


# A WARTIME LOG



A.R.W. MCKAY

#  SQUADRON

R.C.A.F.



# A WARTIME LOG

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



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# INTRODUCTION

Stalag Luft One,  
Barth on Baltic,  
Germany.

By way of introduction I should like to state at the outset that this log has been made up for the benefit of those who are always foremost in a "Kriegies" thoughts, namely, those we left behind; our parents, relatives, girl friends and those other very important, just friends.

Before I go any further I should like to pay my most humble tribute to the work of the International Red Cross Society without whose assistance life as a prisoner of war would be unbearable.

The parcels supplied by the Red Cross are truly the "silver lining in the dark clouds" shining and all Kriegies new and old will bear me out in an enthusiastic, well done!

The commencement of life for the new POW is a dismal affair indeed.

one is greeted by several rows of unprepossessing grey buildings, unpainted and barren, surrounded by yellowish sand the whole scene geometrically squared off by barbed wire. The Kriegie soon learns to hate the "Wire". The "Wire" is his enemy, the great restraint to freedom. The "Wire" takes on a living quality, a hated creature. The "Wire" surrounds the encampment several layers deep punctuated at regular intervals by guard posts. One may walk within this cage at will, back and forth, one may count the posts which carry the "Wire", one may even count the barbs on the "Wire" - but to touch the "Wire" itself means instant death amidst a hail of machine gun fire.

There are two courses open to the "Kriegie". First, and by far the easier, he may turn cynical. Secondly, he may adapt himself to his new situation and make the most of his new opportunities. I chose the second.

Within this camp there lie many possibilities. In my life in the Air Force I have found too little time to enjoy reading and too little time to cultivate hobbies. Life consisted mainly of flying and parties. Now there are no parties, no flying and something must take their place. Here also, is a fine opportunity to observe one's fellow man. Believe me the good, and yes, the bad in a man's character is revealed in the

cold harsh (of) light of a POW camp. Freedom is the main thought in all heads and the lack of it has rather odd effects on some people. Freedom is such an abstract thing, a thing held so lightly by most of us that the shock of suddenly losing it is too much for some of us. I believe that a fighter pilot enjoys a freedom greater than any other human being and speaking for myself alone, I can only say, I didn't count my blessings.

I suppose it is much easier for me to adopt the attitude of peaceful acquiescence to my present situation than it has been for those who preceded me here; I have arrived, thank God, at a stage when the war is in its final stages and this fact coupled with the Red Cross parcels makes life quite bearable. Everyone here is in good spirit and "home for the summer" is the chief topic. Moral is high one can't help but admire the good spirit of even the oldest "Kriegies".

It is my intention in this log to write a chronicle of my life since I have been overseas, which may or may not be of interest to others, but will at least serve to refresh my memory in the years to come. In addition I intend to collect the best that has been written on this "campus" since the first POW arrived. There has been much talent displayed here in all fields, particularly art and music. A considerable amount of poetry will also appear here, mainly on the war theme.

In conclusion I would like to say to my parents that I can't express my regret

at their having to be subjected to the "Missing in Action" cable and the endless days of waiting for official word, I know how I would feel in reversed circumstances, it is no comfort to them to know that other families are suffering a similar fate. I hope when this is over and I am once again home that I can in some way make this up to them, I shall certainly try. I know now that the biggest losers in war are those left behind because I have seen boys toss their lives away with a careless jest, leaving for those who loved them years of despair. I saw this once, in retrospect, in the home of a German farmer, just after my capture. I was taken to his farmhouse and his wife gave me milk while my leg was being bandaged; she showed me a picture of her only son killed in Italy. I couldn't understand a word she said, I didn't need to, the heart-break was printed in the lines of her face. At that moment she was neither the enemy nor I the captive! I left that house with regret, she was kind and I didn't expect much kindness from the others - but that is another story and I will close this introduction with a written hope of an early liberation for my new found friends as well as myself.

Ralph McKay.





## HIGH FLIGHT

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
 And danced the skies on laughter's silver wings,  
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling  
 Mirth of sunsplit clouds,  
 And done a hundred things you have not dreamed of.  
 Wheeled and soared and spun high in the sun-  
 lit silence.

Up, up the long delirious burning blue,  
 I've topped the windswept height with ease,  
 Where never lark nor even eagle flew,  
 Hovering there, I've chased the shouting winds  
 along,

Through footless halls of air,  
 And while with silent lifted mind,  
 I've trod the high untresspassed sanctity  
 of space,

Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

FLYING OFFICER JOHN MCCOY,  
 KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN



II Lie in the dark and listen,  
 City magnates, steel contractors,  
 Factory workers, politicians, soft hysterical  
 little actors,  
 Ballet dancers, reserved musicians,  
 Safe in your warm civilian beds,  
 Count your blessings and count your sheep.  
 Just turn over and go to sleep,  
 Lie in the dark and let them go,  
 yours is a debt you'll forever owe,  
 Lie in the dark and listen!!

A tribute to the boys of Bomber Command  
 for whom those of us in Fighter Groups have  
 the highest respect!

### Ode to Kriegieland.

It is easy to be nice boys, when everything's o.k.  
 It is easy to be cheerful when you're having things  
 your way,  
 But can you hold your head up and take it on  
 when your heart is breaking and you feel like giving in  
 It was easy back in England amongst your friends and  
 folks,  
 But now you miss the friendly hand, the quips, the  
 songs, the jokes.

The road ahead is stoney, unless you're strong in  
 mind,  
 You'll find it isn't long until you're lagging far  
 behind,  
 You've got to climb the hill boys, it's no use turning  
 back,  
 There's only one way home - that's off the beaten  
 track.

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Lie in the Dark and Listen - Noel Coward

<sup>1</sup> Lie in the dark and listen!  
It's clear tonight so they're flying high  
Hundreds of them - thousands perhaps,  
Riding the sky, moonlit sky,  
Men, machinery, bombs, maps  
Altimeters, guns, charts,  
Sandwiches, coffee, fleece lined boots,  
Brains, muscles, minds and hearts  
English saplings from English roots,  
Deep in the earth they've left behind,  
Lie in the dark and let them go  
Lie in the dark and listen!!

<sup>2</sup> Lie in the dark and listen!  
They're going over in waves and waves,  
High above rivers, mountains and streams,  
Country churches and little graves  
And little children's worried dreams,  
Very soon they will have reached the sea  
And far below them will be the bays,  
The shoals and cliffs where they  
Were taken for their summer holidays,  
Lie in the dark and let them go,  
This is a world you will never know,  
Lie in the dark and listen!!

Remember you are British and when you  
 reach the crest  
 you'll see a valley cool and green - England  
 at her best  
 You know there is a saying that "sunshine  
 follows rain"  
 And sure enough you'll realize that joy will  
 follow pain.  
 So courage be your password - make fortune  
 your guide  
 And then instead of grousing - recall those  
 boys who died.



WINSTON CHURCHILL - who was once a prisoner of war in British East Africa, Nov. (1899), speaking on the subject said: -

"It's a melancholy state, you are in the power of the enemy; you must obey his orders, await his pleasure. You owe your life to his humanity, you daily plead to his compassion, you must possess your soul in his patience. The days are very long, the hours crawl like paralysed centipedes, moreover the whole atmosphere of prison; even the most easy and best regulated prison is "odious", companions quarrel about trifles, and get least possible pleasure from each other's society; you feel a constant humiliation in being fenced in by railings and wires; watched by armed men; and webbed about by a tangle of regulations and restrictions?"

" - and so be it!"

### A Happy Thought

I suppose that everyone at sometime has looked over old possessions belonging to his family - old letters, old papers, old photographs. While you were doing this have you ever found a letter sent by some one who had helped to make your home, who shared with you those memories which have an extraordinary sweetness and fragrance when you look back on them? And from reading that letter there came upon you the realization of that person's love for you and a fresh vision of what he or she had been to you. How much poorer life would have been without this gift! There was something about that love which now touched you to the quick. It was defenceless itself and

tender because it was undeserved and forgetful of itself it broke easily through all the defences which you present to the world. How easily you might have injured it - and perhaps indeed you did. It did not protest, it made no parade, but in time of trouble it was there to help. That kind of love seen in a mother, a father, a wife, a friend makes home a sacred place. Happy is the man who can look back on at least one such love in his life; he will know what I mean.

Thomas C. R. Downing,  
Stalag 8 B,  
Germany.

# Barth

AS WE APPROACH THE VILLAGE ACROSS THE WINDSWEPT SEA WE PASS THE HEAD OF A SMALL CREEK & COME ACROSS A FEW SCATTERED COTTAGES. THE SILENCE IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE MELANCHOLY CRY OF A SEABIRD. AWAY IN THE DISTANCE THE SPIRE OF THE 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY GOTHIC CHURCH DOMINATES THE SKYLINE.

THROUGH AN ARCHWAY WE ENTER AN OLD ATMOSPHERE TO GET A BETTER VIEW OF THE CHURCH AND ITS SURROUNDS ABOVE THE MASTS OF THE DRIFTERS IN THE HARBOUR WE CAN SEE THE FORMER PALACE OF THE SWEDISH KINGS, A SILENT TESTIMONY OF BARTH'S FORMER GLORY.



L. HORSBY

RALPH HICKAY '25

## My Buddy

THEY SAID HE DIED IN GLORY  
WHATEVER THAT MAY BE  
IF DYING IN A BURST OF FLAME IS GLORY  
THEN IT'S NOT FOR ME.

IN THE BRIEFING ROOM THAT MORNING  
HE SAT WITH CLEAR EYES AND STRONG  
HEART

JUST ONE OF THE MANY PILOTS  
DETERMINED TO DO HIS PART.

MY BUDDY HAD THE GUTS ALRIGHT  
HE SOUGHT NOT GLORY OR FAME  
HE KNEW HE HAD A JOB TO DO  
AND HIS CREW ALL FELT THE SAME.

BUT DEATH HAD THE FINAL WORD  
FOR IN ITS LOG IT WROTE HIS NAME  
AND MY BUDDY DIED THAT MORNING  
IN GLORY AND IN A BURST OF FLAME

*Anonymous*





RALPH MCKAY '55

**H**ere with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse, and Thought,  
Beside me singing in the  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow ..... Wilderness,

In all log books of Krugis will be found an account of just how they became prisoners. In the following pages I am going to tell my story - it may or may not be of interest to others but at least it will serve to refresh my memory in the years to come. These years as they are, are termed by Krugis as "Horror Stories" and many of them are horrible tales indeed. I may say at the beginning that while my story may sound a bit vivid, word for word it is true and that in comparison to the experiences of some of the men here it is simply child's play.

In the morning of March 14, a cloudy overcast day with some indication of clearing, the squadron pilots reported for briefing. I was in top form that day having gotten to bed early the previous night, sans cognac. The Wing Commander explained the show and it was a normal bomber escort. We sat around and had a cup of tea, and then off to dispersal.

