



HAPPY REUNION—Lt. Amon Carter Jr. (left) a prisoner of the Germans for more than two years, is greeted by his father, publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, as they were reunited near the Elbe River in Germany Saturday. The Armored Forces officer was liberated from Luckenwalde prison camp in time to meet his father who is touring the front after visiting atrocity scenes. (AP Wirephoto).

MORE ABOUT FREED FORT WORTH OFFICERS

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Field Artillery of the 1st Armored Division, weighed 185 pounds when he was taken prisoner. He now is down to about 165, but said he had been doing fine for the last few weeks.

"After our German guards left, 12 of us in the parcels department went down into the town to guard the Red Cross parcels, because civilians were looting them," he said. "We took over the parcels there and the Nazi party house near by, got hot baths and found some food the Germans had left."

Too Weak to Stand.

During February and part of March, he said, no Red Cross parcels reached the camp and most of the prisoners were so weak they had to lie in bed most of the time. The Germans talked about evacuating the camp in April, he related, but no transportation was available and they could do nothing about it.

The senior Carter, one of a group of 17 American publishers sent to Europe to view German concentration camp atrocities, received word when he returned to Paris from Brussels Tuesday that his son probably still was at Luckenwalde, and was not among the many prisoners marched south by the Nazis into the national redoubt near Munich. Carter flew to central Germany Wednesday to the headquarters of General Bradley, and thence to headquarters of General Simpson, who grew up in Weatherford and had known Carter for many years. Patterson arrived Friday.

In a visit to a clearing camp for freed American prisoners in central Germany Friday, they found two released prisoners who had just reached the American lines, and who reported they had seen young Carter in the camp at Luckenwalde the night before. They offered to lead a party to the camp Saturday.

35 Others Rescued.

When the convoy of a car and four jeeps arrived at the camp, it found that Conniff already had reached Carter, but it brought out 32 American officers and men, including Henry and Jones, and two Norwegians and one British officer.

On the way back to the 9th Army bridgehead, they met trucks carrying loaves of American white bread and three tons of other food to the men still waiting in the camp for a truck convoy to transport them to the American lines.

Henry fought with the 141st Infantry, 36th Division, and was captured at Rapido Crossing in the battle of Cassino on Jan. 23, 1944. The last word received by his family in Fort Worth was written just before he was transferred from a camp in Poland to one in Germany.

Telling of the days since then, Henry said:

"John (Jones) and I walked 16 days, about 130 miles, in a January blizzard in Poland when the temperature was 15 degrees below zero. Each of us left Oflag 64 with a Red Cross parcel and as long as we were in Poland we were able to get food along the way. German civilians, however, were very reluctant to feed us or help us and the German issue of food was scant, about one loaf of bread a week, 50 grams of margarine a week, and half a liter of horse meat broth with a little barley in it every other day."

'Sometimes They Skipped.'

Jones, who was taken prisoner while in action with the 1st Armored Division at Sidi Bou Zid, Tunisia, Feb. 14, 1943, interrupted to say:

"Sometimes they would skip four or five days when we wouldn't get that soup."

As an indication of the distance they had walked, he pointed to the heavy soles of his shoes—the same shoes he was wearing when captured—which had been resoled four times by a prisoner of war who had learned cobbling as a prisoner occupation.

Henry resumed: "A hellacious

blizzard and snowstorm hit our marching column on a flat plain in Pomerania near Zippnow. One German truck tried to go through on the road and couldn't make it and the walking column behind it was stopped. During a 10-minute stand our shoes froze solid. The Germans ordered us to push the truck, brandishing their firearms—but no shots were fired. Everyone had to abandon the sleds and rigs on which we were carrying our equipment so we could push that truck several hundred yards."

Inspections 'Perfunctory.'

Both of the officers agreed that International Red Cross inspections of the camp, usually once in six months, were "rather perfunctory."

"The agency that really went to bat for us was the YMCA," Jones added.

Henry said: "The YMCA provided us with lumber for a camp theater, all of our musical instruments and almost all of our books, ice cream freezers, lawn mowers and even a set of bagpipes for a senior American officer."

Jones laughed: "Yeah, he threw away his clothes so he could carry those bagpipes clear across Poland."

Jones said during the march Polish civilians would sneak them buckets of hot milk, loaves of bread and such meat and margarine as they had.

"The Poles defied German guards in order to keep us alive."

