we saw American tanks coming over the hill. There was a lot of fighting yet, but it was over. Then we got scared. The SS fired through the camp. We hid anywhere we could.

"General Patton was standing up in the lead tank. Shiny helmet. Pearl handle pistols. In a few minutes he was making a speech commending us for the way we had held up as an army. I got to shake his hand."

In big letters across the diary was written, "WHOOPIE!"

On the next page, "Old Glory flies over Moosburg. We are going home."

American Prisoners of War in Germany Have High Morale, Wounded Soldier Writes

By MAXINE GILLETTE

American soldiers who are prisoners of war in Germany receive an amply supply of food, candy and cigarettes from the Red Cross; their morale is "unimaginably high"; and they are in good health. Lt. A. G. Irish of Glendale, Calif., a repatriated wounded prisoner, wrote recently.

In a letter to Mrs. C. E. Jackson, 3013 Minton Street, whose son, Capt. Miron Elmo Jackson, is a prisoner at a camp near Berlin, Lieutenant Irish assured her that her son, and all the men at the camp, were safe from ill treatment but that few would be sent home until after the war.

Irish's letter, mimeographed at the request of hundreds of relatives of men held as German war prisoners, follows:

"I am glad that my news of the officers' camps is so good that I can truly assure you of the safety and care of your loved ones.

"Our camps in Germany are very well organized and are run by the senior American officers; our only contact with the Germans coming through them.

"The Red Cross has made arrangements through Switzerland so that each week we receive a Canadian, English or American Red Cross food parcel, which is sufficient balance for the full week. I may add that they contain excellent canned foods, fruits,

cigarettes and candy. With the Red Cross food, we officers could hold our own weight, and some are even gaining weight. There is no need to worry about their diets.

"Our bedding and clothing are also given to us through the Red Cross and I am happy to say that no one goes without or is cold. We are given coal briquettes each week by the Germans and we do manage to keep warm. Again I say don't fret about their comforts.

"Our entertainment comes from theatre productions in our own theatre which we built in the camp. We have lectures on all subjects, all forms of amateur nouns, a top-notch orchestra. I could go on for pages telling you of our recreation.

"We have a complete and large library with research and fiction books. They are available to all and all have time and do read.

"Strangely enough, in our camp we have very little sickness. In a camp of over 1,000 we have a sick call of 8 to 20 each morning, usually scratches, colds and minor ailments. Our dental service is good though limited but we do take care of all emergency and routine work.

"As you know, we are allowed to send three letters and four cards per month, but we can receive as much as is written. I encourage the sending of snapshots and mail as often as possible. We do look forward to the mail and each day. Parcels from home are coming in regularly. As with the mail, it takes some time to receive them, but they do come and bring joy and pleasure to all the boys.

"Many people have asked of the coming downfall of Hitlerism

and the safety of the camp. Although I can't say more, don't worry. I doubt if any trouble would ever come, but we are prepared for any unexpected thing. The boys will be home in good health, in good mental condition.

"Perhaps the most outstanding thing in camp is the morale. It is unimaginably high. The fellows are all well of mind and health and naturally enough, morale is high. They say if a man has a full stomach he is happy, and they are as happy as can be expected, being away from home and family.

"People have asked for reports on the religious services. We do have them every Sunday morning and throughout the week in the evening we have open forums on religion and evening prayer hours.

"The camp is located about 80 miles from Berlin (south) and is cnarted by all Allied forces as well as German forces. There is no danger of any place being bombed within a radius of 30 miles of the camp, and I doubt if any bombs fall closer than 80 miles—in Berlin.

"I really appreciate all of your kind thoughts in regard to my injury and my coming home. I was repatriated, for I was considered a permanently disabled soldier. That is the only condition under which we are exchanged. Most of our boys are in good health and very few are injured, so I don't believe many more will be coming.

"Strangely enough, most of the information you receive in your letters from the camp is true. The censorship is very lax and we are not compelled to write any special thing. We write as we please."

Life in German Prison Camp

U.S. ARMY OFFICER TELLS WHAT IT'S ABOUT

By Associated Press

HOUSTON, April 13.—If your son is in a German prison camp, read this story:

2nd Lt. Milton E. Harness told it after he spent four and a half months in Germany, a month of which he spent in Stalag Luft 3, where there are two camps for army airforces officers.

On Oct. 10 the Flying Fortress on which Lt. Harness was bombardier was shot down over Germany. He was wounded and captured by the Germans and, for several months lay in German hospitals. Finally he was sent to Stalag Luft 3.

On March 15 he arrived in New York on the repatriation ship Gripsholm.

At Stalag Luft 3 there are two camps for officers the lieutenant explained. Between them there is no means of direct communication.

"For that reason, of course, I know only one camp, but I believe the other camps are probably similar," he said.

