

They roasted them, cleaned them and ate them. Some even ground the dried out locusts. I have, on a number of occasions eaten a few and found they were not at all bad. On one route of our walks we passed through a small farm on which there seemed to be employed a few chaps who "were not all there" and on this same ground was a large number of buildings on the roof of one had been painted 'Hospital' but this was almost worn off.

This was only a quarter of a mile from our 'Hotel' and every day from a train which arrived at the station cart-loads of people were conveyed to these buildings. Professor Bart Houghton, who was with us used to watch and estimated that some thirty to forty were carted up every day. The place was a mystery. All we knew was that, if it was a hospital, every morning we saw three or four stretchers being taken to the wall right at the back of the building where there was a mound of white stuff. Well after the war they were showing here on the screen pictures of the various Nazi "Dachau" and other camps we also saw our hospital with the white mound. This white mound was quick lime, we learned later, when three doctors were put on trial for the murder of "Patients" at this hospital. They were charged with having done away with 30,000 beings. This they denied as they admitted only 18,000 was the correct figure. Anyway, two of the doctors committed suicide and the third was hanged.

Such was Hitler's Nazi regime.

I have mentioned that we received all sorts of games etc. Footballs, both rugby and soccer, cricket sets, bats and balls, and what I could never understand was why they sent us a set of golf clubs and bag but not a ball. As one chap remarked, that is what you expect to find in Hell.

For one Christmas: Brian Mansegh, a well known Cape Town Architect, painted on a card a scene from our window of the village of Hadimar; Watson, a New Zealander did the printing and McArthur, an Australian, composed a poem. This was all made up as a Christmas Card and sent to King George VI. We were very surprised when some time after Christmas we received a Photostat copy of the card from His Majesty with his thanks and greetings. I have the Photostat which is rather interesting. On the same Christmas I received a very fine Card painted by one of our other ranks in the camp who was quite an artist. Talking of artists we had some very fine ones in the camp, including Sir Douglas Hague, son of the great soldier of 1914. Things were now beginning to go our way. Our armies were well into Italy and we began to speculate as to where the next Allied landing would be. Was the landing in France to be in the South or along the English Channel Coast? Bets were being laid by us.

As I have mentioned we still continued to get our Daventry news inspite of the electricity being cut for black outs for we had the battery we purchased from a German officer for 5,000 cigarettes.

The landing was postponed but we knew it was to be on the Normandy coast and not Calais as the Germans thought.

Well, the landing took place and we got the news very early; the Germans. However, only made the announcement late in the afternoon. The Germans never made the announcement of a reverse until they knew that their counterattacks were unsuccessful. So as they had now admitted the landing we knew that everything was fine. The local Germans seemed to get very little news and so they tried pumping us, but unfortunately for them, without success. There was fierce fighting as the Germans realised that it was do or die. However, our planes had done wonderful work destroying many of the main lines which greatly delayed the bringing up of reserve troops.

Many a time our fighters flew low over our schloss, but I very much doubt whether they knew in it were housed P.O.Ws. Had they known, they would not have strafed the station and trains so near us for every time they came over we had to take cover.

Well, our daily life went on in this Camp as usual but we looked forward each evening for Edward Ward's evening bulletin from the B.B.C.

Our maps were kept up /