

Name Glenn Loveland

Address 1406 Myrtle Ave

Telephone 9649520

MISSING AIRCRAFT REPORT

Pilot Marcottes

Plane # and Name our plane was grounded for repair, was flying plane with out name

Mission Date _____

Target Bremmer submarine pens

Cause of loss: AA fire Fighter attack Other, explain engine failure

Describe conditions in the plane as completely as you can:

How and where did you leave plane?

rear door by chute

What happened when you got on the ground?

Did you meet any of your crew mates?

How were you treated, if captured?

The interrogation copy that I am sending should ans. the questions above and should verify that I was a escopy sorry she taken along to ans. your letter. This interrogation was taken at the Pentagon over

Any additional details, reminiscences, letters, or documents of these events would be appreciated. If you do send such materials, I will copy them and put them back in the mail to you within 24 hours.

hldg. in Washington DC.

I was told in England that I was awarded the Silver Star medal but never received it.

I was awarded a bronze medal after discharge.

I was taken around to various bases in England to give lectures on my escape story.

had nervous breakdown during the lecture tour was hospitalized in England for a few weeks and then sent home.

As for the rest of my crew, the only one I've seen was Edward Dostie (Engineer) from Kittery Maine. I know for sure our co-pilot Mark Pitts from Wilmington Delaware was killed in his chute and navigator, don't remember his name, went down with the plane.

Dr. Williams

[Quoted text hidden]

2 attachments

 13june1943001.pdf
5196K

 Loveland Memoir.pdf
1427K

Bridges, Tyler <tbridges@mcclatchydc.com>
To: Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>

Tue, Jul 14, 2009 at 3:16 PM

Hi Dr. Williams:

Thanks for sending the two PDF files.

It turns out that the Loveland memories of his time as a POW that you sent were published in Russell Strong's book, *First Over Germany*. The disappointing thing to me is that Loveland provides skimpy details of their time in Yugoslavia. He provides no details of their escape, where they went initially, where they were with Tito's Partisans and where they were evacuated from. I hope another document will turn up with that information. I really need to find my father's own debriefing upon his return to Allied forces.

I need the Yugoslavia information to fill in the details for the book and because I want to retrace my dad's route next year.

Do you know if Loveland's narrative was an interview he gave some time after the war or something that he provided to the army upon his release? I note, for example, that he gave a slightly different date for the escape from the Szombathely camp for Polish internees in January 1944 than my father did in a letter home two months later.

I am in contact with his two daughters. Loveland appears to be near death in Maine, unfortunately. He was well enough one day for his daughter Donna to tell him that I had made contact with her, but he hasn't been well enough since to answer questions that I sent to her. I'm hoping that he'll rally. Donna has mailed me something that she thought I would want to see. Maybe it's the full narrative. I'll get it in a couple of weeks.

I like your point about the microfilm. But I realize that I hadn't told you that

I'm a foreign correspondent who covers South America. I'm based in Venezuela but travel a lot. I'm in Rio de Janeiro today and Lima tomorrow. I just don't know of a local library in South America that would have a reader/printer.

I hadn't seen a mission report before. The detail looks good and gives me hope that the mission statement for my dad's fateful mission will add to my store of knowledge. It's also useful to have what you sent for when I write about Loveland.

I now know that I will want to get the mission statement for the famed Ploesti raid on 8/1/43. The Fascinatin' Witch got shot up in that raid. I'll want to get the details. Two weeks later, the Witch was assigned to my dad and his crew. The Witch was redlined in late September, and my dad missed a couple of missions. He talked the squadron engineering officer into letting him fly it on the mission where he was shot down.

By the way, do you have a good idea on how I can find out where the Fascinatin' Witch went down? I know only that it was somewhere a bit south of Wiener Neustadt. I'm trying to figure out how to get the casualty/burial files for the three airman who went down with the plane. Any ideas on that?