Freedom to Mingle

The men live in large one-story barracks which house about 96 men, with eight men to each room. He described the rooms as adequate. In his there were seven prisoners.

The men are given complete freedom to mingle. When Lt. Harness arrived at the camp, along with a number of other prisoners, he was ordered to fall out and return in two hours. By this time the men were to have chosen roommates. Practically ev-

eryone lives in a room with several old friends, unexpectedly met at the camp. The lieutenant found his co-pilot, Lt. R. W. Brooks of Boston.

Each group of men does its own cooking and the lieutenant says many are good cooks, although he does not place himself in that class. There is a cooking stove at each end of the barrack and two heating stoves in the middle. Coal is used for fuel.

The Germans furnish bread, potatoes, some sugar, jam and meat. Some barley, noodles, spinach and a few other things in season.

Enough Food to Keep Weight

"The essentials of a good diet are furnished in the weekly Red Cross food parcel," Lt. Harness said. "Thanks to them, everyone gets enough food to keep their weight."

Anyway, that is true of the lieutenant. He weighs 160 pounds which is just about what he weighed when he left the United States to go to England in August, 1943.

The bunks, which are double deckers, he described as fairly good. There are adequate blankets and heating facilities in the barracks to keep warm, and the sheets are laundered every two weeks.

The lieutenant explained that everyone had the necessary minimum of clothing, again thanks to the Red Cross, which sends army uniforms.

Fiction Library

The Y.M.C.A. has furnished the camp with a fairly good fiction

library, as well as a good library of technical books. While Lt. Harness was in camp he read several late volumes. The Y.M.C.A. also furnished a phonograph and a number of records, ranging from boogie-woogie to classical.

But the American boys wanted more music than that. They organized a concert orchestra and a band which the lieutenant described as remarkably good. The instruments were furnished by the Y.M.C.A.

A converted barrack serves as a theater where the men occasionally produce a play.

If a prisoner has a predilection for study, he can get that, too. Classes in economics, mathematics, German, history and other subjects with prisoners serving as instructors, are held for any man desiring them. German guards instruct the advanced German classes.

Athletic Fields There

For those with an athletic bent, there is a basketball court, a football field and a baseball diamond.

For news, the men get the German papers, but they take them with a grain of salt. Lt. Harness explained that the men are able to get a little news from the men who enter the camp as their planes are downed. By comparing their stories with the German stories, they test the authenticity of the German newspaper.

Lt. Harness says the German guards do not annoy or mistreat the men and generally tend to ignore them.

There is only one requirement. The men must fall in for roll call daily at 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Naturally the men wash their own clothes.

Lights are out at midnight and the men are allowed to sleep until morning roll call. That isn't bad.

Lt. Harness says the general health is remarkably good and there is a hospital for any man requiring medical attention.



