

The P.O.W. Diary of Lt. O'Brien

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Midway and the Pacific War

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Mrs. Dandridge of Winchester

JULY 12, 1994

THANKS

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BEST WISHES

(Signature)

DEDICATION

This work is dedicated to: Miss Mary Lou Lovering whose memory of her brother enabled the author to pull together the facts necessary to produce the work, my wife Susan whose forbearance and help enabled the author to finish the work and the brave Americans who fought the war and preserved for the author the freedom to write it.

G.P.D.



*
* Lt. Mahlon Francis O'Brien *
* 1943 *

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* THE P. O. W D I A R Y *
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* O F *
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* L T. O ' B R I E N *
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GILBERT P. DIVELY

The P.O.W. Diary of Lt. O'Brien

The beginning of the year 1942 introduced two great new factors into what was becoming a world war, the Americans and unbelievable slaughter. On the seventh day of the previous December, America shed her beloved policy of "Isolationism" and found herself the only remaining obstacle between the Germans, the Japanese and the Italians in their powerful quest for world domination.

Now American boys who had never roamed more than twenty miles from their own front doors suddenly found themselves soldiers in great armies, sailors and marines in great navys and airmen in great air corps, fighting epic battles thousands of miles from home. In the Pacific young Americans fought on motorized pieces of plywood and in the skies over Europe they fought in metal crates with engines and wings. They knew they were changing the course of history and it was the greatest adventure of their lives.

No other people in the course of human history were ever challenged as the Americans, who were now fighting virtually alone, in two separate and desperate wars almost as far apart in distance as the globe would allow. American boys volunteered and were mustered into the armed services by the hundreds and by the thousands. They came from all over the vast country, from Wartrace, Tennessee from Springfield, Illinois, from the Blue Ridge and the great Rockies, they came from Menlo Beach, California, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, from Hell, Wisconsin, and from Brownsville, Texas, they came from Falls Church, Gothicia Church, New Hope Church, from the Great Lakes, from banks of the Mississippi and from Canaan, Vermont. They would fight and some would die in places the folks back home had never even heard of before. From 1942 to mid 1945 they would carry

out the most horrendous warfare the world had ever seen, and when it was over they had won dual victories that four years before no one had dreamed possible.

Among those to answer the call to arms was a young army air corps navigator, Lt. Mahlon Francis O'Brien, from Canaan, Vermont, called Mick by his family and friends. On the last weekend of May, 1944 Lt. O'Brien and many others found themselves in one the largest decoy actions of the war. The American General Dwight David Eisenhower, a West Pointer from Kansas, known as Ike, now in command of the Allied Expeditionary Forces was determined to gain a beachhead along the French coast, while the German defenders were no less determined to hold their ground. To break the German grip Old Ike knew perfectly well that a French beachhead would not be enough. Now Ike reasoned that at the same time he was establishing his amphibious beachhead he would also land a large number of paratroopers behind the enemy lines to attack in their rear. One week later on June 6, 1944 it worked.

But a week and half before what would become known as the D-Day operation, Ike called on the Commander of the American air corps in Britain, General James A. (Jimmy) Doolittle, who back in 1942 had lead the American raid on Tokyo and was at that time being immortalized in a film to be titled "Thirty seconds over Tokyo".

Something had to be done to protect the American paratroopers from being picked off while helpless in sky by the German Air Force called the Luftwaffe. Doolittle came up with an extraordinary but dangerous plan, he would for three days send his heavy bombers over Germany without immediate fighter protection and with orders to make themselves appear defenseless at every possible point, hoping that the Luftwaffe would come out and attack them, at which time the American fighters would

engage and destroy the Luftwaffe. Old Ike realizing the importance of his paratroopers attack against the rear of the German coastal defenses reluctantly approved the plan.

