



1982

## James A. Carlascio of Jamestown: Japan, World War II

James A. Carlascio

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# PRISONER OF WAR

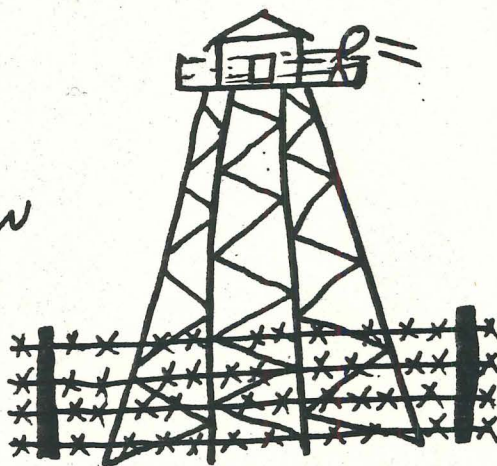
## A TRUE STORY

BY: J. A. CARLASCIO

JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

AMERICAN PRISONER IN EUROPEAN  
THEATER OF WAR  
GERMAN PRISON CAMPS  
WORLD WAR II 1941-1945

BOOKLET PREPARED IN  
COOPERATION WITH:  
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EX-PRISONER OF WAR QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Name:

Current Address:

710. 2nd St. So. West Jamestown N Dak

Address at time you went into service:

Same as above

Birthday:

3/10/44

2. Family: (spouse and children)

(now) wife, 4 children, Pamela, Cathleen, Jim, Mark

I was single when I went into service

3. Work and educational experience prior to going into service?

Out of school

4. Dates and place of entry into service?

May 13, 1945

5. Summary of events from time of entry into service and until just prior to capture or entering status as a POW?

Basic training Camp Walter's Texas  
Fort Mead Maryland

Left Fort Mead for overseas

6. Unit, Country, time, area, weather, etc., at time event occurred which resulted in POW status?

1. 3 div 7th infantry Co 3.
2. Germany.
3. 3:30 pm
4. Italy
5. Clear sunny.



7. Describe military or other events that resulted in your POW status?

We were to take the outskirts of the town of Chisterna in Italy. The Rangers were to take the town. They never made it. This caused our capture.

8. Following your capture, describe what happened. How many men were involved? Where did you go? How did you go? What type of personnel (military or civilian) took control of you?

We were taken by truck to a place up on a hill. We were given soup. There were about 3,000 captured. and the military took care of us.

This was in Florence Italy

9. Were you able to hide or escape? If so, tell what happened. Where did you hide? Food? Clothing? Water? Weather? Sleep? etc.

I didn't attempt escape but shot did.

10. How did your escape end? Returned to U.S. control? Discovered by enemy?

No

11. Could you describe in sequence the various places you were interrogated and the methods of questioning the enemy used?

I was interrogated once. They didn't give me any real trouble. Kept scaring the hell out of me.

12. Did you have a weapon on yourself when you were captured? Did it effect your treatment?

1. Yes M.I. rifle  
2. No

13. Were you at any time considered, a civilian, or an enemy spy, or a wrong nationality? If so, how did this effect your treatment?

1. No  
2. No  
3. No  
4. No

14. When captured, or escaping, what clothing or equipment were you wearing? What changes did the enemy make in your clothing?

1. U.S. army uniform  
2. None.

15. What was your first food you received after your capture, and what was your food from that date on?

1. Soup & Bread  
2. Soup & Bread

We got a Red Cross package each week in it was cigarettes, powder coffee, Sweet paste, 1 pen

16. Did your nationality, religion, or race have a bearing on your treatment from the enemy?

Not for me. but for the Jews it did

1. corn Beef  
1. prunes  
1. cheese  
1. sugar  
1. food  
1.

17. What was your impression of your captors? Were they arrogant, considerate, professional, troubled, confused, anxious, etc.?

There were like us. a soldier. believe in there cause. at times they were considerate,



18. Were you alone or with others? How many? Same unit? Other units? Other services? Other nationalities, etc.?

*With others no idea. Same unit.*

19. At time of your capture, did you have higher or lower ranking persons with you? Did the difference in rank effect you?

*We had higher ranking officers with us.  
No.*

20. Following your capture, how did you feel about your family at home, and at what point or time did you feel they probably knew about your POW status?

*That they would be worried  
I had no idea when they would know I  
was a P.O.W*

21. When did you receive your first letter, package or information that your family knew of your capture?

*about 4 months, package about 6 months*

22. In regards to your interrogation or questioning--was this conducted formally at a special camp or location? Did you have special or skilled interrogators? What did they want to know? How long were you there? Then where did you go?

*The interrogation just after we were captured  
Yes they were skilled interrogators.  
Your Outfit.  
No of your Outfit men that is  
and our plan.  
1 hour*



23. How did you feel the war was going when you were captured?

*I knew that the U.S. was winning the war.*

24. Did you think you would eventually get home?

*I had no idea if I would get home as they were always saying we would not.*

25. Did you have an opportunity to observe the enemy in combat, training, camp, or moving from one place to another?

*I did observe the enemy in training also saw them moving from one place to another.*

26. Did you suffer any injury at the time of your capture? What was done about your injury or illness following your capture?

*I was wounded in the left thigh, we were taken to a German Doctor who treated our wounds.*

27. At your permanent camp or camps, would you describe your conditions, Food?, Living area?, Beds?, Food ration?, Health?, Water?, Weather?, Number of men?, Guards?, Size and location of camps?, Organization in camp by enemy and by U.S. forces?

*Bread & Soup once a day.*

*Crowded*

*3*

*Soup & Bread*

*Red Cross package*

*Fair*

*plenty water*

*Cold at winter*

28. While in your permanent camp, did you know what was going on in the war? What did guards say about the ending of the war?

at time we did  
They never talk to us about it

29. If you worked in camp or lived in work camps, please describe your daily transportation, work, food, punishment, etc.?

I worked on a so called horse detail  
Cared for them and worked in a blacksmith  
shop. Shoeing them. We walked to & from  
work. Soup & Bread each day 1. time.

30. Was your camp or camps ever bombed or damaged by the enemy or friendly military action?

No

31. Could you describe your roll call or counting procedure in camp?

We were called out each day in the a.m.  
and counted. we stood outside at hours at  
a time due to someone hiding to ready  
his escape.

32. What type of guards did you have? Age? Rank? Weapons? Number? Service, etc.?

They were in there late 40's  
Sergents, Corporals  
20, Number.  
rifles



33. Could you describe your camp? Size? Fences? Guard towers? Latrine? Ration distribution? Hours? Lock-up? Heat? Recreation, etc.?

25 acres. 4 compounds separated by wire fence  
one at each end of barracks,  
Wood ration distributor  
Coal was given during the winter but it last only 2 hours  
of time

34. Could you describe the men close to you or the men you knew best? How did you get along with them?

I buddy up with a fellow from St Paul  
Good.



35. Could you tell about epidemics or sickness in camp? What were the medical facilities? How were you medically treated in camp?

Outside of  
Medical facilities  
Treated good.

no major outbreaks.

We had a hospital and a German & American Doctor there. Medical supplies are urgently needed. The German Doctor was better than the American Doctor.

36. Were any prisoners killed in camp or taken from camp and disappeared?

yes. 8 Americans have been shot & killed in work parties.

37. Could you describe the ration or food distribution system? How much? Fresh, canned, stale, dried, etc.? Local foods, Red Cross parcels, parcels from home, trade with guards or civilians?

1 cup of soup per day  
1 slice of bread per day  
I suppose I have to say soup was fresh.  
we traded cigarettes to the French for biscuits  
Red Cross parcel was mostly powder goods.

38. Describe the type of work or responsibilities you were assigned within the camp from friendly or USA prisoners?

None

39. What were some of the things that kept you going while in camp?  
Your health? Age? Faith in U.S. Armed Forces? Religion? Family?  
Aid from other prisoners?

*My health was not too good.  
Age helped.  
Faith in U.S. Armed Forces  
Religion*

40. Did any prisoners become mentally sick or irrational in camp and were they removed?

*not that I know of*

41. Did you have any secret radios, newspapers or outside news sources in camp from which you received information? What information did the enemy give you?

*Yes there were secret radios in camp  
No info from enemy.*

42. Did you have any serious illness in camp?

*Frozen feet. is all.*

43. Did you have any riots in camp?

*No*



44. How did you first know that war was coming to an end?

*Word by the secret radios*

45. What were some of the tricks you played on guards?

*As we were marching and pass a cemetery we would said to the guard pointed at Cemetery saying good German, and he would agree, never caught on.*

46. What about escape procedures and methods used by you or others that you have knowledge of or direct information about?

*Our Work detail was used as a escape method.*

47. Were you ever bombed by friendly or enemy aircraft?

*We were never bombed but we we shot at by American planes killing 12.*

48. Describe any special train or ship trip you took while a prisoner?

*I rode the German railroad through Berlin.*



49. When were you close to death or felt all was not worth living and you probably would die or be killed?

I thought i was close to death on ~~our~~ march  
never felt all wasnt worth living for.  
I did think i would be killed.

50. Could you tell about any special religious observances by the enemy or special occurrence when they relaxed or tightened security rules?

None

51. Would you describe in detail any particular holiday, if observed, by enemy or prisoners, such as, New Years or Christmas.

We all tried to celebrate Christmas  
the enemy cared less.

52. How did you feel about food in camp? How did enemy food agree with you? What was food? What were utensils? What did you make to eat with? Pots, pans, cups, plates?

Fair  
yes at times No at times  
Soup & Bread red cross package  
we made plates & cups out of tin cans

53. Were you aware of any other American or Allied POW camps in your area? Civilian camps?

*Yes.*

54. In reference to your mind or yourself, how do you feel you held up in camp? Did you suffer periods of depression, crying, hysteria, headaches, loss of memory, etc.? How about the other men in camp? How do you feel you and others were able to live without nervous breakdowns?

*Fair.*

*Periods of depression at times.*

*We had a great faith in our country and working took our mind off of thinking to cause a nervous breakdown.*

55. How do you feel other American POW's behaved or acted while in enemy hands? Please do not name an individual by name if you feel their behavior was not correct or up to the standards you set for yourself.

*Most of them acted & behaved like Americans; there were a few who behaved was not becoming as a Americans*

*C with the enemy*

*rob there fellow P.O.W of food & cigarettes*



56. Towards the end of the war, what were first signs that the war was coming to an end in our favor?

We could watch them on the move on the roads & highway. like they didnt know where they were going.

57. How did the enemy guards or administrative personnel treat you towards the end of the war or when it was apparent the enemy would lose the war?