My aircraft was in maintenance, so I was to use one belonging to one of the other pilots. I carried my parachute and helmet out to the machine and set them. Had a chat with the ground crew who said the kite was running well and did a check myself. There was little left to do now except wait for take off time. 11:30 came in the form of a card game and out <sup>we</sup> went to our kites.

I strapped in, put on my helmet, and started the engine. Ran her up, yes she's sweet, check the instruments, all O.K. Drove away the chocks and taxi out to the runway.

Cockpit check, yes trim o.k. Seat adjusted.  
Taxi onto to runway. Throttle open and then the  
lovely feeling as she accelerates, faster, faster  
down the runway, faster until things outside  
blur, gently back on the stick, ah we're up a  
away!

This is the map of Bud's trip from where he crashed  
landed, to Skala Luft 1 up in the Baltic.



Now then,  
wheels up;  
hood close  
step turn  
around. The  
ground slid  
away so fast  
now. Join  
the squad  
get your p's  
and hold. It's  
looking around  
you never  
can tell.  
Damn it the  
sun's right  
your eyes,  
can't see  
the type  
ahead, ah  
that's bec  
the R/C crew  
"Up through  
this stuff  
now chaps".  
We climb up  
through a  
thousand  
feet of over

cast and burst out into clear blue sky. It is  
a lovely day here, the sun shining on the clouds  
is pink and blue and I settle back into my  
seat, well pleased. It is a good life, a great thrill,  
flying this machine which responds so willingly

to my every touch, I need only to think about turning and she seems to know what I mean. We climb and climb, it is colder now, I turn up my oxygen, the altimeter reads 15,000. Ah what's that shimmering over to the left, must be the bombers, yes it is? Don't they look glorious in the morning sun, hundreds of them? They are like great ships bearing huge cargoes and we the protective destroyers, cruising and wheeling, making sure no intruder gets into the stream. Their cargo is bombs, tons and tons of lethal bombs - the most deadly weapon ever devised by one man for the annihilation of another. We have been flying about twenty minutes. The squadron is flying well, every one in their place and keeping their eyes open. The air is reported free of the enemy and there seems to be no opposition. I change over to my drop tank, wait a moment, ah yes, she's O.K. Sometimes they don't pick up, always a bit of a breathless moment. We fly on, I think a time, wonder what Mum and Dad are doing now, six hours off, oh hell they're still in bed; check the instruments, oil temperature O.K., oil pressure alright, how's the glycol? Seems fine. On we go, I wonder where we are, must be out of Holland now, can't tell for sure were over 10/10 cloud.

Suddenly she starts to surge. What the hell is this? Quickly I look the instruments over, Holy smoke, rad temperature 120. I call the skipper "Engine trouble, heading home."

Then a great bang and the engine cowling  
 opens up like a flower. Another bang and both  
 side panels fly off. I decide to bail out. It is very  
 hot in the cockpit. I tell the C.O. I am getting  
 out and he comes back, "O.K. bay, good luck."  
 I ask him my position, and curse myself a  
 second later, he can't tell me with those  
 bombers depending on us. I jerk my helmet  
 off and undo my straps. The engine is on  
 fire now, no time to waste, she might blow up  
 any minute. I check my chute harness, O.K.  
 Jellison the hood. My God it's hot. The solder  
 from burning metal flies into my face and  
 hot glycol soaks me. Get moving son, this is  
 no good. I stand up and push. A crashing  
 pain in my leg and I'm free. I'm falling  
 now, but it doesn't seem like it. It is cool  
 and I feel as though I am lying in a feather  
 bed. I'm falling head first, so I shift myself  
 around so my feet are down, just like falling  
 rolling over in bed. My hand feels for the ring  
 - I give a mighty tug. At first there is a slight  
 tug at my shoulders, the pilot chute is out,  
 a short pause, CRACK!! the big one is open now.  
 It jars me from head to foot, but it is open.  
 I look up, yes, there it is, full bellied, easing  
 me to the ground. I look down my flying  
 boots have come off with the jar, hell. I wonder  
 again where I am, Holland, Germany, where?  
 What lies ahead? I have time to think I am  
 coming down slowly, swaying from side to side,

it is a pleasant feeling. I look at my leg, blood is dripping out of a wound and flowing down my leg, oh well nothing serious. The layer of cloud is near now. Suddenly I am immersed in its cold, clamminess. It is an eerie feeling. I burst clear and less than a thousand feet below I see the hostile ground. It comes up fast, fast, faster. I am going to land in a wood, damn it, side slip! I pull the riser, nothing happens. Into the trees, tall pine trees. The chute catches on the tops as I slip between the trunks, narrow escape, might have smashed right into 'em. Suddenly the branches give, God I'm falling free. I hit the ground, marshy thank Heaven, with a nasty thud, the breath is knocked out of me. I get to my feet, a bit shake otherwise alright. No shoes, no socks and I do not know where I am. Are all these stories true? Do they really shoot pilots they capture? Are they really demons? Well I'll soon know for here comes one of Hitler's supermen now! He comes running through the woods, followed by about ten others. I look wildly around, no chance to get away. Slowly I undo my parachute harness and turn to face the German. He has a gun, but to my surprise above the gun is a smiling face. He is small, dirty and unshaven and quickly I decide that I have little to fear here, he was a member of the Volksturm or Home Guard. I later learned

He was joined almost immediately by a number of others all dressed in the same way one of whom turned out to be an officer, a doctor at that. I was searched and a variety of equipment removed from me. The doctor then asked me if I was an officer and when I nodded the attitude of the rest of the men changed; they fell back and stood more or less at attention. Good old German militarism. Throughout all this I felt no fear, I was daunted by the rapidity of happenings and I remember thinking only in a fleeting way that this might be the finish.

The doctor, very politely, asked me if I could walk on my leg and as I said I could we started off. I was still barefoot and walking was very difficult, but after twenty minutes or so we arrived at a farm house. I was the centre of interest for groups of farmers all along the route and I shall never forget the cow-like expressions on the majority of faces. Their faces showed no expression and very little intelligence. The doctor conversed with me in English, telling me of his medical studies, his family and so on. He was, I think hurt that I would discuss nothing with him. He bound my leg and it was at this point that the farmer's wife gave me the milk and told me about her son. I have mentioned this in the introduction as being one of the most human experiences I have yet come across. In my high state of nervousness and anxiety this little incident stood out



quite clearly, perhaps a bit out of focus.

I rested here for an hour or so while various people came and stared at me. I felt a bit like a goldfish at this point and as my self confidence was coming back I stared right back at them. It was a very easy thing to disconcert them and I was quite amused by some of their reactions. I was given a pair of basketball shoes to wear and we proceeded. In closing, I may say that this was the most pleasant part of my captivity, for the first part at least.

I was bundled into a car and we went around to various farms collecting Volksturm people. I certainly wasn't any too happy driving along German roads with the Tactical Air Force operating in a cloudless sky. I knew what they could do as I had been on the job myself. Still we arrived at some sort of headquarters where the doctor and his cohorts departed. These things were not quite so pleasant. I faced a rather hard individual who fired questions at me which I didn't answer, he became annoyed and once again visions of the firing squad swam across my brain. He finally ended up all smiles and by taking my basketball shoes away. Shoes at the door and I was ordered into it.

(I am having trouble writing this, it is being done in bits and pieces so if the continuity falls down now and again the reader will know why.)

After a hair raising ride in the motorcycle, we arrived at another farm house, well out in the country. I was ushered in and confronted by two officers of the Wehrmacht or regular Army. One spoke English with an Oxford accent and had he been anything but a German I would have thought him a very charming man, as it was I was sure he was after information. They took my name, number and rank, offered me a cigarette, German with an English name (Astor something or other) and also a glass of wine. I took the cigarette but refused the wine as we had always been warned about this technique; however I don't think it was a means of obtaining information for he proceeded to drink three tumblerfuls of the stuff with no noticeable effect. It was now that I began to settle down and take stock of the situation, my nervousness at the prospect of being shot had subsided a bit. The officer asked me if I had expected to be shot to which I made no reply. He also asked me about our treatment of POW's, and about a million other questions, none of which I made any definite reply to; he knew London backwards and I must confess to an alarming inclination towards chatting with him, for as I have

said, he was a most pleasing individual. This went on for some time and then I was given a pair of rubber boots and once again started to walk. At times I was overcome, almost to the point of breaking down, by long the German salute when given by the red article struck me as being the funniest thing I had ever seen, I should mention as well the mustaches affected by the men - all copies of Hitler. I was amused also by their uniforms which I will describe later.

My guard, an old man of at least fifty, led me across a few fields. He was fingering a Luger the whole time and he explained to me, by sign language, that four of his family had died in Allied bombings. I was a bit uneasy but he seemed such a harmless old duffer that I could scarcely imagine his murdering me in cold blood in the middle of a sunshiny flooded meadow. By this time I was quite tired and, I suppose, suffering from mild shock as I don't bail out of aeroplanes everyday and I was quite thankful when I was told that we only had five minutes to go. We were and I was met by an officer, who was the best dressed German I had seen. He looked like a picture I once saw of Rommel, complete with goggles and white scarf. We went through the cigarette routine again and was indignant

when I refused. He said "after all we are both officers" in much the same tone as one would say "blood is thicker than water". I didn't feel particularly brotherly toward him, but I wanted a cigarette badly so I took it. It was at this juncture that the smooth German efficiency began to dwindle. I think they decided that they had learned all they could and I was now simply in the stream heading for a POW camp, at any rate transport facilities became difficult, starting now and the worst few days were coming. All I have written so far took place within the first five hours of capture.

To continue - my boots once again were removed and I was given a pair of galoshes, many sizes too big even if I had had shoes on, I didn't know then but this was to be my footgear for many days to come. My feet already were in a rather bad state and above all the major obstacle to escape.

I spent the night in this place. The Germans treated me well enough, I suppose. It was the headquarters of the Feldgendarmerie for the Bocholt area and when the men went out to do their rounds they took me with them. We rode for some miles in a Volkswagon the counterpart of our Jeep, but in no way as good. It was the middle of March and a cold night. The Germans bundled in their

greatcoats were cold and I was damn nearly frozen, thoroughly miserable and thinking of the other beds only 60 odd miles away in the mess, warm, full of good food and drink. I was indeed fed up. Still things could be worse, I thought, at least I was still alive and that point consoled me. We eventually arrived back at the farm and someone thought about food for me, I had asked about a dozen times and I was at last relieved. They brought me half a loaf of black bread and white margarine. I tried it and was almost sick, no go. I was too full of bacon and eggs in the squadron, so I left it. I was to look back on that move as folly, as you will see. I slept that night between two German privates on the floor, a rather unpleasant experience since they hadn't bathed for a matter of weeks and they weren't too pleased at my presence.

