

I WAS BORN IN PRAGUE

From my earliest years I travelled over most of Europe and acquired a knowledge of several languages, which were to be a great asset to me later. I started to study medicine at the Charles University in Prague, which was built by Charles IV of Bohemia in the 15th Century. With many of my countrymen I saw a crisis coming in Europe, so I decided to take engineering instead of medicine as it would not be necessary to take a State examination for that profession in case I would have to leave my country.

After studying for two years Czechoslovakia was invaded by the Germans, and I saw the field-gray Nazi hordes stream into Prague, the Capital of Bohemia since the days of good King Wenceslas in the 10th Century. The German Army of Occupation or "Protection" as they called it, drove up in huge lorries to the famous library of the University taking away loads of very valuable books, some of them incunabulae (books of early period) and sent them to Berlin. They also took large amounts from the State funds from the National Bank.

Soon the Army was followed by the State Troops and the Gestapo. I held at that time a commission in the reserve army of my country and so I felt it better if possible to leave the country. I did so with the aid of a Gestapo agent whom I happened to know. I used a passcard, which was required in addition to my passport, in order to leave the "Protectorate". The passcard had been issued to a man who had been apprehended at the border, and then sent to a concentration camp where he had died. Fortunately his pass card had not been destroyed, and so I was able to substitute my own picture upon it.

I made my way to Germany where my thorough knowledge of German language enabled me to pass for a German. From there I made my way to the Netherlands. At Flushing I embarked on a small fishboat without any auxiliary motor, but equipped with sails. With me were two Dutch soldiers and two French soldiers. In two days we reached England, but not without encountering two attacks by the Luftwaffe. The extremely bad weather and dense fog proved to be a great blessing to us.

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MORALE (Cont'd)

worth while, and that the country you call your own and the lands of our allies along with the form of government they represent are the things in life that are worth defending. A quiet sure belief in God and his Infinite Justice is the foundation upon which deep courage rests.

The service works night and day to help you maintain your morale, you can do your part either to reinforce the efforts of the Service or to wreck it all - it is up to you and you alone, to keep your most valuable fighting weapon in the proper condition to beat the common foe. That's our job.

(Author 1720)

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LIFE

Quiet people are hard to road,
It pays to advance at lessened speed.
Because you've seen a lot of life
Don't think you've conquered in the strife.

This business of life is quite some job,
And on it goes despite the mob,
Like a mighty tireless, endless chain
It brings us pleasure, love or pain.

The joy of having a woman's love
That seems to come from heaven above,
The joy of holding her tight in your arms
On you she lavishes all her charms.

This force called love, subtly sublime,
Refines and purifies the soul.
It kindles again a dying flame,
And we set out course for a higher goal.

Things we find the hardest to do
Are things we need the most,
These widen the mind to greater scope
And build up our lives to a greater hope.

H.M.E.