He added, waving a hand for emphasis: "Tell Dad and Mother in Houston that I'm alive. I'm well, I'll soon be on my way home—I'll have chow tonight with General Simpson's 9th Army Press Camp—and they can have more food on the table when I get home. I'm back with Americans again—and God bless 'em."

'Right Side of Elbe.'

Henry also said: "It's great to be on the right side of the Elbe and I want my father and mother to know I'm all right, am enjoying my visit with the press camp, but home is the place I'm headed for."

Henry also wanted to send his regards to Lt. Col. Andrew F. Price of Fort Worth, his former regimental executive officer.

"I'm anxious to get home and tell Andy the story of the other side of the Rapido River," he said.

Jones said he'd like to add one incident to the account of the Polish march:

"I saw an officer milk a cow one morning, slip a canteen full inside his jacket and resume the march. Half an hour later when he took the canteen out for a drink, the milk was frozen."

Lieutenant Carter said he had been in one prison camp in Italy and four in Germany and German-held territory since his capture in North Africa. After the Russians broke through westward from Warsaw last January, he, like Jones and Henry, were included in the 1,300 American ground force officers marched out toward the Baltic port of Stettin.

During the march Lieutenant Carter's feet were frostbitten and his knees pained him as he waded the deep snow in below-zero weather.

Given Black Bread.

He said he and many men had only black bread, supplemented by a few Red Cross food packages.

"Some just couldn't make it and dropped along the roadside. The Germans had no transportation for the exhausted, ill men," he related. "They were picked up by the Russians."

"At Jastrow 130 of us and 10 German guards were put into box cars, 70 men to a car, and started for Luckenwalde. The trip took eight days. We had no food whatsoever except a little we got by trading tobacco. The train was in Templehof station in Berlin for two days because of a scarcity of locomotives. The city was jammed with refugees.

"At noon, about Feb. 4, the biggest daylight raid of the war up to that time was made by 1,200 American bombers, while our box-

cars were sitting on a siding at Templehof. We were locked in the cars. The explosions knocked us around but no one was injured.

"During the next month after we reached Luckenwalde, things were the roughest, because we lived on German rations, grass soup, black bread and four small potatoes daily. Toward the end of the period they stopped the potatoes.

Norwegians Helped.

"Norwegian officers had received Red Cross packages about that time and they helped us. They really are fine people.

"In March we received Red Cross parcels from Switzerland which changed everything.

"Russian prisoners were beaten and abused continually by German guards. They were so weak they couldn't walk fast enough to please the guards. Many were crippled. The Germans just didn't like Russians anyway."

At various times, Carter said, American prisoners in Luckenwalde prison were confined in solitary cells for interrogation by the Gestapo under direction of a captain who had lived in Brooklyn for 14 years.

"He said he intended to go back to Brooklyn when the war is over," Carter added.

Once during the march from Poland, he said, his group of officers was free for 12 hours when a Russian attack frightened the German guards away from the column and the sound of firing approached within two kilometers.

Escape No Use.

"There was no use trying to escape," Carter said, "because the snow was too deep and we had no place to go. A lot of the boys hid in haystacks but the Germans fired machine pistols into the stacks and brought them out."

First direct word received from his son by the senior Carter since reaching Europe was a message brought from the prison camp by Seymour Freidin, correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune. Freidin visited young Carter at Luckenwalde Thursday night and got a message which he handed to the prisoner's father when they met while the publisher was en route to the Elbe River crossing.

The message, vividly describing the Russian attack which freed the camp, said:

"On April 22, Russian forces liberated the Stalag at Luckenwalde, 30 miles south of Berlin. The camp strength at that time was approximately 16,000 officers and men: 572 American officers, 1,178 Norwegian officers, 679 Polish officers, 1,350 RAF and Dominion officers, 4,359 American enlisted men, 2,278 Russians, 375 Serbians, 1,725 French, 2,356 British enlisted men, 208 Italians and 835 men in the hospital.

"The American officers are all from Oflag 64, which was evacuated in January. When the Germans attempted to evacuate the Luckenwalde camp, due to the swift advances of the Americans, there was no thought given to the Russians who were 65 miles east of the camp. Due to transportation difficulties, the Germans were unable to evacuate the camp.

German Guards Fled.

"On April 20 we heard that the Russians had broken through the German lines east and south of us. On April 21, there was a big battle south of the camp and the German guards deserted and fled north toward Berlin.

