

STALAG - 17

STALAG 17

STALAG 17





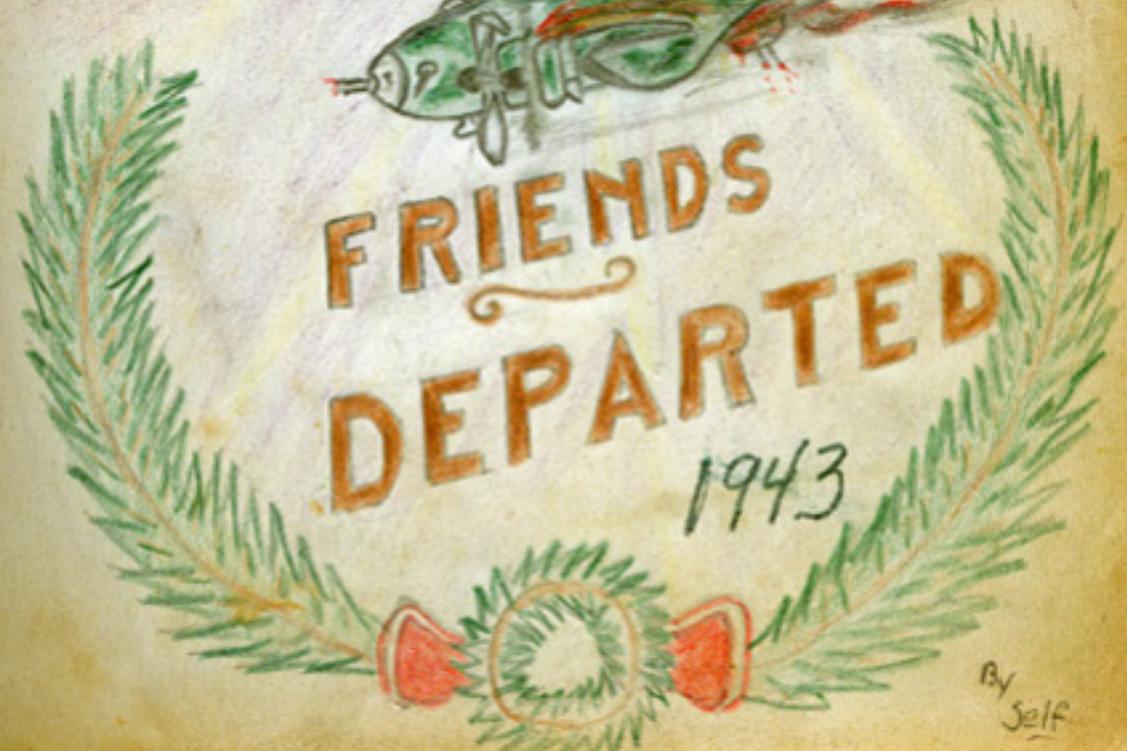
Gene Eliza Tierney, technicolor's darling, weighs 113 pounds, is 5' 5½" tall and has waist, hip and bust measurements that will make Vargo hurry home and sharpen all his pencils



IN
MEMORY
OF MY



FRIENDS
DEPARTED
1943



By
Self



FW-190 BY
SPAT

VAL STODDARD

1 REXBURG, IDAHO
40 MILES CABIN CAMPSALL TARGET
CREWSTALWAG
17B

BARBARA

JOHN T. MARTIN
LA GRANGE RT. (4)
GEORGIA

JAMES T. INCE

2 PRYOR, OKLAHOMA
ROUTE 2TAIL GUNNER
CREWSTALWAG
17B

BARBARA

BAKER HUNTER
STATENVILLE PO.
BOX 42 GEORGIA

WALLIE MARTIN

3 LYNN, MASS.
103 WASHINGTON ST.CREW
CONDUCTORSTALWAG
17B

BARBARA

TONY KUDAWA
924 SUMMIT AVE.
MONESSEN, PA.

JOHN JOHNSON

501 PEABODY ST. NW
WASHINGTON, D.C.WILLIAM RAILLY
507 PRESCOTT AVE
SCRANTON, PA.JAMES M. Mac DONALD
10 PORTLAND ST.
HOLYOKE, MASS.ANDY HRAMOTNIK
CLARENCE, PA.JOHN HONEYCUTT
VIRGINIA, P.O. BOX 97
VIRGINIAWM. L. WARREN
PAINT ROCK,
TEXAS4 PAUL M. MOFFETT
1028 LAWTON AVE. SW.
ATLANTA, GEORGIACREW
CAMPSTALWAG
17B

BARBARA

PORFIRIO GARCIA
BOX 425 SAN DAVIS
TEXASDELBURT E. GURA
MUKWANAGO R2E
BOX 121 WISC.ALFRED J. HANCOCK
119 N. VICTORIA ST.
BIRKHO, COLO.FATALITY
FEB 25 1945

Jay B. Jolley
770 - YORK ST.
DENVER, COLORADO

HOMERAY HENNESSY,
35 MOUNT. EDEN. RD.
GARRANERAMER,
CORK CITY
IRE.

ENGLISH

GEORGE P. SAVARIS
36-11 DITMARS BLVD
ASTORIA, LONG IS.
N.Y. CITY

MERBERT W. JACKSON
JONES & JACKSON
134 EAST 36th STREET
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

THE
TWIN

CLAUDE W. PAGE
3925 BUSSE ST.
MADISON, WISC.

John C. MacLay
10 HALBOAN ST.
MATTAPAN-BOSTON, MASS.

RED PAPER
145

MALCOLM W. BREZZE
NEW RAPID RUN DR.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

JOHN LEGAN
110 MARSHALL ST.
ELIZABETH, N.J.

COY D. MARTIN
50714 WALLS MARE MARTIN
845 CALIF. ST. APT. 606
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

ALFRED GALASSO
1914 HERING AVE
BRONX 61, N.Y.
PO. # 112618 EX 11 B

17B

GORDON ROEMERK
112 JEWEL ST
ROCHESTER, NY

PHILIP YARMY
2004 VITAEAL ST.
INDICOTT, NY.

IN PIN.
12/24/44

WILLIAM F. MOONEY
8149 EBERHART AVE
CHICAGO, ILL

AUTHOR BALDWIN
47 ASH GROVE RD
BISHOPSTON, BRISTOL
ENGLAND

MR. GESSLING
220 E. 42ND ST.
N.Y.C.

ETAILED
313
GERRIT

ANTHONY SAVETIERE
229 KANE ST.
BKLYN, N.Y.

HARRY A. GILKANE 17B
78 PROSPECT PARK WEST.
BKLYN, N.Y.

GREGORY DRABINKO
66-23-52 DRIVE
MADISON, L.I. N.Y.

FRED BONNET
HAMBURG, N.Y.

HOWARD GARTWAITE
23 SPARNO ST.
HAMPSTEAD, L.I. N.Y.

JULES BECK
1611 NELSON AVE
BRONX, N.Y.

ALFRED CHALKER
2107 BEDFORD AVE.
BKLYN. N.Y.

WALTER E. WEIDENMAN
223 LOCUST AVE.
AMSTERDAM, N.Y.

6 MILT. SELDIN
1472 PRESIDENT ST.
BRONX N.Y.

STALAG
17B
BARACK
17

EDDIE RICHARDS
BENTLEYVILLE, PA.
4 NORTH ST. PARK

JIM SUPPLE
3828 PRATT AVE.
BRONX, N.Y.

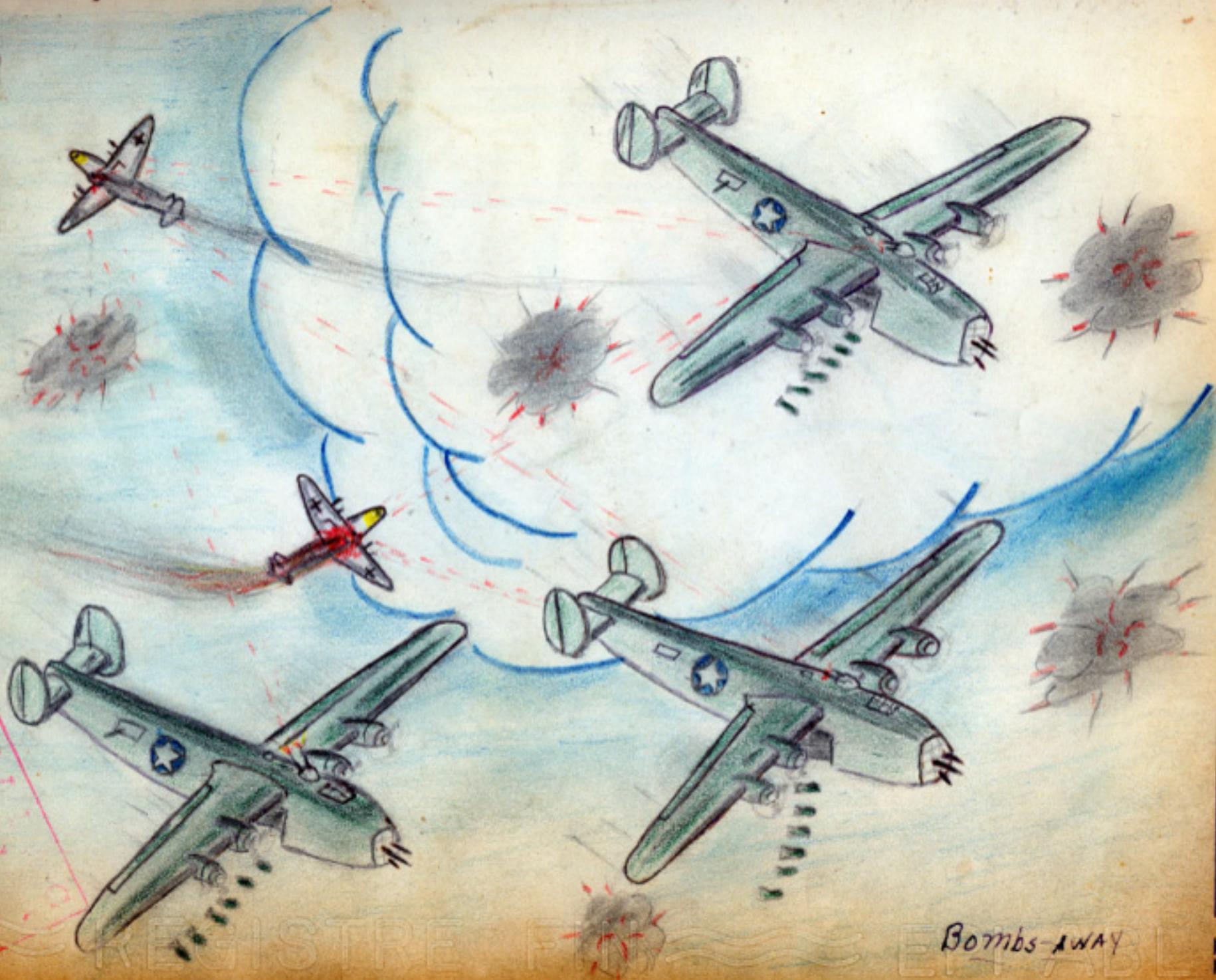
JOSEPH M. SPIRO
437 LYONS AVE
NEWARK, N.J.

HOWARD L. REES
51 PARKWAY RD.
BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

Stanley D Davenport
254 So Pearl St
Albany N.Y.

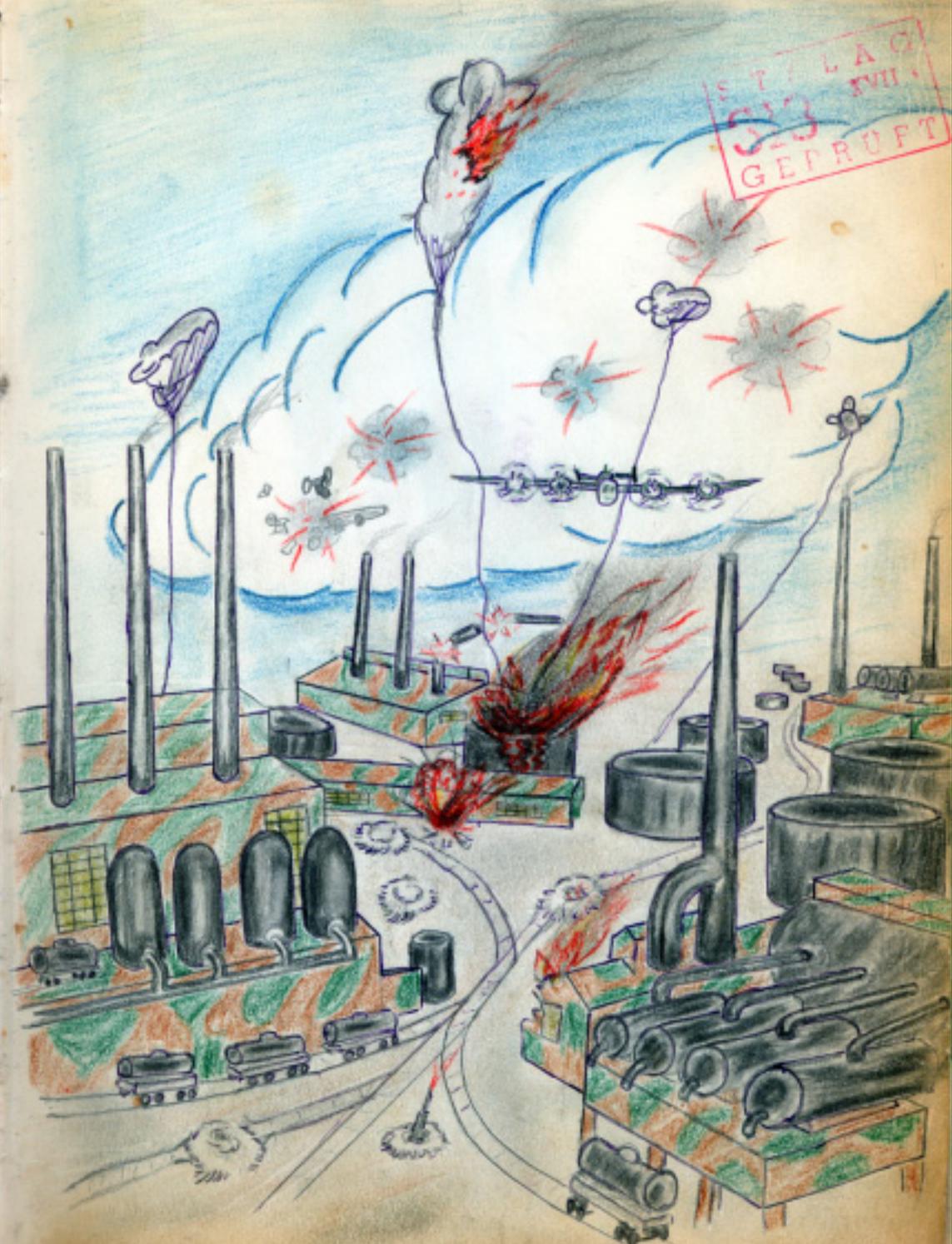
CORDON ROWE
58 CHAMPLAIN ST.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

William Howell
R.F.D. # 2
KING MTR., N.C.



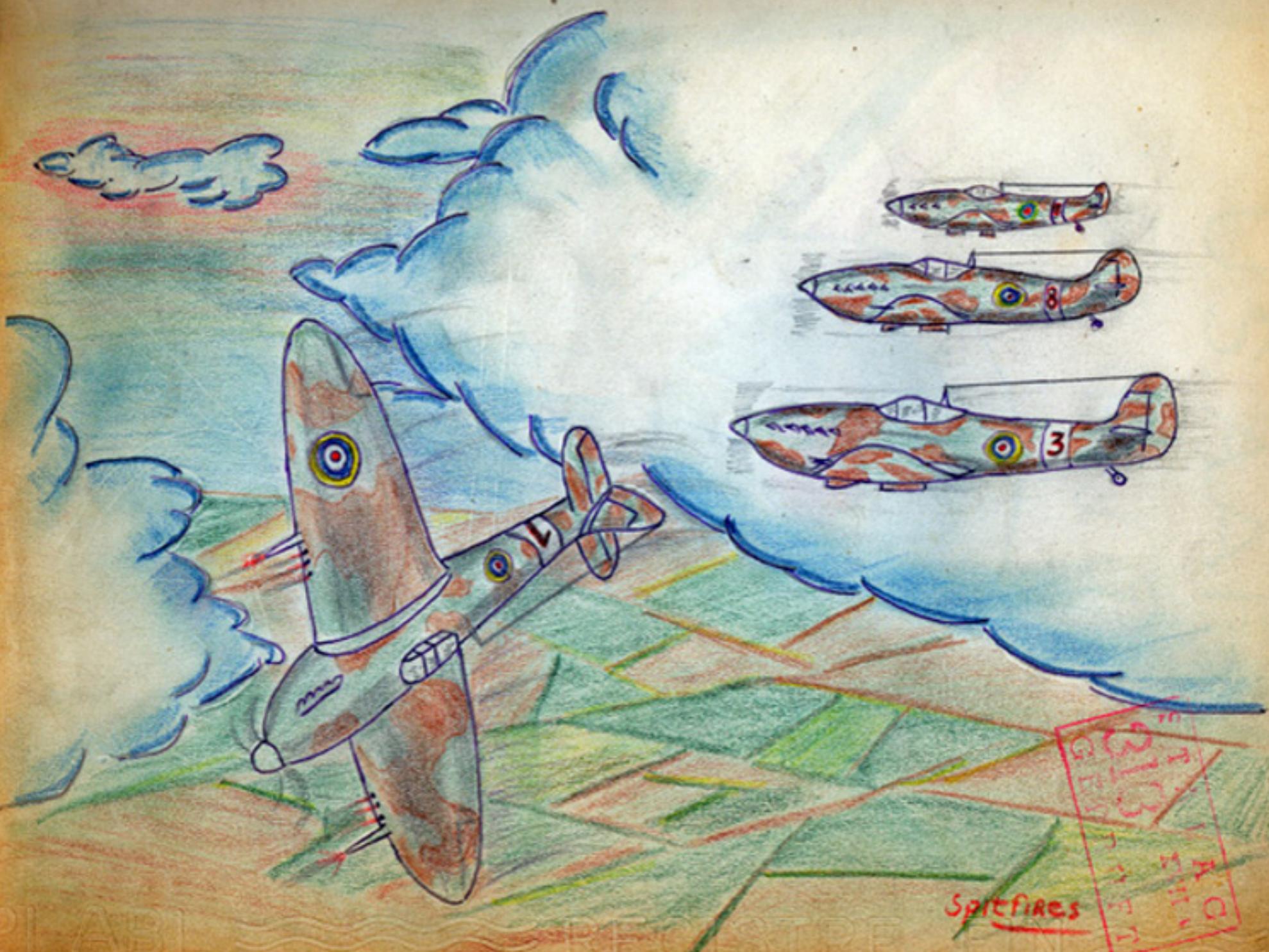
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
MAY 1943
U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Bombs-Away



