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Great Britain



10a

**EH. BRANDT**  
**NEUSTADT / SACHSEN**  
**Karl-Marx-Straße 20**  
**- GERMANY -**

Letter from German  
POW at  
Bushey Park

(109)

EH. BRANDT ...  
NEUSTADT/SACHSEN  
Karl-Marx-Strasse 20

1st Brady 1948

My Dear Ivan,

Hello, old fellow, what are you doing and what is going on at Halden. I heard nothing for a long time and I hope you are well. As a matter of fact I would like to look for you but I am not so jolly lucky to get the chance to come over here at the present moment and I am hoping only the day will come when I could do so.

You are probably thinking me a fine sort of friend to have just having confirmed your very good present. I am very pleased with the pipe which is made by one of the oldest firms in Britain. Believe me, I know that very well - exactly - ! It does not matter that it was not a brand new one. The main point for me to have a long

lasting "Sonderit" of you. Long lasting  
herefore because I have no tobacco and  
there is no chance in Germany - especially  
in the Russian zone - to get any quantity  
of it. Anyway thank you very much indeed  
for this gift.

By writing this letter I'll keep my promise  
to inform you that I have had a safe journey  
home. Honestly I never thought to work on the  
way home until the last minute but I  
did it and so I was spending the time in  
full occupation by travelling as a "Transport-  
Leader". This idea was very good because it  
left me no time to become sentimentally  
and to think about "my old Sergeant" -  
The Original Speaker of this Phrase is Freddy  
Jackson - who I was leaving behind me in  
England. Often I see in my mind's eye <sup>by accident</sup> at  
what date I shall meet you again under  
happy circumstances. May be, you will  
call it silly. I suppose, but telling the truth  
I never believed it that such a hearty friendship

will open so quickly.

Hoping you are rather keen to know some  
thing about my journey to Germany so  
I give you a small report. From Haverley  
we sailed and crossed the Channel. As a  
Transport-leader I took care of 1000 men and  
in this position I had hardly a minute to  
spare for myself and quite frankly my job  
was far more difficult than I thought off.  
Did you have a good crossing, you will ask  
me now, isn't it? So-so. It was quite  
rough in the mid-channel; it generally is  
about this time of the year in the month of  
December and it did upset 1/2 of my fellows,  
they were very sea-sick. As a matter of fact  
I wasn't. Luckily I am a good sailor and  
rather enjoy a bit of rough weather. After  
ten hours we arrived Hook van Holland.  
We had been staying there for an hour to  
have a good late supper and went by train  
through the Netherlands to "MUNSTER-LAGER"  
which is the release centre of all P.O.W.

by first impressions by looking through the carriage's windows were utter confusion. Perfect damaged houses, destroyed villages and only a small of traffic and very poor dressed peasants at the different stations. It's that my fatherland, was that the will of God to fight for Christianity, freedom, peace . . . . ? Believe me I had a very bitter taste against all those people who are responsible for such inexcusable doing. A big accusation! That is just my feeling.

After some days delay I went straight away home and found my wife and my two little girls as well as the circumstances all. By asking myself, was it a happy or extremely exciting, I really don't know. What a life to see all the things changed. Whenever you read a book or a newspaper, you always find that reports given on Germany are most depressing. You're perfectly with those reports because I am seeing it daily with my own eyes. The quantities of food are so little that you can't nearly exist on them

For example for 1 person per day:

Bread	10 ozs.	} <u>You see very</u> <u>little if you</u> <u>can eat it!</u>
Cereal	$\frac{1}{2}$ of an ounce	
Sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ " " "	
Meat	$\frac{1}{2}$ " " "	
Fat - Butter or Marg-	$\frac{1}{2}$ " " "	
Tea	1 oz.	

And what will you do if the children are asking you, Daddy, we are very hungry, give us, please something to eat? --- It is heart breaking to say, No, I have nothing!!

After my returning home I found there was nothing left to wear. Everything was plundered even the curtains & the carpets were stolen by Polish soldiers the so called 'Liberators' and I am wearing only the uniform which I brought from England with. Referring to your letter you spoke something about sending me parcels. I would be very glad if you could arrange anything food or second hand clothing, but please don't spoil your own rations. There is no worrying necessary about

special sending to Germany because I feel  
different of them from England & all arrived  
safely my home.

Very interesting is the report about your  
new job. I am very pleased to hear that  
you like it very much at the moment and  
I am thinking you will never give it up  
until you have had a full success in  
your career. I cross my fingers all the  
time & wishing you good luck everywhere.  
By the way what is happened with your  
twenty-seven and a half horsepower  
Humber "Scorpion" and how you made  
full use of that 27½ horsepower. I think  
it must be a difficult to ride only a car  
in comparison to your "SEMPER FIDELIS",  
and former "Triumph", isn't it.

This letter is now much longer than I  
intended it to be when I first began but  
I am hoping it has not bored you to  
read it and I will try to write to you more  
regularly so far I can do so.

Well, goodbye my dear Tom and may  
God be with you all the time. Finally  
I am looking forward very much to  
hearing of you very soon.

Here is wishing you the best of luck  
and health - naturally "Pat" is included &  
your parents -

Yours  
Fred.

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly a header or address.

Main body of faint, illegible handwriting, appearing to be several lines of text.