

A WARTIME LOG





A WARTIME LOG

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



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THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

W/O Arthur E Adams.

P.O.W. № 25024.

STALAG LUFT, 3.

GERMANY



PAIN PAIN

I'VE JOINED THE AIR FORCE! HE SPOKE WITH PRIDE
 HIS MOTHER WEPT, HIS FATHER SIGNED,
 EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD — A VOLUNTEER,
 DISTANT GLORY OUT-SHONE FEAR

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HIS WAS THE JOY OF SOARING FLIGHT
 THE OMINOUS PATH OF WINGS IN THE NIGHT.
 HE WAS DEATH IN A BLAZING HELL
 THAT BURST, AND SCATTERED, AS IT FELL

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HE DIDN'T FEEL THE SLIGHTEST PAIN
 THE FIGHTERS BULLETS PIERCED HIS BRAIN
 IT ISN'T HE I'M SORRY FOR
 BUT HIS PARENTS THEY FELT THE PAIN OF WAR.

I MET HIM IN THE LOCAL INN
DRINKING BEER AND TALKING LOUD,
ABOUT THE WAR AND WHAT HE'D DO
MASSD DAYLIGHT RAIDS, I ADVOCATE" —
LOSSES YOU SAY! WELL OF COURSE
BUT MEN ARE CHEAP I TURNED AWAY

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I'D LIKE TO TAKE HIM ON A RAID,
AND SEE IF HE WOULD BE AFRAID.
WHEN SEARCHLIGHTS START TO PRY AROUND
AND FLAK SHELLS HURTLE FROM THE GROUND.
TO BURST WITH SICKENING CRUMPS, CLOSE BY,
A NOISE WELL KNOWN TO THOSE WHO FLY
I WONDER HOW HE'D LIKE TO BE
PLUNGED SWIFTLY INTO THE SEA.
AND FEEL THE LURCH, THE SUDDEN RUSH
AS WATERS THROUGH THE TURRET GUSH
FRENZIED SCRAMBLING TO EVADE,
A WATERBY DEATH — THE PRICE OF PAID
I THINK HE'D THEN APPRECIATE,
THE MEN TO WHOM I DEDICATE,
THIS POEM TO BE READ, I PRAY
BY SUCH AS HE, SOME FUTURE DAY.

THOUGHTS OF FRIENDS THAT I ONCE KNEW
BOLD AND UPRIGHT, STAUNCH AND TRUE
WHO MADE THAT FINAL LONELY FLIGHT
INTO THE BLACK UNFRIENDLY NIGHT,
HOW MANY MORE ARE YET TO FALL
BENEATH THE REeking SMOKING PALL,
OF WAR? I HATE IT! OH DEFEND
AND HELP US, LORD, TO SPEED ITS END.

EMPTY GLORY

THE GLORY OF WAR — WHAT IS IT?
THE FIGHTING MAN IT DOESN'T VISIT
THIS IS A SHALLOW GRAVE BENEATH THE CLAY
AND WHILE HE LIVES TWO AND SIX A DAY!

DREAMS

WHEN SILENCE, O'er THIS DREARY ROOM
AND SLUMBER DULLS THE EDGE OF MEMORY'S PAIN
THESE AND A HUNDRED OTHER PICTURES BLOOM
IN SLOW SUCCESSION IN MY DROWSY BRAIN —
A HOST OF DEAR LOVED FRIENDS WITH WHOM
I SING IN SLEEP, TO DREAM I'M HOME AGAIN.

THE GREEN EYE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD

THERE'S A GREEN EYED YELLOW IDOL TO THE
NORTH OF KAT-MEN-DU,

THERE'S A LITTLE MARBLE CROSS BELOW THE TOWN
WHERE A BROKEN HEARTED WOMAN SENDS
THE GRAVE OF MAD CAREW

AND THE LITTLE YELLOW IDOL FOREVER GAZES DOWN

* * *

HE WAS KNOWN AS MAD CAREW BY ALL THE
SUBS OF KAT-MEN-DU

HE WAS MADDER THAN THEY FELT INCLINED TO TELL
BUT FOR ALL HIS FOOLISH PRANKS

HE WAS WORSHIPPED IN THE RAVITS

AND THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER SMILED ON HIM AS WELL

