

# A WARTIME LOG

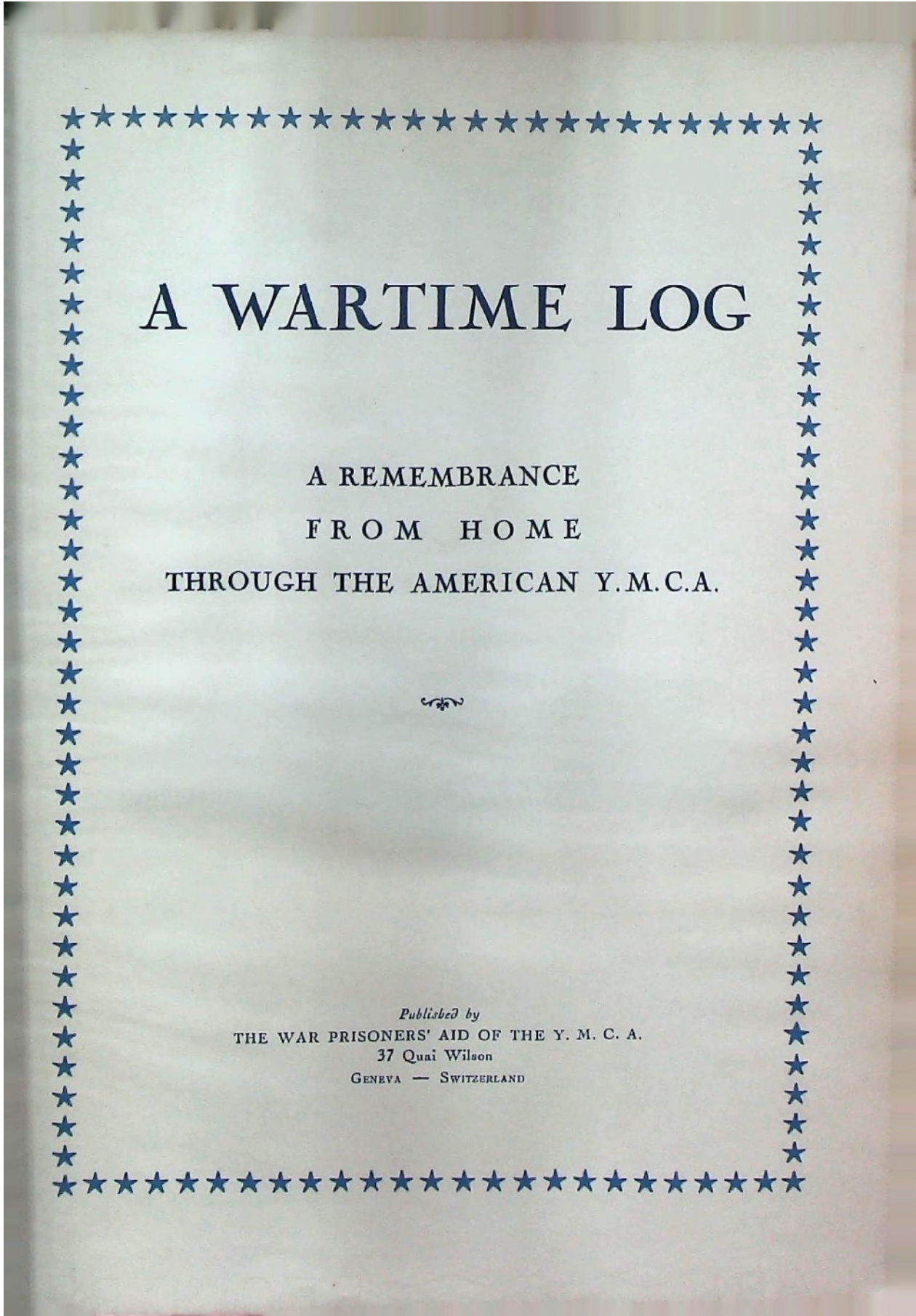




A.R.W. MCKAY

# [REDACTED] SQUADRON

R.C.A.F.



A WARTIME LOG

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



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## Table of Contents

April 10, 1945 (Introduction)	6
Lie in the Dark and Listen	8
Ode to Kriegieland	9
WINSTON CHURCHILL	9
A Happy Thought	9
Bail Out and Capture	17
April 17, 1945	24
April 23, 1945	24
April 26 1945	24
May 1, 1945	26
May 2, 1945 (previous day)	26
May 2, 1945	26
May 3, 1945	27
May 5, 1945	27
May 6, 1945	27
May 8, 1945	28

This document is a literal transcription of Flying Officer Ralph McKay's diary after capture in 1945. Dated entries have been consolidated and ordered to facilitate reading.



CONTENTS

Page





## April 10, 1945 (Introduction)

Stalag Luft 1,

Barth On Baltic Germany

Introduction

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 Kriegie's [Kriegsgefangener is the German word for Prisoner of War] thoughts, namely, those left behind, our parents, relatives, girlfriends, and those others 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 darkest clouds shining and all Kriegie's 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 by regular intervals by guard posts. One may walk within the 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 earns instant death amidst to hail of machine gunfire.

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 live 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 of character is revealed in the cold harsh light of a POW camp. Freedom is the main thought in all heads, and the lack of it has rather odd affect 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 above, 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 proceeded 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 spirits and "home for the summer" is the chief topic. Morale is high we can't help but admire the good spirits 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 that they're 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 losses in this war are those left behind because I have seen boys toss their lives away with a careless jest, leaving for those who love 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 heartbreak 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 such 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.



## Lie in the Dark and Listen

Lie in the dark and listen,  
It's clear tonight so they're flying high  
Hundreds of them, thousands perhaps,  
Riding the icy, moonlight sky.  
Men, materials, bombs and maps  
Altimeters and guns and charts  
Coffee, sandwiches, fleece-lined boots  
Bones and muscles and minds and hearts  
English saplings with English roots  
Deep in the earth they've left behind  
Lie in the dark and let them go  
Lie in the dark and listen.  
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'll have reached the sea  
And far below them will lie the bays  
The shoals and cliffs where they were  
Taken for summer holidays.  
Lie in the dark and let them go  
Theirs is a world you will never know  
Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen  
City magnates and steel contractors,  
Factory workers and 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 try to sleep.  
Lie in the dark and let them go  
Yours is 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 the fighter group have the highest respect.

## Ode to Kriegieland

It is easy to be nice boys, when everything is won,  
It is easy to be cheerful when you're having things your way,  
But can you hold your head up and take it on the chin  
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 stormy 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.