ST. LAG.
1917
GEPRÜFT

OIL WELLS - REFINERY - BOMBED

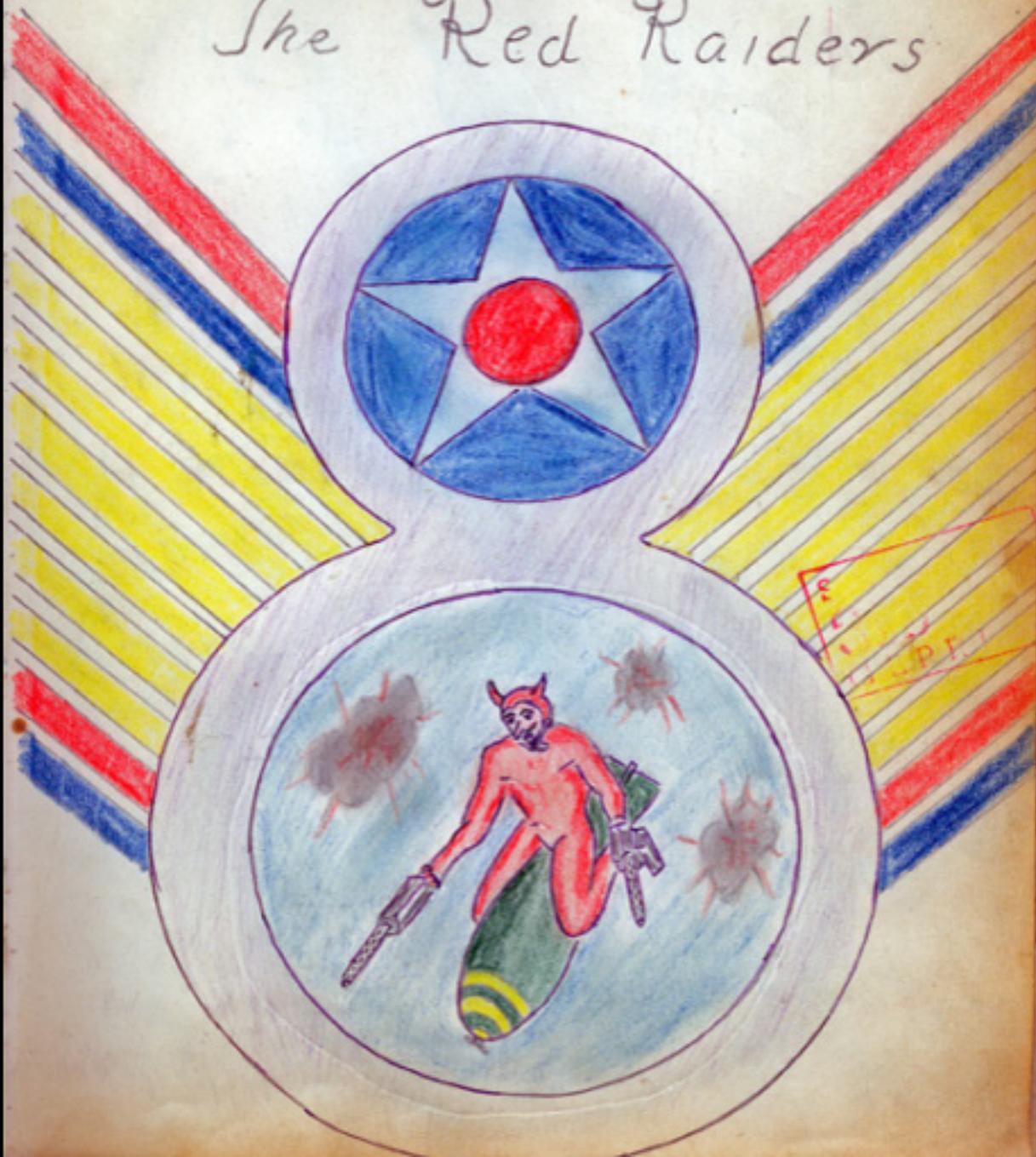


Spitfires

Handwritten text in a red rectangular box, possibly a collection or inventory list, including names like "A.C. 101" and "A.C. 102".

U.S.A.A.F.

The Red Raiders





JU-87

GERMAN
PLANE





STAL
313
GET



ME-110



FW-190

Air Corp Prayer

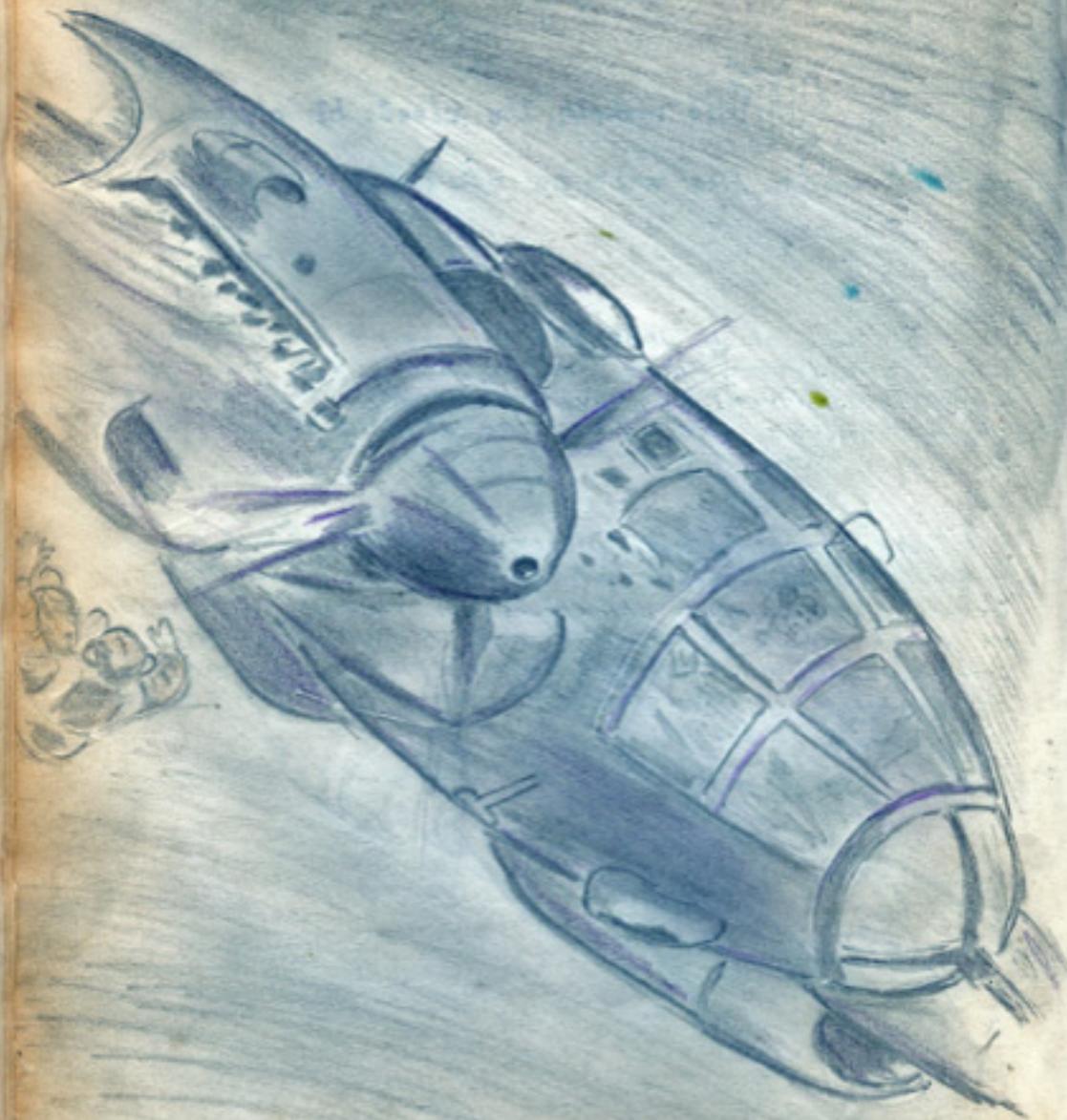
Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who
walketh upon the wings of the wind.

-Psalm 104:3

Thou who of old didst bear Thy people as on eagle's wings, and from whose encompassing love Thy children; we pray Thee for Thy sons who, for their country's sake, dare the utmost reaches of the sky.

Make them faithful in service, clear-headed in time of crisis, brave when perils confront them, terrible in combat, chivalrous in victory, successful in every noble endeavor, and if sudden disaster should befall, may they see their Saviour coming, as He promised, in the clouds, for whose sake we ask it. Amen.

STALIN
MAY 1945
G.P.





ST
G
G



ME-109-5



P-38

ETAG
313
GEPRIFFT

"Hold On-SKIPPER-
It won't Be Long"

NINTH FLIGHT.....



TOP
SIDE
M.G.



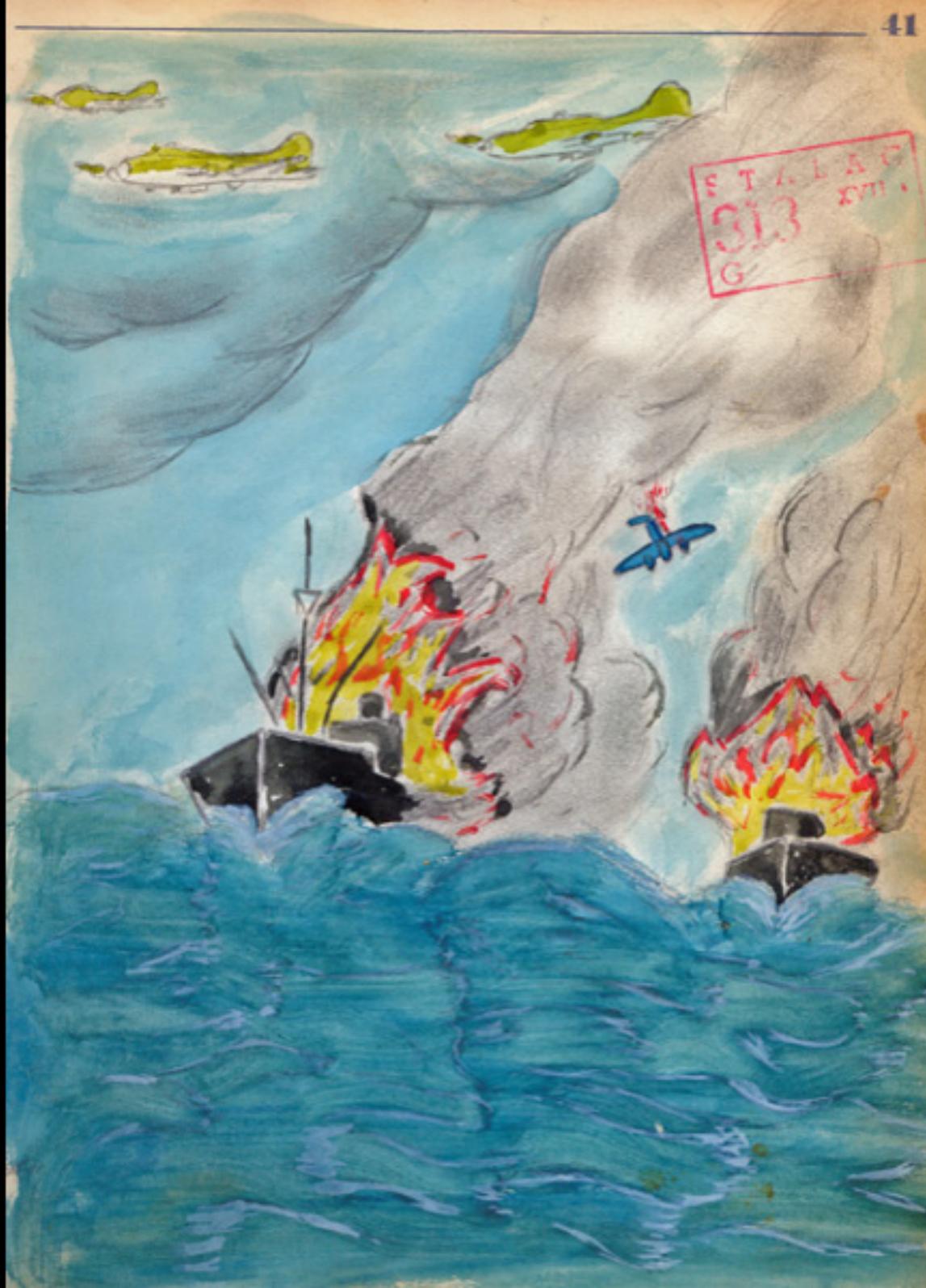
First Flight

PA
ST
GL



Pursuit Pilot
 J. Frank G. Johnson
 P.O. Box 363
 Bakerfield, Calif.

ETALAO
 373
 GEPH...