I appreciate your help,

Tyler

From: Vernon Williams [mailto:vwilliams@acu.edu]

Sent: Tuesday, July 14, 2009 4:23 PM

[Quoted text hidden]

[Quoted text hidden]



Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>

306th Bomb Group Collection

7 messages

Bridges, Tyler <tbridges@mcclatchydc.com>
To: vwilliams@acu.edu

Thu, Jul 9, 2009 at 9:41 AM

Hello Professor Williams:

I'm am in the midst of researching a book that will tell the story of what happened to the Fascinatin' Witch, a B-24 blown out of the sky just after bombing Wiener Neustadt, Austria, on October 1, 1943.

The pilot of the plane was my father, Richard W. Bridges, who was one of the seven members of the crew to survive that day. He was the only one who parachuted into Hungary. (The others parachuted into Austria.)

After six months in Hungary, my father was sent to a POW camp in Yugoslavia. In April 1944, my father escaped from the POW camp in Yugoslavia, spent three months with Tito's Partisans and was repatriated back to Allied forces in Bari, Italy, on July 20, 1944.

In First Over Germany, by Russell Strong, a member of the 306th Bombardment Group, Glenn A. Loveland, tells how he was held as a POW with my father in Hungary and then Yugoslavia.

I spoke today with Mr. Strong. I asked him if it would be possible for me to see any documents relating to Loveland. I wanted to know if there are additional documents that would help tell the story of him and my father together.

Mr. Strong has led me to you. So I'd like to pose that query to you, if possible.

I appreciate your help,

Tyler Bridges

Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>
To: "Bridges, Tyler" <tbridges@mcclatchydc.com>

Fri, Jul 10, 2009 at 8:34 AM

Mr. Bridges,

Thank you for your email regarding Glenn A. Loveland and his experiences with your father in Hungary during the war. During the summer I am on the campus in a limited way but will begin a short teaching assignment next week. I will look in the correspondence files for anything related to Loveland.

By the way what bomb group did your father fly with during the war? I have produced a number of historical documentary films, and I did one on the the 14 bomb groups in the Second Air Division, 8th AF titled: *Liberators Over East Anglia: The Second Air Division in World War II*. I have spent a great deal of time filming at the sites of many of the bases and interviewing some of the B-24 personnel and some of the British family members who lived around those bases during the war. My overall project encompasses the history of the 8th AF in WWII. The 306th BG project is just a part of what we do here regarding the 8th AF.

I will write you again when I have gone through the 306th records for Loveland materials.

Dr. Williams

[Quoted text hidden]

--

Dr. Vernon L. Williams

Professor of History
Editor, Red River Valley Historical Journal
Director, East Anglia Air War Project
Past President, Texas Oral History Association
Web Site: www.acu.edu/anglia

Department of History
ACU Box 28130
Abilene Christian University
Abilene, TX 79699-8130

Office Phone: (325) 280-3399

FAX: (325) 674-2369

Email: vwilliams@acu.edu

Bridges, Tyler <tbridges@mcclatchydc.com>

Fri, Jul 10, 2009 at 8:37 AM

To: Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>

Hi Dr. Williams:

I appreciate your help.

My father was a member of the 8th Air Force, 44th Bomb Group, 66th Squadron.

In telling the story of the Fascinatn' Witch and its crew, I will need to get a better feel for what it meant to fly on a B-24. I need to put the individual stories in context.

So I would be interested in seeing or obtaining anything that would give me

a better understanding of what my father and the others went through.

Have you researched files on individual airmen? I'm trying to get a clear understanding of what documents are where. I have the names and serial numbers and a fair amount of material on the 10 crew members, but I need to get my hands on the files in government archives. But I'm not sure if College Park has what I need or Maxwell.

Thanks!