* * *

SHE WAS NEARLY TWENTY-ONE AND ARRANGEMENTS
HAD BEGUN

TO CELEBRATE HER BIRTHDAY WITH A BALL

HE HAD LOVED HER ALL ALONG WITH THE PASSION
OF THE STRONG

THAT SHE LOVED HIM WAS ALSO PLAIN TO ALL

* * *

HE WROTE HER ASKING WHAT SHE WOULD LIKE
FROM MAD CAREW,

THEY MET NEXT DAY AFTER HE DISMISSED HIS SQUAD
AND JESTINGLY SHE TOLD HIM THAT NOTHING ELSE
WOULD DO BUT THE GREEN EYE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD.

* * *

ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DANCE MAD CAREW
SEEMED IN A TRANCE.

AND THEY CHAPPED HIM AS THEY PUFFED ON THEIR CIGARS
BUT FOR ONCE HE DIDNT SMILE AS HE SAT THERE FOR AWHILE
THEN SLIPPED INTO THE NIGHT BENEATH THE STARS

* * *

HE RETURNED BEFORE THE DAWN WITH HIS
SHIRT AND TUNIC TORN

AND AN UGLY GLASH ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD DRIPPING RED
HE WAS PATCHED UP RIGHT AWAY AND HE SLEPT
THROUGH OUT THE DAY

AND THE COLONELS DAUGHTER WATCHED BESIDES HIM

* * *

HE AWOKED AND ASKED HER BRING HIS TONIC THROUGH

SHE BROUGHT AND HE THANKED HER WITH A NOD

AND MADE HER SEARCH THE POCKETS THROUGH SAYING
THATS FROM MAD CAREW

SHE FOUND THE GREEN EYE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD

* * *

SHE UPBRIDED POOR CAREW IN THE WAY
 THAT WOMEN DO,
 THOUGH EYES WERE STRANGELY DIM AND WET
 SHE REFUSED TO TAKE THE STONE
 AND MAD CAREW WAS LEFT ALONE, WITH THE
 JEWEL HE CHANGED HIS LIFE TO GET

* * *

OH THAT WARM AND TOPIK NIGHT, WHEN THE
 BALL WAS AT ITS HEIGHT
 SHE THOUGHT OF HIM AND HASTENED TO HIS ROOM,
 AS SHE CROSSED THE DARRIGHS SQUARE
 SHE COULD HEAR THE DREAMY AIR OF A
 WALTZ TUNE SOFTLY FLOATING THROUGH THE GLOOM.

* * *

HIS DOOR WAS OPEN WIDE SILVER MOONLIGHT
 STREAMED INSIDE
 AND THE FLOOR SEEMED WET AND STICKY WHERE SHE TROD
 FOR AN ULLY KNIFE LAY BURIED IN THE HEART OF MAD CAREW
 'T WAS THE VENGEANCE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD.

* * *

THERES A GREENED EYED YELLOW TROD TO THE
 NORTH OF KAT-MEN-PU
 THERES A LITTLE MARBLE CROW BEYOND THE TOWN

WHERE A BROKEN HEARTED WOMEN TENDS THE GRAVE
 OF MAD CREW
 AND THE LITTLE YELLOW IDOL FOREVER GAZES DOWN

THE LAST FLIGHT

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WE FACED THE STRAIN
 OF FLYING OVER THERE
 WE RETURNED TRIUMPHANT TIME AGAIN
 AND ^{OF} DANGER TOOK OUR SHARE

* * *
 THAT LONG LAST FLIGHT WHICH WAS THE WORST
 WE BATTLED WITH THE HUN, ENGAGE HIM,
 THOUGH TWICE IN VAIN, WE FOUGHT HIM, BUT HE WON

* * *
 THE SMOKE GREW THICK, THE FLAMES ROARED UP
 I WITH MY CHUTE DID LEAP
 TO ME YOUR FATE WAS THEN UNKNOWN
 AND LITTLE DID I SLEEP