The next day I remember only as a long series of incredibly dusty, long and painful work. The organization had fallen down and they had little or no idea of what to do with me. The guards set out in search of a temporary POW camp in Bockholt and we walked <sup>for</sup> a weary mile, me in my oversize galoshes, I raised some fine blisters that day. We eventually arrived at this place to discover that it was no longer for POWs and that another place a good distance away was acting as the POW place for the area. All this was done

to the tune of heavy artillery from the front. Troops were rushing madly about in twos and threes and forced labour was constructing defences. I had to laugh at the inadequacy of these defences when I thought of the miles and miles of tanks I had seen moving up only three nights before. I am referring to our tanks. All day the combined Air Forces flew overhead and it was clear to me that the military as well as the civilian population were terrified. One could hear the moaning of air raid sirens in towns for miles around. The German flak guns fired incessantly, but I never saw them hit anything - even the krauts were disgusted with their efforts. (This narrative is constantly being punctuated by meals, roll calls and the other normal interruptions of 24 men living in confined spaces) with whom I came into contact were neither hostile nor otherwise. They seemed shocked into a sort of a trance, as though they scarcely could believe what was going on about them, and I could well understand this as some of the sights were truly out of this world. At some time or other we have all seen pictures depicting the coming of great air fleets, H. G. Wells, for instance, has described it; any description or picture I have seen fell miles short of the real thing. To be on the receiving end of the Allied air attacks was an experience never to be forgotten.

Toward mid afternoon I arrived at another farm house and I was to spend two days here before being moved to another locality. The exact whereabouts of this place is hazy as I had walked so far and around so many corners as to be completely mixed up in my directions. Here I was given another interrogation and my watch, ring and my wings were taken from me, ostensibly as being government issue and therefore confiscatable under the Geneva Convention etc. etc. I was annoyed about this and said so; I have had much occasion to regret the loss of <sup>my</sup> watch since. I was taken to my quarters(?). For the two nights I spent here I slept with the horses, I mean right with the horses. They weren't very clean horses and were a bit upset by the sudden intrusion of a Canadian but became reconciled to my presence and both laid down leaving me a space of about three square feet in which to slumber. I was fed more black bread which I ate because I was ravenous, however I only hung out this about an hour and then I was violently ill. I will remember the two days spent there quite awhile. I nearly froze to death at night and was about as dirty and uncomfortable as possible. Still examining it in retrospect it doesn't seem so bad, nothing ever does. Those two nights were spent in thinking about home, of dates with Joan; I remember going over the whole of an evening with her, it was fun and so real I almost found myself believing it. Funny the

way one's mind trails off into the past or the future when the present is a bit grim.

The afternoon of the third day I started off with another guard, walking once more. We walked many miles through quite a few towns. We hitched a ride on a vehicle full of troops heading for the front. They were haggard, unshaven, hollow-eyed. They viewed me with faint hostility and I heard muttered "swinehund etc." the majority of which I couldn't understand, however my guards stuck by me and it became apparent that they were under orders to see that I reached my destination. The German soldier carries everything he owns on his back and I have never seen such a clutter of weapons, gas masks, blankets and general paraphernalia of the fighting man as was piled into that truck. They sang incessantly monotonous, marching songs and smoked foul smelling cigarettes. It was here that I discovered that they were being fed the same as myself i.e. black bread and margarine and ersatz coffee. By now I had grown so hungry that even the brown bread was good and I was eating all I could lay my hands on.

There was an unobtrusive alarm on this trip which caused me considerable alarm. My guards and myself alighted from our transport and proceeded on foot. It was dark and we were tramping along a country road. I thought at the time how



simple it would be to finish me off and just shove me in a ditch. As I was thinking this over a ~~red~~ red glow appeared over a hill, as we walked towards it it dove into a town on fire, quite literally. This town it turned out was our destination. I thought that the RAF had paid it a visit but what had happened was a Lancaster crashing in the middle of the town had burst into flames and the entire bomb load exploded. It was a small town and there wasn't many things left standing. As we came into <sup>town</sup> my guards turned a bit hostile and kept pointing to the devastation. The crowds looked ghoulish in the red glare of the fires as we shuffled through masses of broken glass and masonry. And I confess I was more than uneasy. The guards asked the way to the prisoners' establishment from a group of civilians and there were some ~~cries~~ cries of "terror fliegen" and so on; it was an unpleasant experience. It is one thing to end up flying a fighter and quite another to end up in the hands of an irrate crowd of civilians intent on your destruction. However the guards put an end to the cries and we proceeded. The rest of the evening was spent in walking to the camp which consisted of an old school house. One of the rooms had straw

on the floor and I was shoved in here. To my pleasure I found several Canadians, infantrymen, and some American air gunners as well as a French captain with whom I quickly became friendly. He was a pilot on the same job as myself and shot down the same day. It is hard to describe the joy of being with ones own countrymen and allies after living awhile with the enemy. The next morning a rather rough looking German came for me and led me to another building. There I was stripped naked and searched in a way which left no doubt as to the absence of concealed weapons, compasses etc. I had carried a small celluloid case with me containing pictures of Mother Dad and Gloria and Nan and I had quite a battle getting it back from this character. I was then informed that I might expect another move within 24 hours. It came that afternoon at around four o'clock. Myself and the Frenchman, Rivier Massart accompanied by two American gunners were called out. I had cut up an old blanket belonging to a Canadian from Hamilton and had wound strips of it around my feet beneath the galoshes. This made walking much easier. My feet were my biggest concern as I was afraid of them becoming infected from the blisters. We started out and it was raining quite hard. The guard warned us that any attempt at escape and we would be shot without question. The four of us walked into the town

when the Lancaster had crashed the night before and up to the station. There we were in a cellar until a train which was supposed to have gone at 7.00 and didn't arrive until five hours (later) later chugged into the station. Here we had a fine sample of the German mind at work. The guards had been given bread and sausage to feed us on the journey. They very methodically laid the food on the table, while we who hadn't seen food for about 30 hours looked on; they then cut one slice of black bread - cut this into four and gave us each a piece. I saw one and was going to have a word with them, along with the Yanks, but Olivier who had plenty of experience with the Huns restrained us. They were a couple of old men and the four of us could have made mincemeat of them; they left their weapons a good ten feet away from them, it would have been too easy. But we were also faced with the no food, no shoes problem, as well as no compass. Escape was sliding from our grasp with every mile we moved but there was nothing for it. The train arrived in due course and we were shoved into a carriage full of sweating, singing Germans heading for the front. They had with them quite a few girls which rather amazed me and made no pretense of their amatory endeavours. Shall we say they were going to pot. After an hour's train we arrived in Coesfeld.

In Coesfeld it was soon discovered  
 (continued page 34)

'MAYBE NOT TOMORROW BUT SOON!



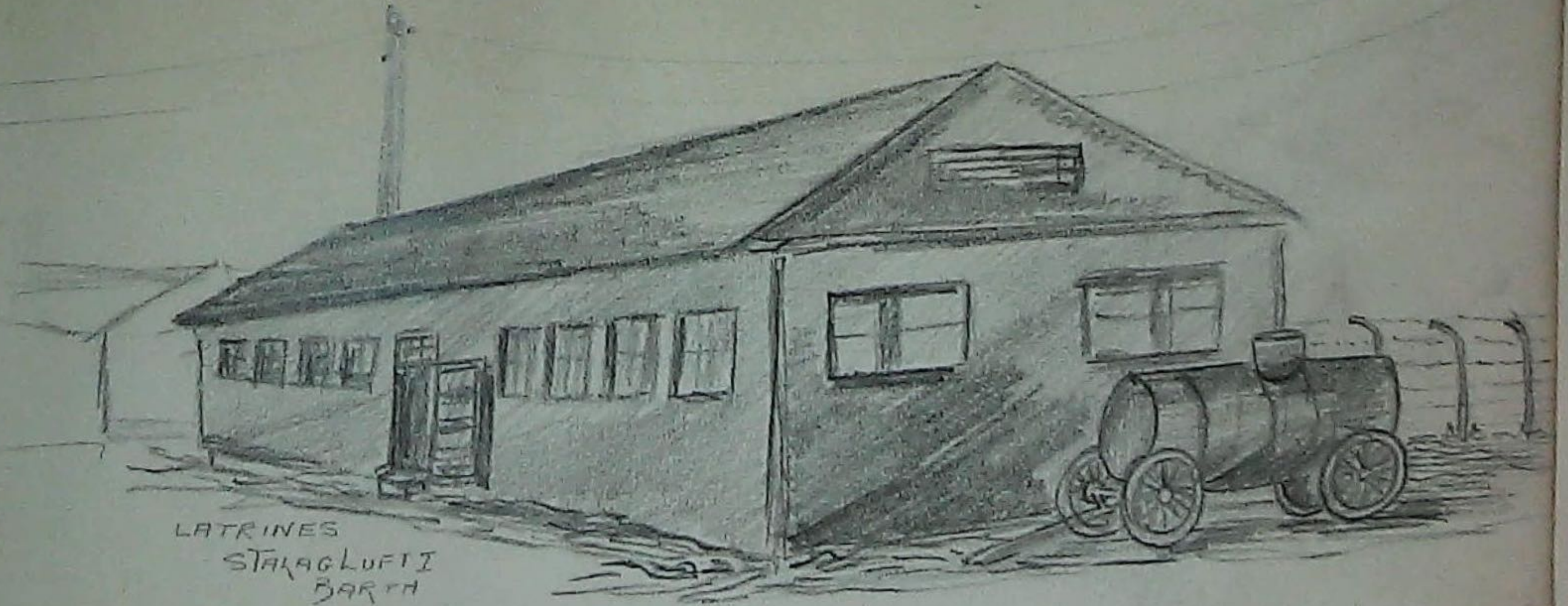
that our transport troubles were just beginning, for the train which was to leave at 11 o'clock was eight hours late. We went into the station waiting room. A huge room filled with soldiers of all branches of the army. On the walls were masses of elk and deer heads. We four sat on the floor while the guards went to sleep, another ideal chance of escape, but... I spent the night watching the faces of the men as I could observe, more or less unobserved. It was very interesting, they were tired and dirty and obviously very fed up with everything. I even and I discussed German temperament, the war, our homes, our girls and God knows what else. Sleep was out of the question amidst this mob and although we were all terribly tired I can truly say I enjoyed that night. At 7.00 in the morning we once more took the train.