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 grouching recall those boys who died.

## WINSTON CHURCHILL

who was once a prisoner of war in British East Africa, November 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, your daily bread to his compassion, you must possess your soul in his patience the days are very long, the hours crawl, like paralyzed, centipedes, more over the whole atmosphere of the prison; even the most easy and best regulated prison is “odious”, companions, quarrel about trifles, and get least possible pleasure, pleasure from each others society; you feel a constant humiliation and 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 someone 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 persons 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 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 8B

Germany

## 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.  
 It heeled and soared and spun high in the sun-  
 lit silence.

Up, up the long delicious burning blue,  
 I've topped the windswept height with ease,  
 Where new 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 untrespassed sanctity  
 of space,

Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

FLYING OFFICER JOHN MCCOY,  
 KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN.





8

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



## 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. HOBSON

ARW. MCKAY '45.



12

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*



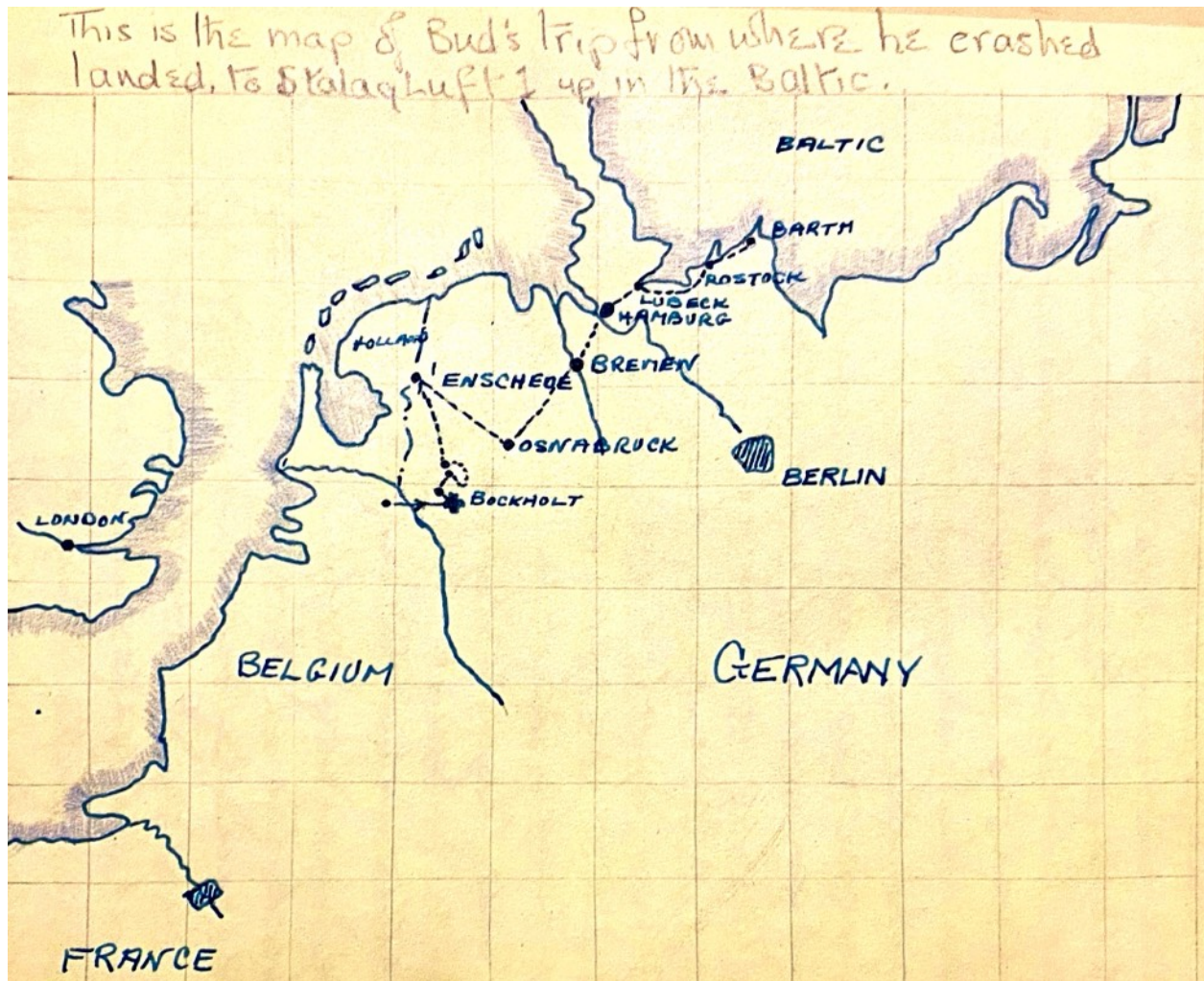


**H**ere with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse, and Thought,  
Beside me singing in The-  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.....



## Bail Out and Capture

In all logbooks of Kriegies 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 yarns, as they are, are termed by Kriegie as “honour stories”, and many of them are horrible takes, 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 experience of some of the men here, it is simply child's play.



On the morning of March 14, a close 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, had a cup of tea, and then off to the 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 down. 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 the takeoff time. 11:30 came in the middle of a card game and out we 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 OK. Wave away the chocks and taxi out to the runway.

Cockpit check, yes, trim OK. Seat adjusted. Taxi onto the 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 well up and away!

Now, then, wheels up; hood close, steep turn around. The ground slides away so fast now. Join the squad get your place and hold. Start looking around you never can tell. Damn it the sun's right in your eyes, can't see the type ahead, ah that's better. The R/T crash "up through this stuff, chaps". We climb up through a thousand feet of overcast and burst out into the 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 to only 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 shining 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 cargo and we the protective destroyers, cruising around wheeling, making sure no intruder gets into the stream. The cargo is bombs, tons and tons of lethal bombs, the most deadly weapons ever devised by one man for the annihilation of another. We've been flying about 20 minutes. The squadron is now flying well, everyone 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 tanks wait for a moment yes, she's OK. Sometimes they don't pick up, always a bit of a breathless moment. We fly on, I hum a tune, wonder what Mom and Dad are doing now, six hours off oh hell they're still in bed; check the instruments, oil temperature OK, oil pressure, all right, 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 we're 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 called the skipper "engine trouble heading home".

Then a great bang and the engine cowling opens up like a flower. Another bang and both sides panels panels fly off. I decide to bail out. It is very hot in the cockpit. I tell the C.O. that I am getting out and he comes back "OK, boy, good luck".

