

CPT Richard M. Rossbach

1915 – 1987

EARLY YEARS AND BACKGROUND

Richard “Dick” Rosenbach was born in Manhattan, New York on 4 March 1915. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Max J. H. Rossbach of the Ritz Tower and Thirlmere, White Plains, New York. Dick, as he was known, was also the nephew of former Governor Herbert H. Lehman and a cousin of Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury.

He graduated from Hotchkiss in 1932 and Yale University in 1936 where he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Although he did not realize the importance of his exposure to German and French at this time (his father had been born in Germany and Dick had been emersed in German since birth), being multilingual would become a very useful verbal “companion” during his European deployment.

In 1940 he volunteered for active duty and was promoted to First Lieutenant in the Armored Forces being stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Richard Rossbach married Susan M. Goodman on 28 September 1941 in Old Brookville, New York.

NORTH AFRICA CAMPAIGN

Passages to Freedom, is patterned on the extraordinary life of Joseph S. Frelinghuysen and includes an entire section, Chapter 13, plus other significant events placed throughout the book, concerning Richard “Dick” Rossbach. Their relationship developed while both were POWs at Chieti, Italy. The British SAO, Colonel Gooler, had ordered the cessation of escape attempts, resulting in resentment between Americans and the British. Avoiding an escalating ruckus, Frelinghuysen left the area of dispute and shared his feelings with another POW, David “Westy” Westheimer who added this advice:

‘Let me tell you something really important; there is a new guy here I want you to meet. He was captured in Sicily with an armored outfit and I hear he has made two escape attempts already. In one of them, he jumped off a train in the Brenner Pass and was out for a week before they picked him up again. His name

is Dick Rossbach and since he comes from New York, you just have to meet him.' (Frelinghuysen, p. 100)

Deployed to the same area, they met and when asked, Dick shared the story of his combat experience and his capture with his soon-to-be escape partner, Joe Frelinghuysen.

'I was in command of A Battery of the 58th Armored Field Artillery, which was self-propelled 105's. General Patton sent us out on the night of 8 August on a pinch landing near Santo Stefano, 70 miles east of Palermo. We landed in the midst of a bivouac of about 200 sleeping Germans, captured them, and blew up their vehicles.' (Frelinghuysen, p. 103)

Success had encouraged Patton to repeat this action at Brolo even through his junior officers advised him that men were exhausted, ammo was in short supply and plans with the Navy and Air Force had not been finalized. Nevertheless, Patton demanded *"to proceed as planned"*.

In the chaos that followed, Rossbach's battery came ashore but finding the railroad embankment too steep, he traveled by jeep and found a dry river bed with an intact railroad bridge. His men were in position to *'fire east'* but lacking armor-piercing shells, as he had been issued high-explosive types instead, this engagement was not effective against the German tanks. In addition, Rossman learned that all U.S. tanks had been destroyed in the raid and they were left with no anti-tank protection.

Through the chaos, and with the support of Rossbach's Executive Officer, some success was gained throughout the day as shelter was being sought for the wounded.

CAPTURED: 11 August 1943

'The few men I had left ran for the irrigation ditches and foxholes, but you could not get away from the heavy stuff. The other two-gun sections were knocked out and the casualties were disastrous. To top it all, the Air Forces must have seen the Augusta shelling the flatlands, so they came in and dive-bombed and strafed our entire area. When the firing was over, I had eight men left. Marty Keiser and myself—out of about 150.'

'We started to make a run for the mountain but a unit of Panzer-Grenadiers swung in, and we had to take cover in a ditch. They set up a machine gun about a hundred yards away and sprayed

the top of the ditch whenever anyone stuck his head up. For a while I thought we might hold out until dark, but we were out-numbered ten to one and hopelessly outgunned. We fired back with carbines and I emptied my pistol at a German 20 yards away. When we ran out of ammunition, we had no choice but to surrender.'

