

Account of the Liberation of the POW Camp at Moosburg, Germany
by Lt. Harold W. Gunn, POW #1613
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Transcribed from his Wartime Log by Gary L. Moncur

Sunday - April 29, 1945 10:04

The time we have been waiting so long for has finally come. I am trying to record the events while sitting in rather cramped quarters in our barracks kitchen, the only place with brick walls. Bullets are flying, the chatter of machine gun fire and spasmodic rifle reports, punctuated by the heavy explosions of large guns makes a fitting background for our long anticipated liberation. The "Gooners" are making a last stand at our gates. Rumors are flying as thick as the bullets. Two men have been victims of stray bullets. The whole camp has been taken in by the rumors. Inadequate causes and long stored up feelings makes the moment a dramatic one. Low flying Mustangs and Thunderbolts have been doing their bit to make it a "good show." Tanks have been sighted on the hill close by and are believed to be ours. Many "Kriegies" are eating what we hope to be our last "Kriegie" meal behind barbed wires. A heavy explosion just brought down a spray of plaster from the ceiling and walls. Air Force officers are receiving a lasting impression of a ground battle and feeling very much out of place.

I am now crouched in the abort where many Kriegies have taken shelter. The steady hum of excited conversation reflects the pitch of the moment. We are all nervous, but our morale is very high. There is no sign of panic. Smiles are worn by all, and in spite of the apparent danger, we all agree that it is a "good show." A direct hit in Moosburg, the nearest town, sent up a cloud of smoke.

The heavy traffic from barracks to abort shows that nature will have her way, even under these conditions. Even Kriegie burners are going full blast. Food is still an important item. We are all determined to eat. A Kriegie has tasted hunger and does not find it to his liking.

I am now standing in the sunshine at the corner of our block. Many are now outside watching the show. Our camp guards have made us go to the slit trenches. Too many have been injured. Those in the tents are very vulnerable to flying bullets.

The "Gooners" are firing from a visible church steeple in Moosburg, a good reason for damaged cathedrals that we read so much about in German propaganda. We Kriegies have been under the German heel too long to be fooled by their propaganda and feel much sympathy for them at this time.

Most of the fire has been moved south into the town, but this slit trench is still a comfortable place to be. We jump up occasionally for a quick look, then back into the trench when close fire increases.

Until additional excitement arises, I will close this erratic account and enjoy the show.

Capt. Daniels was hit in the stomach by a 30 caliber bullet. His injury was slight thanks to an iron bar on the dispensary window.

The American flag went up over Moosburg at 12:15 and our camp hoisted the same at 13:05 – a truly wonderful sight !!

At 1:45 2 jeeps and a tank rolled into camp, barely recognizable because of the men clustered upon them. They received a deafening ovation. This account was begun by P.O.W. 1613, but is being finished by Lt. Harold W. Gunn, U.S.A.A.F