Tyler Bridges

From: Vernon Williams [mailto:vwilliams@acu.edu]
Sent: Friday, July 10, 2009 10:34 AM
To: Bridges, Tyler
Subject: Re: 306th Bomb Group Collection

[Quoted text hidden]

Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>
To: "Bridges, Tyler" <tbridges@mclatchydc.com>

Fri, Jul 10, 2009 at 9:07 AM

Individual files will be a problem. The individual service records are held at St. Louis but a fire in 1974 destroyed many of those WWII-era records. You would have the requests originate from individual family members to get copies of that material, if any of it exists.

Your best bet is to purchase a set of microfilm records from Maxwell Research Center on the 44th BG. Their website is located at: <http://afhra.maxwell.af.mil/> There is an email address listed towards the bottom. Just request ordering information for the microfilm records of the 44th Bomb Group in the 8th AF during WWII. These records will have the combat diaries of each unit and squadron in the Group--which will be very helpful in a number of ways.

Also listed on this website are the numbered historical studies available as downloads as pdf files. There are many of these studies that relate to the 8th AF and will give you some very specific historical narratives of the time periods you are interested in.

College Park would be helpful for photographs but plan to spend a great deal of time there. The still photographs are not organized by bomb group but are scattered throughout a subject-organized system. Some bomb groups are more represented than others.

Do you have the mission report on your father's last mission? It could provide possible eyewitness accounts of seeing his plane shot down, parachutes seen and counted, etc. It could also be a source for narrative as you write the shoot down sequence in your book. Some of these other crewmen in the other plans may still be alive and willing to talk to you. I would purchase a telephone recording cable and use it to record audio telephone interviews of those whom you can not get to in person.

I would also interview other surviving members of the group if that is possible for you. They could give you valuable information about daily life in England, mission routine, and personal struggles with the danger and risk of missions. Attend their reunion in Tama or get in touch with the editor of their

newsletter. She may put in a query by you to the membership. Her contact information is:

**Secretary / Director / 8 Ball Tails Editor:
Ruth W. Davis-Morse**

**2041 Village Circle East
York, PA 17404
Phone: (717) 846-8948
Fax: (717) 846-6688**

e-mail: rdavismorse@aol.com

Their website has some good overall squadron histories that could provide narrative background for you. <http://www.44thbombgroup.com/>

My film on the Liberators can be ordered from: <http://www.oldsegundo.com/videos.shtml>

That is where I would start.

Dr. Williams

[Quoted text hidden]

Bridges, Tyler <tbridges@mcclatchydc.com>

Tue, Jul 14, 2009 at 9:11 AM

To: Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>

Hi Dr. Williams:

I've just sent an e-mail to the National Archives in College Park with very detailed requests for information. I'll see exactly what they can give. I've already made an online request for my father's personnel file, and I've asked several other families of crewmen to make requests as well. I just got a phone number for an archives official in St. Louis and will call to see whether I can do better through him. For example, will they give me the *casualty* and burial files for the three men killed aboard the Fascinatin' Witch?

I've already made contact with Maxwell and will see exactly what I can get. Microfilm records could be a problem since I don't know how I would view them.

I don't have the mission report on my father's last mission. I am trying to figure out where to get it. I do have a press release issued immediately after the mission that did not contain detailed eyewitness accounts. It did quote a few airmen talking about how successful the bombing was.

I like the idea of talking to surviving B-24 airmen. I've talked to several already. I am planning to attend the Tampa reunion, although the logistics

are complicated for me. The historian for the 44th Bomb Group Association has been quite helpful already. So has Ruth Morse.

I'll see about getting your documentary. I would definitely want it if it would give me a better picture of what it meant to fly a B-24. I have only a hazy notion for now.

I appreciate your help and advice.

Tyler

From: Vernon Williams [mailto:vwilliams@acu.edu]

Sent: Friday, July 10, 2009 11:07 AM

[Quoted text hidden]

[Quoted text hidden]

Vernon Williams <vwilliams@acu.edu>

Tue, Jul 14, 2009 at 2:23 PM

To: "Bridges, Tyler" <tbridges@mcclatchydc.com>

Tyler,

It looks like you got a good start. You will probably get mixed responses from your questions. Usually, archivists can not do the research for you but facilitate your research when you arrive there. Most of them are overwhelmed and you can expect to either hire someone recommended by an archivist or go there yourself. But you might get lucky.

