

Berlin, 29th December 1965

HERMANN GLEMNITZ

Dear Helmut, dear Ginny,

You have made me very happy with your very nice letter and copy of the Chicago Tribune which I received shortly before X Mas, although I think that there are too many letters for me. I only did what every other disciplined soldier would or should have done. Besides that you know that I was a pilot myself in World War I and air crews think a little sportive and international, but never the less I am very proud to call you and so many more of the ex-Kriegis my friends. I received from many of them very nice season greetings including pictures of their families. 1965 is going to the end and I must confess that it was one of the cheerfulliest and happiest years of my life because of the reunion in Dayton where I met so many old Kriegis who ~~re~~ convinced me that everyone of them has not forgotten and liked me. I am now pleased that I refused the very kind offer of General Stillman ~~to~~ who offered me a bit of good reputation when we were together in Moorburg, Bavaria. At that time I was to proud but later I regretted often my foolish pride, as I had a very hard time, especial for my family. Before Moorburg was handed over to the American Forces I took my some 60 soldiers under my command and marched South as I didn't wanted to become a prisoner without fighting. In May I had to surrender, became a prisoner myself and was released end of June 1945. My home town was Breslau, Silesia, where I expected my family would be as I had no mail from them for several months. There were no trains

running at that time and I made my way over approx.
650 kilometres, I made 30 km per day. It was alright in the
American Zone as I had my release certificate but it
became difficult in the Russian Zone. The Russians did
not accept this certificate and recaptured released German
prisoners again. I was well trained by your Intelligence and
marched most of the time at night and through the woods.
When I reached the border of Silesia the Poles stopped me and
did not let me pass. Waiting two days in vain I took the
chance and jumped onto a passing and slow moving
Russian goods train and so reached the other side. It was
end of July 45 when, ~~the~~ although very tired, worn out and
with lice I arrived in Breslau where I found my family
in good health. They thought that I was dead as they have not
heard from me. Life amongst the Poles was unbearable for
me, and they had a special disliking on me. They left so
many unharmed but as soon that I was on the street I was
attacked by them. It was certainly my fault I must perhaps
have shown my hatred too much. I was a wealthy man in
pre-war time and possessed a block of 17 flats and not a
penny of death. I could live easily on the rent of the house.
As I saw I could not stay in Breslau I packed a rucksack
and left my home country as refugee. After a time in the
Prussian Zone where they wanted to make me a farmer I landed
in Berlin where I started right from the scratch and I must
say that I was successful. With Mr. Stillman's shot life would have
been easier but now it is over. We had a wonderful Christmas
and we are glad that we all are in good health.
I hope the same from you and your family and that you
have good news from your son in Vietnam.
Cordial greetings to both of you
Sincerely