'After they took us over to the Italian mainland, we spent four miserable days traveling north toward Naples. Finally, we stopped at a headquarters of their 1st Parachute Division, where Marty Keiser, who had been my RO, and Frank Diggs, an infantry lieutenant, were the only officers in a group of 40 men from different outfits.' (Frelinghuysen, pp. 103 – 105)

Guarded by a German NCO, they were then turned over to a Carabinieri (Italian National Gendarmerie) sergeant and Rossbach saw his chance to escape while taking a latrine break. Sprinting over a second terrace, he tripped over some vines, fell eight feet below and passed out. Awakened a short time later, he was frustrated to find rifles pointed in his direction with the *Feldwebel* laughing while stating, "You crazy American. Now get up and get back to your truck!"

Next stop: Capua for ten days with nine other captives until August 27th, when they were taken to the train station and loaded onboard a train bound for Germany. It was immediately obvious that the lax attitudes of the Italians were being replaced by a different breed of captors: *Wehrmacht* troops. Dissatisfied with the crowded and dirty train accommodations, Rossbach shouted in German, *'This is an outrage! No American officer will tolerate sitting with enlisted men! I demand you make better arrangements.'*

Since the Germans were accustomed to arrogance from their officers, the *Feldwebel* answered respectfully, *'Jawohl, Herr Hauptmann. I understand your position but I do not have the authority to change the arrangements. Only the train commander can do that.'*

Rossbach snapped back, *'Then get him immediately.'* After a test of wills, the officers were placed together in one compartment with a guard outside—exactly what Rossbach was hoping for—darkness and escape as the train headed north toward Florence, Bologna and the Brenner Pass. Noting that the guard was slumped against the glass door in a semi-snooze pose, Rossbach lowered the outside window, climbed out and dropped to the ground, with Tom Ellzey and Ricky Prosser joining him.

Heading for the Swiss border, 60 to 80 miles away, they made some jacket changes to appear less than who they were (Ricky lost his mustache) and they struck out. Pretending to be Italians, they found themselves truly hungry and thirsty, these situations propelling them into a mid-size town toward a church

and a priest. Finding themselves standing instead of hiding among chairs or pews with only women present at the mass, they looked suspicious which drew the attention of four armed soldiers. Rossbach used his German as a bluff, but they were taken to a lieutenant's house where they were discovered as Americans. Taking the only course left to them, Rossbach said in English, *'Oh hell, lieutenant, we are American flyers. Our aircraft was shot down over a raid in northern Italy. We were forced to parachute and land in a field somewhere near Trento. We have been walking ever since.'*

One of the women present actually had a son who was a POW in America, so they were treated to some toast and marmalade before being sent away in a truck to Trento. (Frelinghuysen, pp. 105 – 109)

'From then on we had a rough time with interrogations. They continually tried to break down our story that we were American flyers. We managed to keep up the bluff in spite of Tom, who almost got caught with his ID card. Fortunately, I found out and had him tear it up and flush it down the toilet. Being flyers did have one bad result.'

'We were sent to the Italian Air Force Interrogation Center at Poggio Mirteto and thrown in a dungeon in solitary confinement. I had a particularly nasty time, because I had bad dysentery and the guard would not let me go to the crapper. The son of a bitch kept telling me it was "Occupato", but I never believed him. They kept us at Poggio nine days and brought us directly to Chieti.' [9 September 1943]

When asked about the presence of Ricky and Tom, Dick related that Ricky was located in the British section and Tom was in another American building on the same side as Rossbach. A well-known correspondent, Larry Allen, was also in residence, walked over and told them that Colonel Gooler wanted to see Frelinghuysen and Rossbach immediately. The subject was escape with this announcement from the Colonel:

"Since we are, at the moment, under British command, I have no choice but to tell you as of now, that you do not have permission to escape. Is that clear? One more thing. I assume you have discussed Rossbach's escapes as examples. All that may prove useful later on. I am very sorry but that's it." (Frelinghuysen, pp. 109 – 110)

Leaving the colonel's office left both men frustrated. This specific order from the colonel and Frelinghuysen's memory about Rossbach's remarks concerning mistakes made in the past caused Joe to review his attitude toward siding with Dick. Would Dick's plans be suicidal and could Joe keep Dick's pace? He

seemed to relish dangerous situations which, in Dick's words, were 'better than a martini.'