You can take your microfilm, purchased from Maxwell, to your local library and use their readers to look at it or make copies from the microfilm. Almost none of us historians have our own reader/printer.

I looked at the Glenn Loveland file yesterday and was excited to find a typescript of Loveland's memories of his time as a POW. Then I noticed that six pages out of fourteen are missing. It looks like the piece was used for an Echoes article in the late 1970s and the only part of the original typescript kept were the pieces used for the article. I am hoping that you or your father had received a copy of the typescript from him. Have you ever seen this? So far my attempts to contact Loveland's family have not been successful. I shall keep trying. He mentions your father in the opening part, but the pages immediately following those entries are missing. I will keep you posted on this.

I am attaching the 306th BG mission report for 13 June 1943 when Glenn Loveland was shot down. It is 73 pages and the file is over 5 mb large. I am also attaching the Loveland typescript--at least the pages I have. Your father is first mentioned on page 10.

Hope these are some benefit. You can see the detail in the mission report. So if you could get a copy of the 44th BG mission for the day your father was shot down, you probably will see some of the same kinds of observations from his other crews who watched it happen.

By the way, the 306th BG mission reports came from Record Group 18 in the National Archives at College Park, MD.

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~~Donna~~ Edward Glenn
 207-872-6543
 Donna ~~Glenn~~ Loveland
 207 445-5990
 stonsoup@fairpoint.net

3,4,5,6
 9,12

THIS SIDE UP

THIS SIDE UP

INPUT DIRECTION →

INPUT DIRECTION →

1406 Myrtle Ave
Ashtabula,
Ohio. 44004

Dear Mr. Strong

There are many high lights of my escape that are, of course, not mentioned in the interrogation letters, copies of which I am enclosing. Once I was riding a stolen bicycle. I was lost, and by accident rode into a Hitler Youth Camp, I walked my bike around a group of marching youths. Realising where I was, I rode back out of the same entrance without ever being challenged. I also rode trains, school buses, stole a car & a truck.

Due to having been on the road for about 6 weeks I was physically & mentally wore out. Not knowing I was only about 10 miles from the Hungarian border I asked for food in a small village & was put in jail for not having proper identification. Met a woman there that

2/
had lived in Cleveland before the war. I escaped from there & crossed the border to Hungary & was interned. They told me they didn't know what to do with me at first, as a Lt. Richard Bridges, B-24 pilot, 15 AAF from Italy were the only two Americans they had at that time. After much debate and a request from the Germans to send us back they interned us. The Germans then occupied the country, recaptured us & took us to Belgrade. During a severe bombing by the 15th group bombing the Belgrade rail yards close by the P.O.W. camp Bridges & I escaped, ending up fighting with Tito's Partisans.

Would you please mention in the Echo paper, if any one knowing of Richard Bridges, Lt. B-24 Pilot on the 15th, I would appreciate hearing about him. He was hospitalised in Budapest with burns, & we were later put together in Szombathely. We were then separated & went

different directions in Italy.

I hope all this does not sound too confusing. There was so much happened to join all this together to make sense, but of course that would take too long. I was told at one time that I was only one from Krens 17-B to escape & make it all the way back to my squadron. Before leaving England for the states I went round giving lectures at different bases.

Sincerely

Glenn Loveland

12/9/96

Dear Mr. Strong,

I have enclosed a check in the amount of \$38.⁰⁰ for one book "First Over Germany". We first heard ^{about} & saw this book down at my brother's place. My sister-in-law Joyce Loveland Mc Grath was telling us about this book. She gave me this notice to send for a copy as my best friend is very interested in getting a copy. She also had a small newspaper like called 306th Echoes but I didn't get the cost for that. If you can let me know when you send along the book I think my friend might also enjoy that.

