(1)

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington

AG 383.6 (31 Jul 43) OB-S-B-M

KLS/el-2B-939 Pentagon

6 August 1943

SUBJECT: Amended Instructions Concerning Publicity in Connection with Escaped Prisoners of War, to Include Evaders of Capture in Enemy or Enemy-Occupied Territory and Internees in Neutral Countries.

TO: The Commanding Generals,
Army Ground;
Army Air Forces;
The Commander-in-Chief, Southwest Pacific Area;
The Commanding Generals,
Theaters of Operations;
Defense Commands;
Departments;
Base Commands;
The Commanding Officers,
Base Commands;
Director, Bureau of Public Relations.

1. Publication or communication to any unauthorized persons of experiences of escape or evasion from enemy-occupied territory, internment in a neutral country, or release from internment not only furnishes useful information to the enemy but also jeopardizes future escapes, evasions and releases.

2. Personnel will not, unless authorized by the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department General Staff, publish in any form whatever or communicate either directly, or indirectly, to the press, radio or an unauthorized person any account of escape or evasion of capture from enemy or enemy-occupied territory, or internment in a neutral country either before or after repatriation. They will be held strictly responsible for all statements contained in communications to friends which may subsequently be published in the press or otherwise.

3. Evaders, escapees, or internees shall not be interrogated on the circumstances of their experiences in escape, evasion or internment except by the agency designated by the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department General Staff, or the corresponding organization in overseas theaters of operations. In allied or neutral countries, American Military Attaches are authorized to interrogate on escape, evasion and internment matters.

4. Should the services of escaped prisoners of war, evaders, or internees be deemed necessary for lecturing and briefing, such services will be under the direct supervision of the agency designated by the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, War Department General Staff, or the corresponding organization in overseas theaters of operations.

5. Commanding Officers will be responsible for instructing all evaders, escapees, and internees in the provisions of this directive which supersedes letter, AG 383.6 (5 Nov 42) OB-S-B-M, 7 November 1942, subject: Instructions concerning Publicity in Connection with Escaped Prisoners of War and other previous instructions on this subject.

By order of the Secretary of War:

/s/ J. A. ULIO
J. A. ULIO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

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1. Information about your escape or your evasion from capture *would be useful to the enemy* and a danger to your friends. It is therefore *SECRET*.

2. *a* You must therefore not disclose, except to the first Military Attache to whom you report, or to an officer designated by the Commanding General of the Theater of Operations, or by A. C. of S., G-2, W. D.
(1) The names of those who helped you.
(2) The method by which you escaped or evaded.
(3) The route you followed.
(4) Any other facts concerning your experience.
b You must be particularly on your guard with persons representing the press.
c You must give no account of your experiences in books, newspapers, periodicals or in broadcasts or in lectures.
d You must give no information to anyone, irrespective of nationality, in letters or in conversation, except as specifically directed in Par. 4.
e No lectures or reports are to be given to any unit without the permission of A. C. of S., G-2, W. D., or corresponding organization in the theater.

CERTIFICATE

I have read the above and certify that I will comply with it.

I understand that any information concerning my *escape* or *evasion* from capture is *SECRET* and must not be disclosed to anyone other than the agency designated by A. C. of S., G-2, War Department, the corresponding organization in overseas theaters of operations, or to the Military Attache in a neutral country to whom I first report. I understand that disclosure to anyone else will make me liable to disciplinary action.

Name (Print) MORTON B. SHAPIRO
Signed Morton B. Shapiro
Rank 2ND LT AC A. S. N. 0-683873
Dated 1/31/43
Unit 389TH BG - 564TH B. SQ
Witness

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH
MIS (X)

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

QUESTIONNAIRE FOR SERVICE PERSONNEL
EVADING FROM ENEMY OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

1. Full Name, Rank, and Serial No.
SHAPIRO, MORTON B. - 2Lt - 0-683873
2. Decorations.
None
3. Unit or Squadron.
389th - B.G - 564th Bomb Sq
4. Division (Army) or Group.
2d AIR DIVISION - 389th B-Group.
5. Date of Birth.
9-15-21
6. Length of Service.
2 YEARS.
7. Private Address.
1455 TOWNSEND AVE. BRONX, N.Y.
8. Job as civilian.
STUDENT
9. From what field did you take off?
HETHEL
10. Take off time.
0850
11. Date and target.
12/30/43 - LUDWIGSHAVEN
12. Where did you land?
COMPIEGNE FOREST - Compiegne (village of Bonnamis)
13. Were all secret papers and equipment destroyed?
YES (before baling out).
14. What was your position in aircraft?
NAVIGATOR
15. Were you wounded?
NO
16. Did you pay your guides? If so how much?
NO
17. Do you speak French? Spanish?
NO
18. Did you have Identity Papers?
YES - ID CARD - ALSO FRENCH - IDENTITY CARD
19. Have you been questioned before to-day on your escape or evasion? If so, where and by whom? Have you given anyone a written report on your experiences. Where and when?
YES - BY FRENCH WOMAN OF ESCAPE ORGANIZATION
ALSO BY BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (IN PARIS)
20. Did you report on your operations? If so, where and to when?
NO
21. Did you sign a security certificate warning you against talking about your escape or evasion? If so, where and when?
YES - ENGLAND.
22. Date of arrival in Spain.
23. Date of arrival at Gibraltar.
24. Place and date of departure for U.K. By sea or air.
FRANCE - PLOUHA - 1/29/44
25. Place and date of arrival in U.K.
ENGLAND - PORTMOUTH - 1/29/44

(3)

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E REPORT NO. 353
EVASION IN

1/30/44
(Date)

SHAPIRO, MORTON B. 2ND LT - O-683873
(Name) (Rank) (ASN)

TARGET: 1/30/44 LUDWIGSHAVEN

564th - 389th
(Squadron) (Group)

MIA: 1/29/44
Arrived in UK:

MEMBERS OF CREW: (This information checked with PWIB)

			Official Disposition	Narrators Disposition
PILOT	SCHAEFER, R.F	2ND LT	— complete telephone wires & taken by Germans CAPTURED BY GERMANS.	
CO-PILOT	TOLLIS, V.P.	2ND LT	- BAILED OUT SAFELY	
NAVIGATOR	SHAPIRO, M.B.	2ND LT	— RTD	
BOMBARDIER	KRENGLE R.V.	1ST LT	- STILL AT LARGE WHEN LAST HEARD OF.	
RADIO OPERATOR	LEAPER		BAILED OUT SAFELY - (UNKNOWN	
TOP TURRET GUNNER	DOUB		BAILED OUT SAFELY (THOUGHT CAPTURED	
BALL TURRET GUNNER	—			
WAIST GUNNER	DICKENS, PAUL		— BAILED OUT SAFELY (THOUGHT CAPTURED	
WAIST GUNNER	LURE		— BAILED OUT SAFELY - (UNKNOWN)	
TAIL GUNNER	COOKE, W.E.		— BAILED OUT SAFELY (THOUGHT CAPTURED	

In: 4 captd & other 4 unknown

Were you wounded?

No.

JOE BIRTWELL - NAVIGATOR ON FORTRESS WAS TO TRAVEL WITH US TO ENGLAND. BUT WAS UNHEARD OF WHEN WE LEFT PARIS. (PARIS IS LAST PLACE I SAW HIM.

Geo Padgett

filld wife back to Sugar plant - met M. Ring - taken inside plant -
spk very little Eng - told me to stay there til night - wife said I
shld stay there that nite - she + husband wld come next day -
left me he - dark - he later - M. Ring took me by car belonging
to greyhaired man to his house, 100 yds from station -
fed - stld to ask me questions - told me had brother
in Woonsocket, R.I. - (where I from? - address? - asked where
I going) said - bed - I must be up at 7 am. - clothing -
shoes - at 7 wife + husband came - woman in gray Persian
lamb coat - told me to follow him + wife to Paris - to
station - on train - neit station - 2 Gerries in compartment -
French boy on - asked me something - pretnd not to hear - crwd -
woman walked up to me + said something in French - I lkd
out window - 2 Gerries watching - she didn't follow up
whatever she said - woman kept thing at me -
nothing happened - Paris - wntd to get out before Gerries
+ got out first - saw man + flwd him - he ckd some-
thing + we went thru gate giving in tkts - into
metro - got out of station + flwd him - air raid -
kept going - but chased in by gendarmes - later
said I was to meet someone late with his wife -
feel hurting - wife not where we were to meet her -
man with her - flwd the three - then man left - I kept
flwing man + woman - Ranlegh - took me to his
house - near Champs d Elysee - man who had been going
to help me because Gerry on to him - man was member
of Religious Org - this man had Paris apartment - closed
but I was to stay there - man left + back 2 hrs later
+ I flwd his wife to a building - top floor -
bkngll to M. Jacques Aude, 28 Rue George Sand -

B-24 FWS – had TG firing – #2 engine on fire – a/c into dive at 22000 – at 12000 feet bail out of dive – BO given – Dickens – 20 mins to channel – a/c held as long as possible – pilot held it until we got to back of ship – RO jumped – RWG – Bombdr – I next – Then Eng + TG – out at 10000 ft – held rip-cord – not open immediately – soon – saw 2 chutes out of plane – saw only 4 chutes – saw a/c in level flight – saw people running up to me – landed hard on edge of wood – near house – took chute off + hid it in dirt – Frenchman came up + said "American" in good English – yes – Can u ride bike? – no – he spoke to other 4 French + put to wood – said follow me – to wood – thru wood – asked me where we were headed for – said we were following leader – asked if tires – showed me two caves – said taking me to cave – in hill – said Jerry didn't know the cave – said he owned the forest – within ½ hr he said wife will come – call found – she did – brot food + Fr. ration tickets – she spoke some Engl – 2 children he 26 – she 25 + he in German prison camp 2 yrs – husband crawl in he with clothes – he did – all but shoes – had to wear electric boots – he was taking me to place where I was to follow road to turn off road into town of Bernamie – There to go to sugar refining place & ask for M. Ring – place had two big smoked stacks – I went on ~~to town~~ and met an old lady on road – spoke to her & took a large package from her – said Bernamie – She spoke in French – told her I dun – then asked her if she "spreckin Deutsch" she nodded – pointed big house of Germans – on down road – she going to Bernamie – to catch train to Paris – walked into town – had car + cycle behind us – passed they turned + looked at me – old lady made me have some wine left in store – there 5 mins – Fr. Christn – she pointed sugar place to me – asked her where entrance was – walked down road & met Frenchman's wife who asked old lady if she wanted to see M. Ring & old said no – old lady took me to bridge + then saw Frenchmans wife go on over bridge – told old lady goodbye & followed Fr's wife to edge of town – wtd – car stopped – not right French –

fr. St. in Corbillery - opposite some Eng - rotd - woman
said husband coming in evening - came - said he had
seen Jacques who was not at home - Dslept on
floor & Jacques came - wife & husband out next
day trying to find Org - said had fud one party that
had Am - was trying to find another Org

Claudette came to see me with Joe Bertwell
navigator on fort - he asked me questions - he introd self
after satisfied - showd a 60 pass then - she said
she wld send message to parents saying I well -
Jan 1 -

Another girl came with Bombe named George
Padgett in France since Sep '29 - said he knew
another Am named Joe Burkowski, Office - same
a/c as Padgett - they've been promised departure every week -
told him Claudette promised me 20 Jan - other girl
said they were trying to get them out - I mentioned
Pyrenees - she said they trying another way -

In wife brot food - husband came to say
that Claudette was taking me to another house - styd
five nights in Audo's house - mvd to Mme Gabriel
Sharon, 121 Ave. MOZART, - block ½ from Audo's -
lived next to top floor - Mme fdgth there - I was + o they
with these people until Claudette's came back - dgtr
understood Eng - also Latin, Greek or French -
Claudette 3 days later - wldgt new clothes - back Tues -
she said everything all right - man who knew Claudette, Joe
Bertwell + woman 2 stayd with same to see me - he
taught Eng - brot books -

A Brit I b came to see me - asked questions - small, mustache, large nose -
Claudette took trip north - she brot Canadian + Am but other
five had been caught -

She had no papers yet — On Wed she called to get me
On Thurs 19th she came with Dr. Smith to get me —

same as H. R. Smith from here —

SECRET
EQUALS BRITISH

MOST SECRET

APPENDIX "B"
MIS (X).....

The following information has been obtained from our interview with .....
..... (.....Shapiro.....) who escaped after capture by the enemy/evaded capture by the enemy after being in enemy/enemy occupied territory.

Further circulation of this information may be made, but when doing so it is important not to divulge any particulars of source.

Statement of information covering period from .....

to.....

1. Renault (cars) + Citroen (tanks) works were manufacturing —
2. Saw at LE MANS saw ~~tks~~ on train going toward Paris (see Smith)
3. At Rennes — Renault factory — cars painted yellow & camouflaged — sedan — factory left side of the rear station — colored troops carrying bagge under guard — cap looked like butcher — cap — ~~[illegible]~~ long overcoat — 10-20 a/a/c guns on flatcars in siding — a rail line extension being built S East — rail line construction in outskirts of Rennes —
4. Le Bourgil had German a/c — villafoublay said a/c there too
5. St Lo — many Germans moved in here
6. Troop train trolling north at Rennes
7. Very few Germans at St. Brieuc —

NAME SHAPIRO - MARSON B RANK 2ND LT ASN 0-683873 REPORT NO. _____

SQ 524TH GROUP 38TH A/C NO. UNKNOWN Letter G Load FULL Date 12/19/43

Position in formation.
Make Diagram

Observed results of Bombing:

NO BOMBS DROPPED - ATTACKED BEFORE GETTING TO TARGET

Enemy Fighter Tactics: FOCKE-WOLFES. PASSED OUR SHIP ONE ON EACH SIDE - ALSO UNKNOWN NUMBER OF FOCKE-WOLFES ATTACKING FROM BEHIND

Markings:

Our Tactics:

HIT BY FOCKE WOLFES, OUR ENGINE ON FIRE. WE TRIED TO GO BACK.

Our Fighter Support: SPITFIRES SUPPORTED US AND THEN LEFT. FOCKE WOLFES ATTACKED THEN.

Flak

Time	Place	Quality
NONE		

Technical Failures

Motors:

Armor: NONE

Armament:

Miscellaneous:

Comments and Suggestions on any of the above:

(8)

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E REPORT NO. 353
EVASION IN FRANCE

30 January 1944
(Date)

Morton B SHAPIRO, 2d Lt, 0-683873
(Name) (Rank) (ASN)

564 Bomb Sq, 389 Bomb Group
(Squadron) (Group)

TARGET: LUDWIGSHAVEN

MIA: 30 December 1943

Arrived in UK:
29 January 1944

MEMBERS OF CREW: (This information checked with PWIB)

				Official Disposition	Narrators Disposition
PILOT	0-675519	2d Lt	Richard F SCHAFER	MIA	
CO-PILOT	0-680336	2d Lt	Vincent P TOLLIS	MIA	
NAVIGATOR	0-683873	2d Lt	Morton B SHAPIRO	NARRATOR	
BOMBARDIER	0-668970	1st Lt	Robert V KRENGLE	MIA	
RADIO OPERATOR	33072744	S/Sgt	Joseph M LEAPER, JR	MIA	
TOP TURRET GUNNER	14030245	T/Sgt	Elmer B DOUB	MIA	
BALL TURRET GUNNER	----------				
WAIST GUNNER	14023976	S/Sgt	Paul F DICKEN	MIA	
WAIST GUNNER	14026905	T/Sgt	Felton R LUKE	MIA	
TAIL GUNNER	14030359	S/Sgt	James E COOKE	MIA	

Were you wounded?

Returning from target, we were attacked by FW 190's over France. I first knew of the attack when I heard the tail-gunner firing. Our number two engine was set on fire immediately and the aircraft went into a steep dive at 22000 feet. It was brought under control again around 12000 feet and the order to bale out was given by the pilot. The pilot held the plane in level flight until the crew could get to the ~~back~~ rear of the ship and then the radio operator jumped, followed by the right waist gunner, the bombardier, and myself, leaving the engineer and tail-gunner lined up ready to go.

AIRCRAFT ON FIRE AND OUT OF CONTROL

We were out around 10000 feet. I pulled my ripcord as soon as I was clear of the plane and was scared for a few seconds because it was slow in opening. I saw the plane again, still under control, and while I watched it, two more chutes opened near the tail. I counted four chutes before I got down. From several hundred feet off the ground I saw people running toward me.

COUNTS FOUR CHUTES

When I landed, my breath was knocked out and I lay on the ground in a daze for a minute or two. I managed to get out of my chute and was hiding it in a ditch when a man ran up to me to asked, in good English, if I were an American. When I said yes, he wanted to know if I could ride a bicycle. I couldn't, so he told me to follow him. We went into a dense woods to a cave which the Frenchman said was unknown to the Germans. I had very little conversation with the man; he wanted to know what our target was that day, but I told him that I didn't know because my plane had been following the group leader. He told me that he owned some of the woods we were in, and knew it well enough to be sure I was safe there. Before leaving me hidden in the cave he said that his wife would come to see me in several hours, bringing food.

HIDDEN IN CAVE

The Frenchman returned in several hours with civilian clothes. He had no extra shoes so I had to wear my electric boots. Already he had a plan in mind to get me out of the woods and after I had changed clothing, I was to a road and told to follow it until it forked, then I was

Sent for help on his own

follow the right fork into a small village, to go up to a certain house and ask for a name which he gave me.

After my helper left me, I ~~walked~~ walked in the fields, keeping the road in sight until I came to a large estate which, to get around, forced me onto the highway. I was afraid to do this and while I was hesitating I saw an old woman walking down the highway in the direction I wanted to go. She was carrying an enormous bundle and every hundred or so feet she had to put it down and rest. The next time she did this I walked up to her and picked up the bundle. Pointing down the road, I spoke the name of the village I was going to and looked enquiringly at her as if to ask whether she wanted me to carry the package. She looked pleased and broke into French. I told her that I was an American. I can speak German but had not thought of using it until she asked me if I could speak it. We understood each other well in that language. I told her what I was trying to do and she said that she would see that I got where I was going all right. On the edge of the village we were passed by a a truckload of German soldiers, who glanced at us, but they seemed to see nothing amiss. As soon as the truck was out of sight the little old lady raised a clenched fist, shook it at the Germans and called them something in French which I did not understand. The old lady insisted that I go into a store with her before taking me on to my destination. She bought me a glass of wine and while we were there she held a long conversation with the people who ran the store. From their lack of interest in me I was sure that she did not tell them who I was. From there she pointed out to me the place I wanted to go and my journey was arranged for me.

USES ELDERLY WOMAN AS CAMOUFLAGE

SPEAKS GERMAN

JOURNEY ARRANGED

White. W S Holt

Appendix B; Military information obtained for this report has been included ~~that a Renault factory was manufacturing cars and a Citroen plant was manufacturing tanks. Location of these plants was not given. Jan44.~~

2

in Appendix B of E & E Report Nos 349-352.

APPENDIX "D" TO E AND E REPORT NO.

No., Rank, Name:- 0-683873 - 2Lt - MORTON B. SHAPIRO

Unit:- 389th B.G - 564th B.Sq

Suggestions for improvement of escape equipment and training come largely from those who make use of them. Your report and comments will help others to evade capture or to escape.

1. AIDS BOX

a. Did you use your aids box? No!

b. If not, why? LEFT IN Plane

c. If you used it, state briefly the circumstances in which you used each item, for example, "While hiding in woods for two nights".

Horlicks tablets.

Chocolate or Peanut Bar.

Milk (tube).

Benzadrine tablets (fatigue).

Halazone tablets (water purifier).

Matches.

Adhesive tape.

Chewing gum.

Water bottle.

Compass.

Sewing kit.

UNUSED

d. Did any of the above items prove unsatisfactory?

e. How did you finally dispose of the box?

f. Can you suggest any way in which the contents of the aids box might be changed to make it of greater use, bearing in mind that the size of it cannot be larger?

2. PURSE

a. Did you carry a purse? NO
State color of stripes and letters.
If NOT, State why not.
LEFT IN ESCAPE KIT.

b. Did you use the purse? No.

(over)

c. If so, which of the following items in the purse did you use?

Maps. Which ones?

Compass. NONE

File (hacksaw).

Foreign currency. State countries and amounts.
How did you spend the money? NONE

d. How did you dispose of:-

Maps.

Compass.

File (hacksaw).

Surplus currency.

3. Were you issued any extra compasses or further aids to evasion?

NO.

4. PASSPORT SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS

a. Did you carry passport-size photographs? NO.
If so, how many?

b. Did you use them? NO

5. LECTURES

a. Were you lectured on evasion and escape? YES
State WHERE, WHEN and by WHOM. 389 B.R. — By a MAJOR, Lt Cheddington —

b. Did you find the lectures of value? YES

c. Do you have any suggestions to make which, from your experience, you feel will help other evaders and escapers?

Helped immediately

AG REPORT:
SHAPIRO.

Known information;

Lt Shapiro knew that ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Lt Krengle, Sgt Leaper and Sgt Luke bailed out of the plane.uninjured. Lt. Tollis and Sgt Cooke were uninjured and ready to bale out when Lt Shapiro left the plane.
He counted four chutes.in the air.

Hearsay information:

French source stated that four men had been captured and from the descriptions Lt Shapiro thought these men to be Lt Schaefer, Sgt Cooke, Sgt Dickens and Sgt Doub .

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 353 APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Morton B. SHAPIRO, 2d Lt, 0-683873, 564 Sqdn-389 Group

Date of interview: 30 January 1944.

On 30 December 1943 I parachuted near a small village in the FORET DE COMPIEGNE. A Frenchman, speaking in excellent English, asked me if I were an American. I nodded assent and was told to follow this man into the woods. He said that he owned a large part of the forest and was taking me to a cave unknown to the Germans. His wife came to the cave that afternoon to bring food and French ration tickets. She spoke some English, told me that her husband was 26 years old and that she was 25; they have two children and her husband had been in a German prison camp for two years. The husband brought clothes and gave me instruction to walk alone into the village (Bernamie?) I was to go to a sugar manufacturing plant and ask for M. RING.

When I got into the village my helper's wife met me on the street to take me to M. RING. M. RING kept me in the sugar plant until dark and then drove me to his home which was about 100 yards from the railway station.

The next morning the young man and his wife took me to PARIS. We went to their PARIS apartment where the wife and I waited while the husband went out to see a man who could help me. The husband returned to say that the man he had gone to see had gone into hiding from the Gestapo and could not help us. This man had been a member of a Religious organisation.

Later in the afternoon other arrangements were made and I followed the wife to the apartment of M. JACQUES AUDE, 28 Rue George Sand. JACQUES is a friend of the young couple and was not at home when I was taken there. When JACQUES came in that night I learned that he had been a French Lieutenant (Artillery). He spoke some English and he seemed very happy to keep me while the young couple looked around for an organisation.

Several days later the young husband told me that he had found one party who were taking care of an American but that he wanted to see what it was all about before he committed me to another person's care.

Not long after this CLAUDETTE came to see me. She was accompanied by a young man who questioned me regarding my identity. I learned later that he was 'Joe BIRDWELL' an American who was helping the organisation identify other American airmen. CLAUDETTE told me I would leave FRANCE around 20 January.

Another girl came to see me and was accompanied by Lt George PADGETT (USAAF). PADGETT said that he was staying in an apartment with a crew-member of his named Lt. Joe BURKOWSKI.

After five nights in AUDE's apartment CLAUDETTE moved me to the apartment of Mme Gabriele MARON, 121 Ave Mozart. She lived a block and a half from AUDE.

A British IO came to see me and I understood that he was the head of the organisation. I heard him called Captain HAMILTON.

Lt BIRDWELL visited me once and said that CLAUDETTE had returned from a trip in which she had gone to get some airmen and bring them to PARIS but it had not

turned out well. Before she got there five Americans had been caught but she had brought a Canadian and American back with her.

On 19 January CLAUDETTE accompanied by Lt SMITH (E and E Report # 349), arrived to take me to PLOUHA. The rest of my story is the same as that of Lt Smith.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 354 APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Walter Earl DICKERMAN, S/Sgt, 32725667, 711 Sqdn-447 Group.

Date of interview: 30 December 1943.

I parachuted near a small village a few kilometers north of BEAUVAIS on 30 December. I was helped immediately by a Polish farmhand and remained hidden in a barn for four days before being taken into a house in the village.

I stayed with a man who ran a garage.. I was not told very much because my helpers were not sure that I was an American. I did not have my dog-tags, escape kit or escape photos. An Englishman came to question me and told my helpers that he was sure I was an American. I was asked if I had been helped by two woodchoppers because there was an American in that area who had been helped by two woodchoppers and the organisation couldn't locate him.

I was moved to another village where a Frenchman, English-speaking, took charge of me. He seemed to be the Organisation chief of this area. He was 5' 9" tall, had dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion and I understood that he was some sort of a Solicitor. He turned me over to a man who drove me into BEAUVAIS in a delivery truck. I was taken to a house on a high hill and given identity papers, then driven to the railway station where I picked up a new guide who took me to PARIS.

I went to Mme SCHMITT's apartment and stayed eleven days.

CLAUDETTE visited me and I was told that she was making the arrangements to get me back to UK.

There was a Norwegian staying at Mme SCHMITT's with me. He called himself FRED S--------. He claimed to have been connected with BBC. He could speak German, Dutch, French, Norwegian and English. His story was that he had left NORWAY at the beginning of the war, had worked for BBC 3 years, was 17 years old when he left NORWAY, had escaped to ENGLAND by a Northern route, was a private in the British Army, had two brothers; one had gone to America and the other was missing in action in Italy, had done about 40 missions over France and Holland dropping arms, had made recording for BBC while flying in a B-17, had been shot down over a German target, had been captured by the Germans but escaped after two days with a Dutchman, had gone with the Dutchman to his home, had gone to NORWAY and returned back to France through Denmark. Many of his stories were contradictory. CLAUDETTE said that if he could not be identified, he would be shot.

On 19 January I met an American sergeant, waist gunner, SAUNDERS? and P/O NORMAN and Lt CASDEN. Later NORMAN and SAUNDERS were captured on the platform of ST BRIEUC railway station. CLAUDETTE moved me from Mme SCHMITT's to the apartment of an old woman on 19 January. Lt CASDEN and Sgt HATHAWAY had lived here for a while. The next morning the old woman took me to the subway where I met Lt BOOHER (E and E Report # 350) and from there my story is the same as his.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 355, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Sidney (NMI) CASDEN, 2d Lt, 0-734426
546 Bomb Sq, 384 Bomb Group

Date of interview: 30 January 1944

We took the local train to PARIS, and then the Metro to get to the apartment of the man the peasant family had brought to me in the wheatfield. He is an ex-P/W, 37 to 40 years old, a heavy set man of medium height and going bald. I think his name was CHAMPIGNON. I spent a night with him, but he also wanted to get rid of me. I looked at the map and decided to go to BAYONNE.

CHAMPIGNON took me to the GARE D'AUSTERLITZ and bought me a ticket to BAYONNE, and some newspapers, as I had asked. The 3rd class ticket cost me 400 francs. He put me on the train, and I found that all the seats were reserved. I did not think I would be allowed to stand because the only railroad procedure I knew applied to peacetime trains at home.

A young girl was sitting alone in a compartment and I asked her if I could come in. My French was pretty rusty, and she knew something was wrong. She bent out of the window to speak to her young man on the platform. My friend, who was there too, took a chance and told him who I was. The young man asked if I had papers and I said no. He said that he could get me some. I got off the train.

As I had no pictures, CHAMPIGNON took me to a department store where he had six made for 12 francs. We spent the rest of the day sight-seeing. At 1700 hours we went to a cafe where he had a rendezvous with the young man. Here we met M PAUL and M. AUGUST V. BRILA. Both of them spoke English. BRILA's business is making up beds on wagon-lit. He told me that PAUL was an agent working in PARIS in the Police Bureau. He is short, blond and married. PAUL told me that I would leave in a plane in two weeks. Then there was the problem of where to keep me in the meantime. BRILA said he would take me, posing as his deaf and dumb son. He took me to his home in LE PERREUX, 99 RUE MARECHAL JOFFRE. Three days after my arrival he brought my identity card which M. PAUL had fixed.

When we went to PARIS in order that I could catch the plane, the man we were to meet at the cafe never showed up. BRILA phoned PAUL who told us that he had been caught with 50,000 bread coupons. When PAUL joined us he told us that the man's arrest cancelled all idea of using a plane, but that if I would wait until Wednesday, I would be taken to MARSEILLES, and thence by submarine to Africa.

On Monday 12 July we landed in Sicily and this cancelled the submarine plan. BRILA was never able to re-contact PAUL after that. He could get his wife on the phone, but all that she would say was that he was alive and in good health.

I stayed on with BRILA for four months. He would not let me go for fear I would fall into the wrong hands. He belonged to no organization, but said that he would think of a way, and that when I left I would be in good hands. Toward the end of September we were out in the back yard watching the Forts go over. I was unkempt and we both were speaking English. A neighbor's child realized who I was and told the laundress. The latter told the neighborhood. I had to be moved.

For three days I stayed with CARTALAD, an old man who is a friend of BRILA and now dead of natural causes. Then it was felt that it was safe for me to return, but I now had to keep to my room. Mme BRILA started to talk, the neighbors picked it up again, and the word finally reached a shoe-maker, who is the local resistance chief. He said I must be removed from all the chatter.

One night he came for me with ALFRED and EMILE COURTET, of 6 RUE NOUVELLE MONCEAU. They had pistols, slouch hats, horn-rimmed glasses, and false moustaches. There were look-outs on every corner. It was all very Hollywood, and all very bad. I went to the home of ALFRED and EMILE, and stayed on with them until the end of November. Here I was given new civilian clothing and a really good identity card. Both were very active in the resistance movement and specialized in the clandestine press.

One night, about 28 November, MARIE THERESE and Miss McCARTHY came to see me.

Miss McCARTHY is Irish, about 45 years old, with graying hair. She is plump, and teaches English.

MARIE THERESE LABADIE lives in ECOUEN. She seemed wealthy. Her father used to be a major in the French Army. She lives with her mother in a big house. She is very small (5 feet), has yellow pallid French skin and jet black hair. She is thirty-one years old and works in a PARIS laboratory. She served in the war as a nurse. Miss McCARTHY said she was comparatively new to the organization.

They also told me an airplane story. I was taken to the GARE D'AUSTERLITZ and told to follow a young girl.

This girl has a floating eye over which she has no control. She is a nurse, and is blond, and nicely dressed. This girl took me to CECILE MAGNIAL, 74 RUE DU MOULIN VERT, where I spent the night. CECILE has henna dyed hair, is 45 to 50 years old, and 5 feet 2 inches tall.

The next day Mme Maurice BIDAUD came for me and took me to a garage in JUVISY. Twenty-six airmen had gone through there. I slept in the hotel with EDMUND, an escaped P/W who worked for MAURICE. I returned to MAURICE's place next door. Three days after my arrival, Mme went to PARIS and found that the organization had been caught. What happened according to Mme BIDAUD was that: The Gestapo caught a young man who knew the name of MARIE CHRISTINE, as he had once been of assistance to her. He told all he knew, which was names only. The Gestapo took MARIE CHRISTINE, but having no more than her name, put her in prison at FRESNES. An arms cache was also discovered in North France, due to this boy's having talked, and 50 to 100 Frenchmen were executed.

Mme BIDAUD said that MARIE CHRISTINE was a colonel's wife, that she was an elderly woman and that her husband and two children had been killed.

M. BIDAUD said he could get me out even if the Organization had broken down. We went to see a wine merchant named LE FEVRE with whom three Americans were staying. (Sgt BRUZEWSKI, E&E #320; Sgt HOWELL, E&E #328; and Lt SCHROEDER, E&E #329). This LE FEVRE is not the man who is active in the resistance organizations in the region. The Americans were leaving that night and told me not to try the Pyrenees alone as BRUZEWSKI had just aborted on an attempt.

I decided to remain in France until Spring and then set out on my own, but I gave LE FEVRE my name in case he could get me out.

ALBERT and EMILE still took an interest in me and visited me. They found that the only good organization was MARIE CHRISTINE's and that she had been caught. They tried to get me into the hands of what was left of the organization. I was to make believe that I had seen MARIE CHRISTINE, and that all had been arranged. This had been true in the case of the other three Americans and was why they left even after she had been caught - for she had already paid in the Pyrenees money. I returned to LE PERREUX for Christmas with ALBERT and EMILE.

On the 26th of December, MARIE THERESE came again. She took me to the home of an English woman where I met Sgt HATHAWAY, E&E #346. She took both of us to her home in ECOUEN. I asked MARIE THERESE for the real story on the organization and she gave me her version of the MARIE CHRISTINE story:

MARIE CHRISTINE was with a man on a train going south. They had ten airmen in the next compartment. The Germans caught the airmen (she had heard that five later killed their guards and escaped). MARIE CHRISTINE and the man were arrested. The man was shot. They could get no evidence on MARIE CHRISTINE and therefore put her in FRESNES. MARIE THERESE says they are keeping in touch with her through Red Cross parcels; MARIE THERESE said that MARIE CHRISTINE was a nurse, single, and between 28 and 33 years of age.

