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Editor's note: This account covers the march after capture and the march away from captivity.

The March - 12th June to 15th July 1940

This is, as far as I can remember, an authentic account of the places where we stayed at least one night, on the march from St. Valery (where we were captured on 12th June 1940), until we entrained at Lokeran in Holland. I do not remember the name of the Dutch town where we embarked on the barges for Germany, but will try to find out later. This is, however, with two exceptions, all the others.

The first place we halted was Yvetot, a small village. From there to an orchard near Rouen - we could see the smoke from the burning city hanging in the summer air - it was not a very pleasant sight. The next day we passed through Formerie. I think this was the worst sight I have ever seen, and I trust to God that I shall never see the like again. We stayed that night just outside the town, marching on to Forges the next morning. I cannot remember the names of the next two halts, as they were in the country, but at the following halt at Airaines, we met in with some other prisoners, who joined the procession.

The march from Airaines to our next stop at Doullens was the worst experience of all. The sun shone mercilessly; there was not a breath of air, so the dust from the road nearly suffocated us. We were thankful to reach Doullens, but when we reached there we were put in a bear-pit (a relic of the days when Doullens was a walled fortress), a terrible place. There were a few tents but they were soon filled up, I was lucky to get a space in one of them. We experienced the first rain of the march here, and it was rain! In less than ten minutes the bear-pit was flooded, so we were taken out, but by then we were soaked through to the skin. A few old buildings were nearby and we were put into them. The roofs leaked and water lay inches deep on the floors, so finding an old bath, I turned it over on it's side and made my bed there (it was the best bed of

all!). From Doullens we marched to St. Pol. On our way there we passed through a bombed and ruined village where the stench of rotting bodies was overpowering - later, passing through a wood we were to experience the same thing, this time however, it was a French Gypsy battery of 75's that had been obliterated.

We had the best food of the march at St. Pol, soup and braed, and twice in one day. From St. Pol we marched to Bethune, passing through Bruay where the French Red Cross and the civilians were waiting with food. We were given sandwiches, soup tea, coffee, milk, wine, beer and countless other things. In less than a mile I was given seven different kinds of soups and drinks - I shall never forget the people of Bruay.

From Bruay to Bethune was like a triumphal march, the people lined the roads and streets flinging food to all who were passing. At Bethune we stayed two days, then marching on to Lille, where the people surpassed themselves, giving bread, loaves, soup, cigarettes, chocolate, tinned fruit, wines and beer, meats both cooked and uncooked, even clothing - nothing was too good for us - even the children were there with baskets of food.

From Lille we crossed the border into Belgium at a small village called Sin, and here again we were given a meal, also sandwiches to carry with us. After the meal we marched on to Tournai where we stayed in barracks for two days before moving on. The days that followed were much alike, from Tournai to Rennix where there was a canteen, then on to Ninove then to Aalst (Alost) and finally to Lockeran where we entrained for Holland.

On our way through Holland we again received food from the people, who threw bread etc. into the trucks as we passed, and

when the train stopped they fairly surrounded us with all kinds of eatables - it was a Godsend. At the end of the train journey we had a meal of soup and potatoes, then marched onto the barges which were to take us to Germany. Before embarking we were given a loaf (mouldy) and a piece of margarine - rations for three days. Nothing of note occurred on the voyage. The Dutch Red Cross came aboard three times with sandwiches.

We also heard bombing and one night the town we were moored in was bombed, the heavy explosions fairly rattling the barges, and several large oil tank were soon aflame - we got quite a shake-up. At last we arrived in Germany, disembarking at Wessel, where we were marched to a field and were given a third of a loaf and a piece of cheese for dinner. After an hour's rest we again paraded, and received again, a third of a loaf and more cheese. After this we boarded trucks and moved through the night to Meppen where we detrained. (During the night we heard air-raid sirens being sounded, the train halted and the guards went away. It was a horrible feeling sitting cooped up in a closed truck listening to the aeroplanes passing over, but luckily for us they didn't spot the train. In the morning the guards returned and the train moved on).

After detraining we marched fifteen miles to a camp at Harnum, and here we stayed for three days. We had some excellent soup at this camp and also a ration of bread, butter, honey and jam. At the end of the three days we marched back to Meppen and again boarded the trucks. Before leaving the camp we received a loaf each and half a pound of margarine which had to last us three days. These three days in the trucks were sheer hell, dysentery was rife, and we had to take turns standing at the slits to try and breathe some fresh air.

We reached Lamsdorf on July 15th, we were then registered and all our particulars taken. I was to remain at Lamsdorf until August 10th, when I went out on a working party to Brieg (Ober Silesia). I returned from Brieg on February 8th with frostbite in both heels and one toe, then went out on a coal party to Neisse until March 22nd. On April 16th with one hundred others I went to Ratiborhammer to a factory, and was put on late shift. Good billets, food not too bad as yet. So, temporarily, this is the end of the march, but I will add to it in the future if all's well.

I stayed in Ratiborhammer for three years until August 1943 when, with six others, I was sent to the coal mines at Modrow in Poland as punishment. Was in coal mines at Modrow until July 1944, when all Scots were sent to Robert Grube near Jowosnow. Stayed there until the beginning of the second march on January 19th 1945.

A list of places on the march from Bory (our camp) to Weiden, with distances marched is attached.

March from Bory to Weiden

Jan. 19 th 1945	Left Bory at 5 o' clock in the morning.	
" " "	Arrived at Milowitz	24K
" 20 th	" " Ratzianku(Bethune)	28"
" 21 st	Staffersfeld School (Gleuvitz)	23"
" 22 nd	Kieferstadt Barn (shelled)	17"
" 23 ^d	Lubowitz	35"
" 24 th	Schiedenberg	20"
" 25 th	Sanerwitz (bombed here)	36"
" 26 th	Beanitz	15"
" 27 th	Branker	23"
" 28 th	First Rest Day near Troppau	18"
" 29 th	Tarkowitz	15"
" 30 th	Seitendorf	18"

Feb. 1 st	Rest Day	
" 2 nd	Altersdorf	20"
" 3 ^d	Deutch Liebau	30"
" 4 th	Boluthen	24"
" 5 th	Rest Day	
" 6 th	Oberhermanitz	17"
" 7 th	Michelsdorf	18"
" 8 th	Ober-Lickwi	22"
" 9 th	Rest Day	
" 10 th	" "	
" 11 th	Lammeldorf	14"
" 12 th	Wissoka	24"
" 13 th	Rest Day	
" 14 th	Baischt-Bysat	19"
" 15 th	Porschebatschko	15"
" 16 th	Rest Day	
" 17 th	Sweit	14"
" 18 th	Beschwitz	18"
" 19 th	Rest Day	

Feb. 20 th	Arrived at Drewinnitz	24K
" 21 st	" " Osek	28"
" 22 nd	Rest Day	