They seem more friendly toward us.

58. Could you describe how your POW status ended?

Wake up guards all gone. we marched into the town of Schwerin and found our troop there.

59. When or where did enemy guards leave? Did guards say or do anything at the end of the war?

We woke up one morning and the guards were gone at the outskirts of Schwerin.

60. What did the American staff at the camp do at the end of the war?

I wasn't at or in a camp when war ended.

61. At the end of the war, where did you move? What was your food? Your health? Your morale?

We move into a apartment in the town of Schwerin Germany.

Food. anything we wanted.

Health. was poor.

Morale great at this time



62. Could you describe some of the confusion that took place when you were liberated at the end of the war? Time, place, friendly or enemy forces involved, food, health, morale, POW discipline in camp, contact with U.S. military forces, etc.?

900 a.m.

on the outskirts of Schwerin.

Enemy forces involved

We were mistaken as enemy & just about shot by our own men.

63. After liberation or the war ending, what happened? Did you move as an individual or group, go by foot, train, bus? Where did you go, to another U.S. camp?

We moved as a group.

by plane to France. to a camp.

64. What happened at your camp prior to returning to the States? Did U.S. military officials interrogate you, examine you physically, give you food, clothing, etc.?

They see Rappan in France



65. How, when and where did you arrive back in the United States? Did you stay at some camp? Did you go home by train?

*By boat. New York city.*

*By train to Fort Snelling St Paul Minn.  
From there home by train.*

66. What things today remind you of prison life in your day to day living?

*Movies.*

*My Sickness.*

*When ~~ever~~ i see food wasted.*

67. Do you have any complaints about how you have been treated since your POW days?

*No.*

68. Do you have a picture of yourself prior to being a POW, preferably a picture in uniform? Do you have a picture of yourself following the war? Do you have a picture of yourself and your family recently taken, or taken within recent years? Any or all of these pictures would be appreciated. They will be returned to you after we have made copies of them.

*Please send back.*

69. Do you have any copies of telegrams from the War Department or the U.S. Government regarding your becoming a POW? Or your release, or war time status as a POW? These or copies of these would be appreciated. If you wish them returned, they will be sent back to you.

*Will send later.*

70. Do you have any letters or copies of letters you sent home or received from home during war or during period you were a POW? These or copies of these would be appreciated. They also will be returned if you so indicate in your reply.

*No return*

71. A few POW's were able to return to the U.S. or home with a few articles they may have made, been given or in some way secured in POW camp. Some of these could be: paper notes, camp regulations, clothing, cigarette lighter, insignia, hand made pans or pots, special cans used in camp, small tools, etc. If you have any of these, we would appreciate a picture of them. If you desire they could be sent with this report and we will take a picture of them and return them to you if you so desire.

*will find & send later*

72. The above questions or suggestions are limited and you may write or explain many items not included; therefore, feel free to express yourself in any manner you desire.



Mit Luftpost  
Par avion  
Taxe per due

Kriegsgefangenenpost



0,40 Subjekt

An *Mrs. G. ...*  
*710 7-51 ...*



11105  
U.S. CENSOR

Gebührenfrei

Empfänger:

Straße: \_\_\_\_\_  
Kreis: \_\_\_\_\_  
Land: *USA*  
Landesteil (Provinz usw.): \_\_\_\_\_

Deutschland (Allernagne)

Lager-Bezeichnung: M-Stammlager IV B

Geheimnummer: \_\_\_\_\_

Vor- und Zuname: *...*

Abender: \_\_\_\_\_

6



2612194

Dear Mother, here is your last son  
 again as you should know I am  
 a prisoner of war was captured  
 in January some times are all  
 right just have sick. I was  
 wonder when I was captured  
 in but let just escape my  
 is not serious. Do you  
 still from Tony let me know  
 where he is Va. How  
 is everyone home I pray  
 that they are well. this war  
 will be over some day and  
 I be home. so don't you and  
 dad worry about me I am  
 all well how is the weather

there I say a lot of snow and  
 cold. It a little cold here.

tell Junior to tell Bev I  
 write her with some  
 times so love to all and  
 will be praying that please  
 your all. Jimmy

Read here  
 ↓



**TRANSIT CAMP FOR P. O. W.**

**FP. Nr. 31979**

Date FEB. 15TH 1944

I am prisoner - slightly wounded 1) - in German captivity, but in perfect health. From here I shall be transported during the next few days to another camp, the address of which I shall give you later. Only there I can get your letters and can reply to them.

kindest regards

**NAME AND CHRISTIAN NAME**

JAMES. A. CARLASCIO

**RANK**

PRIVATE.

**UNIT**

U. S. ARMY.

**1) STRETCH OUT IF NOT CORRECT  
BESIDES NAME, RANK AND UNIT ADD NOTHING.  
WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS AND SIGN LEGIBLY.**

House of Representatives

Washington, D.C.

November 30, 1967

Mr. James Carlascio  
710 2nd Street Sw  
Jamestown, North Dakota

Dear Mr. Carlascio:

I was very pleased to hear that you will be receiving your Purple Heart after waiting these many years. I was most happy to be able to help.

Enclosed are all of the papers which you originally sent me since you will probably want to keep them with your other records. I am sure this must be a great relief after wondering about it for so long a time. This evidence of your patriotism and sacrifice for your country should be the source of great pride.

Please do not hesitate to contact me in the future, if you feel I can be of further assistance.

Best personal regards.

Sincerely,

MARK ANDREWS  
Member of Congress

MA:bw



MARK ANDREWS  
FIRST DISTRICT, NORTH DAKOTA

DISTRICT OFFICES:  
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FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA  
AREA CODE 701: 232-8030

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AREA CODE 701: 774-9601

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

WASHINGTON ADDRESS:  
1707 LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BLDG.  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515  
AREA CODE 202: 225-2611

Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C.

December 19, 1966

Mr. James Carlascio  
710 2nd Street SW  
Jamestown, North Dakota

Dear Mr. Carlascio:

I received a letter from Dick Stoudt, Jr. regarding your difficulty in obtaining your Purple Heart. I have contacted the Department of the Army about this; and if you would send me your Army serial number and a copy of your service record reflecting this wound, I believe we can obtain the medal without much delay.

It is a privilege for me to assist you in a matter such as this, particularly when it is something you have so dearly earned and well deserve.

I will begin work on this as soon as I hear from you.

Best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.

Sincerely,

MARK ANDREWS  
Member of Congress

MA:bw

MARK ANDREWS  
FIRST DISTRICT, NORTH DAKOTA

DISTRICT OFFICES:  
312 FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING  
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA  
AREA CODE 701: 232-8030  
  
FEDERAL BUILDING  
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA  
AREA CODE 701: 774-9601

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

WASHINGTON ADDRESS:  
1707 LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BLDG  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515  
AREA CODE 202: 225-2611

Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C.

November 7, 1967

Mr. J. A. Carlascio  
710 2nd Street SW  
Jamestown, North Dakota

Dear Mr. Carlascio:

Thank you for your letter concerning your efforts to obtain the Purple Heart for the bullet wound you received in the Second World War.

As I told you earlier, I will do all I can to help you on this. We will begin working on it immediately and if we need any more information or backup material, my field representative in North Dakota, John Preboske, will be in touch with you.

As soon as I hear something, I will be in contact with you. It is a pleasure to check into this matter for you.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,

  
MARK ANDREWS  
Member of Congress

MA:bw





# WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

Mr. John Antonio Marioscio  
710 2nd Street, S. E.  
Jamestown, North Dakota

NOV 9 1951

WCC Claim No. 4-1 713

Dear Sir:

Your claim for benefits under Section 6 of the War Claims Act of 1948, (Public Law 896, 80th Congress, July 3, 1948), as amended, has been adjudicated, and an award in the sum of \$ 487.00 has been made to you to cover the period of imprisonment and/or internment, etc., of yourself from 30 January 1944 to 10 May 1945.

The above dates were determined after comparing the statements contained in your application and supporting evidence with official records on file in the War Claims Commission. A check for the amount of this award will be mailed to you by the Treasury Department.

Pursuant to the War Claims Act of 1948, as amended, and regulations issued thereunder, a claimant may appeal the disallowance of a claim, in whole or in part, within six months from the date of the award letter. Persons desiring to appeal should request, in writing, War Claims Commission Form 1105, which should be filled out, signed and returned promptly. Address all communications to the War Claims Commission, Washington 25, D. C.

Very truly yours,

Frank W. Barton  
Director, Claims Service





# WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

James Anthony Carlascio  
710 2nd Street, South West  
Jamestown, N. Dak.

WCC Claim Number P-107053-E-2

Dear Mr. Carlascio:

Your claim for compensation for inhumane treatment and/or compulsory labor, pursuant to Public Law 303, 82nd Congress, April 9, 1952 (section 6 (d) of the War Claims Act of 1948, as amended), was adjudicated on 6/25, 1953 and an award in the sum of \$670.50 has been made to you.

However, the Commission cannot certify your claim to the Treasury for payment at this time, since the money in the War Claims Fund for the payment of such claims was exhausted as of the close of business May 22, 1953. The War Claims Fund from which these claims are paid consists of the net proceeds of liquidated German and Japanese assets. When additional deposits are made into the War Claims Fund, your claim will be certified to the Treasury and a check in the amount stated above will be mailed to you by the Treasury Department.

Very truly yours,

War Claims Commission

*Geniet F. Clary*  
Chairman

*Georgia L. Husk*  
Vice Chairman

*Thompson Wiener*  
Commissioner

WCC Fm 195  
7/1953

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I was inducted into the U.S. Army in 1942. I left Jamestown and went to Fort Snelling where I received my pre induction orders and shots and clothing.

From there I went to Camp Walters, Texas where I was put through six weeks of basic training. After basic training, I was given a ten day delay in route to be able to come home to make my last visit before I was to go overseas.

After my stay at home, I reported to Fort Meade, Maryland. Once there, we were again given more training and worked at the docks loading ships due to go over seas.

When the group I was to be shipped over with got there orders, my name was not on the list with about 50 other G.I.'s. We were told our records were lost so we had to stay behind until new records were made up.

I left for overseas some time in August. The name of the ship I sailed on was U.S.S. Goodyear, which was torpedoed on the way back. I was sick most of the trip over, but it didn't get me out of the job of tightening down all of the Army equipment that was on the ship. This I did every morning.

We arrived in Oran, Africa and was assigned six men to a tent.

We could buy oranges very cheap and we ate a lot of them.

We stayed in Africa for some time doing guard duty and more training.

From Africa, we were sent to Italy. We camped at a race track. It was called Mussolini's race track.