I asked him my position, and curse myself a second later, he can't tell - we with those bombers depending on us. I jerk my helmet off and then undo my straps. The engine is on fire now no time to waste, she might blow up at any minute. I checked my chute harness, OK. Jettison 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 am 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 featherbed. I'm falling headfirst, 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 looked down, my flying boots have come off<sup>1</sup> with the jar, hell. I wonder again,

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<sup>1</sup> according to McKays' wife, Ann: because of the mud at the aerodromes, they were wearing Wellingtons and not the standard issue flying boots.

where I am I, Holland, Germany, where? What lies ahead? I have time to think I am coming down slowly, swaying from sight 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'm immersed in its cold clamminess. It is an eerie feeling. I burst clear and less than 1000 feet below I see the hostile ground. It comes up fast, fast, faster. I am going to land in a wood, dammit, sideslip I pulled the riser, nothing happens. Into the trees, tall pine trees. The chute catches on the top as I slip between the trunks, narrow escape, might have smashed right into them. Suddenly, the branches give, God I'm following 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 shaken, but 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 and unshaven and quickly I decide that I have little to fear here, he was a member of the Volkssturm or home guard. I later learned [page 21] 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 and a doctor at that. I was searched and a variety of equipment was 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 dazed by the rapidity of the 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 20 minutes or so we arrived at a farmhouse. 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 skills, 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 farmers 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.

[page 22] I rested here for an hour or so while various people came and stared at me. I felt a bit like it goldfish at this point and as 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 Volkstrum people. I certainly wasn't any too happy driving along German roads with the Tactical Air Force operating in a cloudless sky. I know 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. Here 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 swim

across my brain. He finally ended up all smiles, and by taking my basketball shoes away. Shoeless again. A motorcycle and sidecar appeared 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.)

[page 23] After a hair raising ride in the motorcycle, we arrived at another farmhouse, 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 German, I would've 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 (Aston 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 tumblers full of the stuff with no noticeable effect. It was now that I begin 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 1 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 chattering with him, for as I have said, he was a most pleasing individual.

[page 24] This went on for sometime, 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 laughing at the German salute when given by the real article struck me as being the funniest thing I had ever seen, I should mention as well the moustaches effected by the men – all copies of Hitler's. I was amused also by there uniforms, which I will describe later.

My guard, an old man of at least 50, lead me across a few fields. He was forging 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 a harmless old duffer that I could scarcely imagine his murdering me in cold in the middle of a sunshine flooded window. By this time, I was quite tired and, I suppose suffering from mild shock as I don't bail out of airplanes every day, and I was quite the thankful when I was told that we only had five minutes to go. We arrived, and I was met by an officer who was the best dress 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.

[page 25] He said, after all, we are both officers and much the same tone as one would say blood is thicker than water. I didn't feel particularly brotherly towards 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 shoes in. I didn't know then, but this was to be my foot gear 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 Volkswagen, 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 [page 26] greatcoats were cold and I was damn near frozen thoroughly miserable and thinking of the other lads 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 to receive. 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 as at 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 rather unpleasant experience since they hadn't bathed in a matter of weeks and they weren't too pleased at my presence.

The next day, I remembered only a long series of incredibly dusty, long and painful walks. The organization had fallen down and they had little or no idea of what to do with me. The guard set out in search of a temporary PoW camp in Bocholt, and we walked many 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 PoW's and that another place a good distance away was acting as the PoW place for the area. All this was done to the tune [page 27] 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 would hear the warning of the air 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 active normal interruptions of 24 men living in confined space.)

The few civilians 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 sites were truly out of this world. At sometime or other, we have all seen pictures, depicting the coming of a great air fleet, HG 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.

[page 28] Towards mid afternoon, I arrived at another farmhouse, 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 obvtentively as being government issue and therefore confiscate-able under the Geneva convention, etc., etc. I was annoyed about this and said so; I have had much to regret the loss of ring and 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 in their midst however, after a little time they became reconciled to my presents and both laid down leaving me a space of about 3 ft.<sup>2</sup> in which to slumber. I was fed more black bread, which I ate because I was ravenous, however, I only being onto this about an hour and then I was violently ill. I will remember the two days there quite a while. 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 Joanne; 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 [page 29] ones mind trails off into the past or the future when the present is a bit grievous.

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 "swinehount, 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 was piled onto 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 sour bread was good and I was eating all I could lay my hands on.

There was an incident 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 [page 30] simple it would be to finish me off and just shove me in a ditch. As I was thinking this over a red glow appeared over the hill, as we walked towards it it developed 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? What had happened was 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 town, my guards turned a bit hostile and kept pointing to the devastation. The crowd looks ghoulis in the red glare of the fire 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 of "terror fliegger" 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 irate 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 [page 31] on the floor, and I was shoved in here.

To my pleasure, I found several Canadian infantry men 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 one's own countrymen and allies after living a while 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 4 o'clock. Myself and the Frenchman, Olivier Massant, 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 [page 32] where the Lancaster had crashed the night before and up to the station. There we waited in a seller until the train which was supposed to have gone at 7:00 and didn't arrive until five hours 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. The 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 one piece. I saw red and was going to have a word with them, alone 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 10 feet away from them. It would've been too easy but we were yet 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 the [words missing] 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 rather amazed me and made no pretence of their amorous endeavours. Shades of a people going to pot. After an hour train ride, we arrived in Coesfeld.

In Coesfeld it was soon discovered [page 34] 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. Olivier and I discussed the German temperament, the war, our homes, our girls and God knows what else. Sleep was out of the question amidst this mob 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 Grumau. We were then informed we had a 15 km walk which was greeted with no enthusiasm. On walking through the town, we were met with slurs and unpleasantness, and I can assure you it was a nasty feeling. Just as we were getting out of the town a large truck came along and the guard stopped it, we climbed in. I then learned that Enschede was our destination, I know Enschede well because there was an aerodrome there with FW190s on it. I wondered if we were going to the front, but it turned out we weren't. [page 35] Enschede is in Holland, and as we 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 he didn't seem to mind. I guess they are all used to it.] but as it turned out we weren't. Diary

## **April 17, 1945**

It was an odd feeling spending my birthday in a POW camp. The 23rd was in Dafoe 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.