After an uneventful train ride of two or three hours in which we fearfully scanned the skies for TAF we arrived at Grunau. We were then informed we had a 15 km. to walk which was greeted with no enthusiasm. In walking through the town we were met a slurs and unpleasantness and I can assure you it is a nasty feeling. Just as we were getting out of the town a large truck came in; I then learned that Cuschede was our destination. I knew Cuschede well because there was an aerodrome there with FW 190's on it. I wondered if we were going to the

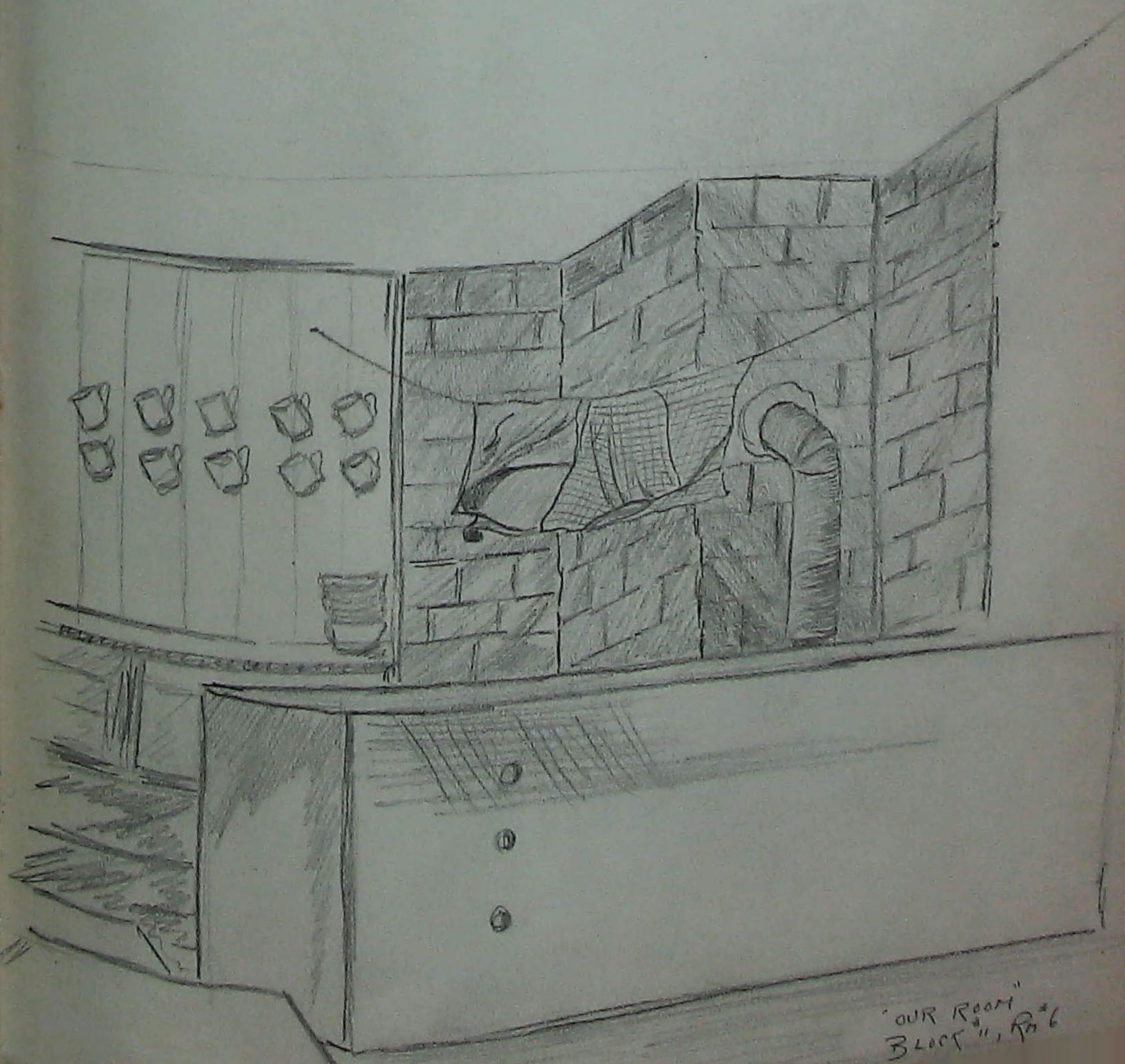
but as it turned out, we weren't. Enschede is  
in Holland and as we (key) crossed the  
Dutch frontier I felt relieved, here, at least  
the civilian population were not hostile, and  
I was getting. We arrived in the town and  
got out of the truck. A young Dutch civilian  
came running over to me and said "don't  
worry pilot, six weeks only". He was struck in  
the mouth by one of the guards, but we helped  
him up and she didn't seem to mind. I guess they  
are used to it



Barth



LATRINES  
STAKAGLUFTI  
BARTH



"OUR ROOM"  
BLOCK "A", Rm 6



They shall know the sun and the wind,  
the running water, and the loam of the  
broad earth. Under the green spray, among  
the hazel boughs where the nightingale sings,  
they shall find a secret, a feeling, a sense  
that fills the heart with an emotion never  
to be forgotten. They will forget their books —  
they will never forget the fields.

Jeffries' England



RALPH MCKAY '45

JUNKERS 87 "STUKA"





CALINER  
(AU VERIO)

QUE SONT TOI TUMÉ SERRÉS,  
TRÈS FORT, TRÈS FORTS...

5 / JE JEUX JOIR TOUT MON ÊTRE DANS  
TES BRAS SE PLIER,  
S'UNIR PAREIL AU LIÈRRÉ,  
A TON CORPS...

6 / JE JEUX DANS UN BAISSER T'ENTENDRE,  
MURMURER,  
EN UN ACCENT DE FIEVRE:  
"JE T'ADORE."

7 / JE JEUX QUI FRISSEMANTE DE TON  
CORPS, PÂMÉ  
S'ÉLÈVE UNE PRIÈRE:

"OUI, ENCORE" ———  
8 / MAIS SI MON COEUR S'ÉGARE, IL  
MOURRA BRISÉ,

QUE TON COEUR SOIT DÉ PIÈRRÉ,

9 / J'AI GRAND PEUR...  
JE JEUX CROIRE POUR TANT ET  
CHASSER LES IDÉES,  
QU'AU FOND DE MOI JE TERRE,  
AIS-JE TORT?

10 / NE RÉPONDS PAS, CHÉRIE, ET  
LAISSÉ-MOI GÔTER  
LA DOUCEUR DE SE TAIRE,  
POUR UNE HEURE...

II  
 TON ÉPAULE EST DOUCE,  
 JE NE VEUX LA BLESSER,  
 SUR ELLE, SANS MYSTÈRE,  
 JE M'ENDORS.

ETIENNE GÉRARD  
 (HAUPTLAGER IXC)

## SOUVENIR

1  
 MON COEUR EST PLEIN ET LOURD,  
 DES SOUVENIRS PASSÉS...  
 ET DE MES JOIES FUTURES...  
 DANS UN MOMENT TROP COURT,  
 JE VEUX SANS ME LAISSER  
 REVIVRE L'AVENTURE  
 DES SOUVENIRS PASSÉS...

2  
 DE TES LÈVRES CÂLINES,  
 J'AI CONNU LA DOUCEUR,  
 DES TROUBHANTES CARESSES,  
 TON ÉTREINTE FÉLINE,  
 D'UNE DOUCE LANGUEUR.  
 ET DES TENDRES IVRESSES  
 J'AI CONNU LA DOUCEUR...

3  
 APRÈS DES JOURS DE JOIE,  
 LES LENDEMAINS SONT TRISTES  
 ET LONGUES SONT LES HEURES...

UN JOUR PASSÉ SANS TOI,  
 ME CHAGRINE ET M'ATTRISTE...  
 APRÈS TOUS CES BONHEURS,  
 LES LENDEMAINS SONT TRISTES...  
 ETIENNE GÉRARD  
 (HAUPTLAGER IXG)

- DE VILLANELLE
- 1 Loin <sup>de</sup> toi mon aimée,  
 DURANT DE SI LONGS JOURS J'AI  
 CONNU LA SOUFFRANCE,  
 MON COEUR A TANT SAIGNÉ!  
 ET LES MOIS ONT PASSÉS.
  - 2 Où vint sombrer, hélas, toute  
 MON ESPÉRANCE,  
 MON ÂME EST RÉSIGNÉE,  
 LOIN DE TOI MON AIMÉE.
  - 3 J'ai eu peur de l'oubli, j'ai  
 DOUTÉ DE L'ABSENCE,  
 ET MON COEUR A SAIGNÉ,  
 C'EST ALORS QUE, LASSE
  - 4 T'APPELA DANS LE SOIR, TROUBLANT  
 LE NOIR SILENCE,  
 MON ÂME RÉSIGNÉE,  
 TU COMBLAS MA PENSÉE

5 Et depuis cet instant retrouvant  
la vaillance,

Mon cœur n'a plus saigné.

Oh! Mabelle adorée.

6 Écoute de ma voix la triste  
évanescence,

Mon cœur a tant saigné...

Mon âme est résignée.

