

the warm hens and then the Jerrys did some "Stealing". Sgt, Major Burtram said they hadn't been stolen, just taken. Ours was the last to be found. And they had some time getting it down off the roof. The search finished, our leaders and the square heads went into the house to iron things out. We were dismissed without a word. How George and Joe managed to settle it with the Huns I don't know. But anyway the next day (continued on page 112) we got a Red Cross Parcel, but our cooking fires were stopped. Everyone now made a blower of which we were permitted after a while to use.

The second incident again concerned spuds. The boys would bribe a posten and nip out after dark to the spud clumps in the fields and bring in a load. After a few days this was stopped also, but we now had a good supply anyway.

Some of us worked a bit while here for the village farmers. They gave you bread, spuds, soup etc in return. These jobs consisted of picking up stones, planting spuds, building fences, and road repairing.

Well April 14th we got orders to move, so on Sun 15 off we went. We had plenty of bread and a Red Cross parcel appeace. Eight men hid in the barn, to wait for the Yanks. I dreaded the march ahead of us. We decided to make a break for freedom and chance being retaken. The horrors of another night-mare march I could not face. This day we marched 7 km to a place, Treluslau, where we changed companies and were billeted.

On arrival six of us looked the situation over for escape. It wouldn't be easy. But the guns of the Yanks we could hear. And planes dived overhead and straffed the Hun columns. However we decided on a door by a wagon, in an adjoining shed which was on the main street. The shed connected our barn by a loft. We had a big feed of stew and bread. Packed and at dusk got our packs down by the door. The six of us were: John Chapman, Jim Horne, George Morris, Bruno MacDonald, Geoffrion and myself. At nine it was dark so we got down in the shed by the wagon. The Huns must have got wind of it for that night they tripled the guard. One took up post very near us. We could hear him breathe. It got very dark. We had to be very quiet. The tension was terrific and we began to get cold. Many troops were passing on the street. We decided to use their noise to cover ours when the time came. We could see it was going to be very risky but we couldn't stay there all night. It was one chance or God knows how far to

march on poor rations. The posten shone his light down our alley way once. I think they must have known we were there and were waiting for the break. At last in desperation just before 12 we decided to make a try. Two postens went away and all was quiet. I figured they were changing guard and we now had the chance. I slid the door out. John went through and Jeff. I was now going out. A light shone on us, My heart stopped beating. The Feldwebel in a villainous voice shouted, "Ah Da ist eine, Da is zweite. Sheitson Posten Sheitson". The light went out. Shot after shot echoed in the shed as the guard emptied his rifle and the Hun Sgt. His revolver. John and Jeff were now back in the shed. I clung to the front of the wagon for protection and cover. We shouted a plea of surrender, but the Huns kept firing. They were mad killers and didn't challenge. The Sgt. shouted quick on the street. They were there in a flash. Firing through the barn door. I expected it every moment. There must have been a good God guarding over me for next morning I seen that where I was standing the wall was riddled with bullet holes. The door swung open, they turned the light on me. I could see the Sgt. Trying to load his gun saying, "There's another Shoot him." I threw up my hands and ran. Why I don't know, out past the wagon back to the barn. John and Hoots were already there. We got our boots off and into bed. Mac came back and finally Jeff. All were here but Georgie. We could hear the Huns looking for us. They went out of the barn and we heard more shots. George didn't come back. I was shaking like a leaf. John went out to try and find some news of George. The guard said he had been heavily wounded and taken to hospital. I couldn't sleep much. All I could see was the Hun shining his light on me and trying to get a shot away. Next morning we learned that George had been shot. He was still lying under the wagon. I had lost my pack under the wagon and my Red Cross. The Huns had it, so could obtain my name and number. I needed the food and there were things in my pack I didn't want them to find. So I went with Ship to try and get it. The square heads had taken away the Red Cross from the boys above the shed after the shooting. They were getting it back. The Hun Sgt. Nearly fell over when I asked for my belongings. So I was the one who tried to escape. He consented to give me my kit after I had given my name and no. He said I was lucky not to have been shot. He thought there were only two of us so we let it alone at that. George's pack was there also but he wouldn't give it to me. We got

it that evening very badly shot up. John went to get his personal stuff. The Huns had taken his cigarettes. He had been shot five times in the heart at close range.

We learned from Ted Welton who had been looking out of a crack in the barn that after the first shooting the Hun had come back and found Georgy hiding in the straw and shot him, then carried him under the wagon to make it look as escape. We named the Hun Sgt. the "Killer" then and swore we would get him if the chance permitted. He had not shot George in escape, but murdered him. He often boasted of shooting 28 Russians. And luridly would ask in the evening of anyone else was going to try and escape. He always wore his great coat and as he, the Killer, would ride up and down the column in the daytime, put us in mind of a villain in his last days. Yes, too true his days were numbered.

On the march he pointed me out to all the Huns and put a posten near me, who I always noticed marched close by whether I was in the front or rear of the column. This day April 16 we went 20 kilometers to a place Tannesburg. My feet still pained me after 15 days rest. On April 17 we went 14 kilometers to a place called Abervischtan. The Yank planes passed over us and gave us the sign of recognition by wobbling their wings. We heard of a bigger offensive. Our final destination was to be Regensburg and on the way we would stop at Chan for Red Cross Parcels. The country was very beautiful, a Rolling land of blossoming fruit, trees, meadows, fields, woods and quaint old villages set in green valleys. On the 18th of April we trekked 11 km through more of this picturesque landscape, and heard or saw no sign of war activity at all.

April 19 the hour of departure was not certain. We witnessed one of the grandest sights when Yank fighters came over and strafed and set fire to a petrol column in the woods near us. They passed right over us. One of them waved back to us. Another did the Victory roll. They were all about us, diving a few feet above the ground. Two Jerrys were strafed. Such a display as they dived and strafed the convoy. Leaving it in smoke and flames. In the afternoon they again flew over our column. When they recognized us one of them tipped his wings. We made 20 km to Roding. It was very hot. Rumors of a big Russian breakthrough. There is a big advance on Munich. We are going to Regensburg. Our troops entered Berlin and the Yanks are in Czechoslovakia.