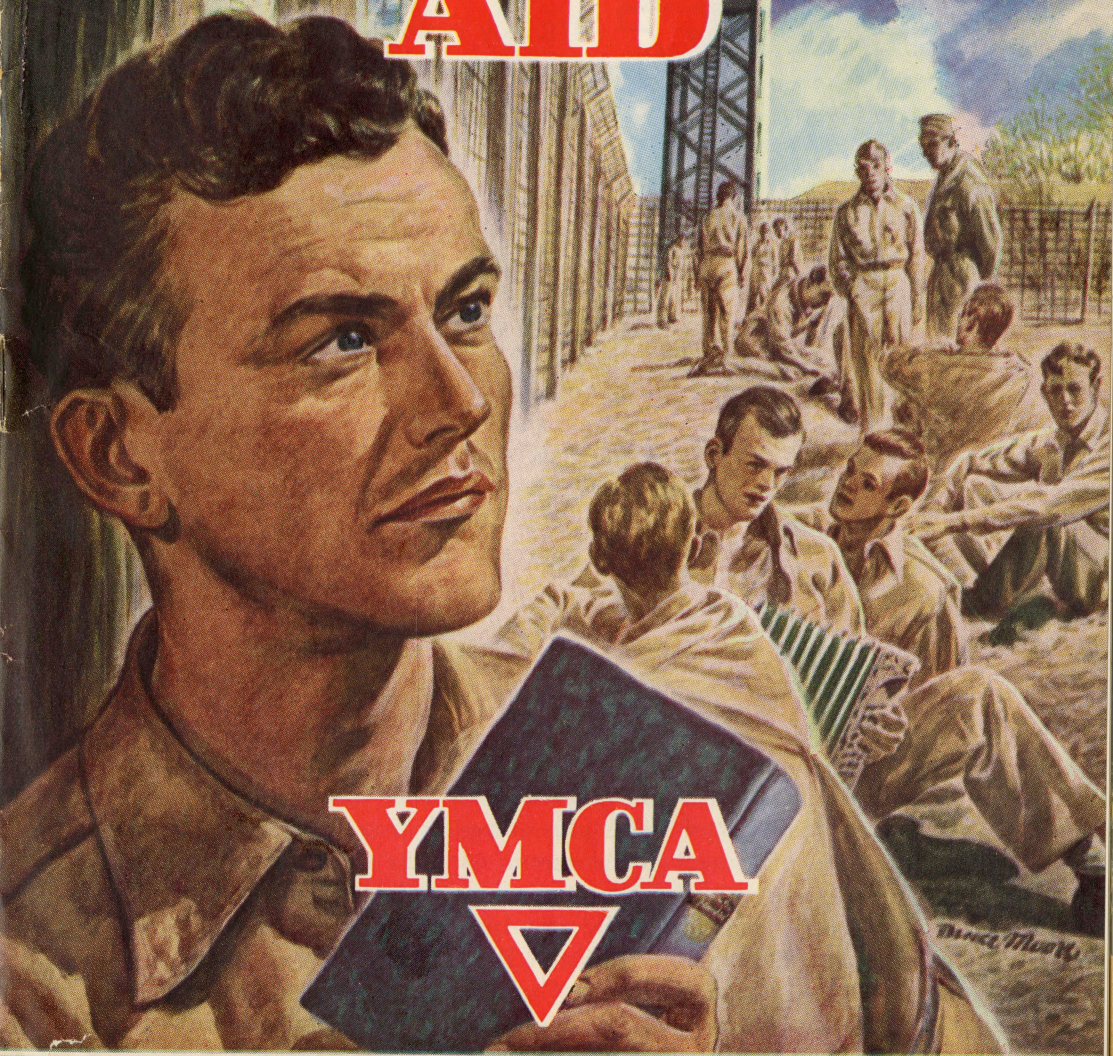
COMMANDER TRIES CONTROLS—General Dwight D. Eisenhower smiles from the cockpit of the medium bomber "Son of Satan" during his inspection of a 9th Air-force base in England. The plane, veteran of 60 missions over Europe, is piloted by Lt.Col. Sherman R. Beaty of Hoquiam, Wash.—AP Wirephoto.

Gen. Eaker Flies Own Plane



Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commander of Allied airforces in the Mediterranean theater, smokes a cigar as he flies his own plane en route to the Anzio beachhead in Italy—
photo.

WAR PRISONERS AID

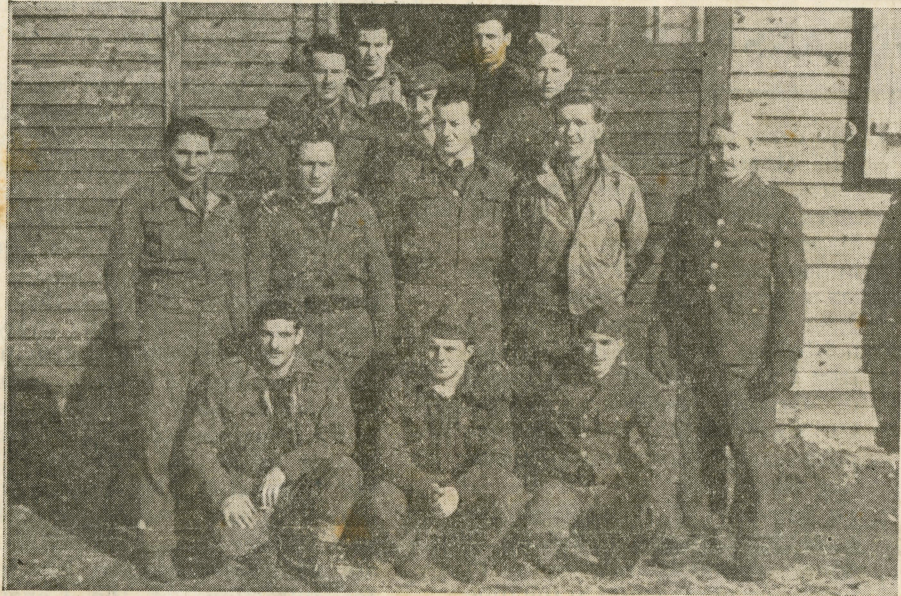


YMCA
▽

Information for Next of Kin



Sports Day at Stalag Luft III.



*Red Cross food package detail in the Vorlager at Stalag Luft III. Names as furnished:
Capt. Fulgem, M. Amato, J. Wolff, F. Fagio, C. Perry, J. Zeppi, W. Viereck, J. Egyud,
J. Smith, S. Pascucelli, H. Ellis, D. Sadinka, A. La Barbera.*



American camp staff at Middle Compound, Stalag Luft III. This picture, sent to his wife by Col. Delmar T. Spivey, senior American officer at Luft III, was taken in January 1944.