* * *
 DEATH PARTED US FROM YOU MY FRIENDS
 THAT VISION REMAINS FOREVER
 I HOLD YOUR MEMORY IN MY HEART
 WHICH ONLY THE REAPER COULD SEVER

* * *

ON THAT FOREIGN SOIL NOW DO YOU REST
 BUT THOUGH THE RACE IS RUN
 THE LAND YOU FOUGHT FOR, THINKS ONCE MORE
 OF THE GOOD WHICH YOU HAVE DONE

PRISONER OF WAR

IT IS A MELANCHOLY STATE
 YOU ARE IN THE POWER OF YOUR ENEMIES,
 DAILY BREAD TO HIS COMPASSION, YOU MUST OBEY
 HIS ORDERS, AWAIT HIS PLEASURES.
 POSSESS YOUR SOUL IN PATIENCE
 THE DAYS ARE LONG, HOURS CRAWL BY LIKE
 PARALYTIC CENTIPEDES. MOREOVER THE
 WHOLE ATMOSPHERE OF PRISON, EVEN IN THE
 BEST AND MOST REGULATED OF PRISONS IS ODIOUS.
 COMPANIONS QUARREL ABOUT NOTHING AT ALL
 AND GET THE LEAST POSSIBLE ENJOYMENT
 FROM EACH OTHERS COMPANY.
 YOU FEEL A CONSTANT HUMILIATION AT BEING
 FENCED IN BY RAILING AND WIRE,
 WATCHED BY ARMED GUARDS AND WEBBED
 BY A TRIANGLE OF REGULATIONS AND
 RESTRICTIONS.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.
 1899.

WHEN FIRST WE JOINED THE AIR-FORCE WE THOUGHT,
IT WOULD BE BEST, TO INCLUDE A LITTLE SERVICE SLANG
IN MOTHERS WEEKLY LETTER.

AND SO SHE LEARNED THAT WE WERE CHEESED
AND BROWED OFF WITH BEING SPROGS,
WE DIDNT LIKE THE DULL AT ALL, WE CLEANED
TO MANY BOGS.

WHEN HOME ON LEAVE WE'D TREAT THE GIRL
TO CHAR AND PERHAPS A WAD, AND SPEAK
ABOUT HER FATHER AS A PRETTY CLUELESS BOD.
WHILE HER BROTHER IN THE ARMY A BROWN
JOB HAD NO HOPE, HE SIMPLY HADNT GOT
THE GRIEF THE PONGO COULNT COPE.

OUR FLYING WAS A PEICE OF CAKE, THE ODD
PRANG NOW AND THEN,

BUT USUALLY WE'D STOOGED AROUND WE REALLY
HAD THE GEN.

WE'D BLAST THE HUN DEEF THE FLAK, PRESS
ON THROUGH ICE AND SNOW

AND SOMETIMES WE'D COLLECT A GONG BANG-ON
A WIZARD SHOW.

THEN CAME THE NIGHT OF GROUPS BIG BOOB
SOME TYPE WAS NOT ON TOP!

ACH-TUNG YOU SHALL EIN BURTEN HAF I GIVE TO YOU ZE CHOP
OF WHICH WE TOOK A VERY DIM VIEW, WHEN DAWNED
THE REALISATION WE'D HAVE TO LEARN SOME BRAND
NEW SLANG, OR IS IT AFFECTATION?

SO NOW WE ARE KRIEGIES DRINKING BREW INSTEAD
OF DEAR OLD CHAR, WE THRIVE ON GASH AND CORNED
-DEEF HASH AND MORTAGE OUR "D" BARS

WE GIVE GOONS HELL WHEN ON APPEL, WE PIT-BASH
DAY AND NIGHT,

WE ARE ROUND THE BEND, BUT PRAISE NO END OUR
EFFORTS AT ARBEIT.

