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Henry E. Allen of Dickinson: Germany, World War II

Henry E. Allen

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PRISONER OF WAR

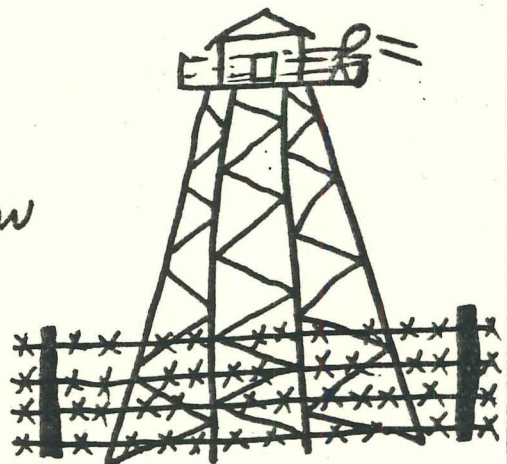
A TRUE STORY

BY: HENRY E. ALLEN

DICKINSON, N. DAK

AMERICAN PRISONER IN EUROPEAN
THEATER OF WAR
GERMAN PRISON CAMPS
WORLD WAR II 1941-1945

BOOKLET PREPARED IN
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Henry E. Allen as a Prisoner of War
in World War II

By Henry E. Allen
August, 1982

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Preface

The following account is an autobiography of my experiences as a soldier during World War II. Most of my personal experiences given here are those which I have remembered, though sometimes only vaguely. The dates and locations of these events have been reconstructed from books, military records, my own recollection, and other sources.

-- Henry E. Allen
August, 1982

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To Joy and Les Allen for preparing and editing this autobiography, and to my wife for all her help and patience during the preparation of it.

Introduction

I reported to active duty in the United States Army on December 8, 1943. The local draftboard in Sentinel Butte, North Dakota, had informed my dad earlier that year that I was going to be drafted as soon as the harvest season was over.

I took my basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas, and finished twenty-four weeks later. At first, I thought that I would have the edge over the city boys, since I had worked on the farm all of my life, giving me plenty of opportunity to exercise. However, I guess all 128 lbs. of me found basic as tough as the next guy.

During Basic, they called for volunteers for Paratroop school. Only two men in our unit were interested, and I was one of them. The reason why being a paratrooper was so appealing to me at the time came from my early impressions of my Uncle Ike. He was home on furlough a year earlier and told us all about his experiences in the 82nd Airborne Division. I believed a person had to be tough to jump out of a plane! I also believed I could do anything Uncle Ike could do. Anyway, I did go to paratrooper school at Fort Benning, Georgia. I completed several day and night jumps before leaving there.

My first boat ride took place when I sailed for England from the New York harbor. I left on October 26, 1944 and arrived in England on November 2, 1944. Soon after arriving there I was given a two-day leave along with my paycheck. I toured London for most of my leave and eventually got lost and had a terrible time getting back to base. Finally, an English woman personally escorted me to the train station and saw to it that I had made my connection.

At this time, the European war was going in our favor. The Normandy invasion was a success and by this time, the Germans were pushed back almost to their own borders. The 17th Airborne Division, to which I had been assigned, had arrived in England a few months before I had arrived and were posted at Camp Chiselaen, Wilshire, England.

From the information I gathered at the time, the 17th Airborne was supposed to jump into Germany just across the Rhine River in the first attempt to land on German soil. The front line was hundreds of miles long and weakly held by both forces. The Germans had secretly amassed a large force of men and weapons near the Ardennes Forest in lower Belgium, an area where we were significantly weak.

On December 16, 1944, the Germans broke out of the front line near the town of Bastogne. Their initial objective was to reach the river Meuse some 75 miles west of Bastogne. By the 26th of December, the Germans were within six miles of the Meuse River and had stalled.

Meanwhile, the United States was scrambling to react to the Germans' offensive. The plans for the 17th were immediately changed, and instead of challenging the Germans in their own territory, we were told to stop and reverse the German advance.

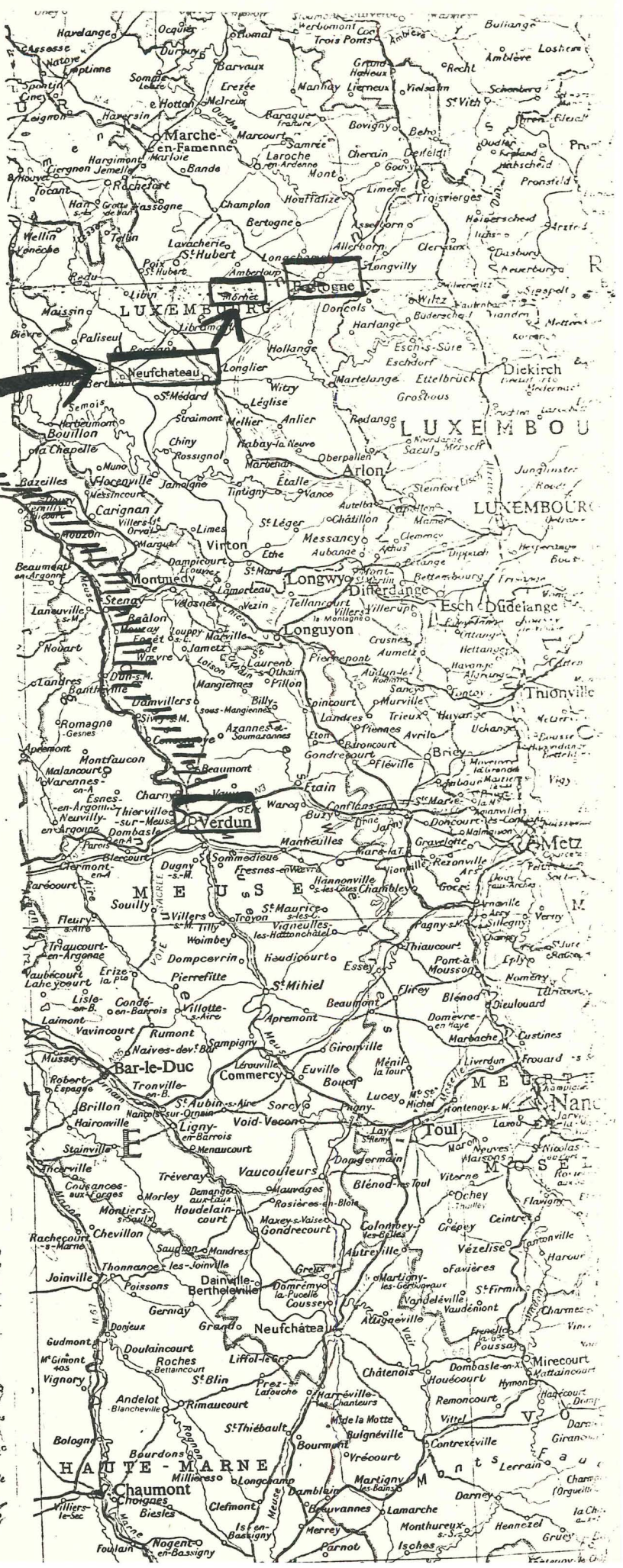
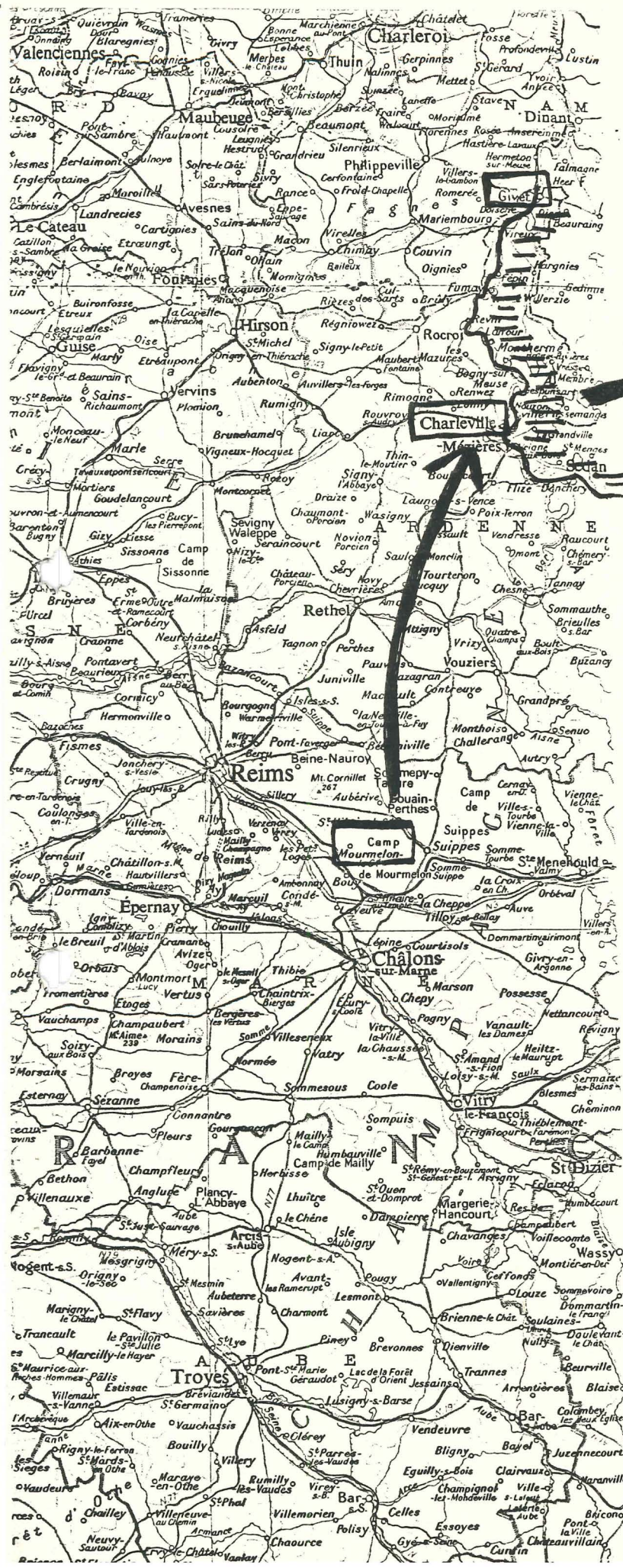
The 17th officially entered combat on Christmas Day, 1944. Three attempts were made to fly from England into the combat zone as we were dressed in full jump gear, but because of bad weather, we never left the ground. Finally, they flew us to an airport in the Riems Area, France. The divisional command post in this area