'This military toughness blended so closely to his essential personality that it was hard for me to distinguish between the two. How was I to get along with Dick if we were traveling together? To make the partnership work, I would probably have to be willing to accept his leadership in planning and executing a maneuver to get us back to Allied lines. The complete acquiescence to his judgment stuck in my craw.' (Frelinghuysen, pp. 110 – 111)

Even with lingering doubts and unanswered questions, Frelinghuysen found himself becoming closer to Rossbach and withdrawing from friends known for months. At last he reached a decision:

'As Dick had related the story of his escape attempts, he had emerged as a very unusual man—he soon became my mentor in my obsession to find an escape plan that would be feasible.'

'Somehow, I knew this was the man I wanted to go with, convinced as I was that he had both the techniques and the experience for escaping. Yet still there were those nagging doubts: Could I summon the nerve to attempt an escape? And after that, could I keep up with this man?' (Frelinghuysen, pp. 109 – 110)

February 1943 became a feverish time for the POWs at Chieti as they vacillated between the dictates of the no-escape order or being trucked off to Germany.

Dick had a special talent for observing opportunities, especially those involving escape. On the 20th, Dick and Frelinghuysen watched two British parachute men 'in full uniform with the crimson balmoral, and with those jaunty, colored handkerchiefs sticking out of the pocket of their battledress jackets.'

'Borrowing one they noted that the handkerchief was based on a scale map of 1:200,000, but Dick stretched the rubberized silk in order to get a larger scale. Then I selected an area southeast of Chieti and held it while Dick began tracing. When it was finished, our "map" included a rectangle of the Abruzzo region, from the Adriatic 35 miles west to Popoli beyond two ranges of the Apennines. West boundary also went west of Sulmona while the southern boundary was below the Trigon river, 50 miles to the south. (Frelinghuysen, p. 113)

ESCAPE MAPS

'Escape maps were the brainchild of the polymath Christopher Clayton Hutton, who was Technical Officer to the Escape Department at the War Office. He realized that maps needed to be thin enough to be able to be secreted, without revealing noise, in a boot or jacket lining; durable and waterproof enough to survive action in the field; and to contain sufficient detail to be of vital use to someone in an unfamiliar location. He settled eventually on silk printed with a mixture of ink and pectin. However, he anticipated that silk supplies might be prioritized for parachutes and after he became aware that Japan's lightweight fugo balloon bombs used mulberry leaf paper, he obtained some and tested it with sensational results.'

'The makers of the Monopoly board game set up a secret printing space at their factory in Leeds (England) to produce Military Intelligence 9 (MI9) maps. By 1945 the equivalent of three British Army divisions of escapees and evaders had managed to get back to Britain, many of them using a copy of one of more than 240 individual map designs created for the escape and evasion programme.' (Jeremy Black, p. 120)

This passage above from the book, *A History of the Second World War in 100 Maps*, refers to:

'a silk map which displayed a section of the German-Swiss border and is known as the Schaffhausen escape map. It is also identified with Lieutenant Airey Neave, who escaped from Colditz in January 1942 after which he crossed from Singen in Germany to Ramsen in Switzerland. Upon his return, he was recruited into the British Directorate of MI9 which was responsible for supporting resistance networks in Europe and entrusted with helping Allied servicemen, airmen in particular, to return to Britain.' (Jeremy Black, p. 120)

ENCAMPMENT AT FONTE d' AMORE

Loaded on trucks, they were convinced of the error of their ways, if they chose to escape, by the actions of troopers who fired into bushes along the road beds. Their destination: Camp 78 at Fonte d'Amore near Sulmona, a major railhead. Passing through Badia they entered the barbed-wire enclosure around a concentration camp. (Frelinghuysen, pp. 111 – 119)

Camp features there were mirror images of others the POWs had endured with one exception—watch towers were manned by machine-gun-toting guards who stood at the railings monitoring actions throughout the camp. Barbed wire—a constant reminder of imprisonment—was strung in different configurations, along with an overhead light hung midpoint in the barrier.