MARIE THERESE got in touch with Miss McCARTHY who got in touch with another organization. We stayed with MARIE THERESE for three weeks. About 6 January NELL came. (NELL is very pretty, a real blond. She has a boy of four and her husband, who is an engineer, is in a concentration camp. She was born in Russia of an Irish mother and Scotch father. Walking with her makes one the center of attention for her looks alone make everyone stare and she is also a flashy dresser). NELL worked for JULIEN until he was caught. He was on the border with three Canadians when he was taken. They were all speaking English. JULIEN, who was formerly the Chief of the Organization into which we now moved, is still alive in some prison.

On 10 January, NELL took us to Mme SCHMITT, 87 RUE ROCHECHOURT. Here I met Sgt DICKERMAN (E&E # 354), P/O NORMAN, R.C.A.F., and S/Sgt Paul R SAUNDERS, ASN 17128063. Here we also met a Norwegian named ALFRED of whom I and the French were very sceptical.

ALFRED claimed to be a Norwegian serving as a private in the English army. He worked for the BBC and was on a Fortress raid, making a recording when he baled out, was caught, escaped and reached PARIS. His trip from Germany to PARIS was done in five days. His parents in Norway (so he said) were collaborationists. He spoke French and he told EDOUARD that he had studied French for five years. He told me that he had "picked it" in France. He said he had flown an FW 190 and an ME 109 in England. I asked him how he had learned. He had just "picked it up".

On Saturday, 13 January, NELL, with the reason that we were "sleeping poorly", moved me and Sgt HATHAWAY to the home of a Greek and Latin Professor, with a moustache and last war decorations. He lived in the area of the Renault works. He had been previously denounced (the last time in April) so we only spent one night with him. Then NELL took us back to Mme SCHMITT.

On 17 January we were visited by MADELINE DUPRÉ and others who worked for the British. MADELINE had been JULIEN's secretary and went to Switzerland to await English orders when JULIEN was caught. She wanted me to wait a while.

CLAUDETTE, who works for Captain HAMILTON, often visited. She was the one who brought Sgt SAUNDERS and P/O NORMAN to Mme SCHMITT's. Her organization was prepared to take me out.

This made me mad because MADELINE had my body and CLAUDETTE was the one who could help and organizations hate to transfer people.

On 18 January CLAUDETTE came and took us to another house until evening. Capt HAMILTON came here and asked us identifying questions. That evening CLAUDETTE took us to the GARE DU NORD. In the station we joined a girl with a young and an elderly man. We went to ST BRIEUC. At the station our papers were checked. A French gendarme picked up and arrested P/O NORMAN and S/Sgt SAUNDERS. We went to a home above a bar.

That afternoon, 19 January, we went to PLOUHA. Here we stayed with a woman with 16 children. We met Captain VAL WILLIAMS here. He had been in prison at RENNES for seven months and sentenced to be shot. The Gestapo had gone in for beating him with a lead pipe. He had escaped 15 days before he was to be shot and had broken his ankle in doing so. He was the one who explained the code to us:

24 hour delay - Yvonne pense souvent a l'heureuse rencontre
Boat coming - Bon jour tout le monde dans la maison d'Alphonse

There were eleven of us at PLOUHA. We stayed indoors the whole time and listened to the radio.

The night of 28 January at a farmhouse, about one kilometer from the beach, with som Frenchmen and eight more evaders, Capt HAMILTON, a very short dark man with a moustache, gave us our instructions. Little boats, using walky-talky, took us to the gunboats. We docked at DARTMOUTH.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
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E & E Report No 356, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Richard A CHRISTENSON, 1st Lt, 0-423503
327 Bomb Sq, 92 Bomb Group
Date of interview: 8 February 1944

When the farmer's son came back from VERSAILLES he told me that I was in the hands of an organization. They told me that it was a gendarme organization, and that the gendarmes would come to see me, so I must not get excited and run. I stayed with this farmer at St Germain de la Grange for seven days. The village patron did most of the organization work.

On 14 September I moved nearer to COIGNIERES, for the gendarmes looking after me came from this village. I was taken the 20 km. on the back of a motor-cycle. I went to stay with a widow, Mme KNOCKER, and her 16 year old daughter AGNES in a suburb called MAISON BLANCHE. AGNES had come to see me while I was at MEL with the farmer. She did most of the work, and wanted to be sure I was an American. FRED MARSTON had been with her around the 14th of July for two weeks. They thought he had flown back. They told me I was in the hands of an English organization. I stayed here for six weeks. Mme was a Russian general's daughter; her husband, who died last year, was a major in the French Army. AGNES is a camp fire leader and she kept me so busy working in the woods, that I wore out my G.I. shoes.

The brother-in-law KNOCKER is a shoe manufacturer in PARIS. He makes boots for the German army. It was through him that Mme was able to pass me on to the organization. He also sent me an identity card while I was in MAISON BLANCHE.

A train was derailed in MAISON BLANCHE, and this resulted in a house to house search. The gendarmes skipped our house, but decided they had better move me the next day as it was risky business. All of them from the Chief on down knew me and were responsible for me.

I was moved to M. et Mme DOULY, 57 Champigny Blvd, in the St Maur district of PARIS, on the 26th of October. I stayed here until 22 November. It was very like solitary confinement. They worked all day and no visitors were allowed. M.DOULY was afraid I would take off because I was so restless, and he took away my identity card. I got very run down.

On 22 November I was moved, by Mr KNOCKER's assistant to ELY FRASSIE in the center of PARIS. This is where I met Lt McNATT, E&E #366; he travelled with me from here on. ELY owned a black market steak restaurant. After having been on a meager vegetable diet for a month, I got quite sick eating the steak. We slept in the room where the steaks were stored, and were moved when a black market investigation seemed imminent.

A Mme MIGNON took us to Le BOURGET by train. I was quite unhappy because I had no identity card. This did not bother our guide in the least. She picked a compartment with thirteen Germans, in which we were the only "French." We went to stay with her and her husband CAMIL MIGNON at 3 Rue Senlis until 16 December (about 3 weeks). CAMIL is a fireman or janitor of the local school. He was also the resistance chief for this little town. While here a one-armed man brought me an identity card and a paper entitling me to travel in southern France, an army discharge, birth certificate, and parents' marriage certificate. We slept on the floor while we were here, and got very restless. Finally we told them to get to work on us or we would

start off on our ownl They got very excited then and set three organizations to working on us. Finally one of them got all the plans completed.

The MIGNON's took us to the Gare d'Austerlitz where they shook hands with a man. From then on we followed this man. Later he told us to tell them at Gibralter that he was BENEDICTINE. He took us to TOULOUSE 3rd class. Sgt VISALLI (E&E #388), and three Frenchmen joined us. At TOULOUSE, BENEDICTINE jumped out the window and bought our tickets to PERPIGNAN. We did not leave the train.

The Americans were all travelling as deaf and dumb. At PERPIGNAN the Germans were checking everyone they could on the platform. Lt McNATT (E&E #366) got separated from the others. As he is very short he made himself the center of a crowd of Frenchmen, and passed the Germans unobserved. Lt CHRISTENSON, who is very tall, found a Frenchman who was even taller. He followed this man, whom he was sure the Germans would stop; they did, and Lt CHRISTENSON stepped around them.

BENEDICTINE could not make the proper contacts with the mountain guides, who wanted 30,000 francs apiece to take us over the mountains. We took the train back to TOULOUSE while the Frenchmen in the party went to PARIS for more money. There was a four-hour lay-over at TOULOUSE before we took the train to MONTAUBAN. Here we had six hours sleep, steak and champagne in a hotel before taking the train to BORDEAUX.

In BORDEAUX we were hidden in the freight yards while BENEDICTINE made contacts. It was arranged that we were to ride to DAX in a caboose. Whenever the train stopped the four of us would crowd intothe caboose latrine. The Germans searched the entire train once. We could here them in the caboose. The latrine door opened and there stood a man in uniform. He was a Frenchman who said "Oh - Oh" and promptly closed the door. When the Germans left he remained and looked after us for the rest of the trip. Just before DAX, the train slowed down, and the engineer blew the whistle according to plan. We jumped the train.

We walked from DAX to PEYREHORADE and stayed three days in a good hotel. Here the Frenchmen, who had gone to PARIS, rejoined us. A pick-up truck took us 40 km. into the hills. We lived in a barn for two days, on bread, blood-sausage and garlic, supplemented occassionally with raw eggs. We climbed in mud to our knees for two ten-hour stretches after that. We finally came to a big mountain and the guide said that while Spain was only two hours away neither CHRISTENSON or McNATT were in condition to make it and should wait two days in a shephard's hut for the next party. VISALLI (E&E #388) went on with the party as he was in better shape.

Christmas Eve and Christmas were spent in the hut eating beans and potatoes for which we were most grateful after what we had been given, but hadtbeen unable to eat, in the barn. At noon on the 25th VISALLI, who had been left on top of the mountains, was brought in by the guides, who were now on their way back to France.

On the 27th we walked six hours over the snowy, frozen ground and crossed the border on a 50 ft log across a river. We then walked three hours to a mountain hotel, with the French-Dutch party that we had joined. We were penniless, so they paid for our meals, but we had to sleep in the barn.

We telegrammed the Consul in San Sebastien the next day from ORBEITA, and then the police picked us up. After three days, we were sent to the town of PAMPLONA for two weeks, After a night in ZARAGOSSA, we spent a week at ALHAMA de ARAGON and then went to MADRID. Here we signed Security Certificates, and spoke to a British interrogator whom Major Clark had okayed. After a night in SEVILLE, we were at Gibralter for three days, reaching U.K. on 30 December 43.

Compiled by:

Dorothy A. Smith

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

19.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
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E & E Report No 357, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: John HEALD, 2d Lt, 0735866, 546 Bomb Sq, 384 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 31 January 1944

On 16 August 1943 I was shot down in the forest of RAMBOUILLET. The next morning I approached a girl about 14 with some cows. While I was talking to her, her father came up, a heavy set man in his 50's with a big moustache. He hid me in the ditch. There three women came for me, one an unmarried girl about 20, rather heavy with a full face; another a small woman and married. The third woman was their mother. One of the women started to take me to a farmhouse. A slim man about 45 with a large moustache came up and treated me like a long lost brother. We went to a house which looked like quite a place from the outside, but which was a rather simple peasant home inside. Three children around seemed to realize who I was.

Three days later two young Frenchmen came. One of them was a student in Paris and spoke English. One of them had a note from "FROGGIE" FAMILISTERRE, a very old man who runs a tobacco shop in RAMBOUILLET, assuring me that I would got to Paris for a few days and return to England by plane within a fortnight. The student asked my name, rank, and serial number, and also some crew data.

Two days later FROGGIE came in. He spoke English and had worked in England and gone to school here. He had been in prison for six months. Two days later another man came, said that he had located an American and that he would bring him for me to indentify, and told me to speak up if I did not know the man. Fuve young men aged 20 to 25 came in, three of them from RAMBOUILLET and two from Paris. They said that I was leaving for Paris on the afternoon train. The man brought in Sgt SHEETS (E&E 394). It was the first time I had been with that crew, and I did not recognize him. SHEETS said that I was his bombardier, so I realized who he was. I told him that he was lucky that he spoke up, for I did not know him, and if I had admitted it, he would have been disposed of quickly.

The two of us were taken in a farmer's waggon to RAMBOUILLET. We stopped at a house and saw the mother of one of the guides in a corner opposite the tobbacco store which belonged to FROGGIE. The woman was tall and spoke some English. We went to the station and waited for the train with two guides. One of them, LIONEL, spoke English and seemed to be very well educated. The other was RAOUL, about 5' 9½" tall, about 150 lbs, long brown hair combed straight back, a good looking chap growing a small moustache. He had been working in Germany driving a locomotive and was "on leave".

In Paris we each went with one guide and mey another man whose name I think was ANDRE; he was about 5' 7" tall, about 130 lbs in weight, with a moustache and black curly hair. He spoke no English. I went with ANDRE to 66 Rue Pochette-Mignon and met a 'little chief' by the name of ROBERT. He was a sickly looking anemic chap about 27, thin, shoulders of his jacket well padded, blond hair, moustache, wearing a Homburg hat. He gave the people at the House some ration tickets and brought SHEETS in. At the house were a man 30, his wife 29, and two children 7 and 3. Everybody came to see us, most of them relatives. We saw the man who lived directly underneath and a man who ran a cafe. ~~It was about 27 August when we came to Paris.~~ RAOUL and ANDRE came in the morning of 24 August and ROBERT and RAOUL in the evening. Twice the chief came, a man about 45, about 5' 9½" tall, weighing about 145 lbs, with black hair. He said that he was a lieutenant in the French army. He spoke good English. On 24 August SHEETS and I were taken for a haircut and a phtograph in the Pouchette area.

On 31 August RAOUL took us to 29 Rue Berzelius, the home of his aunt Mme NORMAND.

We were supposed to be there 2 or 3 days and then leave for England or Spain. On 9 September a very nice looking woman named MARIE CHRISTINE came to see us. She brought us some more clothes and said that we would leave on Saturday. The people in the apartment next door, the man an optician, used to come in to listen to the news. On 10 September MARIE CHRISTINE came in, gave us identity papers, and explained the directions for leaving. The next day there was an air raid. A man came up to say that we were not leaving. He said that there was no money; they needed 60,000 francs and had only 20,000. RAOUL, ROBERT, and LIONEL had been in to say good by.

On 13 September RAOUL stopped in and was surprised to find us still there. He got to work trying to find another way for us to move. On 15 September he came in and said that we were going by plane. If that did not work, we would go someplace by train. He ran into SISTER MAY an English woman with a lot of English cigarettes; she was supposed to keep us and try to get us out. She was a woman in her 50's.

About 15 September RAOUL and ANDRE took us to the Metro. We met a chief and talked to him three or four minutes near a church. We understood that we were changing organizations and that we were going into a group which flew people back to England. We met a man who was supposed to be a Polish colonel. (Afterwards we heard that this man was not all right and that he had been killed.) He took us to a very nice apartment where we met an elderly woman who did not speak English. Two men were waiting for the colonel, and he went with them. We met a slim thin faced dark man named GEORGES. He looked Italian. He had once been a boxer.

MAURICE came in and took us in his truck to DRANCY to his cafe. There we met LINDSAY (E&E 389), Matthews (RAF), and a gunner named JOE. SHEETS and I went to a grain dealer's house for one night. About 16 September we went to stay with a short butcher about 40 years old, PIERRE FAIVRE (sic). With him were Lts DOUGHERTY (E&E 358) and McCONNELL (E&E 380) and Sgt HOWELL (E&E 328). I think the address was 28 Rue du Chevalier, PAVILLONS sous BOIS, close to the route nationale. GEORGES and MAURICE used to come. I saw a doctor, a tall slim chap about 28 with black hair, a sharp face, and long fingers. I met the barber GALLO. I met a truck driver he deals in cosmetics on the black market. I also met his wife. We ran into Mme le CHEVALIER who runs a cafe with her husband; we ran into MARCEL who spoke English and lived in PAWTUCKET, Rhode Island. Lt ARMSTRONG (E&E 339) sent me a note. HINOTE (E&E 383) came in.

Around the end of October MAURICE came in and said that we were going to the coast. I saw the chief of the organization, a slim good looking man under 30 with brown wavy hair. Next day all of us but HINOTE and SHEETS were taken out two QUIMPER, traveling in groups of two with guides. I was with GEORGES' brother, a chap of medium build who wears glasses and does not speak English. I thought that PIERRE Le FAIVRE (sic) took McCONNELL and HOWELL.

In QUIMPER we went to the House of JACQUES MORLEY or VOLNEY, a wine dealer about 26 years old. (McCONNELL told me in Spain that PIERRE had told him that JACQUES had been shot and his wife sent to Germany. In Gibraltar I was told that FANFAN had been killed.) We left the house in a hurry under threat of a Gestapo visit. DOUGHERTY and I got lost but finally got to the house of a priest who is JACQUES' mother's brother. At JACQUES house FANFAN had questioned us for personal details.

I was at the priest's house about a week. FANFAN came in to say that the boat operation had failed. I met an English professor who was headmaster of the local school. We went back to JACQUES' house and were distributed. TERRY (E&E 382) and I went with ALLOUETTE to some friends of hers for acouple of nights. She took us back to Paris. FANFAN was standing on the platform speaking English and acting like a traffic cop, directing us one way or the other. I bumped into LINDSAY and Mlle BOURGEOIS, a professor of philosophy. (I heard in Spain, from McCONNELL I believe, that she has sine departed.) Terry and I followed a girl to a fifth floor place at 2 Place de la Sorbonne. On the second floor I saw Mme BERANTZ, an English woman whose husband is dead. Meetings seemed to be held in her apartment. A girl brought us food. I met a chief, a well built man in his early 30's with dark brown curly hair. He spoke English.

Mlle BOURGEOIS came and said that TERRY and I were leaving for Spain. A small curly headed boy in his early 20's came, took us to meet BRUZEWSKI (E&E 320). We went to TOULOUSE, met two French naval officers, PIERRE LAVISSIERE and ANDRE, both of whom spoke English, and went to CARCASSONNE and on to QUILLAN. There we met another chief, a man of medium height, chubby, with a round face. We stayed at a hotel. Next day our guide for the mountains came, and we went in a car to his house. His name was MARTINEZ. We spent three days in a barn. I picked up a cold; TERRY got the grip. The chubby chief came up with a guide; some other Americans were supposed to come, and when they did not, just the five of us were going to leave. A lot of food was put up for us, and we had to pay the guide. He wanted 4000 francs from each of us. We gave him 1000 francs for the three of us, and the two naval officers gave him the rest of the money. About 0200 we started in a driving rainstorm. The guide stopped once and said that it was impossible

him. He did not answer them correctly so I told him that I thought he was a fake. He was tall, heavy set, about 6' 3" tall and about 190 lbs, with large hands and blond hair. He did not look too intelligent to me and I was most mistrustful of him.

We were fired at crossing the border. We crossed near URDAX.

We turned ourselves in to the Spanish police, telling them that we were escaped P/W. They seemed to have heard the story before. They took us by bus and train to IRUN where I met GRIMES, STANFORD (E&E 359), HORNING (E&E 369), and STAKES (E&E 367). I saw Mr FORSYTH, the American consul. The British secret service man said, to my amazement, that he was an aviator and an intelligence man. Two days after we were in IRUN he disappeared. I mentioned him to Major CLARK and to the interrogator at Gibraltar. I arrived in Spain on 1 Jan 44.

From IRUN I went to SARAGOSSA, ALHAMA, MADRID, and GIBRALTAR, stopping one night at a hotel on the way to Gibraltar. I was interrogated at Gibraltar by a British captain while a civilian interrogated DOUGHERTY (E&E 358). Lt STAKES was waiting to be interrogated.

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EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 357, APPENDIX "C" page 3

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: John HEALD

Date of interview:

to get through. We wanted to try it anyway. TERRY collapsed, and we were finished. I wanted to take him back. All of us went back to a small village, got hotel rooms, and had a doctor for TERRY. We went back to QUILIAN by bus, went to the same hotel, then to FOIX and on to PARIS. PIERRE took us to his house in a samrt section of the city.

He got in touch with an organization. A very tall man came, a French aviator with big teeth and a pinched face. I saw him just this once. A girl picked us up and took the three of us to the Hotel de Mexique. We were there about a week. MLLE BOURGEOIS brought a man to measure us for coats. We met HENRI and a friend of his, a man. We heard that there was some chance of another boat operation at QUIMPER.

We had to leave the hotel because one of the maids went through HENRI's bag. HENRI took us to the room of his brother who was studying to be a doctor. BRUZEWSKI went some place else.

We went to a cafe where we met GENEVIEVE and then stayed 8 days at 14 Rue MONTmartre with some people named BOURRY. GENEVIEVE brought us overcoats and a change of shoes.

A tall thin boy with thin features and black curly hair took TERRY, QUINN (E&E 385) and me to TOULOUSE, NARBONNE, and PERPIGNAN. Our papers were checked on route. We went out of the city, joined some guides, met two fellows on bikes, and went to a house where we learned that we were not leaving that night. Three of us went to another place to stay. We stayed there four nights. Then we started out with the man of the house, rendezvoused in the city, and met a boy with a bicycle who led us to a place outside the city. There we picked up DOUGHERTY and SHEETS and a number of others from PAris. I think that there were 12 in our party plus two guides and two Spaniards. We walked taht night through vineyards in the rain, falling in ditches. After a couple of hours we picked up an American with three Frenchmen (evidently Lt HURST, E&E 323). We had a rough hike. Sgt DULBERG (E&E 390) dropped out and DOUGHERTY was in pretty bad shape. We left him and SHEETS, QUINN, and TERRY behind. We arrived in Spain on 22 December 1943. All of the group but DULBERG caught up with us.

DOUGHERTY, LAWS, and I stuck together, went to GERONA and were taken over by the authorities. From there we went to Barcelona, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, Seville and Gibraltar. There I was interrogated by a British civilian while the captain interrogated a sergeant.

Note: The people in Drancy asked me to have this message sent over BBC: LE GROS CANARD EST BIEN ARRIVE.

At 66 Rue Pouchette I gave up my dog tags to the chief of the organization. Iwas hesitant about answering question for him on my group, but he told me that he had previously helped Lt ROSIO (E&E 54) so I answered him.

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R. R. Nelson
Major A.C.

20.2.44

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E & E Report No 358, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: John (NMI) DOUGHERTY, 2d Lt, 0673506, 546 Sq, 384 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 1 February 1944

On 16 August 1943 I was shot down near POIGNY near RAMBOUILLET. A blond girl about 19 started running down the village street with me. While I was hiding three women and two men came with mushroom-picking baskets. The girl who spoke perfect English was Lilly HANNIGAN (spelling doubtful), 6 Gardners Road, DUBLIN. She told me to wait in the woods while they sent somebody to PARIS to try and make contact with help.

In the morning some boys brought me breakfast. About noon a woman who had previously brought me food told me to go further into the woods and get rid of anything that my helpers had given me. They would come back and see me about 2130 when the girl returned from Paris..

When I approached the house in the evening, I had a great deal of trouble making the people understand me. When I asked for the priest, they thought that I was asking for the police. I also had trouble making them understand that I had an appointment with ssome other people at 2130. They finally got in touch with the other people who were a little annoyed at having to take some more people into their confidence. Both groups argued about who was going to keep me, and I solved the issue by suggesting that I stay in the woods. The husband of the woman whom I approached at the farmhouse had been a P/W in Germany for three years.

I leanred that my helpers had made contact in Paris, and a guide would come out at the first opportunity. For the weekend I was taken to the house of a man who had earlier wanted to keep me. The man of the house took me to the station at Le PERRAY on Monday. A big blond fellow met me. We went to Paris and went right out to MAURICE's bar in DRANCY. I understood that I was the first British or American to be there. That night I went over to the home of GABRIEL PONCE and his wife in BOBIGNY. They were an elderly couple whose son had been killed in the Maginot line. This was 23 August.

On 24 August a nephew came in who had been a moving picture operator on the "Normany" and who spoke English. On 25 Augsut a niece came in; she spoke a little English I was going around to other houses for meals. MAURICE came in each day; he told me that two more Americans were coming. On 26 August McCONNELL (E&E 380) and HOWELL (E&E 328) were brought in. MAURICE told me that he had located SHEETS (E&E 394) and HEALD (E&E 357). On 28 August the three of us moved over to PIERRE FAIVRE (sic), 28 Rue Chevalier de la Barre, PAVILLONS sous BOIS. About 5 September MAURICE came over. About 9 September SHEETS and HEALD came in. I met GALLO the barber and Mme le CHEVALIER, who spoke English and who ran a cafe.

About a week after the raid on FRANKFURT (4 October) Mme Le CHEVALIER came over and said that a red headed fellow had walked into GALLO's barber shop for a shave and a hair cut. She was positive that he was an American, but she wanted one of us to go over and check. McCONNELL went. HINOTE (E&E 383) was brought over to PIERRE's.

I went to the movies before I had identity papers. I met two girls who were related to PIERRE.

On 29 October we went by truck to MAURICE's bar. PIERRE took McCONNELL and HOWELL to QUIMPER. I went with a new man whom we picked up at the bar. A supposed chief went with TERRY and I think ARMSTRONG (E&E 339) with him. We arrived in Quimper on 30 October and went to the house of JACQUES MORLET. We found LINDSAY (E&E 389) and MATTHEW (RAF) there already.

In the mad dash out of the house when the Gestapo were supposed to be coming, HEALD and I got lost. We finally reached the house of the priest, JACQUES' uncle. When we were split up with the failure of the operation on 4 November, some went back to JACQUES' house. SHETTS, HINOTE, and I went to JACQUES' mother's house where a German officer

lived. We used to see him at least once a day. I met a young girl who spoke English and who hopes to be a French teacher in the United States after the war.

On 6 November we went to the station in a truck. The above mentioned girl took HEALD and TERRY. FANFAN put SHETTS, HINOTE, and me on the train for Paris. At MONTparnasse station we met Mlle BOURGEOIS, a theology (sic) professor at the University of Paris. (I understand that she is now in England or in Switzerland.) Escorts took us in pairs, McCONNELL with me, to the Hotel Bienvenu, 4 Rue Ste Suphice, Paris VI. LINDSA and HOWELL were brought there. The woman proprietor of the hotel had once run "The Little Brown Jug" and spoke English. Mlle BOURGEOIS took our identity papers to change them.

On 12 November we went to the Chateau La FO TELLE about 12 km from MARLES and about 56 km east of Paris. We toughened up there until 3 December. I met SUZANNE, a woman about 35 who was a teacher in Paris. We were getting anxious to move on and threatened to leave if they did not do anything. I said that I was going back to Paris. They sent out a man who spoke very good English and who told us about aircraft operations. About 15 to 20 French army men moved in to learn sabotage work. A tank officer with them understood but did not speak English.

On 3 December on of the Frenchmen at the chateau took SHETTS and me back to the same hotel in Paris from which we had come. On 4 December GILFOIS (spelling doubtful), a young student, took us to the Comte NOEL de VILLENEUVE, 12 Rue de General Mangin, Paris XVI. He had a brother who had been a P/W in Germany for 37 months. His other brother was a prefect in the department Cotes du Nord and was supposed to be pro-Petain.

GILFOIS came in to say that everything was broken up. Mlle BOURGEOIS had a price on her head and had to leave; the Comte better be moving.

On 10 December the Comte's brother, the prefect, visited. I also met Elisabeth RITZ whose husband is the Ritz of Ritz Hotels, so I understood. She does work for interned American civilians and is herself still an American citizen. A movie star by the name of NINA PARIS or something like that came.

The Comte said that he had no faith in the organization with which we had been. He said that he got in touch with an English woman married to a psychologist in Normandy She seemed satisfied with us and went to see an organization with which she had some relation. This organization would send us over the Spanish border in a sealed freight car. They were supposed already to have sent some British over. For some reason this organization would not take us.

About 14 December M PIERRE, a tall dignified man about 40 came; he was supposed just to have returned from hiding in Belgium. The next day Mlle GENEVIEVE came, a short stocl blond woman about 130 who spoke English. On 17 December she took us to a house with a couple who had been married for 37 years, living all that time in the same apartment. A woman doctor lived downstairs and knew of our presence.

On 19 December we were supposed to leave through arrangements the woman doctor had made. We went someplace to meet Lts HERRICK (E&E 381), LAWS (E&E 362), and Sgts BAILEY (E&E 384) and DULBERG (E&E 390). We went to Austerlitz station, layover at MONTAUBAN, and went on to NARBONNE and PERPIGNAN. There we rendezvoused with guides and met HEALD, BAILEY (E&E 384) and QUINN.

A middle aged Frenchman who had been on the train with us went mad on the Pyrenees crossing. DULBERG had quite a bit of trouble and was left behind. QUINN and I had trouble keeping going, and SHETTS and TERRY helped us. We arrived in Spain on 22 December 1943.

I went to GERona, Barcelona, Saragossa, ALhama, Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar. There I was interrogated by a British captain while FRY (E&E 360) was interrogated by a civilian.

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R. R. Nelson
Major A.C.

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E & E Report No 359, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Lloyd A STANFORD, 2d Lt, 0673829, 549 Bomb Sq, 385 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 31 January 1944

On 10 October 1943 I landed near HOLDEN in Holland.

The signpost which I saw while I was walking pointed to HENELGO and AMELO.

After I had been at the farmhouse about an hour and a half JEANNE came to see me. She spoke English and told me that I was in the hands of friends who would do everything they could to help me.

A Dutch land army first lieutenant came for me in a truck, took me to a military garrison - scaring me to death while I waited in his office - and then drove me to a house in DEVENTER. I do not know whether or not the house was his home. The next day he came dressed in civilian clothes and brought me a bicycle. JEANNE and I rode to GORSSEL and then out a little road to a farmhouse near JOPPE. This was the home of Hr SLAGMAN. The gentleman speaks no English. He has two sisters.

After three days, they asked me if I wanted a companion and brought in my co-pilot, 2d Lt James F BURCH. I travelled with him to the Spanish border where he was drowned as reported below. He had apparently hidden a couple of days in the same dug-out in which I had been, but I am not sure where the helpers picked him up. A boy, JAN, had picked him up and taken him to his family. JAN, a young chap about 19, had false identity papers with a date that made him too young to be subject to forced labour. He was planning to go to Sweden and then get to England to join the army. We talked him out of this and tried to get him to stay where he was and form a "club" of his friends to go around and check the farmhouses of the area and find out whether they were sheltering Americans. Any Americans they located they could bring to the place where we were staying. Our idea was then to get in touch with the Dutch land army man who had first helped me. We were told that he had a contact at the HAGUE with British intelligence. JAN seemed very enthused about our suggestion and rallied around his friends as we suggested.

JAN told me that there were 11 Americans at ENSCHEDE and some 25 Americans in the whole DEVENTER area. He brought me a letter from Lt Eldon BROMAN (95 Bomb Gp, MIA 10 Oct 1943) who was up in the area of GOOR. =

While I was staying at JOPPE, I must have met 200 or more people from the surrounding countryside. I set out on a campaign of good will and enjoyed meeting all these people tremendously. They were wonderful people, and I think they shared my enthusiasm for helping airmen who came down in Holland. My co-pilot and I were the first Americans these people had seen, and we did everything we could to give them our point of view on the war. I think we did a lot of good from the propaganda or really realization of the facts point of view, and any other Americans who come through that area should have a pretty easy time. We made clear to these people that the British and we bomb occupied territories only with the greatest reluctance, and they appreciated this point of view. Meeting all these people was probably pretty dangerous, but they and we seemed to enjoy it so much that we were all more than willing to take the additional risk. I met most of the police officials of the area. One police inspector had the official photographer come out to take my pictures for identity papers, and he himself made up my identity papers. He said that they could not be better if I were a Dutch subject. The neighbors began to wonder why our host was having so many visitors, and when they came over to investigate,

they came in, and we became very good friends too.

I heard that my tail gunner had come down in the area of HOLDEN, that he was wounded and was captured by a German soldier. This German stopped a passing car and had the driver take the tail gunner to a hospital, but he forgot to tell the driver which hospital. The tail gunner was taken to DEVENTER and was given excellent care in a hospital. His head was operated on, an eye removed, and his broken arms and knees worked on. He met a woman who had lived on the same street in the same town in Illinois from which he came. After three weeks we were making arrangements with the land army lieutenant to get the tail gunner out of the hospital and bring him to our house. About the same time the book-keeper at the hospital wrote a letter to the Gestapo and told them that an American was at the hospital and had no means of paying his bill. The Germans came, and although the boy was in great pain, a German officer had him put in the back of a car in spite of the strong protests of the Dutch doctors. The tail gunner was taken to AMSTERDAM, where he was supposed to have received good treatment in the Luftwaffe hospital. A protestant priest who was one of my friends from GORSSEL went to AMSTERDAM and saw the tail gunner there. A doctor who came to work on my co-pilot's leg told me the story about the tail gunner. The co-pilot, by the way, had a bad bruise running the whole length of his leg.

The land army lieutenant went to the HAGUE and came back with the story that he had seen British authorities and that we were going out by airplane. Nothing came of this.

About 27 October JAN ran into an evacuation organization which worked out of TILBURG. The co-pilot and I were boxed up in a crate, and the land army lieutenant carried us in his half-ton panel type truck to TILBURG on 29 October. We met a doctor and received bicycles. We rode to a farmhouse down around BAARLE-NASSAU; the place may have been the doctor's home. We bicycled from there to a sort of chicken house where we met about nine Dutch students. We also met a policeman who was a frontier guard.