Maurice Jean

Stahag IV +

---

Noël

Noël! Pour les





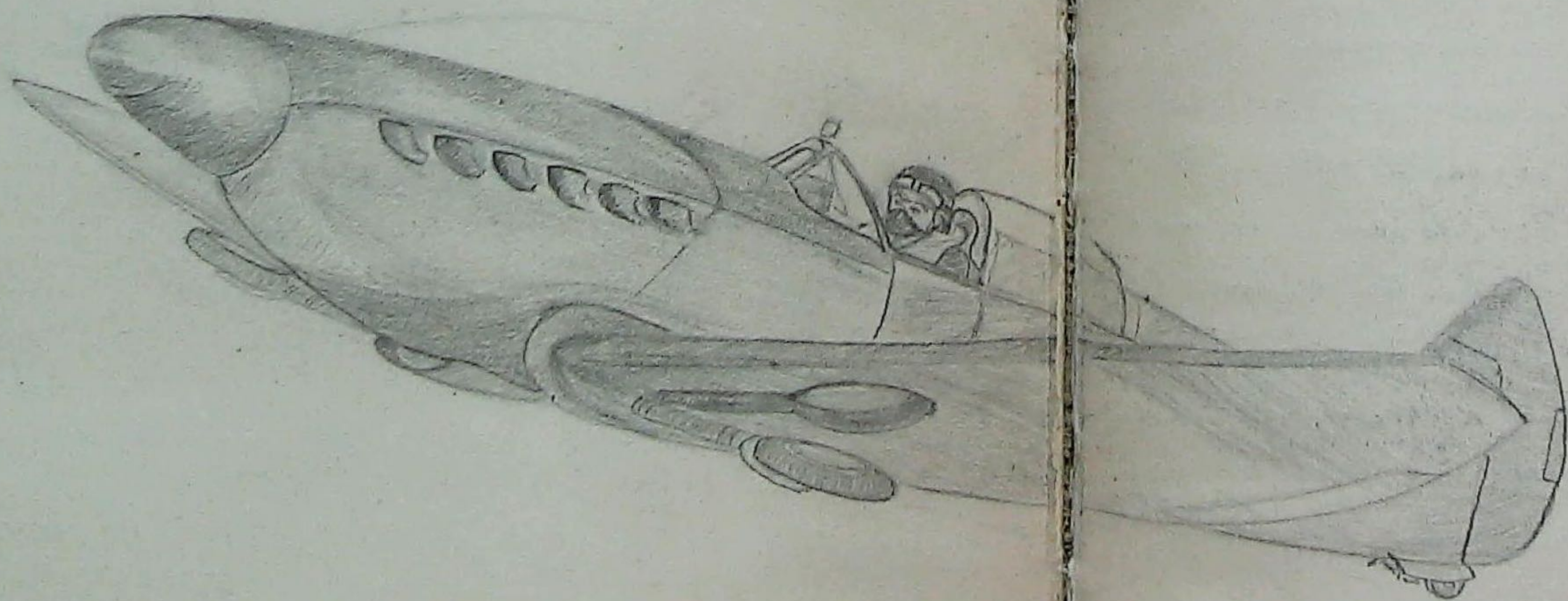
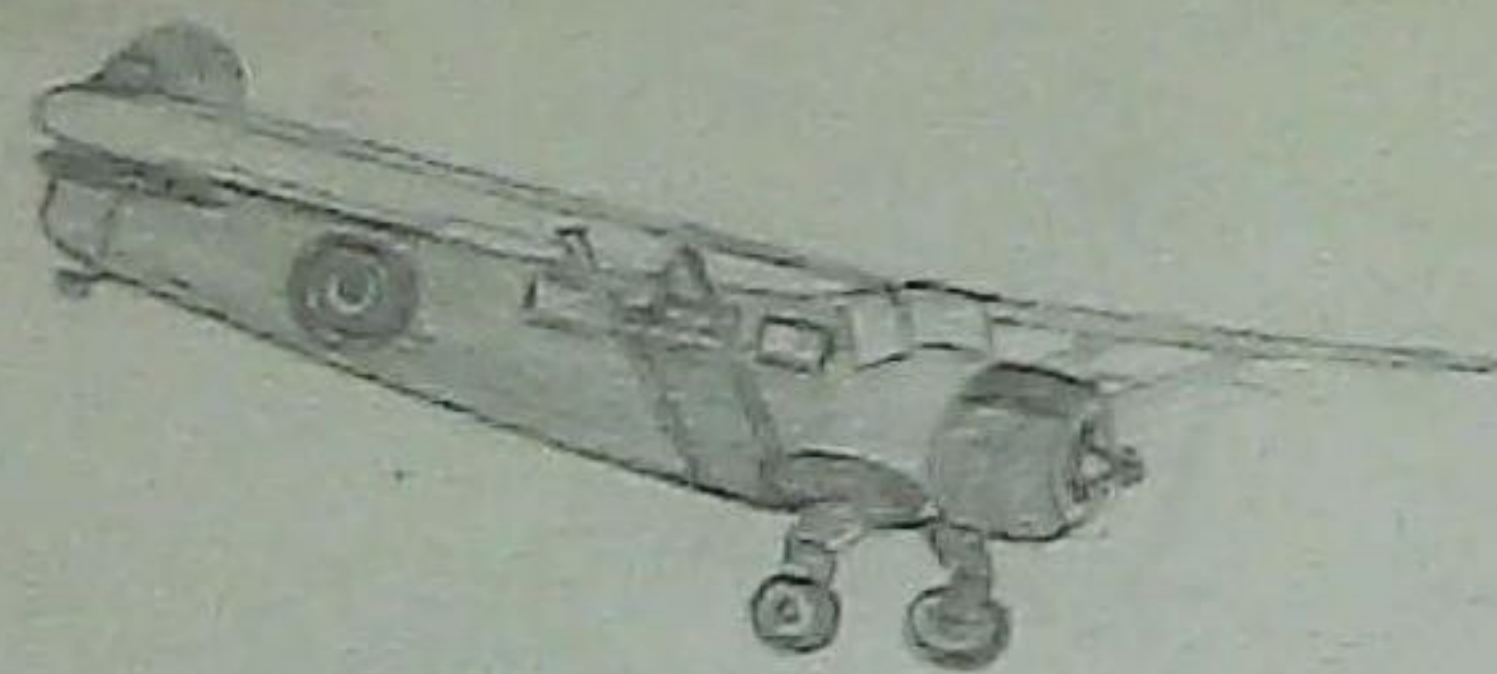
I have failed in something they felt to be important is a sad thing to me. At school I did nothing to be proud of, except possibly make friends. It does seem to me I might have done better, my mind was so immature that I could not grasp the possibilities of learning and studying, as a result I produced none of the results which would, I know, have been gratifying to my family. Still, all humans are not poured from the same mold and I sometimes think I feel and see somewhat differently from others. Opportunities thrown away, chances missed, folly and stupidity, indifference to my parents' wishes and many another fault, all this and much more was my youth. I am not writing in a mood of depression but rather in a mood of exultation because I see clearly now and any action will be energetic, not half-hearted before.

April 23, 1945

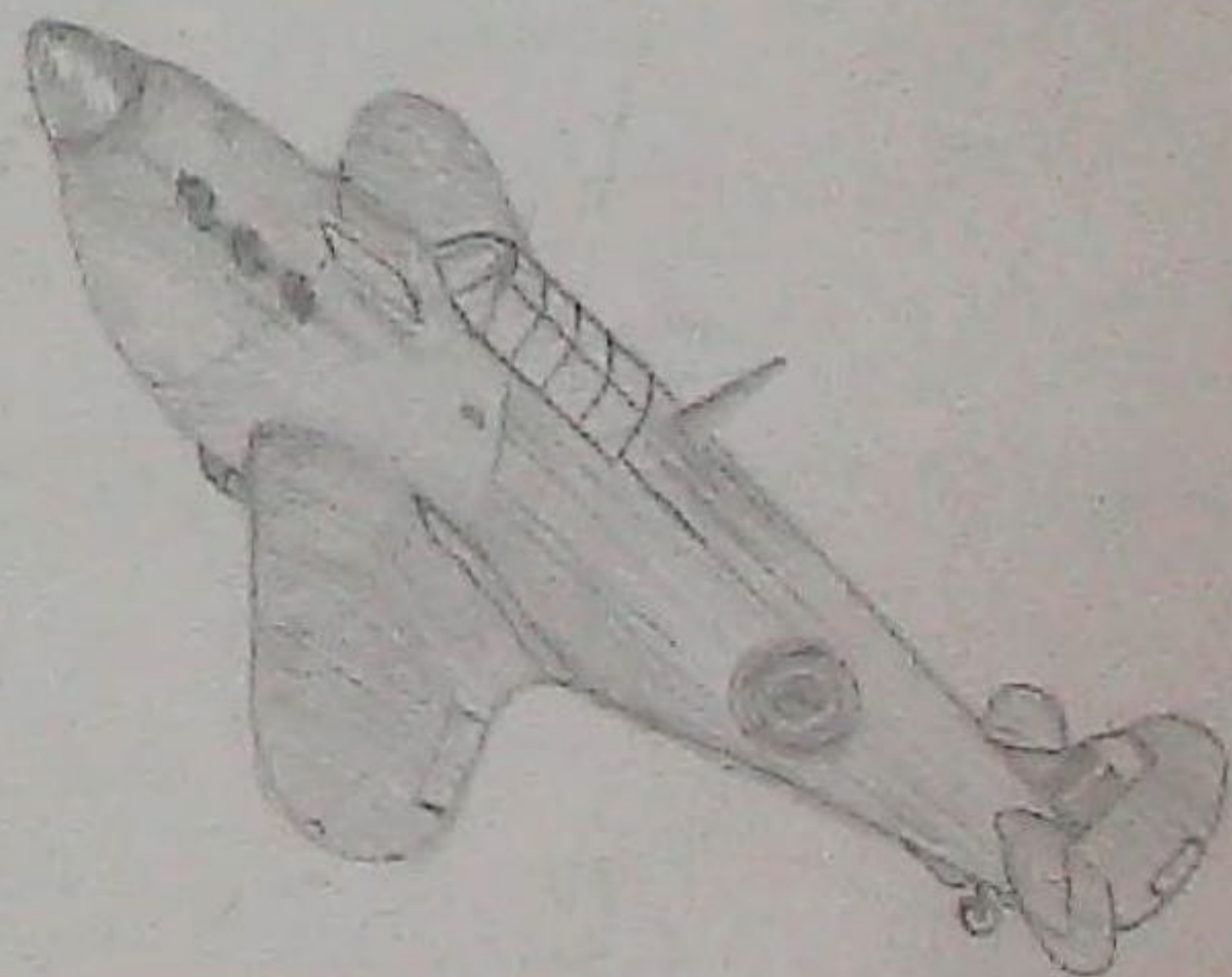
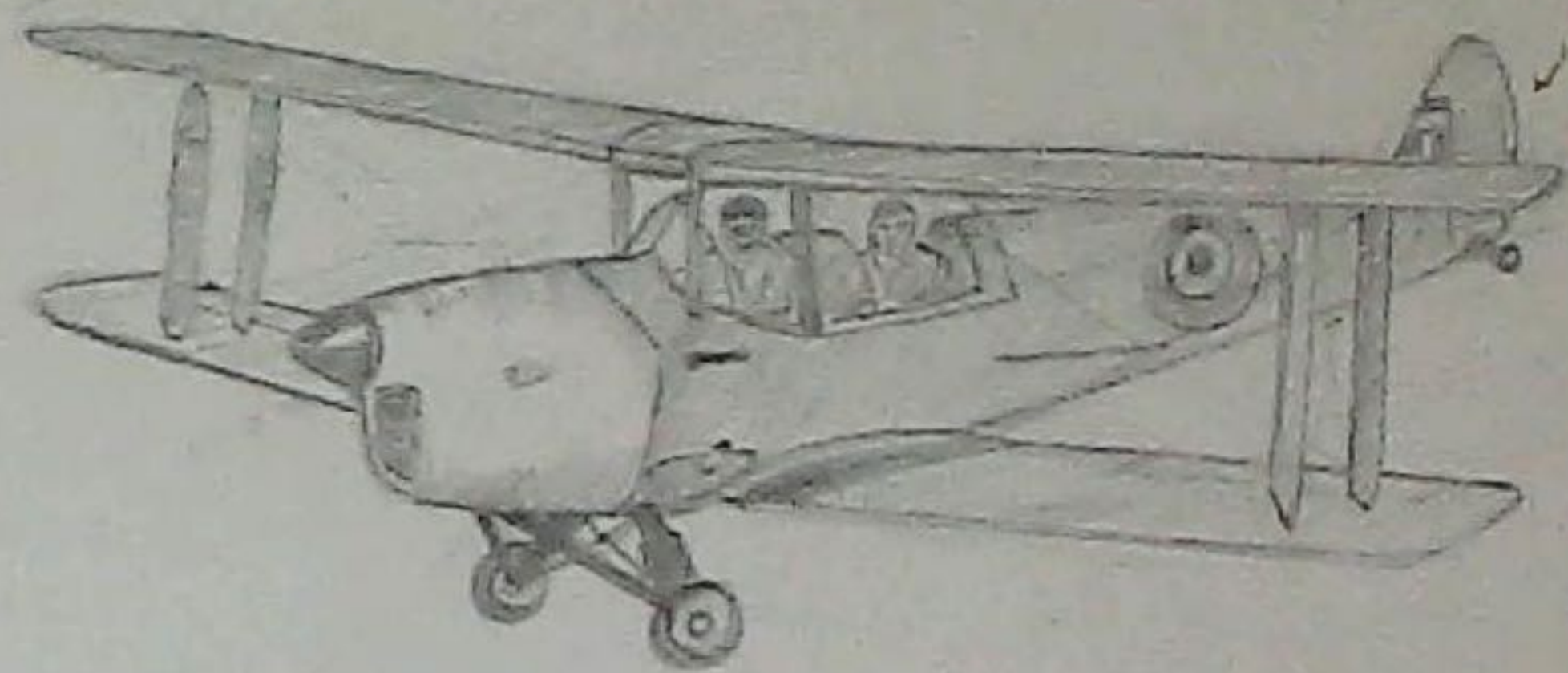
93