## **April 23, 1945**

Tonight I feel an urge to write something. I am looking out of the window, looking west as the crow flies you some 4000 miles to home four thousand, battle scarred, watery miles, it might as well be 4 million. I suppose the sun is going down over the horizon casting delicate mauve, yellow, and orange shadows 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 asked myself the question have I appreciated such things as a glorious sunset or the green field before? I know the answer. In my subconscious mind, I have appreciated nature, but now in the midst of this deserted sand scape 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 is it to turn to sentimentality when one is removed from the material influences of every day 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 family.

Yes, the opinion of my parents is the most important single factor in my life and to have failed in something they felt to be important. It 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 a 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 exaltation because I see clearly now that any action will be energetic, not halfhearted as before.

## **April 26 1945**

A summary of Padre Mitchell's two lectures

Continuing Post-war problems

The Padre commence 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 cheap. To combat this, we must believe

in the sanctity and the value of human life. We return into a world that will have gone mad with the gaiety of a returned peace and from this, we must hew out a sane and sensible life. He did not endeavour 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 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 desire to do ones 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.

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 born in comparison with the other. He pointed out that we mustn't expect too much. There is bound to be a vacation after the first joyful week, that dullness and boredom and we should not blame this on the people, but should understand that it is the natural result of excitement. Through this stage and understanding attitude must be adopted as our families and wives will undergo somewhat similar. 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 work. The returned man will be the deciding factor in the future of our country. Finally faith in God and the church is vital as well as declaration of that faith important.

## **May 1, 1945**

Today at 08:00 we the British authorities officially took over Stalag Luft 1 from the Germans. Yesterday was spent in demolition of the Flak school and withdraw of the aircraft from the aerodrome. All day this sky was filled with 190s, 217s, 109s, 88s, 188s, 138s and 111s, very interesting. There was also an intrepid JU 52 dicing around and some other twin framed effort 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 Barth, 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, even 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 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 we 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 years prisoners. This must be a happy day for them. I wonder what they will think of this new world those men of Dunkirk and Tobruk. 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 2, 1945 (previous day)**

May 1st. I must make another note, it is 10:30 on May 2nd.

Last night, the Russians arrived in the camp. The men went mad - freedom 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 Frenchman 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 Hitler's death, that was the end. People went mad. It was a fine moment. Well it is hard to rejoice over anyone's death. I think we may be forgiven for a slight exuberance in this case.

The Burgermeister of Barth took poison and died yesterday.

## **May 2, 1945**

This morning, the main Russian force arrived in the camp. The barbwire 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 Barth and got chickens, geese, and eggs. The civilians are terrorized by the Russians. They all ride horses very little mechanization of vehicles. There is a great mixture of



peoples among these soldiers. Mongolians appear to be predominant. They are fearsome fellows.

### **May 3, 1945**

Following morning;

In the evening, I went for a walk through the woods behind the camp. It was very lovely. The woods are just teeming 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 it, and hear people talking with lust in their eyes for another man's possessions. And so it goes.

The 09:00 communique says that the German armies in Italy and Austria surrendered to Alexander yesterday, 900,000 prisoners. Hitler died of brain fever!

### **May 5, 1945**

Yesterday, the entire German army surrendered to general Montgomery's 21st Army group. This includes Northwest Germany, Heligoland, the Friesen island 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 conditions. Hope then doesn't doesn't mean we will be here quite a while as there is no water and things aren't too good. Still we should probably be in England within a week.

### **May 6, 1945**

This morning, I am still under a tree in the brilliant sunshine, almost 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 sometime. There is much dissatisfaction and grumbling amongst the men. The authorities have done and are doing everything 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 my 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 the statesman and the diplomat can sign 1 million peace treaties, and they won't matter as cent if there is no tranquillity in the individual.

Yesterday about 50 cows were driven into the compound to be slaughtered. They are a fine herd so I'm told. Some man's life work has gone into the herd most likely and in a 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 that 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 "Entente Cordial" between all the nations of the world, and as I see it, there is an individual problem, as well as a problem of kings and diplomats, for it must begin in the heart of the individual.

## **May 8, 1945**

Today is VE 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 this 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.