About 0500 the next morning six or seven of us rode on bicycles to the frontier, hid the bicycles, left the policeman and the students, and walked to a little train to TOURNHOUT with a guide whom we had met at the chicken house. We stopped at a beer joint in TOURNHOUT which seemed to be a post office for the underground organization. Then our guide, a boy with thick lensed glasses, took us to ANTWERP and on to BRUSSELS. We went to the apartment of a large bosomed woman who lived with her unmarried daughter about 19 years old. A married daughter lived upstairs. The apartment was on the third floor and there was a freight elevator in the building. The daughter's husband was interested in yachting, and they had a baby.

Guides came and took us to a fish market, an older man leading me and a young chap leading my co-pilot. There I met CHIMNEY POT. She wears a ring, and I thought she was married. I met MAURICE and his wife and daughter. A man with a badly distorted face was waiting there to take my picture. Shortly 086 B UZH came in and talked to me. He made me write down this number and remember it. He told me to give no information at all to the authorities in MADRID, and I think he specified Mr CRESSWELL by name, but he said that I should report in Gibraltar that he had helped me. He showed me a side view and a front view of a very ugly man whom he called "The Captain" and warned me that he was very dangerous. I think that UZH was a book-keeper or an accountant by actual trade and was just dealing in airmen on the side.

Soon a guide took the two of us, and we met another guide, GASTON, I think, who took us to the home of VICTOR and HENRIETTE STRUELENS who run a beer joint called the GENDARME in the Schaerbeek section of the city near the railroad station (Garde du Nord). The co-pilot and I stayed upstairs in one room from about 30 October to the end of November. We used to go downstairs every night to eat.

An Englishman, a very large man, brought us a stack of English magazines. He had been decorated in the last war; now he is working on reconditioning clothing for the organization. GASTON was suspicious of him.

GASTON brought us Belgian identity papers. He introduced us to a Belgian who manufactures shoe polish for the black market and fuses for sabotage work. We also met a young fellow who does sabotage work. He told us to listen for three explosions in our area. We heard them. He was operated on for stomach ulcers. We were in BRUSSELS during the bogus SOER incident. Altogether we must have met about 35 or 40 people, including HENRIETTE's brother and wife, and the man across the street.

The Gestapo raided a house across the street and scared our helpers to death.

About 1 December GASTON took us to OLDERS, who runs a corset shop in the SHAERBEEK section. They had kept Americans before.

After about 15 days GASTON took us to meet a series of guides. We went to the railroad station and took a train almost to the frontier. We got off the train, went with the same guide to a house, turned in our Belgian papers and money, and took out the French identity papers GASTON had already given us. We met two Englishmen: Tom HESLEDEN and Kenneth ---. At dusk a doctor, a hulk of a man weighing about 300 pounds, came in a tiny car with another man, put the four of us in the back seat of the car, and drove across THE FRONTIER, waving to the guard. The doctor took us to his own home in BAVAI. From there we walked to a house where we had supper and spent the night with a man and wife. A young fellow about 5' 9" who seemed to be in love with the girl guide with whom he was working took us to PARIS. The girl took the two Englishmen. The boy took us to some sort of office which seemed to be a lawyer's establishment. I met a man (evidently CASHBOX) who asked some questions to check me. A heavy set tough looking man was there also and two big dogs.

We were taken to meet the little lady in black, and she took us to an apartment over a wallpaper shop. We stayed on the fifth floor with a young man, his wife, and a boy. They kept us in a secret room.

After four or five days the little lady in black took us to meet a guide. The guide took us to a cafe. I learned that Lts GRIMES (E&E 361) and HORNING (E&E 369) were also leaving Paris. On the train the woman guide told me to make love to her and rather disgusted me. At BORDEAUX we were turned over to MAX, a tall slender young man with a bad leg. We got in a workers' train, all four of us in one compartment, and looked dangerously conspicuous in our much better clothing. A few stations from DAX a civilian who had been watching me most carefully asked me in English for my identity papers. I thought card of identity sounded enough like Carte d'Identite for me not to try and pretend I did not understand what the man meant. He took my papers, looked at them carefully, and then gave them back to me. Fortunately he did not question me in French, and apparently he did not know French. I gave a description of this man to FRANCO, and he recognized him as a German agent. I understood that two Englishmen were supposed to have escaped from a prison camp in the area, or else to have escaped from a prison camp and been in the area. Consequently when the man found I had identity papers, contrary to his expectation, he did not bother me any more.

We got off before DAX and took to the bicycles. We went to some woods where we met FRANCO with HORNING and BURCH. MAX, GRIMES, and I then rode to St JEAN de LUZ, and the others went by some other route. We reached the town about 2200 and stayed with a middle class family. MAX left, and we picked up DANIEL MOUTON. I thought that he had taken GRIMES and HORNING from Paris to BORDEAUX. At St JEAN de LUZ we also met a Frenchman and a tall Belgian with a moustache, who seemed to know the Frenchman very well. Another man and a guide made nine of us in all.

We walked from about 1830 to 2200 and reached a farmhouse. There we picked up another guide, making a party of 10. My co-pilot was getting weak, and his leg which he injured in leaving the ship was bothering him, but everything went all right up to the river. He had slipped several times, and he lay on the bank about exhausted. When we started out in a chain to cross the river, he stayed behind. The last guide whom we had met in the mountains led us, followed by another guide. Then came GRIMES, the Frenchman, HORNING, FRANCO, and I. MOUTON was supposed to be behind him, followed by my co-pilot, with the tall man in the rear. While we went across, I heard splashing behind me and then a lot more splashing. Soon I heard a loud thud and a groan. FRANCO told us to get going quickly. We seemed to be crossing the river at a rapids, and the current was powerful and treacherous. Fortunately we all had staffs. When we reached the other side of the river, FRANCO put down his pack and his staff and went down stream to see what had happened. I never saw him again. The four of us - GRIMES, HORNING, the Frenchman, and I - started walking upstream with two guides.

After 15 or 20 minutes we reached some railroad tracks and a steep embankment; then hell broke loose, and someone started firing above us. We all hit the dirt and started crawling away. The two guides got away and tore back to the river. A couple of Spaniards with a light picked up the four of us and took us to a farmhouse which was their headquarters, a frontier police post. We were put in one room with a stove and a little wood.

The Frenchman with us had a bag which was full of papers. He told us that he was carrying some very important papers which must be saved at any price. He said that he had worked with American Intelligence in Algiers. We started trying to figure out ways by which he could escape, but we seemed so well guarded there did not seem to be any

chance. At first we thought that the frontier police would not search our bags, and the Frenchman decided to try and carry his papers through the questioning. But the police came into the room and started searching the bags, evidently looking for smuggled goods. Later we were told that we had been fired on because the police thought we were smugglers, and when they had picked us up they had searched us for firearms which the smugglers were supposed regularly to carry. The police started going through the Frenchman's bags and pulled out perfume and lingerie and some other things which were obviously souvenirs. But then they noticed the other packages in the bag and asked what was in them. The Frenchman said that they were just personal letters; the police seemed satisfied, but one of them saw some maps in one of the packages and seemed interested in it. They were a fairly stupid bunch, and we managed to persuade them that the papers were unimportant and that we would show them to the sergeant in the morning.

Then the Frenchman told us that his papers included the names of the whole allied intelligence service in the south of France and that the papers would have to be destroyed. HORNING went over to the guards and suddenly became very interested in learning the Spanish language, so while he kept the guards occupied GRIMES and I stood at the stove and burned the Frenchman's papers as he picked them out for us, starting with the most important ones. By the time the sergeant came to see us there was only one small package left, the one the Frenchman considered least important. When the sergeant came in, he was furious. He said he would take the remaining package to his superior sergeant, but then he allowed us to carry the packet. This last packet had maps, but it did not seem to have typewritten notes with it as the other maps had had.

The police took the Frenchman back to the river bank to get him to point out where we had crossed the river. On the bank they found FRANCO's bag and stick, marking exactly the point where we had crossed, although the Frenchman denied that this was the place. The police brought FRANCO's bag back to us. In it were a lot of toilet articles and clothes for a vacation in Spain. In addition there was a packet of papers about the size of a cigar box. I understood that this packet was intended for American intelligence.

When we walked down to see the superior sergeant, GRIMES threw away the Frenchman's remaining packet while I distracted the guards. I carried FRANCO's bag and did not get rid of the packet of papers. The sergeant in charge was very friendly when he questioned us about the papers which we carried. We told him that these, the ones in FRANCO's bag, were the only ones which we had. When the sergeant looked in FRANCO's bag, he seemed rather entranced by the personal equipment and little interested by the papers. The Frenchman suggested that the sergeant keep FRANCO's personal possessions and burn the papers, which were not of any real importance, and the sergeant seemed pleased at the suggestion. I understood that the Frenchman was satisfied that the sergeant would carry out this arrangement. The sergeant seemed very upset that we had been fired upon, and we assured him that if he got rid of the papers, we would not mention the firing and would report that we had been very well treated.

Then we were taken to IRUN and to Casablanca (?) prison, a miserable place. That night the British consul from Bilbao and a tall Englishman came with someone else. The Frenchman recognized the British consul immediately and told him all about the papers. The group left. On Monday we were released to a hotel. On Tuesday we called the American consul, who had not heard of us although we had seen both a French Red Cross man and the British consul. The consul, Mr Wannemaker, came to see us.

While we were around Irun, two Spanish girls, Mercedes --- and Conchita --- took Lt FRY (E&E 360) and me around. They asked us a lot of leading questions, but we had been warned against them. I mentioned them to Major CLARK and he seemed to have heard of them before.

I went to Saragossa and from there to Alama. Major Clark came down, and we told him about the Pyrenees crossing and the papers. We went to Madrid and saw Mr CRESSWELL there. We also told him about the frontier incident. He said that he had been up at the frontier in a car to meet us as soon as we came in to Spain, and when we did not show up that night, he realized that something had happened.

In Gibraltar I was interrogated by a civilian while a captain interrogated GRIMES. No-one else asked me any questions about my journey.

Compiled by

D E EMERSON
1st Lt, AUS

Approved by

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P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 360, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Dwight A FRY, 1st Lt, 0732214, 350 Sq, 353 Ftr Gp

Date of interview: 31 January 1944

On 14 October 1943 I landed about 5 km SE of MAARHEEGE, Holland. My plane crashed near BUDEL. I was taken by bicycle to a sort of railroad station which had been converted into a house. It was located in MAARHEEGE behind a large white farmhouse. I understood that I was the eighty-first aviator who had been kept at this house. When there was the threat of German search I was taken to a cave about 20 km from the house. It had apparently been made for a hiding place. It was about 6' square and about 6' underground. I stayed there 14 and 15 October and could hear the Germans walking overhead.

On 16 October I rode on a bicycle with a policeman to the Belgian border. Two guides went in front of us, one of them with a dog which I thought was to spot Germans. About 3 km from the border we got rid of the bikes and walked about 500 m across the Dutch Belgian border. A frontier guard met us. I thought that he was a German soldier. He walked about 100 m ahead of us - and too fast for me - for about 1 km. We met a young lady, his wife, with two bicycles. He rode one and I the other to HAMENT. There I stayed in a large brick modernistic house with a straw envelope builder (sic). His wife was there and two children; two other children were away at school. The man was heavy set, about 5' 10" tall, and spoke English. He had been in England. I stayed in two rooms which seemed to have been built for taking care of evaders; I was very well cared for. I understood that five men had been there before me.

I met two men who had been imprisoned by the Germans. I never saw the maid nor the children. I met the chief of the organization in the area, a leader of some 2000 men of the White Brigade. He was of medium build and wore glasses. He gave some number to Gerry LORNE, an RAF man with me, later to report in England.

From HAMENT we picked up a guide with a tam, as the chief had directed us and went by bicycle to OVERPELT. I still could not walk on my foot. I stayed with a shoemaker and his wife. They had a daughter about 9 years old. They never seemed to wash the dishes, but I took pains not to seem surprised. I met a tall cocky man who brought me some Life and Esquire magazines. He did not speak English to me, but I thought that he could. Two days before I left he brought in F/O Gerald LORNE, R.A.F. After I had been there seven days, we were taken by train to ANTWERP.

I was told in OVERPELT, I believe by the head of the organization there, that I was going to Switzerland.

In ANTWERP we went to a pub, met another guide there, and went to an apartment belonging to a man with a beautiful wife. This man had been in the United States for 20 years, but it was 20 years since he had left. He spoke fluent English. He was a radio salesman and lived over his shop. We were taken to another home for supper. About 6 children were there, a wife, grandmother, and grandfather. We went to the grandfather's apartment for the night.

We were taken by train from ANTWERP to VIRTON, changing trains about half an hour out of VIRTON. We were met by the organist at the church, and we stayed with him, his

wife, and his three children, 9, 4, and 3 years old. The morning that we arrived 500 troops had just been moved into the town, the first occupation of the war. It was made for the sole purpose of checking up on sabotage in the area. The men were searching trains, taking all bicycles, and holding guards mounts in front of the railroad station. We stayed in a little room upstairs. We used to spit on the hats of German officers who walked under our window. We were told that we would be there 3-5 days, that 18 days were the most that anyone had been there.

On the fourth day that we were there a young chap about 25, 5' 9" tall, medium build, dressed in a blue suit, a man whom I had never seen before and never saw after, came and said that some men had got through to Switzerland. I understood that these were allied airmen. This chap had some pictures of the men concerned. The only man of whom I know anything was one who was supposed to be a British fellow about 21 who was always homesick.

On the fifth day a boy about 18-19 brought identity papers. I had had a photo taken in a public photo shop in ANTWERP. On the sixth day the Germans were searching houses for bicycles. The organist had gone out. LORNE and I saw the Germans going into houses two doors away. We went to the church and hid in the belfry. We stayed there two and a half hours; some damn fool rang the bells while we were up there. We went back to the house and learned that the Germans had been looking only for bicycles, not for us.

After 14 days the lady of the house took us to the station. There we met the boy who had brought our identity papers. He took us to HALANZY by train. My identity papers were checked en route. In the town the boy took us to a photo shop where we met two cripples. I never saw the boy again. LORNE went with a priest, I with a professor in the local school. We were supposed to go to different places, but we were both taken to the same house. We stayed with a young man who has been married about seven years. His wife had red hair and a hot temper. We had there the worst treatment that we received any place. I think that she was a German. Whenever we talked about how much we hated the Germans, she became angry. We were shown to very many people, among them a friend who supplied meat, a brother and sister of the man of the house, and a barber. The priest came to see us.

I think that the red head asked that we be moved because she did not like us. We were taken to another house for two or three days. There I found out that one of the crippled men whom we met at the photo shop was supposed to be chief of the organization in the section. A 15 year old girl in the house was supposed to think that we were Flemish. We were allowed to talk to each other in front of her, and she naturally realized that we were not Flemish. We tried to tell her that we were Germans in order to scare her. She went to this crippled man and told him that we were Americans. He came over and raised hell with us. I became suspicious of him then. He is hard to distinguish from the cripple who runs the photo shop and who proved to be all right. He seemed to have had infantile paralysis at one time. He has an extraordinarily big thumb and seems unable to hold anything. He is shorter than the good cripple of the photo shop and more nervous and excited. His left leg is shorter than his right. LORNE and I said that we wanted to be moving. The next day we were put on a train and sent back through VIRTON, which was then being searched by Gestapo. The good cripple who runs the photo shop took us back.

We went to a pub, met a farm boy, went with him to meet another guide, and then walked to DAMPICOURT. Our last guide worked on the railroad in a telegraphic shop. We stayed with a man named DROPSY. His wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law lived with him. He is about 55 and has two sons P/W in Germany. The people here were evidently suspicious of us. The reason seemed to be the fact that we came to them through the "bad" cripple. It seemed that he had been farming out Flemish boys as allied aviators and collecting money from the organizations for their upkeep. The wife of the burgermeister of DAMPICOURT came to see us and find out whether we were English. She herself is English.

A man who had been in the war came. Most of his left hand had been shot away with only the thumb and little finger left. He and DROPSY took us to Mt QUENTIN, a village on the highest hill around. We stayed on a farm with a man, wife, and the three children all with red hair. The youngest child is cross eyed, and the middle one is a beautiful child. We were there exactly 15 days and were very well treated. These people wanted to have the following message sent over BBC in French: THE LITTLE CALF IS WELL BORN.

We had to move out in a hurry. A train had been blown up, and the engineer lived in Mt QUENTIN. The Gestapo was supposed to be coming up to find out about him. We went back to DAMPICOURT. There we saw the English lady again. She said that the cripple was a bad man and that she had had him put in jail without the Germans knowing about it. She tried to have us stay at the priest's Conservatoire, but she could not find the priest, so we stayed with DROPSY. We had our photographs taken by the good cripple. The railroad worker who had brought us to the town took us by bicycle to his home in MEIX. I was there seven days. The railroad worker's wife took us to the station. DROPSY took us to BRUSSELS, changing trains once. Three men met us and took us to a house where there had never been aviators before us. We stayed one night there. Two small children were at the house. I gave the man of the house 400 francs for cigarettes, gave LORNE 900 francs, and kept the remaining 1000 (all evidently French francs).

Two of the men who had met us at the station came and took us to a house where we met an elderly lady with whom Lt GRIMES was staying. (See E&E 361). Both men were policemen. One of them was heavy set; the other man was a special policeman and may once have been a boxer. LILI, who looked like a school girl, came into the house. She took us to a place at which no one was home. Then she took us to the XL Gas Co. We stayed there with ANN BRUSSELSMANS and her husband who was caretaker of the building. They have two children, Jackie and Yvonne. ANN is about 28. I understood that her mother was English and her father Belgian. We received a complete new set of clothes here. I understood that we were the 14th and 15th to stay at this place, which was used only as a reserve. M BRUSSELSMANS mentioned having agents around collecting information on defences, and I gathered that ANN was pretty important in organization activities around BRUSSELS. I heard that some 200,000 White Brigade men were in Belgium. ANN was prepared to turn the gas company building into a hospital when the day for it occurred.

One day LILI came up to the apartment to see ANN and to telephone to a person where some American boys were staying. She found out that the Gestapo had taken in the firl and were answering the phone. We were afraid they might track the call and were pretty worried.

I saw two P-47's shoot down an Me 109 in flames. I also saw 5 Me 110's shot down. I understand that the people of BRUSSELS killed the pilots who bailed out. When I walked through BRUSSELS a couple of times, I slit the trousers of a couple of Germans, using my trusty knife.

Our only other visitor was a man about 42-43, 5' 10" tall, high forehead, dark hair, graying at the temples.

ANN took us to meet LILI and both took us to the station. We said goodbye to ANN and LILI took us to meet our guide. We got off the train before the border and walked with two other men to a yellow house with a Red Cross sticker in the window. We turned in our Belgian identity papers and received French papers and money. We left that night with two other Americans whose names I do not know and walked through fields to a farmhouse. There we met a girl and boy guide and another guide. We ate at the farmhouse and slept in a barn. A policeman took the girl, boy, and me to a railroad station. We went to LILLE. The two Americans were there too. LORNE and I almost missed the train because the boy guide was spending too much time chasing the girl.

In PARIS we went to the girl's mother's apartment. We spent two days there. In the apartment were two dogs. A man came (evidently CASHBOX) and wanted LORNE to go to England by air; I persuaded him to stay with me. A peroxide blond lady had taken the two American boys from the railway station. She took us to meet a lady in black, and she took us to the apartment of a young married couple with a little baby. Their father and mother lived downstairs. The man was in the wall paper business. They had a secret room in their apartment. We stayed there as apparently other Americans had previously. We stayed there about a week.

The little lady in black took us to meet a lady about 40 who, I found out on the train, was sex happy. We went to BORDEAUX and then to DAX. There a serious young man about 5' 10" tall met us. We met two other men, one of them P/O Parker KROLI, an Australian; the other man claimed to be a secret service operative. He started giving the guide hell so that I felt like popping him. We rode on bicycles to a cafe.

About 0500 the next morning we started walking. I got to talking to the man who claimed to be a secret service operative, asking him some questions to check

SECRET - AMERICAN
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HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
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E & E Report No 361, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Robert Z GRIMES, 2d Lt, 0-797521
339 Sq, 96 Bomb Group
Date of interview: 1 February 1944

The truck belonged to the White Army. I was taken to a home in LESSINES (?) which was the local Headquarters. I was given civilian clothes and an identity card made with my own pictures. A nurse came to look after me. That night a doctor came and gave me a shot for tetanus, and another to stimulate my heart. Rolande CRUSIN, 93 rue de L'Hotellerie, LESSINES, my nurse, gave me the heart stimulant every three hours. A chief of police came to visit, as did many other members of the White Army.

On the 22nd we left in a car at daybreak and two men went ahead on bicycles to be sure the way was clear. We drove to a priest's home in a nearby village. Another doctor came to visit me that night and ROLANDE bicycled to join me with medecine that closed my wound. One night, about 27 October, I was told to listen for a boom - I heard it distinctly - they had blown up an ammunition train.

On 29 October, I was driven to a truck. The truck took me to BRUSSELS to the home of an old maid of about 60 years, 160 MONTE CHRISTI. LILI DUMONT lived here and I had been put in her particular care because she is a nurse. On the 30th she sent for an excellent doctor. On 2 November, he took me to the hospital, with a muffler over my throat. The doctor told people that I had a sore throat and could not talk. He gave me a local anesthetic and operated on my thigh. The whole thing was over in an hour and a half.

I stayed with LILI at this address until 14 December. Her father and sister are still in jail, but her mother has just been released. They were all sentenced to be shot at one time, but LILI worked matters so that this did not happen. LILI used to take me walking through BRUSSELS with her to get me in shape for the Pyrenees. One night we were on a tram. The Germans stopped it and searched all of us, because men had been using the trams to transport arms.

With LILI I met many members of the organization. Jean MacINTOSH lived in a village outside BRUSSELS. It was her job to bring Englishmen into BRUSSELS. She is an English girl who was visiting on the Continent when the war broke out. The Gestapo caught her, her uncle and aunt, with two Englishmen. Her uncle was a very active member of the White Army. When I met Daniel MOUTON, he told me that 200 of the White Army had stormed the jail and released them. Morris MacINTOSH of 201 St James Street, The Red Cross, London, is her father.

LILI herself works from 6 to 22 hours daily for the Organization. She works directly under the Chief and is his only contact. ANNE, one of her best friends, works under her. When I got to PARIS I found that the people there knew her.

A man who had thin red hair, was about 5 feet 10 inches in height and wore glasses with brown rims, worked more with LILI than anyone else. I believe his name is GASTON.

VERHEYDEN of the White Army used to bring aviators into BRUSSELS from ANTWERP. He is now too busy in the White Army to be able to do this.

A tall woman used to come to see LILI on Wednesday nights. She had black or dark

brown hair, and kept a black sling on one of her fingers. She smoked quite a bit.

JACK, the Canadian, also known as WILLIE or just plain JACK, is the man who is missing part of the little finger on his left hand. LILI showed me pictures of him. He looks 48 to 50 years old. He sometimes wears a moustache. He dyes his hair different colours and has many different sets of glasses. His mistress works with him.

When the Gestapo went to LIEGE, they caught a man and his wife. The couple were sheltering three Americans at the time and they got away through the back door. I remember LILI had to go to LIEGE about all this.

Jean MacINTOSH was caught on 10 December. We got word that she had talked. She knew where LILI lived, so we had to move. We went to the home of a woman named JEANNE. She is about 35 years old and lives with her sister FIFI (?). It was with JEANNE that LILI went to France in November to plan a new route out, because the Gestapo was getting so hot that it seemed sensible to change the line even before the Gestapo uncovered. Their mother had been accidently gassed a few days before and was in the hospital. When she died we had to leave as there were too many sympathy calls.

LILI could find no place to go, so she rented an apartment, in which we stayed from 17 to 20 December.

On 20 December I took the train to TOURNAI with a tall blond good-looking man with a moustache. He left me and a boy in the R.A.F. at a cafe where we met Lt HORNING (E&E # 369) and Sgt KEVIL (E&E # 322).

We walked down the road and across the border with a black-haired, stockily-built girl as guide. There was no barrier or control. We went to a house, where we met another man. He guided us across the fields to a second house. Here we met a girl with dark blond hair, blue eyes and buck teeth, who later took us to PARIS. We also met a little man here who is the boss of all this section. LILI told me to speak to him if I had any troubles. He looked to be 25 or 26 years old and is 5 feet 5 inches in height. He is nice looking and I had met him in BRUSSELS. He sometimes takes men from BRUSSELS to PARIS. We spent the night here and then on the 21st walked to a small town to catch the work train to LILLE. In LILLE we took the train to PARIS.

We went to a cafe and waited while the guide placed two of the men in homes. Then she took me and the R.A.F. flyer to the home of an old blond woman with a husband who cooks all the time. The "man who always carries a gun" was there. I understood that he was in charge of the PARIS end of the Organization. He speaks English, has red brown hair, is thin, and has a thin face.

That afternoon a guide, who was an escaped P/W and spoke some English, took us to the railroad station where we met Lt HORNING (E&E # 369) and the Little Lady in Black. She took us to BORDEAUX by train, exchanging our old identity cards for new ones just before the train pulled in. In BORDEAUX we met Lt STANFORD (E&E # 359) and Lt James F. BIRCH (who is presumed to have drowned later). They were with MAX who is 23 years old, has light hair and is good looking. He put us on the train to DAX, but we got off before reaching that town. MAX and I started to bicycle from here, while FRANCO, who had met us at the train, went on by bus with the others.

FRANCO is a nice looking dark man. He is slim and wears a moustache. He has a heavy beard, and thinks he is pretty important.

We reached the hills on the far side of BAYONNE, and FRANCO's wife brought us food. Here we met DANIEL MOUTON, a Belgian, who claims to have 7000 men under him in the White Army. The Germans had caught him three times, but he had always escaped. Here (22 December) we all got onto bicycles and rode to ST JEAN DE LUZ. We went to the house of an old woman with a 16 year-old daughter. At this house we met Robert PADUCAH, a French agent, working for the British. While we were here a doctor called and brought ROBERT a bundle of maps. The other man who joined our party was a Frenchman with a moustache. He looked 35 to 40 years old and is presumed to have drowned with Lt BIRCH. The Spanish mountain guide lived here.

DANIEL MOUTON and FRANCO were running this end of the line. DANIEL said that if both of them were caught the line would be broken.

On the night of 23 December we set out. The party consisted of FRANCO, DANIEL, ROBERT, the Frenchman with the moustache, two Spanish guides, Lts HORNING, BIRCH, STANFORD and myself. Ten people in all. FRANCO was carrying a big sack of information for the British. There were also 2 packets, somewhere in our group, which contained information for the Americans and Free French.

We reached the river on the border and started across in pairs. The water was up to our waists and the current was swift. We had our trousers wound around our necks. I slipped and went under, and started down the river. I grabbed someone's coat tails and got a foothold again. Lt BIRCH, DANIEL and the Frenchman with the moustache were washed away. When we reached the far side, FRANCO gave his sack to ROBERT and went down the river to look for the three missing men. I never saw him again.

We crossed the railway tracks and started uphill. At the top of the hill stood a frontier guard who saw us and yelled. We scattered, and he started shooting. Other guards joined him and the search was on. We were soon found, and they searched us for arms, but were interested in nothing else.

We started walking toward a house at which we arrived at 0130 hours on 24 December.

On the way there ROBERT told us about the papers. He said that they represented about 50,000 dollars worth of work and would take 30 days to copy. These papers were to have been taken straight to SAN SEBASTIAN. This was the first time we knew that our group was carrying secret documents, and we were now faced with the problem of destroying them in the presence of the Guards. We were left in a room with three soldiers. ROBERT gave the senior member stockings, perfume, etc., with the idea of keeping him from going through all the luggage. He finally came to the papers, however, and asked what they were. We said "Oh, just letters", and he said that we would have to take them to the Sgt at Headquarters in the morning. While part of the party distracted the guards attention, the other part of the party destroyed the papers under pretence of keeping the fire going. The letters seemed to be in French, and the maps in English. We got rid of all but one packet meant for the U.S., and ROBERT gave this packet to me and told me to get rid of it before we reached the Sgt. In the meantime the Spaniards had found more stuff at the river and among it another packet of letters for the French. The soldiers brought it in. As we walked along towards Headquarters I dropped my packet over a wall. When Lt STANFORD, who had the French packet, saw this, he passed his packet to me. I could not get rid of this one and it was still on me when we went in to the Sgt. They asked for my packet immediately. I denied having it. They insisted and ROBERT who spoke Spanish, and did all the talking for us, finally told me to give it up. I pulled it out and said "Oh, do you mean this?" But the American packet had been bigger and they knew it. For a minute we thought there would be trouble, but two of the Sgts were elderly and friendly and they calmed our guard of the previous evening saying that none of it mattered anyway.

Later I returned with Mr WANAMAKER and he searched for the packet I had thrown over the wall, but we never found it, so I believe the Spaniards got it in the end.

FRANCO's suitcase had been found in the river, and the guards now opened it. In it was clothing for a few days in Spain and a picture of his family.

We were taken to IRUN and ROBERT gave the story that we had escaped from a German truck in BORDEAUX. More packets had now been found in the river. We claimed no knowledge of them and said that they had no connection with us. ROBERT told us he could not afford to be photographed or fingerprinted and he got away before this was done on the 27th of December.

We went to jail in CASABLANCA and met DANIEL MOUTON. He had lost all his clothes in the river. He was claiming to be a Belgian pilot in the R.A.F. We were in prison the 24th, 25th, and 26th. On Christmas Eve, friends of our Military Attache, and known to ROBERT, came from SAN SEBASTIEN to visit us.

On the 27th we were moved to the Hotel Norte where we stayed until 16 January. We left here for SARAGOSSA and then went to ALAHAMA from the 18th to the 21st of January. We stopped in MADRID for a few hours and then to SEVILLE where British Intelligence interrogated us on the border incident. We went to GIBRALTAR on 26 January arriving in U.K. on 30 January.

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

21.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 362 APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Warren P LAWS, 2d Lt, 0799803, 563 Bomb Sq, 388 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 1 February 1944

On 6 September 1943 I was shot down near MONTGUEX in FRANCE. On 7 September just outside the town of TORVILLIERS I asked a little boy the way to CHAUMONT.

MARCEL VERGEOT and a Polish fellow passed us on bicycles outside PRUGNY and offered us help. They told us that the eight other men of our crew were dead. MARCEL MULLOT rode me to VERGEOT's home where I met Mlle. VERGEOT. I slept that night at the home of M. and Mme. LEON NELLE, Cliquot. A Polish boy named JOSEF DRUBROSKI lived on the farm.

The second night a man from English intelligence came to see us. He was tall, about 6', thin, with brown hair. He spoke fair but halting English. He said that he was an officer in English intelligence, that there was an organization in the town for getting airmen out, but that it was full, for 43 men were in and around the town. Recent arrests had broken up the organization, but the group was reforming.

We were four days with NELLE. A regular stream of people went through to meet us. Among them was a Mme de TORVIER. Mme. NELLE was getting nervous about us, so we went to the delicatessen store of JOACHIM le DANTEC, 27 Rue GALLIENI (spelling doubtful), St SAVINES. Monsieur had a daughter ANNE MARIE. We were there about a month. Abbe JEAN BONNARD visited us. A baker on the same street with a number in the 100's kept us in food.

The abbé took the two of us (Sgt. SCHWARZKOPF, E&E 301, and I) to his house, 17 Rue Traversier. We were there about two weeks. The abbe is about 31. He has a sister PAULETTE who is about 24. I met MARIE ROSE GILBERT who was keeping Sgts. BEACH (E&E 288) and SOUKUP (E&E 302). Mme. RIBERT came in for dinner; her only son is a priest. A boarder and a wife downstairs knew that we were in the house. GILBERT used to bring us food. MARIE ROSE brought us identity papers. MARCEL MULLOT and MARCEL DORE and his wife came to visit us.

About a week after the second bombing of ROMILLY PAULETTE took us to the station. We went on the abortive trip to Paris with the wife of a gendarme on the train of the sention BONNARD. This trip failed as reported in E&E 288, and we returned to TROYES to the BONNARDS.

MARIE ROSE had told us that there was an Englishman in the town. She came in one day most excited and said that she thought that she was being followed. This Englishman had turned out to be a German and she had been to see him. He was about 19 years old with blond hair, spoke some French and some English, but not very much. He said that he was an English radio operator on a Fortress. It seemed that an engineer from a Fort crew had been through TROYES some time before, and that he told MARIE ROSE that an Englishman, a member of his crew, was coming behind him. He gave a description and this German-pretended Englishman corresponded to it. Furthermore this German seemed to have dog tags. I had the suspicion that this German picked up the story of the engineer's friend at a home where the engineer had previously stayed. At any rate, when MARIE ROSE produced a picture of the engineer, the German declared that that man was his crew member, and MARIE ROSE was satisfied that the German was the Englishman he claimed to be. He stayed with a family for eight days and then told the woman of the house that he was neither English nor American but French and then walked out of the house. MARIE ROSE could not understand why the woman did not kill him. She called up her

husband at the factory where he worked. He came home on his motorcycle. Before he reached the house, the Gestapo picked up his wife. He started into the house, saw the Gestapo were there, ran to his motorcycle, and rode away.

