

Many injuries haunt football team. Pray for recovery and protection of members on the squad

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(Deceased): Nephew of John Mangan (Cadillac Hall).

A Letter About German Prisoners

Sgt. William Burke, a member of the class of '41, sends this informative letter to one of the priests on the campus. When you finish reading it you might ask yourself whether or not you need to improve in manifesting Christian love and consideration towards your friends and enemies.

"Dear Father: I am writing you a few lines to inform you of my whereabouts and what I am doing at the present time. Many thoughts transverse one's mind during the course of a week in the army, especially during time of war. The tension young boys eighteen to twenty years of age undergo the first ten weeks of training makes one's mind start to thinking of "Judgment Day" and the "Wages of Sin". I am firmly convinced a war is still an Act of God's Mercy.

"I would like to mention something about the prisoners we have in Camp Swift. Twenty-four hundred German and Italian prisoners were brought directly from Africa via New York, Chicago, and Dallas, Texas. Upon arriving in New York many were amazed at the structures, subways, and business going on as usual. They were positive all the principle cities of the United States had been destroyed and were desolated a year ago -- for Hitler had told them so.

"The food they would receive would be "leftovers" and garbage of the American soldiers; the prison would consist of a barbwire entanglement, with personal conveniences in a corner of the entanglement; their operations would be performed without an anesthetic; they would be "hosewhipped" and worked like beasts, until finally shot as unworthy men to live in a land of Democracy -- for Hitler had told them so.

"But, after arriving in New York and at Camp Swift, they were again amazed to find nothing but courtesy and hospitality awaiting them. All were skeptical of everything, even refusing to go into barracks assigned them, because they knew they would be shot after they once entered. It was only after one of our German-speaking American Officers spoke to them at considerable length that they consented to go into the barracks. Once inside, they saw the rows of beds, with complete make-up, the individual containers and shelves for their clothing, the drinking fountains and shower room, with several commodes. Words could not express the bewildering looks upon their faces. One prisoner remarked 'There must be some mistake! This is for American Soldiers, not for German prisoners.' Tears started forming in their eyes -- for they just could not believe what they saw. After fixing their barrack bags and personal belongings, a signal was given. 'fall out for chow'. Their first meal consisted of fried chicken and ice cream for desert. Again, many broke down and cried.

"Seeing the prisoners going to work day after day, cutting grass and cleaning up the camp, singing at the top of their voices, taking a ten-minute break every hour, laughing and joking among themselves, gives one a pretty good idea of what a Democracy really means. I could write many things about the prisoners at Camp Swift, which would take several sheets of stationery, but it is little a soldier is permitted to state. Anyway, I must tell you this before closing. A cadreman asked a German prisoner the other day while passing by, 'How do you like America by this time?' He replied, 'I am the happiest man in the world, believe me. My first bed to sleep in in five years was here in America and my first meat to eat in four months was served me in America. We like American people, always did; so when Germany and America wins this war, we can enjoy ourselves the rest of our lives.'

"Sincerely, Sgt. William M. Burke, Medical Detachment, 386th Inf., Camp Swift, Texas."