was Camp Mourmellon.

After this, we were trucked about 75 miles to the Meuse River. The 17th divisional camp was set up in Charlesville, France on the 28th of December. On route to the Meuse River, the trucks stopped for awhile and a few of us ran over to this town and drank some cider. As it turned out, it was the last hearty beverage many of us had for many a month. Another thing I remembered was a hot turkey dinner we shared before the trucks dropped us off. It must have been for Christmas or New Year's. I really didn't keep track of time while I was in the war. The truckers would only go so close to the battle region, so we had to walk for three to four days before coming in contact with the enemy. I can't remember exactly where I was, but it was somewhere between the Meuse River and Bastogne. At this time, I started seeing my first casualties of war. When we arrived to the assigned area, we met a United States Armored Division, who had cleared out the Germans and said, "It's all yours, boys!" and left us to continue moving forward.

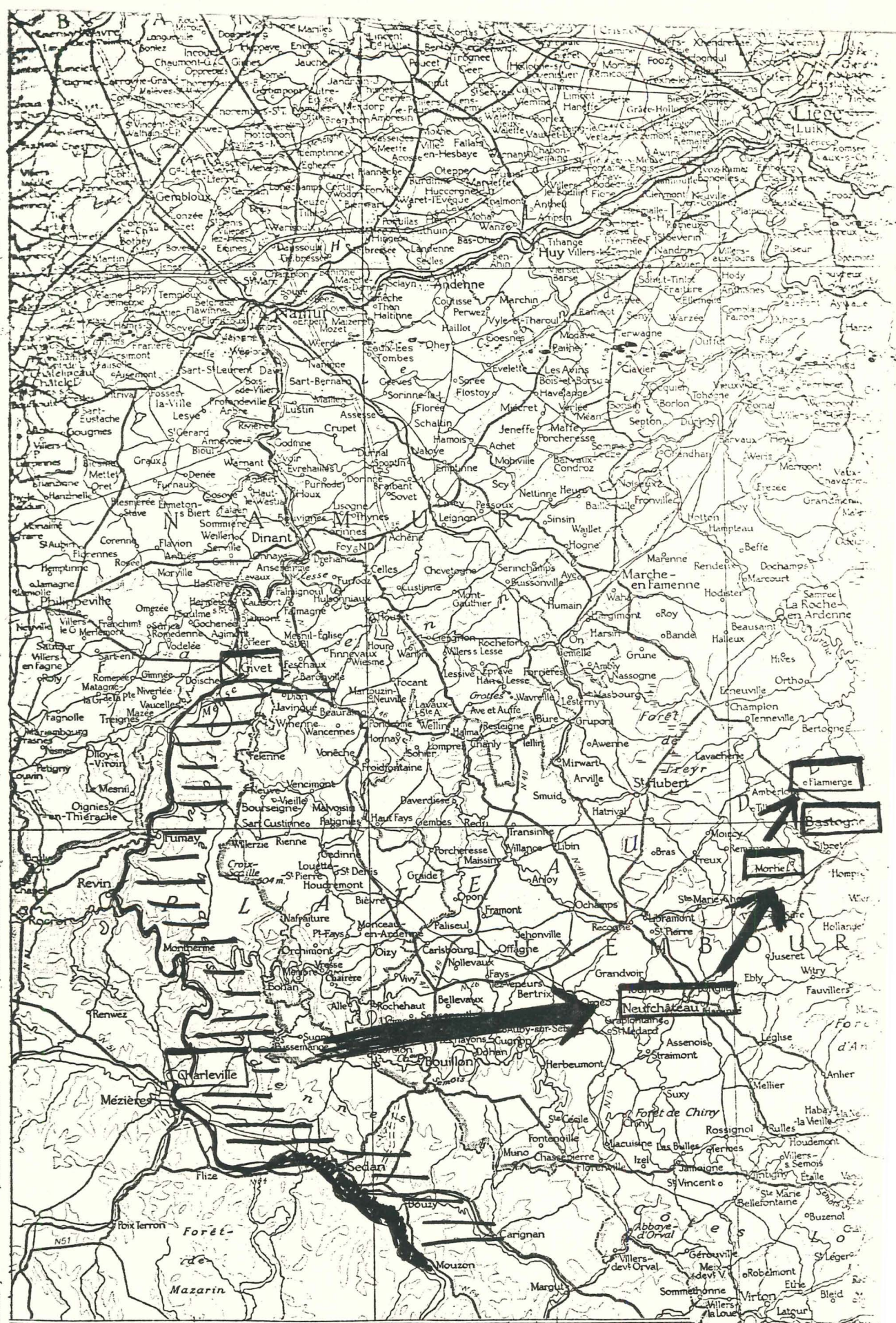
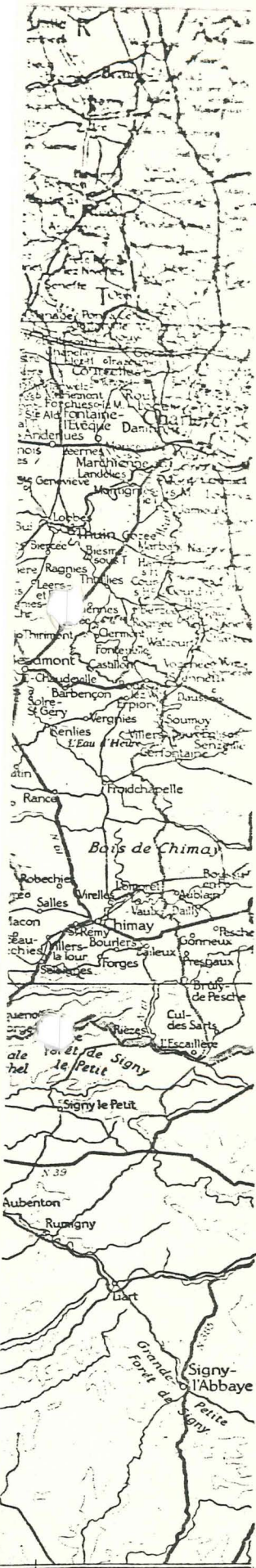
We camped at small timber covered areas. The first night we moved up single file to another timber area. The next morning at dawn, they told us we had five miles to the Meuse¹ River and that we had five days to make it. We were to go to our destination and hold there. Unfortunately, we met the Germans immediately after starting our journey. The first day we had probably traveled about one mile and we were under heavy tank resistance. Therefore, we pulled back and started again the next morning. The second day we had gone about two miles and got pinned down.

¹ I clearly remember being told that the Meuse River was our objective, but maps indicate that perhaps it was the Ourthe River, a tributary to the Meuse River.