Jimmy Doolittle took personal charge of the operation and even conducted the briefings himself. At one such briefing after he had explained what was being expected, he asked if there were any questions. A veteran tail gunner raised his hand and after being recognized advanced to where the General was standing. "General", he said, "let me get this straight, you want us to show ourselves in our bombers at every point possible in the enemy's sky without fighter escort". Doolittle replied that was exactly what he meant, the gunner nodded his head and turned to go back to his seat, after taking two steps the man wheeled around and said to Doolittle, "General I don't really think we ought to do this". They did it any way and it worked, but at great cost to the bombers and the crews. Years later an aging Jimmy Doolittle would look back on those three days and say, "They were the saddest of my life".

On May 31, 1944 while involved in one of the decoy missions Lt. O'Brien's plane was hit and he was forced to parachute into enemy territory and was captured by the Germans. At the mere age of twenty-two the Vermont flier, with many of his companions, had become a prisoner of war and as the Germans would tell them, "For you der var iss offer". But it was not over and their sacrifice was not in vain, for seven days later Old Ike and his troops would push back the defenders at a beach called Normandy on the French coast and begin the drive to Germany to end the war.

It was during this time that Lt. O'Brien decided to keep a record of his experiences and it is that record which is being presented. In the record the writer describes in his own words what was happening to him and his friends, he tells of poems

and songs they wrote, of wish lists of foods and records of letters and cards received and sent. The transcription of this diary is complete, I have left out nothing not even long lists of food wished for, but not available.

I have at times during the transcription inserted explanations of what is meant plus clarifications and descriptions of the progress of the war which would lead to Lt. O'Brien's eventual liberation

During late 1943 and early 1944 the eventual outcome of the war was becoming apparent to the people and soldiers of Germany, if not it's high leadership. Fearing severe retaliation by angry Americans should they find their countrymen mistreated while prisoners of war, the Germans cleaned up their P.O.W. camps, reducing disease to minimum, improving food and living conditions. But in this war the Americans refused to exchange prisoners of war and now German prison camp populations swelled taxing further the very slim resources the Germans had available. Regardless of camp conditions the men were still in captivity and as Lt. O'Brien's record indicates they formed almost a sub-culture under the worse conditions and yearned to be free. Lt. O'Brien and his fellow prisoners are a testament to human endurance.

During the American Civil War, Union General William Tecumesh Sherman told his troops, "Perhaps our fate will be to die in battle and have our names spelled wrong in the papers". Heeding Old Uncle Billy's warning I have taken special precaution to try during the transcription process to spell all names and home towns correctly but man being man, mistakes are made and I apologize for any such errors.

G.P.D.

The P.O.W. Diary of Lt. O'Brien

May 31, 1944

Shot down on a mission into Germany. Picked up same day by soldier. Turned over to police and ended up in jail.

June 1, 1944

Moved from jail to Doulag luft. While enroute stopped at one camp and searched, then on train to continue trip. Passed through several towns fairly well bombed, Frankfurt among them. Civies teed off.

[American strategy in the European theater up to D-Day had been simple and forthright, along with the British Royal Air Force which attacked Germany by night, the Americans pounded it from the air by day, thus destroying all that could aid the Germans in their war effort and a good deal that couldn't. The average German citizens were frustrated by their lack of power to do anything about their fanatical leadership which seemed not to care at all about horrible and constant fire that rained on them from the sky. Unable even to question their leaders, they turned to vent their spleens on the bomber crews, thus the statement "Civies teed off".]

June 2, 3, and 4, 1944

Solitary confinement.

June 5, 1944

Questioned and interrogated, moved to barracks that night. Shipped to Doulag out post. Got first decent meal since going down. It was stew and tasted better than any food ever did before.

[It was common for the Germans to interrogate new prisoners but they learned little. As for the brief period of solitary confinement, this to, was common and done in an effort to make the prisoner conform to the life in the prison camps that followed.]

June 7, 8, and 9, 1944

Shipped to Stalag Luft 3. Took three days to go a very short distance.

[As early as the beginning of 1944 provisions were starting to become scarce in now war torn Germany and among these was gasoline, so that travelers had to wait for long periods while other travelers and goods piled up to make the trip worth the gasoline that had to be expended.]

June 10, 1944

Arrived at permanent camp, got in with a good lot of fellows, we do our own cooking and eat darn good.