MARIE ROSE did not go home for a week but stayed at a nunnery. She said that the German had asked her about us, but she told them nothing.

The Germans started to search houses for Americans. MARCEL DORE and another man in the black market took us out to his farm in the country near an old Roman road.

DORE took us all back to town in a truck. We rendezvoused at the abbe's seminary. MARIE LOUISE BONNARD, who works at the Banque de France in Paris, MARIE ROSE, the ABBE, and JACQUES, a Frenchman who was also going out, went to Paris with us. We were met by a man about 35 and his wife and went to the apartment of a nurse, Mme. SUZETTE (spelling doubtful), an operating room technician. She lived in a fifth floor apartment near some kind of trade school. SOUKUP and I were there two days. A girl who was supposed to be the secretary of an organization chief came in.

Our first two guides took us to M. FRANCOIS over a jewelry shop. I met GUILLAUME, a tall blond medical student about 25.

A girl took me to M. FELIX GRUZ, 26 Rue de Hauteville. The following day a woman 36 or 37 with short dark hair brought in Sgt. DULBERG (E&E 390). We lived off the black market. I think that our host was paid 100 francs per day per man. I met M. CLEMENT, a man 83 years old, an ex-mayor of a town near Paris. I met a man from Haute Savoy who works in the Banque de France; his wife has worked there for more than 20 years. Abbe BONNARD came to see me and also his sister MARIE LOUISE.

Mlle. GENEVIEVE came in. She is about 22 with light hair, a turned up nose. She is rather plump and always wears black. About 12 November she gave us a boat story. She mentioned St MALO. DULBERG had been at RENNES, and she seemed annoyed that he had been sent to Paris.

M. GRUZ had kept a 1st Lt navigator who was pressing to leave and walked out with a Frenchman on his own.

DULBERG was getting a little "stir crazy".

MARIE LOUISE took me to the Magasin de Louvre to have a photograph taken.

I met a man who had kept a bombardier, pilot, and navigator. I once visited the Banque de France.

Mlle. GENEVIEVE took us to a meeting place near the Pantheon. We picked up six Americans and a Frenchman who spoke English. He took us to MONTAUBAN. We picked up a Frenchman who I understood later was a captain in French intelligence. We went to NARBONNE and PERPIGNAN. A French girl met us, and a man on a bicycle led us to a field outside the town. At some big storage barn we met seven Frenchmen, so that we at last had 18 or 20 in our group.

The French pushed us along much too fast and had rests which were too long. They would not stop until everyone was dead tired. DULBERG almost passed out. I was lagging. We carried DULBERG part way, but finally he gave out entirely, and we had to leave him. I lagged behind as did DOUGHERTY, QUINN, HEALD, and SHEETS. I finally caught up with the guides. I arrived in Spain 22 December 1943.

I went to Villa something, Gerona, Barcelona, Saragossa, Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar. At Gibraltar I was questioned by a British captain while someone else was questioned by a civilian.

When the Spanish police got us, they tried to question us individually. I seemed to know more French than the others, so I acted as interpreter with a French man. A civilian assistant to the chief of Police asked me the names of the mountains which we had gone over and whether we had guides. I did not tell him. He said that we had come from PERPIGNAN. He asked us whether we had been captured by the Germans. I did not realize that you should say you had been captured by the Germans, but the other fellows informed me in time.

Note: Two gendarmes at MARCEL DORE's gave me the names of three Americans who were shot at from the ground and the air as they were parachuting. One was JOE THOMAS, who was

machine gunned from the air in his parachute. Another was 2d Lt KOENIG, a bombardier. The third man's name I do not remember. He had been wounded, was shot down, and was taken by the Germans.

Compiled by

(Signed)

Approved by

R.R. NELSON
Major, A.C.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

19.2.44.

E & E Report No 363 - 365 , APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Robert J HAMRICK, S/Sgt, 15105969, 331 Sq, 94 Bomb Gp (H)
Laurence B SHECK, S/Sgt, 12156892, 331 Sq, 94 Bomb Gp (H)
Levoun J JAMGOCHIAN, S/Sgt, 13153375, 331 Sq, 94 Bomb Gp (H)
Date of interview : 3 February 1944.

We landed near CREPY en VALOIS in France on 14 October 1943. GEORGES came to the house which we had approached and where we had been taken in. GEORGES was a rather rough character, a short stocky man with a ruddy face and a number of bad teeth in the front of his mouth. He took us to CREPY where we stayed with some people named D'HAUSE. Lts BURLEY (E&E 307) and GLATTHAR (E&E 308) and Sgt TRACY were already there. Sgt TRACY had stayed at this house which we first approached.

We met ANDRE and his wife and daughter; he is in a sabotage organization. M D'HAUSE is a railroad inspector in CREPY. We were told that Sgts ELWELL and DILLON of our crew landed safely but were turned over to the Germans by two Frenchmen. We also heard that those two Frenchmen were shot by other Frenchmen. The day after we came in Lt GLATTHAR and Sgt TRACY went to CREIL. A pilot by the name of Jack HORTON was with us for five days and then went on to CREIL to join his co-pilot.

We met ROBERT, a tall dark haired good looking chap who said that he was in French Intelligence and who spoke a little English. We also met PAUL, a chap about 25 who spoke English and who was supposed to be the go-between from CREPY to Paris. He was supposed to be a deserter from the German army. He had a brother about 20.

The day after we came to CREPY, JOSEPH, who seemed to be the leader of the organization, took all of our personal possessions which might identify us, even our dog tags. Our dog tags eventually got to a lady whom we saw later in Paris. JOSEPH was a good looking chap about 5' 8" tall, 29-30, with dark hair.
D'HAUSE thought that ANDRE was talking too much.

PAUL took us to PARIS with Lt BURLEY. He gave us identity papers. We were going to CREIL, but the Gestapo was supposed to have caught the chief there. In PARIS we went to a park and waited while PAUL found a place for us to stay. PAUL took us two by two to a house a couple of blocks from Rue de Lary. Our hostess's husband had been a high ranking officer in the French army, but he is dead. There were a lot of antiques around the apartment. This woman had our dog tags and would not give them back to us. I met a French aviator-radio operator from an A-20. This woman took us to LIVRY GARGAN where we stayed with an old crippled man. An Australian was there, and Chauncy HICKS and his pilot or co-pilot came just before we left.

We met an Englishman who was a night watchman someplace. He had been in a German prison camp. Once we went to a wine merchant's place a couple of blocks away. We met a man who had been quite a great bicyclist in his day. He seemed to own a tavern and to be quite important in sabotage work. We understood that the Mayor of LIVRY GRAGAN was in on the organization. We met two policemen. Our photos were taken by a young lady, and we received new identity papers. We met the beautiful secretary to the wine-merchant; she spoke perfect English. The old man at the place where we stayed had a maid, Mme JEANNE. We also met JEANINE, a sister of the old man's wife, about 18 years old.

The old man took us in the wine merchant's car to the metro. We met a woman in black who took us to meet French guides, one for each of us. We were going to Spain. We took the train. Just before TOULOUSE two German officers came through the train asking for identity papers. One asked our guide his name and where he lived. Then he asked HAMRICK his name, but he did not answer since his papers had him as a deaf mute.

Then the officer said in perfect English, "Come with me". HAMRICK got up and pointed at his valise. The Germans had also been searching valises as they went through the car. HAMRICK got away with his deaf and dumb story. We thought that Lt BURLEY had been picked up on the train. We went to FOIX and walked to a barn. BURLEY showed up there to our considerable surprise. We met a man who was supposed to work for the English consulate at BARCELONA. He said that we were waiting for 10 French officers to come. We stayed six days in the barn.

We finally started about 0300 and walked for 16 hours. One of the Frenchmen passed out from exhaustion. JAMGOCHIAN lost his shoe without realizing it. We all decided that we had better stop or we would never make it. The next morning our shoes and socks were frozen and our feet in bad shape. We thought that the French treated us pretty badly on the trip. They had food but would not share it with us. One man had three extra pairs of socks but would not give us any. One of us walked without any socks and almost ruined his feet. We started out about 0830 and walked in a driving blizzard for the toughest part of the journey. We jumped from rock to rock, falling up to our waists in snow when we missed the jump. HAMRICK's shoes froze, and he began to lag. BURLEY stayed with him for some time; then HAMRICK told him that he had better go on or both would be lost. The guides were worn out, and two Frenchmen made a path through the snow for us. Otherwise we would not hace been able to go on at all. HAMRICK was behind trying to follow the rest of the party and having a hard time because the blizzard began to fill the tracks. The group was strung out for about two miles. Finally we came to a cabin. From there we went to a hotel in ANDORRA and had what care we could get for our feet.

HAMRICK came up to the hut where the rest of us had been and found two men there. One of them belonged to a Polish organization. He took him in and took him to a friend who knew how to care for frozen feet. Then a couple of French officers came back looking for HAMRICK and took him to the hotel with the others.

The next morning a taxi took the four of us to a hospital, but it was full. We went back to the hotel. A doctor came, washed our feet in alcohol, and said that we would walk well in 15 days. The Gestapo was supposed to be in the village looking for us, so the Polish fellow got a car and took us to Spain. We arrived in Spain 24 November 1943.

We were two weeks in a hospital at SAO D'URGEL, were fairly well cared for, and received good medical attention. Two old doctors who had taken care of many frozen feet took care of us.

We then went to LAREDA, stayed in a hotel, and had a Spanish doctor and nurse. We understood that all this was at the expense of the Spanish government. After 10 days we went to ALAMA, then to a British-American hospital in MADRID. We were in the hospital for a month and ten days and were very well treated. We saw Sir Samuel HOARE and Major NELSON, who was in civilian clothes and was introduced to us by Major CLARK as Mr. NELSON. Sir Samuel HOARE asked us where we were shot down, but we did not answer.

At Gibraltar we were interrogated by a civilian.

Note: In CREPY our host wanted us to have the following message sent in French over the 2100 BBC broadcast: FOUR SHEEP SAFELY ARRIVED.

Compiled by

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SECRET - AMERICAN.
MOST SECRET - BRITISH.

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service.

E & E Report No. 366, APPENDIX "C".

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: William K. McNATT, 2d Lt., 0-675228,
335 Bomb Sq., 95 Bomb Group.

Date of interview: 12 February 1944.

The man, with a brother in the American army, who befriended me on the street car was EMILE AMILE MEERT. I was on the way into ANTWERP at the time. He took me to a cafe opposite the railroad station in COMINES. Here an old lady gave me shoes and sandwiches. A railroad man told the frontier guards about me. Then he cycled to the bridge with me in broad daylight, and we walked across without any questions being asked.

In COMINES, France, we went to a bar one block from the bridge. M. OSCAR the manager took me to the assistant mayor, an old man named FIDELE BEAGUE. I stayed here three weeks, 18 August to 8 September, while OSCAR arranged the rest of the trip.

MARTHE ALLARD, whom I met at OSCAR's, and who herself owned a bar, got me a doctor and a tooth brush.

OSCAR contacted the organization in the person of WILLIMAN of 154 Rue Pasteur Marquette - a suburb of LILLE. He came to see me and asked indentifying questions. He told me it would be four to six weeks before I could leave because the organization had been broken up. After three weeks I was moved to the home of one of OSCAR's brothers. Before I made the move WILLIMAN brought me an identity card. I was moved because two men in the environs had been caught and BEAGUE got worried as the time for his son's labor draft was nearing.

On the 15th of September, WILLIMAN took me to MARQUETTE. He had already helped nineteen evaders. He is 5' 8" tall and his slick black hair gives him a very Latin appearance. He was production manager for Massey-Harris who make agricultural implements. On 20 September he took me to MOISIE PLAYART of la MADELEINE (also a suburb). She had assisted eighteen men. She is 33 years old and while nice is very masculine looking. Her husband is a P/W. I stayed with her until 7 October.

An old lady, who was to replace the breakdown on the line, was supposed to come on the 17th, but it was a week and a half before she appeared. When she did, she claimed that a captain and first lieutenant had priority over me. A week later (a Wednesday), she returned, and said that she would take me and Sgt. KUKOWSKI to PARIS. She said she would come for me on Friday. I later discovered that she was just old and muddled, but at the time WILLIMAN suspected her, and made new contacts for me. She came back on Thursday, and there was a dreadful scene, which resulted in our going to WILLIMAN's for a week.

On 14 September after picking up a new guide at the PLAYART's, we set off. This man took us to PARIS. There were twelve evaders in the party, four R.A.F., four Frenchmen and four Americans. One of the other two Americans was Sgt. WOOD, E & E # 352. With four men guides, we took the Metro to VERSAILLES.

MERLYN was one of these guides and he gave us our instructions. He said he had been born in New York and came to France when he was thirteen. He was a newspaper correspondent who had joined the R.A.F. in CAIRO. He had been shot down in France, and was now working for the Germans as a chauffeur. He wore a belt which one of the English boys told me contained draughtsman's copies of airfields. On the second day we were there he gave the entire belt to one of the R.A.F. men.

/He told.....

He told me that he was trying to get a plane out, as he had information which had to get out in two weeks. He was tall and slim, with black hair. He took an Englishman and an American off to a hotel.

We stayed in an apartment in VERSAILLES for two days. We were supposed to leave in a boating party on 16 October. A French boy in the R.A.F., and now in the organization, told me that the five guides, who knew all the details for the boating party, were sitting in a cafe one night. A man with a pistol, who had done some work for them, came in. In the fight that ensued, one guide was killed, and another died later, so the boat scheme was abandoned.

Five of us went to a man's flat in LA CHAPELLE for three days. The man here was in the trucking business before the war. He had had Americans before, and appeared to be the regional chief of the organization. He spent nearly all his money in organizational work.

Sgt. KUKOWSKI and I were taken to a lumber factory, to meet a man named REYNAUD. He passed me on to GLORIE's, 3 Rue Gatesept St Cloud. I was here from 19 to 22 November. GLORIE is assistant-navigator for all French waterways. His wife's family is in the U.K. He is 38 years old, 5' 7" tall, with blue eyes and brown hair. He has lived in Indo-China.

On 22 November, CHARLES COTTEL, of 87 Rue MOINS, PARIS, came for me. I spent the night with him, and here next morning I met Lt. CHRISTIENSON, E & E # 356. We left here immediately for the home of ELIE FRASSYE, 8 Rue Notre Dame, Victoria, PARIS. COTTEL, and the man who had brought Lt. CHRISTIENSON were to return next day. They never returned and we received no word of them. The scheme they had had for a plane was then dropped.

From here on my story is the same as Lt. CHRISTIENSON's, E & E # 356.

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service
367

E & E Report No _____, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Richard Arthur STAKES, 2d Lt, 0-677601
337 Bomb Sq, 96 Bomb Group

Date of interview: 31 January 1944

Lt STAKES made the journey through France without organized help.

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 368, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Raymond F CHEVRAUX, Sgt, 15377732
532 Bomb Sq, 381 Bomb Group
Date of interview: 1 February 1944

We rode the bicycles to MURET and went up to the combination jail and police station. I thought for a minute that this was the end of my evasion. We went into the doctor's home right next to this police building. He spoke a little English, and asked me questions. He could not believe that I had travelled without an identity card. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and weighs about 190 lbs. He is in his fifties and has a grey moustache. His son is in a German concentration camp. He told me a man was going to Spain the next day and that I could go with him. I had dinner in another man's house and spent the night at the doctor's.

The next morning (12 January) the man who was to take me to Spain did not appear. So I spent the day and night in the headquarters of the local resistance movement. The captain who is the head of this group has light brown hair, big lips, is about 6 ft. tall and weighs about 150 lbs.

On the 13th a pretty girl came to the house after breakfast. I was told that she would take me over the mountains. She had light brown hair and brown eyes. She was about 5 ft. 6½ in. tall and spoke English. The warrant officer at the resistance Headquarters in MURET introduced her to me. We were to leave at 0500 hours on 14 January. I remained in the Headquarters until that time, and left with her as planned. We drove off in a car and met a man, whom she said was going with us. His name was MICHEL. He was short and bald, but wore a black wig. He was married and I believe he had a big family. We got tickets to PAU. She bought mine, with my money. We got off at the last stop before PAU and walked to a house. We were here half an hour when a man motioned me to come out. I followed him and met an Englishman. He had had the Paris office of the Victory Insurance Company, and said he had been trying to leave France ever since he was caught there by the fall of France.

He is a puny man but said he had been spying over there. He went through to Spain with me and went to the English Embassy. We talked and then he went off to return that evening. He now asked me how I had gotten there, and I told him. A Frenchman (who claimed to be the head of the PAU Spy Ring) was present, and the Englishman translated everything for him. The Chief spy is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, weighs 220 lbs; he has curly blond hair that he is beginning to loose. He is the same man who came out with Lt HORNING earlier. (ROBERT, see E&E #369). They told me that they could take no chance on my being caught or of my not being a genuine Allied airman, because the building I was in was the Headquarters of a spy ring, and the only place that they had left, as the other places had all been found by the Germans. They said that I could not leave with the couple I was with because the girl was completely unknown to them! They did not know how she had gotten there and said she might be a Nazi spy! The woman who runs the Headquarters house is 33 years old, 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has black hair; she speaks no English.

The couple left on the 15th and we never heard of them again. The Englishman and I were to go to PAU that day. A woman came that afternoon and told us to get ready to go. We walked to PAU and joined the Chief Spy. The two men walked ahead

of me on either side of the street and we went to the railroad station. We bought tickets to the train yard, and, guided separately by locomotive engineers, got aboard an engine. We went to BAYONNE and spent the night in the engineers house. We were to be met here the next day by the Chief Spy. We received a phone call to go to the railroad that night at 2100 hours. Here we again boarded an engine. The Chief Spy was already on it. We rode almost to HENDAYE. The train stopped and we jumped off and lay in a ditch while they made believe to be having engine trouble. All this was done because I had no papers.

We walked into HENDAYE and went to a woman's house for the night. At 2000 hours on the 18th of January we set out for Spain, walking until 0500 hours on the 19th. We spent the rest of the day at a farm waiting for nightfall, then we walked to SAN SEBASTIEN. The Chief Spy delivered his maps and we went to a hotel for three days. The Chief Spy phoned the French Embassy for a car; they could not send one, but the American Embassy did.

We drove to MADRID, where my arrival caused Major Clark considerable surprise. I spent three days in MADRID and four in GIBRALTAR, arriving in UK on 29 January.

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 369, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Arthur James HORNING, 2d Lt, 0-736598
401 Bomb Sq, 91 Bomb Group
Date of interview: 1 February 1944

I took the road out of TILBOURG to TOURNHOUT. When I got near the border I stopped and asked a man how I could cross without papers. Then I followed him. We turned to the right off the highway one kilometer before the frontier and followed a dirt road to a White Church. I crossed here without seeing any sign of a German or Belgian guard. I was later told that the priests in this Church will give food and clothing if approached. A road on the Belgian side of the frontier runs parallel with the frontier. I followed it for 6 km and met a farmer whom I asked for food.

He took me to the KEMPH Cafe in POPPEL and the buxom, bossy woman who runs the place took me to a farmhouse outside the town. Here I stayed with a farmhand named JOHN for two weeks. The farmer himself never knew I was there until the last day. When he found out he did not mind and said he had helped other Englishmen. JOHN was very sensible.

As JOHN had children I got worried about involving him. I told the woman from the cafe, that if nothing happened soon, I was going off on my own. She contacted a girl who was linked up with the White Brigade. This girl took me to her farm, and I stayed here from 5-8 November. She had helped other evaders previously. There was wonderful food and a bedroom, sitting room, and WC just waiting for Allied fliers. She was a short woman with dark hair, plump and friendly. Her farm was near a little town southeast of POPPEL.

A friend of hers arrived with an Englishman and Sgt KEVIL (E&E # 322). He took the three of us to BRUSSELS by train. From there on my story is the same as that of Sgt KEVIL (E&E # 322) and Lt GRIMES (E&E # 361).

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

370

APPENDIX C

Louis H. GLICKMAN, 2d Lt, 0-731497, 525 Sqdn - 379 Grp

1 February 1944

I was helped by a farmer in MESSAC where I parachuted on 16 September 1943. He called in a young Frenchman, RENE, and I was moved to the home of M. DANIEL in MESSAC. M. DANIEL is the son-in-law of the farmer who was my first helper. RENE- a member of the local Resistance Organisation - spoke a little English and I understand that he is now in ENGLAND.

On the second day of my stay at M. DANIEL's I was visited by General ALLARD of MESSAC and taken to his chateau for lunch. I met his wife and daughter-in-law. He is the leader of Resistance in MESSAC. General ALLARD had been a Brigadier in 1940.

The General had me moved to the home of M. GIRARD, RENNES. S/Sgt John Semach (USAAF) was already living here. After fifteen days with GIRARD the General had me moved to GUIPRY because of the lack of security at GIRARD's.

In GUIPRY I stayed with a miller. Lt HOYT (USAAF) and three members of his crew had stayed here before me. I heard that they had been sent to ST MALO.

The miller took me back to the General's. We picked up Lt COOK (USAAF) and Lt BURKOWSKI (USAAF) and were told that we were going to RENNES as the first stop on our way to UK.

With two young guides, members of local Resistance Organisation, we were taken from MESSAC to RENNES.

At RENNES, Identity Cards were being checked. We had no identity cards and there had been no plans for getting us through the gate without them. Our guides took a great deal of pleasure in the way they got us through. When we got in the line passing through the gate, our guides placed us so that there was a Frenchman between the guide and the American. The guide's card was checked and while the Frenchman's card was being checked the American left the line and ran through the station, with the guide, into the street. We all got through the gate safely in this manner.

We were taken to an apartment - headquarters of a Resistance Organisation - which was filled with young Frenchman. The next day Sgt SEMACH and I were moved to the apartment of an instructor at the University of RENNES.

We were told that we would leave in eight days for UK by boat.

The next day, 17 October, pictures were taken for identity cards. The photographer returned later on that same day to tell us that a member of the Organisation had been killed in a cafe by the Germans. He said we were to stay there until he returned with instructions. When he failed to return, the University instructor thought he may have been killed and told us we would have to leave on our own.

SEMACH and I walked through back road to MESSAC and in the evening went to the General's house. The General had heard about the trouble in RENNES and had gone there to investigate. His wife took us in. When the General returned, he moved us back to M. DANIEL's. We were there three days. The General told us that Lt COOK, Lt BRUKOWSKI, and two other Americans had been moved to LAILLE as a result of the RENNES scare. They were later moved, by the General, to GUIPRY.

On 23 October, EMILE, Chief of Resistance in Britany sector, moved SEMACH and me to PLOERMEL. We were accompanied also by an American sergeant who had been shot down 29 May 1943. In PLOERMEL I went alone to the apartment of MADELEINE TRAVERS, schoolteacher and stayed with her for 58 days. I saw a lot of LOUIS SHEREL, a patriot. His sister was in prison for having been caught decorating American graves.

Other Americans living near PLOERMEL were - COOK, HOYT, REILSTEIN, SCHAEFFER, BURKOWSKI, MILLER, FISHER, SEMACH, MINOR, ETC.

Around 1 December eleven enlisted men were moved to PARIS. A week later another group, including in it Lt HOYT, Lt. FISHER, LT COOK, LT BEILSTEIN, LT BURKOWSKI, were taken to PARIS. With Sgts MINOR and SEMACH, I was the last American in PLOERMEL. The French told us that we had been left to the last because we had been the least quarrelsome. After that we became more quarrelsome.

On 9 December, EMILE took the three of us to GUEMNO. We lived with the Mayor for twelve days. We were still under EMILE.

I began to get griped because not ing that EMILE had told us was happening. When I had it out with EMILE he said that there was room for one man to leave for England that night by boat. He said it had to be an officer but that wasn't true.

EMILE moved me to BEDE to wait for the boat. I joined General ALLARD and five young Frenchmen - all planning to come to England. General ALLARD was in hiding from the Gestapo. He told me that his wife and daughter had been taken as hostages.

After two or three days of waiting for a message to come through announcing the boat operation we were driven to PLEHEREL in a charcoal-burner.

Already in the house at PLEHEREL were four Americans (S/Sgt Max----, 2d Lt Arnold -----, CRUTCHFIELD, and ?) X and Sgt BILTWELL (RAF).

The English espeionage agent, in charge of the boat deal, was called PAUL. He was 5'7", stocky, medium, dark hair, aggresive attitude, used American slang with a decided British accent.

When the message came through about the boat we went to the beach to wait. The boat arrived and a few minutes later the sky was lighted with flares and the coastal guns began to fire. We got back to the house safely and the next day a German communique stated that a British commando boat had attempted a landing and had been sunk. This was 23 December.

PAUL departed and the oper tion was called off.

FELIX, a baker in BEDE, came in a car to take all of us back to BEDE. On the way the General decided to stop off in a small village with some friends of his. He kept me and a former French policeman, who was trying to escape, with him.

We were in this town a week before FELIX and LUCY (known to PAUL) came for me in a truck. We drove to BEDE where the other Americans were staying. I was taken to REDON with Lt WORNSON and Sgt BILTWELL (RAF).

After a week with a family in REDON, LUCY took the three of us on to PARIS. After one night in PARIS I was taken to LYONS, arriving 1 January. The other two were to follow in a few days.

At the station in PARIS I met a man who I assumed was the head of the Organisation. He had a slight limp, was suave in conversation, wore spats, cane and velvet-collared coat. He pointed out a woman in the station and told me to follow her into the train.

On the train a young Belgian called CHARLES acted as my guide. In LYONS I was taken to the apartment of a young girl. Her husband is in England working in Intellgience. I met JEAN and FRANCOIS, two Belgians, who were to accompany me to SPAIN. I was given a new identity card to replace the one given me in BEDE. A stocky, 58-year old man, bald but with a few gray hairs and speaking English with a French accent brought the identity card to me. A tall, mannish woman, about 35-years old with brouwn hair and an aggresive attitude accompanied the man.

I was taken from LYONS to PERPIGNAN where I spent a day and night in the home of a young Spanish-speaking couple. On 16 January I started over the mountains with JACQUES, a Frenchman, and two guides. The two Belgians were left in LYONS.

We walked three nights and arrived in FIGUERAS.

A Spaniard arranged our trip to BARCELONA in a car and the British Embassy arrenged the return to U.K.

R.R.R.

J.H.

371-372

APPENDIX 'C'

George H. STILLWELL, S/Sgt, 19060142, 567 Sq-389 Gp
James P. COBBS, S/Sgt, 34279709, " "

2 February 1944.

We parachuted about 20 miles north of ORLEANS, 7 January 1944. Local farmers took us in for a few days but could not give us further help so we walked to VIERZON.

We went into a small cafe, asked for water and food, told the bartender we were American and wer taken into the kitchen for further questioning.

A young girl who worked in the cafe took us to a hardware store and turned us over to young man who seemed to work in the store. He took us upstairs where we met another young Frenchman and a girl who could write but not speak English. The young Frenchman, LOUIS FORTIER, said that he had an uncle who spoke English and we waited while he went for the uncle. The uncle had lived in LONDON for 18 years and told us that they would buy railroad tickets for us and help us escape.

They sent for a Doctor to dress Sgt COBBS wounds and then the police came to fix papers for us but for some reason this part of the plan fell through.

We were given different clothing to wear and on the night of the day we had met LOUIS FORTIER he and another Frenchman took us by train to FOIX. We were not travelling with identity cards.

We changed train in TOULOUSE and for some reason, at a small stop about half-a-mile south of TOULOUSE, we got off the train, walked across the tracks to a cafe, sat in the cafe about two hours, and caught the next train that came through going to FOIX.

In FOIX we were taken to a hotel-cafe and while we were eating, M. FORTIER left us with his friend and was gone about two hours. When he returned we were taken upstairs and told to rest because we would not be there long.

We had arrived in FOIX about 1600 hours and at 2000 hours M. FORTIER brought shoes to us and took us to a house in FOIX where we were turned over to a guide. We tried to give M. FORTIER the money we had left from our escape Purse but he refused it and told us that he had spent 20,000 francs on us and we were to give his name to the American Embassy when we arrived in SPAIN.

We walked into ANDORRA four days later. Three-fourth's of the trip was made through snow covered mountains.

In Andorra we were taken to the radio shop of a hotel. A young doctor came to examine us and then we were taken upstairs to a room. We were in bed for three days and nights, with a man in an adjoining room taking care of us. Four men came to see us and one of them asked if we had any money. We gave him our 1700 francs and he brought back to us - 100 pesetas. A tall, blond-haired man seemed to be arranging the rest of our trip and we followed him into a bus which took us through the border control where we signed a paper giving our nationality and military occupation. The blond-haired man arranged with a Spaniard to take us to the British Embassy in BARCELONA where our trip to UK was arranged.

R.R.M.

JJN

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

APPENDIX C.

E & E Report No 373, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Joseph SHANDOR, S/Sgt, 13083478, 350 Sqdn - 100 Group

Date of interview: 5 February 1944.

I was amember of an aircraft that crashlanded south of CAEN, 4 October 1943. With two members of my crew, Sgt EDWARDS and Sgt CRIPPEN, I walked to ONDEFONTAINE before finding help. One of our helpers was an ONDEFONTAINE gendarme and the other was JULIAN FARVE, a schoolteacher in the same village.

We were living in the schoolteacher's house when Mme WEBBER came to question us. She is supposed to be working for an English Colonel. Her husband is in the Free French Forces in LONDON. She lived in VILLERS-BOCAGE. JULIAN was not very friendly to her at first because he didn't know her and did not trust her.

For a few days we stayed with M. CLERC in AUNAY but JULIAN thought he talked too much so we were moved to M. LE GRAND's before going back to stay with JULIAN.

JULIAN got tired of Mme WEBBER putting us off all the time with stories of imminent departure. He went to the Chief of Resistance in CAEN and a few days later we were visited by Captain LEON GILL. He told us that he was taking care of Lt PHILLIPE and Lt TRENT, of our crew. We were to leave in a few days with an English Captain TUTSOK?.

We waited seven days. M. LEGRAND went to CAEN to get clothing and identity cards. He told us, after his return, that Lt PHILLIPE, SGT CRIPPEN AND I were to depart the next day.

We were taken to CAEN in a car. At Captain Gill's apartment we picked up another guide and were taken to a hotel across from the marshalling yards in CAEN. Captain GILL questioned us again while we were in the hotel. He seemed angry that we had left our French money with JULIAN. Before we left for PARIS with a lady, his assistant, he gave each of us 1000 francs.

In PARIS we were taken to a house in the outskirts. After spending the afternoon in this house we went back into PARIS and met Captain Gill and his assistant on the station platform. Gill said that his plans had fallen through because the Head of the Organisation had been caught when convoying two American officers in the subway. One of the Americans had stepped on a woman's foot and was overheard by a German when he turned to the woman to say he was 'sorry'. The German picked all three of them up at the same time.

Gill's next plan was to take us south himself.

Each of us got in a separate compartment in the train, our identity cards were checked the next morning before we alighted at CULOZ. We caught an electric train in CULOZ, met an English-speaking, young Frenchman and rode this train to a boarding house. I don't know exactly where were after the second train ride. Capt Gill wrote a statement for us to sign - it said that in every thing he had done for us he had been on his own and would be shot if caught. We signed. GILL turned us over to a M. TROMBONE. We were taken by truck to LA CLUSE? and from there walked to a farmhouse headquarters of the MAQUI organisation. We met a French Captain who was the chief in this rea. He was 5'6" tall, weighed 135 lbs, had gray hair, was quietspoken and about 40 years of age. We were moved about three dayslater because a German agent had found his way into the organisation. We knew this agent had been shot because we were shown hisbody. At the new farmhouse, Sgt EDWARDS, Lt TRENT, an RAF Mosquito crew-Simpson and Walker, and WOLINGHAM,(USAAF) joined us from CAEN.

On 10 January an order came through four of us to be moved. Sgt EDWARDS, Sgt CRIPPEN, Lt PHILLIPE and I were taken by truck into a small village and turned over to a guide named JOHN. He took us to LYONS. JULES met us and took us to his apartment.

We were outfitted with new clothing in an Organisation clothing store. While we were in the store we saw the Gestapo drive up to a nearby Jewish store, drag the proprietor into the street and shoot him.

The day we left, Mme ANNIE, Jules' secretary, took me to meet JOHN. Mme Annie took charge of LTS PITNER and PLISCHKE and I went with JOHN to pick up Sgt SKIDMORE (RAF). When we got to the train, Jules met us and had us scatter into different apartments.

JOHN, SKIDMORE and I got off the train at BRAM. The others were to continue to TOULOUSE and we were all to meet in LAVALANET.

We travelled from BRAM to LAVALANET by train. A French gendarme checked our identity cards and asked SKIDMORE some questions, but JOHN handled the situation.

At the hotel in LAVALANET we waited for JULES. Mme ANNIE arrived with Lts PITNER AND PLISCHKE. When JULES had failed to meet her, as prearranged, at the small village bus station she was worried because JULES had always been very prompt.