"Home" at Stalag Luft III. By Lieut. Leonard E. Hamaker, cartoonist for "The Circuit," produced fortnightly by American prisoners of war at Sagan, Germany.



War prisoners, in Germany at least, are treated fairly well. Their biggest enemy, boredom, is here dispelled by a poker game in Stalag Luft III.

whom the Bureau has files have been reported through the regular channels of International Red Cross in Geneva. Under terms of the Geneva Convention covering treatment of prisoners of war, the detaining power must report the full name and serial number of each man when he is captured, and state where he is interned. So far, Germany has done a good job of living up to these agreements (no doubt because the United Nations hold so many thousands of German prisoners). Japan signed the agreement but never ratified it, and has done a mighty poor job of following its regulations. Some information does filter through, but only when the Japanese government feels like releasing it.

ASSEMBLING and relaying the data that come in on these reports from Geneva is the "easy" work of the Bureau. It's getting the other 10 per cent of the information that takes real detective work and sweat and patience. There are a number of sources for "leads." Most useful are letters from the boys in which mention is made of friends who are also captive. That is why the Bureau asks for, and receives by the thousands, the originals or copies of such letters to families. Any names mentioned in them which aren't already in the files are immediately followed up. "Jack is here with me" may be the only clue in a letter. The Bureau asks the family to supply Jack's full name and address, if possible. If Jack is not listed as a prisoner of war, a cable is sent off to Switzerland to verify his status, and when the answer comes back in the affirmative, Jack's family is notified by wire at once.

The daily intercepts of all short-wave enemy broadcasts by the government's Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service also provide valuable tips. Quite often a prisoner is permitted to give his name and say a few words over the air. Any such

message is relayed at once by teletype to the Bureau, which hurries it by telegraph to the boy's family. Most of the messages have proved to be authentic; but they are not considered "official" until further checking has verified them.

Unfortunately, a lively racket has thrived on these short-wave broadcasts. Unscrupulous listeners-in pick up the messages on recorders, then offer to sell the records to the boys' families at fancy prices. The recordings are extremely poor in sound and short-lived. Other amateur listeners-in phone the families of boys who have talked, offering to telegraph the messages for a prepaid fee, invariably a stiff one. Since all such messages are relayed at once to the family, and will probably arrive within a few hours after the phone call, there is no point in buying them.

The International Red Cross and the protecting power (Swiss government) are other sources of information on prisoners. Officials of these neutral sources make regular inspections. Very often their reports contain short interviews with individual prisoners. Even if John Jones has said only "I feel swell," or "I haven't had a damned word from home yet," the message is sent on to his family. The Bureau's officials realize that to his family John Jones is the U. S. Armed Forces, and his every word is important and vital.

Toughest of all the work of the Bureau is making sense out of garbled names and serial numbers, finding out which John Anderson is John Anderson the war prisoner (there are more than 200 John Andersons in the files), and figuring out reports which get balled up in long-distance transmission. When a prisoner signs his name Wm. Jones, the Germans often send it through as W. M. Jones. Sometimes the names come in without their serial numbers. If it's something like Felix Joshua Pfennelmeiner, it's pretty easy. But if it's one like Charles Williams, it messes things

up no end. Of the more than 200 Charles Williamses in the Armed Forces, fifty-eight are Charles H. Williams, and five Charles Williamses are now prisoners of war. John and Robert Thompsons play hob with the files, too. There are more than 300 of each of these in the records, quite a few of them prisoners of war. In one German camp there are three Robert D. Thompsons, all captured at the same time, all from the same service unit, all of the same rank.

ONE mystery took the Bureau days to solve. A snapshot of a group of prisoners came in, listing only the men's names and addresses. One name couldn't be found in the Armed Services files at all, and the address given was simply "Springfield." There are twenty-five Springfields in the United States. But the Bureau contacted the postmaster in each. It got word from a Springfield down South that while the postmaster didn't recognize that particular name, he did know of a man by a similar name who had gone off to war. More check-backs finally resulted in the soldier's correct identification.

There are a number of good reasons why names of some prisoners are not immediately reported—and why next of kin sometimes are notified of a boy's death, only to learn later that he is alive and a prisoner of war. For example, a German official building may be blown to bits. It may have held prison-camp records, including lists of new captives. Weeks and perhaps months will pass before new lists are made. Meanwhile the prisoners may be moved on to another camp farther behind the battle lines.

Then again, when planes are shot down by the Germans, sometimes a number of parachutes are seen to open and float to the ground in enemy territory. These men are not reported as prisoners. They may be

(Continued on page 66)

"DEAR MOM: DON'T WORRY—"

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

DEAR MOM: I'm a prisoner of war. Don't worry—"

These simple words are the ones that appear most often in the mail sent home by our boys in enemy hands, say officers in the War Department's Prisoner of War Information Bureau. They ought to know. Daily they read from 800 to 1,000 prisoner-of-war letters which have been forwarded to the Bureau by families anxious for further news.