"When the Germans left, the camp immediately was taken over by Allied prisoners of war with General Ruge, Norwegian, as senior officer. That night the Russians took the town of Luckenwalde and on the morning of April 22 the Russian tanks entered the camp.

"They received quite a reception and immediately tore down all the barbed wire with their tanks. For the next 12 days the prisoners remained in camp, except for certain details which were supplying the camp with food and other necessary supplies.

"No Americans were seen until

After Faid Pass: Lieutenant Carter Describes Imprisonment Under Axis

BY FRANK CONNIFF.

BEHIND THE RUSSIAN LINES IN GERMANY, May 5 (INS).—Liberated from the Luckenwalde prison camp after 26 months of incarceration in various German detention areas, a tired young Texan Saturday described a series of harassing adventures that began with his capture at Faid Pass in Tunisia in February of 1943.

In unemotional tones, Lt. Amon Carter Jr., son of the publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, told of his bitter experiences.

The story was told in a jeep as I took Carter to his father, now in Germany with a group of American editors and writers who came to this battered country to study Nazi atrocities at first hand.

Their's was a joyous reunion—this first meeting between father and son in more than two years—and a happy coincidence that brought them together in Germany.

Wandered in Desert.

Lieutenant Carter told of wandering for 10 days in the African desert and living for a week in a cave where his only food consisted of pulp from cactus plants. He eventually was picked up by a savage Arab patrol and the natives stripped him of all his clothing except his underwear.

The Arabs also beat Carter and a companion so mercilessly that the latter's brain was affected, and even tried to file gold rings from their fingers for loot.

Only the arrival of a German tank saved the pair from almost certain death.

The adventures of the pair were climaxed by a "death march" from a Polish prison camp to Luckenwalde when Russian spearheads shattered Nazi positions last January. In freezing weather, Lieutenant Carter and other officers

marched 100 miles in six days before being transferred to boxcars for the final stage of their journey.

No Food, Water.

"There were 70 of us in each car," the lieutenant said.

"We had neither food nor water. And when we passed through Berlin on Feb. 3, they left us locked in our boxcars throughout the biggest Allied daylight air raid in history.

"More than 1,200 planes dropped blockbusters all around while we huddled at a siding near the Tempelhof airfield."

I found Lieutenant Carter at Luckenwalde, located 30 miles behind the Russian lines and only 25 miles from Berlin. He looked fit and rugged despite his privations and talked dispassionately of Nazi inhumanity toward prisoners.

"For a month after we reached Luckenwalde we had no food," he said.

"We just stretched out on our bunks all day long, too weak to do anything.

"After the first month, Red Cross parcels arrived.

"And they saved our lives."

Didn't Know Father There.

Lieutenant Carter's tribulations almost seemed worthwhile Saturday morning when he met his father near the Elbe. He had not known that his father was touring the German horror camps with a group of American publishers until I told him at Luckenwalde.

Father and son greeted each other affectionately. When the elder described some of the scenes the publishers have witnessed, the son replied:

"I understand they are going to permit repatriated prisoners to become guards over German prison-

ers of war. It's a darned good idea.

"If we tried on them the tricks they've played on American prisoners, maybe they'd appreciate that two can play the same game."

Of all his experiences, Carter said the 10 days after his units was cut off at the Faid Pass were the most harrowing.

He and a fellow officer hid in a cave for a week.

"We'd peel the green off a cactus, then eat the insides," he said. "After seven days we attempted to beat our way back to the American lines. We almost made it.

In Italy—Stones.

"We could hear our artillery and saw tanks in the distance, when this armored patrol came along. Boy, they really beat us! They kept knocking us to the ground until I no longer attempted to rise.

"I really thought the end had come."

Carter finally was taken by the Germans to Tunis, then flown to Italy in a Junker transport. The people in Italy threw stones at the prisoners and hurled abuse at them as the train proceeded toward the Brenner Pass.

However, Carter has not been embittered by his imprisonment of two years, though he hasn't heard a radio or seen a newspaper or magazine in that entire period.

We watched a long queue of 20,000 German prisoners being taken to Berlin wind through Luckenwalde last night.

"I was lucky, I guess," Carter said. "When I was captured I knew we were going to win this war no matter how long it took. Those prisoners out there only know the war's lost forever.

"It's sure great to be an American."