At the end of two days JULES still had not arrived and we assumed he had been caught with Sgts EDWARDS AND CRIPPEN and Lt PHILLIPE. In the meantime COLLETTE arrived from PARIS convoying Sgt GRIFFITH (RAF) and Sgt HAMMOCK (USAAF).

We were to have been a party of 17 but only six had reached LAVALANET. MADAME ANNIE and JOHN went back to LYONS to see what had happened to JULES. We expected them back but they did not return. Arrangements had been made already for our guides so we left approximately 16 January to cross into ANDORRA. My story from here is the same as LTS PITNER and PLISCHKE (E and E Reports no. 376-377).

JFW.

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P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

E & E Report No 374, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Thomas F MEZYNSKI, S/Sgt, 33267030, 100 Group

Date of interview: 7 February 1944

My story is the same as Sgts HAARUP and GILES (E&E nos 333-334) until we reached PARIS. We were together there five weeks and then Mme GENEVIEVE took me to Mme BOY, 9 Crescent St. I was there six or seven days and then on Sunday night before Christmas a French boy with Lt HERRICK (381) came to take me to the train. I met Lt LAWS (362) at the station and was with him from there on.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

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Military Intelligence Service

APPENDIX C

E & E Report No 375-376, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: 375. Jean B. PITNER, 2d Lt, 0-686490, 349 Sq - 100 Grp
376. Arno E. PLISCHKE, 2d Lt, 0-750254, " "

Date of interview: 6 February 1944

We were members of an aircraft shot down southwest of BEAUVAIS, 26 November 1943.

LT PITNER: With the help of a young boy I hid in a woods during the first day and in the evening was put in touch with two Frenchmen, ANDRE and GILBERT. They took me by car to AUNEIL, where we stopped at the last house on the road leading west out of the town. It was M. LA FLEUR's home. He and his wife are ex-schoolteachers. A son-in-law of GILBERT's, M.ROGET, helped take care of me. While I was here Sgt KING from my crew joined me. Later Lt PLISCHKE arrived.

LT PLISCHKE: After dark on the first day after I had tried unsuccessfully to get help in a small village, I approached some people walking along a road and was told to follow them to their destination. These people were a 23-yearold boy, his mother and father. They were making a visit to the boy's grandmother. They decided it was not safe for me to stay at the grandmother's so two neighbor boys took me to one of their homes. This was ANDRE RABOUR of LORMENTEAU.

They called in an English-speaking padre to talk to me. I had been wary of talking to him but the boys assured me it was all right because the padre had helped other evaders. The padre told me I would leave France by plane in about a week. He asked me for escape photographs. I had one to give him.

A Mme ELIE-POUILLY was called in. She spoke fluent English, had worked for an English family at their country house in northern France and, though she was not a member of the organisation, she was very helpful. In the meantime the padre had taken a trip to make some arrangments for my evacuation. He said I could not be moved for seven or more days.

On 30 November GILBERT THIBAULT, head of an Organisation in AUNEIL, lawyer and insurance broker, came to see me. He had brought a doctor with him and I was taken to GILBERT's house in AUNEIL where I joined Lt PITNER and Sgt KING.

My identity card had been made in BEAUVAIS and was given to me by the padre before I left LORMANTEAU.

LT PITNER AND LT PLISCHKE:

On 2 December GILBERT drove us (Sgt KING is with us to PARIS) into PARIS. In the outskirts we left the car and rode the metro to our destination. We had a rendezvous at the apartment of Mme VASSEUR, a chemist who owns a pharmacy in PARIS. A Mme SCHMITT took us to her apartment at 87 Place Rochechouart. Sgt KING was taken to another house. We stayed with Mme SCHMITT until 17 December. There was some difficulty about getting in touch with an evacuation organisation because the one we were supposed to go with had broken up when the Chief had been picked up in the subway with some evaders.

GILBERT was still helping us and we think he made our final arrangements. We met PIERRE and MADELEINE (man and wife). PIERRE is a vetinarian with a practice in BRITTANY. He had returned to Brittany but MADELEINE had remained in PARIS. PIERRE was about 5'9" tall, light complexion, heavy set, 160 pounds, had thin brown hair. MADELEINE weighed about 150 pounds, was distinguished and tall for a woman, always impeccably dressed and had black hair.

On 17 December MADELEINE took us by train to JULES apartment in LYONS. JOHN, a guide working for JULES, took charge of us. We heard that Sgt KING was in LYONS at another apartment. We stayed with ROGER and MARCELLE THOMAS until 6 January. We met a M and Mme BONNAMORE in LYONS. Mme BONNAMORE is the daughter of GORDON B. BOWERS,

who is connected with Barclay's bank on Baker St, LONDON. She sent a message to her father stating that everything was all right and that there was another son in the family. She wanted her father to know that she had sold some property belonging to him for 1,300,000 francs. She wanted him to send a message through the Red Cross saying that everything was satisfactory.

In LYONS all orders were given by JULES.

We left 6 January for LAVALANET. In the party were Lt PHILLIPE, Sgt EDWARDS, Sgt CRIPPEN, Sgt SHANDOR, Sgt SKIDMORE (RAF) and Sgt GRIFFITH (RAF). JOHN escorted GRIFFITH, SHANDOR, and SKIDMORE; they left the train at BRAM to proceed by another route. The rest of us went through TOULOUSE to PARMIER where we split into two groups to wait for a bus to LAVALANET.

JULES took PHILLIPE, EDWARDS and CRIPPEN to have lunch at one hotel and Mme ANNIE (Jules' Secretary) took us to another hotel. When we arrived at the bus later that day JULES and his party did not show up. Mme ANNIE was worried because JULES never missed an appointment but she took us on to a hotel in LAVALANET to wait for JULES. At the hotel we rejoined JOHN and his party.

The next day Mme ANNIE and JOHN returned to LYONS to find out what they could about JULES. They did not return.

In the meantime MADELEINE arrived from PARIS with SGT HAMMOCK (USAAF).

JEANETTE was expected to arrive from PARIS with two evaders named HARVEY and NORMAN but she never showed up.

MADELEINE was anxious and worried and wanted to get back to PARIS. She made arrangements with guides and on 14 January, with six in our party, we walked over the PYRENEES to the Hotel COMA in ORINO.

We stayed there until 20 January. A British Intelligence contact from the Embassy in BARCELONA arranged our trip into SPAIN and to BARCELONA where Mr. BEAUMONT of the British Embassy took charge of us, arranged our trip back to UK.

JFW.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

APPENDIX C

E & E Report No 377, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Verdis B PRYOR, Sgt, 39085856
359 Sqdn- 303 Group

Date of interview: MIA: 31 August 1943 INTERVIEWED: 6 February 1944

I was shot down near ALTAMONT, FRANCE. I walked from there through PARIS to VIERZON, receiving help from farmers en route.

In VIERZON, after I had waded the river to avoid the German control over the main bridge crossing this river at VIERZON, I went into a cafe about two blocks from the bridge and on the main highway - N20.

A woman, owner of the cafe, took me in and put me to bed because I had a temperature. Her son, ROBERT BLIN, told me he had wired to PARIS for a friend of theirs to come down and talk to me. I was sick for a long time and before I got up M. MORELL, friend of the BLIN family, came to see me. He seemed to travel around a great deal and I understood that he had been to SPAIN several times since the fall of FRANCE. He was not connected with an organisation.

I questioned ROBERT about MORELL a lot but did not learn much. Apparently he had a lot of money and was the owner of serveral houses of prostitution in PARIS. MORELL was of the opinion that I could ride the train south after the Line of Demarcation was removed and there was no longer any spot-checking on the trains. I could not get ROBERT and his family to do much about getting me away; most of the time they tried to persuade me to wait for the invasion.

The German control on the Line of Demarcation was removed at the end of October. From where the BLIN's lived I could see the sentry houses and was watching on the day the Germans packed up and left. After that I went into VIERZON often with ROBERT.

When it became obvious that I would not get to SPAIN if I waited for ROBERT to do something for me I began working on M. MORELL. I learned that he had a brother in NARBONNE who is an engineer on the railway line running from FRANCE into SPAIN. Finally I persuaded MORELL to take me to NARBONNE to visit his brother.

MORELL went down once before taking me,to see if identity cards were being checked. When he returned he said it would be clear sailing to NARBONNE and that we would leave 5 December.

MORELL was delayed in PARIS but on 18 December we rode to NARBONNE on the train. There was no check of any sort and the trip was uneventful. MORELL's brother in NARBONNE turned out to be a brother-in-law but he proved to be friendly and helpful. I learned after we had arrived in NARBONNE that there is a train control on identity cards when travelling south as MORELL and I had done but it is held chiefly in the first class carriages and we rode third class.

MORELL's brother-in-law made one trip to PORT BOU before taking me to check on where the Germans examined the train for stowaways.

On 21 December We left NARBONNE at 1230 hours. I rode in the cab of the train as far as CERBERE and then crawled into the water tank. The hatch was closed on me. I was not to speak unless my name were called out. I stayed in the water hatch until we got to PORT BOU, SPAIN.

MORELL's brother-in-law had a friend there, a railroad man, who met the train and put me aboard a freight train that was leaving for BARCELONA. The brakeman on the freight train knew about me because he came by to close the freight doors and left mine opened enough for me to get some air.

In the outskirtts of the train yards in BARCELONA I jumped off the train when it slowed down and walked into the town on a main highway. I wandered around until 0900 hours and then got in a taxi . When I said American Consulate the taxi-driver got very angry and ousted me. I went to a cafe and tried to get the owner to call the American Consul for me. A customer overheard my explanations, gave me the necessary fare and told me how to get there. Mr. Forsythe of the American Consulate took care of me then.

JFW.

19.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
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Military Intelligence Service

E & E Reports No. 378-379, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Robert C GILCHRIST, 2d Lt, 0743442, 412 Sq, 95 Bomb Gp (H)
Paul E GREGORY, 2d Lt, 0735954, 412 Bomb Sq, 95 Bomb Gp (H)
Date of interview: 5 February 1944

Lt GILCHRIST:

On 30 November 1943 I landed west of NEER. One of the men who guided me through the woods was named HANS. He took me to a hole in the ground, hid me, and covered me with a few boards. At dark he took me to his house about 500 yards away. He had been a scout in the Netherlands army. He is about 5' 7" tall, weighs about 140 lbs, is about 26, is blond with a thin face and wide mouth. At his house I received civilian clothes.

About 2000 we walked about 20 minutes to a priest in a tiny village. Everyone seems to call this priest the chief. He was supposed to have about six boys working for him, all of them on the loose from working for the Germans. He had a servant named ELISABETH. I stayed two nights at the rectory there, a brick rectory of 3½ floors. I was in the ½ floor which seemed to have been prepared for the purpose for which I was using it. Some books covered a hole just big enough to hide in.

I bicycled from there with two of the priest's boys to another rectory and stayed with another priest. This one spoke English very well. He asked me my crew members names. When I gave them, he said that he had GILCHRIST, McDERMOTT, GOTTLIEB, HIGGINS, APPLEBY, and GREGORY. He said that he thought that HYATT and HENSLER were prisoners and that LOHMANN was in safe hands, but he had not seen him. He said that two men had landed in a river---apparently HYATT and LOHMANN. The Germans got one, the former, and his friends got the other, the latter.. In the early evening he brought in GREGORY and an Englishman named McINTOSH.

Lt GREGORY:

On 30 November 1943 I landed very close to NEER in Holland. The man who told me to follow him ran me about ½ mile to a barnyard. Two men were there. I put on an overcoat and followed one of the men at 100 m. He led me to a mill about ½ mile from town. There a lady took me to a bed room and gave me her husband's clothes. I was taken to the barnyard and hid in a whole covered by a pile of rubbish. In half an hour or so someone who was also hiding out from the Germans came and talked to me. I was in the house that night. The man who had given me the overcoat came to talk to me. He seemed to be the head of the organization. He was a man about 5' 7" tall, weighing about 185 lbs, with dark skin and black hair. He brought over a Canadian named McINTOSH who had been down for about three weeks.

On the third night I went to the farm where the husky fellow who was supposed to be the leader lived. McINTOSH was staying with him. A policeman took us in his car about a 20 minute ride to the rectory where GILCHRIST was staying. I spent the night at the house of a man about a block away. McINTOSH stayed at another house.

Lts GILCHRIST and GREGORY:

About 0830 we were packed into a police car with APPLEBY, McDERMOTT, and HIGGINS and went about a ½ hour ride to WEERT. We stayed with a man 25-26 who is in charge of land reclamation in the area. Another young man who is a radio operator was there. We went to a restaurant about 1700. GILCREASE, GOTTLIEB, and McINTOSH were brought there. That night all of us went to the border in a milk truck with a Netherlands policeman. We went to a very small village near the border to a house which looked like a deserted lunch diner.

This group seemed to use police uniforms at will. If any Germans stopped them, they would say that they were going to a police station, did the Germans want to go along. Generally the Germans did not go. If they did, they were bumped off.

At the house which looked like a diner was a boy about [illegible] who spoke fair English, a woman, and a couple of children. GREGORY, HIGGINS, and GILCHRIST left the others there and have not seen them since. We rode on bicycles about 7 km or 45 minutes with three escorts, all in police uniforms and all armed. We went to [illegible] a guarded gate, turned off on a side road, walked about a mile, and met two Belgians, one of them in Belgian uniform and obviously a soldier of the last war. They took us a short distance to a house where Lt FRY (E&E 360) and an RAF man JOHNSON had stayed. There we spent the night. A man, wife, and some children whom we did not see lived there in a very nice three storied modern house.

The next afternoon we bicycled to OVERPELT with the old soldier. We met a tall slender ghaunt man about 40. GREGORY and HIGGINS stayed with a grandmother, three men from 25 to 35, and a little girl 7. GILCHRIST stayed about a block away with F/O SHEEHAN (E&E 340). His host had a wife and a 200lb daughter named ALDA. They were in these quarters for three nights. We received passports with other peoples' pictures.

We met a man who was apparently the leader of the district. He was supposed to be in the Belgian army, but we saw him in civilian clothes. He gave us some number which Sgt HIGGINS has, since he was the only one to whom the leader would talk about this subject. I think the number was 111, but I am not sure. This chief thought that we were going to Switzerland, and so did the other people whom we met in the town. A Canadian, a New Zealander named TONY, and an English tail gunner were supposed to be in the town. Both this chief and his wife seemed to be in the escape business. This chief was a sharp featured man about 40, about 5' 6" tall, of medium build and with slick black hair. He took all of our money and gave us 100 Belgian francs and gave us tickets to ANTWERP.

The man with whom GREGORY was staying and the ghaunt man took us to NEARPELT. We understood that SHEEHAN had left the day before. The chief and his wife were on the train. At ANTWERP we met GUSTAF. He took us by trolley to the cafe The SWAN, 41 Klapdort, owned by MARCEL MAES, a fat man about 50 with a handle bar moustache. He made us memorize the address. We stayed there three days. We were told that they were holding us until they eliminated a man in BRUSSELS. MAES has guns hidden and is just waiting for the invasion. He told us how the White Brigade had drawn guns from a German arsenal, pulling up in a German truck andposing as Germans.

Higgins left the day before we did with a small bald headed hook nosed man.

On 11 December we were taken to BRUSSELS by electric train and were met by a little man with very thick glasses. A very tiny girl came and took us to a home on the outskirts of the city. I understood that he father was in a German prison camp. In a three storied home we went to the apartment of a youngman and wife. The man is a photographer. [illegible] We were then taken to the home of JACQUES DUBRYUN, 135 Rue de Confedere. He lived with his mother. His father had been a captain in the last war and had been killed. They had a maid in the house.

That evening HENRI MALFAIT took GREGORY to his place on the other side of the city. MALFAIT is about 5' 11" tall, about 22 years old, very slender, with black straight hair and an olive complexion. He was supposed to do clerical work. He was studying on the side all the time.

Lt GILCHRIST: I thought that DEBRYUN was third in command of the group in BRUSSELS. I understood that his group issued LIBRE BELGIQUE and also the fake edition of the SOIR. I think that numbers one and two in command visited the house while I was there. No 2 is blond, almost bald, about 5' 8" tall, 155 lbs, and 37 years old. He has a prominent nose. No 1 man is about 6' 1" tall with an olive complexion and dark hair. He wears big horn rimmed glasses when he reads. He is a heavy set man of 40 or 42.

While I was at the house the little girl brought an Englishman and an American in and then took them elsewhere. Her job seemed to be to bring people in and then to distribute them elsewhere. In the time that I was there she brought in about 20 men. She brought in Sgt NIELD (E&E 392) and two of his crew members and put them up with an electrical engineer who lived a few blocks away. She brought in the Canadians, an Englishman named HILL and another Englishman, and a Canadian with a flak wound.

A short man with a crooked nose and jet black hair used to go back and forth to Paris every three days. He seemed to be a general courier.

The second in command seemed to give out money.

I understood that every available House this group had was full.

An Englishman PATRICK LARNY came in and was in a tremendous rush to get out. He said that he was a British Intelligence Officer and had to clear from occupied territory by 25 December. He said that he was the son of a former Foreign Office member. The people in the organization were very annoyed by him, so much so that Mme DUBRYUN said that she would never keep another Englishman again. JACQUES assured her that she would, but they all seemed annoyed at this man's attitude. We were annoyed because he came in after us and went out before we did. He stayed with the electrical engineer.

Lts GILCHRIST and GREGORY:

Mme DUBRYUN took GILCHRIST to the station, and JACQUES took GREGORY. We met the Paris courier, took a train at 2000, changed, and took a local to a place near the border.

HEADQUARTERS
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no change
300

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

E & E Report No _____, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.:

Date of interview: s s 378-379 page 3

Robert C GILCHRIST
Paul E GREGORY

A little old man met us and took us to the house of a heavy set old man. JACQUES came this far in our journey with us. We slept about four hours. Then we walked to the border with the courier and the big heavy set man. We walked right through the gate.

We had received French identity papers in Brussels; here we turned in our Belgian papers.

We went to a little railroad station, took a train about 0600, changed once to go around a train wreck, and arrived in Paris about 1500 on 4 January 1944. We went to a place on the first floor of a tremendous apartment house. We met a heavy set sandy haired fellow with thinning hair, about 5' 8" tall, pretty rugged, about 175 lbs, about 35 years old. (Evidently CASHBOX). With him was a slender brunette fellow who fixed us up with identity papers in about 15 minutes.

A peroxide blond about 5' tall and about 40, with heavy glasses, took us to some dress making establishment. Another peroxide blond, a woman about 35 who had been married to an American and to an English marine officer took GREGORY to an apartment on the top floor of a building where a man and wife and small son about 4 years old lived. The couple were gone all day. They had a housekeeper.

Lt GILCHRIST:

I left Paris the day that I arrived. (CASHBOX) took me to a cafe and turned me over to a little lady with a short haired coat worn under a regular coat. We went someplace for a couple of drinks, walked along the river, met CASHBOX, his helper, and an English fellow named IAN. We had dinner and took a 2200 train to BORDEAUX. We were met by a tall thin chap about 24 with straight black hair and a sallow complexion. Another lady had two more Americans on the train: ALUKONIS (E&E 321) and LINDSAY (E&E 389). The little lady took a 1400 train back to Paris.

IAN and I went to a cafe and then took a train to DAX; we changed and went to BAYONNE instead. Papers were checked on the train but not on our side. When we got off the train we met a very nice looking young fellow about 5' 10" tall with brown hair. Before we were out of the turnstile he was asking in English, "Do you ride a bicycle." I thought we were going to be picked up at any moment. We rode to a house over a restaurant.

The next afternoon we started off with a woman and the tall slender boy who had brought us from BORDEAUX. We met a gendarme, and I think he was given some money. We went up a big hill on bicycles, met two guides, watched a woman bay them in 500 peseta bills---eight of them, I think---, and walked to a farmhouse just over the border, reaching Spain on 6 January 1944.

When we were walking from here, we got separated from the guides, when some soldiers started shooting. I finally got into the hands of the soldiers, was interviewed by a captain and lieutenant, and told them that I was an escaper. They seemed to have heard this story before. I went to Pamplona and on to Saragossa, Albama, Madrid, Gibraltar, Maraleeh, and Prestwick.

Lt GREGORY:

SHEEHAN came in the night before I left and also FRANK HILL, Fred WILLIAMS (RAF), and Sgt NIELD (E&E 392). The next day a very small woman about the size of the woman

in Brussels took SHEEHAN and me. She was about 4' 8" tall, about 27-28, with brown hair parted on one side, dressed in black cloth coat and felt hat. Someone else took NIELD and WILLIAMS. We saw (CASHBOX) agains and went to BORDEAUX, 4' 8" with us. The next morning two men met us, both very young, and one quite tall. We were told to take a good look at the tall once since we would seehim later.

For the rest of my journey see F/O SHEEHAN's report, E&E 340. We were fired at near the border. I arrived in Spain on 10 January 1944.

When the civil guards got hold of me, a sergeant asked me whether we were evaders or escapers.. The last night that I was at ERDAX two Frenchmen asked me a lot of questions about my journey. When we were at IRUN one of these men tried to overhear our conversations. We told the consul, Mr WANNEMAKER, about these two men.

Compiled by Approved by

11.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 380, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Paul H McCONNELL, 2d Lt, 0796562, 533 Bomb Sq, 381 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 5-6 February 1944

On 4 Jul 43 I landed south east of La FERRIERE. I walked to L'ETOILE in the Foret d'ANDAINE. The man who followed me was a charcoal burner. I walked past a man working with a saw. In the building to which I was led - a sort of forest company station - a French Red Cross lady came to talk to me. She brought me a bicycle and some civilian clothes and took me to L'HERMITAGE. There the woman of the house put me to bed. The man of the house I knew later as "PEPIN". He was a tall man about 41, a peasant type, long arms, wavy, sandy, unruly hair.

M Andre ROUGERON, who spoke English like an American, came to talk to me and said that he would help me. PEPIN took me on a motorcycle to DOMFRONT. We parked in a garage near a bar and walked to M ROUGERON's home, Le Chalet de la Rocque. Two French girls met us at the gate: a maid and a girl from Paris.

I understood that the day that we were shot down ROUGERON organised search parties to pick us up and gave food and wine to the gendarmes so that they would not interfere with us. He managed to locate six of us. I understood that Lt CARAH and Sgt LANE were in the hospital and that Lt CARAH had to have an arm amputated, but it might have been Sgt GRONSTAL who had to have the arm amputated. Arrangements were being made to get these men out of the hospital. The man who picked up Sgt GRONSTAL arranged for LANE's release from the hospital. I knew that Lt BALLINGER (E&E 248) and Sgt OWENS were in safe hands. Sgt HOWELL (E&E 328) was the last whom ROUGERON located, and it took him five or six days to find out where he was.

M ROUGERON is a little man with red hair and a round face, about 45 years old, a French sergeant pilot in the last war who taught some Americans to fly. I think that he helped in sabotage work but was not a member of a regular organisation for passing on airmen. His father is professor of English in the university at DOMFRONT, and the family seems to be very wealthy, owning a lot of land in the area. M ROUGERON wanted me to report that arms, ammunition, parachutists, etc., could be dropped at L'HERMITAGE if he were first notified by the following radio message delivered on three successive days: PAUL THANKS ANDRE, GEORGE, AND LOUIS. Furthermore, ROUGERON can be approached for work in connection with passing on airmen; the operative who approaches him should use the formula: EDNA SENT ME. (Edna is McCONNELL's wife). While I was at DOMFRONT a man was supposed to be in the area spotting places for air operations in connection with British planes.

ROUGERON brought a short, heavy set dark haired man about 45 years old. This man wanted one of my dog tags and said that he would do everything in his power to get me out. He was very nervous and seemed to me to be trying to act important.

After five or six days Sgt HOWELL was brought to ROUGERON's place, and I moved out to ROUGERON's aunt's house next to the house in which his father lived. The German Commandant of the town lived with his father. The aunt was Mme Le FEBVRE. Her husband, who had been a major in the medical corps, was dead.

I met a bar tender and a heavy set man in his 40's, with a black moustache, a mechanic who was not in any organisation I believe. I met a young man who had

introduced ROUGERON to the man who had seen me and asked for a dog tag. The young man was 25-28 and about 5' 9" tall.

I understood that ROUGERON had made contact with a French intelligence man who gave him some ration tickets for us and said that if nothing happened in 30 days he would move us. I met a cognac manufacturer from FLERS, a man with glasses and a red face, in his 40's, who was supposed to have arranged things with a Paris organisation, but the day we were supposed to move to Paris nothing happened. We were unhappy and angry. The next day the man came and explained that he had not come the previous day because the railway tracks had been blown. A woman who was a nurse, a short, sandy haired, anemic man - her husband - who spoke English, and "The Chief" came out from Paris for us with the cognac manufacturer. "The Chief" wore dark glasses, was about 5' 9" tall, 38-40 years old, with dark wavy hair. We all went to old Prof ROUGERON's house and then on to FLERS.

I understood that BALLINGER and OWENS were with PEPIN and were to follow us at the place where we had stayed. For a time they were going to leave with us, but then it became too complicated to handle so many at once. They had been told that we had already left some time ago. I thought that GRONSTAL and LANE were to follow them.

At the cognac manufacturer's house in FLERS "The Chief" asked me to write out what had happened to our plane from the time that we left formation. This is the report to which BALLINGER refers. The Chief said that he was going to radio the information back to London. Here at this house I received identity papers. I think we got them through some man who had already helped HOWELL.

The three guides from Paris, HOWELL, and I took a 2200 train from FLERS for PARIS, going by way of Le MANS and arriving about 0800 the next morning. The sandy haired man got off the train before we reached Paris. I understood that he was going to pick up Lt LINDSAY (E&E 389). His wife and The Chief stayed with us; she dropped out in the Metro and the man took us to an apartment where we met a man who spoke little English and an older woman who was his cook. The Chief left. I understood that both he and the other man had 1,000,000 francs on their head. The man of the apartment took us that evening to a boulevard where we met two men, one of them a plain-clothes policeman about 20, 5' 9", and medium build. (Note variance with HOWELL, E&E 328, who thinks he stayed at the apartment all night). The other man was a doctor, a captain in the organisation, about 24 years old.

These two men took us to DRANCY to MAURICE's bar. We stayed in a sort of hotel over the bar and ate at places around. I think the bar was under the name of the woman who lived with MAURICE, Mme BETT. At that time Lt DOUGHERTY was staying with the butcher, PIERRE LEFEBVRE. We ate at a cheese merchant's and a grain dealer's.

After two or three days we went to the home of a tiny butcher with a squirrel face, a black haired man who used to be a feather-weight champion of France. From there we went in a day or so to PIERRE LEFEBVRE at PANTIN. We learned that we would leave in a week, but nothing happened. One night SHEETS (E&E 394) and HEALD (E&E 357) were brought in, by MAURICE and the doctor-captain I thought. I heard that we had not left because 20,000 francs were needed to move us. About 9 October HINOTE (E&E 383) stumbled into GALLO's barbershop. Mme Le CHEVALIER, who ran a bar in les PAVILLONS, and I went over to check up on HINOTE. He was telling pretty contradictory stories, and we were dubious that he had walked into Paris on his own.

We kept getting the "Demain, peut-etre" story. In addition to the people already mentioned I met Mme Le CHEVALIER's husband, barmaid, and niece. A man named MARCEL who lived on the corner of PIERRE's block gave us wine. I went out on occasional drinking sprees with PIERRE and to the neighborhood theater occasionally. I met the Chief of Police of les PAVILLONS and a gendarme. I met Mme LEFEBVRE's son and daughter. HOWELL was operated on by a short surgeon in the middle 20's, a man with sandy wavy hair. With him was a nice looking nurse with black hair, brown eyes, and a good figure. He was assisted by the captain-doctor.

PIERRE LEFEBVRE found out that 14 Americans were supposed to be at LIVRY or SEVRAN. They were supposed to have jobs driving trucks and were being paid by the Germans who thought they were French. PIERRE tried to get in touch with them, but I know no further details.

At Mme Le CHEVALIER's one night I met a Chief and his wife; he said that he would help us out. He was about 5' 9" tall, about 40, with black rather sparse hair. I think it was from him that I heard that pilots and radio operators were being sent out of France first.

E & E Report No 380

Paul H McCONNELL

In the latter part of October MAURICE informed us that we were leaving. We went to MAURICE's bar, ate dinner, and before a whole crowd of Frenchmen drank a toast to leaving. I never saw MAURICE after that night. He was a good man and seemed to be in charge of resistance activities in that section, but I do not think that he had any regular connections for passing on airmen. I had the impression that MAURICE took orders about resistance activities from a chief whom I never saw.

At MAURICE's bar that night were two men who seemed the directors of the movement. One was a good looking young man, 24-25, wavy black hair, medium height, good build. He was apparently giving orders to MAURICE for the movement. With him was a very young man, light hair, light complexion, glasses, goatee, and moustache. DOUGHERTY and HEALD went with the first man, I thought, and TERRY and ARMSTRONG with the second. (E&E 358, 357, 382, 339) SHEETS and HINOTE went separately. HOWELL and I got separated from the guides but finally got into the train and stood up for the 15 hour ride to QUIMPER. We met JACQUES MORLAY and went to his house. There PIERRE, the dark haired man, the blond man, and FANFAN conferred. Apparently the group from Paris had planned to stay and see that the operation was successful, but they seemed to have decided that they could leave.

We left the MORLAY house by the back way, fearing a Gestapo raid. JACQUES met us near a bridge and took us to the house of a priest who I understood was a brother of JACQUES' mother. There I met a girl who spoke very good English, who was a student in Paris, and who wanted to become a professor in English. She was young, heavy, light hair, attractive teeth, not good looking. I understood that the boat operation was to be carried out on 4 Nov. At JACQUES' FANFAN had asked us for personal data which he wanted to radio to England. FANFAN was about 5' 6" tall, in 30's, spoke good English with an English accent, but I did not think that he was English. He wore a long leather coat, a French aviator's coat from the last war complete with epaulets. I understood that he was trying to move the operation to an earlier date, but the girl said that it would not take place until the fourth.

I met an instructor of English in the university of QUIMPER. He had been with the Australians for two years in the last war, a man about 45, sparse black greying hair, heavy build, medium height, pleasing personality. He seemed to be trying to do everything he could for us.

I thought the group in QUIMPER had got out in six days some Americans from the NANTES raid. I understood that MORLAY had carried out three fishing boat operations from the area.

I was told that the British navy had had an accident and could not carry out the operation planned. FANFAN had told me that this operation was for the RAF, and I think that the British checked up and found that there were only four of five British in the group. I understood that FANFAN had sent our names in as RAF men so that this question would not arise. FANFAN and his radio operator came over and took the six of us to MORLAY's house. In addition to the men already mentioned, LINDSAY, and MATTHEWS, an RAF man, were in on the operation. I understood that the whole thing was to cover 21 Americans, 5 British, and 20 French. I did not then see any of the other Americans, but a couple of them were with us later. At MORLAY's house we were standing by for instructions. FANFAN came in and told us that he had received orders for us to be dispersed. We were very angry and told FANFAN that the operation had not been carried out because the British had discovered that the operation was for only a few British and many Americans. He did nothing to change this conviction of ours. He said that he had tried to get hold of more British but had been able to get hold of four. These were Matthews, whom I have already mentioned, and three other RAF men whom we knew as Shorty, Max, and Tony. (Note: Lt McConnell sees nothing incongruous in sending in USAAF men as RAF, even though the only purpose of such reports is to check the details about the men. He is so bitter about the failure of this operation and so convinced of his explanation of the failure that the interviewer took the liberty of declaring to him that in these operations more USAAF men have been coming back than RAF. The only result, however, was that McConnell did not believe the interviewer).

FANFAN said that MATTHEWS would not be with us too long. I understood that he was going to England by airplane. I also understood that LINDSAY, who was with MATTHEWS

was going the same way until FANFAN discovered that he was an American.

We met guides in a famous church of QUIMPER and went back to Paris. I was with a short, black haired, tough Frenchman about 19 years old, a cadet in the tank corps. FANFAN was in the church.

In Paris we milled around in front of the station while FANFAN conferred with Mlle BOURGEOIS, whom we met here for the first time. With her was MARGUERITE; she took DOUGHERTY and me to meet a young girl who is a student instructor of Arabic in the university of Paris. The latter took us to the Bienvenu hotel in the Latin section. Another woman brought in LINDSAY and HOWELL. We were told that we would be there only a few days. They were trying to get us through to Spain, but we understood that there was still a chance of the boat operation, and we wanted to go that way. FANFAN and MORLAY told us that they would try again the following month and try and get a few of us back. We were willing to wait the month rather than cross the Pyrenees.

After five days Mlle BOURGEOIS came and told us that we were going to a "conditioning camp". Dougherty and I went with the tank corps cadet who had taken me to Paris. I think the Arabic student took the other two. We went to MARLES by train and walked about 8 km to a chateau La FORTELLE. I thought we were supposed to be there just 13 days until the moon was right for another boat operation. We were there three weeks and did not have any cigarettes, a deficiency which was pretty demoralizing for us. The place was unfurnished, cold, and pretty terrible.