- Last Flight -
#7

10-20-1943

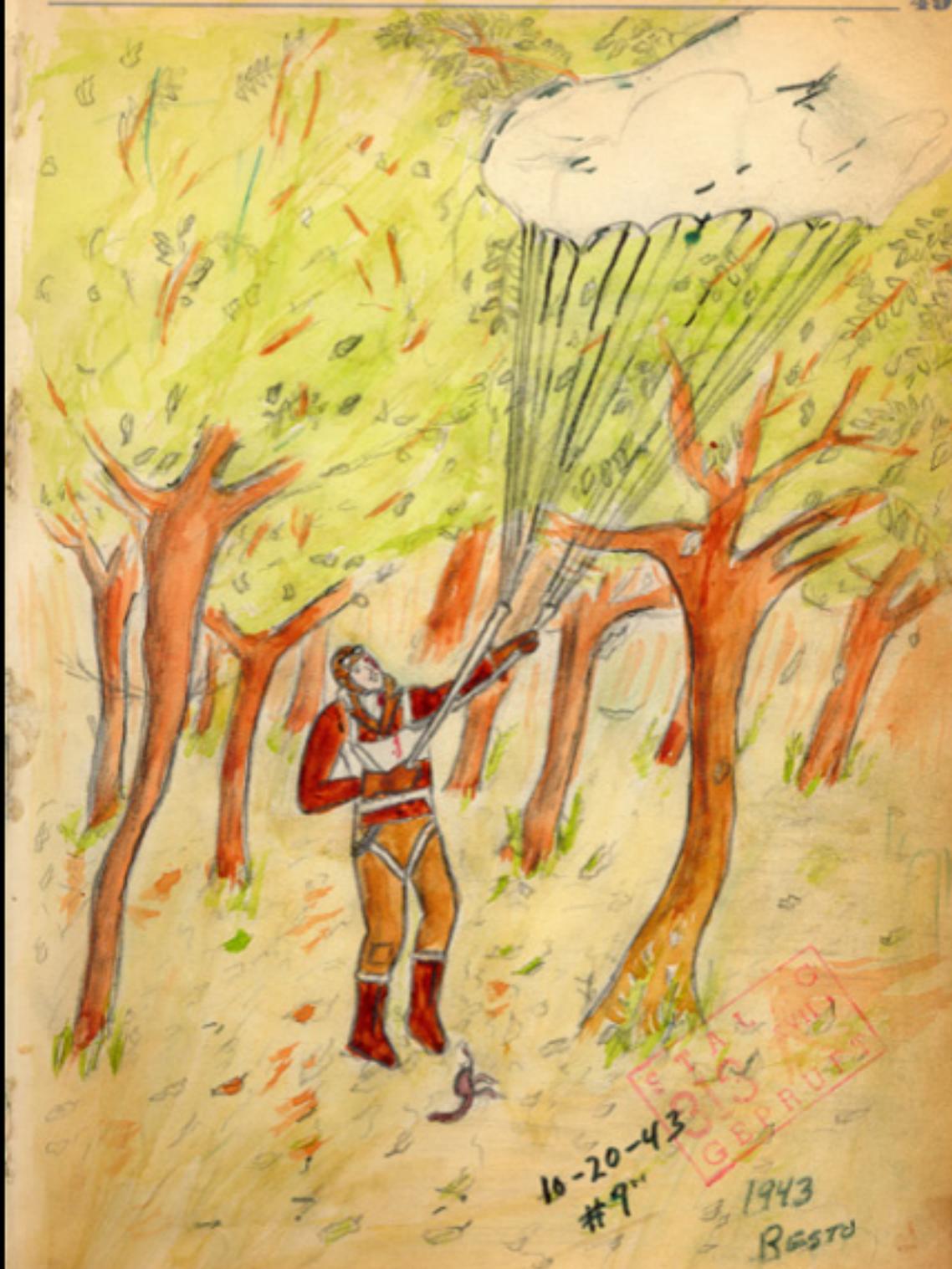
313
GENRO



STALLA
310
GEJ

Hitting
the silk
1943 #7TH

Resto



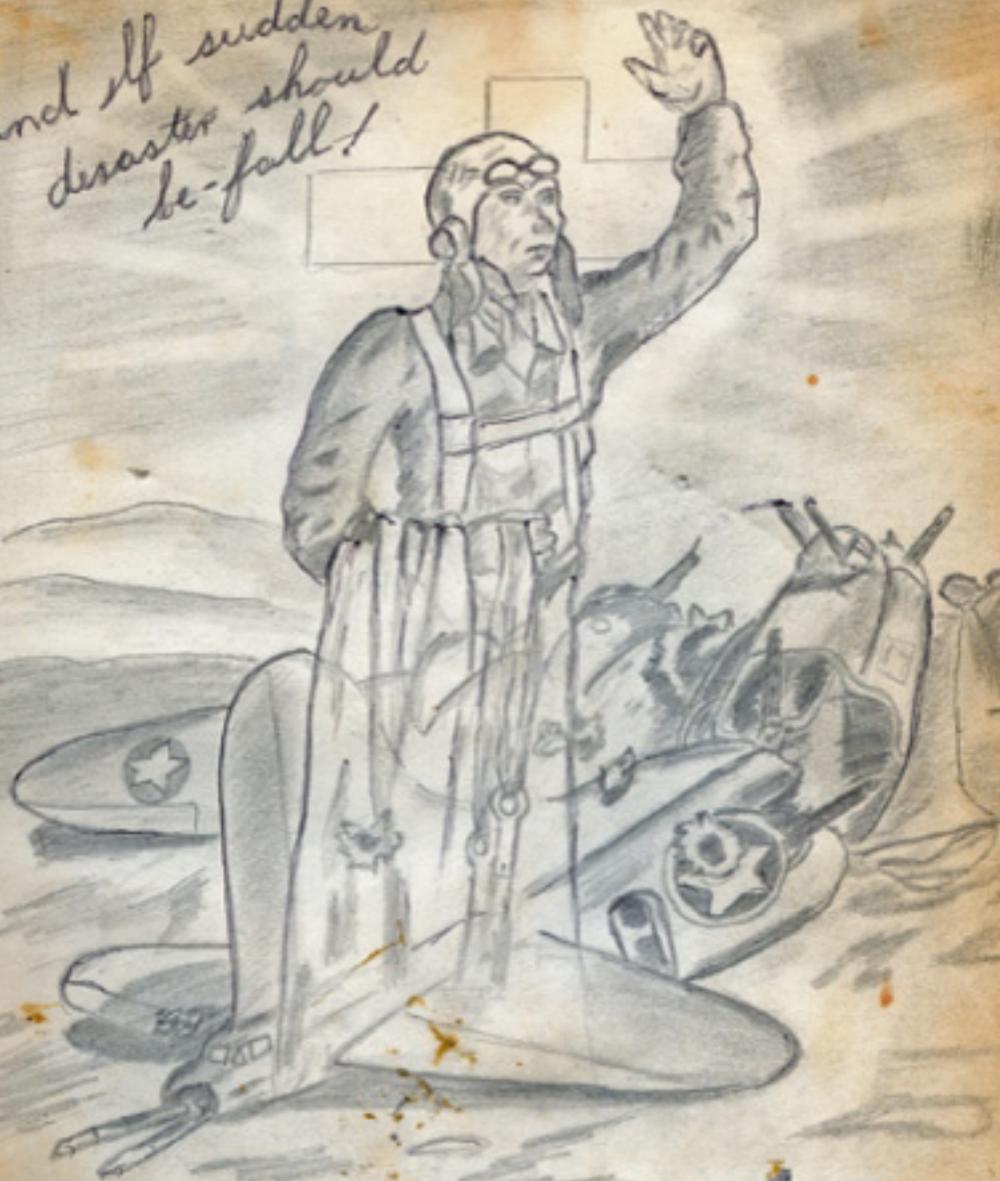
10-20-43
#9

ESTABLISHED
1943
G.B. PRUITT

1943
BESTU



And if sudden
disaster should
be-fall!

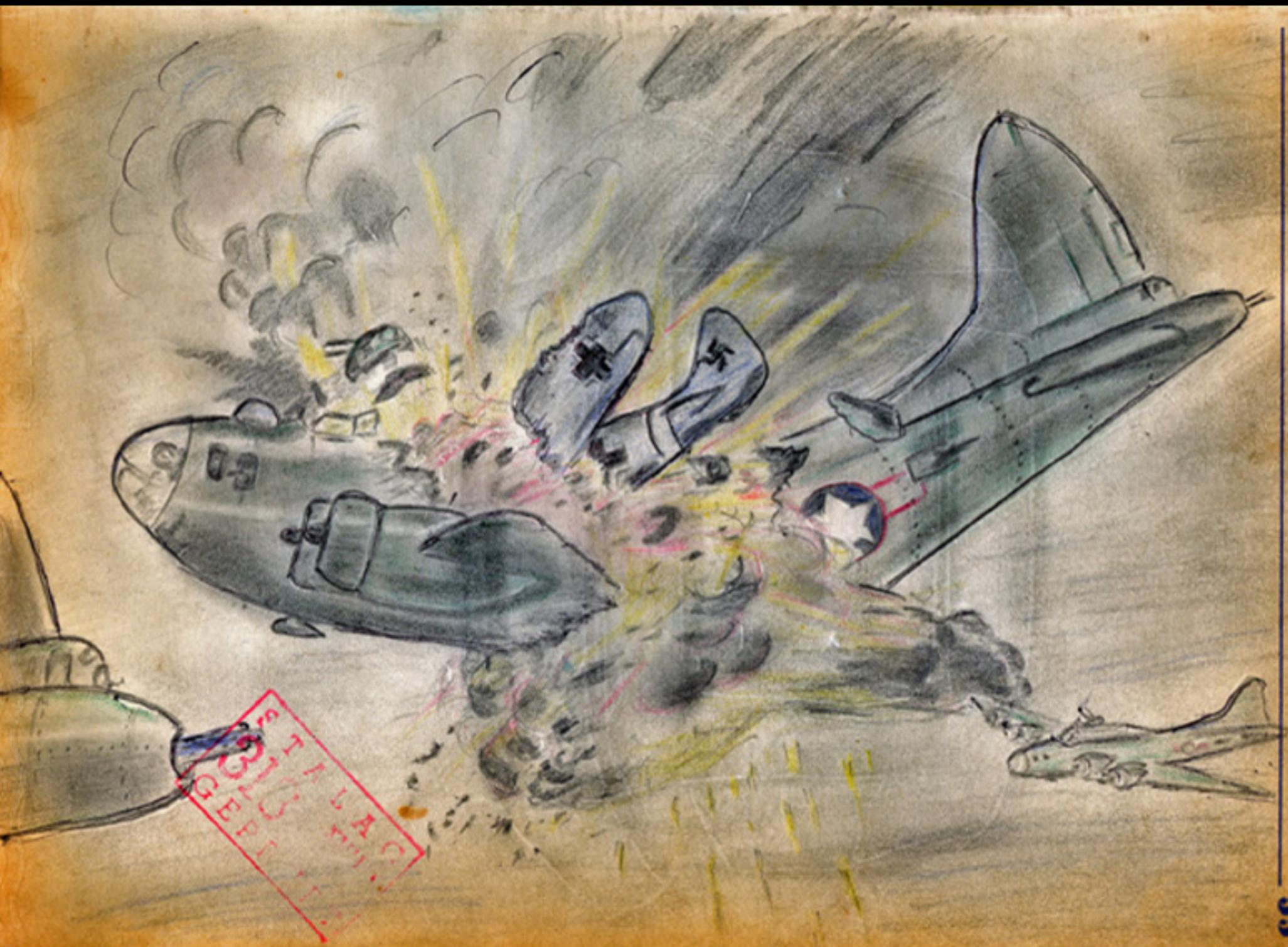


REPRU
3
AUG

"His Supreme Effort"

It was enough to make the twenty-four-old flight captain from the Sudetenland curse fluently. Not a bullet left in the belt. He had picked out a four-engined machine from a formation of American terrorist bombers and had got her in his sight as nicely as possible. It had been a grim battle with the enemy escort-fighters that tried to prevent him from penetrating into the bomber formation. They had been shaken off and now the tail-plane of a Boeing, his chosen victim, floated gigantically before him. The reckless Pilot Officer Leopold Munster, who had won his Knight's Cross with his own air victory, fired away for all he was worth, pouring his lead into the American, fired & fired. But the fellow refused to fall. And now his ammunition was 'Tough Luck': Was he to let his certain prey get away so easily? No, never! and so, without much deliberation, the flight captain decides to go all out in the attack. He dives his machine onto the terrorist bomber & thus downs his own enemy aircraft. The gallant & reckless officer is killed when the Boeing explodes. Pilot Officer Munster did not survive to receive the oak leaves to the Knight's Cross which the Führer awarded him for this supreme act of devotion, but his name and his deeds will live on as the legacy of a soldier who saw in the fight to the last breath the fulfilment of his young life.

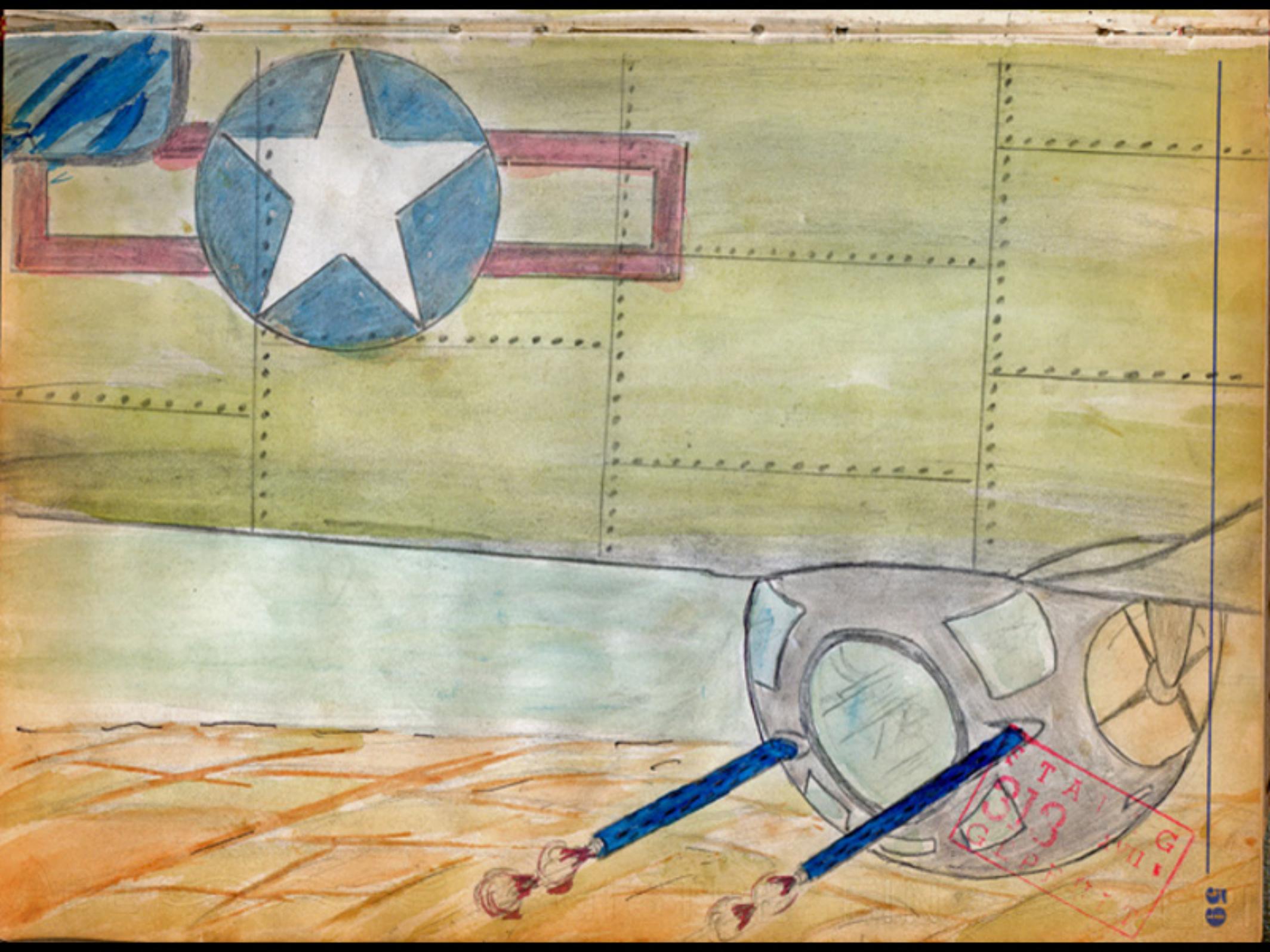
RECEIVED
 JUN 11 1941
 GEPRÜFT



OFFICIAL RECORDS
SEP 1945



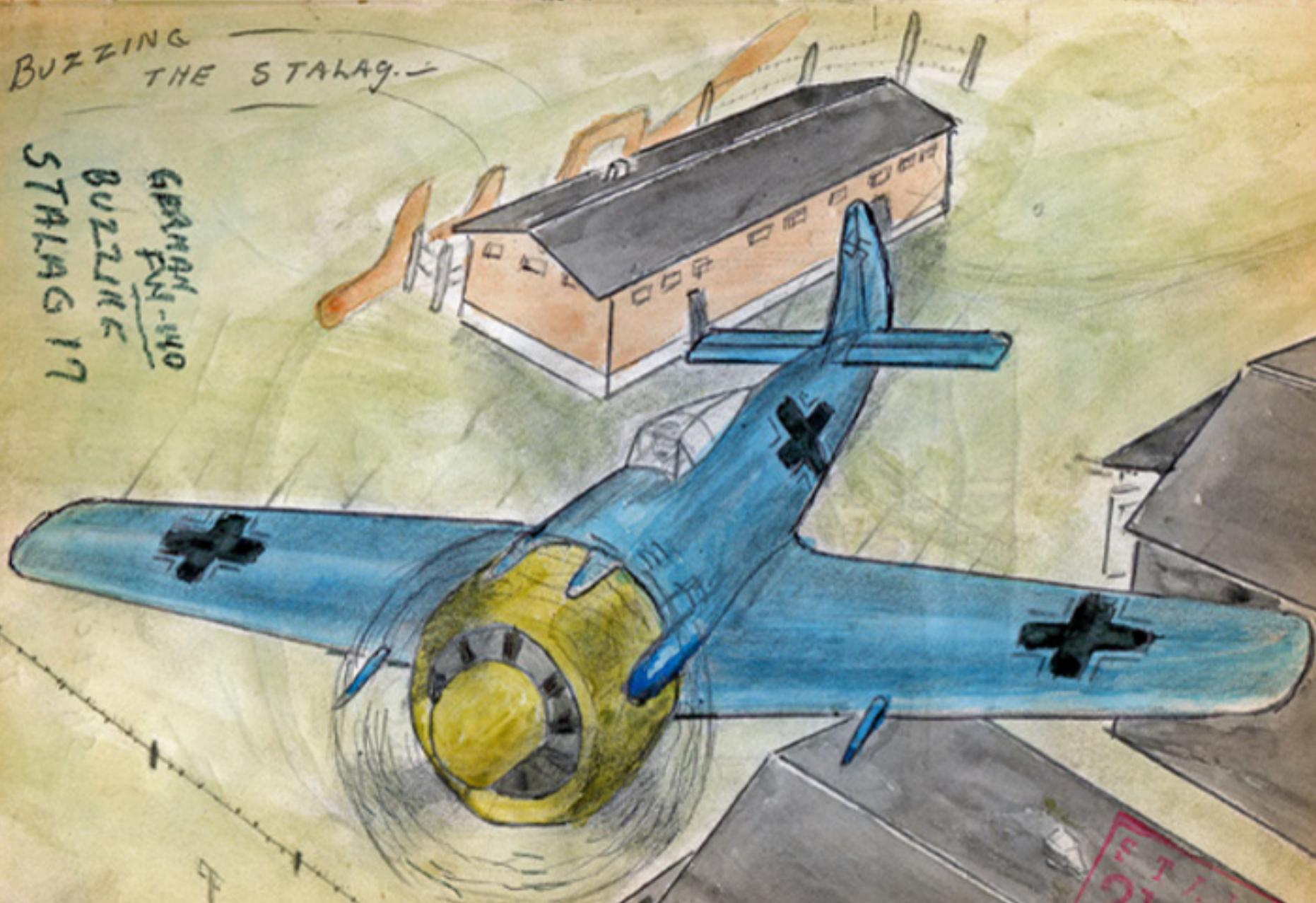
ST. JAMES
GLIMPSE



RETAIL
1913
GLP
G

BUZZING
THE STALAG.

GERMAN
FW-190
BUZZING
STALAG 17



STALAG
313
GERMANY



Sketch of a
TAIL GUNNER
Crawling OUT

STAINING
313
G. P. R. M. T.