My company was cut off from communication because our radio was broken. I heard that it was broken while a German prisoner was carrying it and I always felt he purposely broke it. Later that day, the United States Command sent us four support tanks. These tanks were knocked out in about thirty minutes by the German Tiger tanks. They attacked from our left rear side, where there was a patch of timber. At that time, we were surrounded. The lieutenant had sent a few men up to this timber area figuring we were being fired on by our own tanks and artillery. Unfortunately, they were fired upon and came back, so we knew there were Tiger tanks to our left rear. We were now pinned down and completely surrounded by 10:00 a.m.

I remember that I had become friends with an Indian soldier. My job was to carry ammunition for him, as he was a gunner. On the second or third day, he was moving forward and was supposed to go so far and hit the dirt, but he ran too long. Suddenly the Tiger tank shot him and he was blown to bits.



15' H

30' J 45' K 5' L

69 15' M

20 Statute Miles

0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 Kilometres

Heights in Metres

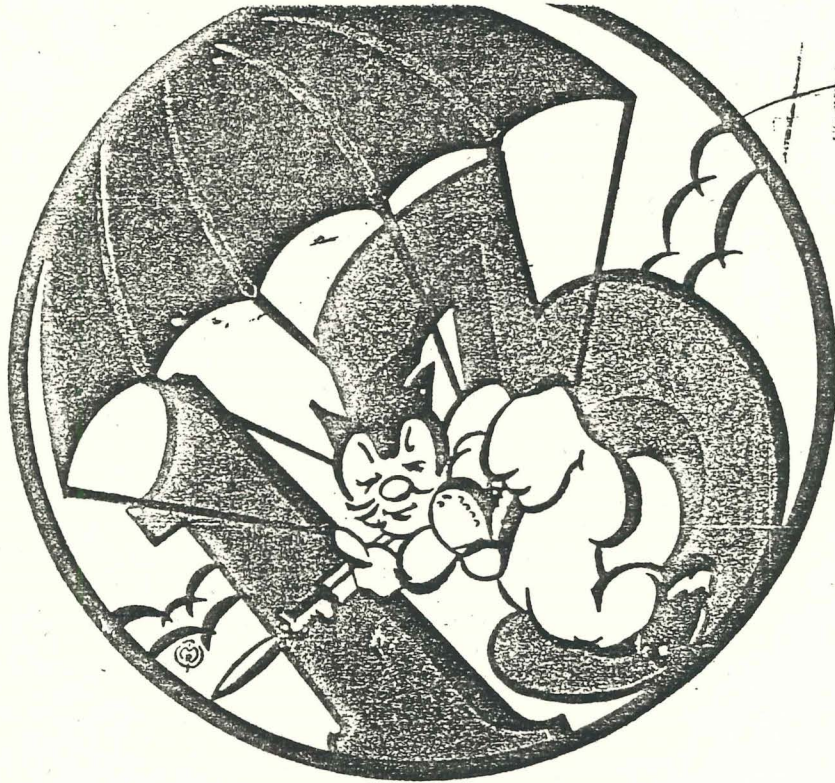
The Capture:

I was a Private, registered with the 513th Airborne Regiment, 17th Airborne Division attached to the Third Army. The 513th included about 3,000 men. A description of the 513th is given in a book entitled The Bitter Woods, by J. Eisenhower:

Part of the 17th Airborne Division, the 513th was an unusually select regiment. It was a school troop unit at Fort Benning, Georgia, and many of its members had been chosen from among the best graduates of airborne training.

It was snowing hard on January 3, 1944, and we had no air support. Four tanks were called in to help us. There were two companies together when we were captured, Company A and my company, Company B. We were surrounded by German Tiger tanks and their S.S. troops. It's hard to say just how many of us were captured, but we had lost quite a few men that day, so I would guess that there were 100-200 men who were taken prisoner from both Company A and B. We had our weapons when we got the order from our sergeant to surrender. I remember it being about a couple of hours before dark. We dismantled our rifles and left them and came out of our fox holes. We were clothed in our heavy overcoats, overshoes and gloves--the Germans then proceeded to search through these belongings for the next hour.

I hated the idea of surrendering. We were told that a German tank had broken through Company A and got to where our wounded were. The Germans in the tanks sent one of our medics up to our commander and told him either to surrender or they would blow up the building containing the wounded. I was told that we had about 80 men wounded there at this time. I also heard that we were captured by S.S. troops



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513TH
 PARACHUTE INFANTRY
 HISTORY

DO NOT REMOVE FROM THIS OFFICE

APR 1947
28207

MONTY TO FLAMIERGE

From the village of Monty to Flamierge, climbs a narrow road north-east of the bloody rubble of Bastogne. Over this 2250 yards of narrow high-crowned road, the 513th Parachute Infantry, commanded by Col. James W. Coutts, fought its way in a spearhead assault to sever the neck of the Nazi defense of the Bulge into Belgium.

From the tiny Belgian town of Monty, climb upward to Flamierge is 2250 yards of exposed roads and fields. This is "Dead Man's Ridge" — the road over which the 513th rushed to assault Von Rundstedt's hand-picked defenders of the bastion in the throat of the Bulge.

Col. Coutts ordered his young "Expert" Infantry (Parachute) Regiment to move forward into the vicinity of Flohamount, a tiny town set in a cradle of hills in the rugged mountainous country of the Duchy of Luxembourg. — This was the order his men had long awaited — had so long and earnestly trained, for — the order to move forward into combat the morning of January 2nd, 1945.

The 2nd Battalion, under the command of Lt. Col. A.C. Miller, was ordered to replace elements of the 11th Armored Division occupying the town of Monty. The 1st Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. A.R. Taylor, was ordered into the woods of Bois de Fragette south of Monty, while the 3rd Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. E.F. Kent, was to be held in reserve at Jodansville. The Regimental and Hq. and Hq. Co. C.P. were set up in the ruins of Flohamount.

The dense woods of the Bois de Fragette was the scene of the 513th's indoctrination into actual combat. Subjected to the smashing, screaming barrage of mortar and artillery fire for the first time, the 1st Battalion dug their emplacements with all the coolness of veterans. To the north could be heard an additional thunder as their sister battalion, the 2nd, drove forward toward Monty.

In their occupation of the town, January 3rd, the 2nd Battalion opposed units of mechanized Panzer-Grenadiers, elements of a tank battalion, and infantrymen.

During the engagement thirty PWs were taken and sent to the rear. All thirty were from the 29th Panzer Grenadier Regiment. Nine large enemy tanks appeared before the battalion, apparently attempting to penetrate our lines. Col. Miller ordered the battalion Bazooka teams to be employed as aggressive weapons. The teams left their parent units

to make individual attacks against the tanks with telling effectiveness — knocking four out of action within a very short time.

The Regt. suffered a serious loss when Major David Rosen, S-3 head, plus a large number of men of companies B and C were trapped and killed or captured by a strong German force in the area comprising the 1st Battalion front (c.i.) the Bois de Fragette.