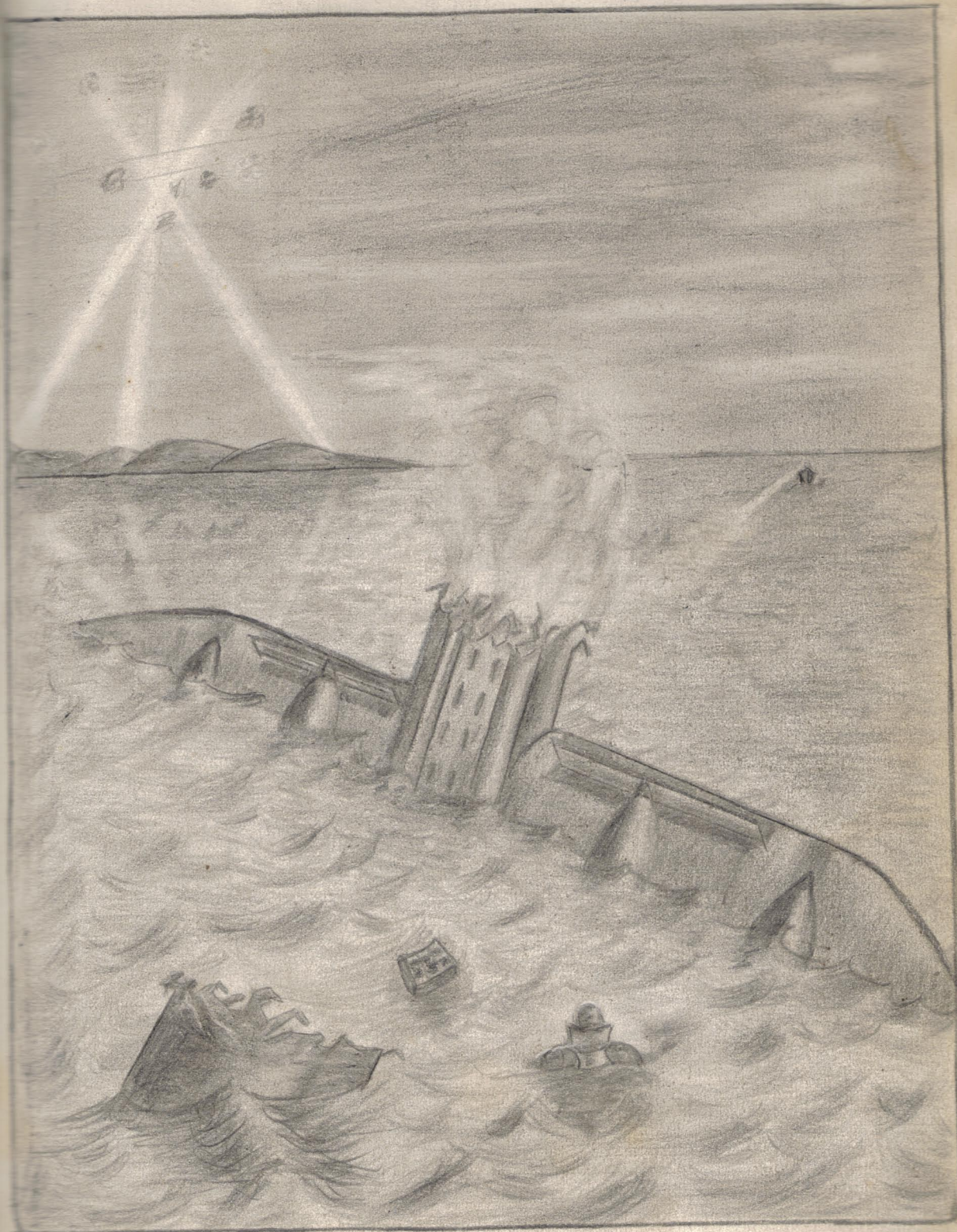
SO MOTHERS DEAR DONT THINK US QUEER, JUST BLAME
IT ON THE GOONS, IF YOU AT NIGHT AWAKE WITH
FRIGHT TO HEAR BOWLS UP FOR PRUNES.

WE ARE REALLY QUITE HARMLESS AND WE STILL
ARE FAIRLY YOUNG.

SO WE'LL SETTLE DOWN WHEN WE GET BACK TO
LEARN OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

One of our Aircraft failed to return!

15



FIVE MINUTES PAST TWO, AM. 26TH JULY 1942.

"THERE I WAS" !!!