The front lines were not far from here as we could hear the big guns going at it all day and night. It sure did give one a hell of a feeling, here I am this close to the real thing.

We will receive more training and spend a lot of time on guard duty. One morning as I was on guard duty, the orders came down to move out. It was snowing and as I came back to my tent to pack up, this G.I. next to my tent was in a bad mood and he was throwing all of his clothing out the tent door and it landed in the snow. He seemed to care less. After it was all out of his tent, he stuffed it in his barckets bag, snow and all.

We were put on a ship with a great number of Arab soldiers. We were on a short time when our Captain noticed the ship was filthy, so we were taken off. We were all happy about this, but we found out that our barckets bags were left on the ship and it was out too far to turn it back.

Anyway, we got on another ship and headed for the harbor of Naples. We took a long time to get there for some reason, but when we got there, we had to drop anchor way out as the harbor was filled with ships that were sunk in the harbor.

In Naples, more training and then the move to the front lines.

**PROPERTY OF: J. A. CARLASCIO**



In the battle that I was captured, we were given the orders to take the town of Chistera in Italy. I would have been the first one to set foot in that town as I was first scout, lead patrol.

The night before the big attack, I was selected to go on a recon patrol. To go out and get as close as can be to the enemy lines and bring back information on their strength. I was not in charge of this patrol, a Corporal was our leader. I shall never forget him.

It was real darck and I was scared. This is one job I didn't like. Anyway, we got up real close to the enemy's lines, as close as we dared to. We got the information and started back. The Corporal leading, we went a short distance when he put his foot through a wooden box. It sounded just like a cannon going off. Boy, did we get out of there in a hurry. I can still hear the Germans talking down my neck. When we got back, we all had some not too welcome words for our Corporal.

My sergeant was a cool guy. We started on our dawn attack and we stopped after awhile and dug in. I was out front of the rest of the soldiers who were back a ways, sleeping. I was out there watching for the enemy to come at us. I was out there over four hours, so I crawled over to the second scout and told him to cover for me as I was going back to the Sergeant to see why we are not relieved.

Well, I got back and there was dear old Serg sleeping like a baby. I woke him up and asked him if we could be releived. I did notice that he has eaten all of his C rations. I think he knew that we would either be killed or taken prisoner.

Come dawn and no enemy to see, we started out for the town that we had orders to take. God had to be on my side as before we could enter town, orders came down to take another break just on the outskirts of town. And another order came down that the Rangers Battalion would enter the town and we would cover them on the outskirts of town.

So this is the way the battle plan would go. We started on the outskirts of town without seeing any enemy.

The Rangers entered the town and we could hear all hell break loose. The Rangers got slaughtered. Out of the 8,000 Rangers that tryed to take the town, only 157 were left alive to tell about it. We were told that every door and window had a machine gun in it. They never had a chance and never knew what hit them. Why they never stopped us to help out, I'll never know.

We kept moving along without seeing any enemy. We got about two miles on the other side of town. They closed the gap behind us.

I was captured attempting a dawn attack against the Germans. I was wounded in a machine gun cross fire. As we got the two miles on the other side of town, they opened up on us. We tryed to find a place to dig in. I could see the ground all around me being hit by machine gun fire. G.I.'s were being hit, I felt a sting on my left thigh and I looked and saw a hole through my trouser leg. I was to find out later my second scout was killed behind me.

When we joined the 3rd Division 7th Regement in Italy and were waiting to move out, it was cold and we replacements were to get a new winter type army uniform. It was army color and a two piece outfit, jacket and bib overhuals. I remember I got the jacket and the second scout got the bib overhuals. He looked at me and said, "after the attack,



I'll have the jacket." I looked at him and said, "the hell you will." It was all in fun, if you can call talking about death fun.

I was captured with about 2,000 other G.I.'s. This is what they told us. Also, they said they payed too much for us.

We were taken to a place in Florence, Italy, way up on top of a hill. Here we were given soup and then they started to interogate us, by the German Military Intelligence Service.

I remember there was a bunch of G.I.'s in this room where the interogation was going on. This one G.I. was being interogated. You had to empty out all of your pockets. The German officer was sitting behind the desk and he had his pistol laying in front of him to one side. Anyway, this G.I. was emptying his pockets and he had a picture of President Roosevelt flushing Hitler down the john. When the German officer saw this, he grabbed his pistol shouting in German, "What is this?" He could talk English, but he got so mad on seeing this picture, he was speaking in German. The G.I. never blinked an eye, he was giving his name, rank and serial number.

He was still mad as hell when I got up to him. He changed his tactics. He asked me my name, rank and serial number. This I gave to him, then he asked me what outfit I was in as we had torn off all army patches, and how strong we were and what was on plan. I again repeated my name, rank and serial number. He grabbed his pistol and jumped up. I turned white as if I was to get killed, I wanted it done on the battle field. Our Lieutenant who surrendered us told him by the rules of Geneva Convention, that was all we were to say. He let it go at that.

After that, we were taken to a German doctor, those of us who were wounded. He treated all of us. As we were ready to leave, a mother came in with a girl of 10 or 11 and her eye was out and a piece of shrapnel stuck in where the eye should have been. The German doctor put his hand up and said, "no" in German, "out." We all stood there and looked at him. He looked at us and turned to the woman and made a sign with his hand to bring her over.

We were then taken to a bombed out street car barn and put inside and guards were posted. We were to wait here to wait for a train to take us out of Italy to Germany.

While we were here, I was elected to go across the street to get some water. As we were out in the yard pumping water, this Italian lady came outside to look us over. I had a black rosary around my neck and on seeing this, she came over and grabbed the cross on the rosary and started to kiss it, saying "you're Catholic, God bless you."

The guards moved in fast and got her away from. I didn't think they cared for my rosary as they kept giving me dirty looks all the way back.

We spent two nights there and God, was it cold. No food, so someone decided to make woup out of grass. God, was it rotten, we who tryed it got sick.

We moved out on the 3rd night. The trucks took us to a train waiting for us. The loaded 80 of us in a 40 and 8 boxcar. We had all we could do to breath or sit down. I took off my shoes to try to warm



my feet, big mistake as there was no warming them and when I decided to put shoes back on, I couldn't get them on.

We had a wooden barrrell in the middle of the car to relieve ourselves and after about eight hours, it was full and the smell was unbearable.

We spent about two days and nights in the boxcar. They didn't let us out or feed us. We got to our destination camp 2B just out of the town of Hammerstein.

I was taken to the camp hospital as my feet were frostbitten. I couldn't get my shoes back on and had to be puggybacked to the waiting truck.

In the hospital, we had an American and German doctor. I stayed in the hospital for a week or so. Every day the camp commander would come in to see if any of the sick were faking it as they wanted them on work details. I remember our American doctor didn't have the compassion the German doctor had, as it was really the German doctor who kept the sick off the work detail until they were able to work. We really had a lot of respect for this German doctor.

I left the hospital and was assigned a barracks and put on what they called a horse detail. It was on this detail I acquired the name "Horse Fly". To this day, I don't know why or how the name came about.

The job was to leave camp at 7:00 a.m. and return at 4:00 p.m. We took care of the horses. We fed them, cleaned their stalls, curry combed them. I was on this detail about four months when I was sent over to work with two German blacksmiths to help shoe horses. I also worked with a veterinary. I worked these two jobs until we left camp.

Our detail was a good thing for those who wanted to escape. We would line up every a.m. and p.m. to be counted at the main gate. The camp commander would count us. There were 40 of us who worked on this detail. We would line up four abreast. He would go down the lines and start his count, 4, 8, 12, 16, some where around there, someone would cause a disturbance and the far two outside lines would take two or three steps forward and the ones who were to try an escape would move up so there was still four across and he would continue his count, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40 and there would be more than forty in the group, lets say 43. They never did know how we did it or ever catch on we were doing it. Those who tryed escaping were back with us at supper time.

The officer in charge of Camp 2B was about 60 years old and mean as hell.

We all had German dog tags with our number on them. We were to wear them around our necks and at different times he would ask us to show him our number. We got the bright idea to put a long piece of string on our dog tag and let the tags hang down our pant leg just off the ground. Then when he asked to see our number, we would start pulling the string up. He would stand there and take it for a few minutes, but then he would get mad and go into a fit. Out would come his pistol and he would call for our interpretor and they would go round and round. He was a kid from Terry, Montana named Fickert. He really stood up to the Germans trying to protect us. He saved my



life as you will see.

It was really hard to adjust to being locked up.

We got along good with some guards, but some of them were rats.

I was working in the barn one day and we had this guard who didn't like Americans. He kept saying bad things about Americans. I was cleaning the stalls and had this pitch fork in my hands. I couldn't take it anymore and I threw it at him. Thank God I missed him and it stuck in a post near him. Guess he really got scared. He went into a fit and called the other guards in. I woke up to what I had done and was scared. Anyway, I ran the guards and I do think if they knew that I did it, they would have shot me and asked questions later. Hell broke loose. Our interpreter came running in and the guards had me, one on each side, going to take me, I don't know where. When our interpreter started talking to them, he was good and I mean good. When he got them all calmed down, I was to appear before the camp commandant, charged with trying to kill a German soldier.

I stood in front of the Commandant and figured I have had it. I figured I would be shot after my trial or I should say, hearing. Anyway, our interpreter and Camp Commandant went at it like two old lawyers. I couldn't make out all of it, so I had to wait until they finished to find out my fate. Our interpreter never gave an inch. He wasn't scared of the Camp Commandant or any other German. I found out later why I was spared. He told the Camp Commandant I was suffering from battle fatigue and was an awful nervous person. It did the trick. It was here that I was transferred to the blacksmith shop. The interpreter's name was George Fickert.

In camp, we paired off in two. We had to, so someone would watch out for your personal belongings and have your soup and bread ration ready when you came back from work. My partner was a wonderful fellow from St. Paul. He couldn't work on account of his wounds.

The bunks were three high and the mattresses were of straw full of lice. On Sunday, we would sit around and pick off the lice out of our clothes and out of our bed and hair.

We got a small ration of coal to heat a large barrack. It never did heat but around the stove and it was gone now. Water to wash was cold. We used our coffee to shave with as it was warm. It was awful tasting coffee.

We had wooden shoes to wear and we had a shower once a week. We got Red Cross packages once a week. In it was powdered coffee, coffee, corn beef, liver paste, cigarettes, margarine, sugar, cheese and prunes.

We had a radio hidden to hear the war news. A lot of the G.I.'s had hand guns hidden.