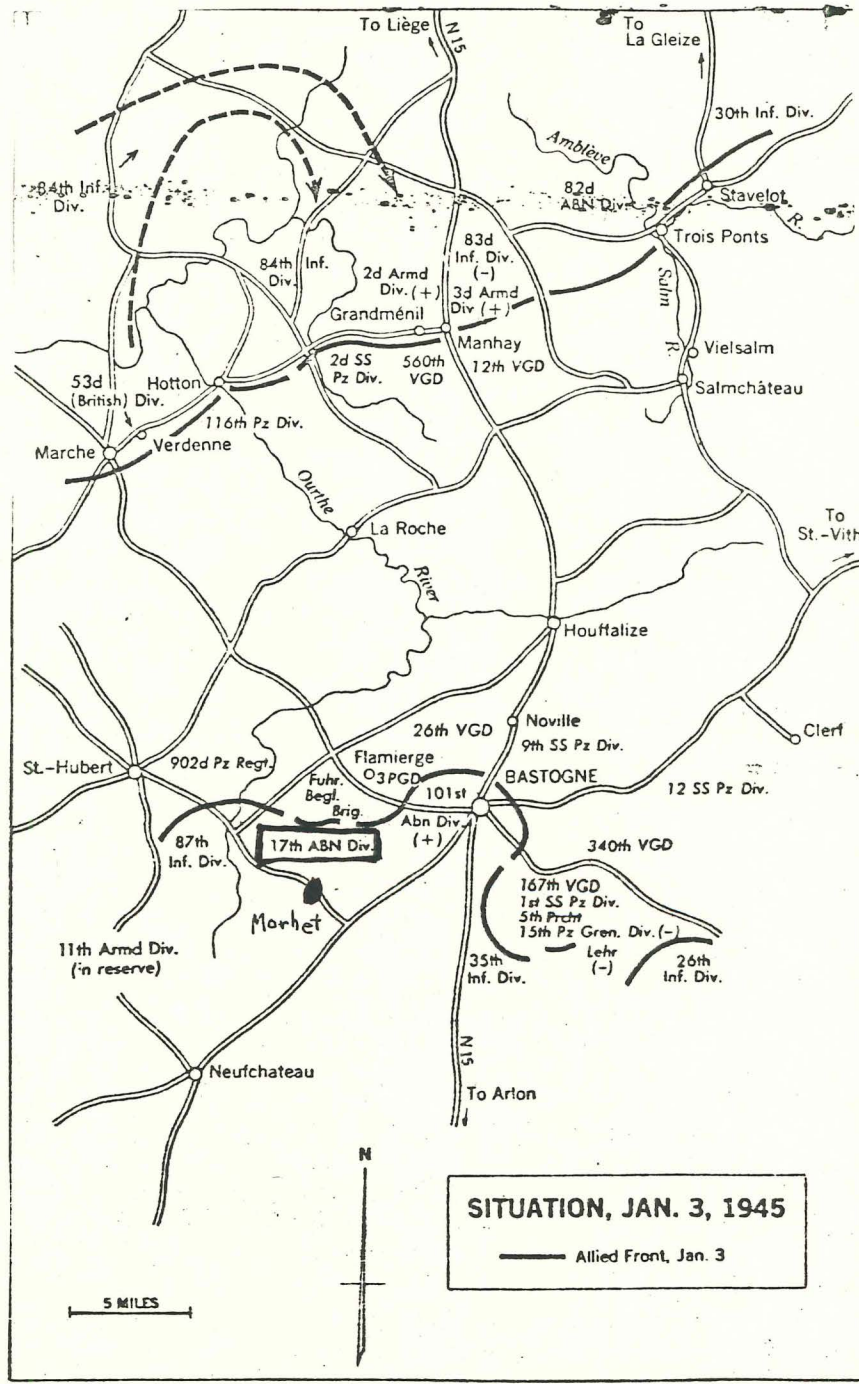
... and before the woods of Bois de Fragette, the 1st Battalion was receiving the brunt of the determined opposition presented by heavy mechanized forces. The situation here became all but untenable when a tank-break through, supported by intense mortar and artillery fire, disrupted and severed all communication to the rear. Corps artillery was unable to alleviate the situation due to the disruption of communication. Superior fighting qualities of the regiment drove back a mechanized superior and numerically stronger force which retreated to the north and west toward Flamizoulle and Flamierge.

Lt. Scott Stubbs, the Regimental Courier, arrived at the Regimental C.P. in the ruins of Flohamount with the Division order to attack. The regiment was directed to attack to the north from the vicinity of Monty, toward Flamizoulle and the Ourthe River, at 040815. Col. Coutts ordered the 3rd Battalion to replace the 1st in the Bois de Fragette, and moved the replaced battalion to the woods of the Bois de Valet.

At 0815, January 4th, the regiment proceeded into the attack. The movement was initiated with the 1st Battalion and the 2nd abreast; The 3rd Battalion remained in reserve at the Bois de Fragette — the Regimental and Hq. and Hq. Co.s in the Bois de Valet.

Again it was necessary to employ bazooka teams in aggressive actions against tanks and self-propelled 88's. One platoon of the second battalion broke through enemy positions, the remnants of which fought their way to Flamizoulle where they were presumably taken captive, as they did not again rejoin the battalion. The first battalion moving out of the Bois de Fragette met and overran resistance from small arms fire, sending twenty-five PW's to the rear. Intense barrages were placed on them as they advanced across open fields toward more covered positions on the South bank of the Bastogne road. Moving forward despite heavy casualties inflicted by both heavy shelling and greatly increased machine-gun and small arms fire, the battalion was attacked by direct fire from self-propelled guns along the Bastogne road to the Northwest.

With the left flank so exposed to this new attacking element it was decided crossing the



SITUATION, JAN. 3, 1945
— Allied Front, Jan. 3

and Tiger tank outfits. From our capture point, we walked for what seemed like all night. German S.S. troops marched us back to where we were held for a day. We arrived at a barn and slept there the remaining part of the night. When I awoke, there were only about six men left in the room, so I quickly walked outside. There I saw the men in a line for interrogation in front of another building. The guards motioned for me to get into that line.

Each person was questioned one by one for about ten minutes. No officers were present. Three men questioned me and one of them spoke perfect English. They asked my rank, name and serial number. They kept asking me whether the 507th Regiment was my unit and I said nothing. They persisted in questioning me on the 507th, wanting to know if they were on the left or right of our unit. Of course, I told them nothing. Being I was only a Private, they didn't waste much time with me. They figured I didn't know much, and I didn't. It took them a few hours to run us all through the interrogation. After this, they took us to a bar/hall and I was given my first black bread, which I didn't like at all. I stayed in this bar/hall until all of our soldiers had been interrogated.

Henry E. Allen Is Missing In Action

Information from the war department received by W. E. Allen of Sentinel Butte, indicates that his son, Henry E. Allen, a paratrooper, is missing in the Belgium sector of the European theatre of war.

Paratrooper Allen entered the service Dec. 8, 1943. He received his basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas. He completed his paratroop training at Fort Benning, Georgia.

After completing his training at Fort Benning, he was shipped overseas, arriving in England the latter part of October, 1944.

SENTINEL BUTTE

Mrs. Alma Rink, Cor.

Mrs. Vic Johnson and Mrs. Paul Wagner visited Mrs. Nell Hogoboom Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Polley returned from South Dakota Monday night where they have been to attend the funeral of Fred Franzen who passed away following an operation. Mrs. Franzen and Mrs. Polley are sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Franzen, who accompanied Polleys, remained for a longer visit.

Paul Wischow arrived home from Dale, Wis., Friday night where he has been visiting his mother who is in very poor health.

Mrs. Nick Uetz and Mrs. Mike Thesen were Beach visitors Friday. While there they visited with Frank Nehls who is seriously ill in the Beach hospital following several strokes.

Joe Zinsli had the misfortune to have his foot crushed when a truck accidentally ran over it while he was helping Ed Dietz.

Mrs. Julia Hayward of Beach is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Franzen.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wagner were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nell Hogoboom.

John Hinkel of Medora was a business caller in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nistler and family were Sunday visitors at the Herman Dietz home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dempsey of Bottineau arrived Saturday to spend several days at the home of Mrs. Dempsey's sister, Mrs. Harry Mikelson.

Alvin Tescher spent Saturday in Miles City, Mont., on business.

Eddy Kennedy recently received the Purple Heart for duties of bravery performed when he was wounded, in December. He sent the medal to his parents and it