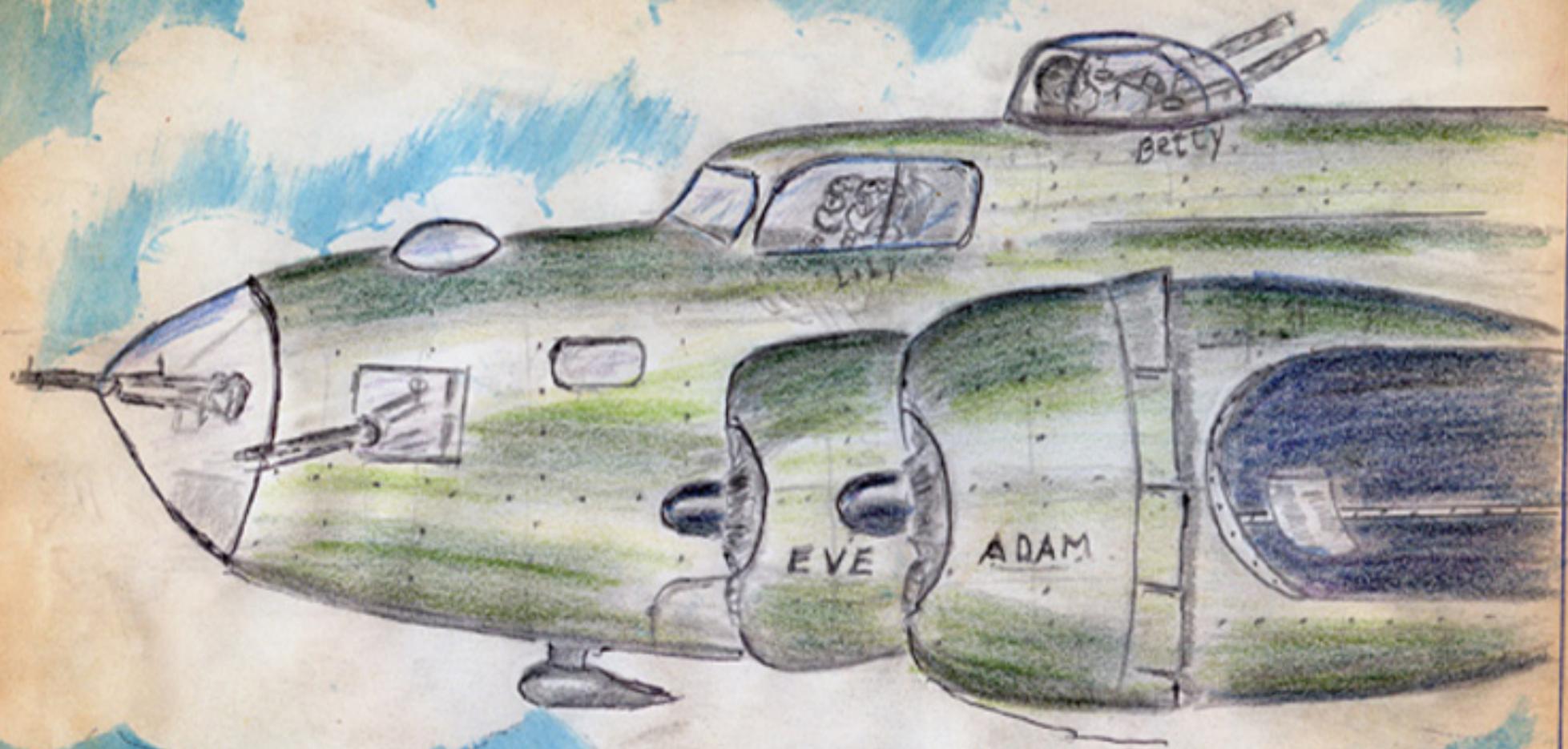




SKETCH OF A
WAIST GUNNER



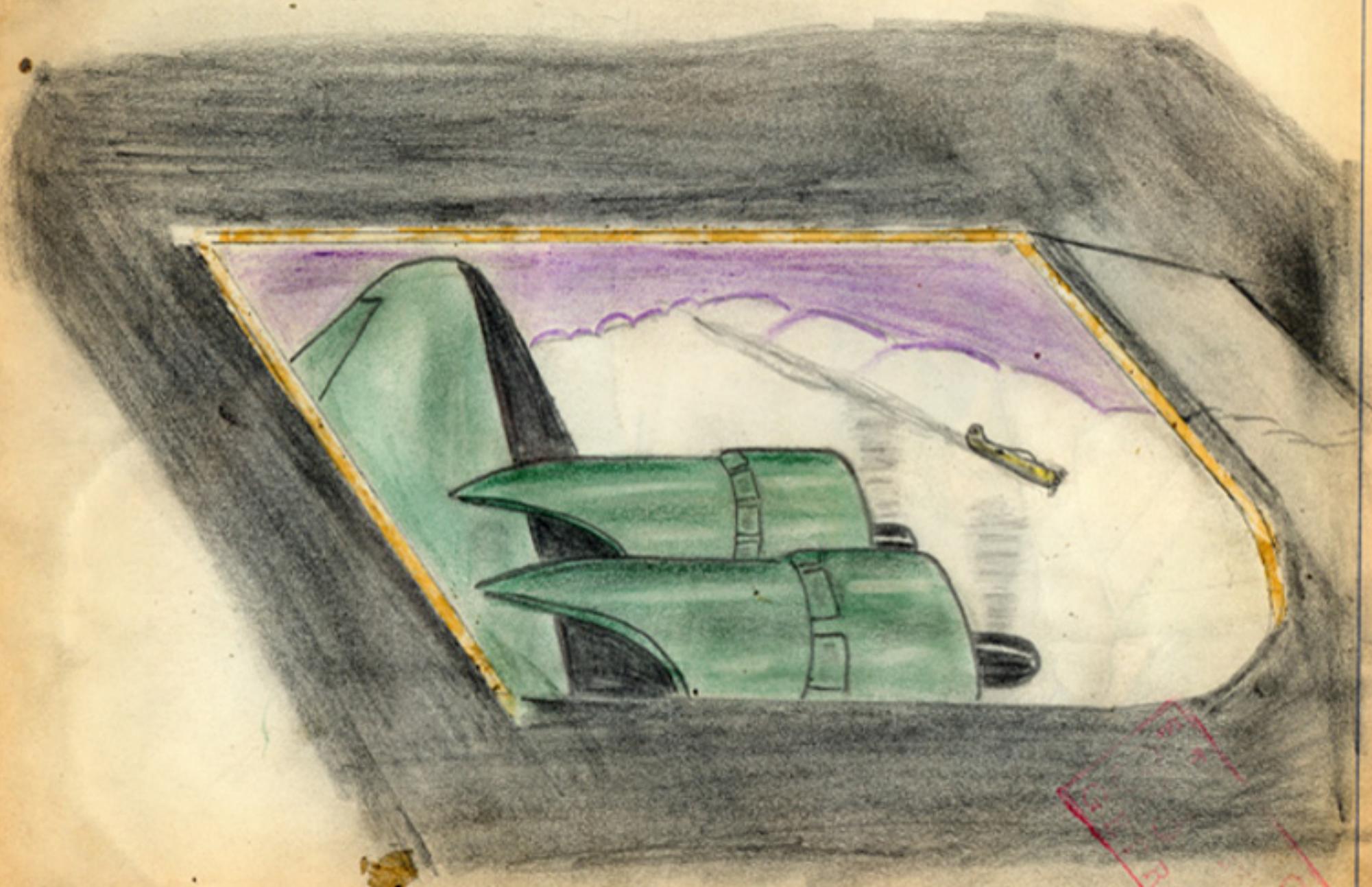
S. T. A. I. E.
313
GEBRÜTT



Chin Up Skipper We're Going Home!

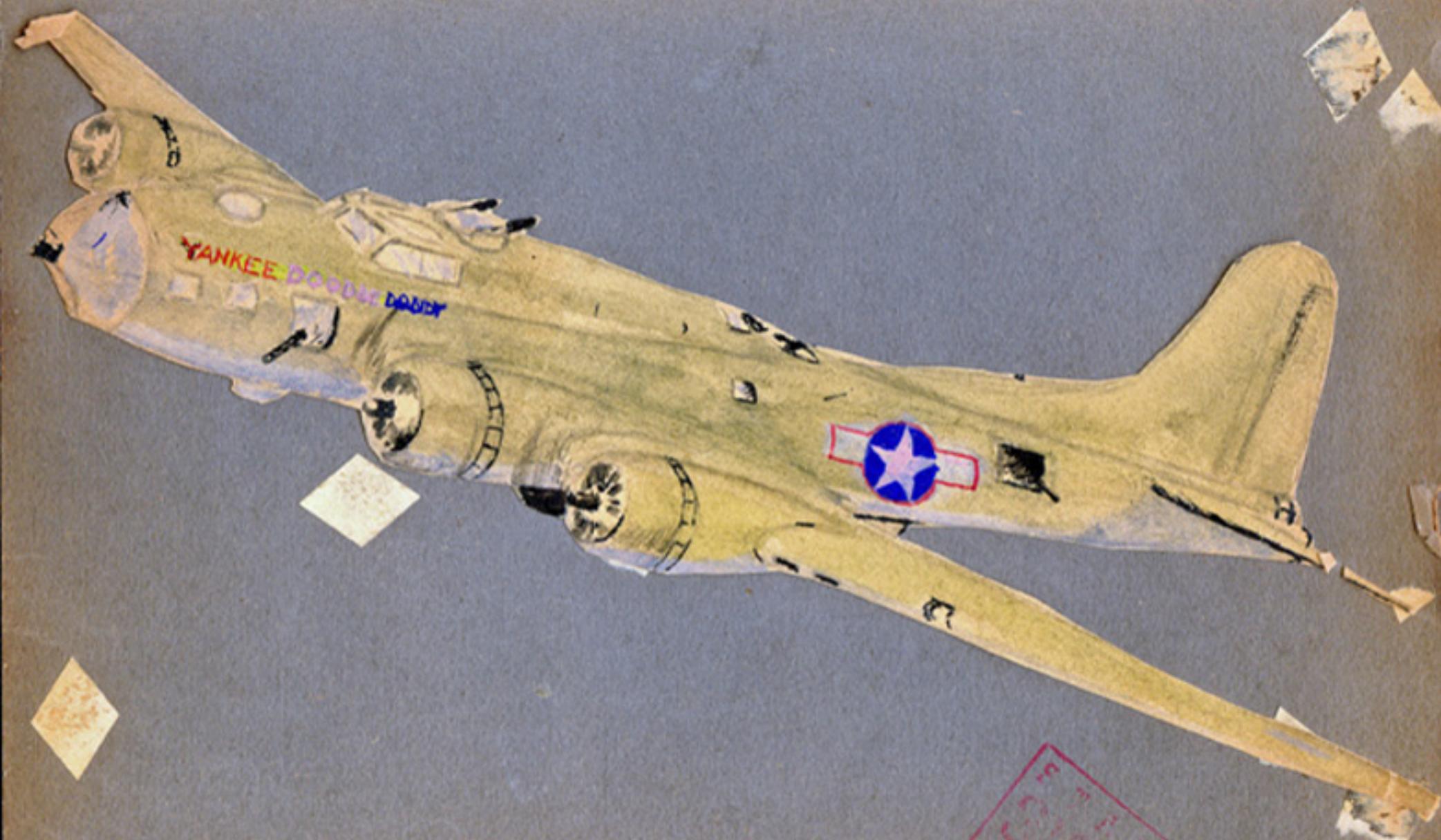


You've been a swell guy skipper
 So please don't give up now
 We've dropped our bombs on the
 target
 And we'll get you home somehow!



RECORDED
SERIALS





U.S. AIR FORCE
MUSEUM
WASHINGTON, D.C.



But let us return to the night. Searchlights have caught the enemy machine. The range-finder measures the distance to the enemy plane.

PE-Photos by war correspondent Berger (Sch.)



Pilot Lieutenant
STARBUCK

HOW THEY WON THEIR KNIGHTS CROSS



Squadron Leader SLAAS

Squadron Leader Class group commander in a bomber group, achieved with his group great successes in more than 300 flying operations against England and the Soviet Union. He failed to return from a flight against the enemy in the east.—Squadron Leader Eick, group commander in a night fighter group, scored 21 air victories as a night fighter.—Squadron Leader Hiler, group commander in a bomber group, got several victories out of action, destroyed important industrial installations, and scored serious damage to enemy shipping.—Squadron Leader Graupner, group commander in a bomber group, displayed in various fronts outstanding qualities as a bomber pilot.—Flight Lieutenant Rudolf Herr, squadron leader in a bomber group, such as along, leading 30,000 tons, in the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans and in the Mediterranean.—Captain Böhm, Luftwaffe commander in an anti-aircraft regiment, distinguished himself in the heavy winter fighting on the eastern front as an extremely gallant soldier and responsible leader.—Captain W. Schweizer, commander of a divisional squad, displayed unique courage in the destruction of enemy positions. By destroying these positions he prevented much material loss to industry.—Flight Lieutenant Sigward, squadron leader in a night fighter group, shot down 20 enemy bombers in numerous night operations. The gallant soldier was killed in action.—Flight Lieutenant Stroblach, squadron leader in a fighter group, obtained numerous air victories. During his numerous special missions there he made to the sinking of 12,000 tons of enemy merchant shipping on the Arctic Ocean front.—Flying Officer Jungblumen, squadron leader in a dive-bomber group, has outstanding achievements in his credit performed in more than 700 flights against the enemy. His successes and valour inflicted extremely heavy losses of men and material on the enemy.—Pilot Officer Krumm, pilot in a dive-bomber group, ranked among the most efficient pilots of his formation. He was killed in action.



Squadron Leader EICK



Squadron Leader RÖFER



Squadron Leader
GRAUPNER



Flight Lieutenant MAYS



Captain BÖHM

(P) Photos by war correspondents Dorothea Gök (1, Wk 1), Gerdler (Wk 1), Wengler, Jenz (M 2), Müller-Paul, Richter, Schäfers (Sch 2), Schenk-OEN (2), Winkler (1)



Captain SCHWEIZER



Flight Lieutenant
SIGWARD



Flying Officer
JUNGBLUMEN



Pilot Officer
KRUMM

"COURAGE CROWS WITH THE DANGER"

SCHILLER



Fight Lieutenant
STRAKELAHN



315210

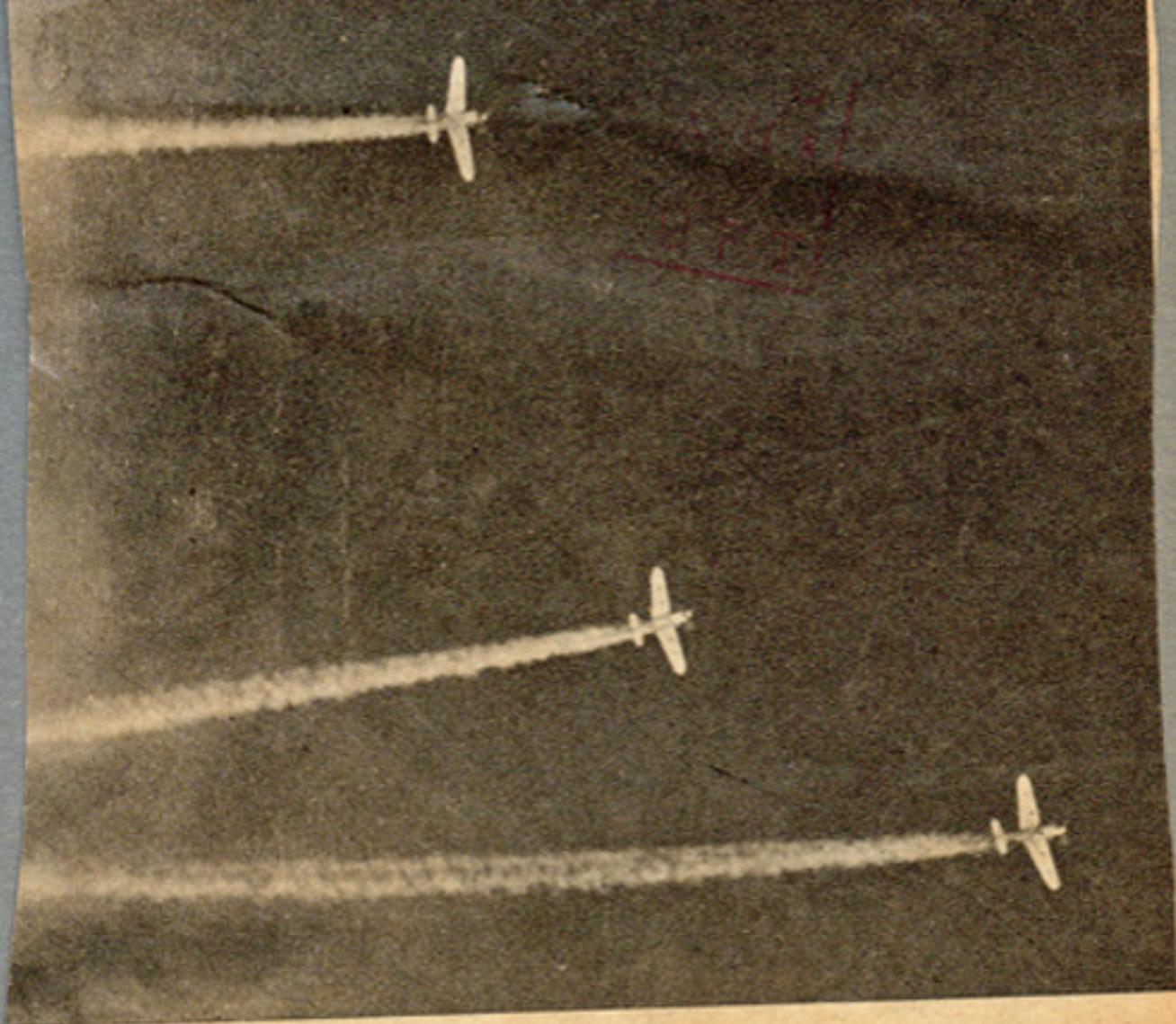
Officer W. is the reconnaissance flier, the "contact-stainer". He is on the heels of the enemy at every his penetrations and his reconnaissance reports an essential part of the data which guarantee the execution of the night fighting. As a Rhine- flying officer not only possesses an inexhaustible amour but an equal keenness in action. Every demands from him hours of extreme strain, without ing him the relief and fulfilment of battle and victory. task is only to help to guide the comrades to the enemy



Flying Officer Strüning, Bearer of the Knight's Cross, is a flier with all his heart and soul. At the end of 1940 he was transferred from the day-destroyers to the long-range night fighters, shot down nine Tommies over England, and was then employed in the defence of the homeland against the terrorist bombers. Spot the enemy, then bring him down—that is his principle. He recently shot down 3 four-engined bombers within 12 minutes. And near Berlin, he narrated, one crashed that had a live monkey on board as a mascot

Right: The containers which were emptied the night before are refilled with cartridges. The gunner carefully wipes each cartridge with an oily rag, for the tiniest grain of sand might cause a jam





A cold day in December. In towns and villages of north-west Germany the rhythm of work is suddenly broken by the wail of the sirens. American bombers are approaching, flying, as they generally do, at very great heights. In a flash the German defence is set in motion. Swarms of German fighters sweep on against the enemy, leaving long condensation trails behind them. The air battle begins . . .
(In the picture the deep blue of the sky appears as a black background)

Photos by Luftwaffe (war correspondents Scherkenbeck, Molitor, Wirth) Sch 4

The fighters stick to the heels of the enemy. One bomber
after the other is forced out of the close formation. As
rule its fate is then sealed. The camera of the war corres-
pondent, who had a close-up experience of the air battle
from an aircraft, has here recorded the moment of the crash
of a blazing four-engined bomber

G.P.P.
1916
L. 3





General Student spricht zu seinen Männern oft wie ein Vater zu seinen Söhnen. Als kampferfahrener und umsichtiger Befehlshaber gibt er nach der Befehlserteilung den jungen Soldaten Ratschläge und Vorsichtsmittel auf den Weg. Ist es ein Wunder, daß die Fallschirmjäger für „Ihren“ General durchs Feuer gehen?



