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and saw a dark cloud of smoke over the village of Moosbrunn about two miles away from where we lay in the ditch. Then everything was over.

I took my bicycle and went home but my mother was not there. She went to the slit trench one mile away from Ebergassing. So I rode to her and shortly after I arrived there a B-17 formation was approaching from the west after bombing the oil refinery in Atzgersdorf. The formation was surrounded by exploding flak shells. Three B-17's with smoking engines flew behind the formation but they did not crash down as long as I saw them.

At 11 :30 we heard the continuous tone of the sirens telling us that the attack was over and we had made it once again.

May 29, 1944 was Whit-Monday, which is a Catholic holiday in Austria. It was a wonderful spring morning, warm and the sky was blue. "Bomber weather" we called it and really at 8:39 AM the radio program was interrupted for this message:

"Attention, attention, heavy enemy bomber formations are approaching Styria". So we knew that they would come again today. It is interesting that the attacking bomber were just called "they" by the people. Nobody said "the bombers", or "the Americans". We would ask ourselves whether "they" would come again tomorrow, or we would talk about "them" having bombed Weiner Neustadt again yesterday.

On this day at 9:21 we knew very well that "they" would come because the air alarm was announced. My mother and I had carried that bundle with all our important things such as documents, quilts and so on down to the basement and left the village by bicycle. We rode about two miles away from the village to a place near the new flak battery where a big concrete tube runs below the road.

We thought that this place would be safe. After about thirty minutes we saw south of Vienna a bomber formation approaching from the West, first the tiny glittering dots with vapor trails and ahead of the formation two twin engine planes. When this formation arrived over the industrial area south of Vienna the two twin engine planes turned in a bow. Their vapor trails drew a circle in the sky. Then the bomber formation flew through this circle. I think they marked the target.

Shortly after that we felt the ground trembling caused by the exploding bombs. The linear distance to the target was only

ten miles. So we crept quickly into the concrete tube. Then the nearby flak started to shoot and between the cracking of the flak shots we heard the roaring of the bomber engines. When we crept out of the tube again we could see huge fires burning in the area of Atzgersdorf and Wiener Neudorf. Clouds of smoke were rising high up in the sky. We never went again to the place near the flak battery to seek shelter. On our way home we also saw smoke clouds over Weiner Neustadt.

On the next day, the 30th of May 1944, we were allowed to leave school at about ten o'clock. I rode my bicycle to the factory where my mother was working. In the meantime the air alarm was announced and the workers could leave the factory. We both went home then. My mother would ride the bicycle and I would run behind her. We learned that only small bomber formations were approaching the Weiner Neustadt area. Therefore we stayed at home.

By the end of May and beginning of June, English bombers often flew night raids to our area to drop mines in the Danube. On these occasions you could observe the defense against the bombers very well. Around Vienna there were many searchlight batteries, too. When these searchlight batteries tried to locate the bombers and when finally one battery caught a bomber in its light rays, several other batteries moved their light rays to this bomber. I could see indescribable dramas in the night sky when the pilot tried different maneuvers to get the plane out of the light rays. The bomber would go into a nose dive to escape the light rays while the flak batteries fired with all they had at the plane.

Now in June no air attack alarm was announced when there was only penetration of some single planes. If one or two planes would appear, that means if one or two glittering dots with vapor-trails were to be seen in sky we knew that they were Americans and probably recon planes.

After a few quiet days, on June 16th 1944, at around nine o'clock in the morning air danger was announced. Heavy enemy bomber formations were approaching Styria and around 9:30 the cuckoo call could be heard in the radio. We were allowed to leave school and I rode home on my bicycle. As usual, I brought all our valuables down to the basement and rode to the factory to meet my mother there. Many workers were already waiting at the factory gate. The gate was only opened when the air attack alarm

was announced. I went to the security officer of the factory and said: "Please let the workers leave. They are already over Lake Balaton!" But he replied: "I have my orders, I must open the gate only at air attack alarm." At last the siren wailed and my mother walked through the gate, got on the bicycle and I ran behind her.

We rode to our slit trench in the gravel pit. Already many people, some of them were our neighbors, are there. From the East we heard bombs exploding and shortly after that we see many glittering dots in the Northeast. We do not yet know in which direction they are flying but after a few minutes they grow bigger and bigger, they fly towards us. Then the flak in Schwechat starts to shoot and we have to hide in the slit trench because the shell fragments fall down to the ground. In the slit trench we can feel how the ground trembles caused by the bomb hits. We hear the rumbling of the explosions and the roaring of the engines, they are exactly above us! Please let them have no more bombs left! At the entrance of the slit trench an old man is sitting and he will not let me out when the noise of the engines is getting less and less. I force my way through and can see one formation flying some five miles away to the South. Behind the formation I can see a black cloud and two parachutes in the air. Later I hear that a plane has crashed near our neighbor village.

Ten days later, on June 26th, 1944 the same happens again. Leave school, meet my mother, go to the slit trench. The planes approach from the Northeast again. They come from Slovakia and are heading to the West, then every bomber group turns to the South towards the target. The first and the second formation continue their way to the West and attack Korneuburg and Moosbierbaum. The third and the fourth formation fly towards us, their target is Schwechat. All the people are already in the slit trench. I try to stay out as long as possible to watch the attack. The flak batteries fire at the bombers and I can see two bombers crash. Then I have to go down to our shelter. I get a scolding from some of the men They say: "The bombers could see you and drop a bomb on us!" When the bombers left I saw some of the men who were members of the Nazi-party and who wore the uniform of party members, ride with their bicycles to the crash sites of the two bombers to capture the bailed out crew men. But I knew what their real reason was. They wanted to get the silken parachutes and all the other things the