[Here Lt. O'Brien lists the prison camp number, in this case Air Prison #3, the building or barracks number in which he was assigned and the room number. He also lists the men who shared his room, their rank and home town plus the type of aircraft in which they each were crew members. It should be noted that the Germans separated the prisoners by rank, Lieutenants with Lieutenants, Captains with Captains, Majors with Majors and Colonels with Colonels, this was done because the Germans believed no one would assume the role of leader, but that never worked either, as one or two guys always emerge as leaders anyway.]

Stalag Luft #3

Barracks 166

Room #5

1st. Lt.	Marion V. Long Grant, Neb.	P-51
1st. Lt.	William T. Kamenitsky 1404 Glennwood Ave. Youngstown, Ohio	B-24
2nd. Lt.	John A. Roper 1001 Bryant Ave. New York, N.Y.	B-24
2nd. Lt.	George E. Graham 9615 95th Ave. Ozone Park, N.Y.	B-24
2nd. Lt.	George A. Haakenson 420 East 3rd St. Albert Lea, Minn.	B-17
2nd. Lt.	Patrick J. Ryan 412 Mathel St. Green Bay, Wisc.	B-24
2nd. Lt.	John W. Turocy 4948 East 88th St. Cleveland, Ohio	B-24
2nd. Lt.	John W. Wittgreve Reineck, Iowa	P-38

2nd. Lt. Donald F. Chaplin P-38
Mt. Arlington. N.J.

2nd. Lt. Jack Eley B-24
644 South Lawrence St.
Montgomery, Ala.

[It was not uncommon for the boys to pass long hours of sheer boredom in confinement by writing poetry, prose and even songs, Lt. O'Brien was no exception.]

The B-17 (By Lt. Mick O'Brien)

You can talk of your airplanes
and talk of them long,
discuss all their points both the weak and the strong
you can argue with passion or calmly assess
demerits and merits each plane may possess
pile figure on fact and statistics relate
or a personal preference impressively state
but when its all over 'tis plain to be seen
there's none that quite touches the B-17.

First of the motored bombers she came,
first to the stratosphere, first to the fame
of bombing by daylight in enemy skies
and first to invite the Luftwaffe to rise
she made the long hauls whatever the cost
and many came back and many were lost
formations were lashed by fighters and flax
and battles took place that bloody and black
but thru them she rode still triumphantly strong
to deliver the goods where we know they belong
so thanks to the escort for helping us thru
and thanks to the "Sy" gallant and true

a toast to them all let every man raise
and this to the fortress deserving our praise
she's a symbol of all that freedom can mean
when angered to fight The B-17

[The Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress was probably the best known plane of the war. In all the plane carried thirteen .50-caliber machine guns, an awesome array of firepower for an enemy aircraft to face, especially since the Fortresses flew in tight formations of about eighteen planes to mass their gunfire, with two or three such formations stacked vertically to further increase the deadliness. To break up these bullet-spewing formations and pick off isolated cripples, Nazi pilots first fired rockets and even dropped bombs among the B-17s. The Fortress thus never lived up to planner's expectations that it would be able to take care of itself on long-range daylight missions, and deep penetrations of Germany had to await the development of escort fighters able to accompany them all the way. But the B-17's capabilities as a high altitude bomber disappointed no one. With the "Norden" bombsight it's ten men crew performed marvels of precision bombing from 25,000 feet. While the Flying Fortress could carry a maximum bomb load of 17,600 pounds for a very short distance, this dropped rapidly as range increased and a 4,500 pound bomb load was typical on a German mission. The plane's top speed was about 300 miles per hour, but it's cruising speed was about 160.]

June 27, 1944

Birthday, had a party, Kammy made a layer cake, and it was darn good. Even Skinny was so full he could not finish it, it was chocolate too. One place I didn't expect a birthday party.

July 4, 1944

Had quite a celebration today, the band woke us up. A ball game followed this, a couple of volleyball games, one the Colonels vs. Majors and then the all stars played. Then in the afternoon we had eight three round boxing bouts. Then we had a high bar exhibition by Lt. Rossi and Colonel Sears. In the evening the band gave a concert, we all sang different songs, the program closed by the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner". It was a good 4th of July.