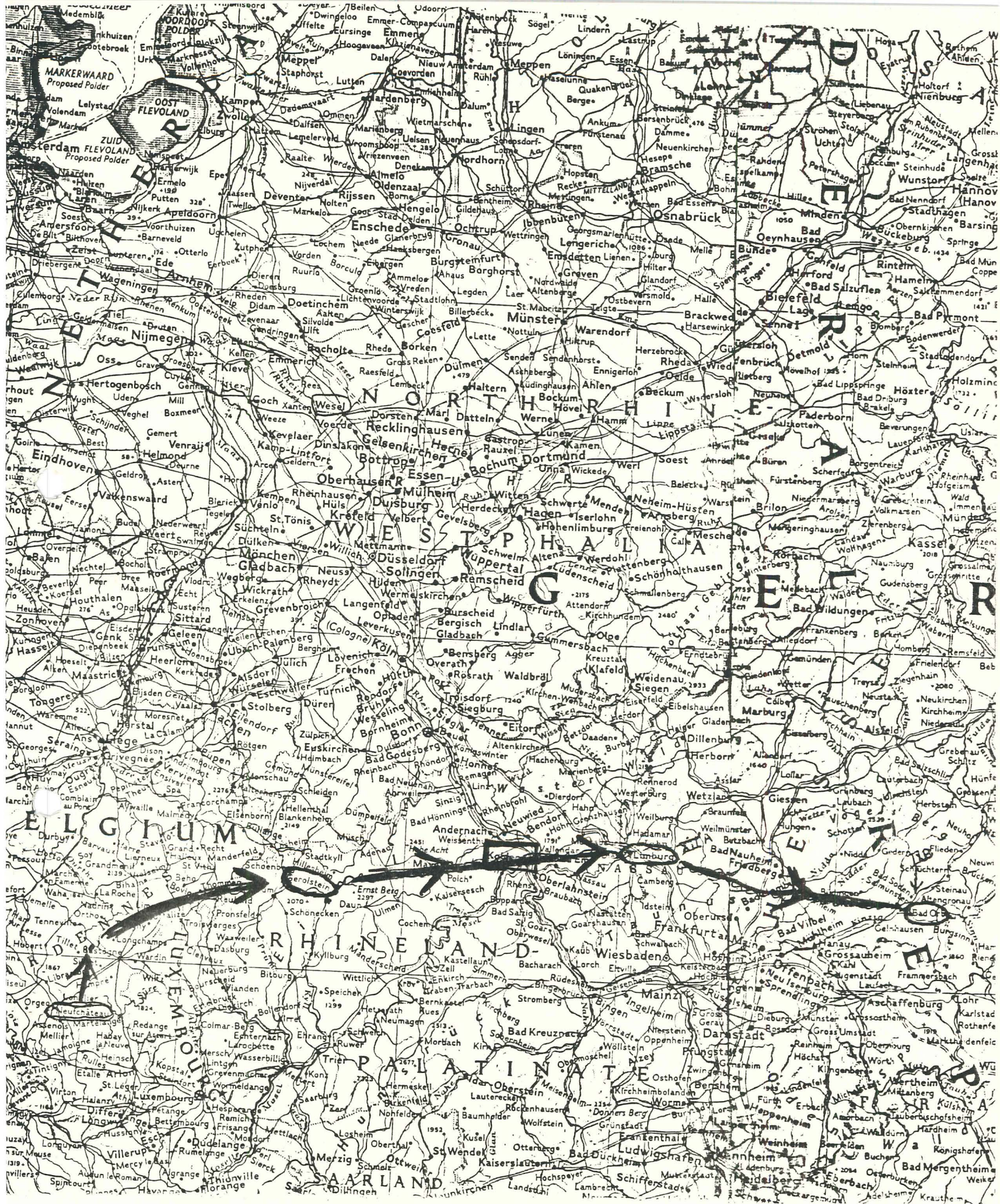
Webb Allen received word last week that his son, Henry, is reported missing in action over Belgium. Henry was a paratrooper and received his basic training at Ft. Benning, Ga. He had not been over seas very long.

Mrs. Dena Braaten and son of Belfield visited at the home of their daughter and sister, Mrs. John Sanders, Saturday night and Sunday.

The High School Boys and Girls and the Junior oBys basketball teams journeyed to Ollie, Mont., Saturday evening where the Junior Boys defeated Ollie 28-3 and the High School Boys defeated the Ollie team 21-18. The Girls' team was defeated by three points.

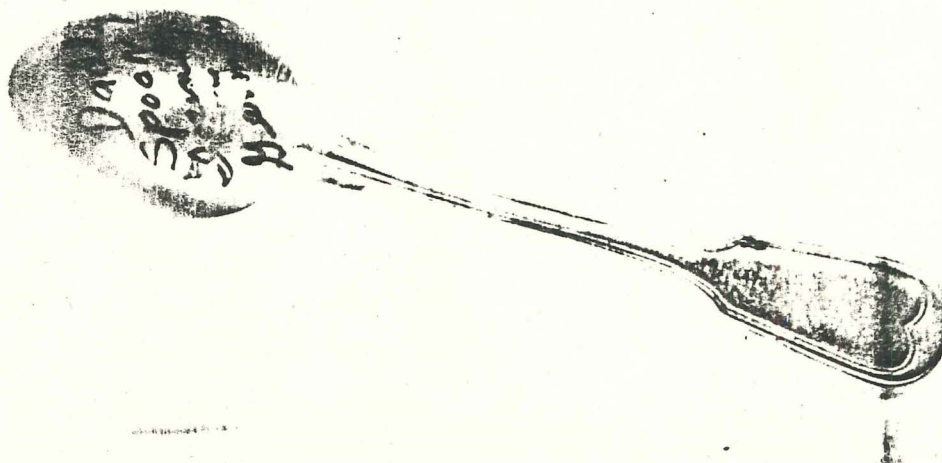
On Sunday evening, January 28, several friends dropped in to surprise Mr. and Mrs. Mike Thelsen on their 35th wedding anniversary which was on Saturday.

Lyle Petersilie returned to the Howard Wenberz home near Beach



First Camp: Gerolstein

The Germans marched us from the barn to the first camp, which was located in Gerolstein. It took us a couple of days to walk there from the area where we were kept the first night and interrogated. I would say that we walked approximately fifty to seventy-five miles. We knew it was Gerolstein either because of a sign or because people spoke of it by name. There were other prisoners there before we arrived. It seemed more like a work camp than a prison camp. There were about 200 prisoners here and we were sent out in work groups of twenty-five or less and guarded by about five guards or less. We started to work the day after we arrived. Our details included changing rail ties, moving whole rail lines over to avoid bombed rails and other chores. There was no organized way of feeding. If you were there, you got your watered down broth and a piece of black bread. Sometimes they would put potato peelings in the broth. If you were out working at the time of feeding, then that was your loss and you didn't eat! I used my helmet to eat out of and I found a little German tea spoon while cleaning up a bombed out place. I used that spoon all the way through prison camp and I still have it today.



The prison camp reminded me of a warehouse. There were no fences, just a holding place where they kept us, in-between working us. We had no beds, no heat and no latrines, which made us feel like cattle at times. My guards seemed like regular front line troops. They had ranks like Sergeant, etc., and carried various weapons as we were not fenced in. They watched us very closely at the sleeping section and on the railroad jobs. For roll call, the guards just called everybody out of the building and counted us. Then they took as many as they needed for their work.

Whiling hauling prefab buildings up into the hills, some men would get tired and weak and the guards would beat them with rifle bats. I froze my foot while hauling the prefab buildings. I remember I saw a doctor for my foot, as I could hardly walk on it.

While clearing out a drug store or market, I found a jar of baby food. I hid it on me and snuck it back to the warehouse where I ate it. It tasted so good!

I saw Polish people used as slaves here at this camp; a couple of G.I.'s could talk Polish and German, and could understand them. Some slaves were only twelve years old. They worked in groups of twenty-five to fifty with one guard.

I once heard that a German sergeant wanted the building cleared and one of our boys was sleeping. The boy didn't hear the message and come out, so he was shot. I also heard that some of our men were killed by our planes while working on the railroad, but I never saw that. I do remember working in the bombed railroad town when our planes flew over and shaved us with machine guns. Even though it seemed too close for comfort, we felt good to see our men wrecking

the place.

I can't remember any new prisoners entering and we never got any news about the front line. Our captors seemed young, anxious and trigger happy. They were in their glory when they captured us and you would have thought they were winning the war. It seemed like they wanted to grind us down here. We stayed at Gerolstein about twenty-five days.

On the day we were to move out and on to the next place, they gave us some black bread and meat. It was the first time we were given meat and I couldn't help thinking it was horse meat as the only animal I ever saw there was the horse drawing the buggy for the doctor. I had to divide my share of meat and bread with four other men and that had to last us the trip to the next prison.

We left the sick behind and only the men who could walk left for Stalog 12. They moved us out in the morning and marched us all day. That night we were to sleep in an empty box car. We were packed in it like animals and the door was locked. I remember that when they opened the doors in the morning, our shoes were off and we were not ready to jump out. They did not give us time to get our correct belongings and I grabbed one wrong shoe. It was too small for my foot and I had to tear part of it open to walk. We walked again all day and this wrong shoe only aggravated my frozen foot. We came to a barn and slept there the second night. We awoke early and again marched all day. On the third night, we came to a railroad yard in a large town which I think was called Koblenz. Here we were stuffed into box cars. It was bitter cold since it was the first week in February, and we were packed in tighter than a person

would pack cows. At times, we couldn't get enough air, but some of the guys broke a hole in the top of the car for oxygen. Two men died during the night on the train and some said the cause of their deaths was pneumonia. We moved out sometime during the night, and could hear airplanes bombing around us all night. We arrived at Stalog 12 the next day.

Second Camp: Stalog 12 A

I can remember very little about this camp and I don't know why. The one thing I can pin down is that the Red Cross came in the first day we arrived and registered us as P.O.W.s. This was the only correspondence we had and the Red Cross sent a letter to my home dated February 6, 1945, stating my capture as a P.O.W. and being held at Stalog 12 A. It seemed that we got some dried food of some kind at this camp, but it's hard to recall just what it was. I can't remember much but it seemed like a regular prison camp with guard towers. I was only here a short time.



Kriegsgefangenenpost

Postkarte

An

Mr. Webster E. Allen

Route 2

Empfangsort: Sentinel Butte
town
Land: U.S.A.
country
Landesteil: N. Dakota
(Provinz usw.)
county

Gebührenfrei

Prisoner of War Camp

Stalag VII A

Date Feb 6 1945

(No. of Camp only; as may be directed by the Commandant of the Camp.)