Thanks and Best Wishes for
The Holiday.

Joan M. Lanpher

over

JOAN M. LANPHER

8 MC RAE ST.

P. O. BOX 7

WILTON, MAINE 04294-

4449

207-645-4833

C
O
P
Y

30 August 1978

Mr. Glen Loveland
1406 Myrtle Avenue
Ashtabula, OH 44004

Dear Glen:

Many thanks for sharing with me the enclosed material. I read it at lunch today, and then took the liberty of copying it, so that I can get it back in the mail to you immediately.

Yours is indeed a fascinating story, and one of those I will be able to make good use of as my manuscript proceeds.

When I have a few moments I'll do so further checking on your crew that day. I'll let you know what I find out.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

10 July 1977

Mr. Glen Loveland
1406 Myrtle Avenue
Ashabula, OH 44004

Dear Glen:

I have been meaning to write you for quite some time, to inquire as to your role as a speaker in the 8th Air Force. I noticed at some place a couple of references to your being on a speaking tour and would like to know more about it.

Then, this morning while filing some Special Orders, I noticed your name on Wm. Marcette's original crew, and decided that I had to write you now to give me some help there. I have received considerable information on Missing Air Crews, but Marcette's is one of those that National Archives has no trace of.

And this causes me to wonder if you were an evadée, but I don't see your name on the list supplied to me by the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society.

I would appreciate very much hearing from you on any of these matters, as I think they are all pieces in the jig saw puzzle that is the whole story of the 306th.

Any information you can give me will be most appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong



HEADQUARTERS ARMY SERVICE FORCES

Office of The Provost Marshal General

Washington 25, D. C.

8 January 1944

Mrs. Helen M. Loveland,
1715 West Eighth Street,
Ashtabula, Ohio.

Dear Mrs. Loveland:

The Provost Marshal General directs me to communicate with you further regarding your son, Sergeant Glenn Loveland.

A communication has been received from the Swiss Legation at Budapest, Hungary, which was forwarded through channels to this office, stating that Sergeant Glenn Loveland escaped from German prison camp, arrived in Hungary, and interned by that country at Szombathely.

You may attempt to communicate with him by addressing him as follows:

Sgt. Glenn Loveland,
American Prisoner of War,
Interned at Szombathely, Hungary,
Via: New York, New York.

The cable reporting your son's internment in Hungary did not refer to his physical condition. In the absence of such a reference, there is no information at hand which would indicate that he is not in normal health.

Please be assured that if and when further information is received concerning him, that you will be notified immediately.

Sincerely yours,

Edwin J. Carpenter

Edwin J. Carpenter,
Lt. Col., C.M.P.,
Assistant Director,
Prisoner of War Division.

*St. Bridges v. I escaped from here & recaptured & sent
to Honarrom & State Prison.*



HEADQUARTERS ARMY SERVICE FORCES

Office of The Provost Marshal General

Washington 25, D. C.

9 February 1944

Mrs. Helen M. Loveland,

Ashtabula, Ohio.

Dear Mrs. Loveland:

The Provost Marshal General directs me to inform you further regarding your son, Sergeant Glenn Loveland.

Information has been received through neutral sources which indicates that your son has been transferred to Komerom, Hungary.

You may attempt to communicate with him by addressing him as follows:

Sgt. Glenn Loveland,
American Prisoner of War,
Komerom #4, Post Office 750, Hungary,
Via: New York, New York.

When further information is received concerning him, you will be informed immediately.

Sincerely yours,

Edwin J. Carpenter

Edwin J. Carpenter,
Lt. Colonel, C.M.P.,
Assistant Director,
Prisoner of War Division.

I was in this Komorom prison when the Germans occupied Hungary and recaptured me. I later escaped again and ended up with Tito.



HEADQUARTERS ARMY SERVICE FORCES

Office of The Provost Marshal General

Washington 25, D. C.

28 March 1944

Mrs. Helen Loveland,
1715 West 8th Street,
Ashtabula, Ohio.