Tough Shit (By Lt. Tom Brennan)

(To the tune "My Bonnie lies over the ocean")

Take the blue star out of your window
replace it with one that is gold
your son used to fly in the Air Corps
he died only twenty years old.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The first pilot was quite a hero
he flew through the air with great speed
but he stopped a slug over Berlin
the Duetchmen gave him the right lead.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The Co pilot gazed out his window
saw a fighter far off in the sky
said he "please pray for me mother
for I am far to young to die".

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The Navigator chewed on his pencil
using all in which he was trained
the flak caught him right through the window
and from him, his life's blood was drained.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The Bombardier gazed thru his bombsight
the target lay dead ahead
the flak burst up at his level
and presto the poor kid was dead.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The nose gunner worked in his turret
his gun sounding off loud and sweet
a fighter peeled off in the sunlight
and nailed the poor boy in his seat.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The martin was working quite smoothly
tracking each plane in the sky
tracked one off at nine o'clock level
missed another at 5 o'clock high.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The ball gunner worked like a demon
his right gun would not work at all
a Messerschmidt fired a rocket
and that was the end of the ball.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The waist gunner tossed out the window
t'was said it would draw off the flak
but we can't tell you the results boys
for that plane has never come back.

Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit, Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

The tail gunner gazed at the target
the impacts he was to spot
he moved to the left of his armor
'twas there that the poor kid was shot

Tough Shit Tough Shit, we'll send his dog tags to you to you
Tough Shit Tough Shit, we'll forward his air medal too.

July 6, 1944

Celebrated month anniversary of invasion. Had a big meal.

[Here Lt. O'Brien refers to the June 6th D-Day invasion of the French coast by the American First and Third armies and their allies. From the beachhead established at Normandy, Hitler's much vaunted Atlantic Wall, believed to be impregnable was crumbling. The prisoners knew this and also knew it was the first step toward their liberation]

Escort of P-38s (By Lt. Mick O'Brien)

Oh! Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal
and Madeline Carroll is too
but you'll find if query
a different theory
amongst any bomber crew
for the prettiest thing of which one can sing
this side of the heavenly gates
is no blond or brunette of a Hollywood set
but an escort of P-38s

It is quite in the past, when the tables were massed
with glasses of scotch and champagne
that the sight was a thing of delight
us intent upon feeling no pain
now not the same now-a-day in this game
when we head north from Messina Straights
take the sparkling wine every time
just make mine an escort of P-38s.

Now Byron, Shelly and Keats
ran a dozen dead heats
describing the views from the hills
of the flowers in May, when the winds gently sway
an army of bright daffodils
take the daffodils Byron and the wild flowers Shelly
yours is a myth friend Keats
just reserve me those cuties, American beauties
an escort of P-38s.

Sure we're braver than hell,
on the ground all is swell
but in the air it's different story
as we sweat out our tracks

both through fighters and flak
we're willing to split up the glory
well they wouldn't reject
so heaven help us
until all this shooting abates
give us the courage to fight to em
and one other small item
an escort of P-38s

Thunderbolt (By Lt. Mick O'Brien)

Many a pilot who flew the pursuits
has winged his way into heaven,
But I know that the boy, who was leading the flight
was a kid in a P-47

We point to the Mustangs and Lightenings with pride
and the Hellcat may well claim her votes,
But I'll take the ship, I know turned the tide
That dreaded and feared Thunderbolt

As the missions grew longer thru death laden skies
our bombers had little to fear
we had the best escort, acclaimed by us all
t'was a squadron of Thunderbolts near

Many a bomber knocked out of a fight
forever their praises will sing
for while limping home thru treacherous skies
they had a "White Nose" tucked under each wing

How well I remember that beautiful sight
wispy contrails high in the heavens,
and how we all welcomed the Tailgunner's words

here come the P-47s
Many a fight that shot our flight
we knew his doom he had sealed
for a "White Nose" came thru with guns blazing too
close on the enemy's heels.