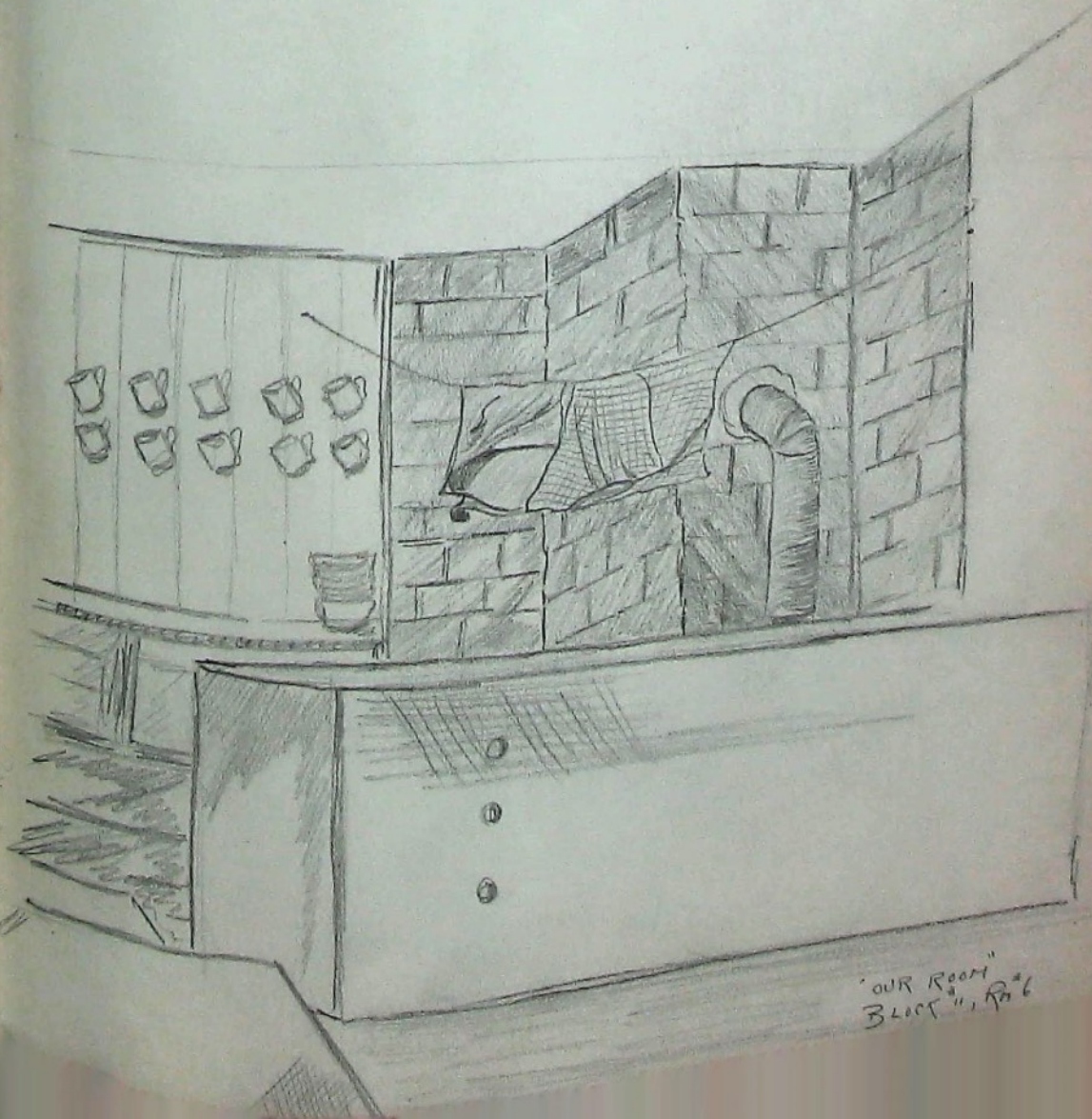
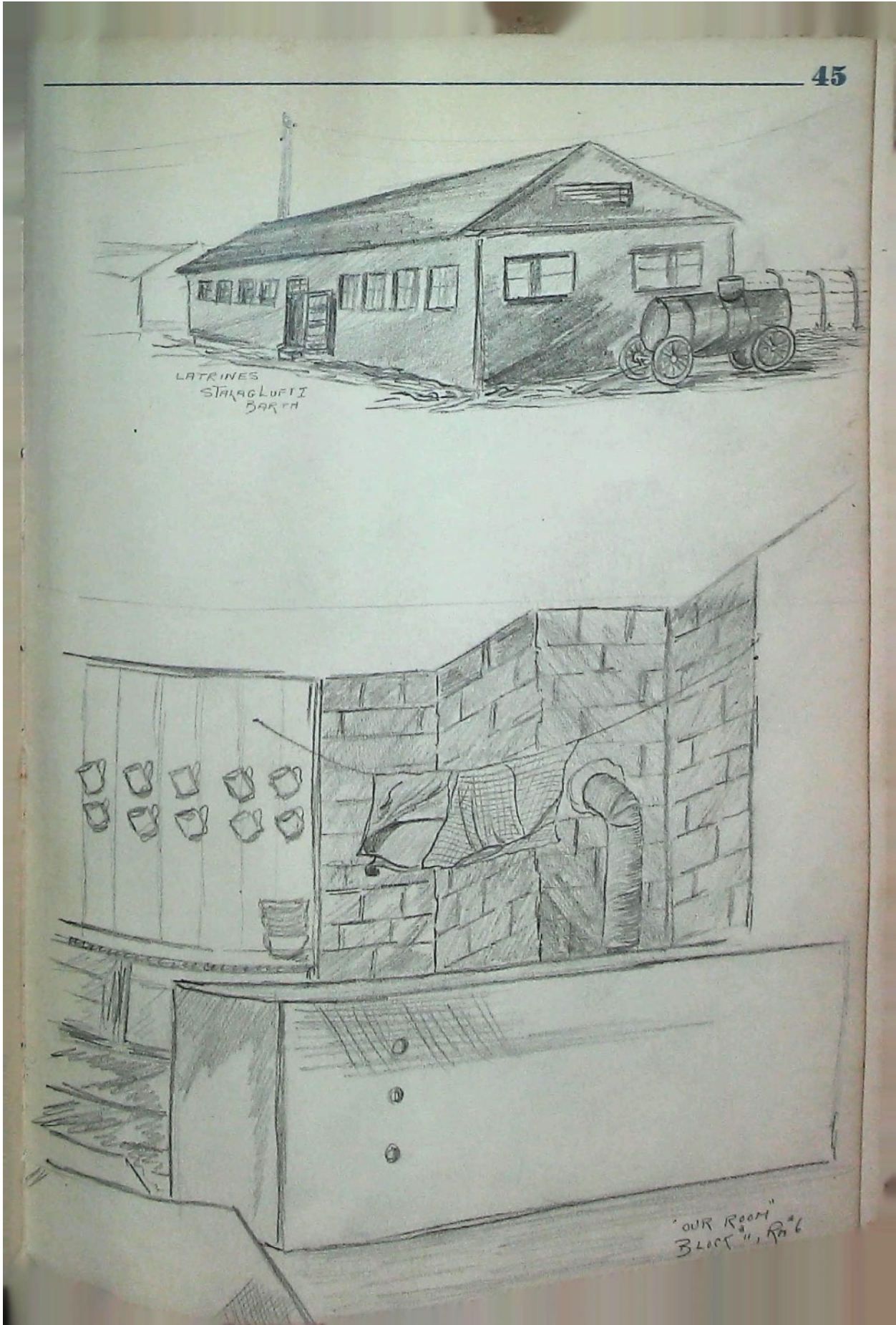
'MAYBE NOT TOMORROW BUT SOON!'





Barth





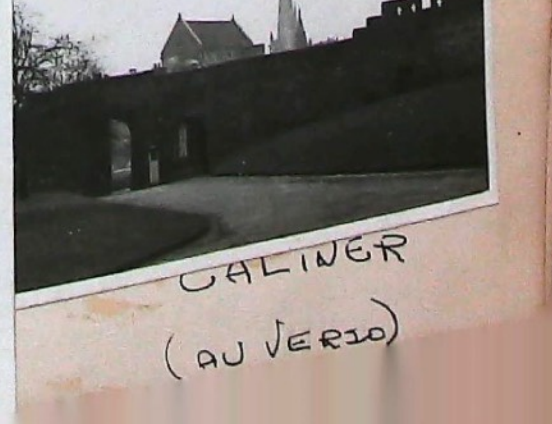












GALINER  
(AU VERD)



82

QUE SA TOI TU ME SERRES,  
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 FRISSONNANTE DE TON  
CORPS, PÂMÉ

S'ÉLÈVE UNE PRIÈRE:

"OUI, ENCORE"

8 MAIS SI MON COEUR S'ÉGARE, IL  
MOURRA BRISÉ,

QUE TON COEUR SOIT DE PIÈRRÉ,

J'AI GRAND PEUR...

