

# **THE JACK PAGET STORY**

**Written by Jack Paget**

Having been shot down on my 29th out of a 30 mission tour, target Leipzig, Germany, on July 20, 1944, I found myself several days later with about 200 other POW's debarking from a train in the Gross Tychow rail station. Many German soldiers with bayonets affixed to their rifles escorted us to a roadway leading to Stalag Luft IV. A Luftwaffe officer, a red headed Captain of the Guard, shouting and ranting, had his guards run us up that road, jabbing their bayonets at our hand luggage and tearing them from our grasp, all the while their German Shepherd dogs biting at our legs, and nipping at our heels. Many POW's were jabbed with bayonets, rendering stab wounds on their rumps and backs, many falling to the ground. All the while this mad-Captain, yelling to his men that "these are the men who have bombed your cities, killing your mother's, wife's, and children. Show them no mercy, show them no mercy". Believe me, I had fear like never before, and it didn't end there until several hours later when I finally reached the confines of Lager A, where I remained until February 6, 1945, when we evacuated the camp to "stroll" across northern Germany where I ended up at or somewhere near a place called Follingbostel.

This captain's name is (was): Hauptman Walther Pickhardt. His Sergeant of the Guard, is (was): Oberfeldwebel Reinhard Fahrner, Sergeant in Charge of Security. I also have pictures of these two German Luftwaffe soldiers. Fahrner was senior to the sergeant known as "Ham Hands" and "Big Stoop", the giant of a man who was cruel beyond belief. I always gave him a "big berth" whenever he was inside the lager.

Jack Paget

- - - - -

THE ABOVE STORY IS THE PROPERTY OF THE AUTHOR AND MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT THE AUTHOR'S CONSENT

[www.91stbombgroup.com](http://www.91stbombgroup.com)