In order that "Dear Mom"—and Pop and other relatives and friends—may get in touch with our Axis-held men as soon as possible, the large staff of this Bureau concentrates exclusively upon gathering war-prisoner data for the folks here at home. Anyone is welcome to write in for the latest word on any person known or believed to be a prisoner of war.

Suppose your boy has been reported missing in action. Then suppose a buddy of his writes to you that he saw him taken prisoner. What is your next move? To get in touch with the Red Cross? Or with a friend in Washington who "knows how to cut red tape"? You can—but you'll lose precious time. Wide as are the services of the Red Cross, this is not one of its functions. Nor could any individual, no matter how influential, get the information as fast as you yourself can get it through this Prisoner of War Information Bureau, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.

If you want news of a man believed to be captured by the enemy, there's a quick, effective way to get it. Here's how the Army finds out and tells you—promptly

This is the only place where details on Americans in the hands of the enemy may be obtained, whether the prisoner is Army, Navy, Marines, merchant marine, or civilian. All inquiries to outside agencies or individuals must eventually come to the Bureau to be answered. To date, it has filed and relayed information on more than two thirds of all our prisoners of war.

The chief of the American Section of the Bureau took us on a tour of the enormous room that holds row upon row of prisoner-information files. Dozens of officers and civilians work there from nine to fourteen hours a day tracing "missing" servicemen. As we entered the room, a

distraught woman was sitting by the desk of an officer. She was a G. I.'s mother, waiting for a reply to a message the officer had sent off to Geneva, Switzerland, that morning. A month before, she had received word that her son was reported killed in action. Then, weeks later, a post card arrived from a friend of her boy, saying that the boy was a prisoner "somewhere in Germany." She had traveled some distance to Washington for verification of her desperate hope that it was true. The reply came back while we were there: her son was indeed alive, a prisoner in "Stalag Luft I, Germany." As she hurried out, weeping with happiness, the faces of the officers in that room were something to see.

That's the kind of special job they like to do—and do almost every day. Each week some 60 to 150 mothers come in for information about their boys.

A few moments later we were drawn to another desk, where the men were chuckling over a letter received from an officer-prisoner. The Germans had either been careless in censoring, or could see the humor in it, for the last paragraph read: "Here are articles I could use: wire cutters, shovel, pick, old balloon with several tubes of hydrogen, a time bomb, helicopter, smoke bomb, and a few other minor items."

About 90 per cent of the prisoners on

Kingsville With Many Sons Overseas Receives Invasion News With Grim Calmness

News of the invasion of Hitler's Europe was received yesterday with grim calm as hundreds of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, brothers and children of soldiers and sailors steeled themselves to long and anxious waiting before they should

hear the fate of their loved ones engaged in "the liberation" of Europe.

One of the first to be aware of the invasion was on was County Judge Ben F. Wilson whose daughter, Mrs. Durbin Firnhaber, called him shortly after three o'clock in the morning from Corpus Christi. Judge Wilson has a son, Lt. Clyde Wilson who commands a ship for landing tanks in the invasion armada lately assembled in England, and another son, Maj. Ben F. Wilson, with the 36th division in Italy. He phoned friends, and early morning lights flickered on and radios were tuned to catch the first broadcasts.

There was no demonstration — no blowing of whistles or ringing of bells. During the morning hours, those who made half-hearted attempts to transact business as usual found themselves attracted to groups about a convenient radio and merchants decided to close at noon. The churches were opened at the same hour, and without special services, men and women knelt to pray for the little boys who used to worship there — the paratroopers and commandos and pilots of today engaged in history's greatest crusade for human liberty.

Families with men in the British war area had not received letters from them for about two weeks, all mail coming from that area having been impounded until after the invasion started. While an accurate count is not immediately available, it is reliably estimated that 200 to 300 Kleberg County boys are stationed in England. Two of these who may be playing a dangerous but important part in the invasion are First Lieutenants Roy Hurt and Manuel Flores, Jr., recent 9th Air Forces releases from England said Flores would carry paratroopers and Hurt would tow troop-laden gliders when D-day came.

Parents of Lt. Capen Simons Hear From Son Through Officer Who Shared His Nazi Prison

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Simons, parents of Capen R. Simons, who was shot down and made prisoner of war over Germany on October 9 last year, this week received two letters regarding their son, both containing good news. The first comes from Col. W. F. Pearson, liaison officer of the adjutant-general's department, in which they are advised that Capen's promotion from second lieutenant to first lieutenant was made by the War Department on November 1.

Young Simons, who was entitled to wear the wings of a navigator, bomber and aerial gunner, had served as bombardier on a B-17, but was serving as a navigator when his ship was shot down from a formation over Germany. He knew his promotion was in process, and had asked his father for information on it. Although several letters have come through from Lt. Simons, none of those from his family had reached him at last report.

