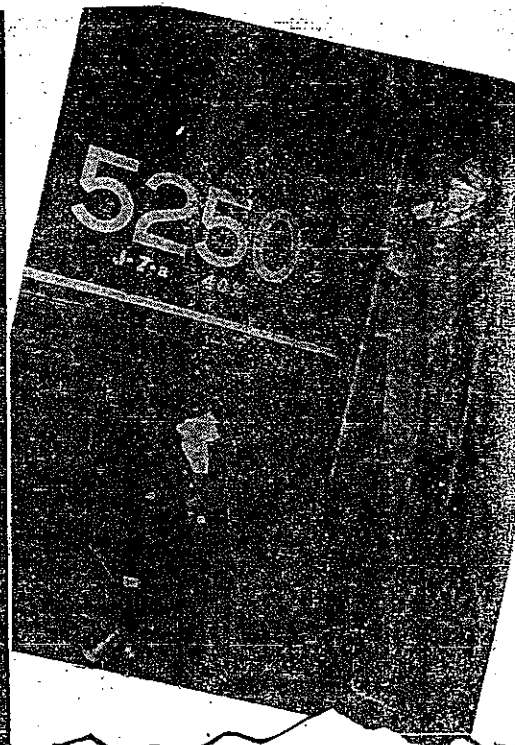


NOT ON THE
MANIFEST!

THE REAL TRUE
STORY ENDING OF
THE 49TH
PARRARELL.

GOOGLE—49TH PARRARLL—ITS THE
LAST 10 MINUTES. C.R

WITH A TRUE ENDING I GUESS THIS
IS NOT PROGANDA

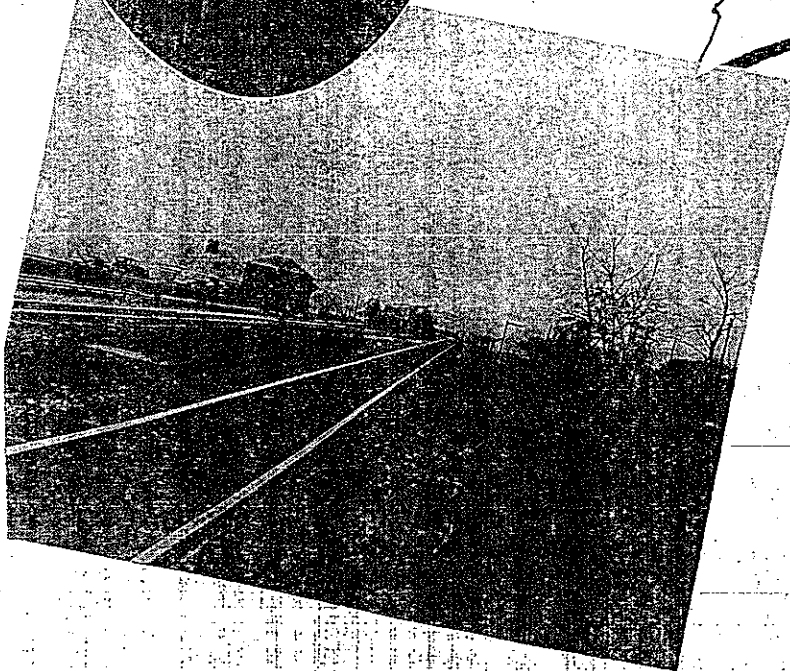


Scene enacted of how the escaped Nazi flying officer was caught, showing Conductor Sam C. Bryant catching a glimpse of shoes by light of Carman Percy Winchester's lantern. Engineman Harry Aikens is running to front of locomotive.

ESCAPED NAZI ACE IS PRIZE OF TRAIN CREW

1942

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Nov. 25 (AP)—An escaped German aviator who rode a Canadian National Railways engine into the United States but didn't know it, was captured by the engine crew tonight after returning to Canada.



OVAL: Engineman Harry Aikens, with more than 41 years' service, is seen reading a train order with Conductor Sam C. Bryant, veteran of the last world war, and of 30 years' continuous service with the Company. TOP: Carman Percy Winchester, with 17 years' service, is seen talking to Fireman William Koz, who was on the locomotive at the time of the capture. At BOTTOM LEFT, is view of the Canadian entrance to the Suspension Bridge, with Customs and Immigration Office on left, where the Nazi prisoner was held until given over to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

THIS is a tale of a Nazi who outsmarted himself. At least, this is the only way that Canadian National Railways Conductor Sam C. Bryant of Niagara Falls, can explain the capture of an escaped German Air Force officer, Ulrich Steinhilper, who attained his goal of crossing from Canada to the United States, only to ride back on a Canadian National locomotive into the Dominion and be made prisoner by the locomotive

January, 1942

and train crew. He was turned over to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It all happened late on the night of Tuesday, November 25th. On, or about, that date, Steinhilper had escaped from a prison camp. He succeeded in "thumbing" his way from Bowmanville to Toronto. There, he walked through the city and westward to Port Credit, where he picked up another ride. Just when he got on the locomotive is not known, but it was done during the darkness. In any event, train No. 90 pulled into Niagara Falls station from Hamilton, at 9.40 p.m., and a few minutes later crossed over Suspension Bridge with its coaches. These were left at the Suspension Bridge station for the Lehigh Valley Railway and the locomotive, running light, backed across the International Bridge into Canada, with Conductor Bryant and Carman Percy Winchester riding on the foot-board, on the front end of the engine.

The night was dark, with clouded skies, and although it was difficult to see more than a few feet away, Conductor Bryant happened to glance up toward the front of the locomotive and saw a movement between the smoke deflector and the smoke box. The conductor leaned forward for a closer view and saw faintly a pair of boots. The locomotive had, by now, just crossed that imaginary line in the centre of the bridge, which divides Canada from the United States. Conductor Bryant said nothing of his discovery and waited until the locomotive should draw up to the Customs Office, at the entrance to the bridge. Here is the way Conductor Bryant tells the story:

My first thought was that I had found some bum, or other, stealing a ride into Canada. I intended to gather him in, when we stopped, and turn him over to the Immigration Officer. When the engine did stop, I called to Engineman Harry Aikens and he came running to us. I told Carman Percy Winchester to throw the light of his lantern up to the smoke deflector and yelled for the man to come down. He did. He was a fellow about 22 years old, dressed in blue jeans and had a stubby beard. The three of us took him into the Customs Office.

He was a big fellow, almost six feet tall and something about the way he stood made me suspicious. I had been in the last affair, over in France, with the 4th Battalion, and I have no love for those Germans. So, I looked at this fellow pretty hard and saw his hard blue eyes and fair hair, cut in the military way. I listened to his first words to the Customs Officer and, even though he spoke good English, I knew his kind. I said to him, "You are a Nazi".

He started, stared at me, and said "Ach!"

I accused him again.

He shook his square head, then admitted it. "I am a German officer, a prisoner of war."

I never saw a man quite so sore as he was, when I laughed and told him that he had been across the Niagara

CANADIAN
PACIFIC
RAILWAY

DINING CAR.

MONTREAL
TO ST JOHN,
N.B.