Everyday was the same routine. Roll call, everyone out, sick and all. It took them all day to count and we were the ones to suffer. In the cold season, God, did we suffer. We stayed out there until they tried to get their count right. A lot of G.I.'s couldn't take it and would fall down. We were not to go to their aid.



One Sunday as I was at Mass, it was stopped and we were told we were to leave camp. It was cold. Two feet of snow on the ground, oh God.

As I have tried to tell you by the diary I tried to keep, we marched for three months in a complete circle. We ended our march on the outskirts of a town named Schwerin. We were put into a barn to await the end of the war.

Planes flying around us every day and all day. They never bothered us but this one day they decided to hit us. I was sitting just inside of the barn by the door and I heard this plane's motor at high speed and I heard the sound of a dive. I heard him go into a dive. That is a sound that you wake up early and you will never forget it's noise. I knew he was near by the sound and before I could figure out which way he was going and before I could get out of the barn door, he was putting bullet holes in the barn wall. I moved like doing the 100 yard dash in two seconds flat!

After he made one pass, he left. That was all we needed to talk the farmer into some white paint to paint P.O.W. on the roof of the barn. He didn't want to give us the paint, but we told him either the paint on the barn. He got smart in a hurry.

There was a dense forest about three blocks from our barn and during the night, they moved in German troops and army equipment in it. They were in there hidden for about three days. This one day, this single American plane came over the forest and he was flying very low on the outside of the forest. It was at that time, a few of the German soldiers thought it could be hit with their rifles. So they ran out of the forest and started to fire at it. As they missed, the plane took off and gained altitude. It was here I let out a few cuss words as I knew what we were in for.

The soldiers, in the mean time, were really having a ball, as they had scared off an American plane. If they only knew what I did.

I told all of the P.O.W.'s to dig in, the 4th of July would come early, and get ready to watch the fireworks. Very little time went by and I heard the sound of motors humming in the distance. It sounded so sweet! I looked up and there were a bunch of P51's. God, did they look beautiful. They started at one end of the forest and went to the other end with their guns wide open. Each pass they made, they were cutting the top of the trees off like it was being done by a buzz saw. They had all of the army equipment on fire and the soldiers were running out of the forest looking for whatever cover they could find. We sat there watching like spectators in a grand stand, waving and shouting.

The farm hand showed me where an engineer from the railroad had hidden his pistol. I dug it up and gave the farm hand a few cigarettes and told him not to say anything.

We spent a week or so there and one morning, we woke up to find all our guards gone. (We were free.)

God, did these prisoners look awful. They looked like a bag of bones with a little skin on them. They had to suffer worse than our Lord did during his crucifixion. Our Lord died, but these people lived for



years under the hand of the beasts. Animals were treated better. I saw them and looked at myself and said I was lucky.

The Sergeant and six of us decided to march into town, so we started out on the highway. There were dead people all along the highway. Most of them in concentration camp uniforms and piles of guns along the way. Orders were for all to come to town without arms and register with the American Army. We had to go about eight miles to town. Our Sergeant had us pair off in twos and doing cadence, we took off. We were marching in step, there was no way you could tell we were Americans with the clothes we had on and our skinny look.

We were later until this American jeep came along hinking it's horn to let them pass. If you didn't get out of their way, they cared less if they hit you to make you move. Our Sergeant wouldn't move and the Corporal on sitting close, cussed at us as did the four other G.I.'s he had in the jeep. I thought WW 3 was just about to start. I spoke up and said, "Who in the hell do you think you are." The brakes went on and all guns were on us. I thought, "God, what did I do now. Came this far alive to be killed by one of our own." The Corporal jumped out of the jeep, came over to me and said, "what the hell did you say?" I repeated it and he looked at me and said, "you American?" And I said, "Who in the hell would have the guts to cuss back to you?"

He told his men to get the hell out of the jeep and walk into town. He was taking us into town in the jeep. He drove us to the Mayor's house as it was taken over by a Captain. We were given a room, new clothes, supper and cigarettes.

No one could re-live the feeling that was going through us. I remember asking for more angle food cake. The Captain looked at me and said, "G.I., you have had it, that's bread!"

The next day we were put up in an apartment, six to eight in each. We ate, slept, roamed the streets shouting at the people. We ran short of fresh meat and we found a cooler full of frozen meat and had no worry.

We were in this apartment one day looking out of the big bay window that overlooked the main street. This one P.O.W. went about crazy, he shouted there was the comander of 2B. (Remember, the mean one.) We all ran into the street. He saw us and knew what we were after. He started to run. We caught him and his trial was fast. They decided to take him out into the forest. As you should know, we all had pistols by now. I elected to have no part of this. The job was done as I was to find out later.

A few days later, sitting in the window, I spotted the German doctor who took care of us in Camp 2B, who cared for me when I was in the camp hospital. I let out a scream and we all took out for the street and him. We caught up with him and boy, was he scared - white as a ghost. We told him he had no fear from us as we thought more of him than our American doctor as he did more to protect us and heal us.

We took him to our apartment and let him clean up and fed him. He told us he had a long way to go to get home. We got the Captain in charge of the occupational army and had him draft up a letter stating that no harm was to come to this man as he is a German doctor, highly



respected by 6000 American P.O.W.'s. He will be given all help possible to help him reach his destination. To be fed and given American cigarettes, clothing, etc. He is to be treated as an officer of which he is. If any harm became him or hardship, the person or persons responsible will never live to see the U.S.A. It was signed by a lot of us P.O.W.'s, the Captain and Mayor. As we gave him the letter, he was at a loss for words. We bid him farewell. (He was also free.)

We found a wine celler in the basement of the hotel. Did we have a party. We got so drunk, some of us ended up drinking ink, as it was the German's way to store ink in with the wine bottles.

We woke up one morning to find our planes were waiting for us. Couldn't believe I was on my way home.

We boarded the plane and off we took. We landed at France and was loaded on a ship, one way ticket to America. The trip home was bad for me, sea sick most of the time.

I will never forget, we were in the water out of New York and we were singing and carrying on. When all of a sudden, all was calm. I shall never forget it. Not a noise anywhere. I looked up and we were witnessing the most beautiful sight outside of my family and Jamestown, it was the Statue of Liberty. No one could get me now. (I was home in America - free.)

From New York, we boarded a troop train to Fort Snelling, Minnesota. There we were given a physical and new uniforms and papers for a 30 day furlough. I stayed in St. Paul to unwind. I didn't know that my parents knew I was in St. Paul.

I started home on the N.P. Passenger Train No. 3. There were four other G.I.'s on the train, so I wasn't lonely. I arrived at Jamestown and on getting off of the the train, no one said hello. They saw me and hung their heads as they went by me. I was to find out why later on. At that very moment, a Mass was being held for my youngest brother who paid the supreme sacrifice.

I went over to my sister's house to surprise her, but she wasn't home, so I went over to the Midwest Garage and called my home. Mother answered and told me to stay there as my father would be there to pick me up. So here he came with his pal Tony DeKaria in a 1928 Chevy 4 door. As He got out of the car, the first thing I noticed was his hair had gotten so white, but he looked young. After we got through kissing, etc., I said to him, "how is little Joey doing?" He looked at me and the tears started down his face. He said, "It's so sad, we lost little Joey." All joy of being free and home left me. He was the baby.

As I arrived home, I was treated like a hero. My Mother was now with white hair and looked tired.

We as soldiers did suffer, but I do believe the parents of a soldier suffered beyond understanding. I was starting a new life.

Thanks Be To God!



I shall start out by getting up at 6:00 a.m. and going to church.  
 The police had been told that we were to leave camp 28 anytime.  
 Mass was started to tell us to get ready to move out.  
 We started out about 2:00 p.m. and the snow four feet deep and cold.  
 We marched and marched and after a few hours the line of men here  
 stretched out for a mile long, due to no condition we were to march.  
 After a while, it became three miles long.  
 I had to carry a lot of stuff in order to make it as light as possible.  
 I had to carry all the trouble carrying that stuff.  
 As we went on I was getting real tired, so I thought I would  
 stop for a while. I stopped by a big tree and laid down to rest  
 for a while. I was with a lot of men, here was this big S.I. and he  
 by the way he was blowing the hell out of me and making me  
 sleep.  
 All I could hear was a lot of dirty words and the idea of  
 his saying that if he caught me resting again, he  
 would shoot me. If I fell asleep and no one around, I would  
 have to be shot. This I didn't know at the time, but I was to find out  
 that a lot of the fellows as they sat down to rest all never  
 woke up.  
 We stopped at a farm and could not find anyplace to sleep as it was  
 full by the time I got there, so I went to the hog house and slept  
 with them.

Mon.

Up at 6:00 a.m.  
 Got Jerry coffee at 8:00.  
 We were just told that we would be getting Red Cross parcels at 10:00.  
 We sat around and sweated out the coming of the parcels.  
 We got them at 10:00.  
 Sure was good to get them as we were short of food.  
 We made a stalag cake.  
 We were told that we would get parcels next Monday,  
 if the 100,000 P.O.W.'s ahead of us didn't get them first.  
 We didn't see any P.O.W.'s on the road ahead.  
 We just sat around, had coffee, spuds and went to bed.

Tue.

Up early, we were told it was alright to build fires.  
 So we made more spuds soup, coffee.  
 Cut my finger real bad trying to cut wood the wrong way.  
 After dinner, washed, and started supper.  
 There are a lot of men getting sick.  
 These men who are getting sick look like to me that they will never  
 make it. I worry about myself at times as I am way down in weight  
 and am having problems with my stomach.

10

Wed. 13

Well, the month is coming to a close, and still the dirty war.  
Ate dinner.  
Men are still getting sick, so they gave us mint tea to try and stop  
the men from getting sick.  
They are beginning to worry about so many are getting sick.

Thu. 14

We are to leave at 3:30 p.m.  
But it looks like we will stay here today.  
We are still beating out the spitfires.  
They are all around us shooting the hell out of everything.

Sun.

Up at 6:00, had my Jerry coffee.  
Lay around and listened to the news about the parcels we were  
to get.  
Went to church at 10:00.  
Came back, had soup, parcels just came in.  
This made everyone feel real good knowing that we will be getting  
food.

Sun. 15

Started out at 9:00 a.m.  
No soup or coffee, had to walk without food in you.  
Did 23 kilometers  
Flagged away more American planes, thank God.  
Again we passed a Jerry airfield.  
Well, Mother, the news sounds good, so maybe one of these days I  
will be coming home to you and Dad.  
More planes on the ground, all destroyed.  
We have one of the best air forces in the world.  
The Jerrys looked like they never knew what hit them.

Fri.