9 JE JEUX CROIRE POUR TANT ET  
CHASSER LES IDÉES,

QU'AU FOND DE MOI JE TERRE,  
AIS-JE TORT?

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



11 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...



84

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

- DE VILLANELLE
- 1 Loin de 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 J'INT SOMBRE, 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 TAPPOLA DANS LE SOIR, TROUBLANT  
 LE NOIR SILENCE,  
 MON ÂME RÉSIGNÉE,  
 TU COMBLAS MA PENSÉE



Et depuis cet instant retrouvant  
la vaillance,

Mon cœur n'a plus saigné.

Oh! Mabelle adorée.

Écoute de ma voix la triste  
évangescence,

Mon cœur a tant saigné...

Mon âme est résignée.

Maurice Jean

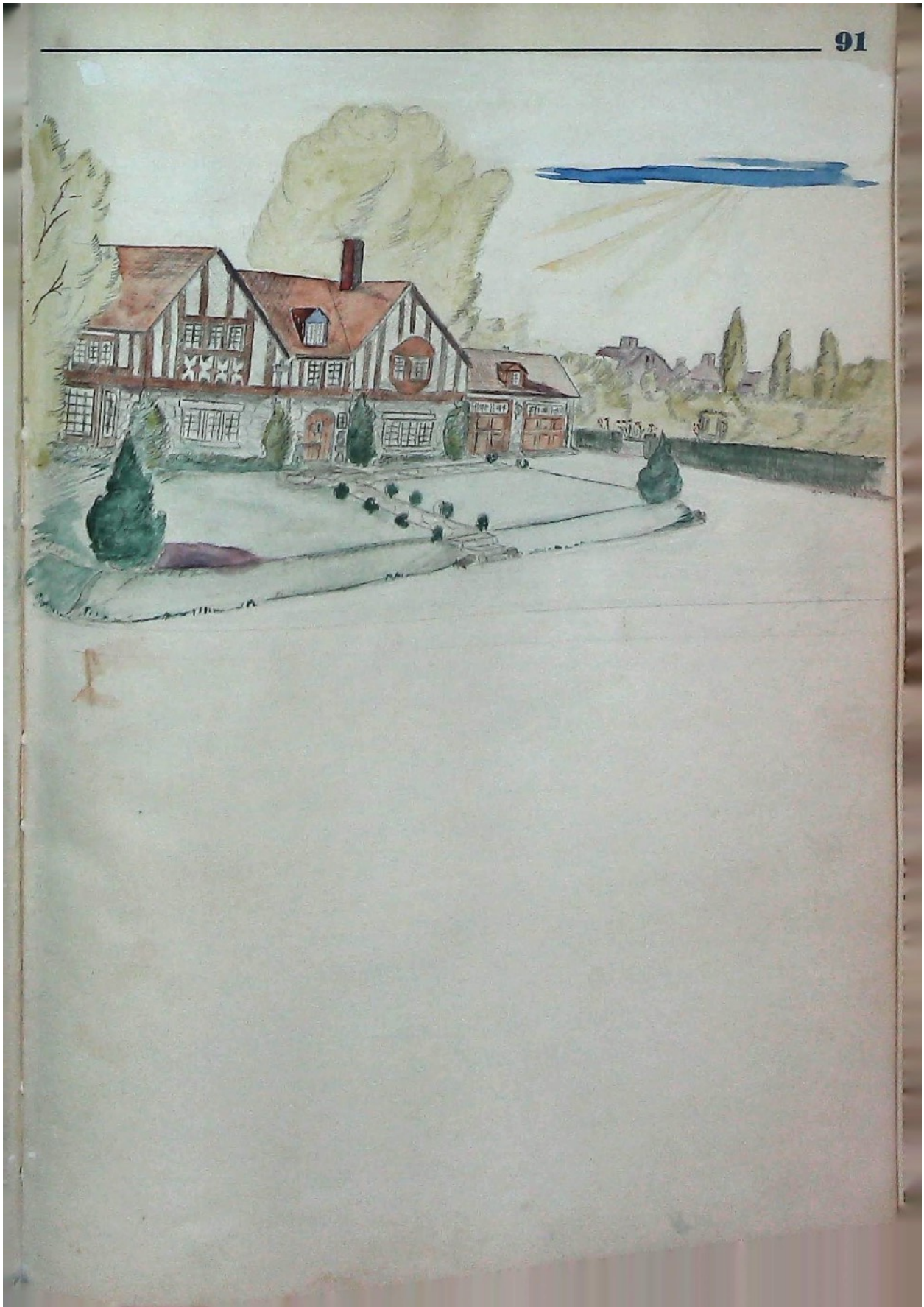
Stalag IV +

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Noël

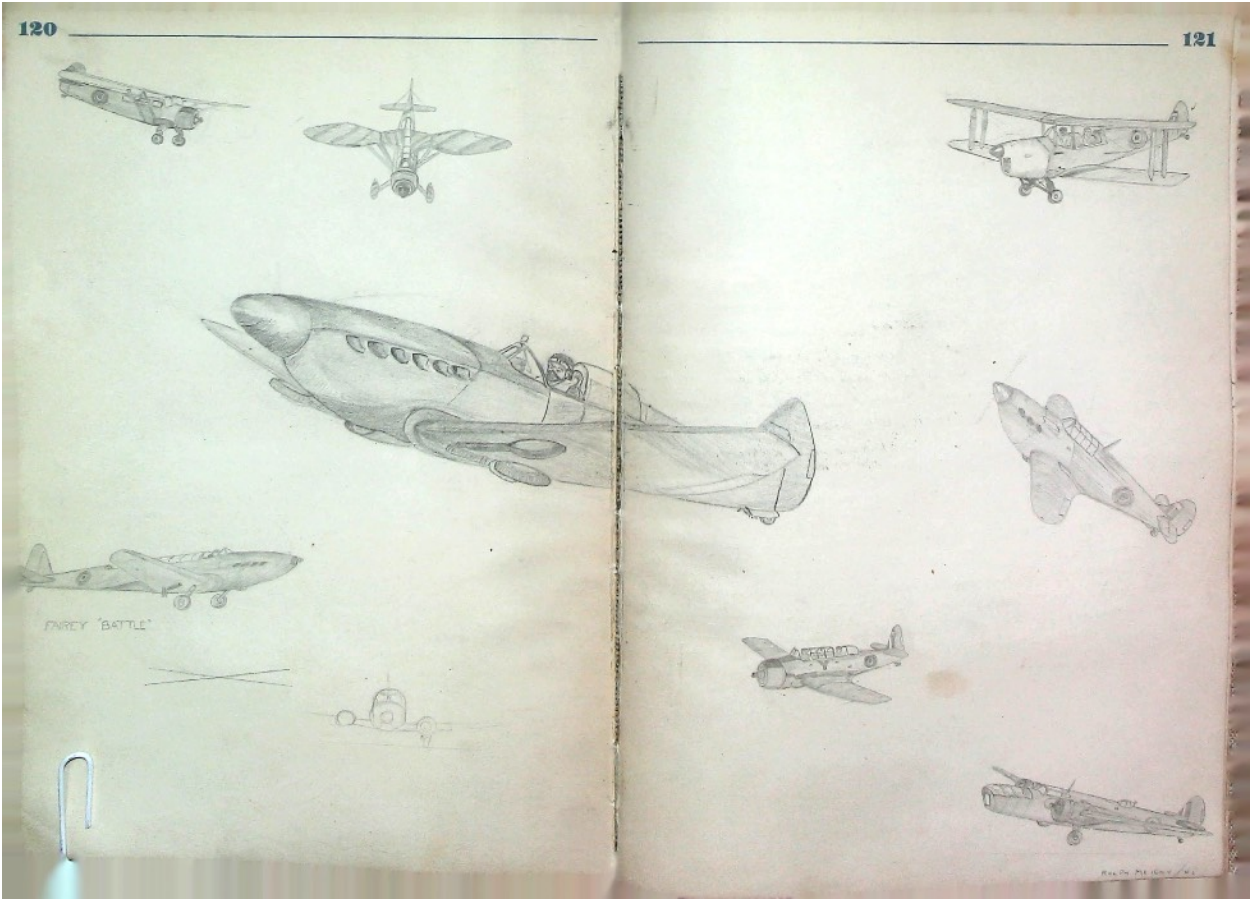
Noël! Pour les







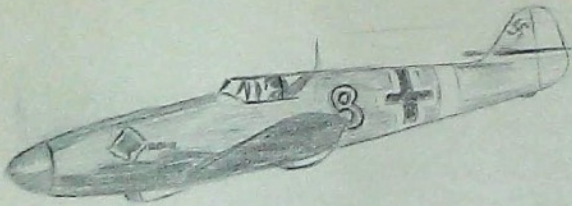


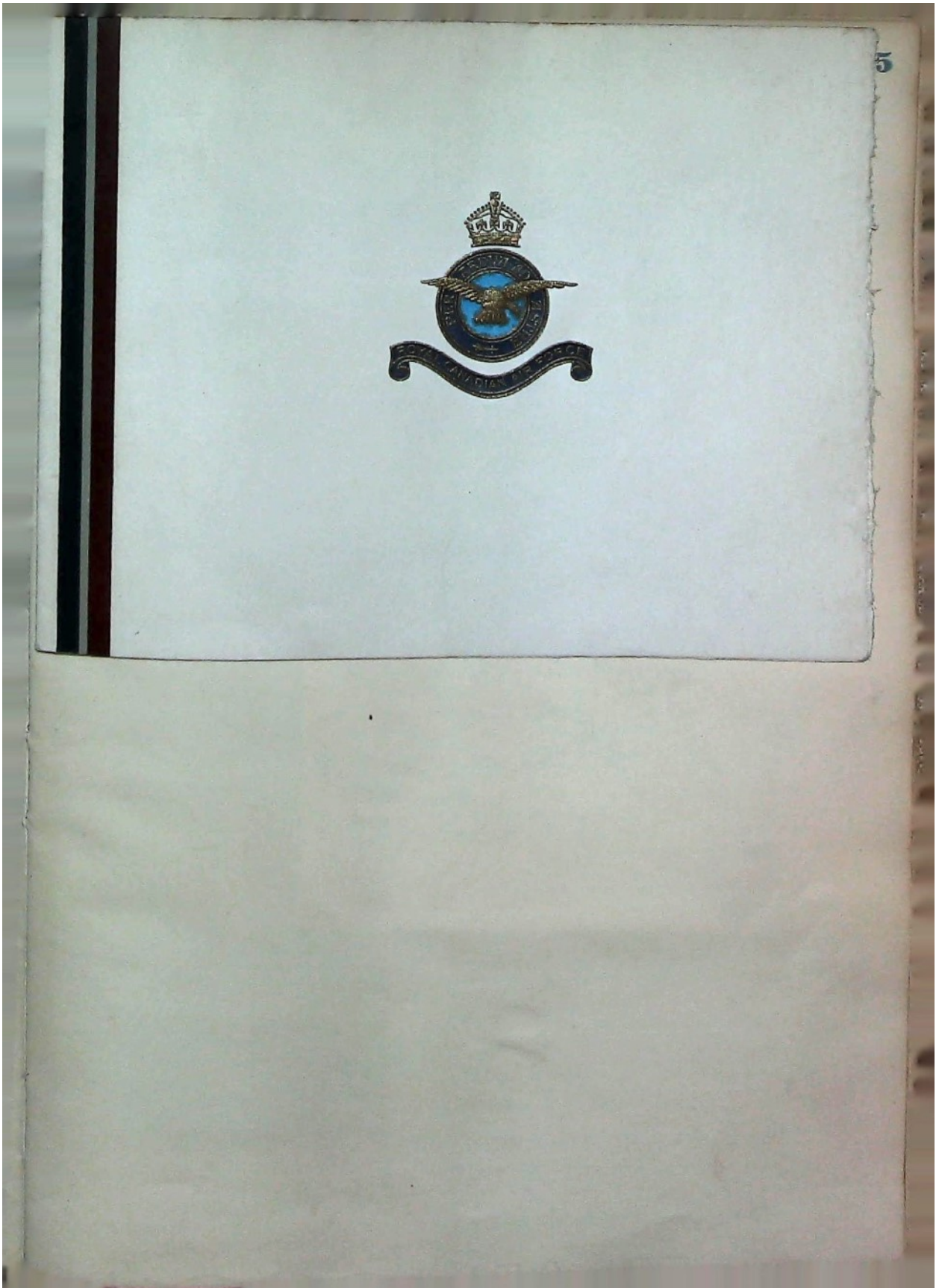




124

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126



TEMPLE BAR 7893.