Right: A man who has achieved 20 air victories in extremely difficult circumstances may truly be ranked among efficient night fighters. Flying Officer B., who is seen looking out of his machine with real owl-like eyes, is a pupil of Flight Lieutenant Knacke, the fallen Bearer of the Oak Leaves, who only sent his pupil into action when he considered him really efficient enough. The flying officer was able to build up on the experiences of his great instructor and to supplement them by his own battle experiences. He is a calm and magnificent flier, who candidly admits that his first contact with the enemy frightened him considerably. "When I saw the opponent", he relates, "I became noticeably smaller. I suppose everyone must first overcome this phase. Then I pressed the buttons, squeezed my eyes tight,—yes, and when I opened them again, the other chap was burning and fell into the depths. Now I fetch them down quite calmly and deliberately . . ."



Die Pariser Bevölkerung „begrüßt ihre Befreier“

Was haben die britischen Zeitungen und die Götzmischer am Rundfunk aller Welt über die mitzutellen gewußt, die ihnen entgegengebracht würde, wenn ihre Invasionstruppen erst ihren Fuß in französisches Mutterland gesetzt haben würden. Sie glaubten sich eines solch begeisterten Empfanges sicher, daß sie der Auffassung waren, daß selbst ihre Mordbomben, die sie auf soundso viele französische Städte warfen und damit wertvolles Kulturgut, Wohnhäuser und zahlreiche Menschenleben vernichteten, die französische Liebe für Albion nicht zerstören konnten. Die Briten und ihre amerikanischen Bundesgenossen haben nun seit dem ersten Tag der Invasion bei der Bevölkerung der Normandie einen kleinen Vorgeschmack dieser „Begeisterung“ bekommen. Er hatte zwar nichts mit Blumen und Konfettiregen zu tun, aber den richtigen Ausdruck dieser begeisterten Aufnahme erhielten erst jene gelangenen Briten, die wir bei ihrem „Einmarsch in Paris“ in unseren Bildern zeigen. „Die wahre Liebe ist das nicht!“, wird sich dieser Tommy wohl angesichts dieser französischen Ohrfeige sagen, die ihm da zur Begrüßung an der Seine verabreicht wurde, und auch die Frau im Bild rechts hat für die schabigen Bundesgenossen vergangener Tage nichts anderes übrig als Hohn und Verachtung. Sie bringt dies zum Ausdruck, indem sie einem der „Befreier“ ins Gesicht spelt.

Aufz.: Auslandbild (Press-Hoffmann)





**Beim Staatsakt für
Generaloberst Dietl.**
Der Führer drückt der Mutter des
großen deutschen Heerführers die
Hand.

DER FUHRER NIMMT ABSCHIED VON DIETL

**Aus der Rede des
Führers:**

„Er gehörte zu jenen, die in
schweren Zeiten mitgeholfen ha-
ben, Vertrauen ausstrahlen und
andere fest und hart zu machen.“

Angehöriger: Heinrich Hoffmann.





Ein ungewohnter und mörderischer Kriegsschauplatz.

Aus „Look“.

„Die Erschöpfung, die sich auf den Gesichtern dieser amerikanischen Soldaten im Südpazifik widerspiegelt, führt bei andauerndem Kampfeinsatz zu Nervenzusammenbrüchen.“ — Das schreibt der Journalist Jack Mahon unter diese Originalaufnahme der Zeitschrift „Look“. Über die Nerventorpedos und Seelenminen der Japaner, denen die simplen Köpfe der Amerikaner einfach nicht gewachsen sind, berichtet unser Text.



Die Flak schießt Sperrfeuer.

Nicht nur kampferprobte Soldaten, sondern junge Offiziere und Männer waren es zum Teil, die ganze Bataillone des Feindes zum Stehen brachten und in vorderster Linie das Absetzen der deutschen Truppen deckten. Sperrfeuer bringt den Feind zum Stehen.

ET
G



Ein Bremer Mädchen.
Rotel- und Kreidezeichnung.

Schlummerndes Mädchen.
Vorstudie für ein Gemälde.
Silberstiftzeichnung.

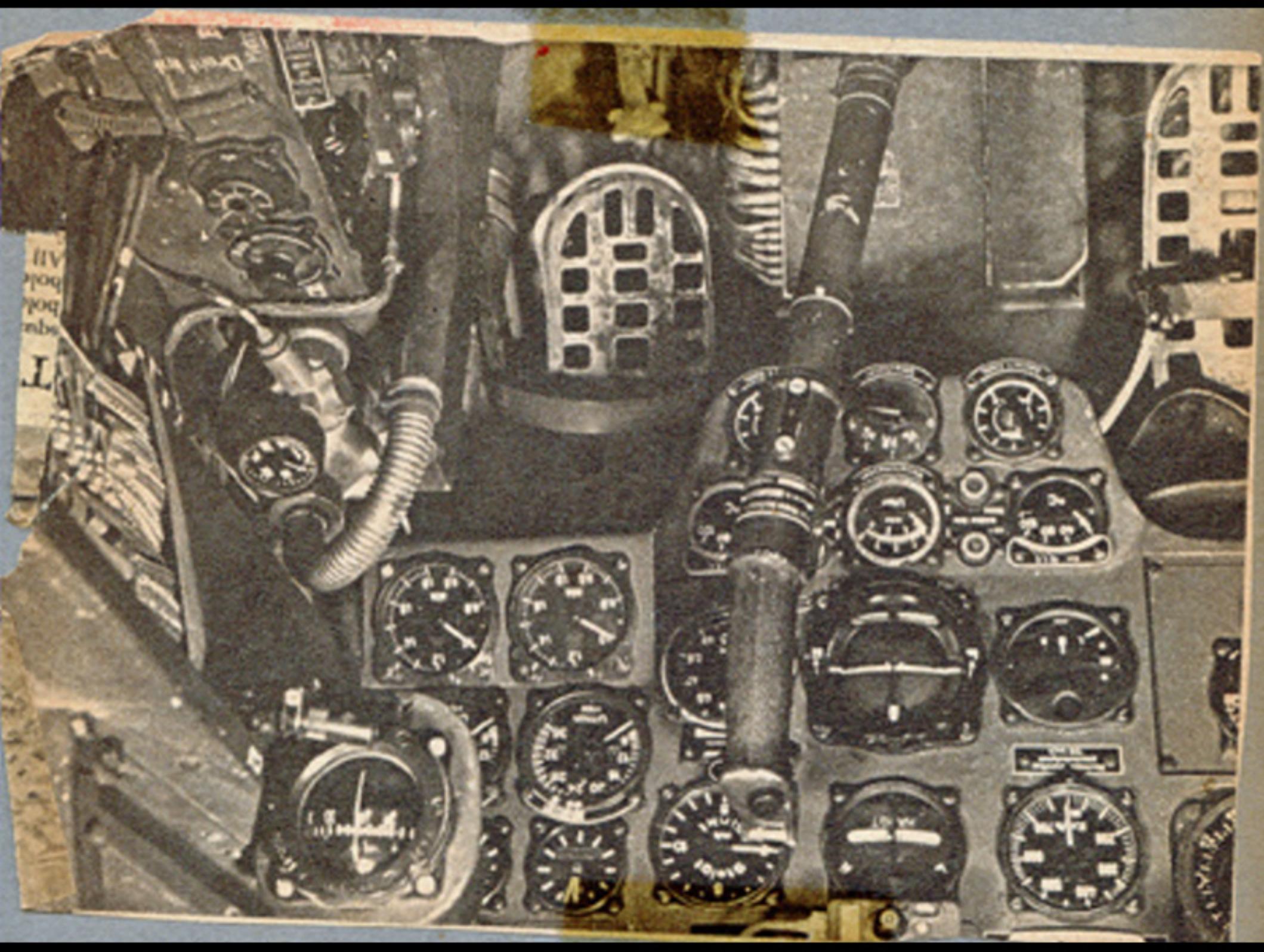


Oberleutnant Langbehn,
der hervorragende Sturzkampf-
flieger.



Oberst Molders
zur Zeit seines 50. Abflusses.





IV
hole
hole
sq
T





Vor der Einsatzbesprechung mit seinen Kommandeuren orientiert sich der Divisionkommandeur, in einem Mauerdurchbruch hockend, über den Verlauf der nur wenige hundert Meter entfernten feindlichen Linien. ♦ Unten: Selbst die Kathedrale, das kostbarste Wahrzeichen Ceants, wurde von den anglo-amerikanischen „Behörden“ nicht verschont. Panzergrenadiere gehen zwischen den Trümmern zu einem Gegenstoß vor



Der Gegenstoß wird weiter vorgetragen. Jede Gelegenheit, sei es eine Hecke oder ein am Wegrand stehendes verlassenes Fahrzeug, wird bei dem sprunghaften Heranarbeiten an den Feind als Deckung benützt ♦ PK-Aufnahmen: # Kriegsbericht Schultz (S) und Wels (W) (Wb.)







Left: The commander and his wireless operator have been through all operations and victories together. Flight Lieutenant Meurer, Bearer of the Oak Leaves, the "old 'un", as his men call him, although he is really one of the youngest, has had a comet-like rise to fame. In less than 100 operations he has brought down 59 enemy aircraft. "You want to know how I shoot them down?" he asked. "The tactics will differ in each case, but of course a certain system develops from experience and technique. It must, however, be a mobile one, as the reaction of the enemy also varies

daylight attack by American bombers

Below: A further impressive document of the dramatic air battle over north-west Germany, which cost the Americans serious losses. Two bombers plunge through the terrific fire of the flak into the depths and burst into flames



313
M. J. ROBERTS

STALAG
XIII
GEPRÜFT



Eichenlaubträger General Student schreitet die Front seiner Fallschirmjäger ab. Wieder ist ein ruhmvoller Einsatz abgeschlossen und nun spricht er seinen Soldaten den Dank und seine Anerkennung aus





Nach den dunklen Stunden des 20. Juli: der Schurkenreich ist mißlungen.
Von links nach rechts: Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring, Reichsführer H., Reichsingenieurminister
Heinrich Himmler, der vom Führer mit der Führung des Ersatzheeres betraut wurde, Generaloberst
Loerzer, der Führer und der Duce.



Dr. Slavov / Troy
1942

Last 15 Pilots of British Blitz Fly Again in London Pageant

London, Sept. 15 (AP).—Surviving members of the thin line of blue which won the Battle of Britain returned to London skies today on the fifth anniversary of the RAF's greatest triumph, in an aerial pageant highlighting the new national savings campaign.

Victory bonds worth £35,000,000 (\$140,000,000) were purchased in the first eight hours by Londoners stirred by the spectacle and by a warning against inflation.

Englishmen stood in the streets and cheered when 300 fighters and dive bombers in battle formation



Group Capt. Douglas Bader

roared over the bomb-scarred East End and the gilded dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Sunday in 1940 when 185 Nazi bombers were destroyed was brought home most deeply when legless Group Capt. Douglas Bader, British ace who spent three years in a Nazi prison camp, led 15 planes low over the city. The 15 pilots were virtually the only survivors of the Battle of Britain.



„Jeden Sonntag deine Kunsttauchversuche!
Die ganze Wohnung schwimmt schon wieder!“



„Herrlich so ein Sonntag;
da kann man wenigstens
einmal so richtig aus-
spannen!“

STALAN
313
GEPRÜF



„Oh, ich habe
Sonntags gerne
ein bißchen Bes-
such. Kommt
nur alle herein,
warum habt ihr
Hubers nicht
mitgebracht?“

Verlag: Egon Korb. — Berliner Schriftleitung:
Erbemüht Papierfabriken und Graphische
Anstalt (einschließlich 13,5 Pfg. Postgebühren);
Preis: 50 Oros; Frankreich: 4 Frs; Holland:
50 Oros; Schweiz: 40 Cent;

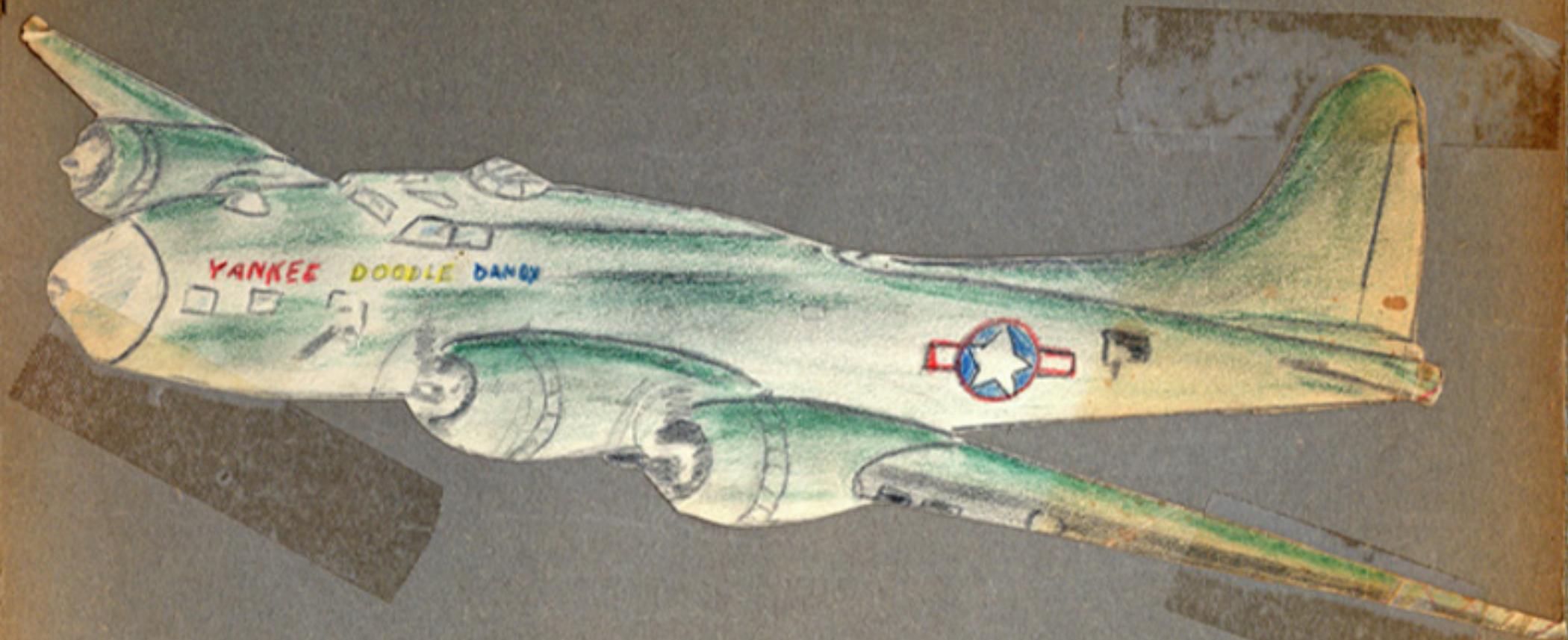
...und nun schicken Sie dieses Heft
einem Soldaten als
Grüss der Heimat an die Front!



Rudolf Böttger: Karton zum Bild „Die Quelle“, Farbige Zeichnung ♦ Rechts: Heinrich Krause: Ankleidende, Öl ♦ Aufnahmen: Bruno Raiffenstein (6) und Julius Scherb







"STRANGE INVASION" A L A G IVH 315 G E P W T

Morning Edition

Suddenly upon Manhattan descended, in the early throes of dawn, a strange tribe of gibbering creatures claiming to have migrated from the land of Stalaga. Like unto the eldern tribes of Israel, these stow-footed creatures indicated that they were divided into two clans: the Jamites and the Butteromians. They came in a swarming exodus flowing up from the lanes of the city, while civilization slept. The Milkman's Bureau reports a very strange epidemic as of this morning: numerous housewives are phoning into the Dairies asking "Where is my quart of milk? and come remove this rusty Klim can from my doorsill." Broadway is littered with excelsior, and a queer ~~creature~~ creature in a red-checkered shirt sits atop the City Hall Tower, waving a pop-gun! The National Guard has been called out of the Rec. Halls, and the coal-miners have gone back to the mines - digging like Hell for greater depth. Nothing avails in stopping the inward flow of these avenging creatures from Stalaga - who are, incidentally, very tidy in certain respects: 42nd Street has never been so thoroughly policed of cigarette butts before. The Police Force could not withdraw quickly enough. As a consequence, these invaders took away their blue caps and donned them →

CONTINUED
NEXT
PAGE.

themselves, like monkeys. They let all the prisoners out of the city jail, and locked up the police force. Apparently these naive critters think the penitentiary doors are gates. They seem to have swarmed all over the world, judging from the variety of their costumes: French, German, British, Russian, Serbian, Polish, Italian - and considerable of the Arab touch.

Mothers of Manhattan - keep your daughters inside these days, locked in a closet, or concealed in the coal-bin. No matter how ugly they are, they are not safe on the streets anymore.