"A piece of cake" !!, some of the boys said, before we took off, on "any sea hours" !!, cracked the C.G.F. But little did they know that there would be one kite shoot in the morning.

At the stroke of 2300 hrs on the night of the 25 July 1942, we roared across the flood-lit flare-path in one of England's mightiest bombers. After circling the drone once, we set course for our target, and so we flew on, on, and on.

I, in my rear turret, was the last to see the shores of England disappear into the misty blue. We were all very confident of doing our job successfully and with little opposition from the enemy, and to return once more to our "off's" breakfast of bacon and eggs. Little did I realize how long it would be, before I would again see the shores of dear old England.

The weather had been quite good with a full moon shining on our starboard bow, but, on crossing the French coast we encountered thick cloud.

Immediately we started to climb and within a few moments we broke cloud and were once more in bright moonlight. Owing to the brightness of the sky, I was kept busy looking around for night fighters, which were known to be in the vicinity. I stared out into the night until my eyes ached and coloured light seemed to dance before them.

By this time I began to feel rather thirsty, so I proceeded to gulp the hot coffee from my Thermos-flask, which quickly refreshed me.

The silence had reigned supreme, for what seemed like hours, until I heard the navigator's voice over the "inter-com" warn the pilot that we would soon be approaching the target area, the pilot replied "right - ho chaps keep your eyes open as we are going to fox lights, and their maybe 'flash ships' around".

As we were losing height, the pilot periodically reported our altitude until we leveled out at our operating height.

We had been flying for a few minutes, when suddenly a search-light appeared on the starboard quarter. I immediately warned the pilot who took evasive action and told me to give it a burst if it should pick us up, but I did not have the privilege of firing my gun, as it was soon extinguished.

Shortly afterwards I again heard the pilot's voice, this time to warn the Bomberdier to get ready to release our cargo.

As we were turning for the "run up" a "flat ship" opened up at us, on the starboard beam, without hesitation I turned my turret towards the ship, sighting up, I returned the fire with three short bursts, which succeeded, by stopping their fire which had at times been previously near.

As this was the first time I had used my gun on operations, I was congratulated by all the crew on my success.

We were on the target now and I could hear the Navigator counting the seconds as the Bomberdier released the mines "One, Two, Three," As the third mine left the Aircraft a second load of hell was hurled up at us from another flat ship which according to the direction of the fire, was directly beneath us, before we had chance to avoid this second lot, we were hit all along the fuselage.

Flames started to shoot from both sides of my turret, I immediately called up the Pilot, but I received no reply, then suddenly to my horror I realized the inter-com was dead, this being the only means of connecting me to the rest of my crew.

From now on it meant that I had to work on my own initiative. I tried to centralize my turret but the hydraulics had been shot away, so I tried operating it manually, this time succeeding,

I opened my turret doors and was met with intense heat and flames, the sparks from the fire burning holes in my scarf.

I reached for the fire extinguisher which was situated just outside the turret on my right, whilst my ammunition was exploding all around me. Before I could combat the fire, from where I was situated in my turret, I felt a sudden shudder through the aircraft, quickly followed by another greater than the first, water immediately started gushing through the turret, which made me quickly realize that we had crash landed on to the sea. I started rotating my turret to port as I knew if the dingy had been released it would be floating on the starboard side but to my greatest consternation it jammed after turning only a few inches. Water had now reached my waist, seconds were precious and my only chance to escape from this now doomed aircraft was to squeeze through the small opening from the turret into the fuselage. After struggling for what seemed like hours I dragged myself free and fell under water which had now three quarters filled the fuselage.

I made a frantic grab around me for some object in which to pull myself to my feet, which turned out to be, the handle of the door, situated in the starboard side of the aircraft. The pressure of the water on the outside forced the door inwards, giving me exit from this still fast sinking aircraft. Now having my exit before me I felt far safer and I thought of the rest of my crew, wondering if they had managed to get out so in an attempt to satisfy my mind I yelled up the fuselage "O.K. fellows" but only deathly silence greeted me, except for the lapping of the water.