**Kimul Club**

11 BURLEIGH STREET.  
W.C.2



*ARW McKay*  
*J 35281*

**THE  
 "MERVILLE"  
 SOCIAL CLUB**

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1944

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128





**PASS** 517

FOR ADMISSION TO

**No. 10 ELEMENTARY FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL**  
MOUNT HOPE, ONTARIO

Name A. R. McKay

Address 2 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 2 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*  
R. W. McKay, RCAF Station Trenton.

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. 19-36M-0-30 (1705)—H.Q. 1002-9-24







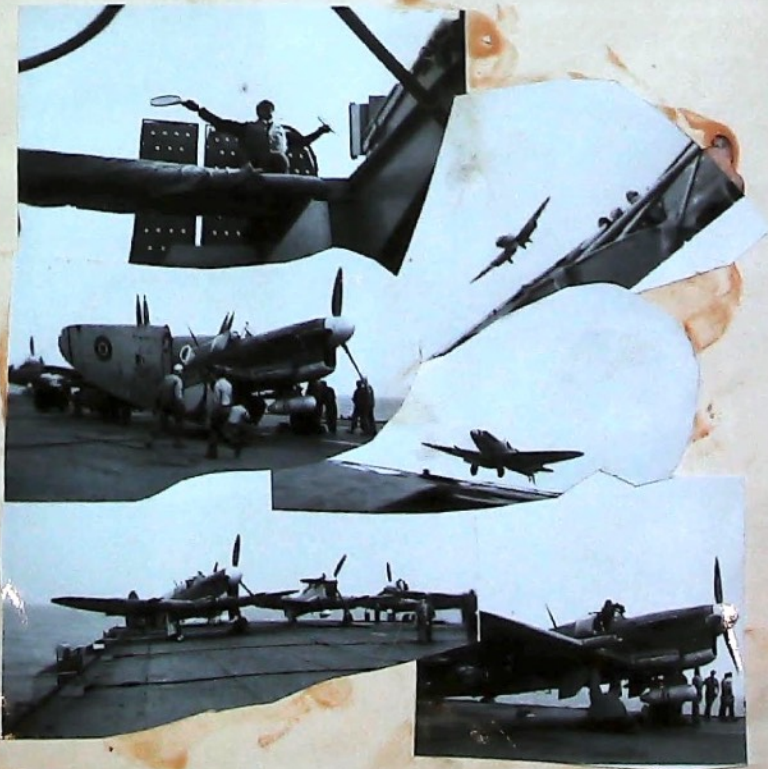
**WITH INTRUDERS**—Flying Officer David Carr, son of Col. and Mrs. Leeming A. Carr, is navigator of a crack Canadian squadron of Mosquito Intruders, according to information supplied with this R.C.A.F. photograph from overseas.

**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 E. J. Shrive and Flying Officer R. D. Appleford, M.D., medical officer.







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

It was an odd feeling spending my birthday in a POW camp. The 23rd was in Dapoz, 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

Broughel

Rubens

Holbein

Rembrandt

El Greco

Turner

Delacroix

Sezanne

Uccello

Bellini

Masaccio

Angelico

Leonardo da Vinci

Botticelli

Harold Yorkman,  
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 Leighton



138

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



## 140 Notes from the Story of Painting

"Using the instruments of science to advance bloody ambitions, they lay small, innocent nations with lies, 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 lands with skulls and battle axes."

Michelangelo (15th Century) Florentine.

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.



R. J. Jennings R.A.

Polyptych

141


Roger Fry - England's leading aesthetic. Read Vision and Design.  
"One must lay oneself open to new ideas and to new passion  
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>Spinoza</sup> 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 Arundel and his wife. Other fine Flemish artists  
were Robert Campen, Roger van der Weyden, Petrus Christus  
and Jans Memling. Flemish art was finally destroyed  
by the Italian influence. Pieter Brueghel alone retained  
Flemish characteristics. He did 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. Durer and Holbein two foremost, also Grünewald  
and Cranch. Their art was independent of the Italian  
influence. Nothing classical in the sense of Raphael.  
Durer's The Four Apostles  The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The Dutch



142

Cockington - The Drum.  
 Raigton - The Lamer.  
 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 Panty - The Hole  
 in the Wall.  
 Cheltenham - The Plough - Hornet's  
 Club - The Cadena.  
 Birdlip - Royal George. { fishing  
 Bibury - The Swan  
 Fairford - The Bull  
 Banford - 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 - Digby's Bar.  
 Kee's Grill.  
 Kendal - The Royal Stag.  
 Ambleside - The Drunken Duck.

(continued 144)



FOOD and DRINK in LONDON

143

The Chandos - Chandos St., Strand.  
 Bunch of Grapes - Strand  
 Shephards - Park Lane.  
 Mooney's Irish Bar - Strand.  
 Rombos - Strand  
 Imperial Bar - nr. Leicester Square  
 Cheese Cheese - Fleet St.  
 Codgers - off Fleet St.  
 Sussex Arms - Leicester square station  
 Cafe Europe - "  
 Swiss Cottage - Hampstead (recommended)  
 Spaniards Inn "  
 Bull and Bush - Golders Green Road.  
 Freemasons - West Hampstead  
 Cafe Royal - off Regent St.  
 L'Enfer 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.



144

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.



**146** 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, Brockinhurst Manor,  
Queens Park, Meyrick Park, Broadstone,  
Fern down, Westward Ho! Saunton, St  
Enodoc, 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, Sloughdale,  
Heathton Walton Heath, Woking, Roe -  
hampton, West Hill (Berkshire), Stoke  
Poges, Sandy Lodge, Beaconsfield, Coombe  
Hill, Royal Ashdown Forest, Wentworth.



H. H. Kelley  
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 Victoria  
 Australia.  
  
 Michael Horrod  
 28 Dallas Rd.  
 H. Gordon,  
 London, N.W. 4.  
  
 Bob McErocken  
 Box 376.  
 Lakeshore Ontario  
 Canada.  
  
 I hope to  
 have many happy  
 days in Canada!  
 Robert R. Case  
 Wilmette, Illinois

W.R. BENNETT  
 LIVERPOOL Rd.  
 CROYFIELD  
 BRISBANE  
 Q.L.D.  
  
 John R. Forman  
 2074 Queen St. E.  
 Toronto, Ont.



Read the Pie Raphaelite Tragedy  
 Lost for life.  
 Travels without a Passport.  
 Essays of Emerson on  
 Leonardo da Vinci

Names and Addresses of Fellow  
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