It soon will be over, but we'll never forget
the wonderful job you have done,
and how you fought against terrible odds
and all the battles you've won.

Long after the din of battle has ceased
the world for your deeds shall gloat,
so onward you heroes, there's more glory ahead
for you lads in your great Thunderbolts.

God and the P-51s (By Lt. Mick O'Brien)

Back in the days of the second great war
many of Uncle Sam's sons
began to write air corps history anew
with God and the P-51s.

The bombers went out on their every day tasks
the sergeants were fondling their guns
and high above, churning contrails so clear
were the boys in the P-51s

Soon they were over the enemies lair
and up came the terrible flak
a hit, an explosion-down went a ship
with ten boys who'll never go back.

Then in roared the fighters from high in the blue
mid the crescendos of our top turret guns
we'll surely need help, oh! its already here
there come the P-51s.

Downward they dive like great birds of prey
the shrill whine of engines we hear
the fight is all over ere its hardly begun
with our protection still hovering near.

The targets destroyed, we're back at our fields
and the sun slowly sinks in the west
the boys trudge off like ten weary old men
to seek much needed rest.

As we sit by the fire and think of those days
we tell those lad tales of sons
and pray for the American eagles who flew
with God and a P-51s.

[The Great American fighters were the distinctive, twin-boomed P-38 Lightning made by Lockheed, the versatile P-47 Thunderbolt made by Republic and the P-51 Mustang made by North American. The P-51 Mustang was probably the best of all fighters to appear in the War.]

September 4, 1944

Have had three shows and three movies during summer. Had Labor Day celebration today, volleyball, softball, track and band show. Good time.

**[Since the June 6th invasion American forces and their allies were sweeping across France in victory after victory and with unprecedented speed. In August after the Americans had cleared the area around Paris, French commander General Charles De Gaulle

led the troops into the now free city. The American push for the Rhine river was under way]**

September 12, 1944

Half parcels-mixed goods.

The "LIB" (By Lt. Mick O'Brien)

Until now her name's hardly been mentioned
still they've praised all the others before
and to extol her is not my intention
though her merits are more than a score.

She was needed and born for a reason
and she has a right to be proud
to me its almost high treason
to slander her good name aloud.

It's a visible fact she's no beauty
and her lines are no work of art
but she's up there doing her duty
a patriot right to the heart.

She's a queen in the sky and she knows it
she ignores all ridiculous rib
she was named for queen and she shows it
perhaps that's why they christened her "LIB"

She goes where the going is toughest
be it Berlin, Ploesti or Kiel
and she fights where the fighting is roughest
she's as hard as true tempered steel.

When the haul is too long for the others
or the load is too heavy to pack
she's out there ahead of her brothers
braving both fighters and flak.

On a run she's as smooth and as steady
as the pillar of old Hercules
ifs its bombing you want then she's ready
just a few merits are these.

I could list at least two or three dozen
of her virtues that I've known and seen
as she fights alongside her first cousin
the commendable B-17.

It is said queens live and die proudly
for freedom, for country and more
but none fight for these things more profoundly
than our "LIBERATOR", the B-24.

**[America's other heavy bomber, the B-24 Liberator, saw more
action over the Mediterranean than Germany because it had less
armament and armor than the B-17 and was prone to catch fire
when hit]**

October 13, 1944

Have decided to keep sort of a record of things. Have been down
about four months to the day and may have started around the
well known bend. So far I have not heard the whistles and bells,
but have picked up sort of a barbed wire complex. Don't expect
this will be of much interest to anyone else, but it may save
a lot talking.

[Here Lt. O'Brien refers to the "well known bend", this was the wished for half way point of confinement. By the "whistles and bells" he is referring to the sounds of battle which would have meant that liberation was near. "Barbed wire complex" means that since being in captivity the men were questioning in their own minds what their ultimate fate might be.]

Familiar phrases

Nex.

Appel.

Let's go.

Got a light?

Stanz zem at ease pleas.

For you der var iss offer.