LINDSAY, DOUGHERTY, HOWELL, ARMSTRONG, SHEETS, BAILEY, QUINN (E&E 384-385), and Shorty, Max, and Tony of the RAF were there. I think there were supposed to have been 18 there at one time. Various girls, most of them students, came to help out with the cooking. SUZANNE, a Belgian, a professor of French literature, was there and MARGUERITE, who was also known as REGINA.

We got so angry and so demoralized that the French sent out a man to soothe our feelings. This man spoke English almost too well; I thought that he was a Belgian. I understood that he had gone to some intelligence school in England for three months and among other things had learned how to spot air fields for special operations. He started to ask us some questions about IFF, and we became a little suspicious of him. He said that he wished we would have more patience. Some of the boys were getting ready to leave. He said he would have cigarettes sent out to us, and he seemed annoyed at Mlle BOURGEOIS because we had not had cigarettes.

About 20 to 25 men of the French resistance army moved into the chateau just before we left. They were under the command of a French cavalry lieutenant who spoke good English. He wanted to know whether we knew anything about ground guns and tactics. We did not, and we had nothing to do with this group.

DOUGHERTY, HINOTE, HOWELL, and I were about the last of the Americans to leave the chateau. SUZANNE took HOWELL and me by bus to MARLES and by train to Paris. In the Gare de l'Est we met PAUL, a young man about 5' 9" tall, light build, black wavy hair, dark complexion, a chap who is always smiling. He took HINOTE and me to a place which seemed to be a piano studio. (Note: There was considerable discussion among the Americans about who was going with whom. DOUGHERTY did not want to get "stuck" with McCONNELL and HINOTE did not want to go with him either. Discussion of these differences in public almost gave rise to an incident in which the whole group were picked up in the Metro). There we met Mlle BOURGEOIS, Mme FABRY (spelling questionable), and Mlle CHAMPIONS. Mme FABRY is a hatchet faced old witch about 5' 9" tall with curly black hair; she wears a black fur coat. Mlle CHAMPIONS is youngish and elegant, about 5' 6" tall. She has dyed brown hair - well done. Both spoke a little English, the latter not speaking it very well. One other American was at the studio. I thought at first that he was a Frenchman. I thought we were to go to TOULOUSE and on to Spain the next evening.

FABRY and CHAMPIONS took us to the latter's apartment not far from the Convention Metro stop. FABRY took HINOTE, but the people with whom he was supposed to stay had become too involved in their resistance activities - getting out newspapers, I thought - so that FABRY and some new girl brought him back. FABRY said we were supposed to leave in a couple of days. Later she came back and said that she did not know when we were going to leave. We became pretty angry. She used to talk slang to Mlle CHAMPIONS so that I would not understand her, and I did not like that. Once I caught the sentence that she did not like foreigners, but that she did like English. That was not generally the case with the people with whom I stayed; they seemed to hate the English and much to prefer Americans. (See note at conclusion in re McCONNELL). I thought she said that she was in the

activities in which she was just to help France. I did not think that she or Mlle CHAMPIONS received any money from an organisation.

In middle December, I understood from Mme FABRY, the Gestapo were on Mlle BOURGEOIS' trail, and she had to drop out of her work. I understood that she stayed in Paris, though. I thought that FABRY herself was on the run from the Gestapo. She told me about a Harry THOMPSON who seemed to be a favourite boy of hers. (Seems to refer to Harry BRUNDIGE-THOMPSON, Sgt, 10601006, 358 Bomb Sq, 303 Bomb Gp, MIA 4 July 1943. See E&E 63). He seemed to have fluent command of French. He also seemed to have been trying to make Mme FABRY's good looking daughter. The Germans came to search the house in which he was staying, looking for the son of the woman of the house. This son was apparently wanted for forced labour. THOMPSON was hiding under a bed, and it was obvious that he was going to be caught. He came out and declared to the searchers, "Je suis votre fils". They took him thinking that he was the son. Mme FABRY felt so strongly about THOMPSON because he had thus tried to give the woman of the house a chance to get away and also to warn others who might come to the house. For some reason his intentions were not realized, for the woman did not get away, and some other people were also caught. This incident was supposed to have taken place in the latter part of July. I understood at Gibraltar that there they knew something about this incident or the person involved. The civilian who interviewed me at Gibraltar said something about Burgogne, and I thought he was referring to a big explosion in Burgogne organisation. At any rate FABRY and her two daughters had been on the run ever since this incident.

I understood that about November the lines shifted from TOULOUSE. I understood that the lines were clogged by people coming from Italy; furthermore I thought that the Germans had caught a group coming down the line. I think that I had earlier heard this report from MAURICE and the captain-doctor friend of his.

I heard, in DOMFRONT as I recall, that 12 men had been shot in France because somebody in London did some talking. Thanks to this talking the Germans found where three car-loads of guns were stored. I think ROUGERON was the source of this information, and I understood that the slip had been from British intelligence.

I heard that three Americans walked into Paris in full uniform, walked up to a bar, and asked for three whiskeys. They were soon picked up. I understood that this took place in late September or early October, and I think that Pierre LEFEBVRE was the source.

Mme FABRY said that we were going to leave on 24 Dec. REGINA - Mlle MARGUERITE picked us up on Christmas Day and took us to the train for TOULOUSE about 1730. At the station I saw Shorty (the RAF chap) and LINDSAY, Tony, and Jake (apparently DALINSKY, E&E 342), and a Frenchman who was supposed to be a student pilot. He was guiding Jake. A short woman who spoke good English came up and said that she had just had a telegram that things were not good at TOULOUSE; consequently we could not leave. We were left up in the air. Some went to the home of one GILBERT; some went to a hotel. We went back to CHAMPIONS place, but Mlle was gone, and the door was locked. We went back down town, met a masculine woman with dark hair, glasses, and a screeching voice, and went with her to a home for the night. There we met an old woman with gray hair and her daughter about 25-30. The masculine woman took us to meet REGINA, and she took us back to Mlle CHAMPION. Then things died down; we thought that the line had collapsed.

Mlle SIMONE, who works in Mlle CHAMPIONS dress shop on the Rue de Raspille, used to come frequently. I thought a number of Americans were in and out of the shop, ARMSTRONG among them. She and Mlle CHAMPIONS used to take us out to dinner and to shows. SIMONE was married to an Alsatian. He had been taken P/W 20 days after they were married. He frequently tried to escape, and every time he made an attempt the Gestapo put the pressure on her. Lately there had been talk of putting him in the German army, a move which, it seems, would have made compulsory a divorce.

In late December or early January we were supposed to go meet another chief. We were getting annoyed at REGINA and FABRY's group, and they did not seem to have any money. SIMONE, a daughter of FABRY's, CHAMPIONS, HINOTE, and I went to a chief's house for an interview. We went to a fifth floor apartment and saw an old woman with a prominent nose, pinched mouth, dyed reddish brown hair, and screeching voice. She was business like and blunt. Mlle CHAMPIONS talked to her. She examined our identity papers and found that they were improperly stamped, an elementary error of stamping the wrong town with the given prefecture of police. We asked her about getting the six of us out. She said it would take 10,000 francs apiece; we said that we would see her in a few days.

By this time Mlle CHAMPIONS had quite a bit of confidence in me. She asked me my opinion of this woman, and I said that I did not trust her. This woman had said something about not working for Jews regardless of what they might pay her.

I told her that I did not think Mme FABRY was so good. I pointed out that she was pro-British. FABRY never impressed me; she was too much of a diplomat. CHAMPIONS, on the other hand, was straightforward; I felt that you could trust what she said.

CHAMPIONS told me that some organisations charged money to get into and then took people as far as TOULOUSE after which point they disappeared. I thought that Americans had also disappeared in this way.

I understood that one line for passing men out had broken because two men with 1,000,000 francs on their head went down the line and were sold out.

FABRY came in one day and said that SOBOLEWSKI (E&E 331) was safe in Spain. We were still waiting for contact.

Mlle CHAMPIONS and I had several discussions about getting together a really efficient organisation. She wanted me to work with her, and I liked the idea. We decided that the first thing to do was to get hold of food and clothing for Americans we would take care of. Then we would arrange lines out and guides. She knew that I had been with a resistance group earlier, so she and I went out to see them, visiting PIERRE LEFEBVRE, Mme Le CHEVALIER, and GALLO the barber. We got things arranged so that they could take care of six to ten Americans, giving them food and cigarettes. We did not see MAURICE. These people agreed to take orders from Mlle CHAMPIONS.

Just while we were getting these things organised there came a chance to go out by plane. Mme FABRY got in touch with a priest who lived on the Rue d'ASSAS. Mlle CHAMPIONS took us to her dress shop; there we met FABRY. She, it seemed, knew the chief in Paris of the Belgian line (evidently COMET). I am certain that she did not work under him. I understood that she knew him before from something that had happened to Burgogne. We went to the priest's place several storeys up in the building. FABRY talked to the priest, then we went in to see a sandy haired man (evidently CASHBOX) and another man. The latter man left. FABRY talked to the sandy haired man and then left. I thought the sandy haired man told the priest that he did not trust FABRY; he did not seem to realise that I understood French. The priest was 35-40, medium height, heavy, early middle age, had a few strands of black hair, graying at the temples. The sandy haired man asked a few questions about slang to check us and then said that we would leave in two days. I told him that I thought we were supposed to leave that night. He took us to a metro; there we met a little lady dressed in black, and she took us to a place near the Porte de Versailles.

I first heard of the Belgian organisation here in England when some men who were shot down over Belgium returned in a very short period of time. (McC thinks they came back by boat from Belgium). After we had been at QUIMPER and were at the chateau, I met some men who had been in Belgium and were very impressed by the Belgian organisation's efficiency. I also heard someplace that the Belgian organisation operated planes for return journeys.

I heard that there were 750 airmen in Paris in December. The doctor-captain told me in September that some 300 airmen were in Paris and in October between 400 and 500.

The man and wife of the apartment came in in the evening. I was angry because we were supposed to leave that night and because I had been hearing the story of tomorrow and tomorrow for so many months. I thought that FABRY had screwed us up again. I wrote a letter to Mlle CHAMPIONS and asked the man to take it to her. FABRY had just told CHAMPIONS that we had left when the man came in with my letter. She was angry because FABRY had lied to her. We arranged to meet on 11 Jan, a Sunday. Saturday HINOTE left but had to stay at another house because of an air raid. Mlle CHAMPIONS came over and talked about an hour. She said that if everything did not go all right, she would take me to PIERRE LEFEBVRE's and I could stay there as long as I wanted. They wanted me to stay on. I said that I would see what happened in the next five days.

That evening the little lady in black came, took me down town, and turned me over to a blond woman about 40 who had been married to an American marine and who spoke good English. She was with a brownish haired man about 5' 9" tall, with a strong face and a boil on the back of his neck. He was spoken of as FRANCO by the interrogator at Gibraltar. We took a 2100 train to BORDEAUX and went from there to DAX. I was with

HILL, an RAF man. We went on beyond DAX and were met by MAX, a good looking chap about 25 or 26, 5' 10" tall, thin, well built, brown hair. I walked with FRANCO.

We went through BAYONNE, met MAX, and rode on a bicycle to a hill where a woman with hair dyed red brought us some food. We met a Frenchman whom we called immediately Grand-Dad and who had apparently been called by that alias when he was in Belgium; he was apparently very important in the Belgian organization. With him was a redhaired man about 43 who had escaped from Berlin after being in prison for two years. I thought that the Belgian organization operated right over into Germany.

We met a guide; some of us walked and some bicycled. We slept that night in a barn. We left the following day about 1830. About 2200 we picked up two more guides and crossed the frontier about 0200. We had left the Belgian and Grand-dad at a house just inside the French border.

We arrived in Spain 12 January 1944.

I was in Irun, Saragossa, Alahama, Madrid, Gibraltar, Marakech, and Prestwick. At Gibraltar I was interrogated by a British civilian.

Note: When I went back to PIERRE's in December I heard that FANFAN, his radio operator, and Jacques MORLAY had been shot just after our visit to QUIMPER. I also heard that Mme MORLAY had been sent to Germany.

I understood that FANFAN was trying to get some other Americans out of Finisterre; I understood that there were around 40 or 50.

In Paris I heard that some 40 Americans who had been down since last February were around the Brest peninsula. The Germans knew the men were around, but not where they were. Apparently for this reason the men could not move.

Compiled by

D E EMERSON
1st Lt, AUS

Approved by

Interviewer's note: Lt McCONNELL has a mass of miscellaneous information, most of it second hand and unreliable. It is all reported as given.

He is personally a pretty strange individual. He has been down in France since 4 July 1943 and in his long stay seems to have lost a normal balance. At times he gives the impression of thinking of himself as an operative in the organizations for passing out airmen. He seems to be extremely bitter that his journey was so extended, and he seems to be particularly bitter about the failure of the operation at QUIMPER in early November. He explains this failure in terms of a British dislike of doing anything for American airmen. He is so violently anti-British that his feeling is almost pathological; he seems to express his bitterness in terms of his failure to be moved out of France earlier. He seems to have little realization of the gratitude he should have for getting back.

Insertion in text: Mlle CHAMPIONS was on the run from May to August. The Germans picked up a man who had her full address, and she was afraid that she was under suspicion.

I understood that she had been doing spy work in connection with the bombing of L'Orient.

I gave FRANCO one half of a 20 Franc note for him to give to Mlle CHAMPIONS so that she would know that I had reached Spain safely.

I was told to have the following message sent by BBC: PAUL ET GARY SONT BIEN ARRIVES.

SECRET - AMERICAN
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HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 384, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: John William HERRICK, 2d Lt, 0-799566
78th Fighter Group, 82d Fighter Sq
Date of interview: 6 February 1944

The man on the bicycle was old. He was the one who remained with me in the cafe. The man on foot was M. RAFE. He is much younger. He was driving the truck which picked me up on the streets of GARGES and drove me into PARIS.

We went to the apartment of M. ALCOUFFE, an electrician working for Ingersoll-Rand. He had already helped a dozen evaders. I stayed here until dark with the 16-year-old daughter, NICKI. I took off my coveralls and leather shoulder straps, and left them here. He gave me a coat. That night he took me to another apartment three blocks away. Two women and a man were here. Both women were nurses who had helped airmen before. The younger woman (5'6" tall, good figure, and hair pulled back in a knot), who spoke good English, produced some blank identity cards, and made one out for me. They were discussing having my picture taken, when I caught the drift of the conversation and produced my issued pictures. They were very pleased. My card was immediately completed and I was also given a travel permit. Then M. ALCOUFFE took me to stay with a man in another apartment twelve blocks away.

The next morning, 27 November, M. ALCOUFFE returned with civilian clothes and my uniform was wrapped into a package. I returned to the nurses' apartment. Here I spent the day alone, and then everyone plus some visitors were there at night.

I was then taken to the apartment of M. RENAUD on the Avenue GAMBETTA. It is a poor section. I was here until 5 December. I was never allowed out, but M. ALCOUFFE and M. RAFE were allowed in to visit. An English woman, married to a French actor, also visited. She had been released from prison because of her two small children, but still had to report to the police daily. She thought I would be more comfortable at her flat, but it was too dangerous. She was a tall thin blonde with nice clothes and a beautiful fur coat. The actor husband devotes most of his time to directing nowadays.

From 5 to 19 December I stayed with M. CHANFREAU. He and his daughter MARTHE work in the Banque de France. He gave me a suit of clothes. Mme (who is a secretary) and MARTHE (26 years old, a little on the heavy side, speaks good English and went to school in England) took turns coming home to get my lunch. M. LE GARREC was a frequent visitor. Once when a girl came to see MARTHE I spent the day with him. He gave me an overcoat. He is a secretary to the Minister of Finance and his wife is on the stage. CHANFREAU expected me to leave by boat or plane, but at the end of two weeks, we knew that I would go by Spain. During this time M. RAFE received an anonymous note threatening him because people thought that he had turned me in to the police.

On 19 December, a man, about 24 years old, came and took me to a rendezvous in front of a church near a college. There were seven Americans in this party (LAWS, E&E 362; QUINN, E&E 385; BAILEY, E&E 384; MEZYNSKI, E&E 374; DULBERG, E&E 390; and SHEETS, E&E 394). We took the Metro to the station. Our PARIS guide went all the way across the border with us and then went crazy and ran off. For this part of the journey see Lt LAWS, E&E 362.

It took us three hours to cross the mountains. On the second night Lt LAWS was left in the mountains and I went on. Three hours later he rejoined us. In the early morning we reached VILLA JUANA. Here the guides left us. They were to have put us on the BARCELONA train, but had no tickets. We went into town for something to eat and I left the others and went to the railroad station. I hopped a freight to BARCELONA. It stopped at FIGERAS. I got off and stood beside it and could not get on again when it started.

I went to the station and tried to persuade a priest to buy me a ticket. He would not do it, even when I offered him my ring. Two policemen asked for my papers and I went to jail for the night of the 23rd. TERRY (E&E 382), MEZYNSKI (E&E 374), SHEETS (E&E 394), and BAILEY (E&E 384) joined me here.

On the 24th we were taken a couple of blocks to an office where a man in civilian clothes interrogated three of us separately. He asked if we were aviators, the type of aircraft we flew, how we got over the border. He wanted to have the spot shown him on the map. He knew that we had come over the southern end but do not believe he knew what town we had started from. The next day the American Consul from GERONA said that he was undoubtedly a German or Spanish agent.

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

21.2.44

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HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 382, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Floyd H TERRY, S/Sgt, 20820644, 535 Bomb Sq, 381 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 6 February 1944

On 3 September 1943 I was shot down over the Foret de Fontainbleau near Blondel de Tours (sic) near MELUN. That night I was taken to a home in the village of Blondel de Tours (sic). The next door neighbor spoke English and had a 20 year old son who was in some organization in Paris. The son was a clean cut chap about 5' 4" tall, weighing about 125 lbs, with blond bushy hair. We cycled to a bus and took a bus to Paris. There 6 men from an organization met us. They took me to a restaurant in BOGBIGNY where I met MAURICE and three doctors. One of the doctors was about 25, thin, 5' 8" tall, with straight coal black hair and wearing big horn rimmed glasses. Another was a very old man about 5' 8" tall, thin, with gray hair. The third was a Negro about 6' tall, a very heavy set man with many gray hairs. He wore glasses. He had me to understand right off that he was not an American Negro. (Sgt TERRY comes from Texas.) (None of these doctors were the men who operated on Sgt HOWELL. See E&E 328.)

The next evening I was moved to the home of Mme THEO, a peroxide blonde about 5' 2" tall, about 40, with a very light complexion; she wore glasses and spoke good English. She has a sister here in London who owns a dress shop. I arrived about 8 September. About 10 September F/Sgt Vic MATTHEWS, RAF, came in. Between 15 and 20 September Lt ARMSTRONG (E&E 339) came in and about five days later Lt LINDSAY (E&E 389).

Mme THEO took us to MAURICE's restaurant for the QUIMPER expedition. I went with Lt ARMSTRONG guided by a short thin curly headed blond chap in his early 20's, weighing about 125 or 130 lbs. I went first to JACQUES' house, saw his wife, baby, and one servant, and then went to the house of the priest, JACQUES' uncle, for about a week.

I heard FANFAN say that he had had parachute training at Fort Benning, Georgia, and that he had been a second pilot.

JACQUES went around dressed in riding breeches. (CF E&E 330 in re the man with riding breeches.)

Some girl took HEALD (E&E 357) and me back to Paris. Mlle BOURGEOIS took us to a hotel or rooming house opposite the College de Paris (sic); we were there about two weeks. A male guide of Mlle BOU GEOIS' took us to TOULOUSE where we picked up two French naval officers. (For this misfire see E&E 357.) We returned to Paris with the naval men and went to the flat of one of them, PIERRE. I met a very tall slim man, about 6' 2", with a high forehead and curly chestnut hair; I think that he was in the same organization as PIERRE, a group for getting French air and naval men to Spain.

BRUZEWSKI (E&E 320) had been at the first rooming house with us and went down to the border with us. A boy took him someplace, and a new lady took us to another rooming house of Mlle BOURGEOIS' where we stayed about a week. The same boy who had taken BRUZEWSKI took us to his brother's flat. Both boys seemed very young; the brother was a medical student. The same boy took us to a bar to meet Mlle GENEVIEVE. She took us to a place south of Notre Dame where HEALD and I stayed about a week.

About 20 December a tall very blond young man took us to a park where we picked up QUINN (E&E 385) and met a man who told us to tell the first American consul whom we met that we came out of France with Burgundy. We took a train to TOULOUSE, MONTAUBAN, changed and went to NARBONNE, PERPIGNAN. We rendezvoused outside the train station, picked up two men, and WENT TO THE ROOM OF ONE OF THEM, HEALD, QUINN, and I. We were supposed to leave that night, but there had been some sabotage in the town, and it was not safe to go. On the fifth night we left with a guide, rendezvoused, and met SHEETS (E&E 394), DOUGHERTY, HERRICK (E&E 381), and LAWS (E&E 362). When DOUGHERTY and DULBERG (E&E 390) were having quite a time I tried to help them. QUINN went out, and I started carrying him. DOUGHERTY went out, and SHEETS stayed with him. The guides left us, but we eventually caught up with them. I arrived in Spain on 22 December 1943. We went to Figueras. There the Spanish authorities asked us where we had crossed the mountains,

calling us in one at a time for questioning. I refused to answer their questions, and I made one of the men mad because I would not answer the questions which he asked me in French. The consul, Roberto ESTRADA, got usout.

I went to Gerona, Barcelona, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, and Gibraltar. At Gibraltar I was questioned by a British captain while an English civilian was questioning Lt HERRICK (E&E 381)

Compiled by

Approved by

R. T. R. Tolson
Major G.S.

20.2.44

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HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 383, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Gary Laverne HINOTE, S/Sgt, 17040657, 332 Sq, 94 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 5 February 1944

On 4 October 1943 I landed somehwere in the area of REIMS. The first place in which I knew where I was was MONTMIRAIL. There I saw a sign which pointed to Paris 107 km away. It was at BINSON where I crossed a bridge in a village on the morning of 6 October. I think I was walking on the Strasbourg highway. It was that afternoon that I saw the sign pointing to PARIS. The ditch in which I tried to sleep was on the Paris side of MEAUX.

The barber whom I approached was GALLO. McCONNELL (E&E 380) and a woman came in to question me. The woman was Mme CHEVALIER who had been 12 years in Connecticut. She took me to a house just off the Rue Nationale, 28 Rue Chevalier, the home of PIERRE LEFEBVRE. DOUGHERTY (E&E 358), HOWELL (E&E 328), HEALD (E&E 357), McCONNELL, and SHEETS (E&E 394) were there already. I was there from 8 to 29 October.

I met PIERRE'S son JACQUES, about 23, his wife also about 23, and their boy. MAURICE was supposed to be the captain of the district. A short fellow about 30 or 35 with a pointed face and dark hair was the doctor who operated on HOWELL. A tall thin fellow about 30 with long fingers and a powerful grip assisted him. I met several policeman and a girl friend of MAURICE's.

SHEETS and I went to QUIMPER with a light haired man about 35 who spoke German, French, and a little English. He had been in a German concentration camp and escaped from a special camp for men who escaped. We met him at MAURICE's bar. A QUIMPER our guide did not know where to go and was going to take us back to PARIS when we pointed out that he had the address and might be able to find out some information about it at the postoffice. We finally met JACQUES MORLAY and went to the Priest's house where we met the rest of the gang. I met FANFAN, MORLEY's wife, and mother, and a school teacher who spoke good English. When we split up, I was with SHEETS and DOUGHERTY at JACQUES' mother's house.

At Gibraltar Sgt COLEMAN told me that FANFAN got some other people out at a later date.

I went back to Paris with DOUGHERTY and SHEETS after FANFAN put us on the train. In Paris a young Frenchman 18 or 19 took me to lunch. An Englishman about 5' 8" tall, 35, light hair, using the name PIERRE, came in and said that it was his job to spot airfields for special operations. Another man about 40 who spoke English like an American came in. He wore horn rimmed glasses and said that he had relatives in Illinois. He took me to a two room apartment south of Notre Dame. I stayed with a man about 30 who said that he was a pharmacist. He had very long dirty blond hair, was about 5' 9" tall. He was an enthusiast about skiing andmountain climbing. He did not speak English and we talked by the aid of a dictionary. I was there four days. On the fifth morning he took me to a public bath house. About noon his mother, a doctor who had been on Red Cross boats, came. He took me to a fourth floor apartment next to an American bar. "PEPI" came there, a girl about 19 who speaks a little English and who may be Jewish. She wears horn rimmed glasses. I followed her to the Gare de l'Est and went to MARLES and to the CHateau with McCONNELL, DOUGHERTY, HOWELL, and LINDSAY (E&E 389). I was there three weeks.

I met REGINA, PIERRE, a tall chap about 6', fairly well built, blond hair, who used to be a student. A couple of girls came in to do the cooking; one of them was "JANE". PIERRE whom I had seen just after I came to Paris came out to see us when some of us were getting ready to leave. DOUGHERTY, SHEETS, and I wanted to go back to PIERRE LEFEBVRE. We had been told never to go back on our own to a place where we had been before, but

we thought that he could move us better than the group with which we were. PIERRE fixed it up so that we would get some tobacco. Three days before we left 32 members of a French resistance army moved in.

HENRI, a student aviator before the war took DOUGHERTY, SHEETS, HOWELL, McCONNELL, and me to Paris. HENRI and some woman took McCONNELL, with whom I did not want to go, and me to a school room in the Latin quarter where we met Mlle BOURGEOIS, Mme FABRY, and Mlle CHAMPIONS. Mlle BOURGEOIS is very heavy, a crude looking course featured person about 40, about 5' 5" tall, rather heavy, with carelessly kept hair. Mme FABRY is about 45 or 50, about 5' 6" tall, thin, weel dressed, with dark hair, speaks broken English. Mlle CHAMPIONS is 35 or 40, 5' 3", medium build, 125 lbs, well dressed, attractive. FABRY and CHAMPIONS took McCONNELL and me to the latter's apartment on the fourth floor of a building which we reached from the Convention Metro station. I was there from 3 December to 6 January.

I met Mlle CHAMPIONS' brother, a man about 40 who was married and has a baby. SIMONE works for Mlle CHAMPIONS, a very attractive girl about 25, 5' 6" tall, 115-120, with dark hair. We were told that LINDSAY, ARMSTRONG (E&E 339), and two Englishman, SHORTY and MAX, had gone to TOULOUSE, but that something had gone worng and they had to come back. CHAMPIONS brought a note from LINDSAY saying that ARMSTRONG was in Spain. REGINA came to tell us that we were leaving the night before Christmas. We went to the station, but some girl told us that the deal was off. We could not go back to CHAMPIONS place, so we went to the home of an older and a younger woman for the night. The following morning a guide about 40 with black rimmed glasses, a woman who talked like a man and who was a friend of REGINA's took us back to CHAMPIONS' apartment.

About 1 January Mlle CHAMPIONS took us to a railroad station, Montparnasse I think, met Mme FABRY, and went with both women to another woman's place, a short woman with a coarse voice, red hair, and about 50 years old. She wanted 10,000 francs for us payable in advance. We went back to CHAMPIONS' apartment.

About 6 January FABRY came in and said something about getting us out by a Belgian organization. Mlle CHAMPIONS said that if we did not leave as FABRY suggested she would pay 10,000 francs for us to gout by the other group. On 6 January Mme FABRY said that we were leaving by plane and that she would pick us up at Mlle CHAMPIONS' dress shop, which I believe is located on the Raphael Boulevard. Mme FABRY picked us up and took us to a fourth floor apartment next to some big German headquarters building. There we met a sandy haired man (who seems to be CASHBOX). He talked to us and said that we would leave shortly. We remarked that we thought that we were supposed to go out by plane, but he said no. He took us to the Metro and turned us over to a little lady in black. She was about 35 years old, about 5' tall, with dark hair, wearing a black cloth coat; she spoke a little English. We got off at the Porte de Versailles and went to a third floor apartment. A man and woman came in about 1900-2000. The man spoke good English; he said that he had been in the organization for only three months and that we were numbers 61 and 62 whom he had had. We asked him how long men were usuall there, and he replied that they were there from 2 to 12 days.

Two days later the little lady in black brought us some clothes about 1400. After an air raid she brought over KRAWCZYNSKI (E&E 393). We all went to the Gare de L'Est, met a woman of 45 or 50 about 5' 7" tall with slightly gray hair, who spoke English, and went with her to some woman's place. A heavy woman about 35 with black hair was there; she spoke no English. Another woman with a bad left arm was there, about the same age. In addition there was an older lady about 75 who spoke no English. Finally there was a little girl about 5. Our gray haired woman guide brought us new identity papers.

A heavy woman about 30 with dark hair took us to a new apartment. I saw a red haired Frenchman who was supposed to have been a prisoner in Germany, a man who had been boxer, and a boy about 16, the gray haired woman guide, and a dark haired man about 50. A very short woman about 55 who walked almost as fast at the little lady in black took us to the station, Gare d'Orleans, and they gray haired woman took us to BORDEAUX. There FRANCO met us, a dark haired young man about 24 or 25 with a boil on the back of his neck. We went to BAYONNE and met MAX, a rather nice looking chap about 24 or 25 with dark hair and a loose jointed walk.

We went to a woods on the other side of BAYONNE and met a short woman, the red haired Frenchman whom I had seen at dinner in Paris, and a man whom we called "Granddad" and who seemed to have used that alias. From there my story is the same as McCONNELL's (E&E 380).

I arrived in Spain on 12 January 1944. I went to Erdax, Irun, Pamplona, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, Gibraltar, Marakech, and Prestwick. At Gibraltar I was interrogated by Sgt COLEMAN, who was in civilian clothes.

At Erdax there was a very inquisitive Frenchman about 60 years old who said that he had spent 8 years in New York. He was of Polish descent. He wanted to know what day I was shot down and a lot of other nosy questions. I finally told him that it was none of his business. He went to Erdax and Irun with us. A short Frenchman was with him.

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EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
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E & E Report No 384-385, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Charles K BAILEY, S/Sgt, 38152388
William M QUINN, S/Sgt, 6391477

Date of interview: 350 Bomb Sq, 100 Bomb Group

SGT BAILEY'S STORY:

The man on the bicycle was JEAN ASCTEN. He is 5'6" tall and has black hair; his right hand has been crippled. He has a municipal job and speaks French, Flemish and German. He took me to his fiancee's cafe in DIEPENBEK. She is MARIE KLINKERS, a pretty brown-eyed brunnette, 5'6" tall. She gave me first aid for my leg. They brought me an envelope containing an identifying questionnaire for the RAF. I filled it out as best I could and went to sleep in the barn. The night of 18 August Sgt QUINN came in.

SGT QUINN'S STORY:

When I landed I was met by a countess whose husband is the Governor of the Province of LIMBOURG. She took me to the woods. That evening the Germans arrested her BECAUSE they had seen her come out of the woods. They told me that she was released several days later because they could get no further evidence.

At 1000 hours on 18 August JEAN ASCTEN was brought to me in my hiding place. He told me that Sgt BAILEY was with him. After dark that night I was taken to the cafe.

SGTS BAILEY AND QUINN:

The night of 19 August we bicycled to HASSELT with JEAN. We went to FLORENT BIERNAUX, 16 THONISSEN BLVD. We stayed here ten weeks (19 August - 28 October). FLORENT got us our identity cards and civilian clothing. FELIX, a British agent, also known as VICTOR in QUINFER, came to see us.

FLORENT is 45 to 50 years old. He has black hair going grey and is 5'5" tall. He is married to a fat, lazy, brown-haired woman of 40 years named OLYMPE. He works in the Office of Public Works.

FELIX or VICTOR works on the black market. He was a sergeant in the Belgian Army. He has wavy black hair, a stocky build and is 5' 7 or 8 " tall. He was the head of our organization and known all over France. This was a new line that he had just organized, and we were his second pair. (DALINSKI, E&E #342, we think, was one of his first two.) He said he had arrived from England on 17 July with a million francs. His radio operator broke, or sprained, his ankle when they jumped.

Here we also met J. C. DE COSTER, known as CRITICOUSE. He had worked in New York for JOHNS MANVILLE before the war. He had been in other organizations. He had been caught and released when nothing could be proved. He spoke English, and worked for FELIX. He was 5'7" or 8" tall, had a high forehead and combed his black hair straight back. He weighed 170 to 175 pounds. He was always well groomed, although he had a large waistline.

On 28 October, OLYMPE took us to BRUSSELS to meet FELIX. We went to an automobile-parts shop, owned by an Englishman living in Belgium since the last war. He

is 65 years old although he looks younger. He is 5'8" tall and very erect. He has a nervous disposition. He has blue eyes, a thin face and greying hair. They say he was an agent in the last war.

FELIX and another man took us to the station, and the other man took us to GHENT. He was 6' tall and weighed 200 pounds, a chain-smoker with a nervous disposition, round oval face and greying black hair. In GHENT we went to the home of the Chief Inspector of Police for the night of the 28th.