Well, today is Good Friday and we are on the road marching.  
We did 12 kilometers and got to a place with four walls around it and  
they put us in there and locked the gate.  
We had one small barn for over 600 men and it would only hold 300.  
We were sitting around and the air raid siren blew, and in a matter  
of minutes, American planes were all around us.  
We are to stay here tomorrow to get deloused and cleaned up.



The confidence man just left for the Stalag.  
We are all waiting his return to find out what is taking place.  
They took the sick with them to camp.  
We are getting soup from the Jerrys, but it's just hot water.  
The water we get for drink we pay for with cigarettes.  
We are 23 miles from the camp, but it is filled up.  
We are to stay here for three weeks we were told.  
It is hell, but I guess it is hell all over Germany.  
The men are filthy, full of lice, hungry.  
This is their hell on earth.  
As I sit here writing this, I look over at the men here and they  
are talking about home, sweethearts, Mothers, Fathers and sons,  
hoping they will like to see them.  
They have had us told we are to get parcels Monday.

Thurs. Feb. 2

We started out at 7:30 a.m.  
Nothing was to be done, we are headed only God knows.  
We are leaving all sick men behind.  
They looked as tired and worn out as can be.  
We are still seeing civilians along the way all day long.  
We marched until 3:30 p.m.  
I was glad we stopped, figured I couldn't make another mile.  
Was near done in from today's march.  
Sleep in a big barn where ever you could find a spot.  
Sleep good, we done 16 kilometers today.  
Civilians still leaving home, looks like the Gay Ninety's.

Fri. 3

Woke up with a fever.  
Seeing medic was told that I was to stay behind on account I would  
slow everyone down and be a problem to all.  
I knew that if I stayed behind that they would get rid of me.  
Some of the fellows got a hold of me and told me that they have no  
intentions of leaving me behind. They got some old lumber and rope and  
made a sled for me to ride on.  
It was cold when we started out and all was going good. I slept  
while the men, sick and tired as they were, took turns pulling me.  
Then the sun came out around noon and the snow started to melt.  
Sled was no good, I was forced to walk leaning upon my fellow P.O.W.'s  
to hold me up.  
All I can say is, God bless the men that helped me along.  
Made it with God and the men's help.  
My fever was better after we stopped.  
We will leave in the a.m.  
We did 18 kilometers.  
Sickness still was with us.  
God only knows where we are going to end up and what will happen to  
all of us.

Sat 4

We started out at 8:00 a.m.  
Marched till 3:00 p.m.  
Not bad going.  
A little tired, but O.K.  
We got a barn to sleep in.  
We got bread today and cheese from the Jerrys.  
They are not feeding us nothing, just enough to keep us alive and marching.  
Am O.K., but body is a little sore.  
20 kilometers today.

Sun. 5

We are ready to leave now, 8:00 a.m.  
We are supposed to get bread ration so will continue later, I don't want to miss my bread ration, I need it to go on.  
This makes it a week that we have been marching, not bad going.  
Had no sled, but got along O.K.

Mon. 6

We started out at 8:00 a.m., marched and marched.  
Stopped for dinner, started out again, marched until 3:30 p.m.  
Stopped at a big farm house.  
We were to get parcels, but it was just a rumor.  
We were given bread, six men to a loaf.  
So far no one knows where we are going.  
They are keeping us away from the Russians, but they are getting close, as we hear the Russian's guns all night around camp 4B.  
They tell us the Russians are moving fast.  
We prayed keep coming.  
We are to stay here three more days, here hoping we do so it will be too late for us to go and the Russians will free us.

Tue. 7

Stayed here all day long.  
Keep telling myself to take it easy with food, or it will be gone.  
We are getting very little food from the Jerrys.  
Dried my clothes, washed, ate and went to bed.

Wed. 8

Came down and started the fire, ate.  
No parcels so far.  
Still trying, feel real sick, but with God's help, will make it.  
Still praying that the war will end and that we will get food.  
Do a lot of praying, it seems to keep you going.  
With God's help, will make it.



Afternoon

Ate dinner, took a rest.

We just got news that we have go to make 20 kilometers in the a.m., or else we don't go anyplace.

So here hoping we don't fail.

So I'd better get ready to move, feeling sick.

So be seeing you, I hope.

Mar 9

Got up early, ate, and started out

Still seeing people leaving their homes behind, and taking to the side roads.

We marched till 3:30 p.m.

Being no room to sleep, we moved in with the horses.

The Russians are supposed to be outside of the Stalag.

We are on our way there.

I think that no one knows where we are going, just trying to keep us away from the Russians, Jerrys still hoping to win.

Don't feel too bad today.

But this is either life or death to all of us, so will keep going on.

We made 28 kilometers today to do another 28 tomorrow.

Ate, went to bed.

Today makes 13 days on the road

Our wagon broke down, so we were forced to carry all of our stuff.

Food getting short, tired and sick.

We are all sick.

We have a lot of boys sick with diarrhea.

Ate, went to bed.

Fri. 10

We are still on the march, food getting short.

Can't live on what they are giving us.

Civilians all day long on the road going, who knows.

We are just about surrounded by the Russians.

We still don't know where we are going.

My back has been giving me trouble and I have diarrhea.

Stopped for the night, too tired to eat.

Went to bed.

Sat 11

We marched 20 kilometers this day.

We were given a slice of bread. This bread is called seven years old, it is covered with sawdust.

See more civilians along the road, got all of their belongings with them.

Sat 11 (cont.)

Food getting shorter.

Russian army is coming along behind us.

Still don't know where we are going.

Sleep in barns, and sheds.

The people are good to us in some of the places we stop .

Sun 12

Started out at 8:00 a.m.

Marched all day, stopped and ate dinner.

Some sore spots on body, feel real tired out, but still going.

Stayed in big barn.

When I say dinner, I didn't mean we stopped at a restaurant, we got a chance to build a fire and cook up whatever we have or can find.

Today I feel real sick, God, I am so awful tired, but I have no choice, got to keep going on or drop.

Stopped again for the night.

Another barn, they always seem to find a barn for us.

Looks like the Hilton when you are dead tired.

Wed. Nov. 14

They let us stay over for today so we could rest up.

We are to go 27 kilometers in the a.m. Oh Lord.

We are to reach a ferry boat and then five days later reach a camp.

We are all hoping this is true.

Today it is raining, a very cold and wet day.

Sick fellows all about us.

We made a stew for supper and coffee.

Went to bed.

Bought a calf from a farmer, cost 50 marks, ten days old.

We butchered it and will have soup tomorrow.

Thur. Nov. 15

Up at 9:00 a.m.

Was told we will stay here another day.

Windy and cold.

We didn't get any bread now for two days.

We are to do 32 kilometers tomorrow.

This will be a back breaker for all of us as we are just about all done in.

We bought a hog so we will have more soup for a few days.

Will have to go to bed early so will be in shape for the march.

Took a cold bath in river, went to bed.

War news sounds good.



Left at 7:00 a.m.  
Got to our spot at 7:00 p.m.  
We are to go on kitchen duty, and work in a sugar factory.  
We are leaving in the a.m., as we are getting near our spot,  
wherever that is.  
We just got a sugar ration, one spoon per man, some deal.

Sun. 18

Up at 6:30 a.m.  
Over to the kitchen, put water on for breakfast.  
Took a bath.  
We are leaving in the a.m.  
We are also changing guards. Good deal.  
The guards we have now are real mean to us as they know they are  
losing this war.

Mon. 19

Left at 7:00 a.m.  
We did 18 kilometers, going was slow as we are all dead tired and  
hungry.  
We got to a small village and got another barn.  
Got a rumor we are to get a train, sure hope not because our planes  
don't miss a train.  
Just saw three planes scrapping hell out of a town nearby.  
Went to bed early with planes buzzing all over and all night.

Tue.

Up early, had coffee and washed.  
A lot of air planes around here, they are hitting everything in  
sight.  
Wagons, homes, horses, etc.  
Cooked a good meal, and went to bed.

Wed.

Up at 6:00 a.m.  
Had coffee, washed, sewed my clothes, what was left of them.  
Had dinner.  
There was a rumor on parcels again and we did get them, one parcel  
to three men.  
We ate spuds all day long.

Wed. Evening

Bought a dinner from a Jerry farm, spuds and gravey for three  
cigarettes.

Thur.

We helped to give parcels out and the Jerrys took a lot of them,  
but there is nothing we can do about this.  
Had a good dinner and are now waiting for coffee.  
We are leaving in the a.m.  
God, when will this war end?  
Tired, hungry, sore, dirty.  
Fell asleep before I had time to finish this page.

Fri.

Up early, had coffee and started out.  
We did 21 kilometers.  
On the way, we saw 200 G.I.'s working on a Jerry's air field.  
When we got to our place for the night, a fellow told us that there  
are three convoys of dead a day that goes by here after an air raid.  
We sure didn't feel too good now.  
We didn't get to make fires, no soup.  
We got bread for three days, seven men to a loaf.  
Planes all around us.

Sat.

Wash, coffee, sitting around waiting to go.  
We are headed towards Hamburg.  
We did 24 kilometers, another barn.  
Planes all around us.  
Had soup, went to bed.

Wed.

Up at 6:00 a.m.  
Had breakfast, went to town, got some food from a farm family to  
mix up a soup.  
There were parcels in the town, but no one would let us see about  
them, so no parcels, they will go to the Jerrys.  
We are to go 22 kilometers in the a.m.  
Have to go to sleep early, took a bath in the river, cold, cold.  
Went to bed.

Tue.

Well, today is another day, will be leaving at 7:00 a.m.  
Food is just about out.  
Two packs of cigarettes left.  
Here hoping we get a parcel soon, from some place.  
We go to a small village and went to bed, dog tired.



Mon.

Up early ready to go.  
Nice day for marching, we did 25 kilometers.  
Along the way, we saw plenty of gun placements.  
They are getting themselves well protected.  
Got a small stable to sleep in.  
Had soups, no bread.  
Under officer told us we are to go 18 kilometers in the a.m.  
So here, willing.  
Went to bed at 9:00 p.m.

Sun.

Half Sunday

We stayed over.  
Had breakfast and made a pack.  
About 11:30 a.m. an air raid and G.I. bombers came over in formation.  
Went to church at 1:00.  
Had soup, will be going to bed as we will be leaving in the a.m.

Fri. A.M. March

The Confidence man went to see about parcels.  
We went back to the kitchen to work.  
We bought some pots from a lady here to make a soup in.  
British lads started to cook.  
The Confidence man came back with parcels, three men to a parcel.  
Thank God, it sure was a life saver.  
We are to move out Monday.

Sat.

