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Dear Mr Weston

Good day!. In German: "guten Tag!"

Thank you very much for your last letter and the nice photos you send me.

In my letter I'm enclosing my thin book

"The night winds last groan".

I was writing to you in my letter, that I have correspondence to two former POW's from camp Lamsdorf, who live in Australia. At first it had been three but one of them committed suicide. Why? I don't know.

Miss Strupidis (now Sprupitis-Haddrick), who translated Stalag VIIIB in English, gave me information. In his last letter to me the last sentence was: "God protect you" and now he is dead.

Mr Jim Henry from Australia was in WWII a Bomber Pilot. After bombing of Hamburg (Germany) his aircraft – a new Lancaster - bomber with 7 airmen in aircraft would shot down over Holland. Only with much trouble Mr Henry escape from aircraft. His parachute would not be to open. But then it did. Mr Henry was landing fainting on a meadow in Holland. Holland farmer found him and take him in the farm house. He became to drink milk with honey and he was going to bed. Not long and the German came into the farm house and take Mr Henry in captivity. Three airmen from the bomber were died, one was missing and the rest came in captivity. Mr Henry came at first to Amsterdam, than Luft III Frankfurt Am Main Germany, and later to camp Lamsdorf where he remain until January 1945. Mr Henry know me by seeing me in camp Lamsdorf.

I was in Holland with my brother to visit all the places, where he was at that time and had visited the three graves in a Holland cemetery. I brought three big flower pots from West Germany to Holland to put the flowers on the grave From Rhaderfehn to Holland it is not too wide. A Holland man was leading us to all the places. The address I became from Mr Henry. The rest of his aircraft, the Lancaster bomber, looks still out in a meadow, originally with bushes to cover. (to cover???). It was summer when we were in Holland and on the meadow daisies have been bloom (sorry, in right English way to say is for me difficult). I take a few of the daisies to send the flowers to him to Australia. Mr Henry visited two years later personally in Holland and was very sad in the cemetery. And for this reason I have made a few verse in honour for the men of the crew. My girlfriend, who is married in America, has translated the verse. Mr Henry was searching Capt Dakers in Australia, only he was died. Mr Henry is a pious Anglican man. He was writing to me. He is always praying for me in the Anglican Church. I have written to Mr Van Eyck of America. Today I received a picture card from him. Twenty years ago I had been able to help him because all the prisoners, who I had consulted were alive. Now they all are dead.

No I'm not raped by the Russians and my dear sister also not. But often with trouble. I had so much anguish before a brutal violation. Once a Russian would to rape me in the dark farmhouse we were. He would take my hand and Zog (Zog is a German word, sorry, I don't know the English word for it) my the staircase down. I was crying so loudly and I believe my cry was hearing (hearing?) still in the other house. I did not know until those times that I had so loud a voice. I

myself erschrak (erschrak a German word, I don't know the English word for it). A very for my own voice, and the Russian also that he let off from my. (Sorry, I cannot say right in English, sorry). My own CRY was my guardian angel. I often think my dear mother was also our guardian angel from one other world.

I have written all my experiences in my book "Hidden under Straw and Hay". It was coming out in German language. Women would also to death rape. From a German pilot his wife and his daughter 12 years of age had died after violations. They lay in the own blood, dead. It were too many Russians. The German pilot take the pistol and erschop sich selbest – shot down -. Mr Weston, sorry, I cannot say in English this. It were happen very evil things at that time. Then the hunger we had, all had been terrible, really all. Then came the deathly sickness to me. The American and English women had it better than us.

How was it was in your home in Poland? Now it is all passed and we have freedom to our greatest extend. About the big air-raid of Dresden – the greatest within Germany - and our fights. I have written in my book

"A Requiem for suffer."

it appear in German print.

The English King Elizabeth and her husband Philip were a few days in Germany so also in a divine service in a church in Dresden to reconcile to another. Dresden! Sir Harris had almost killed me and my relatives in Dresden. But God was with us. To be blinded was terrible, terrible, terrible. You were making a knight in Buckingham Palace. Perhaps you are one day a "Sir"!

I my family in World War II gave it soldiers and officers. Three of them had the title of Doctor Hannak. One of my cousins had been a famous airman a captain. A foreign might wanted to have him. After the war he studied on universitys and now he has cancer on the lungs. My brother would not be an officer for this reason he became a punishorier and go to the front to Russia. But on the way he had an accident with his car and lost his Milz. ----- I myself was born with too soft bones. I have always much pain (Schmerzen deutsch). My mother died, when I was 16years old and my sister was 23 years and my brother was 11 years old. My sister kept the household. Now he ist dead. She had been a good angel. She was widowed and childless. We were always together, but in separat lodgings. You have become "Order of Merit?" What were you doing to receive such a high order? Were you commander for the Republik of Poland? Perhaps in honour?

Can you read German? Than I would send you my book "You my Friend". My friend are writing - Blatter, partly from my diary. ----- I don't know, wheter the English public house is still is in London. I will ask the German publisher, if it is allowed to be to ask you. I ask you, how I should call you, because you say, "Elfriede" to me. Where do you come from Poland? Is your wife one Polin or an English women? Have you children? It was very sad for your wife to become a stroke. Is the parly now better? Can she walk? I hope it. Now I am k.o. from writing and still to food my animals.

Many regards to you and your wife.

*Elfriede Hannak*