On 29 October we took the train to MOUSCRON with a man 5'6" tall weighing 140 pounds. He had straight black hair, black eyes, a thin face, wore glasses, and had a sore in the corner of his mouth. We crossed the border into TOURCOING, by going through the Cafe. The French gendarmes just said "Bon Jour". We went to a house where we were given French identity cards and the Belgian ones were destroyed after the pictures had been transferred.

A French captain, of about 50 years, came and took us to his house for several hours. SIMONE (Mlle MISHU) came here from PARIS and took us back there with her on the 1630 train. She is very slim, about 5'8" with light hair and oriental blue eyes. Her sister is called NOEL.

We arrived in PARIS at midnight and were met by a priest and a short plump girl named GILLETTE EDWOUIS. She took us to an apartment at 32 BLVD HENRI IV. Her parents own a whole block of flats and our apartment was right under theirs. GILLETTE, whose mother is an American, is the only member of the family in the organization. We were here the nights of 29 and 30 October, and the family was quite surprised. The mother did not think it wise to keep us, because she said they would be bound to be more closely watched than others because she was an American.

We went to SIMONE's place near the Eiffel Tower for five days, and then she took us to QUIMPER. We went to a cafe one block, straight up the hill, from the railroad station. The place was full of aviators. We were distributed around town in groups of six. The two of us were taken to a house, after passing through a church. We were fed in a storage room, full of shoes and mattresses. Three Englishman and Sgt DALINSKI (E&E #342) were also here. We were here until dark, but spent the night in another house.

Next morning FANFAN came and took us to his father's house. He asked us if we knew VICTOR or FELIX. We said FELIX, and he said it was the same man. His radio operator told us that FELIX's radio operator had been caught. We lived in a detached room over the Father's fish cannery - now run by the Germans. FANFAN was a short man who spoke perfect English. He had black hair and wore glasses to read. He used to be a Lieutenant Commander in the French Navy and had 200 hours as a pilot. Thirteen of us were here a week and then he told us that there had been an accident, and that the boating party was off. We went back to PARIS more or less in the care of some French aviators who were going there too.

We were met at the station in PARIS by M. LAGHOS and his wife. He is an American-born Greek who went to school in Berlin and lives in France. He was well educated and spoke many languages. He works in a "practical library" teaching Greek and English on the side. He also teaches German soldiers English. He took us with DALINSKI (E&E #342) and TONY (an RAF wireless operator) home with him. We stayed with him for eight or nine days.

We were now in the organization of Mlle BOURGEOIS. She was a homely woman with a heart of gold. She had ankles the size of a man's thigh, and her two front teeth were black. LAGHOS told us that the organization had no money, and that she was using her own. She teaches Philosophy at the University. We were sent to the Chateau de la FORTELLE to get in shape for the Pyrenees.

The chateau is 30 miles southeast of PARIS and owned by the Comtesse d'ESHTEL (?) who does not live there herself. She believed the chateau was being used by French Students. Girls in the organization ran the place. We were here three weeks with Lts ARMSTRONG (E&E #339), McCONNELL (E&E #380), LINDSAY (E&E #389), and Sgts HOWELL (E&E #328), SHEETS (E&E #394) and HINOTE (E&E #383).

We returned to PARIS fifteen days before Christmas and stayed with M.LAGHOS for three or four days. Here we separated.

SGT BAILEY CONTINUES:

I was then taken to the Sophie Germaine Ecole de Mlles. The directrice is Mlle VERMOT. I was here six days and taken out of the BOURGEOIS Organization when GENEVIEVE came and took me to the railroad station. She has dark blonde hair, is 5'6" tall and wears glasses; her mother is English, and she speaks English. The train took me to PERPIGNAN and from here on my story is the same as Lt DOUGHERTY (E&E #358).

SGT QUINN CONTINUES:

M. LAGHOS took me to meet GENEVIEVE at Mlle BOURGEOIS' headquarters in, what I would have called, a fraternity house opposite the University of Paris. GENEVIEVE took me to an old maid on the other side of PARIS. I stayed here three days. She was 44 years old and built like Mae West. I stayed in bed the whole time; there was steam heat and lots of cushions. She works in the Banque de France, and told me that the underground had recently stolen seventy-seven million francs. Her sister SUZANNE is also an old maid. I dined with her once.

GENEVIEVE took me to a park where I joined Sgts HEALD, E&E #357, and TERRY, E&E #382. From here on my story is the same as SGT HEALD.

Compiled by:

Dorothy A. Smith

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

20.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
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Military Intelligence Service

E & E Reports Nos 386-387, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Orville G GREENE, S/Sgt, 32143679, 508 Bomb Sq, 351 Bomb Gp (H
Bertil E ERICKSON, T/Sgt, 33248286, 508 Bomb Sq, 351 Bomb Gp (H
Date of interview: 7 February 1944

Sgt GREENE:

On 27 August 1943 I was shot down near ARRAS. Just after I landed I saw three men running over a hill about 1km away; I think that they were from my crew.

At dark I went with a boy to a house where there were two girls, an older boy, a man, his wife, a grandmother, another man, and his wife. One man there who worked as a teller in a bank told me to avoid AVESNES because a lot of Germans were there. He said that LOCHEN had broken his leg and been taken prisoner by the Germans. He said that they saw seven parachutes. I was taken to a barley stack 3- 4 km away. I walked from there. The third town that I went through was LIANCOURT

After I approached the woman, I was taken to a tool shed where I slept for the night. The next morning a boy came there and found me. I asked him to get me something to eat and drink. While he was gone, a girl came for me. We walked off and on the way met the boy who had been before. The girl took me to her place about 2 km away. That night a priest looked at my dogtags.

About 1300 the next day a man about 23 from FREVENT took me in a pick-up truck to his father's house in FREVENT. There I was again told that seven men had got out of our plane. Photographs of me were taken. I walked over to see ERICKSON.

Sgt ERICKSON:

On 27 August 1943 I landed near ARRAS.

Late the next day a young fellow took me with two other fellows to a farm house. Two young girls, three children, and a man and woman were there.

GERALD MELO and another man took me on a bicycle to the former's father's house in FREVENT. The father is GEORGES MELO. Two days later I met GREENE. I was told that seven men got out of our plane and that three were dead.

Sgts GREENE and ERICKSON:

GREENE was taken to the home of a professor who was head of a school in FREVENT; he was there for one night. The next day he was taken to the home of Mme COQUITTE, a woman about 45. She has a daughter about 22 who is a school teacher, LOUISE GERARD. He stayed there for three weeks and was supposed to be a Pole. Another Pole was rooming in the house. Mme COQUITTE's two brothers visited. One of them is a journalist in AMIENS; the other came from Paris.

ERICKSON stayed at the same place the whole time. There were GEORGES, his wife, GERALD, a girl 13, two younger boys, and a little girl. A number of relatives were in and out. An American was in for one night. I think he was an engineer, and his name was WILLIAM something, I think. One time I saw an Englishman who was staying in FREVENT. Two Sundays I went out to get butter and then saw the ammunition dump mentioned in Appendix B. I think this Englishman was a radio operator.

On 20 September Mme BLANCHE, a small white haired woman about 60, took the two of us to ARRAS by taxi. We ate at the house of a woman whose son is in sabotage work. We spent the night with Mme du MONTIER who works in the post office. Her son ALBERT is at Bone, in Algeria. She asked us to tell him: YOUR MOTHER IS WELL. Her husband had been a high ranking French officer and had been killed in the past couple of years.

The next day Mme BLANCHE took us by train to VALENCIENNES. WE stayed with GEORGES, an electrician about 27, and his wife. He is a man of medium build and height, with a scar on his head and an arm broken in the war, at ABBEVILLE, we think.

We moved to the home of Dr CLAUDE POTTY, a man about 55, and stayed 24 days. While

he was trying to get out, he received an anonymous letter that it was known that he was keeping Americans. We were moved to the firned of the doctor's, a chemical engineer, whose wife spoke English. We were there four four days.

We went to GEORGES' place. Mme BLANCHE took us by train to BAPAUME. We stayed with a woman whose mother was English and father French. We met Lt RESSEGUIE (E&E 228). We were there for two nights. ERICKSON went to the Maire's house to get identity papers.

A Frenchman, the Maire, and Mme BLANCHE took us to ALBERT. The Maire dropped out. We took a train to Paris, followed Mme Blanche to a church, met a woman who took us to a restaurant, and met an English woman named Mme DORA. She has red hair which seemes to be dyed. She had light hair, but the Gèstapo was after her.

SIMONE MOLON took us to her apartment at 86 Rue Aboukir, Paris II. DORA had been in a hotel with eight American a couple of days before and found that things were getting pretty hot. A couple of Americans tried to catch an English plane but got left behind when only some Englishmen were taken. Mme DORA used to bring us things at SIMONE's. We heard that the head of the organization had been taken. Then the group became suspicious of a couple of Dutchmen and took them out and shot them.

We were asked to have the following message sent in French over BBC at 2115: PAPILLONS AND COCOU ARRIVED IN ENGLAND SAFELY.

We met a short chap named HENRI who looked Jewish. He used to work with Paramount or some other movie firm. He was a witty chap about 31. We also met his sister and mother who seemed to be Polish.

A woman who spoke good English came to see us, told us that we were in another organization and would be leaving soon. She was about 5' 5" tall, heavy build and rather fat with full lips. On 5 December she brought us some more clothes and said that we would leave that night. About 1900 a heavy set guide about 25 or 30, about 5' 8" tall, came for us. He spoke some English. He gave us rope soled shoes, a metro ticket, and a train ticket to PERPIGNAN. We went to a train station and met some other Americans of whom we thought Sgt SOUKUP (E&E 302) was one. The girl who had come to the apartment had said that there would be other Americans on the train. We reached TOULOUSE about 1100, went under the tracks, waited for the guide. He brought two other Americans and a Frenchman; they went someplace. He told us that he would come for us at 1400. We stayed in the 3d class waiting room. About 1300 we saw SOUKUP with a couple of other Americans. We knew that SOUKUP was an American because he kept looking at a GI watch. About 1400 the others pulled out. Our guide did not come.

After an unpleasant incident in which a station attendant talked to us and attracted the attention of everyone in the room, we left the station about 1800 and headed for the country. We came to a canal and saw a guard stopping trucks and autos. We slept out that night near the canal. The next day we went to a house, asked for a drink, and found that the man of the house was an Italian. We told him that we were Americans, but he would not help us. We stopped at the next farmhouse and appraoched a lady. When she took us in, we tried to explain what had happened. She took us next door, and we were fed.

A Frenchman who spoke English came and took us to his house, 13 Rue Helene Buche, MONTAURDRAN. His name was GUSTAVE LEJEUNE. His wife is named JOAN and is a daughter of Admiral TUKE. GUSTAVE works in Bregette's factory in the town. He got in touch with a guide in TOULOUSE who has been taking French, Belgians, and Dutch over the Pyrenees for two years.

On 13 December we left on the 0900 train for St GAUDENS. We were told that all other trains are controlled. LEJUENE turned us over to a man who took us to the house of some man who has some official duty with French workers. We took a 1600 train to MONTREJEU and were met by an American about 30 who had been in California and had lived in France for the last 9 years. We went to a farmhouse and then walked to FRONTIGNAS where we stayed with a woman ~~who spoke French and~~ whose husband is in the United States. She is about 40 and has a daughter 16.

Three days later a party of about 18 had assembled; we were the only Americans. In the party were GEORGES MAGGIA, an aviator about 24 who had been in a two motor bomber unit; a French captain of infantry, we think; a man named FERDINAND; and an Italian lieutenant from the Italian army. We started off seven at a time about 2300, met the American, and went to some village in the mountains. We slept in the hayloft of a barn. A woman came to go over with us, but the guide said that it would be too rough for her and she could not go. At 0900 about 26 of us started out. We had an awfully rough crossing. Two Austrians and two other men who we thought were Jewish had to quite. We just barely made it ourselves. We reached Spain on 17 December 1943.

We went to several small towns, Lareda, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, Gibraltar, Marakech, and Prestwick. At Gibraltar we were interrogated by a British captain while a civilian was doing HINOTE (E&E 383) and McCONNELL (E&E 380).

Compiled by [illegible] Approved by [illegible]

NOTE: JOAN LEJEUNE asked that we deliver the following information to her mother, the wife of Admiral TUKE: Mrs TUKE, c/o Lady Isham, Loriston, St LEONARDS on the Sea: JOAN HAS KEPT HER ENGLISH NATIONALITY. SHE DID NOT COME BACK WHEN SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BECAUSE OF SOME COMPLICATION WITH HER FRENCH IDENTITY PAPERS AND WITH ARRANGEMENTS THROUGH THE AMERICAN EMBASSY. SHE WAS ADVISED NOT TO GO THROUGH ALL THE RIGAMAROLE NECESSARY BEFORE SHE COULD COME BACK. JOAN IS WELL AND HAPPY AND SO IS HER HUSBAND. GUSTAV IS STILL WORKING FOR BREGETT.

LPL

20.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
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HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 388, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.:
Frank (NMI) VISALLI, S/Sgt, 32557848, 338 Bomb Sq, 96 Bomb Gp (

Date of interview:
7 February 1944

On 14 October 1943 I was shot down near BAZOCHES. At the farmhouse where I was given civilian clothes were the man, his wife, and a child. When I left their house the next morning, I walked about 4½ hours following the road to BAZOCHES.
When I asked a Frenchman for "La stazione", I told him that I wanted to go to MILA He thought that I meant MILANO, Italy.

The man at the station who finally helped me was ROBERT TORTOCHOUX (spelling doubtful). His wife lives in England at 45 Newsham Road, Darlington, Durham. He wanted me to tell her: YOU HUSBAND IS TAKING CARE OF THINGS. ANDRE AND MONICA SEND REGARDS. The man himself lives at 162 Rue de Paris, Villeneuve St Georges, 2 stops before BRUNOY coming from Paris.

This man took me to BRUNOY about 20 miles south of Paris. I stayed from 17 October to 16 December with ALBERT ENZ, 7, Col Lioret, Seine et Oise. He is a man about 36, is married, and has a boy about 8. His sister and her husband live upstairs.

A lady named MARIE CHRISTINE came to see me and took some information about me, group and squadron, age, A/C no, etc. She was supposed to come back a few days later but never came. I heard that she and her husband had been arrested.

The people who kept me requested me to have the following message sent in French over the 2100 BBC broadcast: FRANCOIS, BORN 26 December 1921, THANKS ALL HIS FRIENDS.

I met two Americans in BRUNOY, Miss JEAN GASTOUD, a woman about 45, and her mother. They live at 25 Rue Deliver.

I received identity papers the day before I left. On 16 December Mrs ENZ took me to Paris. We had a meal with ANDRE and MONICA and then went to the station to meet a young Frenchmen named BENEDICTINE. He was about 5' 8" tall with a moustache and a fair complexion. He was helping two Frenchmen to get out. Lts CHRISTENSON (E&E 356) and McNATT (E&E 366) were on the train. We went to TOULOUSE and on to PERPIGNAN, and from then my story is the same as theirs.
I was left in the mountains after I had too much of a slug of cognac. They threw and overcoat over me. I finally met some guides who took me to a place where McNATT and CHRISTENSON were.

I went to Orbaseto, Pamplona, Lecumberri, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, and Gibraltar. There I was questioned by a British Captain while a civilian questioned NIELD (E&E 392) and KRAWCZYNSKI (E&E 393).

Note: LOUIS, a man about 48 in BRUNOY who worked I believe for the Canadian National Railway wanted me to give the following message to J P CLEWS, 1719 Coxspur Street: LOUIS IS ALL RIGHT AND IS TAKING CARE OF THINGS.

Compiled by

Approved by

21.2.44

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 389, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Andrew G LINDSAY, 2d Lt, 0795784, 554 Sq, 386 Bomb Gp (M)

Date of interview: 7 February 1944

On 22 August 1943 I landed about five kilometers north of BERNAY. A young fellow 19 or 20 met me soon after I landed. While we were going along, we met a school teacher 28-32 who gave me some address to go to. Her name is MARIE MADELEINE; she is married and has one child. She has a friend by the name of Josephine CROCKET in LIBERTY, Missouri. She asked that this woman be notified: MARIE MADELEINE IS ALL RIGHT.

The young fellow took me to a farmhouse 200 or 300 yarrds away; it seemed to be the home of a rather wealthy family. An old lady was there. The boy took me to woods about a ½ mile away. About 2130 another man took me to a farm where I met this man's uncle. He had been a prisoner in Germany and had escaped. Here I was told that the people had seen four parachutes.

Early the next morning I was given a complete change of clothing that night and taken to the woods. The above school teacher came to see me. About 2200 the same man of the previous evening, BERNARD, took me to another uncle's place about three kilometers away, also a wealthy family. There a doctor came to treat Sgt CALLAHAN and me. CALLAHAN had come in in the woods. The next day we went to the woods again, and I think we slept in a different house that night.

About 25 August we had a party of visitors, a couple of women, two or three men, and a priest who spoke a little English. One man was a school teacher and apparently a searcher for airmen in the area. He was small, had sparse sandy hair, was about 40, and spoke pretty good English. About 1900 the school teacher and a new man came in a car and took us through EVEREUX to ARNIERES to the house of RENEE and HUBERT. Twelve airmen had been there before. RENEE had been a trained nurse. HUBERT had been in the army and had been at DUNKIRK, I think, and went to England, returning to France later. I was at this house from 25 August to 14 September, ten of those days in bed. HUBERT was a salt and yeast wholesaler in EVEREUX, a man about 45.

On 3 September the Forts flew over in formation and turned over EVEREUX. While they were making a sweeping left turn one of the ships exploded with no flak or fighters visible. One wing man peeled off in flames, and another went down in flames. I saw somebody bail out almost immediately. Some bombs landed near the house.

HUBERT had pistols and Bren guns dropped by the British.

We had a few visitors, a brother, a sister who was also a trained nurse, and a gendarme from Paris. CALLAHAN had his picture taken, received identity papers, and went to Paris on 26 August with the sandy haired little school teacher and his wife, CALLAHAN carrying their child.

A woman doctor used to come every day and took excellent care of my burns; she was about 30 and very good looking. I met her husband; I gave her a miniature pair of wings.

About 4 or 5 September Paul PASCAL (E&E 279) was brought in and Lt Blanton BARNES with him. We were supposed to be moved out on 14 September, but PASCAL's foot was still bad, and he could not go. Furthermore he was superstitious and thought that 14 was his unlucky number and would not go. I received identity papers. A little man with one glass eye, a famous bicycle race in his day, took me to Paris.

I thought that the chief of the EVEREUX section was a clerk in a grocery store, a very big slightly pot bellied man with a big red face, a man about 45 years old.

In Paris a man who had once been to EVEREUX met us. He was of medium height with

with several teeth [illegible]t seemed to be fitted with chrome ste[illegible] He claimed to be a de Gaullist lieutenant. He was supposed to be second in command of the Paris organization. With him was a friend about 35 years old, ANDRE. Each of these men was supposed to have a price on his head. Each was supposed to have a wife in prison in Germany. One had been taken to the police for questioning once. He walways were colored glasses. These two men took me to an aprtment where I met an old lady 65-68 who had a lot of dog-tags. She has a daughter, Mrs G E BLINTON, whose husband is a professor at the University of Delaware. She wanted me to write her daughter: YOUR MOTHER IS WELL AND HAPPY.

On 15 September a bunch of Forts came over. I could not see much of them, but I had a glimpse of one plane coming down in side slips. I saw one parachute. Six to ten parachutes were reported, and it was reported that none of these men landed alive.

On 16 September I went sightseeing with the above mentioned two men. I was told that I would leave Paris and go to the Spanish border with a man who was supposed to be a Polish colonel. That evening we went to a place near les Invalides where I met an American sergeant named JOE who was in love with 20 year olf daughter of the man of the house. Vic MATTHEWS, RAF, was there. I met a tall well dressed man, about 5' 10¼", thin, with light hair and a little moustache, about 55, spoke French with some accent, quite good looking, distinguished, but not apparently French. I had given my dogtags to my two guides; one dog tag was given back to me. At 2000 the father of the girl took us to the Metro with another man; we met the colonel and went to the top floor of a large house with five or six floors. The colonel, a lady, and two or three other men were there. One of them was in MAURICE's organization, a nervous man about 5' 7" tall, thiny, wiry, with a dark complexion. He used to be a wrestler. Another was the butcher PIERRE LEFEBVRE.

We went to a truck. We thought we were going to the station, but we went to MAURICE' cafe. Later we were told that something made them suspicious of the Polish colonel. We would stay with MAURICE a couple of days while they checked up on the colonel. I think four Americans came in that same evening so that there were seven of us in all. MATTHEWS and I stayed with a blacksmith to whom MAURICE took us, ANDRE, a big man about 55 with a big belly. His wife was also about 55. They lived a couple of blocks from MAURICE over some people who could not be trusted. The American sergeant named JOE went back to Paris to stay with the above mentioned 20 year old girl. About 26 September I heard that he had moved out to some place near DRANCY.

On 17 September MAURICE took us to an old couple in their 70's; we spent the night with them in BOBIGNY; MATTHEWS went someplace else. I was there about a week.

About 22 September MAURICE's wife took me to Mme or Mlle QUETNOT whose sister-in-law is in England. TERRY (E&E 382) and MATTHEWS were there. I think that ARMSTRONG (E&E 339) came in later. We lived across the street from a man who dealt in meat on the black market. I did not leave the house except to go to the butcher's across the street. TERRY went over to MAURICE's one night and got plastered.

The wrestler, whose name I think was GEORGES, and MAURICE checked up on the Polish colonel and apparently decided that he was all right. One of the Americans at QUIMPER later, however, said something about him having been bumped off.

We were told that we could not leave because there were so many Italians going over the Pyrenees. TERRY and I tried to get MAURICE to take a fishing boat and send us back to England.

MAURICE came over about 21 October and said that MATTHEWS and I were going to QUIMPER. We were apparently the only ones who had identity papers then., A young man 22 or 23, about 5' 6" tall, with thick black hair and a light complexion took the two of us to QUIMPER and to the house of JACQUES MOURLET (sic). JACQUES was in the spirits trade and owns vineyards near BORDEAUX. About 28-29 October a group of Americans came in.

I met FANFAN who introduced himself as BRITZ or BRIDGE. I also met a school teacher at a local Catholic school. FANFAN said that we would leave by boat on 2 November. He insisted on getting crew data from me. F

From JACQUES' house I went to the priest's and then back to JACQUES' house. When the operation fell through there was a rumor that MATTHEWS was going to England by plane.

On 6 November I returned to Paris with Sgt HOWELL (E&E 328), I think. We met Mlle BOURGEOIS on the platform. Outside the station were two or three young girls. An Arabic student took HOWELL, I believe it was, and me to a restaurant. Mlle BOURGEOIS, a girl, and JEAN, a military cadet who smoked a pipe and who later spent a couple of days at the chateau, came. We went the a hotel Bienvenu at 3 Rue St Souplice. DOUGHERTY (E&E 358), McCONNELL, and I think it was HINOTE (E&E 383) were there. Our identity papers were taken so that we would not leave.

After about a week at the hotel we went to the Chateau La FORTELLE, the Arabic student with me. This was about 12 November.. I think that there were 9 Americans and 4 British there. We stayed several weeks. Just before we left a resistance gang moved in. I met PIERRE, who claimed to be from a different organization, a smooth looking man about 5' 10" tall with red hair and a roundish face; he spoke English.

As soon as we put on the pressure to leave, a man who could speak good English came out to take care of us. He claimed to be a radio operator and a spotter for airfields.

SECRET - AMERICAN
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HEADQUARTERS
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P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 389, APPENDIX "C" page 3

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Evader's name, etc.: Andrew G LINDSAY

Date of interview:

A British chap named BAILEY and I went back to Paris about 3 December with a little Frenchman about 5' 4" tall. We went to a place near the Sorbonne, a sort of classroom, and met a couple of boys, one of whom was JAKE (probably DALINSKY, E&E 342 but possibily SOBOLEWSKI, E&E 331). One of the girls, with string hair, took me to GILBERT's apartment at 41 Rue St Marie. There I met ARMSTRONG. For an account of our journey to the south of France see his report. (E&E 339). We came back to GILBERT's place. (I think that the man who runs the hotel at QUILLAN is an important man in the organization.)

I spent a day pushing a fsih cart around Paris with a man who lived in the same building as GILBERT. I met Ian COVINGTON, RAF. About this time I picked up scabies.

There were too many people at GILBERT's, so HENRI took us to a dress shop run by Mlle CHAMPIONS. She took us to an old lady's house, and we stayed in a ground floor apartment. TERRY was there and had just left JAKE (who would then seem to be BRUZEWSKI, E&E 320). I stayed about a week with the old lday. Her husband had been an important person of some sott, and there were a number of Louis XV and Louis XIV chairs around. A doctor came to treat me for scabies.

The lady of the dress shop and HENRI took me back to GILBERT'S place. About 22 December 1943 Stanley ALUKONIS (E&E 321) came in with Ian COVINGTON. We had news that ARMSTRONG, SHORTY, AND MAX Had crossed the mountains.

We had a Christmas party a GILBERT's. COVINGTON claimed that GILBERT had tried to get familiar with him, so we told HENRI to tell Mlle BOURGEOIS that we wanted to move. On Christmas day we went to meet somebdoy at the Jardin des Plantes. I saw McCONNELL and HOWELL there. COVINGTON, ALUKONIS, and I went back to GILBERT'S place. About 26 or 27 December one of Mlle BOURGEOIS' girls took COVINGTON some place after she asked him whether he was a Catholic.

I was told that Mlle BOURGEOIS had left because the Gestapo were on her trail, that that was the reason why the Christmas movement had not worked. I had the impression that Mlle BOURGEOIS' group were pretty green about all their organization work.

A short girl with stringy hair, a Latin student, took ALUKONIS and me to a dress maker's shop. COVINGTON was there with the lady who runs the shop. She was a tall, well built, woman about 42-43 with a good looking face, slim, straight nose. She had a daughter about 23. She lives in an apartment outside the city. She seems to be rather wealthy. This woman took us to a priest's place.about 27 December. The priest was about 5' 8" tall, sallow complexion, dark hair. COVINGTON said that he was going back by plane and would be in England in 4 or 5 days. The priest seemed surprised when I told him how long I had been in France. He said that he did not belong to an organization but that he knew some friends who did. We asked him whether he could not get us in. Just about that time a sandy haired man happened to drop in. (evidently CASHBOX). I did not think that this man was a Frenchmen; I guessed that he was a P le or a Belgian. He was about 5' 7" tall, with a muddy complexion, a number of gold teeth, sandy hair, and a moustache. He made very quick movements. He spoke English with an aceent, but I did not think that it was a French accent. On 2 January he brought us overcoats. He remarked that he did not see all men who came through, implying that we were very fortunate to see him. We too thought we were.

In the metro he turned us over to a very short lady about 40 or 45 dressed in black. I went with her to a block of apartments; the others went with a man. I stayed in a fourth floor apartment with a man, wife, and son 16 who wants to be a pilot. The father is an artist. The next day the little woman took me to have my picture taken. I was taken to a place where ALUKONIS and COVINGTON were. The little woman took us to a rendezvous near the Seine. There we saw (CASHBOX) again. ALUKONIS and I went with a tall

woman about 35 years old to BORDEAUX. There we picked up a new guide about 26-27 with a scar; he looked liked a base ball player. We went to BAYONNE. From this point on see E&E 321. I arrived in Spain 6 January 1944.

When we were fired at by the Spanish soldiers, I was separated from ALUKONIS and COVINGTON. I was finally taken by the civil guards to Almedo garrison. From there I went to Pamplona, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, Gibraltar, Marakech, and Prestwick. At Gibraltar I was interrogated by a British captain while a civilian questioned Lt MULHOLLAND (E&E 397).

Compiled by

Approved by

Major A.C.

21.2.44.

SECRET - AMERICAN
MOST SECRET - BRITISH

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service.

E & E Report No 390, APPENDIX "C".

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Evader's name, etc.: Herbert W. DULBERG, S/SGT, 36341183, 525 Sq, 379 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 7 February 1944.

On 16 September 1943 I was shot down in the area of NANTES, I was taken almost as soon as I landed to a small wood, received civilian clothes, and went to a farmhouse where I met my pilot, Lt HOYT. After an hour I walked with a one-eyed man to a woods where I met Sgt. MILLER coming down the road with a Frenchman. Both of us were hid in a gully. The girl who spoke to us in English that evening was LUCIENNE DINARD.

We went to a little house in a village. A truck took us to a miller's house about 7 km from RENNES. I think that the miller had been with the British. He did not speak English. We stayed in the barn with his cows over night. In the morning we were taken to a house about four kilometers away which had been a billet for German officers. A man, a wife, and a son five lived there. We were there about four days. On the second night Sgt SHAFFER was brought in.

We were then moved to a house and spent a couple of days in one room. The wife was getting nervous because the Germans were searching for radio equipment, so we were moved to the pig pen for three days. We went to a mill, and LUCIENNE came and said that we were leaving. I went on a bus with LUCIENNE and another girl with a driver and two Frenchmen. There were the four of us, Sgt MINOR, Sgt KOVALT and Lt BIELSTEIN. We went to the home of R PENSART, Transport, St MALO. Our host lives with his wife and has two daughters, one married, one at school. Lt Dwight FISHER (E&E 338) and a Frenchman named MARCEL were there. A Dutchman who claimed to be an American aviator came in while I was there. I think that there were 10 of us counting the Dutchman and Marcel. I was there about three weeks. We had several false starts.

I saw a slight man about 50, 145 lbs, 5' 8" glasses, partially bald. I think that his name was ALBERT and that he was Mme PENSART's brother. I met another heavier man. One M GUILLAT seemed to work closely with M PENSART.

One afternoon we were taken four at a time to a monastery. Sgts KOVAL, MILLER, SHAFFER and I went together. Eight of us were together. We slept in and stayed in the woods during the day. A short slightly bald man with glasses visited us and said that we would leave in two days.

A priest in DINAN came with a driver and a car and took us two by two to Hotel Perse Angleterre, DINAN. Sgt MILLER went with me. We stayed in the barn about two weeks. Then Sgts KOVALT and SCHAFFER came. After a couple or more weeks the hotel was taken over by the Germans. The proprietress of the hotel and a maid took the four of us to the home or shop of a transport truck man, about a 20 minute ride. He was a young heavy set man weighing about 165 lbs. with dark hair. I had seen him at St MALO. M Pensart came and wished us good luck.

Two women and a driver took the four of us and a Frenchman who was trying to leave the country to PLOERMEL. I met a man who weighed about 140 lbs, had a dark complexion, moustache, thick dark hair, wore heavy tortoise shell glasses, and spoke English. His name was EMILE. We went to a cafe. A fair haired boy was dispatched to round up people to take care of us. FRANCOIS LeQUITTE, a man about 48, took me to his home at 63 Rue de Belle. I met his wife, daughter and son. In the 31 days that I was there I was out three times. Once I visited the cemetery in GUILLAC and saw the graves of seven Americans who I thought had been shot down on 14 October 1942 (sic). I think that the last name of one of them was OLNEY.

/From PLOERMEL.....

From PLOERMEL the man who had brought us took nine of us by truck to QUESTEMBERT. I think the group included Sgts KOVALT, SHAFFER, MILLER, a waist gunner or tail gunner shot down on 29 May, and BLANCHFORD, HELD and SCHROEDER from 379 Bomb Gp. and a French fighter pilot who wanted to get to Africa. I received identity papers.

Two guides took us to Paris about 20-21 November. One of them was EMILE, the other was slender, about 5' 10" tall, with brown hair, olive complexion, and thin face. In the Metro the tall slender guide separated me from the others. A woman took me to the home of M FELIX GRUZ, 26 Rue de Hauteville. I met his wife and father-in-law. Lt WARREN LAWS (E&E 362) had come there the day before.

From there my journey was the same as Lt LAWS. (See E&E 362.)

I arrived in Spain 22 December 1943. I could not keep up with the others and was left behind. I was picked up by the Spanish police and taken to Espola. The Spanish took my identity papers. I went to Figueras, Gerona, Barcelona, Saragossa, Alhamà, Madrid and Gibralta. There I was interrogated by Sgt COLEMAN while a British captain was interrogating Sgt MEZYNSKI (E&E 374).

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20.2.44

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EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
P/W and X Detachment
Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 391, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Clifford HAMMOCK, S/Sgt, 14120019, 546 Sq, 384 Bomb Gp H

Date of interview: 8 February 1944

On 6 September 1943 I landed in the area of BEAUVAIS. At sundown I met an old lady herding sheep. She brought me some clothes; her son brought me food. Another Frenchman came and took me to a barn for the night. About 1000 the next morning a man named DARLING, 55 or 60 years old, came and told me to stay where I was. He said he had a son who was working for the English intelligence and who had killed a couple of Germans.