There was a sudden lurch as the aircraft plunged beneath the waves, carrying me with it. I leaned forward and pulled the lever on my "Mae West" and felt a sudden tightening around my chest. I knew then my "Mae West" was inflated which shot me to the surface, I turned and pressed my Parachute harness

release, which slipped from around me and sank.

On looking round I was amazed to see the front portion of the aircraft still floating with its broken back pointing to the sky. Seeing none of the crew floating around, I started shouting aloud in hopes that they may have drifted from the wreckage. I was greatly relieved to hear someone reply from the other side of the still floating wing. I answered "Is there any one else" he shouted back, that he was the only one, and that I should swim round to him as he was with the Dingy.

On swimming round the wing the remains of the aircraft was lit up by a beam of light from a boat which was speeding towards us. We were picked a few minutes later and taken aboard, immediately searched and given dry clothes. Later we learned that this was the "Hoh-Ship" which had shot us down, we were treated very well, and was later taken ashore at a French Port. Here a car was awaiting for us which took us to a Luftwaffe camp where we received our first interrogation, this soon proved a failure, so we taken to separate rooms where we were allowed to rest for the first time since our ordeal.

At 9 o'clock on the evening of the 26 July 42 we were both taken by car to a railway station where we were transported by the 10pm train to Paris, we arrived at Paris at 6 AM on the morning of the 27th where we were again taken by car to a Luftwaffe aerodrome on the outskirts of Paris, and placed in separate cells, here we were left to stagnate for 14 hours; at 9 o'clock in the evening we were once more taken by car to Paris Railway Station to catch the train which took us to Frankfurt. We arrived at Frankfurt at 11 AM 28 July, and taken

by train to "Dulag Luft", we were immediately placed in solitary confinement and once more interrogated, more deeply than before.

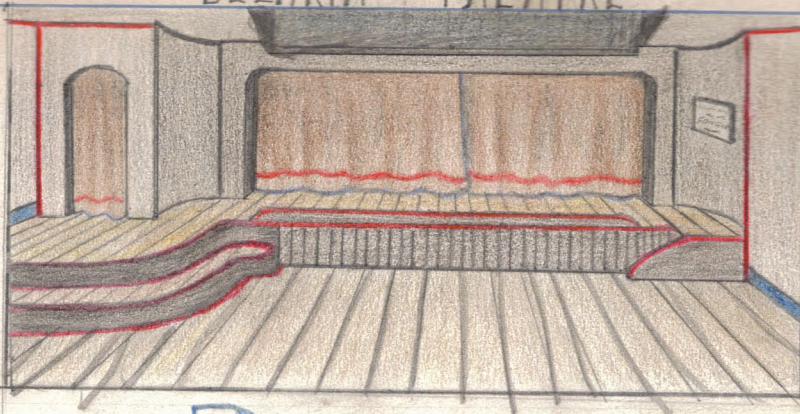
At 8 P.M. on July 30th the Pilot and myself. Left the "Hofmann" and went to the center Camp, here we were treated a little better than we were in the "Cooler".

August 3rd 11:50 A.M., we Left Dulag Luft, for a three day ride to VIIIB in a cattle truck, arriving at Stalag VIIIB on the 5th August, 1942, which is an Army Camp.

July 21st 1943 I Left VIIIB with 74 other prisoners and once more taken by cattle truck to LPT 3, a Luftwaffe camp, arriving at 1 P.M. Next day.

On January 7th we Left Sargen Luft 3, to go to a new camp a few miles away, called "Belaria" on the hill.

On the 28th January ~~approx~~ approx, we evacuated Belaria and after seven days on the march we arrived at a place called Spremberg, at 12 o'clock, here we rested a couple of hours and then boarded a cattle truck which brought us to Stalag IIIA arriving at same at approx 6 P.M. on Sunday 4th February 1945.



P R E S E N T S

LEN WHITELEY AND HIS BAND.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY.

ROPE.

HAYFEVER.

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE.

STILL LIFE.

REVUE.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.

LEN WHITELEY AND HIS BAND.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.

MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER SILESIA.

ASTONISHED OSTRICH.

FIRST MRS FRASER.

MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER SILESIA.

FANFARE XMAS SHOW.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.

TONS OF MONEY.