Settled at this new camp and sharing a room with an Air Forces Colonel, Colonel Gooler's attitude about escaping was reversed with his apology, giving them permission to escape, "free to go anytime." Frelinghuysen's reply was gracious; Dick's, however, showed his impatience. 'Joe, we have plans to make. Let's get moving.' They saluted and left with Dick's remark added outside:

'Escaping is like doing your Christmas shopping; you have got to do it early to avoid the crowds.' (Frelinghuysen, p. 121)

Assigned to his room and finding that his bunk mate was Dick Rossbach, Frelinghuysen voiced his first query: 'What are you thinking of doing?' Dick's answer, of course was escaping, possibly in daylight.

Joe's first thought was "*Suicide*" but was still willing to take a chance with Rossbach and after 5 PM that day, he said goodbye to his buddies and joined Dick. Assisted by a Major Parsons who volunteered to create a diversion around a soccer game, they both passed successfully under three layers of wire on the west side, only to be recognized while heading toward town. Ordered to return to camp, they next passed in sight of a second German billet and ordered to "Go back or we shoot." When slanderous remarks were made about them and the U.S. Army, Dick responded in kind—which caused the dispatching of two guards.

Upon entering the compound, luck had not quite forsaken them as they were then able to mingle with a new group just entering the camp; alone in their room, each one felt *'the euphoric mood, laughing and joking about the wonderful smell of the free air out there.'* (Frelinghuysen, pp. 122 – 124)

Perhaps a second try was worth the risk, so Dick and Joe shaved, donned clean U.S. Army uniforms, pocketed some rations, filled their canteens, and with two hours left before curfew at 9:30 PM, studied the north side wire with its five disconcerting rows of barbed wire. Hearing a voice from the shadows, they paused to listen, "*I have dimmed the light with a bit of foil from my fags. Had to be careful not to put it out, or Jerry would be on it in no time.*" Thanks were returned as they moved into the twilight. Hearing that others had previously escaped, they considered their exits. Moving slowly and carefully through the various wire gates, (the last, a stone wall with wire on top), they passed a house,

ran to another fence, scrambled over the top and moved quickly through gullies as they continued north along the western shoulder of Monte Morrone. Suddenly, flares and weapon fire which announced activity in the camp served to increase their pace. Stumbling through the darkness, their luck held as they discovered a sheltered well, drank, refilled their canteens and continued their landward voyage, using the North Star as their compass.

THE LONG, LONG TREK (1943)

Still in darkness, they gathered some unharvested grapes and located a town Joe recognized as Roccacasale, moored among the cliffs. Impossible to circle on either side, the decision was made for Dick to be point through the town, with Joe 50 yards behind. Dick's movements were faster than Joe's which led to separation and frustration on Joe's part, but soon evaporated when he and Dick reunited. Continuing on a common trail, they discovered a large black hole set deep into the hillside—a welcomed place to rest. (Frelinghuysen, pp. 125 – 132)

24 September: Awakened the next morning, they decided to recon the town, taking their meager but important possessions and returning to their cave later. Approaching the area, a man named Mario invited Joe and Dick into his home for some food. There they encountered another man named Charles Rydesdale, (a platoon sergeant of a British territorial regiment) who sported an arrogant attitude and had been there for 10 days.

25-26 September: Mario's parents lived in Roccacasale. The next morning after returning to the cave, a man appeared who introduced himself as Saverio Santo D'Ascanio; he had lived in the U.S. for many years, had citizenship papers which he shared, and considered it an honor to assist the Americans. By the next day, it became clear with the arrival of a German truck—and others in the vicinity—that they state their farewells and depart. Saverio pointed out the trail up the mountain and acted as their guide for part of their trek: *"This is as far as I go. You are completely safe now—no Germans anymore."* Before setting off to return home, he pointed them towards a trail and a place to sleep for the night. Instructions included information about a masserina (farmhouse) called Santa Croce, safe passage, and the climb over il Marrone to Salle.