Up at 6:00 a.m.  
Over to the kitchen.  
English lads had fire going.  
Guards told us we are to get another parcel, didn't pay any attention to them.  
Boiled water for dinner and also washed my clothes.  
Parcels did arrive, one to three men, was glad again.  
I guess we will march until war is over.  
Cooked soup for supper and waited for the Jerry's medicine man.  
We got bread, seven men to one loaf. Five slices for three days.  
Sure ate heartily.  
Sewed my clothes, took a bath, to bed.

Sun.

Well, here it is Easter Sunday.  
Am washed up and waiting to go to Mass.  
Held Mass outside.

Sun. (cont.)

Had dinner, got bread, two days ration, four slices, ever seen a man starving to death? Try to hold on to four slices of bread for two days.

Still a lot of air raids around us.

To bed. Good night.

Sat.

Up early, had coffee.

The water got to the kitchen, so they started to cook our soup.

Soup with spuds and barley.

Sleep like pigs, one on top of the other.

I made a meal of spuds and peas for me and my mucker.

We got a bread ration, four slices per man. Not bad, it was good bread.

There were air raids all day long, the planes are taking care of the

Jerrys, and the guards are mad at us.

That's all for today, to bed for me.

Fri.

Well, today is good Friday.

We are still on the road.

We got to a place with big walls around it, they locked us in.

We slept in a barn inside the walls, 600 of us and barn will only hold 300.

Was sitting around when the air raid blew, and G.I. planes were all over the place.

We are to stay here tomorrow and get deloused and cleaned up.

Was standing in line and guard came over and asked us what we were doing, told him waiting for our soup, he kicked out our fire.

Thur.

Left at 7:00 a.m.

Got to our place at 2:00 p.m.

We made spuds and soup.

We were told we were to go over to the kitchen to work in a sugar factory.

Will be leaving in the morning.

We are getting near our place.

Thur.

We started out to go eight kilometers to the town that was bombed out yesterday.

We didn't see much of the town left, but yesterday, the planes looked beautiful - 1000 of them.

The fighter planes were so low we could make out the American signs.

They saw us as Americans and left us alone.

They had to know we were American or they would have never left us alone.



Wed. 4

Started out marching, we are to go 12 kilometers, when bombers came over - 1000 of them.

They bombed a town 12 miles away.

We are seeing dead along the way.

The people don't seem happy as we are.

The people look like they are tired of the whole thing.

Tue.

Up early, we are to leave today.

We are three days from a stalag.

Here we stop there.

The sick are to go in by train.

So here hoping we go on to a stalag by boat.

Never thought I'd say this, but glad no train for me.

Monday

Up early.

Finished coffee, sat around.

News sounds good, might be home soon, if God spares me from this ordeal.

All of us are tired out and just about broken in spirit.

We are really getting beat from no food, and too much marching.

Tue.

Up early, started out, did 18 kilometers

Got a good place to sleep, a barn with straw.

Got a parcel and boy, were we happy as we needed it.

To bed.

Mon.

We stayed over for today.

I washed my clothes, took a bath.

My foot is real sore, pulled ligaments, both feet painful to walk, will drag them if I have to, will not stay behind.

We got a parcel, one to five men.

We had 25 G.I.'s take off, they didn't get far, someone turned them in.

The Germans are madder than hell at us.

Will be leaving in the a.m. so will be seeing you.

The news sounds good, the war is coming to an end.

Sun.

We started out at 9:00 a.m.  
Did 21 kilometers, very warm day.  
The wagon we had is just about done for.  
Had soup, went to bed.

Sat.

We started out at 9:00 a.m. and went on till 12 noon.  
Stopped for a while, a Red Cross truck went by and then it stopped  
and it had some food for us.  
We got one more, thank God.  
About that time, 1000 planes came out of the skies and there was  
dog fighting all over the place.  
Planes were low, not far from us.  
We got out of there in a hurry.  
Did 15 kilometers, went to bed early.

Fri. 6

Up at 6:00 a.m.  
Had coffee.  
We are supposed to go to a stalag about 30 kilometers away.  
We got 15 kilometers from there and stopped, they told us the Americans  
are bombing the camp.  
Boy, did we cuss the Americans out, they just finished off our home.  
We back tracked and sleep for the night.

April 12 or 13.

We heard a rumor that President Roosevelt died, sure hope not.  
We are behind the Jerrys lines.  
We got to a place at 9:00 p.m., sure was tired out.  
Got up at 9:00 a.m.  
We are supposed to go 15 kilometers today.  
We have not had bread or soup for three days now.  
Down to 120 pounds in weight.  
Our black widows P 38 were over our barn all night.  
They had their lights on, they locked us in the barn, sure was some-  
thing to hear planes over us and we can't see them or get out.

Fri. 13

Well, we are crossing the Elb today by ferry boat.  
30 kilometers to go.  
We had 13 G.I.'s take off last night on Friday the 13.  
We just got a rumor we might be cut off from crossing the Elb, sure  
do hope so.  
The guards are now carrying their guns more alert.  
So it looks like it is just about over with.



Fri. 13 (cont.)

As we were on our noon break just outside of this town, the planes came over, they came down along side of us, they hit a truck in front of us and it busted into flames.

We have been seeing truck after truck along the way bombed out.

And each time we sweat out our planes.

They decided to turn on us.

I was in the rear of the column to help those who fell back to keep up. When the planes turned on us it was every man for himself so I took off for a blacksmith shop and ran in there to find cover. I swear to God, one of them planes followed me to the door, I ran inside, and saw a hole in the floor over in the corner. I jumped in it and waited, all of a sudden, the place was being torn to hell by the plane. I laid there thinking this is it, the plane only made one pass and, so help me, the place had just about had it. As I laid in this hole in the floor, I never did notice there were two other fellows in there. The one was trying to talk, but he was so scared, he never did make sense. I found out later he was trying to ask me if and what kind they were.

After I thought it over, I came out to find out why the plane didn't make a second pass over the building.

Up to the front of the column, someone laid down an American flag.

They got one from one of the French prisoners.

The planes then regrouped and came at us again, I figured damn, then can't they see us.

They made a pass over us as we all laid out in the field and turned around and started another pass over us and it was this pass that all of the planes tipped their wings showing us that they knew we were American P.O.W.'s. Thank to the Lord.

Mon. 16

We are supposed to move out at 12 o'clock.

But it looks like we will stay here.

We are still sweating out our spitfires. These damn planes hit everything in sight.

I love them as long as they stay away from our boys and me.

Sun. 15

We started out at 9:00 a.m.

No soup or coffee.

Did 23 kilometers.

We flagged more of our planes away from us.

Again we passed a Jerry air field, all training planes around, but no fighter planes around.

Well, Mother, the news sounds good again. One of these days will be home to you and Dad.

Our planes are destroying all of the Jerry's stuff.

We have one of the best air corps in the world.

This is also where we saw airplanes that look like jets, but didn't know it at that time.

Thur.

Up early and started out.

We saw American planes along the way, shooting everything up.

We sweat them out at night.

They will shoot down one side of the street and come back and shoot down the other side.

Boy, are these fellows on the ball.

Wed.

Up early.

Washed my clothes, took a bath.

Made a cake and had dinner.

Planes were shooting the hell out of everything all night long.

It's really scary at night as you can't see them until they fire their guns, and they seem to shoot everything that moves.

Mar 6

The Confidence man came back last night, told us no parcels.

This is our third day of rest.

Yesterday we saw American planes overhead.

We are headed for the town of Schwerin, that's where the parcels are.

This we don't believe.

Just finished dinner, word is that we will leave this place in the a.m.

Supposed to do 15 kilometers in the a.m.

Thur. 8

We started out at 7:30 a.m.

We did 29 kilometers.

The going was real rough for all of us.

Sleep in another barn.

Guess they think we sleep in barns at home.

Mar 8

Up early, ate.

Started out early and did a grand total of 25 kilometers.

If I get home, so help me, I'll never walk again.

That 25 kilometers really got me down.

No fires to cook.

Got a bowl of soup around 11:00 p.m.

Planes are going over dropping flares, and then the bomb.



Mar. 9

Left at 7:00 a.m., did 32 kilometers.

Blisters all over my feet, pulled ligaments back of heels, sore as hell, can hardly walk.

We are getting near our destination, wherever that is.

We didn't get any soup as the kitchen broke down, they are forever lying to us.

Got here late and went to bed.

Mar. 10, 45

This is a hard day to forget because it is my birthday.

Twenty years old today and where I'll end up, no one knows.

I am in this barn thinking things over.

Sore birthday to be having in Germany.

Well, Mother, I hope to be home for the next one, pray and hope I will.

We did 25 kilometers today. You guessed it, they put us up for the night in another barn.

We were the last to get our soup, and just as we were to get it, the air raid siren blew.

Planes were all over the place before we could make a move.

Guards screamed fires out, we didn't give a damn if fires were out or not. No one paid any attention to them, we cared less.

So the guards got buckets of water and put out the fires, no soup now.

The guards are more scared of our planes than we are.

Mar. 11, 45

Up at 6:00 a.m.

We had our soup at 7:00 a.m.

And coffee after the soup.

The news sure looks good, this war is just about over, for the Jerrys that is.

It will not be long now and it will be home sweet home, if they don't massacre all of us.

We see civilians all along the way with horses and wagons loaded with their goods.

Also dead horses all along the way, victims of our planes.

We got three slices of bread today.

Ate supper, went to bed.

Mar. 12

Up at 6:30 a.m.

We did 19 kilometers today, not too bad going.

We are getting near our destination, Schwerin.

We should get parcels in a couple of days, we hope to God.

I am really sick today, feel like calling it quits, but will go on.

Mar. 13, Tue.

Up at 6:00 a.m.

Did 18 kilometers today.

Got to our place without too much trouble.

The place is another barn. We are 11 kilometers from a stalag.

We are going to see about parcels soon.

Me and a couple fellows are working in a kitchen.

So here goes a cook, I did a little cooking at Ebertz Cafe at home, but I had food to work with, not slop.

Mar. 14

Up at 6:00 a.m.

Over to the kitchen, reported for work.

Made soup.

The duty officer came in and told us to get the hell out. One of the fellows with us stole an oil can and made a stove out of it and the officer said we had to replace it before we could cook anything to eat from the kitchen.

So we told them we didn't want to cook anything anyway.

We figured if we returned the can, they would beat the hell out of the fellow who returned it.

They, at this point, treating us like dogs, honest to God, this war has got to end.

As I said, we are 14 kilometers from a stalag, but we will never see it.

They won't let us see the confidence man to see about parcels.

We have no food left.

We did get a bread ration, two slices per man, hard as rock.