I have been taken prisoner of war in Germany. I am in good health — ~~slightly wounded~~ (cancel accordingly).

We will be transported from here to another Camp within the next few days. Please don't write until I give new address.

Kindest regards

Christian Name and Surname: Henry E Allen

Rank: Capt

Detachment: U.S Army

(No further details. — Clear legible writing.)

Third Camp: Stalog 9B

We were then moved again for a third time and walked to the next prison camp called Stalog 9 B, located next to the town of Bad Ord. It took us about three to five days to walk here.

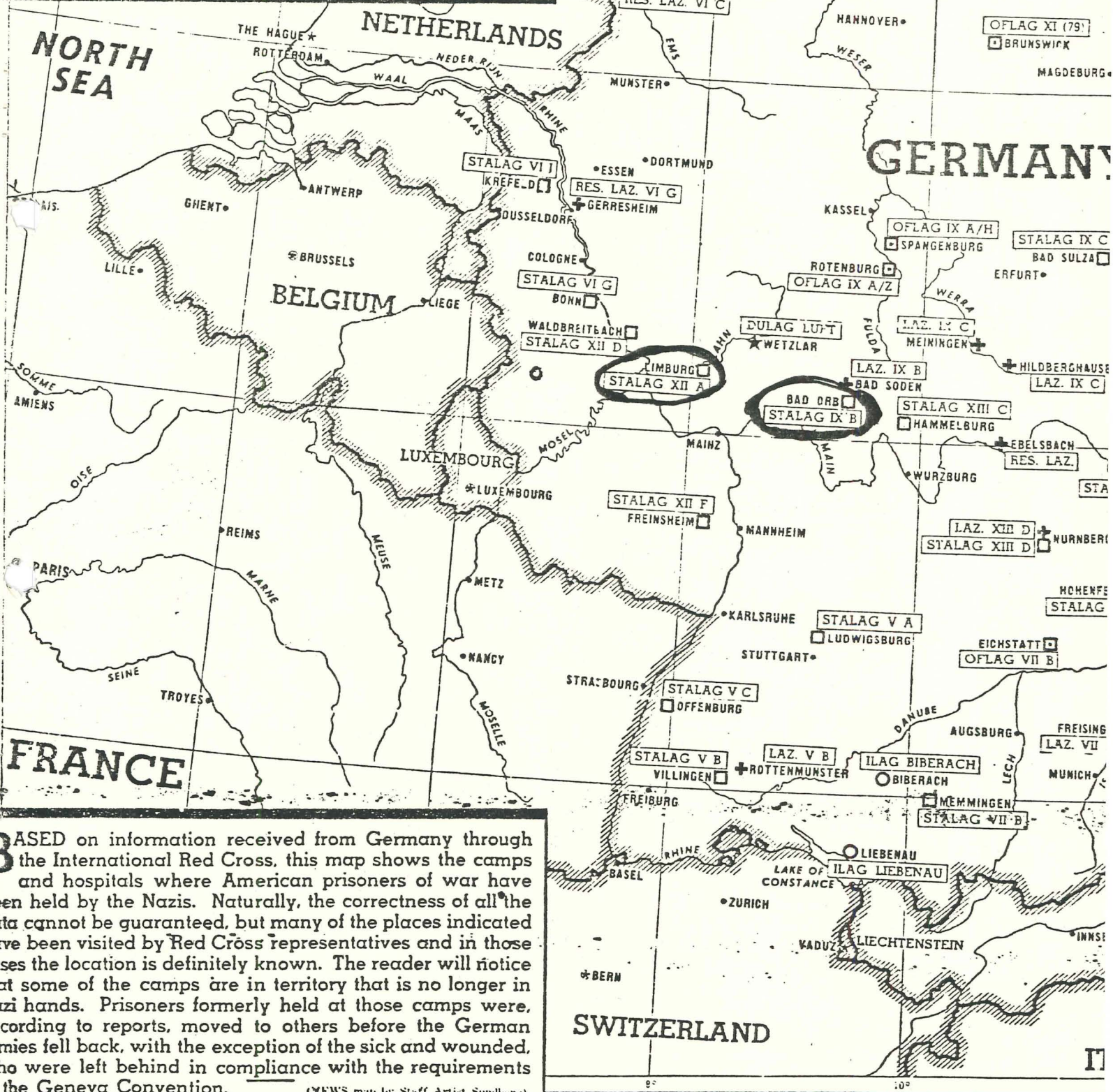
This prison had fences and I believe there were guard towers. Again, there weren't any beds or latrines but there were trenches outside. There was one little wood stove in one end of the building. The guards seemed to be around forty years old. They locked us up at night and would give us enough wood to warm up a spot for about an hour. We slept on the floor and here is where I met two buddies I knew before we started combat. I remember that their names were Garret and Hudson and we used to button our overcoats together and cover up at night. I can't ever remember any Red Cross rations reaching this camp. Food was poor and there wasn't much of it. Again we had broth and black bread. During the day, we just walked around as there was nothing to do. They simply counted us each morning and then at night when they locked us up in a building to sleep on the floor.

Stalog 9 B did have a place for the sick. I went there for my foot and I think I stayed overnight. However, I saw so many soldiers who were on the edge of death, I went back to my place on the floor. I believe most were dying from lack of food and from pneumonia. There were no medical supplies to help them. Many of the soldiers looked older here, as if they were the ones who were dying.

I heard the men say that spinal meningitis had broken out, but then heard that this was said just to scare the Germans, so they wouldn't move us again.

We didn't know much of what was going on in the war, but we knew that our Army was on the go, since the Germans continued to move us. Each time they moved us, we knew our U.S. forces were pushing them back into Germany. A few days before we were liberated, the guards would say that it wouldn't be long and we would have to carry the rifles. Then we knew things were getting bad for them. This gave me a lot of hope, although I was scared they were going to try and make us walk to another camp when the United States troops got close. When the rumors got around that spinal meningitis had broken out, I think the Germans gave up the idea of moving us again. I could not talk or understand German, but the guards were kidding with some of the G.I.'s who could talk German about the war coming to an end. We started to hear our big guns and the guards started saying, "Today we carry the guns, tomorrow you will."

CAMPS



BASED on information received from Germany through the International Red Cross, this map shows the camps and hospitals where American prisoners of war have been held by the Nazis. Naturally, the correctness of all the data cannot be guaranteed, but many of the places indicated have been visited by Red Cross representatives and in those cases the location is definitely known. The reader will notice that some of the camps are in territory that is no longer in Nazi hands. Prisoners formerly held at those camps were, according to reports, moved to others before the German armies fell back, with the exception of the sick and wounded, who were left behind in compliance with the requirements of the Geneva Convention.

(NEWS map by Staff Artist Sundberg)

General Feelings and Memories:

Physically, I was pretty lucky, since outside of a frozen, hurt foot and diarrhea, I managed to keep moving. I put up with those two problems in the camps; the Army fixed my foot after I got liberated and it healed after a period of time. I did have a lot of depression, but this was brought on mostly from defeat and the way we were treated. I always felt that we could have held out that night and never should have given ourselves up for surrender. The Army always taught you to be strong, to fight, and to survive. The whole idea of surrendering to the Germans angered, confused and depressed me. I also suffered from loss of memory, especially after the long and painful trip to Stalog 12 A.

Some of the prisoners would just sit and say nothing and never smile. We were always hungry and dirty so we talked about food and a wash place most of the time. We all had lice and many times there was nothing to do but to try and pick the lice off our clothes and keep them from biting us. We felt like pigs because of the lice, dirt and smell. Imagine wearing the same clothes for three months straight! We kind of had the feeling of being nothing. We also had constant diarrhea and stomach problems because of the food. Everybody seemed to be on edge. I remember some arguments just over discussing kinds of food. One man would think a Bismarck donut had jelly in the middle and one would say it did not. They could argue for a long time over things of that nature. We felt like animals and just lived from one day to another.

I do think that my age and faith in my religion kept me going in camp. The Catholic boys would get together and say the Rosary

at night. There were no religious services offered to us. There were times when I did not think we would make it.

Once, while we were moving up, we heard that the Germans were killing some of the prisoners they had taken, rather than use the guards to take them back to a prison camp. I also heard where two English guys escaped but were brought back a day later. The Germans then moved them to another camp.

We never celebrated any holidays nor did we ever feel good about anything.

Liberation Day:

BEACH, GOLDEN VALLEY COUNTY, NORTH DAKOTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1945

Pvt. Henry Allen Freed From POW Camp In Germany

Good news in the form of a letter in his son's handwriting was received here Saturday, by W. E. Allen, of Sentinel Butte, saying that he, Pvt. Henry E. Allen, Paratrooper, had been liberated from a German prison camp April 2.