27, 28, 29 September: After the three men spent that night in the woods, Frelinghuysen was chosen to procure breakfast. Sighting an older Shephard with a flock of goats, Joe spoke in Italian honestly about their status and was answered in English as the man had spent some time in the states. Offered goats' milk, Joe next asked about the way to Salle and was given an answer

which translated to more than 6800 feet. Returning to Dick and Charlie with this information, they ate breakfast and started trailing over boulders—each one steeper than the last. Noting that Dick was favoring his left leg, they paused before continuing. Later, seeing a man up ahead, Joe approached him cautiously and learned that *'he had escaped Salle several hours before because the Germans were conscripting young Italians to act as slave labor to build German fortifications in the mountains.'*

Deciding that spending another night in the cold was madness, they approached the masserina, mentioned Saverio's name, and were welcomed by the padrone named Cesare. Taken to a large room, they found 40 -50 other men, all who had left the army after the Badoglio Armistice and headed for home. A general welcome transpired. Seated at a large table with benches, the food served by his wife was generous and delicious. Cesare confided in the Americans that although his farm was large, he had *"outside help. The food was sent here by the people of the Communist Party who will rule Italy after the war"*. Following Cesare and Concetta, they were led upstairs to sleep. Several days later, as Joe's suspicions about capture at Santa Croce escalated, he and Dick left at night, found their way to a stone shelter built like a beehive, and slept deeply.

30 September: Returning to Santa Croce for food, they soon met the Communist party commander, Giancarlo, and refitted with cleaner clothes, stated their intention to return to their American units as soon as possible. It was soon apparent that the Communists needed armaments and food and asked the Americans to pass on the message after completing their journey.

10 October: Today they met with an Italian engineer, Ingegnere, which is not a proper name but customary when referring to someone by his profession. A young refugee from Rome named Lorenzo was also present.

'Ingegnere became very precise when he spread out some excellent 1:100,000-scale maps on the grass. While the three of us were hovering over him, he explained our prospective route in detail: After crossing the Morrone, we would go south in the Valle dell'Orta, which ran for 17 miles into a V shaped cul-de-sac, walled by 7000-foot peaks. Our only way to cross out was on the eastern periphery via Guado di Coccia, a 5600-foot pass.' (Frelinghuysen, p. 163)

With Ingegnere's and Lorenzo's agreements to accompany them and Charlie leading the initial trek, the group quickly discovered that the regional escarpments were going to provide many climbing and traversing challenges. Early on, Dick had reinjured his left knee, but with determined efforts, kept a reasonable pace with the group. High in the mountains, their only company was

shepherds and their flocks. Many were curious when told about the group's situations and shared what food and drink they could spare. On their decent they were told that people in Campo di Giove had an organization for helping prisoners. This seemed to be a common trait among these people whose lands had been crisscrossed by foreigners for many centuries.

Occasionally, they even encountered other escapees, who like their group, were facing similar obstacles. Resting and sleeping in lower altitude areas, avoiding German patrols and making slow head way comprised their daily routine. Fortunately, they also encountered a medical doctor, Dr. Eisenstein, who surveyed Rossbach's injuries and wrapped his knee, allowing him to move with more mobility and less pain. Their trek continued.

'Halfway down a pasture, they came to a long stone wall, beyond which a wiry, slightly stooped man was working the ground with a hoe. With his craggy face and a long black mustache, he appeared to be in his mid-fifties. "Hello boys, where are you going? Are you hungry?" he called to us in English.'

'We are Americans and are going south to meet the British army, but we have come all the way from Popoli, and need a place to rest for a few days. We are very, very hungry.' (Frelinghuysen, p. 202)

Similar conversations and the graciousness of Italian hosts were repeated many times until 3 November when their journey together came to an end. Three German soldiers surrounded the two Americans and demanded that they identify themselves.

'Captain Rossbach, United States Army.'

'Captain Frelinghuysen, United States Army.'

Dick, in a courageous action, grabbed the barrel of the corporal's rifle while Joe offered a bribe. Neither worked but as the corporal left to inform his lieutenant and the rest of the patrol, Dick defused the situation by suggesting that they enter the nearby hut where he made sandwiches from his rations to lessen the tension.