We did 30 kilometers today, this makes 45 days on the road, Oh Lord.

Dirty, full of lice, sick and half starved to death.

But we will carry on.

They are mad at us as they know there is no hope for them to win the war.

God bless every American, they are the greatest people and nation in the world.

Mar. Thur.

Up at 6:00 a.m.

Rumors are that we will get parcels.

We got our job back in the kitchen because the Jerrys heard that we will be getting parcels and they want to be good to us so they can have some of the food.

With God's help, we will make it.

Sun. Morning.

Up at 6:00 a.m.

Had my Jerry's coffee.



Sun. Morning (cont.)

Laying around and listening to the news, or rumors would be better to call it.

Went to church at 10:00.

Parcels just came in, everyone happy till it's gone.

News we got sounds good about the end to this war.

Tue. 14

Started out at 5:00 a.m.

Marched 14 kilometers, they put us in another barn and locked the doors because at the last stop, too many chickens disappeared.

We found carrots and potatoes, so we had plenty of stew.

Slept good, full of stew.

Tue. 23

Up at 6:00 a.m.

These Jerrys like to rise early.

Was ready to go and one of the guards hit a G.I. with his rifle butt.

They had to hold us all back as we cared for nothing at this time.

Seems they are getting tougher as the days go on.

We are supposed to hit our destiny in about two days.

Sure do hope so, I am all in.

No bread again for two days.

We were given spuds, ate, went to bed.

No date

We did 20 kilometers today.

Put us up in another barn.

We went to town and bought some fish.

We were just told fires out, so will say goodnight.

Mon. 22

We started out at 7:00 a.m.

We marched through Anklam.

The G.I.'s were over the city and dropped a few bombs.

It was good to see sights like this.

Mon.

Started out at 7:00 a.m.

Marched 37 kilometers and slept out doors.

It was real cold.

Supposed to get the ferry boat tomorrow.

I couldn't keep my teeth from clinking together.

God, it was cold.

Sun. 18

We got up at 7:00 a.m.  
They didn't give us time for breakfast.  
Started to march 25 kilometers to a big barn again.  
We couldn't get water unless we bought it.  
Bedded down for the night.

Sat., Mar. 17

Got up at 5:00 a.m.  
Marched six kilometers and got to a big harbor.  
We were forced to wait on the docks as the Americans just finished  
bombing the hell out of everything.  
This didn't make the guards any happier with us.  
The Jerrys had smoke screens all over the place, but it didn't help.

Fri., Mar. 16

Starting out at 6:00 a.m.  
Marched 37 kilometers.  
Slept outside, it was very cold.  
We tied two blankets together and put tree branches on top of us to  
keep warm.  
My feet were so sore, I took off my shoes, now I can't get them back  
on. Some deal.  
We were told we would get a ferry boat ride come a.m.

Fri. Mar. 23

Got up at 8:00 a.m.  
Had my coffee.  
Just sitting around.  
We have no water to wash with.  
The Confidence man again went to the stalag to see what can be done  
for us.  
We are out of food.  
Have just what the Jerrys are giving us, and that's not much.  
I keep praying that something will happen.

New Day

Up at 6:00 a.m.  
Jerrys coffee finished.  
Waiting for the Confidence man to return from the stalag.  
They took the sick to the stalag.  
We are getting soup from the Jerrys, but it is just hot water and the  
drinking water we have to buy for cigarettes.  
We are still 23 kilometers from a different stalag, but it is also filled.  
Still to stay here for three weeks.  
It is hell, but I guess it is hell all over Germany.



New Day (cont.)

The men here are dirty, full of lice, hungry.  
This is their hell on earth, I guess.

Thur. Mar.

Got up at 6:00  
Getting ready to move out today, we are to do 32 kilometers.  
We made the 32 kilometers O.K. and ended up at a big barn.  
I made my bed in the sheep pen.  
They just told us this will be our home for three weeks.  
That the stables was full, so we are to wait here.  
Ate some ration and went to bed.

Wed., Mar. 2

We stayed over today, we rose at 8:00.  
Soup to be had, Jerrys soup.  
Started to think about dinner.  
We can't go across the street.  
They, the Jerrys, are really mad at us.  
We got our bread ration for tomorrow.  
Ate supper, more spuds.  
That's all we eat it seems is spuds.

Started out at 8:00 a.m.  
We were given bread, six men to a loaf.  
We are to get a ferry boat in a couple of days, here hoping we  
are to ride it for two days.  
Food getting short, but if keep going, will do alright.  
Jerrys are on the move, Russians are coming, also the Yanks.  
We stopped at a place called Witslock, sleep in horse barn.  
Ate some raw spuds for supper.  
We were told that our destination would be a deserted village,  
but it was just a rumor going around.  
We are going west, so if we keep this up, we should be hitting New  
York in a couple of weeks.

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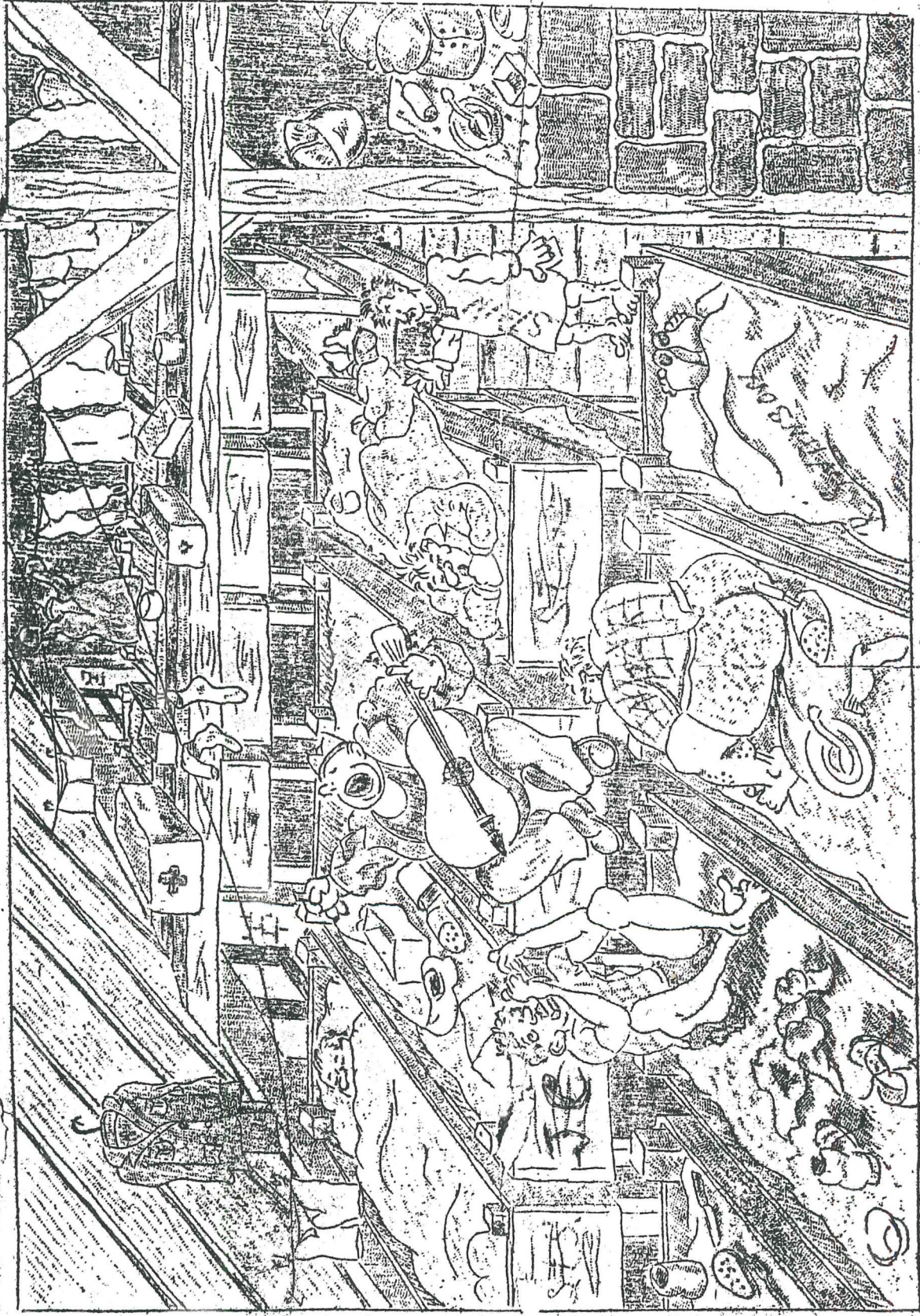
Dear Sir.

Please put these pages in my booklet that is in your library.