As we go to press, a last bleacher boards of the Stadium rapidly diminishing. Over on the City Dump thousands of little tires blaze against the horizon. All New York smells of onions and corned-beef this morning.

~ NOON EDITION ~

The creatures from the land of Stalaga remain adamant in their refusal to negotiate with the City Council. They insist that we must elect a "Confidence Man" and send him over to their headquarters at the incinerator. They say they know the book. Harlem has capitalized on the occupation by these aliens; and already there is much commerce "over the fence." Samba Washington, gentleman of color, brought to the City Desk a small can of soluble coffee. "Ah frows a loaf yye bread ovah de fence. Dis heah comes flyin back!"

STALAG 75
VII
G.I. COST
The Stalagites must be anemic, because when our reporter asked for a statement, one of the bearded critters snarled: "G.I. Cost ya a quart of blood." All along the Garbage Front rose shrill cries of "Trow 'im out." Our reporter had to YUK for dear life.

The strange army of occupation apparently does not like our fair city. After banging long rows of gray drawers on the telegraph wires, and soaping Fifth Avenue's show windows with "Stinky for Barrack Chef," they withdrew in confusion to shorten their lines and take up a defence position behind the tall smoke-stacks and cranes of the incinerator. Here they have made a small enclosure of barbed-wire and are apparently content to dwell in extremely crowded quarters. Everybody seems to keep everybody else warm. There isn't space enough between any two squatters to slide a slice of onion.

~ ~ EVENING EDITION ~ ~

Certain phystognomic traits peeping through the beards of the Stalagites our Museum Specialists a hunch. Working on this hunch, they capture a Stalagite who had climbed over the barb-fence looking for a Froggy. They called the dog-catchers and carried this missing link to the Zoo in a net. These certain systems led to certain deductions. A blood-test revealed a high cawnwilly content but also traces of human blood cells. An etymologist was called in and after tedious hours finally translated this creature's strange slogan "Igotagelinkalomezoo". It means "I have a maiden residing in Michigan." So the truth dawns at last and science has scored another triumph in the strange annals of history. Dr. O. Susselash Podd, M.D., P.D. and P.D. Q2, comes out with this statement for publication: "It is definitely established that at one time in history, there

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bold-headed Wasistlenians were Americans. It is an alarming fact and our civilization is shocked with the responsibility of caring for these creatures. But our duty is clear.

"We must go through with it." Dr. Pudd violently rejected a proposal made by the House of Delegates that the Stalagites be lured out of their fortification, 1 by 1, to the bait of a raw onion, and thoroughly sprayed with mustard gas. That would be cruel," he said. They knew not what they do.

One touching aspect of today's negotiations was the scene reported of a Stalagite passing a cube of chocolate through the barbed-wire to the mayor's daughter and whispering: Tell your big sister I got 4 D bars.

The Mayor was so touched upon hearing this, that he has called a meeting of the Council. It is proposed to appropriate a certain sum to be used in delousing, bathing and giving these poor "Wire-Happy" men a grand feast in the Waldorf-Astoria.

SEVEN STAR FINAL

The Convention of Stalagites, as proposed by Mayor Pudd is now an accomplished fact. It was not held, however in the Astor but down in Coxey's Warehouse. This was the way the Stalagites wanted it. They are very energetic creatures and made tables out of warehouse doors in no time at all.

They chipped holes in the chimney and made little fires out of bed-slats purchased from Wardies Emporium. The MAYOR had sent along 30,000 plump, dressed hanz (the correct kind) but a snarling Man of Confidence said: Nix! Whassa ya trying to do poison us? The main course was willy and spuds, followed by a dessert of spuds and willy. Many ladies were present as the feast opened. It was so quiet you could hear a skyscraper drop. In deference to the eminent ladies present, the stalagites consented to put their shirts on, but they said that keeping their feet off the tables was stretching the point a little too far. Two-thirds of the City Council and 4-movie actresses passed out eating the stragge diet of these creatures. The Mayor autographed with Stalag Coffee the log-books of sundry of these creatures. The Mayor reports that he was approached by one who whispered out of the side of his mouth that looks like a French hat Chum. "Better duck it before count."

Not the least remarkable occurrence was the flying from rafters, and running over tables that followed the cry of "Nacht Waddel!"

STAL 27
1313
PROPT

These creatures drink coffee from a tin can, and take a bath and do their laundry in the same tin vessel. How quaint!

Governor Nichts sent a telegram expressing his apologies for being unable to attend. It seems the Governor had his nose broken over a rock in the last war, and there are some who still call him "Dometube".

The governor thinks it a good plan to put these creatures on some sort of a Reservation - some distance away from the city; some 4000 miles away as a matter of fact. But a cablegram from Germany says succinctly: "No thanks. It's your problem now."

The convention ended with a toast by the Confidence Man. The toast was burnt. It is reported that the Mayor's wife, stolid citizen, twisted several hairpins together, put a piece of bread thereon, and went over to the chimney stove saying: "May I have 'its' on the stove?"

A sassy creature hunched over the fire pit barked back: "Ya gotta get up early in the morning lady."

And Beatrice Billop, author of "Good Manners and the Riddle of the Fork" talked so long with one stalagite seated beside her that she obviously forgot her seat. "Please," she said, "you charming creature, may I have the gaudam butter?"

More news to-morrow. Your faithful correspondent will report to you by day on the development of the stalagite question. But I positively will not allow these creatures to influence and contaminate me. So until tomorrow!

The End.

78
313
GEPH FT



THANKSGIVING
day

'Roll-Cally' IN a
P.O.W. Camp

ITALIA IV 79
313
GEPROFT



Sam Yanchik

80
313
EPR T



"EVASIVE ACTION"



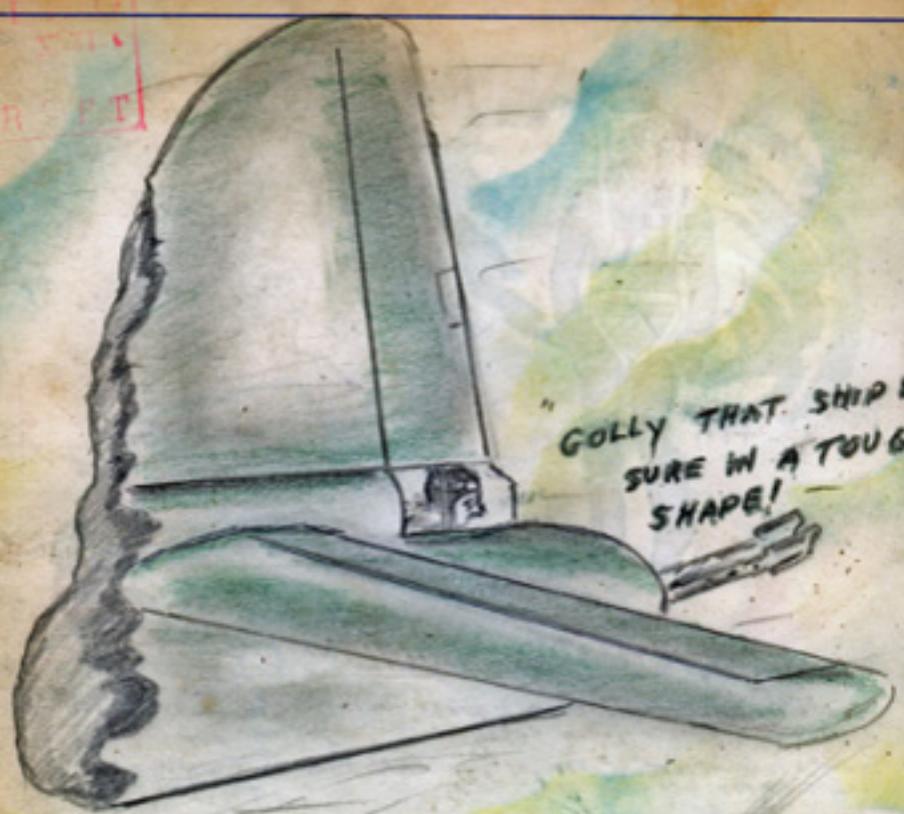
A CHILD'S SOLILOQUY

you won't be coming back, I guess
To see this pretty yellow dress
You, know, - I sort of thought you would
cause I have been so very good
Nobody ought to be away
I think on Jesus's Christmas-day
I wonder why they have a war?
what are little children for?
My poor, dear Mommie cries & cries
But I'm a big girl - for my size
And I remember what you said,
Don't cry - so I won't instead.
Good I hope you didn't pain,
I hope they kept you from the rain.
Of all the men on land & sea,
They had to take the one from me.
If I could wish upon a star,
I bet I'd fly to where you are

But I'm so awful little, gee -
No one pays any mind to me
That's why I kind of miss you, Dad
You was the bestest friend I had
You was the goodest-looking man
in all the world from land to land
Mommie said that you would
bring me back a doll & everything
~~But I know why you went away,~~
~~and I know why you~~
But I know better than what
they say, cause I know why you
went away.
And I would rather have you
back, and know what Mr. Train
and truck -
My soldiers are upon the train
I don't play soldiers any more

Fritz Stebbing
1946

82
313
APR 1943



"GOLLY THAT SHIP IS
SURE IN A TOUGH
SHAPE!"



1943
BY RESTO

"KRIEGSGS LAMENT"

By CHARLES KIRK



I rode a Fort into the air,
an aerial gunner with many a care
With Plak + Fighters we were the master,
Till our target was sighted + our bombs
did it plaster.



The fate took a hand + altered our route
Was then I was forced to try out a chute
at twenty nine thousand the air was thin
and I prayed to my maker for strength
from within.



I rode a Fort into the air
and leaped to earth, I knew not where
the enemy found me, they treated me rough
then shipped me off to Dulag Luft -
on looking back, now I can smile
For questioning me wasn't worth their while
I ended up at Stalag 170
the camp for others, just like me.



I rode a Fort into the air
Tobacco is scarce, coal quite kapout
our menu consists of rye + baker soup
the future is doubtful, the present day bleak
Red Cross parcel day, our joy of the week.
speculation + rumor, the main conversation
we go to the mens room to get confirmation



I rode a Fort into the air
for me a sorry day for fair
No more Prudilly. Commandos my elbows will rub
if only that mission had a been scrubbed
the things in the past I once took for granted
loom large in proportion, now our ways have
so slanted
the invasion has started, we can't help but sing,
cause this is a hellafo hole for the proud
Broken Wing ~~broken~~

31
GE

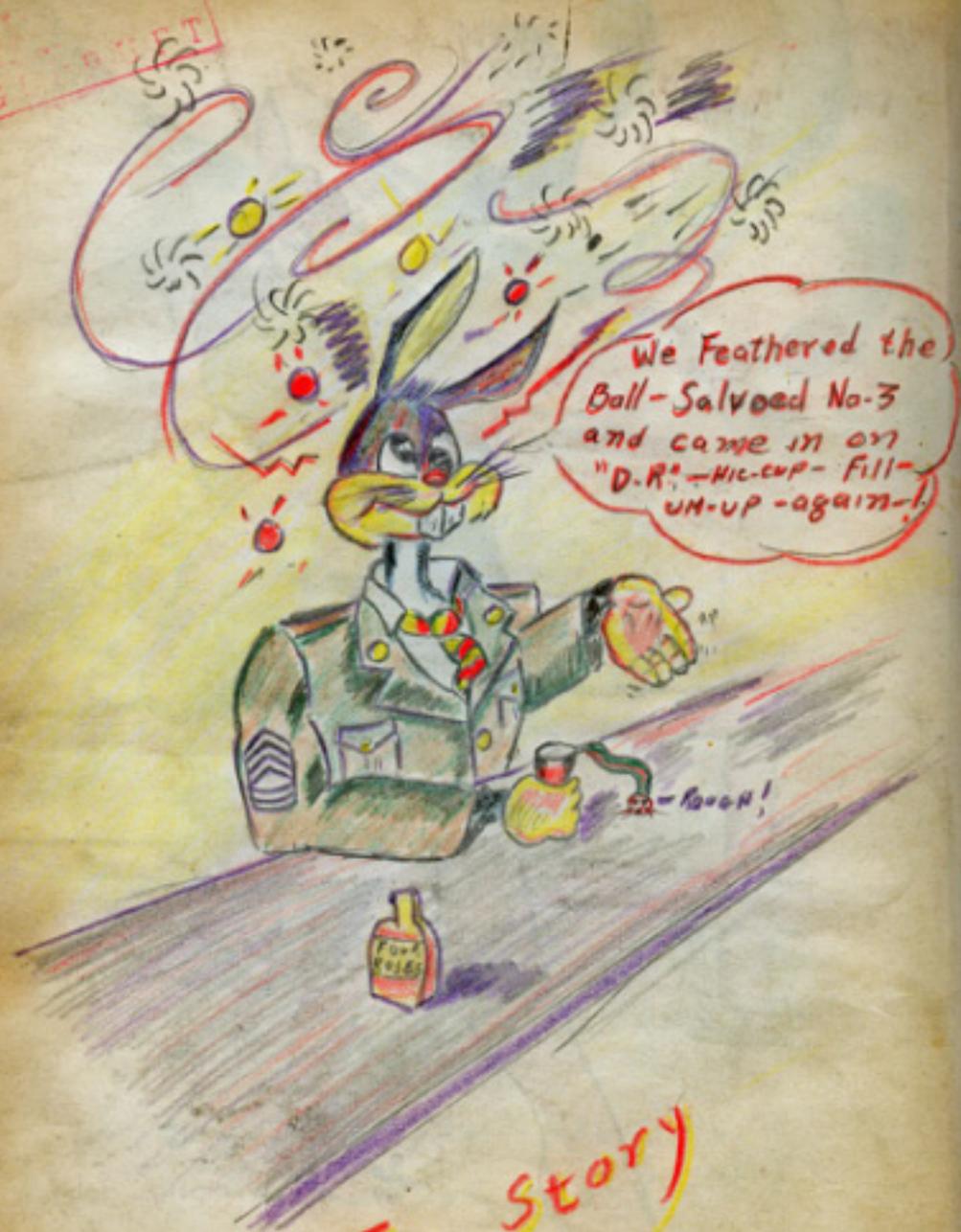


"DO-YOU HAVE TO
DO THAT!"

STALD
313
GEFÜHRT



SECRET



The Story

ST
G



A Toast!

Here to the men who took to air
who fought with a grin because of the dare
and here to their fate, may the dead be in peace
and the captured and wounded enjoy their release

Here to the men who live to boast
and here to the men who gave their most
Here to the men the whole world toast
the Air Force that shattered the enemy host

Here to the men who claim the name
of iron guts and glorious fame
who blazed the path for later gain
and paid the price in blood and pain

POEM BY C. KIRK (PARATROOPER) *A Toast*

L.A.C.
L.A.M.
L.M.B.
L.G.P.
L.P.T.



A P.O.W. Dream
As I lay in my bunk asleep at night
She appears to me her eyes so bright
With her hair so white, her lips so round
Oh lord! Give me that girl in a
Cellophane Gown "!!!

It's just a year ago
We said, so long "short sweet you know
She said she'd wait for me
No matter how long the war would be
Soon the time will come for me
to go home.

And I'll be like a king upon a throne
I'll have her always by my side
For then she'll be my own sweet bride
We'll have a car, a house and
a little ground

I know how happy we'll be
Just we four, my wife, the
two kids and me

These are my future dreams you see
That's the way I'd like to be
Things won't run smooth all
the time

I'll be happy with her love
and she with mine

STALAG
313 XVII 91
GERUFT



Betty

Do I remember? A cottage small
 A picket fence green grass and all
 Cold rainy nights A sandy beach
 Freedom of press Freedom of speech
 Do I remember The first train in pay
 A loved one home at the end of the day
 The Statue of Liberty The Empire State
 The Holland Tunnel The Golden Gate
 Do I remember? A fireplace
 A faithful friend A mother's face
 Fishing hunting A star lit sky
 A girl I love A cathedral high
 Do I remember? The Great Rose Bowl
 The Yankee Stadium The 18th hole
 The Indianapolis speedway Madison Square
 A people decent clean and dais
 Do I remember? Niagara Falls
 Brooklyn accents southern drawls
 Lovers Lane A bench in the park
 Corey Island Yosemite Park
 Do I remember Fertile plains
 Beautiful crops of fruits and grains
 Escalators and busy subways
 Winding trails and endless highways
 Do I remember? Uncle Tom's Cabin
 The Kentucky Derby Great Grand Canyon
 American society of which I'm a member
 Now I ask you Do I remember.

STAL
913 XVII 93
GEPROBT



BLUE COLD SKY, BILLOWS OF BLACK
 BLUE COLD SKY, DOTTED WITH FLAK
 THE LORD IS MY ARMOUR
 THE DEVIL MY GUIDE
 THE TARGET IN SIGHT- ITS A HELL OF A RIDE
 A ROAR AND A CRASH A RIPPING OF STEEL
 " " " " " THATS SPLINTERED THE KEEL
 THEN RUSHING AND PLUNGING
 DOWNWARD THROUGH SPACE
 ST. PETER AND SATAN HAVING A RACE
 MY THOUGHTS WERE A PRAYER
 THERES A CURSE ON MY TONGUE
 BUT WHEN THE RACE WAS OVER
 NEITHER HAD WON



NIGHT - AIR RAID 1944 STALAG-17

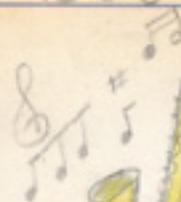
SEEN FROM PRISON
CAMP

By
C. A. C.
III



Bob Garcia - P.O.W. Band.

93



Bob A. Garcia
37 W. 1st St.
Crown, Calif.



A. Casiochi
P.O. Box 1100
Mendota, Calif.



Ray Turner
P.O. Box 1000
Houston, Tex.