'His back was to the Germans who had almost finished their sandwiches. He flicked an index finger towards the door. Though I still dreaded the idea, something inside me suddenly took over, and I whirled around, wrenched the double door inward, and jumped out, yanking them shut behind me. As they slammed,

Dick's body crashed against them from the inside, and they banged and shook with the violence of the struggle.'

'As I started to sprint across the rain-soaked turf, my boots slipped, and I fell as in a dream that I was standing still. But I picked up speed and tore over the wet ground, casting an eye over my shoulder—the doors were still shut. Racing for the steep bank, I dove over the ridge just as rifle fire cracked behind me. Bullets whined past as I pitched headfirst down the bank, skidded on my stomach and rolled into a somersault. At the bottom of the gully, I spun to my feet and ran wildly, jumping and careening as I slid on wet leaves. Shots ricocheted and whistled through the trees, but by then I was a poor target.' (Frelinghuysen, pp. 222, 223)

Remembering that Germans sometimes used dogs, Frelinghuysen knew that distance was his ally, so he ran upwards toward Monte Rocca where Germans rarely patrolled. Literally running for his life in sodden clothes and shoes which aggravated skin issues and chilled him to the bone, he reflected on his action which *'had some military rationale to it, but deserting such a friend went hard against the grain.'*

Later in the day, he learned that shepherds in the area had seen "a German lieutenant with several soldiers and an American prisoner on the way to Palena." *'Thank God, at least Rossbach's alive!'* (Frelinghuysen, pp. 133 – 231)

POST WAR UPDATE

After Frelinghuysen's return to the U.S., he learned about Dick's life after his arrest, from Rossbach's father and from Dick, himself.

'Dick survived a brutal beating at the hands of the Alpenjager patrol that had recaptured them. Then he spent 1½ years in German prisons, until Poland was overrun by Marshal Zhukov, whose troops again imprisoned him, this time in a Russian concentration camp. After six weeks there, Rossbach made his fifth escape, eventually reaching the American embassy in Moscow, where he was personally extended the warmest kind of welcome by Ambassador Averell Harriman, after which he was flown directly to the States. On his return, Captain Richard M. Rossbach was notified that he had been awarded the Silver Star for his part in the landing at Monte Brolo Sicily, and a Bronze Star for his action at Monte San Domenico.'

His liberation coincided with a notice from the War *Department* received by his wife in January asking her to receive the Bronze Star in her husband's behalf.]

'After the war, Dick stayed in the Army for a while, stationed in Washington. I saw him once or twice. When he switched to a job in New York, we began seeing one another more often.'

'Dick was a man of unqualified courage, valiant in war, brilliant and forceful in peace. You knew where you stood with Dick, which, after all, is the best kind of friend to have.' (Frelinghuysen, pp. 283 – 285)

CAMP NOTES

Captain Richard "Dick" Rossbach arrived at Oflag 64 on 18 November 1943. As a frequent prison camp "guest" he learned to adjust to the regime's rules that governed hundreds of other officers who preceded him. A short article from the *St. Joseph News-Press/Gazette* (*St. Joseph, Missouri*, dated Sunday, June 11, 1944), offers credence to his many abilities.

'Four United States Army Officers helped me to tell the prisoners what was going on in the world by means of the bulletin board. They were Capt. Richard M. Rossbach, New York; Lieut. Leonard Feldman of Mount Pleasant, Pa.; and Second Lieutenants Seymour Bolten, New York, and Gerald Long of Roanoke, VA. From the Berlin radio and German newspaper, we provided a full flash, bulletin and feature photo service of all news from Oct. 19, 1943 to May 8, 1944. When I left, the same staff under editor-ship of Lieut. Frank Diggs of Linthicum, Md. formerly of the Washington Post, "carried on."' [Signed, Captain George Juskalian]

Although detailed information about his daily life at the camp is limited, Kriegy comments about Dick's creative talents are notable.

The following contributions appeared in camp's newspaper, THE ITEM.