Here they come (190s buzzing)

Kaput.

Waters on.

Goon.

He's had it.

Jawoll.

New purge.

[In terms of clarification "Stanz zem at ease pleas" is poking fun at the German language and dialect which means (Stand them at ease, please). "For you der var iss offer" is the same play on language and dialect meaning (For you the war is over). The word "Goon" was used for German soldiers and guards. "Jawoll" was again in parody on the German dialect meaning (You will, such, as You will do this). "New purge" meant a search of the prisoner's living quarters, which today could be translated as a (shake down).]

Familiar names

[There follows a list of names, the crews gave to their planes.]

Suzy Q.
Sons of Satan.
Heels Bells.
Ramblin Wreck.
Tail Wind.
Round Trip.
9 Yanks and a Rebel.
Fubar.
Swoose It Flys.
10 Knights in a Barroom.
Flak Haven.
The Bad Penny.
Batan.
Ascend Charlie.
Axis Grinder.
Helin Berlin.
Wild Pussy.
Gas House.
Coral Princess.
Patches.
Star Gazer.
Star Dust.
Zoot Snooter.
Snafu.
Vulgar Virgin.
Invasion.
Homeward Angel.
Lackanookie.
Picadilly Lilly.
Con Job.

Hillee Pistoff.
Miss Carriage.
The Atoner.
Consolidated Mess.

[The name "Hillee Pistoff" should be, I believe, (HiLee Pistoff).]

German Rations

Bread - Plenty.
Oleo - Plenty.
Potatoes - Plenty.
Blood Sausage - Too Much. (Used for gravy)
Meat - Once every two weeks. (Make hamburg)
Cheese - About once in two weeks. (Pretty Good)
Cabbage - In season. (As many as you can use)
Kohlrabis - In season. (Quite a few)
 [These are vegetables much like turnips]
Sugar - About three milk cans a week. (Could use more)
Pumpkins - Once so far.
Jam - About two milk cans a week. (Could use more)
Carrots - Once so far.
Beets - In season.
Honey - Once so far.

Red Cross Parcels

These are made up Canadian, British and American parcels. New Zealand sent a few, but I have not seen any.
Content of Parcels

Canadian

Milk powdered.
Cheese.
Sugar.
Coffee.
Jam.
Spam.
Butter.
Crackers.
Corned Beef.
Salmon.
Chocolate Bar (Sweet).
Salt.

British

Tea.
Milk Condensed.
Jam.
Sugar.
Salt.
Stew.
Salmon.
Meat Pate.
Corned Beef.
Chocolate (Semi-Sweet).
Oleo.
Crackers.

American

Milk Powdered.
Cheese.
Jam or Orange Powdered.
Chocolate (D-Base).
Sugar.
Corned Beef.
Spam.
Crackers.
Salmon.
Meat Pate.
Oleo.
Cigarettes.

[The Germans, as far as the conduct of the war, and the handling of prisoners of war followed the rulings of the Geneva Convention, which held for the neutrality of battlefield hospitals, treatment of the wounded and the treatment and care of prisoners. This adherence to the rules of war allowed the Red Cross, which the Germans considered a neutral organization, to deliver food and in some cases medical supplies to the prisoners. As war supplies, food and basic necessities were becoming extremely scarce in Germany, at this time of their captivity the prisoners actually ate better than those who guarded them.]

Quit keeping record. Too much work

[By this statement, though the record continued, we can see the "Barbed wire complex" somewhat taking hold.

November 16, 1944

First snow.

B Dash 2-4 (By Lt. Tom Brennan)

Oh! that B Dash 2-4
Oh! that four engine bore
the boys who flew in her, are bound to lose
at fifty five inches she won't even cruise
Oh! that B Dash 2-4.

They wake us for a briefing at 2:45
we crawl out of bed, much more dead than alive
the targets Berlin, its the fifth time this week
the boys are to weary and heartsick to speak

We rendezvous up there where Jerry can see
and wonder wherever our escort can be
we're off on a the mission without an escort
one look at the target and wise abort.