On January 4, Mr. Allen received word from the War Department that his son had been taken prisoner of war by the Germans; he was captured by the enemy when he parachuted out over enemy territory; previous to this he had been reported missing in action.

Private Allen entered the service Dec. 8, 1943, and received his basic training at Camp Fannin, Tex., and his paratrooper training at Ft. Benning, Ga., going overseas the latter part of October, 1944.

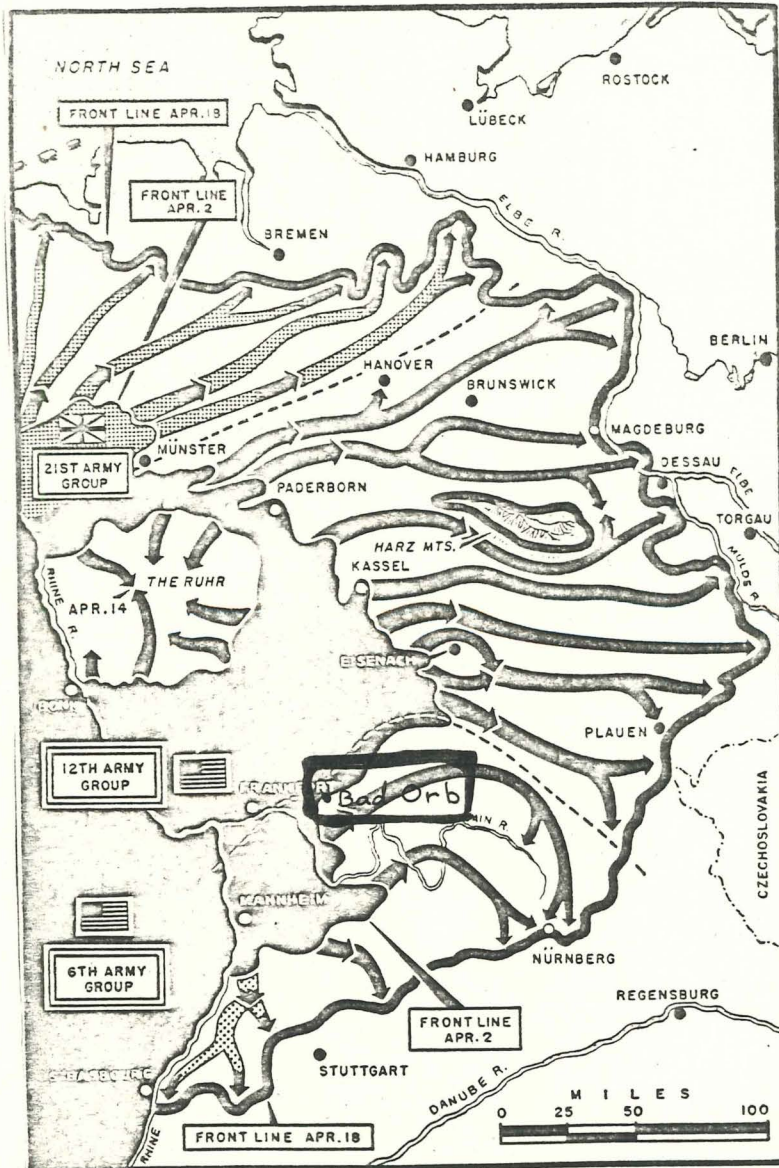
Private Allen said he was well, but had lost a lot of weight.

The night before we were liberated, we could hear our big guns being fired continually. Somehow the liberation team got word to our prison camp for us to lie flat on the floor until they liberated us. The next morning, on April 2nd, the United States soldiers blew the fence open and rolled in with their tanks. We were all very excited and running everywhere. Some men grabbed rifles from the liberators and took right after the Germans. A few of the Germans were killed by our guys at this point. I guess the reason for these crazy outbursts was our extreme hate, which had built up from being captured and then our treatment as prisoners.

Our troops came in and freed us on April 2, 1945, and we remained at this prison camp for three days before moving out.

OMAR N. BRADLEY

A Soldier's Story



During this time, they brought in "C" rations, which tasted delicious. The commander who liberated us tasted our food from the Germans and said to throw it out as it was not fit for hogs! Some of the Army personnel would gather us together and sing American patriotic songs. I would say that this is when we let go of some of our hate and broke down and cried. We talked about going home as soon as they could get us there. This crying and singing lasted a few hours. This was the first time I really heard anyone cry, outside of the Sergeant on the day we were captured.

The Army also set up a tent camp by the River where we could take a bath and shave. We also got clean clothes since we were still wearing the same clothes from the day we were captured, which was almost three months ago! I can't tell you how good it felt to clean up and put on clean clothes. They shaved our heads here to try and get rid of the lice.

On the third day, I remember having pancakes at the airfield before we were loaded on a plane and flown to France. When we arrived in "La Hare," France, I was very sick. During the flight I was given an orange and it didn't agree with my stomach. I guess I needed to gradually introduce real food with any substance into my system. Anyway, they took me to a place for the sick where a nurse treated me and had me up and going in a couple of days. We remained at this rehabilitation camp for about a month, enjoying all the eggnog and donuts we wanted!

We returned to the States by ship, entering New York Harbor around the first of May. I had been lucky in a few poker games playing with some coins which I had carried in my pocket throughout

my P.O.W. experience. As soon as we were outfitted with new clothes we were given a sixty-day furlough. I immediately caught a train home to North Dakota.

About a week after I arrived in the United States, Germany surrendered. The war in Europe was over. I arrived home on May 9, 1945, where I was happily greeted by my family and friends.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY NEWS

H. E. Allen Home From POW Camp

May 9 was a happy day at the Webb Allen home, because that was the fateful day Paratrooper Henry E. Allen arrived. He had been a prisoner of war in Germany for three months, being liberated by the Yanks as they swept through Germany.

After Paratrooper Allen's release, he spent a month at a rest camp in France, next returning to the States, and Ft. Selling, Minn., then home on a 60-day furlough, before reporting to a redistribution center for further duty.

SENTINEL BUTTE

Mrs. Alma Rink, Cor.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wagner had as their Sunday dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wosepka and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wosepka.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cook entertained at 6:30 dinner Monday evening in honor of Sgt. Elmo Fisher who is home on furlough and Henry Allen who was recently released from a German prison camp. Those present besides the honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Waldahl, Joan and Jerry Osterhout, and Webb Allen.

Mrs. Ethel Wolf of Medora spent Wednesday between buses visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. J. Hess.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mikelson and Lorna and Miss Ethel Mikelson spent Sunday at the ranch home of Mrs. Lodema Myers, Medora.

Mrs. Einar Olstad was an overnight guest of Alma Rink Monday.

Mrs. Fred Reinholz returned on Thursday from Wahpeton where she was called by the death of her grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cook, Mrs. Howard Hess and Marion Gardner were Saturday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wagner.

After being home on the farm for sixty days, I returned to the United States Army in Arkansas on July 10, 1945.

Paratrooper H. Allen Given Farewell Party

On Sunday, July 8th, about 130 friends and neighbors gathered at the Webb Allen home to give Paratrooper Henry Allen a genuine send-off, as Henry leaves the 10th for Hot Springs, Ark., after spending a 60-day furlough amongst his friends. A bountiful picnic lunch was served—in fact, also a picnic supper. For entertainment the guests played baseball and pitched some horse shoe. A collection of silver was presented Henry by his many friends.

The guests left in the evening wishing and hoping that all of Henry's future landings would be easy and happy ones.

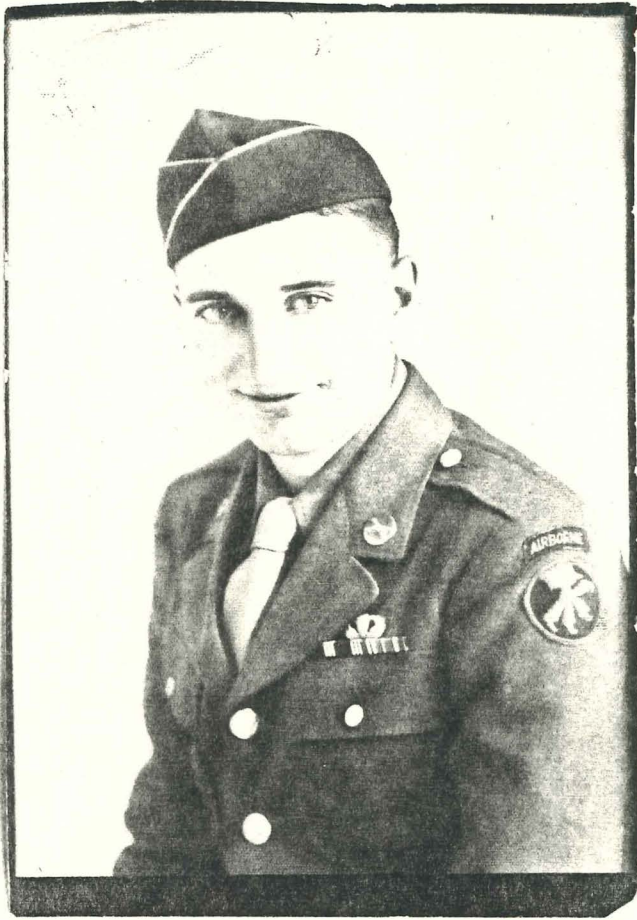
One month later, Japan surrendered and World War II had ended. I was released from the army on December 12, 1945.