C. Grang
1000 1st St.
Fergus Falls, Minn.
Tomb 11

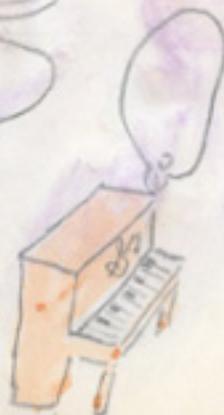


Paul Baker
1225 N. 1st St.
Fergus Falls, Minn.

R. G. Swartz
1000 1st St.
Fergus Falls, Minn.



R. G. Swartz
1000 1st St.
Fergus Falls, Minn.



ALAC
I

YOUR WATER IS HOT CLEM!

SOMEBODY'S WATER IS BOILING OVER

JUST SHOVE IT OVER!

GET ROOM FOR A KLIM CAN?

GET A RAG

WHO GOT THE BUTTS?

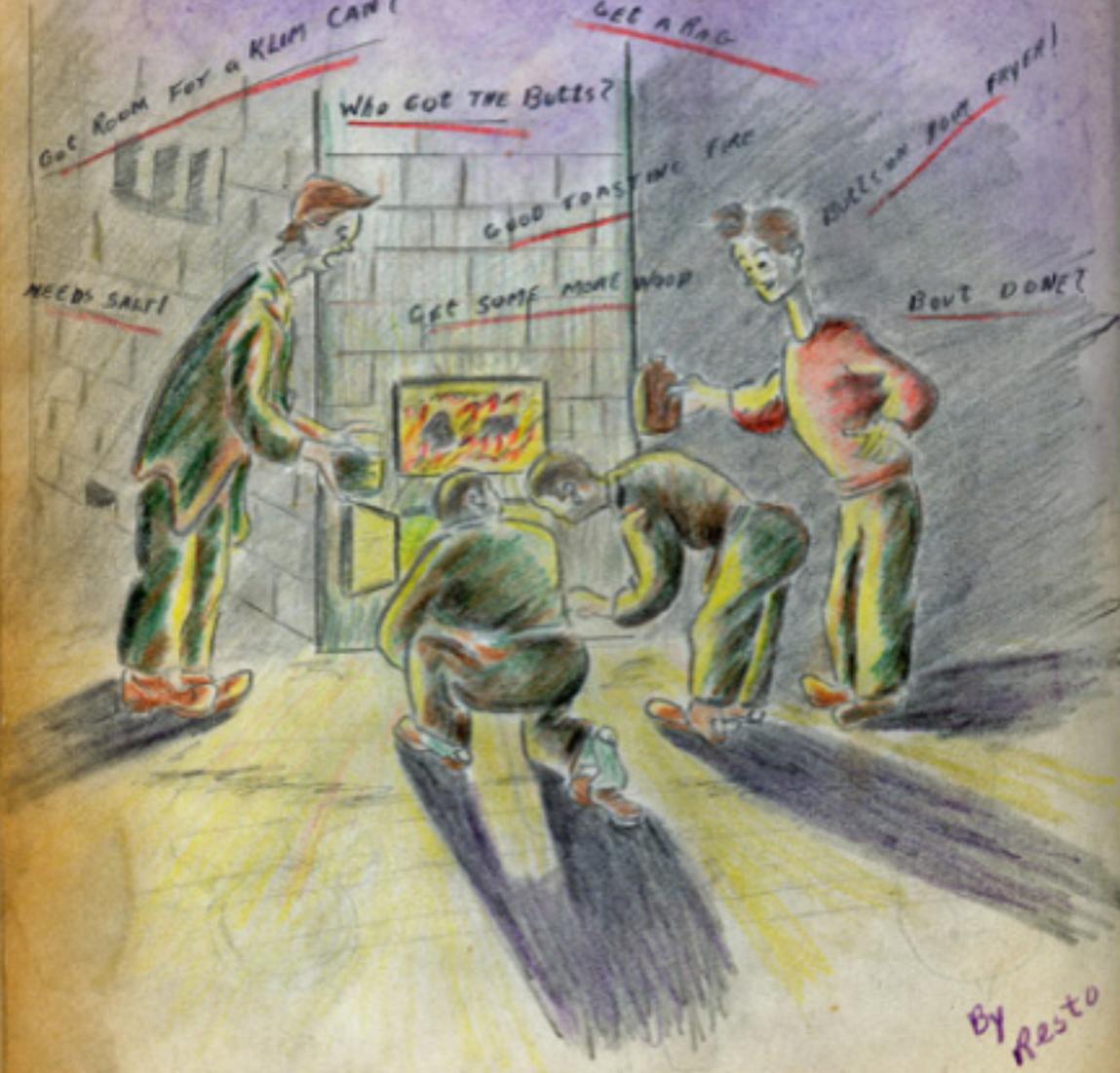
GOOD TOASTING FIRE

BULL ON YOUR FRYER!

NEEDS SALT!

GET SOME MORE WOOD

BEVT DONE?

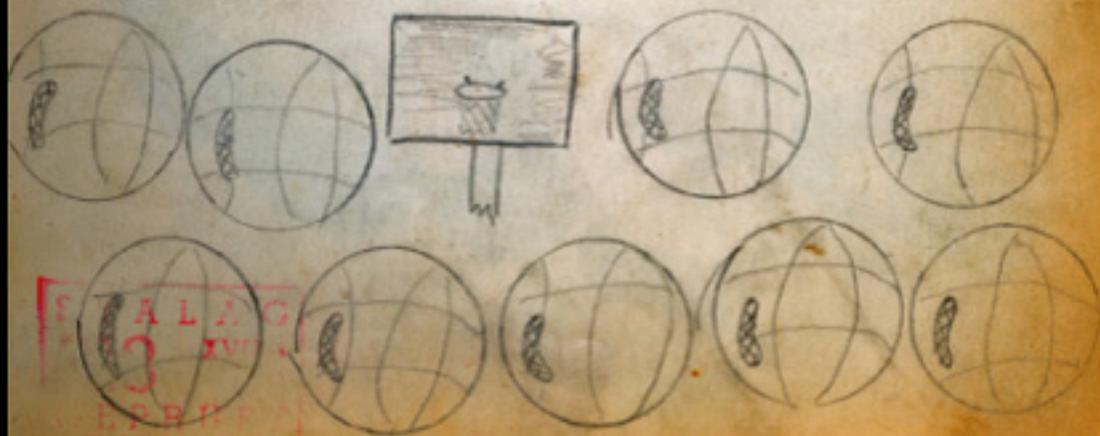
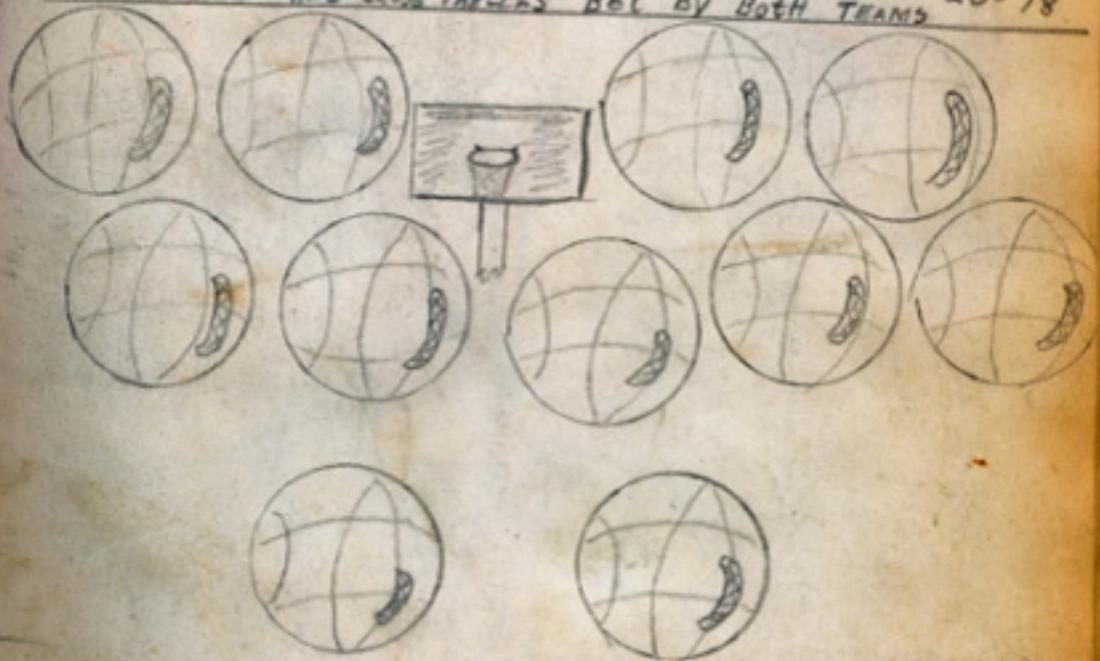


By Resto

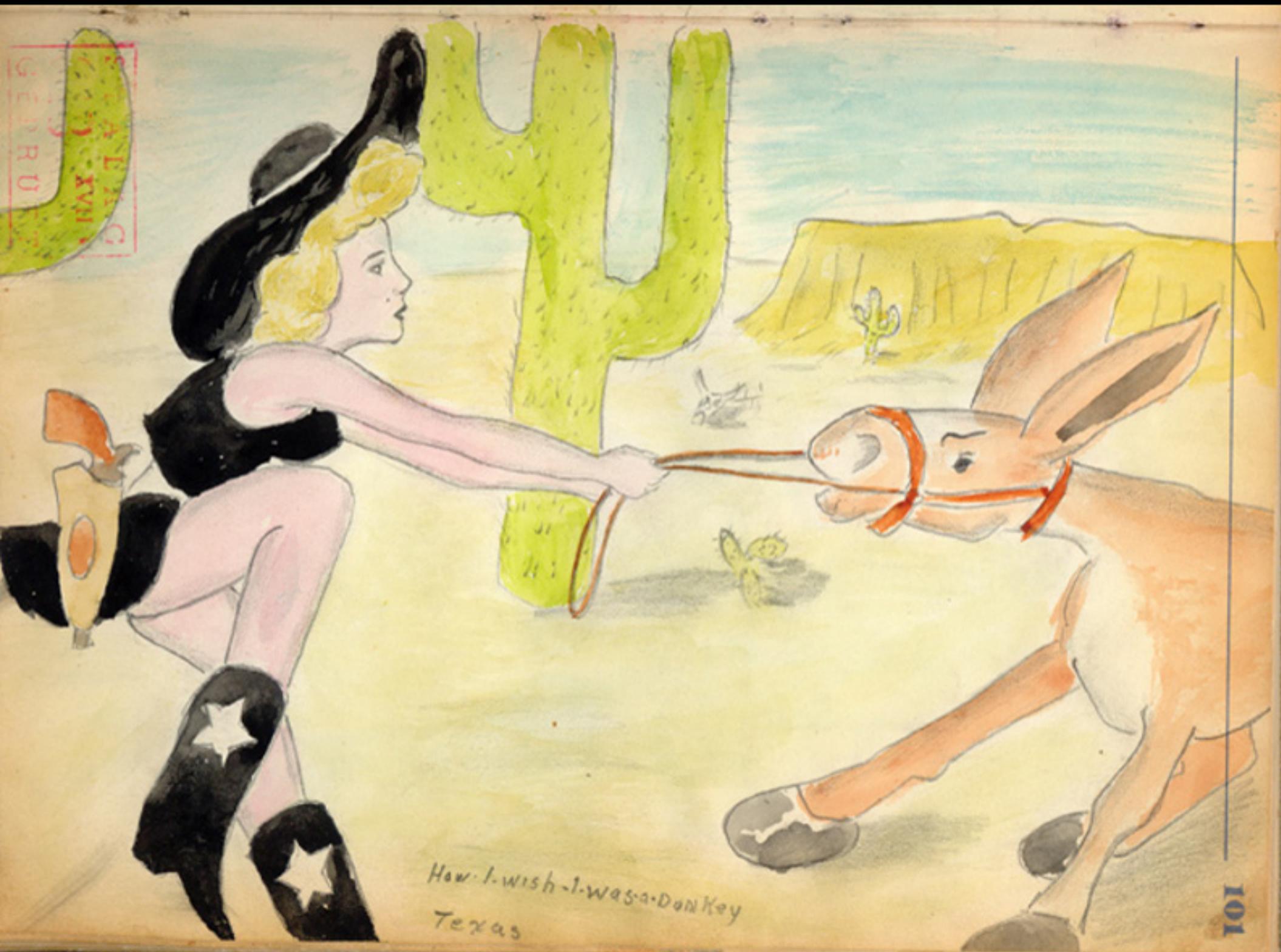
Kriegis - LIFE IN CAMP

STAMP
 ST A I G
 XVII
 EPT

Two undefeated Teams - 17B - Brew Master
 vs 19B Malfunction met - June 30, 1944,
 IN Stalag 17B, to determine what team
 was best; - 17-B Won - score was 20-18
 WINNINGS - RED CROSS PARCELS BET BY BOTH TEAMS



STALAG
 17B
 1944



ALMA
JULY 1911
GEORGE

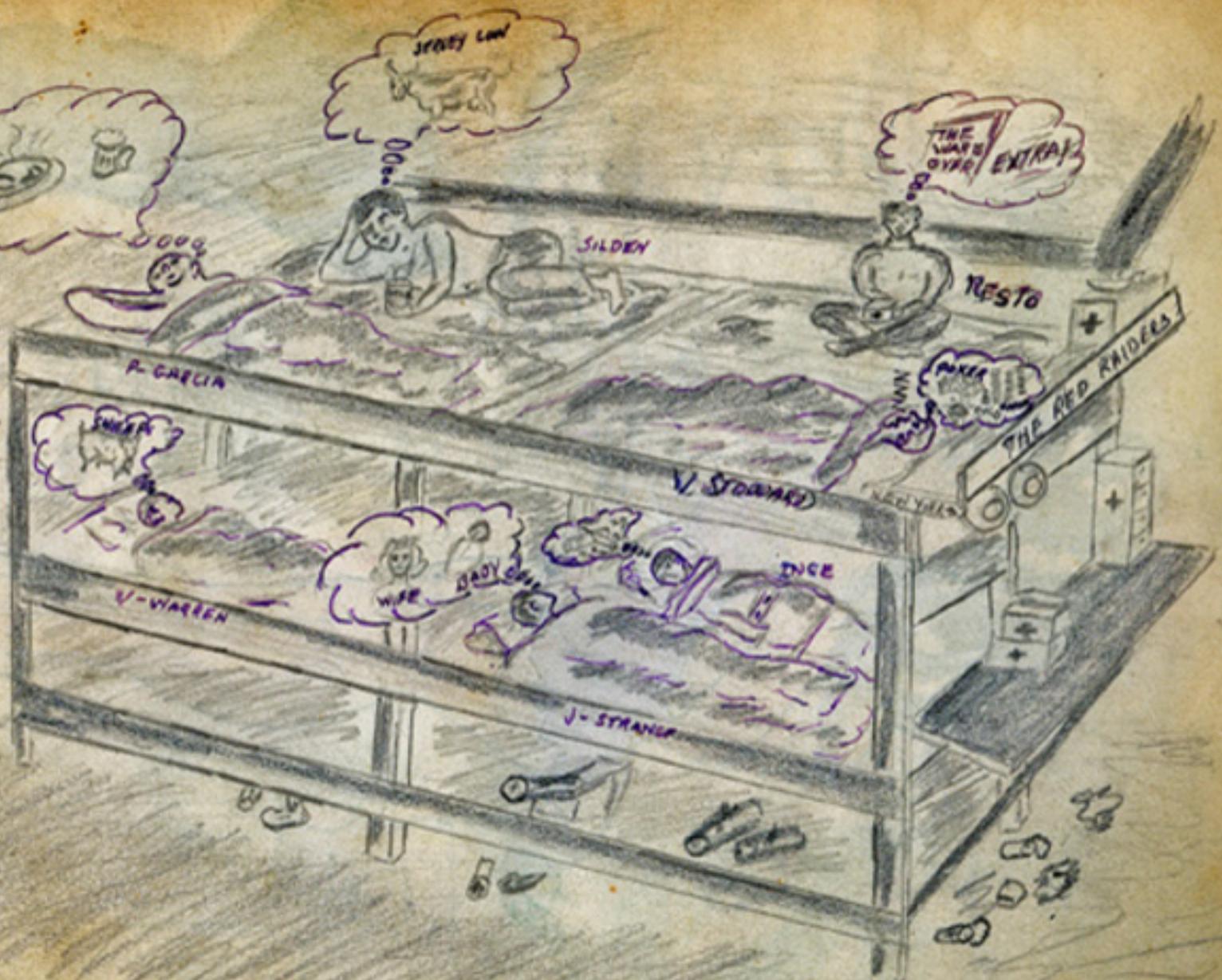
How I wish I was a Donkey
Texas



LAG
XVII
3
EPROF?