Down in flak valley where the flak mushrooms grow
the army air corps and it's big bombers go
down in that valley midst fighters and flak
its really no wonder we never get back.

The Colonels and Majors, the milk runs do fly
they give us the targets where many die
left at the mercy of fighters and flak
while Colonels and Majors lay back in the sack.

The B-24 is a rough one I know
but over the target she always will go
the peashooter pilots fly high in the sky
they get the credit while bombers crews die.

**[The B-24 was the bomber mentioned earlier which tended to
easily flame out when hit]**

P-39 (Author Unknown)

In the cockpit of my Cobra
trying hard to reach the line
all at once my engine faltered
fare thee well my "39".

Half a snap roll, all inverted
with a spin not far behind
how in the hell do I recover
fare the well my "39".

Where's the Bell man,
with his propaganda line
for he's surely lost his marbles
if he spins a "39".

All the brass hats there in Congress
who have to sign the dotted line
They are lucky that they just purchase
and do not fly the "39".

**[The Bell P-39 was a design and manufacture failure which
saw limited action in the war.]**

[There follows a listing of the names of new prisoners that Lt. O'Brien came to meet while being held.]

Ed J. Alsdorf
214 W. Maple
Ottumwa, Iowa

Thomas G. Brennan
331 Ocean Ave.
Jersey City, N.J.

Bernard McAllister
RFD 4
Auburn, Maine

Ernest Gavitt
696 Chalkstone Ave.
Prov., R.I.

Henry McGrevy
Poultney, Vermont

Victor D. Ennis (B-17)
Symrna, Delaware

Arnold A. Gireber
Byron, Neb.

James W. Dalzell
Chenery St.
Reno, Nevada

Alex A. Hogan
Starkville, Miss.

Elmer R. Canfield
224 W. 1st. St.
Hutchinson, Kan.

Milton A. Esterline
838 W. 12th. St.
Casper, Wyoming

Charles E. Bailey
535 N. Solidad St.
Santa Barbara, California

Dick H. Mudge
Edwardsville, Ill.

William Leslie
24 E. 9th. St.
New York, N.Y.

Sagen, Germany

November 23, 1944

Thanksgiving Dinner

Celebrated by rooms 16, 13 and 5 in barracks 166 in the west
compound of Stalag Luft III.

These men took part in the feast.

Milton A. Esterline

James Dalzell

Elmer R. Canfield

Marion V. Long

William T. Kamenitsky

Jack A. Roper

Donald F. Chaplin

George A. Haakenson

John W. Wittgreve

Casper, Wyo.

Reno, Nev.

Hutchinson, Kans.

Grant, Neb.

Vernon, Texas

New York, N.Y.

Mt. Arlington, N.J.

Albert Lea, Minn.

Reinbeck, Iowa

Victor D. Ennis
Jack Eley
George E. Graham
Thomas Brennan
Albert J. Alsdorf
Arnold Gruber
John W. Turocy
Pat J. Ryan
Bernard McAllister
Charles Arnett
James M. Lilly
John M. Bridges
George L. Lucgett
Ronald Delancey
John T. Jennings
Harvey B. Hayes
John C. Geissler
Howard Newmeyer
Henry D. Gaberiel
Marvin Peters
Ernest Stewart

John Dink

The Fare

17 cans cornbeef.

1 bus. potatoes.

14 "d" beans.

Cracker crumbs

Bread-30 pounds (approx).

Oatmeal.

Powdered milk.

2 pounds raisins.

Coffee.

Smyrna, Delaware
Montgomery, Ala.
Ozone Park, N.Y.
Jersey City, N.J.
Ottrineua, Iowa
Byron, Neb.
Cleveland, Ohio
Green Bay, Wisc.
Auburn, Maine
Duncan, Arz.
Avondale Estate, Ga.
Bessener, Ala.
Elko, Nev.
Parkersburg, W.V.
Youngstown, Ohio
Adams, N.Y.
Grand Rapids, Mich
New Kensington, Pa.
Glendale, California
St. Joseph, Mo.
Wickliffe, Ky.

Elizabethtown, N.J.