Prisoner of War booklet

By J.A.Carlascio  
710-2nd-St-Sp- West  
Jamestown n.dak  
58401





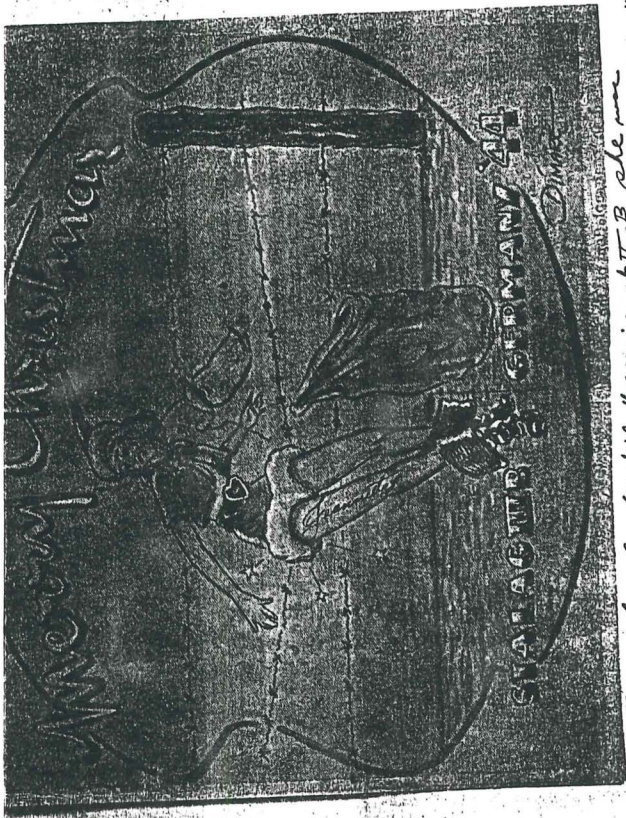
COLONEL L ENTERTAINING 14 REAR

Jim I want you to remember how you sleep back



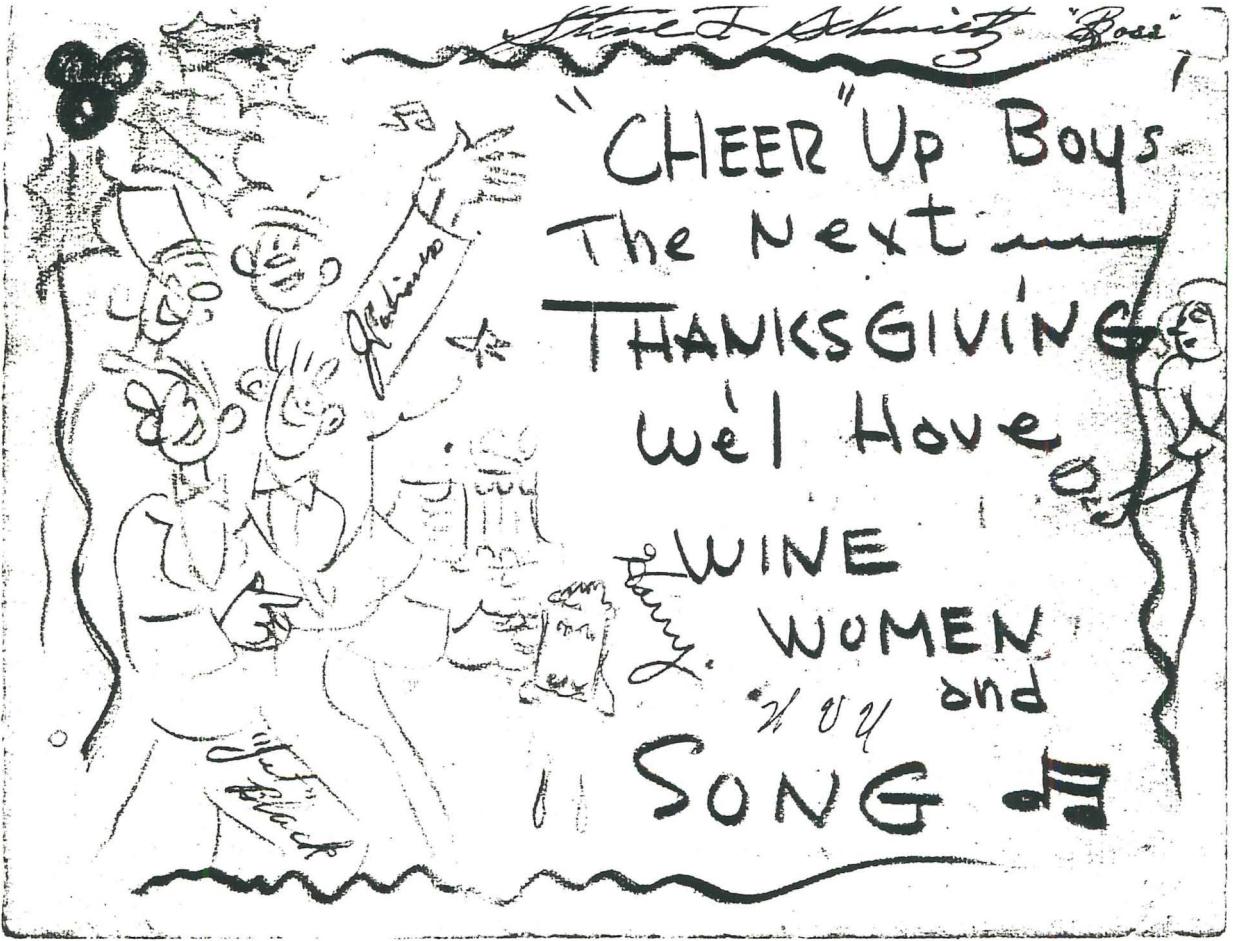
# MILWAUKEE 1944

Our Christmas dinner table was bowed  
by seven delegates from Stalag IV, Germany. Our  
names, in the order of their importance are - Milton Black  
Jed for short - hail from Cleveland. Benny Goring just turned 29  
and in an ill as a young mountie. Floyd Pickens of  
the Butterfingers, also broke all the new pots for the W. M. C. P.  
He had the honor of eating our Christmas cake. Betty  
met to Black we find R. V. Brewer, the "ill-avoid"  
23 lb from Chicago. R. V. is the baby of our club, Jim B. O.  
Has a tall, well built, had a whole baby in night lifting, his  
best position in the match. He played right half for the second  
place "Rambler" in football. Ed his team in hitting, got 201.  
He has a nice woman and song but not old enough to touch it.  
Not a R. V. we find that bill from Dakota Jim Carver  
the "honey" in our club. Born in a job, he never achieved the  
climatic condition, so is just ~~not~~ to rain all over you as with  
Lover a girl named Dew who is a student in some grade school  
in the Black Hills. Jim is our K. P. Nott in the party of stars  
is a carry Townsend, the boy from New Jersey, he is ~~the~~  
over his time in football he plays high school and is  
expected to star in our annual "Katie's Band" New Year's  
Day. Tony has a little french trouble at the present time, but  
who knows? Louis the faithful dog rubber for Kenner, is a  
newcomer in our club. Larry S. (Kashyore) (Kashyore)  
hails from the popular little city, St. Paul Minnesota.  
Yes a homely by trade, a legend ~~is~~ by ~~his~~ ~~name~~



No wonder delegate didn't arrive at 11:30, she was  
stayed in the bathroom at 11:30 to her stand of mine."

all types of sports especially softball and hockey.  
Had lunch a half minute delegate from jump school, landed  
in our camp about ten o'clock, marched to sit at our table and  
buy Black company. Saw the lib of Greek, to eat  
The company, well, was game truly, strong, healthy. As heard  
athletic director, coach and K. P. I had my hands full  
trying to keep up with Black and the people. You should  
have seen my table, the party raises like snow in a  
spring thaw, but the boys had their underwear on and  
didn't get their feet wet. A good time was had by all.



Steve & Sherry "Boss"

"CHEER" Up Boys  
The Next

THANKSGIVING

We'll Have

WINE

WOMEN

and

SONG

From  
Dinner & Steaks - N. 1. Deck  
11/24/54  
Thanksgiving

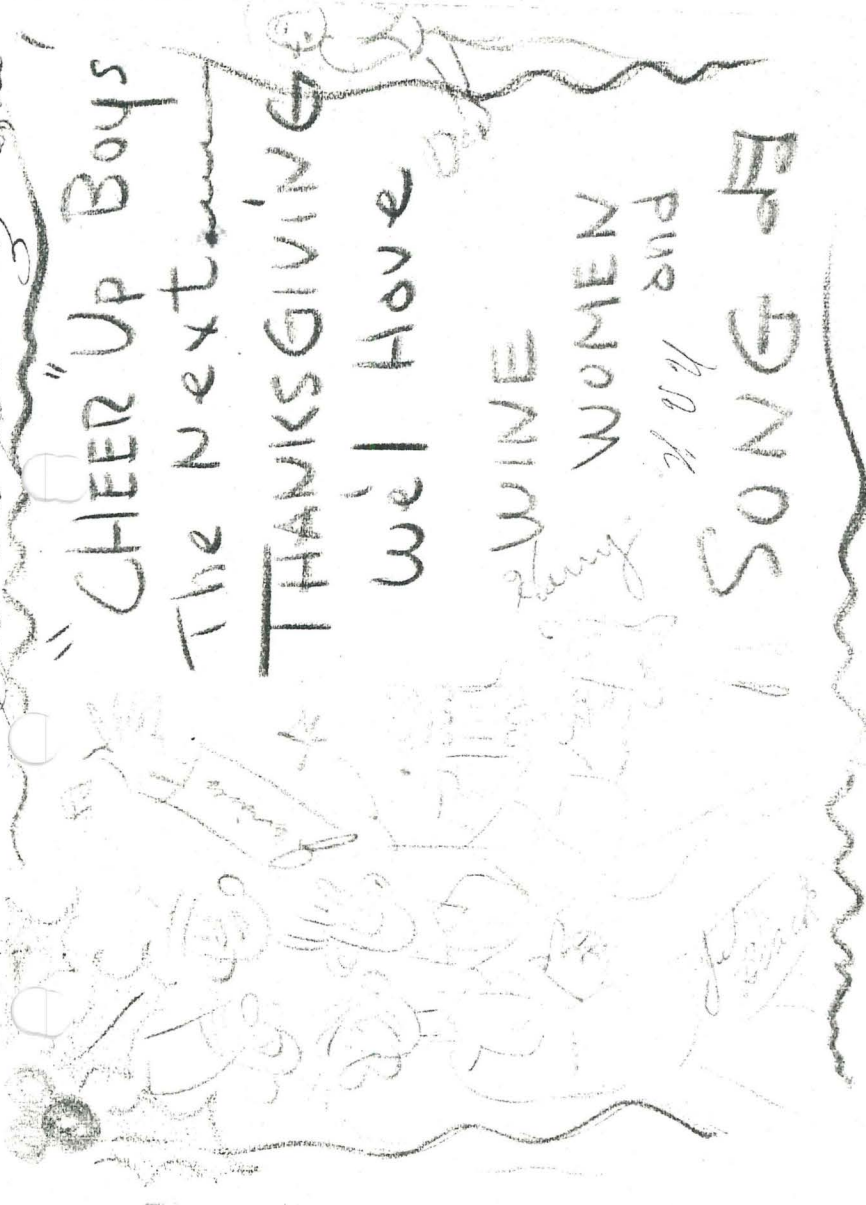


St. Louis

"CHEER UP BOYS  
The Next Time  
THANKSGIVING  
We'll Have

WINE  
WOMEN  
PURE  
H.R.K.

EP D NOS 1



Dupe  
John De Loria

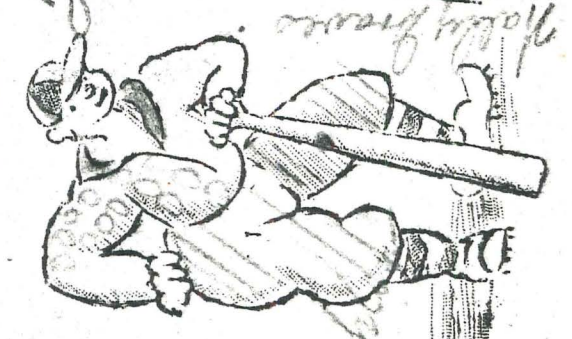


Sammy Brewitt

Steve Schmitt

John De Loria  
John De Loria

Nick Dyer



William  
Black

Sammy Brewitt

John De Loria