STALING
DIX
GEPROFT

NIX-ARBITE - SACK-TIME





GLP. 1



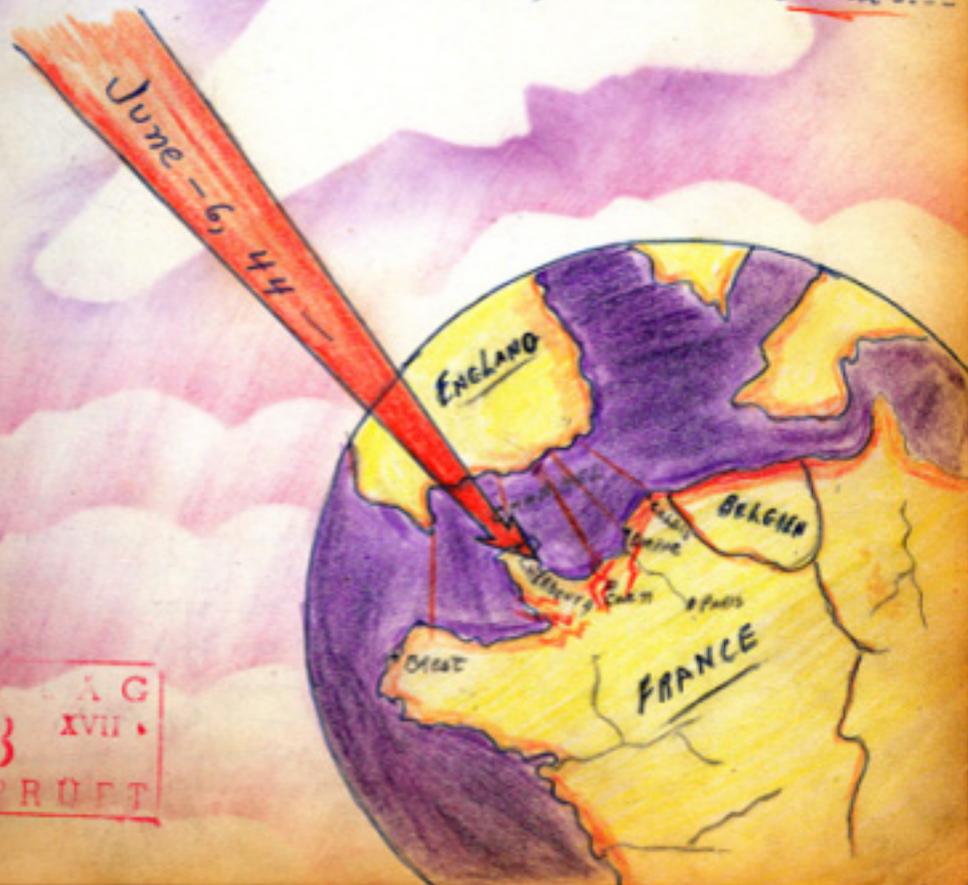
RUSSIANS -
IN
FINLAND -

COPIED BY
C. RASTO

INVASION

Prayer delivered by the President over a world radio system at the hour of the INVASION - translated from the French paper - 'L'ECHO DE NANCY'

O Almighty God, our sons have undertaken an enormous task. They are fighting to save our Republic, our Religion, and our Civilization. But the enemy is powerful. It may be that he can repulse our forces. Success will not manifest itself quickly. Our sons will have to undergo severe trials by day and night. The battles will be filled with slaughter. Our sons are fighting to keep us free. Many of them I shall never return. Bless them with thy mercy and help us to protect our nation. Thy will be done - Almighty God. - Amen -



STALAG
319
6

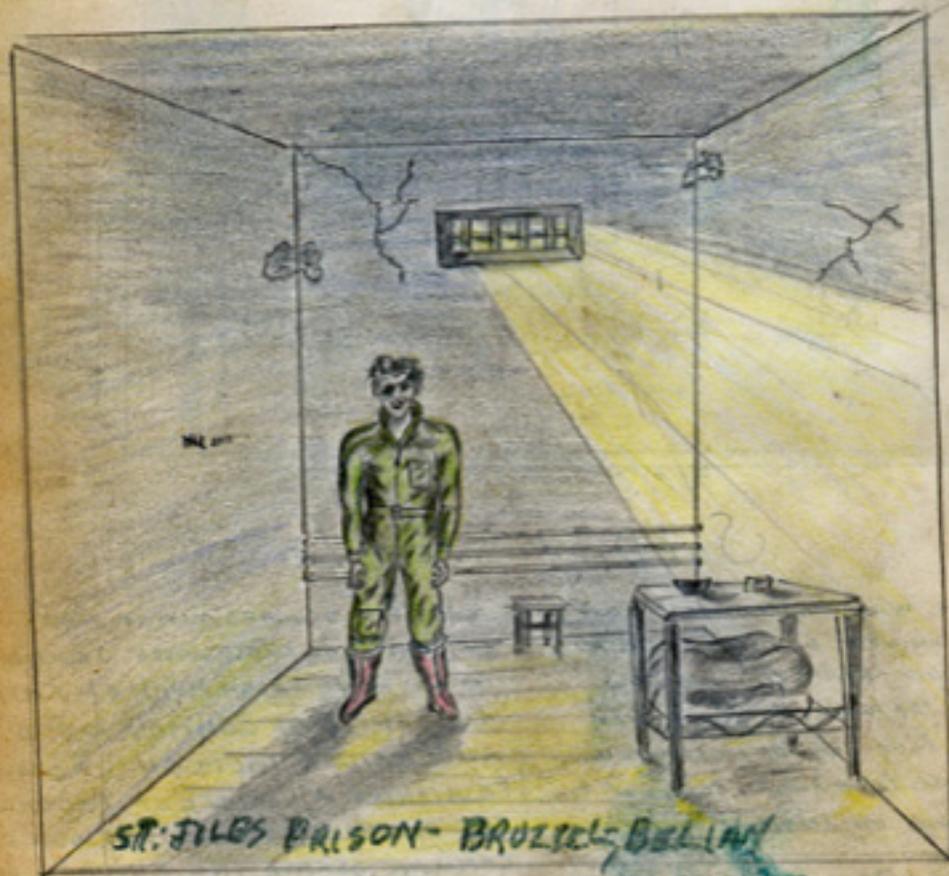


SOLDIER'S TEMPLE

There was no temple for our Lord
 When we were banished to this place
 Of soldier-exile. Yet we saw
 Within the bars his lonely face
 So we saved up the precious wood
 Of crates from home & scraps of tin
 And built on sand of solitude
 A house where God might enter in
 And we were weak with a strange despair
 And hungry - for the blood was split
 Yet precious - How came it?
 The temple which belief was built
 Our tools was such as faith can make
 Our wrists were thin from sleep
 St. Huggard with his lonely face which
 Notwithstanding held the y/camp
 We laboured long in lengthy days
 And comrades conscious at our side

CREATED BRUSHES OUT OF HOPE
 TO PAINT THE CROSS WHERE JESUS DIED
 SO WE HAVE TAKEN MUCH OF FAITH
 AND LITTLE OF COMMON WOOD
 AND NAILED THEM ON CROSSWISE
 FASHIONING, A CITADEL OF BROTHERHOOD
 AND DIVERS CREED AND VARIOUS FAITH
 COMMUNE BEFORE THE KINDRED RAIL
 FOR HERE THE FREE DEMOCRACY
 OF GOD FLOWS FROM A COMMON GRAIL
 AND WEALTHY MEN ON GOLDEN HILLS
 AND MEN DESPOILED BY LUXURY'S KILLS
 HAVE NEVER A TEMPLE FOR THEIR LORD
 AS BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE AS THIS
 GOD LOVES THE WEALTH OF DARKNESS
 AND WE ARE NONE THE LESS HIS OWN
 BECAUSE WHEN JESUS ENTERS IN
 WE SEAT US ON A HUMBLE THRONE

ST. J. G.
 213
 GEBBET



ST. JELES PRISON - BRUZEL - BELIAN

BY GASTAP
 POLICE CAPTURED
 10-24-43

St Jules Prison
 Bruzzel, Bel.



1/24 1944

STALM 113
913
GLPR 111

Bolt Stud Bill

Now there are some who say a quinner's pay is altogether too high, but that aint no cause we all know they earn it when they fly. Its a rugged game and there aint no fame-life at its best is short. For the men who dare to fight in the air for the silver wings they sport. Now Im going to tell a story of hell of guts and iron will. Of the war in the sky by the men who fly and the twenty-fifth mission of Bolt Stud Bill.

Now Bill was one of those gambling boys. He harbored the lust for the game, cards, dice, Roulette, Just any old bit to Bill was Just the same. He couldn't tame his lust for the game he'd sit in every night. he'd draw his pay then he would play till time for the morning flight. If you couldn't find Bill dealing black Jack or stud, or in the barracks he couldn't be seen. he'd be crouched by his guns dealing death to the Huns from the tail of a B-17.

Bolt Stud Bill was from the old ninety-fifth the outfit had taken abuse. For every trio we to Jerry we paid the price of a couple of crews. Then into the group replacements would troop. All eager for missions to face. They would make. Just a few then a new crew would fly in and take their place.

STALAG
310
GEINHEIT

It got pretty bad and a bunch of the lads were discussing the problem one night. While passing the bottle around they proceeded to get kind of tight. One of the guys considered quite wise - a mathematical slick. With paper and pen and a drink now and then he probed the problem, heh lick.

With glasses of scotch they sat around to watch - an anxious blurry eyed lot. Slick cursed and swore. Cursed the air corps till finally this answer he got. I've figured it out and there isn't a doubt, no matter how you try I'm willing to bet there's none who will get through mission twenty five, and there in a haze through a cigarette haze sat Bill with a drink in his hand. He listened a while then a sort of a smile came over his homely pan. Slick liked to have choked on the words Bill spoke. The room went suddenly still. I've a hunch there's one in this bunch so I'll take that bet said Bill. I tell you what lets make a pot. So come on boys chip in. I'm willing to back my gamblers luck that I'm the one who will win. There's no mistake the odds were a rate but the love of chance was strong. So one by one they anted their dough and then the game was on. It was early spring when they started the thing and when summer rolled around, left of the men were only ten the rest were all shot down. Bill often thought of the bet he made and cursed that fatal night.

XVII
 through well

Had sometimes say in a troubled way. It looks like Slick was right, but still he flew though he knew the fickleness of fate. Then he'd think of the dough and off he'd go. Another mission he'd make.

He bitched and moaned in a dreary tone he swore he'd fly no more, and in this way he he found one day he'd finished twenty four, but the combat game demanded a price, that all must pay or die. And such is the law of the E. F. O., there is no exceptions to the rule, and so with Bill he'd been through the mill. He'd paid his debt in full.

His weight was down to a hundred pounds. He walked like a man in a dog. He'd a blank sort of look and his hand kinda shook. He was changed in many ways.

He had the purple heart and the D.F.C., six medals and clusters four, for Bill had made twenty-four and had only to make one more.

He was sweating out this one more. Trip. Holding out for an easy one. That happened by chance a raid in France. It looked like the old milk run.

The briefing was done and the morning sun was just coming up in the East. They cleared the props and pulled the chocks and took off for La Pallice.

Bill in the tail watched the vapor trails and over the channel they flew. He thought of the bet and the dough he'd get when the last mission was through.

They gained the sight on their last flight - for they were leading the way.

As the hours passed they came at last to - to where the target lay. With anxious eyes Bill searched the sky, no fighters could he see, but the sky was black with bursting flak as they reached their I.P.

Then swung around on the bomb run - their course was level and true. They were flying by the P.D.I., and the target came in view.

Bill's brow was wet with clammy sweat. As they opened their bomb bay doors.

From the nose he could hear the Bombadier as he shouted bombs away.

Bill glanced at his watch and said with a grin - we hit the target at noon - and this is the easiest raid I've ever made - but Bill spoke a little to soon.

The plane gave a lunge and a downward plunge, like a craft on a heavy sea. "Said Bill" to himself "I guess we've been hit and it looks pretty bad to me. Then to his dismay - when the smoke cleared - he saw two engines were out. Then from far west in a hell of a haste - he heard a gunner shout - get set for trouble - cause we're falling behind and the fighters are coming in fast!

Right then and there Bill breathed a prayer as the First Falk Wolf flashed past.

He tightened his grip so his guns wouldn't slip and settled down to fight.

Serial 119
313
GLPRUFT

His shoulders slouched in a gunner's
behind his twin gun sights.

His big guns barked and bounced in their
mounts. Spit forth their laden death - as he
swung his guns on a diving Hun that was
coming in fast on the left.

Bill's eyes were bright with a burning
light. His lips were set in a grin. The twenties
crashed with a bursting flash - as the fighter
planes came in. Streaks of lead as the tracers
sped. Bill knew his aim was true.

The Jerry plane in a burst of flames - blew up
within his sight.

Through barrages of flak and fighters
attack the big ship struggled on. Still in control
though shot full of holes and two of the engines
gone, and up in front the pilot was slumped
with a bullet through his head. In the waist
of the ship with a shattered hip, one gunner
dying the other dead. Shot in the shoulder and
and half in hell. Bill crouched in a bloody spray.
I've lost my bet but I'm not through yet.

Come on you bastards and get your pay.
In they came guns aflame, like hornets from
a nest. They were Herman Görings best

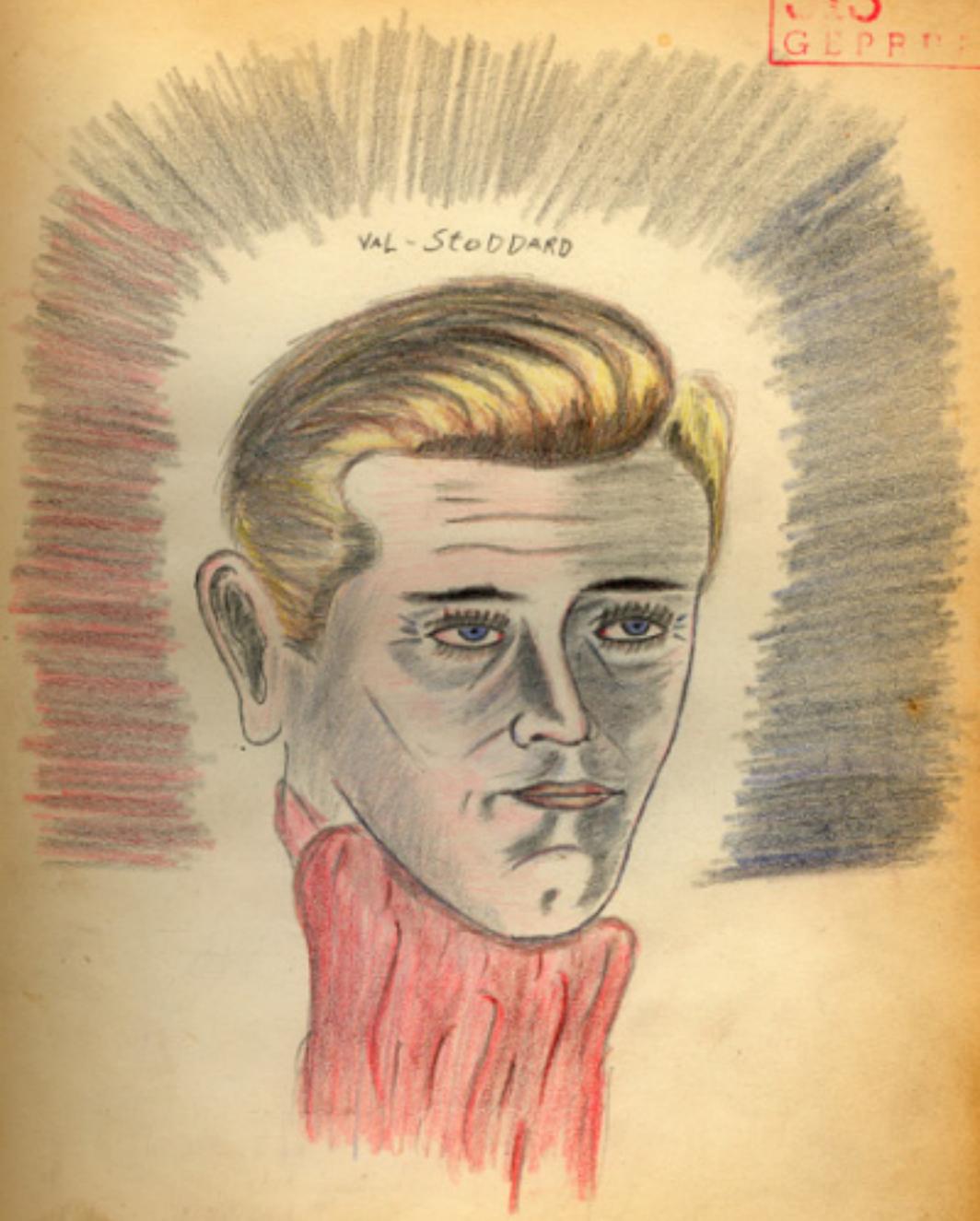
The interphones said with a drone - It's an
order boys "bail out!" For the gallant plane was
a ball of flame - It was hit the silk or die.
Out of the sky in a screaming dive, Jerry swooped
in for the kill.

Hating to quit but knowing he was licked
The last to bail out was Bill.

Bill Knott

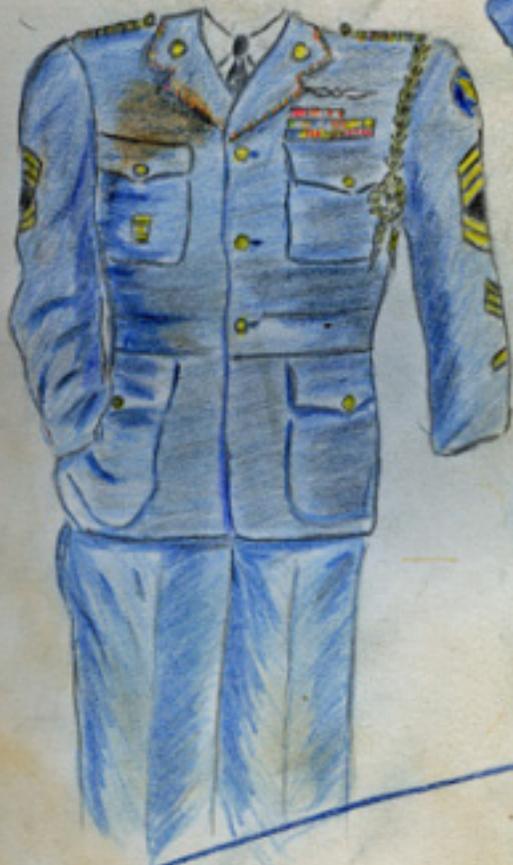
STALAG
013 121
GEPP

VAL-STODDARD



Army Air Corps
New Uniform

STALAG
313
XVI 125
GRIFF



Cape
Gold Satin
Facing etc.



created
by
Pesto

STALVA 131
313
G R U T



Sgt Olin A. Seeger
George W. Seeger
176 Littleton Street
West Lafayette Indiana



Tim Timar
RR # 5
Grand Junction,
Colorado.
Mother - Esther Timar.

David B. Hatch
1133 E. 4th St
Tulsa, Okla