I stayed seven days in the barn. I was told that the Germans were coming, and I was moved to a house where I stayed for a month with two men about 25 who were married and a lady about 50. There a man came and said that I was moving. He took me to his house, but something seemed to go wrong. He said that the people who were coming for me had been caught. A German was staying in this house also, and he saw me once dressed in khaki trousers, an OD shirt, and flying boots. I was here a month also.

One night GILBERT came from BEAUVAIS. He was a justice of the peace or something like that, a man about 6' tall and 185 lbs in weight. He brought me some civilian clothes. He came back with another man in a car and took me to Paris to an American lady by the name of Mme PAYEN, a silver haired woman about 55 with brown eyes, about 135-140 lbs in weight. Her husband, a French doctor, had served in the last war. Their apartment was at 20 Rue St Lazare. They had recently kept a Polish boy and a Canadian whose name I think was COOK.

A blond Belgian with a reddish moustache, blue eyes, about 5' 8" tall, about 165 lbs in weight (who sounds like CASHBOX) came to see me. He asked me my name, rank, serial number, and group. He said that I would leave about 16 December.

GILBERT and his man visited me frequently. They said that the man who had come to see me was not treating them right, that he was not paying them enough, and that they were breaking up with him. The man with GILBERT said one time that something had gone wrong and that some of the organisation people had been caught.

I met MADELEINE, a woman about 30, about 5' 6" tall, about 135 lbs in weight, with a slim face and black hair. I met a Frenchman about 35 years old, about 5' 9" tall. There was some other lady and also an Englishman about 5' 6" tall, weighing about 134-140 lbs, with blue eyes and brown hair. This last man told me that the Belgian organisation had been broken up and the blond man with the sandy moustache caught. They said that they would take care of me. This was about 14 December.

Then the Belgian came back to take me away. The lady of the house thought that he had been caught and would not let me go because she had instructions from this other group. The Belgian became very annoyed and made some remark about taking revenge on this other group. He said that he had payed for me and that they had better pay him back. He left.

The lady of the house called up some friend of GILBERT's. This man thought that I had gone with (CASHBOX). She told him that he better see how things were going. Things were quiet for some time. About the 28 this friend of GILBERT's went to see MADELEINE's group, and MADELEINE and a Frenchman came to see me and said that I would leave on 31 December.

On 31 December two people took me to Mme JEANETTE's apartment. A maid, husband, and little girl were there. JEANETTE is about 42 years old, weighs about 125 lbs, is about 5' 5" tall with black hair and brown eyes. I stayed 10 days in her apartment. Two Englishmen were there when I arrived: John HOWARD and NORMAN ---. PAULE, who speaks good English, used to come every day. She took me to her apartment and said that I was to leave the next morning with MADELEINE. About 0800 she took me to the station to meet MADELEINE and a Sterling navigator named BOB. We took a train and bus to LAVELANET and met an Englishman named Ken SKIDMORE, Lts PITNER and PLISCHKE (E&E 375-376) and a waist gunner named JOE (probably SHANDER, E&E 373). We stayed in a hotel and waited about three days for Mme JEANETTE to come up with three men.

For the Pyrenees crossing see E&E 375-376. I arrived in Spain 20 January 1944. In the British consulate at Barcelona I met Miss Coutnay and a tall blond chap. I went to Madrid and Gibraltar. There I was interrogated by an English captain while two other Americans were waiting to be interrogated.

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20.2.44

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E & E Report No 392, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Raymond C NIELD, S/Sgt, 12141782, 613 Bomb Sq, 401 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 7 February 1944

On 1 December 1943 I landed near ALKEN in Belgium. Within half an hour all six of us gunners were together, and we walked along as a group. After a couple of hours a man came after us on a bicycle. We followed him for about an hour to a greenhouse on a large estate. He told us to stay there all night, for he might be able to help us. About 2000 he came back and took us to a haystack about ½hour walk away. We slept there.

About 0600 the next morning he took the six of us to a monastery. After a couple of hours a priest led us to a shed where we spent the rest of the day. About 1700 a new man came and asked name, rank, serial number, squadron CO, etc. He spoke good English and said that he was in the White Brigade. He came back with another man. They took us in a truck which smelled like a horse truck to a town about three quarters of an hour away. BAUER, BURNS, and I stayed at a two story brick house where there was a man, wife, and child about four. The other three men stayed next door where the man with the truck lived.

Three days later the same man with a couple of other guides took us by tram to a town just before DIEST. There we got on bicycles and rode to DIEST. TATKINS, BURNS, and I stayed at some sort of store with WILLI and his wife. WILLI was a former army officer about 28 years old.

On 7 or 8 December a short man took us in groups to MECHLEN, GIBSON and TATKINS with me. We walked about an hour to a vacant house in the country. Only an 18 year old boy was there. Our other three crew members went to some other place. On 11 December we were moved to a jewelry store in MECHLEN with FRANZ, a man about 23 who was I think a naval officer, and LOUIS, a short Dutch boy about 18. Our other three crew members were supposed to have gone to the place in the country where we had been. We were then told at the jewelry store that the fellows in the country had been taken by 10 plain clothes men, BURNS, BAUER, and MILLER. FRANZ and LOUIS took us to stay with a man who was a bank clerk in BRUSSELS. After two days FRANZ took the three of us to BRUSSELS about 14 February. We went to the home of JACQUES DUBROIN (sic) where I met Lt GILCHRIST (E&E 378). LILI had met us at the station and taken us there. That same night JACQUES took me to 134 Diamond Street where I stayed with RAOUL THIBOUT. I did not see my other two crew members afterwards. An engineer and a Tail gunner were there and a John BILLOWS.

I stayed there until 5 January. I understood that there were so many men in BRUSSELS that I had to wait for them to move on. I went over to DUBROIN's several times. I met a next door neighbor and Mme THIBOUT's cousin. A maid was there and some man used to come every day. LILI took me to someplace in the suburbs for a photograph about 26 December. THIBOUT gave me identity papers and said that I would leave about 5 January.

I met PAT --- who flew a Lysander. He insisted that me be moved out immediately and was. He was in the place where I was for only one night. I met a Candian from Toronto; I think his name was TED. THIBOUT took me to the station. There I met Fred Williams, and Frank HILL (RAF), and F/O SHEEHAN (E&E 340). From there the rest of my story is the same as SHEEHAN's.

When we were fired at crossing the Pyrenees, I got separated from the others but finally met Lt GREGORY (E&E 379) just over the border. I arrived in Spain 10 January 1944.

In northern Spain I met DANIEL MOUTON who FRANK HILL said was chief of the Belgian line. MOUTON asked me whether I knew JACQUES and the little girl whom I think he called

LILI. He said that he was the chief of the line and that he went in to deliver money. He did seem to know all thepositions along the line, but I did not quite trust him. I think it was at Erdax that I met him.

I went to Irun, Saragossa, Madrid, and Gibraltar. There I was questioned by a British civilian while the captain questioned KRAWCZYNSKI and another American waited.

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Evader's name, etc.: Steve KRAWCZYNSKI, S/Sgt, 31144643, 366 Bomb Sq, 305 Bomb Gp (H

Date of interview: 7 February 1944

On 14 October 1943 I was shot down near HEERLEN, Holland. It was three men who said that they were "missionaries" who offered me help but the said that could not help me because of Quislings.

A boy about 16 came yelling for me; his name was CHARLES. At dark he brought me food and civilian clothes and took me with two other boys though a village to a hiding place. About 2200 two Dutch policemen took me to the home of one WOR KOLONEL or KERNEL where there were two children, a boy 10 and a girl 8. I was there nine days. In that time a Polish fellow came to visit me; I can speak Polish, and I talked to him. Sgt KEENAN came to visit me the second day, and I went to visit him later. (In re KEENAN see E&E 341) KEENAN and I had pictures taken by a man with a moustache.

On the 10th day JACK took me to another place in HAERLEN, to FRANCIS GERRARDUS who was in the furniture business. His wife as JACK's sister-in-law. I was there three days. JACK was about 27 years old, 6' 1" tall, well built, with brown wavy hair and a fair complexion. He said that the chain was broken someplace, and I thought that he meant in Holland.

I gave 2000 francs to one of the polcemen to change, but I left before he brought me the exhhange.

A woman and a man took KEENAN and me about 25km on bicycles. We met a policeman and went to some sort of school where a woman was. KEENAN, the woman and I walked to the river with another man and a big policeman at some distance. Keenan, this last man, and I crossed the river and met a man about 45 or 50 with a big moustabhe, a man about 5' 11" tall who spoke a little English. I went on a bicycle with the man with the moustache and KEENAN went with the other man. We all stopped at a farmhouse. The next morning the man with the moustache took us by tram to HASSELT. Here we had more pictures taken. We webt to some Boulevard like BIERNEUX, number 16, I believe, and stayed there 32 days. Lloyd WILSON (E&E 341) was there when we arrived. An Englishman named DAVIS came in. WILSON and KEENAN were taken out together. FLOREN, the man of the house, said that the man with the moustache had been arrested for White Brigade activities The people at the house became a little frightened and wanted to get rid of us.

A woman in HASSELT said that the line on which I was was run by FELIX. A woman took DAVIS and me to BRUSSELS to a place over a store where we met a man and woman. The man was a Frenchman about 35 years old, about 6' 1" tall, weighing about 200 lbs, with a moustache and sandy hair.

A man named PHILLIPS picked us up, a small man of 40 or 45 with a short crooked nose and thinning hair. He took us to an apartment in a house on the outskirts of the city. The man was in his 40's and his wife in the early 30's. He works in a beer factory. I was there 8 days. Then a man with dark glasses, about 25 years old and 5' 8" tall, tohk me to a big house on the other side of the city, 24 Season Ave. Two women were there, one 65 and the other 45. We were supposed to be the first airmen they had kept. We were there about 20 days. We met the old woman's son, a baker, and the dress maker daughter of the other woman. About the tenth day PHILLIPS came around and said that we would have to stay a little longer.

Finally PHILLIPS took us to the station and turned us over to a Frenchman with whom we went by train to MOUSCROP. We were met by a boy 17-20, thin, 5' 8" tall, ruddy complexion, brown hair. We went to a cafe for thenight. A short old man picked us up there and took us across the border. A tall heavy set man met us and gave us tickets. The old man took us to TOURCOING . We went to a large home where there was a man, wife,

daughter, son, and grandmother. WILSON, KEENAN, and a British pilot BRUCE SUNDERLAND were there. They left on 28 December with the same man who had brought us. We received new identity papers. We were here 11 days.

On 2 January an oldish man who spoke a little English took DAVIS, KEENAN, WILSON, and me to the railway station to meet a woman guide. Just after she bought our tickets a German soldier took us someplace. The man who had taken us to the station came back and took us to the train. Then the woman joined us. In Paris we were met by a durly dark haired chap about 22 years old and 5' 8" tall. He spoke only French. He took the four of us to his room on the Cite.

Three days later the woman had had brought us to Paris took us three Americans to the railway station where we met a woman about 35. She turned us over to a little lady in black. We followed her and picked up an American DALINSKY (E&E 342). The four of us went to a house where there were a man, woman, girl about 21, and boy about 18. After two days there the little woman in black took me to a tailor shop. She went to see HINOTE (E&E 383) and McCONNELL (E&E 380). The man with whom these last two were staying came and took me to his place. The little woman in black was there when I arrived. She took HINOTE and me to an apartment where we slept that night. A thin old woman and a chubby woman were there. The next night a good looking heavy woman in her late 20's or early 30's, about 5' 8" tall and also dressed in black, took us to the station and on to BORDEAUX. There a man in his late 30's, about 5' 10" tall with black hair and a boil on his neck, met us. From this point by story is the same as McCONNELL'S and HINOTE's. (SEE E&E 380 or 383.)

I arrived in Spain on 12 January 1944.

At Gibraltar I was in terrogated by a British captain while a man in civilian clothes interrogated another American. Another American was waiting in the room.

Compiled by

Approved by
R. R. Nelson
Major A.C.

21.2.44

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E & E Report No 394, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Robert M SHEETS, S/Sgt, 6903658, 546 Bomb Sq, 384 Bomb Gp (H)

Date of interview: 8 February 1944

On 16 August 1943 I was shot down near RAMBOUILLET. On 18 August I approached a girl working by herself. She hid me in a shed on a hillside and said that she would get in touch with a priest. Of the two men in civilian clothes who came to the shed and said that the police knew of my presence, one had been in England.

After I left this group and walked on, I was waked by a French peasant with two girls, one of whom spoke English. When I delcined to go to Switzerland, she said that her hsband was going to Paris and that he would see what he could do for me. I stayed in the woods. Later she came back and said that she had goods news for me, that she had found a way for me to get to Spain. The next day she took me to a home near a village. From there a baker took me to the farm where Lt HEALD (E&E 357) was. About 1400 we went by horse cart to RAMBOUILLET to the home of a tall woman who spoke English. LIONEL and PIERRE, who also goes by the name of RAOUL, took us to Paris. PIERRE or RAOUL is of medium build, about 5' 8" tall, brown hair, with a slight moustahce and brown eyes. They took us ti an apartment in the XVII arrondissement of Paris. We stayed a week there with a man, wife, and daughter five. Then we went to another street in the same section and stayed with a man and wife; I thought that the man was an engineer. We had photographs taken.

At the first place to which we went in Paris a middle aged man about 5' 6" tall took our dog tags. He was supposed to have been a lieutenant in the army; he was also supposed to have been a chief in the organization and to have helped ROSIO and EVANS (E&E 54-54).

A tall man who was supposed to be a Polish colonel took us to a home where there was a plump middle aged woman with dark hair. She talked a lot. The aboce chief took us to meet the Polish colonel. From this house a little ex-prize fighter took us in a truck to MAURICE's cafe in DRANCY. We stayed overnight at a grani dealer's house and then went to PAVILLONS sous BOIS where we stayed with Lt DOUGHERTY (E&E 358) with a butcher, PIERROT. I was there about eight weeks.

On the QUIMPER expedition i went with HINOTE (E&E 383) guided by some Lieutenant by the name of RAYMOND who had just escaped from Germany. He was a fairly good looking chap of medium build with blond sandy hair and blue eyes. He spoke a little English. He got screwed up trying to find out where we were supposed to go, and after wasting the day we finally wound up at the priest's house. I went to JACQUES& house and then to JACQUES' mother's house where I stayed with DOUGHERTY and HINOTE. I went back to Paris with DOUGHERTY and HINOTE. In Paris I was at GILBERT's with Lt ARMSTRONG (E&E 339) and the two Englishmen, MAX and SHORTY.

GILBERT took us to the Metro and two girls took us out to the Chateau.

A young Frenchman took DOUGHERTY and me back to Paris where we met SUZANNE, a Belgian, and another woman. We went to a third rate hotel overnight. Then GILFOIS took us to the Comte&s house at 26 Avenue de General Mangin. I was there two weeks.

GENVIEVE and a young chap took us to another apartment for two days. The rest of my journey is exactly the same as Lt DOUGHERTY's. (See E&E 358.)

I arrived in Spain on 22 December 1943. I went to Figueras, Gerona, Barcelona, Saragossa, Alhama, Madrid, Gibraltar, Marakech, and Prestwick. At Gibraltar I was interrogated by a British captain while a civilian interrogated HERRICK (E&E 381).

Compiled by

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Military Intelligence Service

E & E Report No 395, APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: James A GRUMBLES, 2d Lt, 0-804652
326 Bomb Sq, 92 Bomb Group
Date of interview: 12 February 1944

The man who came up to me as I sat on the edge of the road near Tusson was ELI MONJEAUX, He escaped from a prison camp in KASSEL during an Allied raid. I spent the night at his house. The next morning, 2 January, he, his wife, and I walked 8 miles to the railway station. She got on the train and we rode bicycles to CHASSENEUIL. On the way he spoke to several people.

We went to a restaurant to eat. The restaurant owner also owned the local bicycle shop. Then we took a long ride into the country to meet Mme BEAUX and her daughter JACQUELINE, who is 18 and speaks some English. She said that if her mother would take me to the border she had a friend who would take me across it. Mme said to be ready in two hours. We rode back to the restaurant, and the proprietor gave me 10,000 francs. Mme BEAUX bought me a ticket to ELNE.

We (Mme & Mlle BEAUX, M. and Mme MONJEAUX and I) took the train to LIMOGES. Here we changed trains and the MONJEAUX left us. We went on to PERPIGNAN. Just before the train came in to PERPIGNAN the Germans boarded it to check papers. I used the identity card of Mme BEAUX's son. He did not look like me at all, and I was still wearing pinks and an A-2 jacket; fortunately the German looked only at the card and never looked at me. Here we took the train to ELNE.

We went to the house of the daughter's friend. I was given something to eat, although I was not hungry, but they insisted that I would need it to prepare me for the trip. A man of 50 and an older man talked over what they should do with me. They collected my 10,000 francs and the old man, went out to find a guide. At 0300 hours we left for the guide's house, arriving after dark. I rested in a ditch for an hour before going into the house.

We started over the mountains at 2000 hours. We reached Spain between 0030 and 0100 hours on 4 January. Here the guide left me. The rest of the crossing and my experiences in Spain are described in the main report.

Compiled by:
Dorothy A. Smith
DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

SECRET - AMERICAN
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E & E Report 396 APPENDIX "C"

The following information has been obtained from American personnel who have been repatriated. If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that the source should not be divulged.

Evader's name, etc.: Danied H GOETSCH, 2d Lt, 0-729472
401 Bomb Group, 614 Bomb Sq.

Date of interview: 8 February 1944

On 4 January, when I passed through MONEIM, I tried to buy a bicycle. The man here told me that there were camarades in BIELLE (6 km. north of the defense line) who would help evaders.

That night I stopped at a blacksmith's shop near LASSEUBE. They called a local gendarme in to help understand me. These people finally took me to a lodging house in LASSEUBE and it was here that I finally convinced them that I was an American.

I was told to follow the man who had been questioning me, and that everything would be all right. We rode 8 km. south, on bicycles, to his farm, where I had a wonderful hot bath. He has a wife, and a beautiful child. He escaped from prison in Germany, and is living with false papers. He is a member of the American Amateur Radio Relay League, and his call number if F8FC. The farm is 100 yards off the highway from PAU to OLORON, south of LASSEUBE. I spent all of 5 January here in a wonderful American bed, which had been given him by Americans in PAU, when he escaped from Germany. I did this so as not to be seen by the child or visitors.

He went into PAU, and came back with my papers. We had no ink, so we did my fingerprints in black paint, and it worked well. He said I would leave the next day after meeting an English-speaking woman.

At 1100 hours on 6 January we went into OLORON and met the train. This woman got off it with the necessary money, and all arrangements completed for the crossing. We waited on the outskirts of the town for a car, which took us to MAULEON. I got out of the car before we went into the town, and was to rejoin her on the street. I followed her at a distance until she went into a building. I stood and waited, and a gendarme came over and checked my papers. I made believe to be deaf and dumb, and got away with it.

It was dusk, so I walked on down the street, and then came back and entered the building. She called to me to come and witness that she was paying the guides. Just how much she paid them, and where she got the money, I do not know. She told the guides that I spoke no French, and that we were to use sign language. She told me to do what they told me without hesitation. Then I was taken to a hotel and fed. The whole of 7 January was spent in bed waiting, so the guide said, for "camarades". They never showed up, and we set off at 2230 hours and walked until 0530 hours. We stopped west of BARCUS. Here two girls and seven Frenchmen, who had deserted the TOULOUSE Munitions Plant were staying in a deserted cattle place.

On the 8th the two girls joined me and we set off with a new guide. At 0430 hours we stopped at a mountain side farmhouse above TARDETS. We changed guides again the night of the 9th and spent the 10th above ST ENGRACE. We left here at 1900 hours and reached Spain at 0200 hours. For more on the crossing and the story of our arrest in Spain see the main report.

The two girls who went to Spain with me were JACQUELINE PROPPER, whose address in England will be c/o Major Albert PAM, Wormley Bury Broxbourne, Herts, and GENEVIEVE DRUON, whose address in England will be c/o Mr LEGRAND, 71 Portland Place, London.

Compiled by:
DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

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Evader's name, etc.: Eugene V MULHOLLAND, 2d Lt, 0-798016
351 Bomb Sq, 100 Bomb Group
Date of interview: 8 February 1944

Amongst the people who stopped me in the field was a woman from COURBEVOIE, a suburb of PARIS. She was a short brunette, about 40 years old. I went with her, by train to PARIS that night (5 September). I spent the night at her apartment.

On 6 September a man from the organization came to see me. He was about 30 years old. He was tall and thin with brown hair and a large thin nose. His wife is a telephone operator at the Post Office. I showed him my dog-tags.

On the night of the 6th, I was moved to 3 Rue de Visien, about a quarter of a mile away. Here an old man named DI CHAMP lived with his two daughters and a barber named ANDRE KOCHER. I stayed here three weeks. I believe I was the first American here. HISPANO was raided during my stay, and KOCHER's shop was destroyed, but this did not make him mad at Americans. They were friends of the man who brought me to them, but were not members of any Anglo-financed organization. On 27 September we received a letter saying that I was to be ready to leave that day.

RAOUL and ANDRE arrived and brought my I. Card. They took all my American belongings, except my shoes and underwear. They took me to PARIS to 12 Rue SARRETTE. I was to spend the night with ANDRE VERGER, who owns a machine shop, and then go on to Spain. Something happened and I stayed on here for three weeks.

M. ROBERT, head of the organization, came to see me. He is 40 years old, 5'9" tall, sandy haired and very thin. He was in a bad way financially as his organization was not financed by the English. He got enough money to pay for my room and board from another organization that did have financial backing, but still needed 20,000 francs to get me out of France. After I had been here a week, he asked me if I wanted company, and brought in S/Sgt Rosswell MILLER, who had been staying in VERSAILLES. Another time he took me to see a Free French officer who was on his way to Switzerland. I gave this man my and MILLER's names, ranks, and ASN, to give to the M.A..

On 18 October we were told that we were being turned over to another organization. This was the organization which had been giving ROBERT the money. We were told that it would be two or three days at most before we moved on. We were taken to a Metro entrance and met Mme MARIE, a short, blonde Belgian, married to a gendarme. Capt LONG, a British officer, who had been captured in Sicily and escaped from Strasbourg, was with her. She took us to a house in FONTENAY.

Here we met Major BOREN (E&E #194) and a French spy. (ANDREE and MEURICE, Rue de la Republique). There was a picture of Sgt KREITENSTEIN (E&E #181) who had left eighteen days previously. I spent one night here. The best friend of this woman (a thin little brunette with a big fat husband) was caught with an American and it was thought too dangerous for us to remain. MILLER and I were moved to the house of a very old couple near LE BOURGET. Their son had just escaped from Germany, so it was thought too dangerous for us to remain here.

On 22 October we met Mme MARIE at a Metro station. She took us to a restaurant where we were turned over to another woman who in turn took us to Mme MARY, 12 Rue Clapihorn. We stayed here until 12 November. Then the concierge was found listening outside our door and we were moved.

DORA RASPOP, whom we had met while at Mme MARY's, took us to Mme AUTRET, 45 Rue DUTOT, with whom we stayed from 12 to 19 November. She and her friend worked at the Pasteur Institute. The friend spoke excellent English. Two Belgians came to eat at the AUTRET's and went then to stay with her friend. They spoke many languages and were free to move about. As they acted rather suspiciously, the French, so they claimed, killed them off. We were immediately moved.

We went to stay with the ANDRAUD sisters for five days (19-23 November). One of them is a doctor at the Pasteur Institute. We were ready to leave for Spain then, and even our lunches had been packed, but nothing happened.

DORA came to take us back to Mme MARY, but as the latter was not home, we were taken to MAUD's for one night. Here we also met ALICE and the children and RAOUL's friend ANDRÉ called. DORA is 45 yrs old. She is very thin, and has been a blonde, but changed to auburn when the Gestapo started to watch her. While the Gestapo was trailing her (at some previous time). She did not go home for two weeks. She is English and a friend of MAUD's. She has two sons, and has lived in PARIS for 22 years

On the 24th November, DORA took us back to MARY's for eight days. On 4 December she came and told us that the organization had been broken up. "The Colonel", who was the head of the whole thing had been caught. The COLONEL, it appeared, was a woman, and Mme MARIE, who had not been caught, worked directly under her.

DORA took us back to 45 rue DUTOT where we stayed until 18 December. While here Mlle GENEVIEVE came to see us. She carried a list giving the names of the airmen she had farmed-out around PARIS. She took our names, ASN, Sq, and Group. On 14 December she came back and gave us each an overcoat. On 18 December another girl arrived with two men (she is 5'4" and has dark hair), one of whom took us all the way to PERPIGNAN. (25 or 26 years old, 5'10" tall, dark brown hair, and well built.)

We followed them to the railroad station. We already had our tickets, and knew where to get off the train. The man who did not go through with us told us to tell the Consul that we came from BURGUNDY. This man is middle aged, 5'6" tall, has dark hair, and a stocky build; he spoke some English. We knew there were three other Americans on the train and when we changed trains at MONTAUBAN, we saw Lt SCHROEDER (E&E #329), Sgt HOWELL, (E&E #328) and Sgt BRUZEWSKI (E&E/#320). We went on to NARBONNE, and though the girl was no longer in our compartment, I think she was on the train. We got off at PERPIGNAN. For the rest of our story see Sgt HOWELL (E&E #328).

When I gave up on my second attempt to cross the Pyrennees, I had reached a barn 2 km. from the frontier. Here I slept all the next day. The farmer here had been in trouble before, because of people taking shelter with him. He went into BANYULS SUR MER to get the police, whom he assured me were friendly. Two gendarmes drove up to a spot near the farm and then walked over to the barn. As the gendarmes walked in, two Germans came up. All four came into the barn where I lay in ragged trousers, bleeding profusely. My identity card said that I was deaf and dumb, and I played the part. The Gendarmes went through my pockets. They then explained to the Germans that I was an escaped inmate from a home for deaf and dumb, and that they were going to take me back where I belonged. This seemed to satisfy the Germans, who went off to the farmhouse with one of the Gendarmes.

The remaining Gendarme whispered "Americain". I said "oui". When the other returned the same thing happened. They asked if I could manage to walk another kilometer. I said yes, and was taken to the BANYULS police station. Here I met the entire police force. I was fed and washed, and given a better pair of pants. Then they put me on a shelf in a tower to sleep. It was a long time since I had been so warm.

The next morning (19 January) I was taken to the station, and turned over to a man who gave me a steak dinner in a cafe. The police gave me a knapsack filled with food, wine, alcohol, cookies and sugar. We got into a car and drove back to a spot near a farm. Here we met a farmer in a cart, he got out of the cart and into the car and we drove on until noon. When the car stopped they pointed the way to me and I set off again. I reached a Spanish village at 2200 hours.

Compiled by:

DOROTHY A SMITH
Captain, WAC

398-399-400-401; Appendix C

398.Frank A. TANK,2d Lt, 0-686701,571 Sqdn-390 Group.
399.Ernest L.STOCK,2d Lt, 0-752515, " "
400.Eric KOLC, S/Sgt, 11111286, " "
401.Russell C. GALLO, S/Sgt, 33291118, " "

11 February 1944

We were members of an aircraft that crashlanded near WIRY, France, 30 December 1943. After being helped by local farmers we were joined together in a barn with three other members of our crew - Lt BRIGHAN, Sgt BOYCE and Sgt CASSIDY.

On 2 Jan we were taken by two French gendarmes in civilian clothes through HIRSON, were picked up there by a truck and driven into BELGIUM by members of the White Brigade.

We were taken to a chateau about one kilometer from REIZES. During the daytime we spent our time at the chateau which had been wrecked and abandoned but at night we slept in the nearby farmhouse of M. BOULLON.

On 9 January a man from Organisation intelligence came to question us and he was to reassure us that things were being done to get us away. There were about fifteen young members of the White Brigade hiding in the woods around the chateau and we spent a lot of time with them.

On 12 January we were told to go to the BOULLON farm and there were greeted by two members of the organisation. One was the BRUSSELS controller. We filled in forms giving name, rank, serial number, aircraft number, squadron, group, father and mother's names, etc. The controller was called 'Joe' or 'Go', was tall, wore dark-rimmed glasses, spoke English-German-French-Flemish. He said he had asked LONDON for 1,000,000 francs to carry on organisational activity and he was angry because they had sent only 100,000 francs. He was going to SPAIN to see about it. He told us he had been a Dutch pilot. He told us that we were due to leave soon and that Lt Stock and Sgt Gallo would go first on the 15th. They left instead on the 14th. On the 16th two men we had never seen before took us (Lt Tank,Sgt Kolc,Sgt Cassidy) to CHIMAY. Lt BRIGMAN and Sgt BOYCE were to follow in a few days but we have not seen them since.

One of our two guides was a lawyer from CHIMAY and after being fed in his home, we were taken to a hotel where the organisation kept a large supply of clothing. On the next day, 17 January, We were joined by Sgt BAILEY, RAF, and the four of us were taken to an apartment in BRUSSELS where we rejoined St STOCK and Sgt GALLO. Sgt HUSING (USAAF) was also in this apartment. The BRUSSELS controller had acted as our guide during the trip to BRUSSELS.

On 19 January, with papers stating that we were Belgian workers going to PARIS, We left BRUSSELS for the Frontier. At the border town of MOUSCRON we went to a cafe and waited for the all-clear signal to cross the border. This was to be given from the Cafe Mustache which was across the border in FRANCE.

When the signal was given Sgt Husong and Lt Tank started across first with a guide. Just before they got to the Cafe Mustache a German officer stopped them and took up their identity papers. Lt Tank can speak German, fortunately, and understood that they were only suspect of being tobacco smugglers. Because of this scare we stayed an extra day in the MOUSCRON cafe but made the trip across the border uneventfully the next day. It was obvious that the French border police were aware of our identity because they looked the other way when we walked by the guards gate. Our guides had gone back to BRUSSELS for new identity cards for Sgt HUSING and Lt TANK. A woman came from BRUSSELS to see what the trouble was before we crossed the border. She was a member of the organisation but we never knew just what her function was in the organisation. She was about 25 years old, homely, wore black-rimmed glasses and had very black hair.

From the Cafe MUSTACHE a guide took us to LILLE by train and on to PARIS.

Arriving in PARIS on 20 January we were taken to a hotel, actually it was a house of prostitution. The next day a bemustached fat man and a short, pretty, young girl took us to GAZERAN and left us on a farm. This was a connecting link between organisations because a young girl - had never seen her before - took us back into PARIS on the next day to catch a train for TOULOUSE. There was no control on the train from PARIS to TOULOUSE and we were still travelling on our Belgian identity cards and papers.

In the TOULOUSE station two men came up to us and said, "Follow us with no show of recognition." We did, and were taken to the headquarters of a smuggling organisation.

From TOULOUSE we were taken to BOUSSENS where we caught a bus to ST GAUDENS. There was some kind of a mix-up on the bus and our guide disappeared. We knew to get off at ST GAUDENS because there were some Jugo-Slavs who we had seen with the TOULOUSE organisation, on the bus and we got off when they did.

When we got off the bus our party numbered about ten. One of the other evaders was a girl, GENEVIEVE PETITT. We had met her in TOULOUSE.

GENEVIEVE seemed to take charge in ST GAUDENS because she spoke excellent French. We discovered that something had gone wrong and we were stranded without knowing what we were to do next. GENEVIEVE seemed to know that our Spanish guides were to pick us up the next morning but she didn't know what we were to do in the meantime. GENEVIEVE walked around ST GUADENS looking for a hotel where we could spend the night and by some miracle she ran into a Polish Organisation which gave us beds for the night.

The next morning we walked to BOUSSENS and caught a train back to TOULOUSE to find our organisation again . A Pole guided usand we arrived in TOULOUSE around 0900 hours. We sat in a restaurant until 1500 hours with the Pole paying the bill for our food.

We don't know quite how it happened but we transferred to the Polish Organisation and at 1500 hours all of us except Sgt CASSIDY and Sgt Husing caught a train to PAMIERS. There a man and woman took us from the Pole and guided us to FOIX. In pairs we were taken through the town by young boys, riding bicycles. We met at the foot of a mountain and started walking.

Our party consisted of ourselves, Sgt BAILEY (RAF), GENEVIEVE, two Jugo-Slavians, six Poles, Lt HORTON (USAAF), Lt MILLER (USAAF) and our guides. We walked for three days and nights before arriving in ANDORRA.

Lt HORTON was left in FRANCE at a farmhouse when he got too weak to continue. He dropped out of the second night. The family said they would send him on through with the next party but he was in such bad shape that he may never make it.

In ANDORRA we went to a hotel, arriving 27 January. After two nights in the hotel we were taken by taxi to the border, searched, asked a few questions, allowed to continue into SPAIN and were met by a car.

When the car got under way someone yelled halt and fired at us but we did not stop. On 31 January we arrived at the British Embassy where our trip to UK was arranged.

In Andorra it seemed to us that GENEVIEVE made most of the arrangements for getting us to the British Embassy. We understood that she had worked with an Organisation in FRANCE which had been passing people to SWITZERLAND and she had had to leave because the Gestapo knew of her activites and was after her.