Tonight I feel an urge to write something. I am looking out of the window, looking West. As the crowd passes it is some 4000 miles to home four thousand, battle-scarred, watery miles; it might as well be four million, I suppose. The sun is going down over the horizon casting delicate mauve, yellow and orange shades on a thin layer of cloud. In one place there is a small break and the light is segregated in rays, it is very lovely. For a moment I can imagine I am free, that I am home. I ask myself the question did I appreciate such things as a glorious sunset or the green fields before? I know the answer in my subconscious mind I have appreciated nature, but now in the midst of this deserted sand heap where the only structure is a grey squat building my heart aches for green fields and the scenes that are dear to me. How easy it is to turn to sentimentality when one is removed from the material influence of our everyday world. I am learning my lessons, I feel confident now that I can succeed in what I will try to do; the boyish uncertainty is gone and it is a good feeling. I have a lot to say and I have the person to whom I want to say it, she will, I pray be waiting. It is no use retrospectively, but I can't help thinking that at 25 I should have accomplished much more. I believe that a man should have two lifetimes. One in which to learn how to live and the other to live. As Shaw said "youth is such a wonderful thing, what a pity to waste it on children". I think my greatest regret in life will be the failure that I have produced in my families' eyes. My opinion of my parents is the most important single factor in my life and to





FAREY "BATTLE"



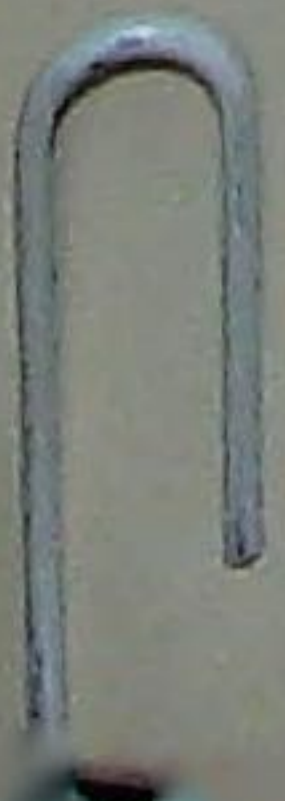
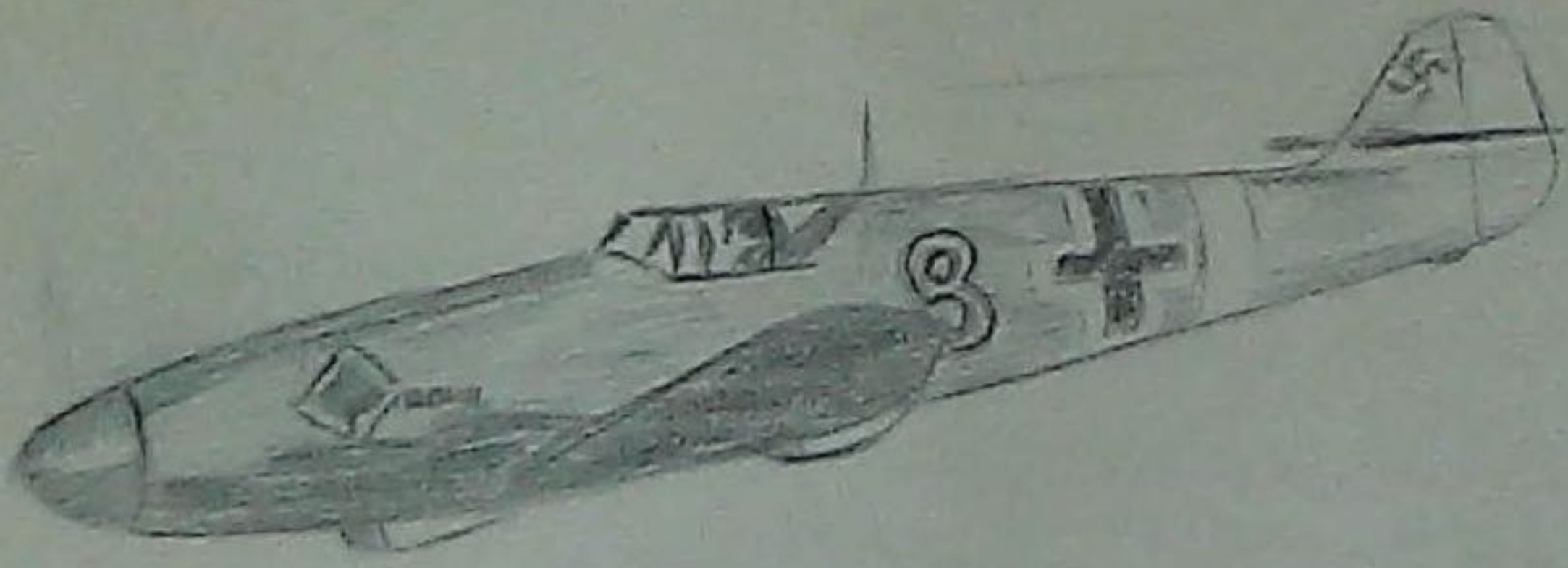
\* At least, in my opinion, they have suffered a more subtle form of anguish. That of the mind. Ours has been the discomfort of the body which is easily borne in comparison with the other. He pointed out that we must not expect too much. There is bound to be a reaction after the first joyful weeks, that of dullness and boredom and we should not blame this on other people but should understand and that it is the natural result of excitement. Through this stage an understanding attitude must be adopted as our families and wives will undergo somewhat similar periods. We should leave great decisions until such a time as we are firmly on our feet and back in the general swing of normal life. We must avoid the self-centred, complaining outlook. We owe our lives to society and the world does not owe us a living. He suggested that a wife, family are not only the duty of each of us but should be our tribute to those who have died.

He ended on the note of service to the community. Energetic, optimistic and helpful in the future of our country. Finally faith in God and the church is vital, as well as declaration of that faith important.

April 26, 1945.

The padre commenced his second lecture by saying that we were "changed men returning to a changed world. We had observed Death on a large scale and that undoubtedly will have changed our attitude towards life, i.e. life will seem cheapened. To combat this we must believe in the sanctity and value of human life. We will return into a world that will have gone mad with the gaiety of a returned Peace and from this we must chew out a sane and sensible life. He did not endeavor to discourage a personal activity in the excitement, simply suggesting common sense and an eye to the future. We must get used to the normal life as opposed to the abnormal; war, of course being the abnormal. We must adapt ourselves to routine living. He suggested that immediately following the war there would be an enormous boom with a subsequent rise in prices, followed by a slump. The wise man will be the one who saves his money until a year or so after hostilities end and takes advantage of decreased prices. The moral of this part, was don't fritter your money. We must try to give to civilian life the efficiency we have devoted to service life, i.e. punctuality, cheerfulness and a desire to do one's part, big or small.

He dealt thoroughly with the subject of home itself stating at the outset that we aren't heroes and that those at home have suffered as much if not more than the front line soldier.









TEMPLE BAR 7893.

### Kimul Club

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W.C.2



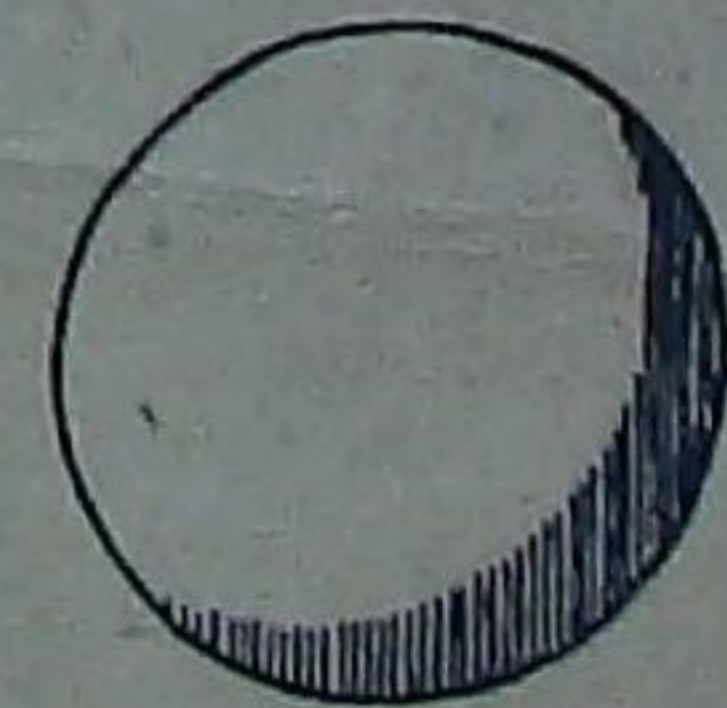
*W. M. Kay*  
*235281*

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1944

### BLUE BALL CLUB



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REGENT 1905



**PASS** 517  
 FOR ADMISSION TO  
**No. 10 ELEMENTARY FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL**  
 MOUNT HOPE, ONTARIO  
 Name A. R. McKay  
 Address 3 St James Place  
 Purpose F/Instructor  
 VOID AFTER  
 MAR 31 1942  
 Hamilton Flying Training School Limited  
 G. R. Bennett  
 MANAGER  
 SEC.-TREAS.

**PASS** 1029  
 FOR ADMISSION TO  
**No. 10 ELEMENTARY FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL**  
 MOUNT HOPE, ONTARIO  
 Name A. R. McKay  
 Address 3 St James Place  
 Purpose F/Instructor  
 VOID AFTER  
 MAR 31 1942  
 Hamilton Flying Training School Limited  
 G. R. Bennett  
 MANAGER  
 SEC.-TREAS.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE  
**PASS** No. 6421  
 Admission to RCAF Station Trenton  
 Issued to Mr. R.W. McKay AC2 R70473  
 Of C.F.S.  
 Purpose Temp. till Perm. Issued  
 Valid 15-10-40  
 Deputy Minister of National Defence  
 Per R.W. McKay  
 The person to whom this pass is issued is responsible for compliance with the Standing Orders of the unit concerned.  
 This pass is not transferable and is not valid unless signed below by the person to whom issued.  
AC2 R.W. McKay  
 R.C.A.F.G. 19-30M-0-30 (1705)-H.Q. 1002-9-24



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Second Sitting

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Subscription to 21 March 1945

Two shillings and six pence

For The Exton Hotels Co., Ltd.

