

23 May 45.  
Letter No. 156.

Capt. M. Andrews,  
HQ. 159 Inf. Bde.,  
B.H.A.

Flensburg.

Dear All,

Well, you'll have heard in the news tonight the brigade's final effort in this war - the liquidation of the remains of the German High Command and the German government. Now you will realise what I meant when I said earlier that Flensburg held a lot more than we'd expected in the first place. The Brigadier has performed a wonderful task; it is no easy matter to control this formidable body, with many, many complications, and still avoid falling foul of the many naval, military & political issues involved. But he has achieved remarkable success, and today has had his big reward, and the rest of the Staff too, is being privileged to carry out this liquidation.

For me it has been the culmination of a momentous period, when I've had contact with men who have previously been just names, and we couldn't imagine even meeting or seeing them. My camera has clicked wetting. I ended today by escorting the most important batch, - Dönitz, Jodl & others, - to the airfield and seeing them off in a Dakota. I can say I'm one of precious few who has escorted these fellows; I was taking photographs of each at a range of a few feet; it was the second time I'd taken care of the Grand Admiral, having seen him from A to B once last week, though on that occasion he didn't know he was being escorted & watched with a purpose. So I've seen the fall of the German in the field, and now the final splitting & departure of the guiding figureheads at even closer range. The whole day has been like a day in a film studio, with batteries of camera-men & all the war correspondents in blithering fermenting about. But I don't expect you'll see me in any news-reels, as I was too busy with my own camera to bother about that.

Admiral Dönitz conducts himself with incredible arrogance, and

maintained great calm throughout. Jodel seemed less happy. I'm afraid my memories & thoughts are too jumbled to be able to tell you all now, - but I can tell you everything, with photographs, when leave comes along.

This business has of course rather unshadowed dealings with such small fry as Colonel, and so on, who crop up all day every day.

This is my only big story of the last few days. I was with the small std. party which carried out the signing of Rosenberg, and that same day personally took him off to ~~go to~~ gaol, with 2 S.S. generals, and saw him safely under lock & key. Even after a 65 mile trip in the same car, I am in no way contaminated with Nazi doctrines; there was no talking of course! Peeping into the cells in the prison was an interesting, but not exactly uplifting, occupation. I saw men, women, not aware they were being looked at, in every attitude of human dejection, self-pity, remorse, & unconcern about anything, - a list of every attitude was displayed. My photographs of Rosenberg & his wife & daughter have come out today, - quite good. I have had a number of films done here. His wife & daughter were two of the most depraved looking women you could wish to meet, though in the case of his daughter, who is only 14, it was probably caused more by fear & grief than anything else.

These occupations, together with a lot more work, anything but routine, have prevented me getting to a show. We have two cinemas & a theatre for use in the town, so are not lacking in entertainment. I did find time the other evening to drive out to Glueckstadt, on the northern

coast of the firth N.E. of Hensburg. It is lovely there, and a stroll along the beach was most enjoyable & relaxing. There is a lovely schloss, - castle: - Here, set in a lake, - a typical example, but not frightfully old.

Another interesting experience came on Sunday morning, when I went out in the harbour master's launch, flying the White ensign for the first, but not the last, time in its career, to do a job on some refugee ships. These had come from East Prussia, & were horribly overcrowded, and had many children & old people aboard. The result was not pleasing, either usually or to the nostrils. It was this trip which decided me to renew my inoculations, (which have eased off now as regards the usual soreness). De-lousing was going on on board while I was there. Scaling the rope ladder brought back memories of the day we landed in France, - was it 10 years ago, or really only 11 months?

Michael has been in to see me twice & stayed for a meal each time. He hasn't had those photographs himself yet, so I still haven't seen them.

In addition to all the other work, this last few days have been unusually hectic in connection with the men. It has been a real hotel, with a dozen or more <sup>extra</sup> people living with us for today's show, & all sorts dropping in & out continually. How & more do I find, & feel, myself the

real hotel manager. But at least  
I've had the satisfaction of being thanked  
by every single guest for the wonderful  
hospitality and complimented on the  
very excellent conditions & food.

Incidentally, I can honestly say that I  
have never known a better man, &  
never has anyone failed to point out  
that it is a far better man than any  
other I've been in. Which is reward  
enough in itself for all my efforts.

I do hope you all feel  
benefited by your spell at Pershore.  
Which for some reason reminds me that  
having won the war we've taken the  
first step towards losing the place, -  
losing to Australia. It must have  
been a grand finish. It was good to  
see Howard Marshall back at his old  
job again, wasn't it?

I am writing this at  
my writing desk, lighted by my  
bedside reading lamp, & listening to  
Doris Arnold's "Here you have loved"  
on my own wireless. Disgusting;  
bloated aristocracy, eh?

It was sad to hear of Churchill's  
resignation. I wonder what will come of it.  
Who are the local candidates for July?

I have yours 70, 71, 72 & 73A.  
Have you received my 149? I find I  
have not got it ticked off in my book.  
Ken Huntington fell a bit flat, didn't he?  
The plums came with 73A today. Those of  
mine, of the smashed up aerodrome, &  
of the staff conducting a moving battle  
in typical circumstances in our  
smallest most mobile command  
vehicle, have come out well. There

With the children is of course a German  
one, - He last laugh again.

Thank you for the parcels of  
shirts & trousers. It was very pleasant to  
put on dress trousers this evening.

The weather has broken here now.  
We are getting your Whitman efforts, I expect.  
At least, rain can't make us uncomfortable  
now.

And so to bed.

Love to all

Peter.

P.S. Enclad is Uncle Charles's latest.

G.