The second cheering letter came under date of May 16, from Lt. Robert G. Barton, wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans and later exchanged and sent to this country. He is now in the Walter B. Reed hospital in Washington, D. C. While in prison camp Barton met Simons, and both being Texans, a warm friendship sprung up. In a note to the Simons, Barton tells them their son is in good health and they have no cause for

worry. On being released, many of the boys he left behind requested Lt. Barton to write their families. There were so many requests that Barton solved the letter writing problem and kept his promise to all his comrades by send out a mimeographed letter, in addition to the personal note he sent Capen's parents.

Lt. Barton's Letter

Walter Reed General Hospital
Washington, D. C.
May 11, 1944

I am Lt. Robert C. Barton, one of 35 repatriates returned to America from Germany on March 15, 1944 aboard the Swedish ship, The Gripsholm. I was shot down over Bremen, Germany on April 17, 1943 and after spending the first six months of my captivity in hospitals at Hanover, Frankfurt and Main, Obermasfeld (which is South of Leipzig), and the hospital at Stalag Luft III, I was taken to the camp proper where I spent the remainder of my 10½ months. Immediately before leaving the camp I received addresses of parents, wives, and sweethearts from the boys and promised that I would contact them, either personally or by letter, as soon as I arrived in the States. Since I have so many letters to write I thought it would be better to write a general description of camp life and send each family a copy. By doing this you will get a more accurate account than you would should I attempt to write individual letters giving details.

Stalag Luft III is located at Sagan, 120 miles Southeast of Berlin, and is composed of single story barracks which are enclosed by barb wire. Some of the barracks have been converted into individual rooms and when I left the balance of the barracks were in this process. Each barracks houses approximately 100 men who have divided themselves into combines ranging from 6 to 10 members. The camp has its own organization with American Officers in charge of food, clothing, recreation, library, and school. Of course all of these are under the supervision of the Germans. The only Germans who actually come into the camp are those who have special jobs such as the Commanding Officer, Guards, and German Trash Details. Consequently the American boys lead their own lives, unmolested by the Germans.

The recreation grounds are large enough for baseball, football, and basketball, thus enabling the men to get sufficient exercise.

Even though the food isn't the type which we get here in America it is sufficient. The German food is supplemented by British, Canadian, and American Red Cross Food Parcels. These parcels consist of canned meats, beans, cheese, powdered milk, Nestles condensed milk, crackers, chocolates, sugar, salt, pepper, tea, coffee, cigarettes, custards, and dried fruits.

The British, Canadian, and American Red Cross also supply clothing such as socks, shoes, underwear, trousers, shirts and overcoats. This does not mean that you should not send clothing in your personal parcels.

For most of the boys the mail situation is quite good. They receive both letters and personal parcels in due time. However, due to the fact that some of them are first in hospitals their mail is usually congested and it takes some time for it to reach them. If letters are sent via Clipper (to Prisoners of War at the rate of 6c per ½ ounce) they will be received a month or more earlier. Before I left most of the boys requested me to ask their families to enclose pictures in their letters as well as all the news from home. The personal parcels are welcomed by all. At first some of the boys asked for blankets, not knowing that there were Red Cross blankets in camp for them. I think it advisable to substitute food and smaller articles of clothing such as socks and underwear for the blankets. When food is sent, spices, dried fruits,

onion flakes, nuts, soups in cellophane packages, chocolate, and chewing gum should be kept in mind.

Insofar as the daily routine is concerned, the monotony is the greatest thing with which the men have to cope. Sleeping, reading, cooking, playing bridge, and taking afternoon walks around the camp are the usual daily activities. Some of the boys are attending classes which are offered by the camp school system.

There is a library which is supplied by the YMCA from Geneva and from personal contributions. Not having too much of a variety of things to do most of the boys have soon exhausted the supply of reading material and any new additions to the library are greeted with great enthusiasm.

Having been in only this camp I know nothing of the other camps in Germany but I am sure they are supervised and organized in somewhat the same manner as Luft III.