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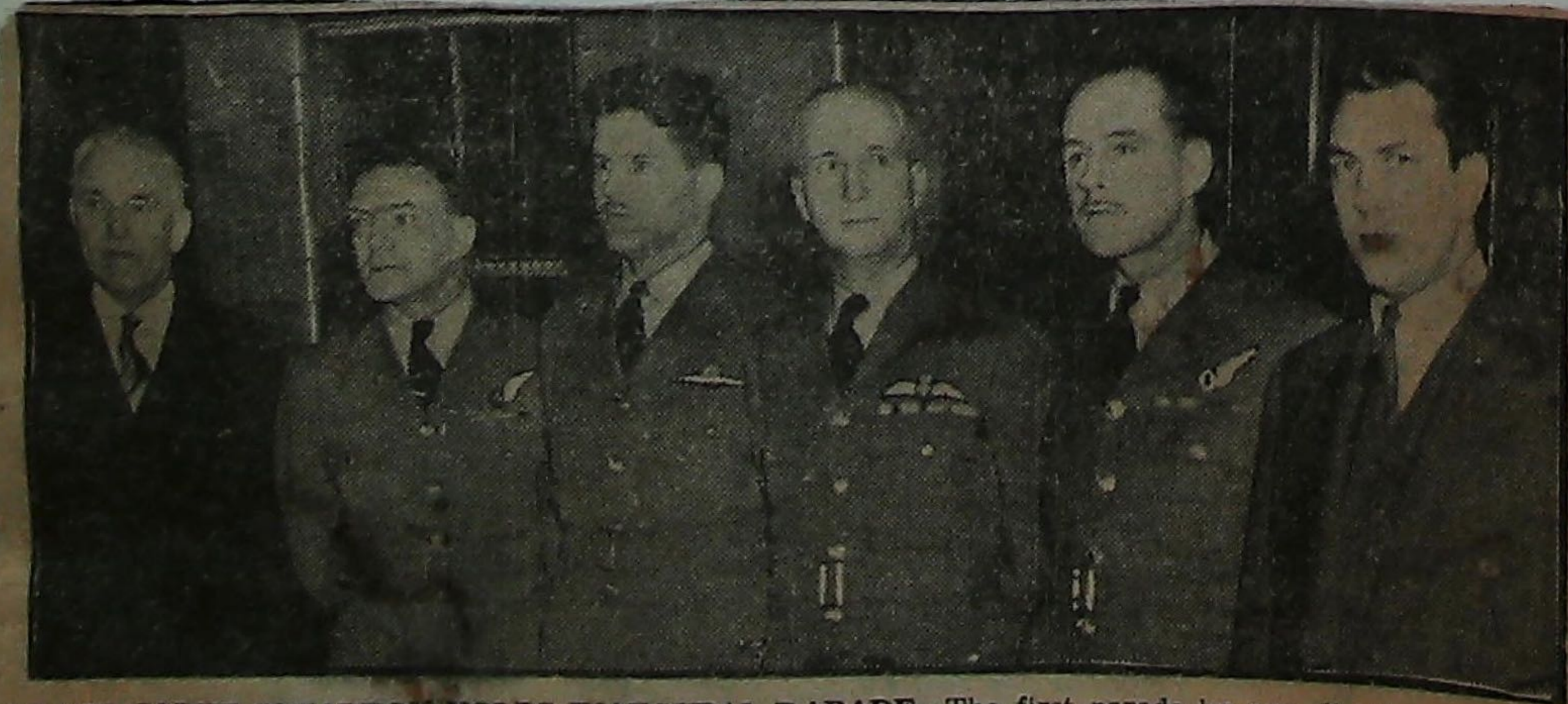
PHOENIX CLUB

BCS 630



**WITH INTRUDERS**—Flying Officer David Carr, son of Col. and Mrs. Leeming A. Carr, is navigator of a crack Canadian squadron of Mosquito Intruders, according to information supplied with this R.C.A.F. photograph from overseas.

**GADGET PROVIDES**



**AS AIR CADET SQUADRON HOLDS INAUGURAL PARADE**—The first parade by any district unit of the Air Cadets of Canada was held by No. 62 Westdale Squadron, supported by the Rotary club, in Westdale Secondary school last evening. In the upper photograph are shown four cadets who have received medical examination and who are being sworn in as members of the squadron. They are, left to right: Robert Bailey, of Dundas; William Souter, 108 Aberdeen avenue; Robert Stewart, 164 Duke street, and George Ash, 145 Hunter street west. Immediately below this photograph is one showing members of the Rotary committee which assisted in the organization of the squadron. Members of the committee, left to right, are: Robert A. Crichton, John H. Taylor, honorary secretary-treasurer; Dr. W. L. Whitlock, chairman, and M. Banker Bates. At the bottom are shown the officers of the squadron, left to right: Pilot Officer George Walker; J. A. Prentice, W.O.I.; Pilot Officer W. H. Maybee, Flight Lieut. John A. Barron, R.A.F. (retired), commanding officer; Flying Officer F. J. Shrive and Flying Officer R. D. Appleford, M.D., medical officer.

Complementary colours: - is a color when combined with its opposite produces a neutral tint. The primary colours are red, blue and yellow, and the complementary of one is obtained by mixing the other two. To bring out the maximum intensity of a colour place its complementary next to it. This is the basis of the Impressionist school technique.

Those ideas of dignity and generosity that are becoming increasingly rare in a world gone frantic.

May 8, '45

Today is V E day. Victory in Europe day. I guess it is a day of great happiness and relief for a lot of people and one of despair for others. It pays us well to think of those who bought this day for us with their lives. For myself I am thankful and grateful that I have been allowed to live and with this in mind it will help me to lead a more useful life in the future.

My greatest concern on this day is that my parents have heard of my capture. I am almost certain that they haven't and the anxiety that it is causing me is not easy to bear.

I regret that I am unable to spend this day in England. Things must be very exciting.

**134** APRIL 17, 1945. My Twenty-Fifth Birthday.

It was an odd feeling spending my birthday in a POW camp. The 23rd was in Dapoc, the 24th in England and now this in Germany. The boys in the room held a small party and there was a cake. I sincerely hope to see my next one at home with my family and friends.

---

Giotto 1266 - The Last Judgement, Christ in Glory, Rome.

Michelangelo

Raphael

Titian

Braughel

Rubens

Holbein

Rembrandt

El Greco

Turner

Delacroix

Sezanne

Uccello

Bellini

Masaccio

Angelico

Leonardo da Vinci

Botticelli

Harold Workman,  
His method.

four pencil sketches, stressing shapes, shadows, composition etc. and making colour notes in water colour or pastel.

Drawing is then transferred to canvas. The palette consists of Flake White.

Ultramarine

Yellow Ochre,

Cadmium Yellow

Indian Red.

Light

Alexander Levenson

---

May 1, 1945

135

Today at 08:00 hrs. we, the British authorities officially took over Stalag Luft 1 from the Germans. Yesterday was spent in demolition of the flak school and a withdrawal of the aircraft from the aerodrome. All day the sky was filled with 190's, 217's, 109's, 88's, 88's, 138's and 11's, very interesting. There was also an intrepid Ju 52 dicing around and some other twin powered efforts that no one knew the name. Wild rumours are everywhere, but it seems that the Russians are some 15 or 20 miles away, and not in Baith, in the camp etc. as the rumours go. At any rate we shall be out soon; our own boys are in the postern towers and the white flag of surrender flies from the flagpole.

I have spent the entire day on my bed with stomach flu, punctuated by not infrequent trips outside to be ill. Still men feeling as I do it is wonderful to know that I shall be free in a short time. Not only free in the literal sense, but in free in mind as well. Free to plan the future without fear that the future might never come, to see my dear parents and sister, along with all the rest who are near and precious. Yes it is a glorious feeling.

We have dug slit trenches outside our room, just in case. I am not anxious to have to fight my way out of here and it is considered by all as highly improbable still one can't take chances.

I have spent a good deal of time considering what it would be like to have been one of the five year prisoners. This must be a happy day for them. I wonder what they will think of this new world those men of Dreakerque and Tolrak. The only prayer now is that the war ends very quickly so that no more young lives will be lost, surely our government will work as fast as possible.

May 1st. I must make another note. It is 10:30 on May 2nd. Last night the Russians arrived in this camp. The men went mad. Free at last. To anyone who has never been caged up the meaning will be indistinct. Today the American, British and Russian flags fly over the camp, as well as over Berlin. The war is almost finished and everyone is very happy. I saw two French men last night, or rather this morning at 04:30 kissing each other and sobbing in their happiness. Who suffered more than the French? On the heels of these happy moments came the news of Fethis death, that was the end. People went mad, it was a fine moment. While it is hard to rejoice over anyone's death I think we maybe forgiven for a slight exuberance in this case.

The burgemeester of Baitb took poison and died yesterday.



May 2nd, 1945.

137

This morning the main Russian force arrived in the camp. The barbed wire was knocked down in places and the men were free to go out. They went to the flak school and collected all manner of souvenirs, flying boots, jackets, tin helmets and Heaven only knows what else. Many went into Baith and got chickens, geese and eggs. The civilians are terrified by the Russians. They all ride horses, very little mechanisation visible. There is a great mixture of peoples among these soldiers. Mongolians appear to be predominant. They are fearsome fellows.

Following Morn.

In the evening I went for a walk through the woods behind the camp. It was very lovely. The woods are just turning green and the view over the inlet was fine indeed. It was strange to look out and not have your view restricted by the wire. Although I have only been a prisoner just over a month, I know what it could mean.

An order has been issued this morning prohibiting us from going off the camp. This is a very good thing as people were getting into trouble. Looting was the order of the day! There is no civilization, the only difference between men is that some are clean while others are dirty. I suppose it is an instinct as old as man but I feel ill when I see and hear people talking with lust in their eyes for another man's possessions. And so it goes.

The ogo's ho communique says that the German armies in Italy and Austria surrendered to Alexander yesterday, 900,000 prisoners. Hitler died of brain fever!

PENSÉES + PROVINCIAL LETTERS	-	PASCAL
THE REPUBLIC	-	PLATO
CANDIDE	-	VOLTAIRE
PHILOSOPHY	-	VOLTAIRE
MANON LESCAUT	-	PREVOST
CYRANO DE BERGERAC	-	ROSTAND
GRAPES OF WRATH	-	STEINBECK
TORTILLA + LAT	-	STEINBECK
SHORT STORIES	-	TCHERKOV
WALDEN	-	THORNDYKE
GÉORGIQUES + BUCCOLIQUES	-	VIRGIL
NANA	-	ZOLA
A TRAMP ABROAD	-	TWAIN
MY STRUGGLES	-	HITLER

"Using the instruments of science to advance bloody ambitions, they lay small, innocent nations with fire, and then blow them to pieces with bombs. With no respect for human rights or achievements, they demolish sacred temples and the architectural landmarks of the classic past. They steal masterpieces of art from their victims, and carry the treasures home to their council chambers, just as their forebears returned to their lairs with skulls and battle axes."

Michelangelo (14th Century) Florence.

The word Renaissance usually refers to the great achievements of the Italians of the 15th Century.

Leonardo da Vinci - 1452 - Virgin of the Rocks, in the Louvre, Saint Jerome in the Vatican and The Adoration of the Magi, Florence. The Last Supper, in Milan. Mona Lisa, Louvre (La Gioconda). The founder of real art. A man of unequalled energy, intelligence and learning. Designed and planned a great deal in the fields of architecture and engineering.