'Usually our mornings at Szubin began at five minutes to eight when the Goons clanged a loud gong at the main gate. This was a warning sign for the first Appell of the day. There was always one more in the afternoon during the winter, but during the summer we had three Appells a day in order that our worried captors could

make sure that no one had escaped. All of these formations were decidedly unpopular, but they were a definite part of every Kriegy's life as the following poem taken from THE ITEM illustrates. It was written by Captain Richard Rossbach from New York City.'
(Holder, pp. 67, 68)

OH HELL THE BELL

The Bell

Oh hark how near, how loud and clear,
You hear the clanging of the bell;
It chills your bones with mournful tones:
'Tis time now for Appell.

The Chorus

Hurry, hurry, get your things
Quick the moment that it rings
Grab your hat; put on your coat;
Follow that compelling note.

Solo

Oh stay in check for just a sec,
Withhold your voice impending.
Please, please, desist! You won't be missed;
I've got some toast I'm tending.
It's just begun ('twill soon be done)
A tasty tan to turn;
The "marge" is near with which to smear;
Come on you coals and burn.

The Bell

The echoes die, the Kriegies fly,
No wonder to behold—
The tardy men must later plan
To shiver in the cold.

The Chorus

Hurry, hurry, faster yet!
Throw away that cigarette.
Seconds tick, the clock won't wait—
Quicker, quicker, you'll be late.

Solo

My toast is spoiled, my coffee boiled
Away a sticky mess.
I curse the day, I cannot stay;

Oh weep for my distress.
My legs dig in, my lungs begin
To pound away within.
A final chase! I'm in my place,
And just in time; "Fall in."

Under the Oflag Vanities of the 1944 section in Howard Holder's book, the following announcements [and photos] were included: 'Dick Rossbach's presentation of *The Seventh Man*, and *It'll Be All Right on the Night*. Here is a scene from *The Seventh Man*, a serious play which was liked despite the usual Kriegie tendency to accept only light-hearted entertainment such as that of *It Will Be All Right on the Night*, also pictured.' (Holder, p. 142)

THE ITEM diligently recorded all unusual and interesting letters, and here is one example:

'After six months of constant appeals from home, Capt. Richard "Dick" Rossbach from New York City was finally successful. He just received a snapshot of part of the apartment where he lives, and the back end of someone's car, sitting at an angle of approximately forty-five degrees.' (Holder, p. 110)

FIND A GRAVE MEMORIAL

Richard Max Rossbach

Stockbroker and author. He was an avid sportsman who fished in many parts of the world and contributed articles on fishing and nature to several publications. He was the author of a book, "Wadings and Wanderings" and was a financial supporter of many conservative causes. He was a former general partner of Ingalls & Snyder, a New York Stock Exchange firm. He had been with the firm since 1956. He was a limited partner from 1971 until his death. He was a 1936 graduate of Yale University, where he received a degree in economics. After Yale, he worked for the investment firm of Lazard Freres & Company. He was decorated for his service as an Army officer in World War II; was wounded and captured in an operation behind German lines. In 1948 he left the investment field to join a family business importing hides and skins, J.H. Rossbach & Brothers, but returned to his earlier career with Ingalls & Snyder in 1956. He was active in Yale alumni affairs and also served as a vice president of the Museum of the city of New York and Goodwill Industries of Greater New York. His death occurred in July 1987 at the age of 72 in Manhattan, New York County (Manhattan). Non-Cemetery Burial.

[Susan M. Goodman, Rossbach died in April 2001.]

SOURCES

Passages to Freedom by Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, Publisher: Sunflower University Press, 1990

A HISTORY of the SECOND WORLD WAR in 100 MAPS by Jeremy Black, Publisher: University of Chicago Press, 2020

ESCAPE TO RUSSIA by Howard Randolph Holder, Publisher: Iberian Publishing Company, 1994

Find A Grave Memorial, An American website owned by Ancestry.com which allows the public to add to an online database of cemetery records. The site was launched in 1998.

Ancestry.com was also accessed for additional facts used in this biography.

Biography written by Kriegy Research Group writer Ann C. Rogers