Dear Mrs. Loveland:

The Provost Marshal General directs me to inform you that information has been received by this office, through channels which are considered reliable, which indicates that your son, who had been previously reported as a prisoner of war in Italy, has escaped. He is reported in that part of Italy occupied by the German army. Every possible effort is being made to render him assistance in the way of shelter, food, and clothing.

It is requested that you treat this information as strictly confidential in order that the position of Sergeant Glenn Loveland, and the relief channels to him and to soldiers similarly situated may not be endangered.

Rest assured that this is all the information now available concerning your son, and you will be promptly notified of any further information that is received concerning his welfare and whereabouts.

Sincerely yours,

Howard F. Brsee

Howard F. Brsee,

Colonel, C.M.F.,

Assistant Director,

Prisoner of War Division.

This letter should have read escaped from Germans in Belgrade and joined Tito's Partisans but said Italy for security reasons. (Belgrade) the date is right

WAR DEPARTMENT

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

IN REPLY REFER TO:

AGPC-G 201 Loveland, Glenn Jr.

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

(29 Jul 44) 212087

1 August 1944.

Mrs. Helen M. Loveland,
1833 West 4th Street,
Ashtabula, Ohio.

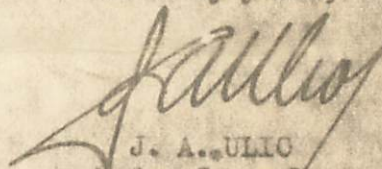
Dear Mrs. Loveland:

Reference is made to my telegram of 30 July 1943, informing you that your son, Sergeant Glenn Loveland, 15,320,777, was a prisoner of war of the German Government.

It is a pleasure to inform you that Sergeant Loveland has returned to military control and is now hospitalized in the 26th General Hospital, A.P.O. 363, c/o Postmaster, New York, New York. No mention was made of his present physical condition and the reason for hospitalization was not given.

This information of his return to military control is given to you in confidence with the request that it be disclosed to no one outside of your immediate family and that no publicity whatever be given to this information. This precaution is necessary in the best interest of our country and any deviation from strict confidence might jeopardize the safety of other personnel.

Sincerely yours,


J. A. JULLIO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

st

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

IN REPLY REFER TO:
Loveland, Glenn Jr., 15,320,777
PC-N NAT 181

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

10 August 1944.

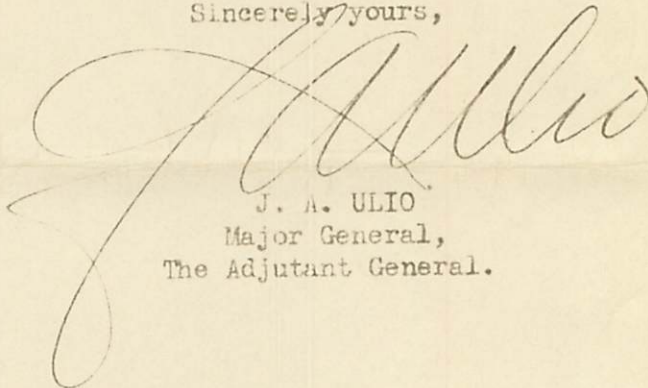
Mrs. Helen M. Loveland,
1833 West 4th Street,
Ashtabula, Ohio.

Dear Mrs. Loveland:

I am pleased to inform you that a report has been received from the theater of operations stating that on 21 July your son, Staff Sergeant Glenn Loveland Jr., was returned to duty.

In view of this report, it is not expected that additional information will be received regarding his condition.

