

portrait of our special friend, Mr. Churchill. Quickly an animated conversation develops between the ship's officers and us and we get along just fine. They are all university students and somewhat older than us. We are offered Coca-Cola and cigarettes. We notice the ports being closed and soon we hear the hum of the engines and feel the motion of the sea – we are under way.

For lunch we join the captain* of the frigate, and his officers take a later sitting. We are amazed about the rich variety of food. In the afternoon we are taken back on deck to pick up our bags from the big heap belonging to our crew. We are asked to open the bags and after a rather superficial inspection everything is taken down into a room near the officer's wardroom.

Then the aforementioned interpreter, who is accompanying us, once again goes over our belongings. Several written notes are taken from us, as is my radio and a photo of a Japanese submarine in my album. "We may have some use for this," says the interpreter. Everything else, letters, pictures etc. we can keep, including our ceremonial uniform dirks.

Right afterwards we are offered the use of a bath and the services of the ship's barber. How absolutely lovely, to be clean again after twelve weeks, and to have a clean-shaven face! We feel like the newly born and admire ourselves in a full-size mirror – now wearing our dress uniform. The Canadians can't believe their eyes when they see us so transformed. They claim to hardly recognize us.

In the wardroom there are illustrated magazines contain-

ing many pictures of pretty girls and much anti-German invective. In our conversations with the Canadians we talk about war and origins of war. They accuse us, i.e. our government, of having broken its word after the Munich agreement, when we attacked Poland. When we talk about cause and effect, the Canadians change the subject. They do everything to avoid confrontation with us, and continue to assure us that we are all very reasonable people, as is probably the whole population of Germany. But the evil Nazis brought disaster to the world and after their elimination, there would be no reason at all not to get along well with Germany.

Then we talk about warfare at sea. They explain the methods used by their ace submarine chaser Captain Walker,* and how he achieved his successes. We in turn tell them our ways to elude the anti-submarine forces. It is an interesting dialogue between opponents who respect each other, after the battle is over.

The captain of the frigate, a St. Lawrence river pilot – a magnificent, bearded figure – plays a game of cards with one of his officers. We watch with interest and soon understand the game of cribbage. I ask Lieutenant Fox for a game, which he promptly loses. I have incredible luck with the cards. After the fourth loss Fox has had enough and I can't get him to play another game for the rest of the trip.

For the night the ship's sick bay has been made available to us. Only our CO sleeps somewhere else. A steward supplies us with mattresses and blankets. He is a young guy

* Captain Frederick Walker, RN, was the most successful anti-submarine officer in the Allied navies and is credited with sinking more U-boats than any other naval officer in the Second World War.



While my two chief petty officers, Holtmann and Krüger, have their backs to the camera I am standing in front of the conning tower smoking a cigarette that was very welcome at the time. Above me is the outboard air intake tube of the *Schnorchel* with its inlet at the right which connected to the upper mast. Note the effects of salt corrosion on the superstructure. (WH col.)

(Below) The nine crew members who helped bring *U-190* into Newfoundland are seen here about to be transferred to the Canadian frigate, *HMCS Prestonian*, which took our entire crew to Halifax. (WH col.)



* Lieutenant-Commander G.N. Downey, RCNR.