THE KINGSVILLE RECORD

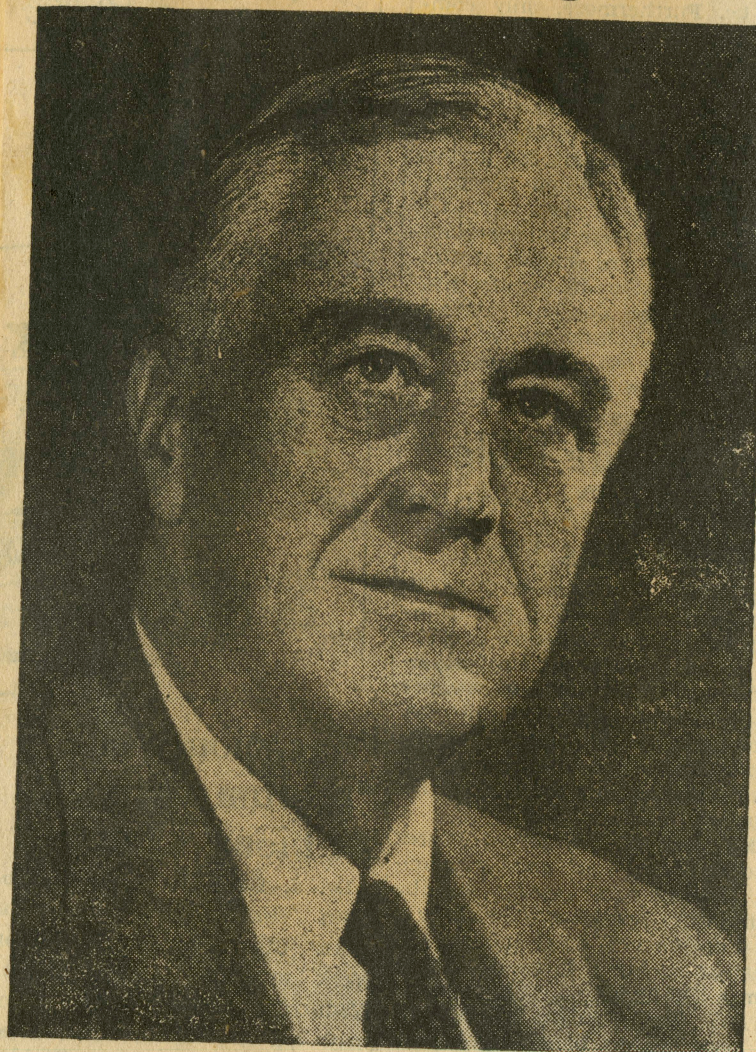
T. A. Simons
6-23-45



KINGSVILLE, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1944

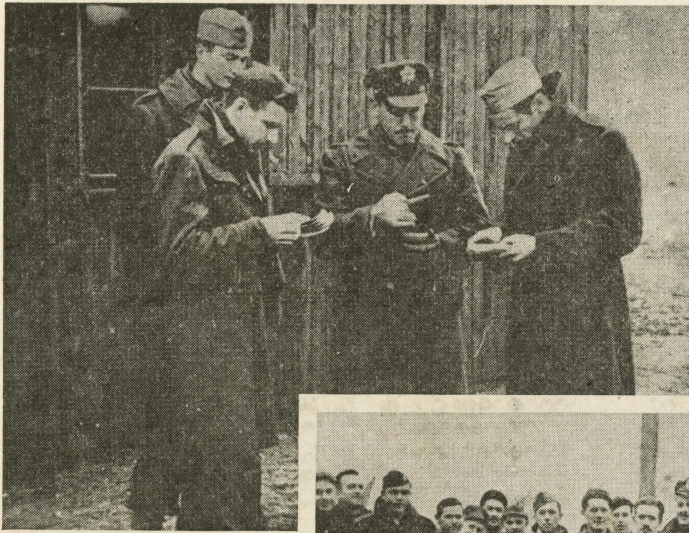
Number 13

Wins Fourth Term Fight



PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

AMERICAN AIRMEN AT STALAG LUFT III



*In the South Compound
Left to right:
Lt. Col. Clark, executive officer;
Lt. Col. Klocko, in charge of education and entertainment;
Colonel Goodrich, senior officer, and a prisoner identified only as Joe.*



Unidentified group sent by Lt. Rayford Deal, fourth from left.

Backstage in the new theater. Wood from Red Cross boxes and camp-made tools are used in making props and scenery.



Military funeral.



Prisoners study model planes made in the camp.



Examining New Zealand and American Red Cross packages in the Vorlager.



Studying a German newspaper. Left to right: Capt. Griffiths, Lt. Spire, Lt. Frazier, Lt. Carlberg, Lt. Austin, and Lt. Eder.

Letters

(Continued from page 6)

Oflag 64
May 15, 1944

Darling:

Nothing new has happened, only the weather is getting much warmer. Right now I'm taking a sun bath in front of the barracks. The sun sure feels good. The whole gang is here sitting around, including Herm and Fabian. They all send their best regards. We have a phonograph out here and we are playing an album of theme songs of the various bands. We have a pretty good selection of records.

Our play "Three Men on a Horse" went over swell. Everyone seemed to enjoy it. My stage crew did a swell job in changing sets. We averaged 2½ minutes in changing five sets. One of our experienced producers said the changes were as fast as those on a professional stage, and that made me feel good. Our next play is "The Petrified Forest," to open the first week in June. A couple of weeks ago we had a gambling night at the theater, the proceeds of which go into the camp fund. The place was fixed up like an old western bar called "The Bloody Gut." We had a few new arrivals who got quite a kick out of it. Entertainment means so much to everyone.

