

Germany, Stalag III D, 15 November 1940

After our arrival in a camp in Fürstenberg, everything is taken away from us, even the tins of food I'd held on to. It gradually dawns on us that we are prisoners. Departure from Fürstenberg on 26 November at 10 o'clock in the morning. Arrived in Berlin at five, Camp 301. On the 27th we go to work in the Berlin Waterworks. We're there all day without being given anything to eat; one glass of juice before setting off and then transporting earth in wheelbarrows all day long. Back in the camp in the evening we get a bowl of soup. [...]

28 February 1941. Digging a deep hole in the ground all day in the pouring rain; really earned the 70 pfennigs.

Sunday, 28 September 1941. Worked in Wittenau. Unloaded sacks of cement and got no soup at lunchtime. The whole week unloading cement and gravel. Extremely lovely and pleasant work... Didn't get any letters all week. No tobacco left; the mood is awful: no friends from back home any more; what a life!

Sunday, 30 January 1944. [...] The whole district is on fire right now. About ten bombs came down in an area about 500m across. Our room didn't get hit too badly; only two of the four windows are broken, but there's no heating or hot water any more; oh well, we've come through unscathed, and that's the main thing. Outside there's just fire everywhere: Berlin is going to be nothing but a pile of ruins. Unfortunately, there are a lot of victims. They come from all over the place, because most people here are foreigners. To bed at 1 a.m. in the morning.