Michelangelo - 1475

Raphael 1483. Imitated much of father's work but produced much fine stuff himself. Sistine Madonna.

The Venetians: Slower to adopt themselves to art than Florence, produced Jacopo Bellini and his sons Gentile and Giovanni who set the example for Titian and Giorgione.

Giorgione The Pastoral Symphony.

Titian 1477 - Assumption, The man with the glove, The Young Englishman.

Roger Fry - England's leading critic. Read Vision and Design.  
 "One must lay oneself open to new ideas and to new passions  
 even if they expose one to ridicule."


"A free man thinks of death least of all things; and  
 his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life."

Tintoretto - Adam and Eve and the Death of Abel. Born <sup>Spina</sup> in 1518.

A disciple of Michelangelo and Titian. Paradise

The Flemish - The word refers to the low countries of the  
 15th and 16th Century. Flanders and Belgium and the state of  
 Holland. Beginning of oil painting. The Flemish a hard working  
 people. They possessed more solid virtues than the Venetians.  
 They resented Protestantism as taught by Martin Luther as they  
 were devout Catholics. Their pictures were Gothic in style  
 being used to hang in their homes rather than frescoes of  
 the Italian school, the reason for this was their environment.  
 In 1420 the Van Eyck brothers appeared, probably the first to  
 use oil paint. Hubert and Jan, the Adoration of the Lamb.  
 Jan was famous as a portrait artist his best known being  
 John Arnolfini and his wife. Other fine Flemish artists  
 were Robert Campin, Rogier van der Weyden, Petrus Christus  
 and Hans Memling. Flemish art was finally destroyed  
 by the Italian influence. Peter Brueghel alone retained  
 Flemish characteristics. He did The Blind Leading the  
Blind and The Herding Shepherd, also Children's Games.

Rubens - 1577 - The Descent from the Cross. The Judgement  
of Paris. The Garden of Love and The Three Graces.

The Germans. Dürer and Holbein two foremost, also Grossewald  
 and Cranach. Their art was independent of the Italian  
 influence. Nothing classical in the sense of Raphael.  
 Dürer's The Four Apostles  The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The Dutch

Cockington - The Drum.  
 Raigton - The Limer.  
 Goodrington Sands - The G. S. Hotel.  
 Hartland Quay - H. Z. Hotel.  
 Tintagel - Tintagel Hotel - King Arthur's Hotel.  
 Weston-super-Mare - The Atlantic.  
 Bath - The Royal - Annie's Pantay - The Hole  
 in the Wall.  
 Cheltenham - The Plough - Horner's  
 Club - The Cadena.  
 Birdlip - Royal George. { fishing  
 Bibury - The Swan  
 Fairford - The Bull  
 Burford - Cotswold Gateway.  
 Bourton on the Water - The Old New Inn.  
 Faringdon - The Rose Revived.  
 Worcester - The Pack House.  
 Kidderminster - The Red Lion.  
 Chester - Blossoms - The Grosvenor.  
 Bollands Restaurant - Barlow's Bar.  
 Rossett - The Golden Line - Mrs. Court.  
 Liverpool - The Bear's Paw - Dighy's Bar.  
 Ree's Grill.  
 Kendal - The Royal Stag.  
 Ambleside - The Drunken Duck.

(continued 144)

- The Chandos - Chandos St., Strand.  
Bunch of Grapes - Strand  
Shephards - Park Lane.  
Mooney's Irish Bar - Strand.  
Rombos - Strand  
Imperial Bar - n. Leicester Square  
Cheshire Cheese - Fleet St.  
Codgers - off Fleet St.  
Sussex Arms - Leicester square station  
Café Europe - "  
Swiss Cottage - Hampstead (recommended)  
Spaniards Inn "  
Bull and Bush - Golders Green Road.  
Freemasons - West Hampstead  
Café Royal - off Regent St.  
L'Écu de France - Jermyn St.  
Casino - Old Compton St.  
Frascati - Lower Regent St.

- 
- Maidenhead - Skindles. Riviera.  
Windsor - The Old House.  
Eton - The Cockpit - for Devonshire Teas.  
Streatly - The Swallowtail - Teas.

Carlisle - Royal Mitre. - The County.  
 Trossachs - Trossachs Hotel.  
 Dumfries - King's Arms - Stewart Dairy.  
 Glasgow - Rogan's - Greek Restaurant  
 Royal Bar.  
 Aberdeen - Kennaways - Imperial.  
 Inverness - The Caledonian.  
 Dundee - Nelson's Restaurant.  
 Edinburgh - Crawford's - McVitie and  
 Price - Mackie's.  
 Newcastle - Eldon Grill - Pineapple  
 Grill - Royal Oak - Royal Station Hotel.  
 Dumb Gow.  
 Stoke on Trent - Railway Hotel.  
 South Stanley - near Farrogate. The  
 Red Lion.  
 Thirsk - The Golden Fleece.  
 Leeds - The Queens Hotel.  
 Lincoln - The White Hart.

Yesterday the entire German Army  
surrendered to General Montgomery's 21st Army  
Group. This includes N.W. Germany, Heligoland,  
the Frisian Islands and Denmark. All that  
remains is Bavaria, Norway etc. The war is just  
about finished. The camp has yet to be vacated.

This morning two Russian generals were  
in our room and expressed satisfaction at con-  
ditions. I hope this doesn't mean we will be here quite a  
while, as there is no water and things aren't too  
good. Still we shall probably be in England  
within a week.

May 6, 1945.

This morning I am sitting under a  
tree in the brilliant sunshine about half a  
mile from the camp. The water is very blue in  
the inlet and everywhere is the freshness of  
spring. Under these circumstances it is  
difficult to remember the thoughts which surged  
in my mind last night.

Yesterday we found out that we may  
have to stay here some time. There is much dis-  
satisfaction and grumbling amongst the men.  
The authorities have done and are doing every  
thing in their power to make things as pleasant  
as possible and for my part I am saying a  
silent prayer that I am healthy and alive. At  
times I am ashamed of the very fellow man  
although I suppose none of us are perfect.  
The looting and manifestations of hate that  
I have observed since this camp has been  
freed have all but turned my stomach.  
There will be no peace in the world until  
there is peace in the hearts of men, and



List of Golf Courses in England

Scotland - St. Andrews, Prestwick, Muirfield (near Edinburgh) - Gullane (N. Berwick) - Troon - Carnoustie - Gleneagles.

England - Ganton (Yorkshire), Temple Newsam, Moortown, Hoylake (n. Liverpool), Royal Lytham, and St. Ann's, Southport. Little Aston (n. Birmingham, at Streetly). All these in North near Liverpool.

North Foreland, Deal, Rye, Gooden Beach, Royal Eastbourne, Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Goodwood, Royal Cinqueports, Liphook, Bramshot, New Forest, Brockenhurst Manor, Queens Park, Meyrick Park, Broadstone, Ferndown, Westward Ho! Saunton, St. Eradoc, Torquay and South Devon, Exeter, Tavistock, Yelverton, East Devon, Burnham and Berron (Somerset), Newquay, Summer Leaze Down

London: Addington, Hendon, Royal Mid-Surrey, Royal Wimbledon, Sunningdale, ~~Woburn~~ Walton Heath, Woking, Roehampton, West Hill (Berkshire), Stoke Poges, Sandy Lodge, Beaconsfield, Coombe Hill, Royal Ashdown Forest, Wentworth.

the statesmen and diplomats can sign a million  
peace treaties and they won't matter a cent  
if there is no tranquillity in the individual.  
Yesterday about fifty cows were driven  
into the compound to be slaughtered. They  
are a fine breed, so I'm told. Some man's life  
work has gone into this herd most likely and  
in few minutes his form of livelihood has  
been taken from him. Surely we were fighting  
the Nazi regime to end this sort of tyranny, if  
not I was making a great mistake in fighting  
at all because if we are to turn our peace  
against those we fought in order to override  
them, to bully them then I would rather not  
be part of such a doctrine. We have the peace  
now begins the hard part, to make something  
out of it, something lasting; not the thin crust  
of distrust and fear that existed between the two  
wars, but an Entente Cordial between all the  
nations of the world, and as I see it this is  
an individual problem as well as a problem  
of kings and diplomats for it must begin in  
the heart of the individual.

H. Kinsley  
Sandhurst,  
Middlesex,  
Cheshire.

Massart  
France

Christian Chapman  
% Dean Christian Gauss  
Joseph Henry House  
Princeton University  
Princeton, N. J.  
U. S. A.

Tony Scargill  
406 Duffield Rd.  
Narby Abbey  
Derby.

George A. Evans  
Nooitgedacht  
Sawkins Rd  
Mowbray, Cape.  
South Africa.

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here's to  
many happy  
days in Canada!!  
Robert R. Case  
Villa, Illinois

J. L. B. Morrison  
47 Claremont Drive  
Hamilton, Ontario.

W. Howard  
101 Tamarack Street  
Timmins, Ontario.

D. Bennett  
9 Berline St.  
Burlington, Ontario.

Bill Jove  
110 Pleasant St  
Ballarat, Victoria  
Australia

Michael Horne  
28 Dallas Rd,  
4 Brixton,  
London, W.4.

Bob McEracken  
Box 376  
Lakefield Ontario  
Canada.

W. R. BENNETT  
LIVERPOOL RD.  
CLAYFIELD  
BRISBANE  
QLD.  
703.

John R. Gorman  
2074 Queen St. E.  
Toronto, Ont.



Read the Pre Raphaelite Tragedy

Last for Life.

Travels without a Passport.

Essays of Emerson on  
Leonardo da Vinci

Names and Addresses of Fellow  
Kriegies, Room 6, Block 11

Paul H. Bunn 9, Baldock Road, Letchworth, Herts.	Johnny Weston 122 <sup>A</sup> Jameson Ave., Toronto, Ont. Canada.
R. E. Marsh 8, Stockdale Rd. Wagenham, Essex	Bruce H. Bridges 5 Vincent Rd., Northcote, Auckland New Zealand
Chas. Wakeham 2 BLUFF AVE. ELWOOD MELBOURNE AUS.	Pick Pickthorn 412 O'Connor St. Ottawa Canada.
John W. Bontas #10 MELVILLE SARK.	John L. Goldby 18 Naddow Road Ledbury, Kent
Ray M. Nyde Pitt Colborne, Ont. Jan. J. Schubert Wick. Sawashi. N.Z.	D.P. Miller 112, Bolshergate Cardioli (881)
K. D. J. Ward Fair Hill Mutton. Derby.	Jim Gray BOX 280, Rte 1, HOLLISTER, CALIFORNIA.
Tom Swift Marshall Avenue Waverley Sydney, Aust.	Joe J. Carville 6324 R. V. ASIDE DRIVE WINDSOR, Ont.
John L. Goldby 18 Naddow Rd. Ledbury, Kent.	Edward L. Bookman "Lions Inn", Sandford Street, Sherborne, Dorset, England.
Ray F. O'Connell 15 GREEN DRIVE CLEVELEYS. BLACKPOOL LANCs.	Bruce Harrison Burstow House, Pittville Circus, Cheltenham. Glos. England