Oflag VII, Laufen
May 30

Dear Sirs:

I wish to acknowledge, with best thanks, receipt of the Prisoners of War Bulletin for October 1943 you kindly sent me and which I have read with considerable interest. I understand my mother, Mrs. Lilly Gompertz, is receiving this Bulletin quite regularly, and so are all the close relatives in America of U. S. internees in this camp. I should greatly appreciate it if you would kindly send me, possibly by air mail, the Bulletin whenever it appears, including a few numbers previously issued.

In this camp, beautifully situated on the German-Austrian frontier near Salzburg and at the foot of the Alps, we are some 440 American internees (including a few Latin Americans) and about 460 British internees. Thanks to the generous donations of the American and British Red Cross, the YMCA, as well as a few other organizations, we are well taken care of as regards Red Cross food parcels; medicines; clothing and boots, as well as repair materials; books, both fiction and educational; games and sports articles. We are all extremely grateful to these organizations whose splendid humane work makes our long confinement easier to bear. In addition, we receive a fair number of next-of-kin parcels. Letters are usually sent by air mail, both from camp to the United States and from home to camp. On the average, they are three months on the way.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Herbert Gompertz,
American Camp Senior

Stalag 344 (VIII B)
January 1

Hello:

Greetings to you both for the New Year. Maybe we'll see the next one in together. Nothing much to tell. I remain in blooming good health, passing the time learning to speak Spanish and French, and dabbling in the theater. The old life dies hard!



Unidentified Americans at Stalag III B, sent by Cpl. A. Gaskin.

Extracts from Letters from Germany

Lt. Thomas E. Mulligan, Jr., editor of Kriegie Times, wrote from the Center Compound at Stalag Luft III to his family at Albany, N. Y.: "We have permission to use a typewriter, and artists do cartoons and comic strips for me. The paper looks like a professional job, and it is. We even have an ex-UP man on the staff."

In a separate letter Col. Delmar T. Spivey, American senior officer at the Center Compound, wrote that Lt. Sidney Shore, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Lt. Leslie Breidenthal, of Topeka, Kans.; Lt. Harry X. Ford, of Santa Ana, Calif.; Lt. James R. Regan of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Lt. Ted Pochily, of Schenectady, N. Y., assisted Lieutenant Mulligan in producing Kriegie Times.

A complete file of the 17 issues of Kriegie Times, published from January 1 to April 24, 1944, has been sent to the American Red Cross for turning over to Lieutenant Mulligan's family. Likewise a complete file of Gefangenen Gazette from October 15, 1943, to April 9, 1944, which is also produced at the Center Compound, Luft III, but under the editorship of Lt. Ronald T. Delaney, has been received for transmission to Lieutenant Delaney's wife at Waterbury, Conn.

From Stalag Luft I, dated March 8 and received at Charleston, W. Va., on July 24: "I am feeling fine, and, thanks to the Red Cross, I have the essentials for living O. K. If the Red Cross ever asks for donations, do not hesitate about giving. They have done everything in their power to help us. Tell everyone you meet about this so that the people will know of their fine work."

An American officer in Oflag 64 wrote on April 30 to his mother, who is a volunteer worker in Food Packaging Center No. 3 at New York: "Have just received some of the

Red Cross No. 10 parcels packed only six months ago, so figure they were packed by you. They are the best parcels yet because of the jam, peanut butter, and good coffee. These are very good items here and much appreciated. Also the small tropical chocolate bars instead of the 'D' ration bars, and the cans of roast beef. All these seemingly small and ordinary items are rare here, and much looked for."

From an American staff sergeant at Stalag XVII B: "I had diphtheria, tonsillitis, and acute nasopharyngitis, but I am O. K. now and eating like a horse. There are French doctors here, and the attendants are French and Serbian. I have a Frenchman in the room with me. We have a good time, and about a dozen language classes a day. I receive a Red Cross parcel of food each week, which is good. Write often. Letters and parcels are what we look forward to. I have all my buddies here and a few YMCA guitars in the bunch. Don't worry. I'll be home soon."

From a noncom airman at Luft III, dated June 8: "Well, your kid's done passed another birthday. Never expected to spend one in a place like this, but it wasn't bad at all. Baked myself a great big cake and gave it around to the boys. Wouldn't be much of a cake in the U. S., but here we grind up the biscuits from our Red Cross parcels, add sugar and powdered milk and water, and flavor it with concentrated orange juice and then set it on the stove and dry it out. Then we make icing out of D-bars (chocolate), powdered milk, and sugar, and smear it around. My masterpiece was five layers high (about six inches) and eight inches across, and weighed ten or fifteen pounds. At least, it seemed a bit heavy to me."