Writing this documentation of my P.O.W. memories has been an experience in itself. I had always avoided thinking about this time of my life because of its emotional impact on me. However, I seem to be able to reflect on this experience today and deal with the emotional stress which comes with simply "remembering."

Since my Army days, I have experienced problems with depression, for which I am being medically treated.

I feel fortunate to have survived my ordeal as a P.O.W. I have thanked God many times for my safe delivery to my home and family.





1944



1982



July 1980

Personal Resume

NAME: Henry E. Allen

BIRTHDATE: March 29, 1925

ADDRESS: R.R. 4, Box 135
Dickinson, North Dakota 58601

SPOUSE: Elizabeth Braun Allen

CHILDREN: Karen Allen Kaufman
Leslie H. Allen
Rita Allen Meyer
Rodney J. Allen
LaVonne Allen Fritz
Joyce Allen Bushaw
Anthony W. Allen

PRESENT
OCCUPATIONS: Telegrapher for Burlington Northern Railroad
Farmer/Rancher

Timetable of Contents

Event	Date	Source of Information
Entered service, Ft. Snelling, MN Basic Training, Ft. Fanning, TX	8 Dec 43	1
Entered Parachute School Ft. Benning, GA	Jul 44	
Leave NYC Harbor for England	26 Oct 44	1
Arrive in England Camp	2 Nov 44	1
Leave England for France	24 Dec 44	2
Arrive in France	25 Dec 44	2
Enter Battle Zone in Belgium	25 Dec 44 - 3 Jan 45	2
513th Entered Active Combat	2 Jan 45	3
Captured between Morhet & Flamierge, Belgium (approx. 10 mi. W. of Bostogne, & 5 mi. E. of Ourthe River (Branch of Meuse River)	3 Jan 45 4 Jan 45	4 5
Arrive at Place of Interrogation	3 Jan 45	6
Leave Place of Interrogation	4 Jan 45	7
Arrive at Gerolstein	6 Jan 45	8
Leave Gerolstein	2 Feb 45	9
Arrive Stalog 12A Leave Stalog 12A	6 Feb 45	10
Arrive Stalog 9B		
Liberation	2 Apr 45	11

Description of Sources

1. Army Discharge Record of Henry E. Allen
2. Army information on 17Airborne
Taken from "Lineage and Honors of 17th Airborne"
3. "History of the 513th Parachute Infantry"
Written April 28, 1947
4. I remember being captured the second day of combat. If we started combat on the 2nd, then I was captured on the 3rd.
5. "Golden Valley News," February 8, 1945
6. I arrived at the place of interrogation the same night that we were captured.
7. We left the place of interrogation the next day.
8. It took approximately two to three days to get to Gerolstein.
9. It took roughly four days to get to Stalog 12 A, Limburg.
The date of arrival was February 6, 1945.
10. Red Cross P.O.W. Postcard
11. I'll never forget this day!

Army of the United States

Honorable Discharge

All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced in any form without permission of writer, or "N. Dak. EX-POW'S Inc."

This is to Certify That Henry E. Allen 37 582 058 Private First Class
Company B, 513th Regiment, 17th Airborne
 ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at Separation Center Camp Mc Coy Wisconsin
 Date 12 December 1945 Arthur H. Schmitz
Arthur H. Schmitz, Major Sig. C.

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. Last Name - First Name - Middle Initial <u>Allen Henry E.</u>			2. Army Serial No. <u>37 582 058</u>		3. Grade <u>PPC</u>		4. Arm or Service <u>INP</u>		5. Component <u>ATS</u>			
6. Organization <u>CO B 513th Regt 17th AB</u>			7. Date of Separation <u>12 Dec 45</u>		8. Place of Separation <u>Separation Center Camp Mc Coy Wis.</u>							
9. Permanent Address for Mailing Purposes <u>Rt 2 Sentinel Butte N. Dak.</u>					10. Date of Birth <u>29 Mar 25</u>		11. Place of Birth <u>Butte No. Dak.</u>					
12. Address From Which Employment Will Be Sought <u>SEE 9</u>					13. Color Eyes <u>Hazel</u>		14. Color Hair <u>Brown</u>		15. Height <u>5-5</u>		16. Weight <u>128 Lbs.</u>	17. No. Depend <u>0</u>
18. Race		19. Marital Status			20. U. S. Citizen		21. Civilian Occupation and No.					
White <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Negro <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify)		Single <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify)			Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>		<u>Farm Hand General 3-16,10</u>					

MILITARY HISTORY

22. Date of Induction <u>17 Nov 43</u>		23. Date of Enlistment <u>-</u>		24. Date of Entry into Active Service <u>8 Dec 43</u>		25. Place of Entry into Service <u>Ft. Snelling Minn.</u>			
26. Registered Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		27. Local S. S. Board No. <u>1</u>		28. County and State <u>Golden Valley N. D.</u>		29. Home Address at Time of Entry into Service <u>SEE 9</u>			
30. Military Occupational Specialty and No. <u>Rifleman 7745</u>					31. Military Qualification and Badges (<i>U. S., infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.</i>) <u>Combat Inf Badge; Parachutists Badge</u>				
32. Battles and Campaigns <u>Ardennes, Central Europe</u>									
33. Decorations and Citations <u>Good Conduct Medal</u>									
34. Wounds Received in Action <u>None</u>									
35. Latest Immunization Dates									
Smallpox <u>Jul 45</u>		Typhoid <u>Jul 45</u>		Typhus <u>Jul 45</u>		Other (specify) <u>Typhus 28 Oct 45</u>		Date of Arrival <u>2 Nov 44</u>	
37. Total Length of Service									
Continental Service					Foreign Service				
Years		Months		Days		Years		Days	
<u>1</u>		<u>5</u>		<u>2</u>		<u>0</u>		<u>7 4</u>	
39. Prior Service <u>None</u>									
40. Reason and Authority for Separation <u>AR 615-365 Convenience of the Govt. WD CIR 339</u>									
41. Service Schools Attended <u>Parachute Jumping School</u>							42. Education (Years)		
							Grammar	High School	College
							<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

PAY DATA

43. Longevity For Pay Purposes			44. Mustering Out Pay		45. Soldier Separation Pay, Travel Pay		47. Total Amount, Name of Disbursing Officer		
Years	Months	Days	Total	This Payment	<u>WD CIR 339 25</u>		<u>479.88</u>		<u>H. L. Oldenburg Maj. FD</u>
<u>2</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>26</u>	<u>\$ 300</u>	<u>\$ 100</u>					

INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT If premium is not paid when due or within thirty-one days thereafter, insurance will lapse. Means, terms or money orders payable to the treasurer of the U. S. and forward to Collections Subdivision, Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

48. Kind of Insurance		49. How Paid		50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance		51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50)		52. Premium Due Each Month		53. Intention of Veteran to	
Nat. Serv.	U.S. Govt.	None	Allotment	Direct to V. A.	31 Dec 45	31 Jan 46	\$ 6.50	X	\$	Continue	Discontinue

Right Thumb Print		55. Remarks (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directions) <u>European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Service Medal</u> <u>American Theater Service Medal</u> <u>One (1) Overseas Service Bar</u> <u>Lapel Button Issued</u> <u>ASR Score (2 Sep 45) 51</u> <u>Inactive Service (ERC) Fr 17 Nov 43 To 7 DEC 43</u>									
		56. Signature of Person Being Separated <u>Henry E. Allen</u>					57. Personnel Officer (Type name, grade and organization-signature) <u>Carl I. Butler 2nd LT AG Assistant Adjutant</u>				

Filed for Record the 19th day of December A. D. 1945 at 11-30 o'clock A m.

James Donaldson Clerk of Court