Sincerely yours,



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

10/12 28 picas

Glen Loveland arrived at Thurleigh 4 May 1943 as a gunner on the crew of 1st Lt. William H. Marcette, and assigned to the 423rd squadron. Other crews arriving on the same orders were those of 1st Lt. Dinwiddie Fuhrmeister ~~and~~ and 1st Lt. Gaylord Ritland / 367th, and 1st Lt. Jim P. Leach 423rd. Marcette's crew was shot down 13 June 1943 over Bremen. Loveland's account appears below, as told to 15th Air Force interrogators following his escape from Germany. In the summer of 1944 Loveland came back to Thurleigh, and then was assigned to tell about escape to ^{8th Air Force} ~~American~~ aircrews in England, until illness ended this activity. He now lives in Ashtabula, OH.

Thankyou for a really
fine directory.

Glenn Loveland.

1406 Myrtle Ave
Ashtabula OH
44004

Dear Russell,

A number of things have been brought to light in the last three years in regards to my numerous escapes from various POW camps.

Far one at the POW convention I was honored with the fact that I was the only one to escape and make it back to the 423 sqd. before the wars ending, I brought back information about targets we bombed that might have been helpfull for the records, I also spent about three wks. going around the various squadrens lecturing of my method of escape before being sent home.

I was told that I was put in

for a silver medal which I never received.

I am not looking for glory, just some recognition for my escape.

I'm wondering if you could pass this on to some one who could investigate what happened to my medal.

It would be nice to show my grandchildren.

I also had a nice surprise phone call from a Paper mill executive in Boston Mass. who was in France on Company business trip to a Paper mill Co. in France.

While hunting with some French people connected with his business trip, one of them showed him a picture with my name on the back of the picture, he was one of the French men that helped me get out of Krems (17-B) and asked if ~~that~~ he would try

to find me as he always wondered how far I got with his help.

My wife & I are going to Northern Maine for the Holiday and have made arrangements to spend a day with this man.

I was helped in three different towns by the French so I'm not sure at this time which town it was until I talk with him.

I feel like I owe my life to them as I was under threat to be shot if I made anymore escapes, and they would have been shot on the spot for helping me.

If you would like I will let you know the out come of my visit.

Yours truly
Glenn Loveland

P.S. - I will be able to tell verified parts of my story that have not been told as they would have sounded like fiction before.

28 December 1985

Mr. Glenn Loveland
1406 Myrtle Avenue
Ashtabula, OH 44004

Dear Glenn:

There are two matters I want to discuss with you, and had intended writing you before receiving your recent letter:

- 1) In the matter of the medal, I think the place to begin is with your Congressman. I am sure that he will take a great interest in the matter and can pursue it like no one else, with the clout that congressmen enjoy with the military.

Under separate cover on Monday I will mail you a copy of Fisst Over Germany which you can use as a part of your presentation to him.

He'll take the matter from there, and if further information is needed as to the whereabouts of squadron commanders and others from the 306th, I will be happy to do whatever I can.

- 2) I want to urge very strongly that you and your wife plan to attend the 306th reunion at Dayton in September. Most of the men of the 306th have never had a chance to see you and I am sure that they would be delighted with your appearance and the opportunity to talk with you.

Please let me hear from you on both matters as matters progress.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

10/12 14 pica Helvetica

(Sgt. Loveland's story begins on Sunday morning, June 13, 1943, over the submarine pens at Bremen, Germany, the target assigned to the Fortress group of which he was a member.)

"Immediately after "bombs away" I heard a loud "WHROOMP" and felt the plane shudder. I knew right then and there we were hit badly so I wasted no time in climbing out of my ball turret, and up into the waist where I learned that all our controls were shot out and we'd have to abandon the ship. The pilot trimmed up the ship and gave the order to bail out.

The flak was still coming up all around us when I jumped. My chute opened with a jerk and twisted me around just in time to see my co-pilot leave the airplane. Seconds after his body emerged from the bomb bay he was enveloped in a burst of flak and I figured he was killed instantly. His body was found later and though it was unrecognizable, we were able to identify him by his dog tags.

I saw eight other chutes come from the plane before it crashed and burst into flames just outside the city.

I realized that I wouldn't have much opportunity to evade capture when I hit the ground so I threw away my automatic while I was descending. When I reached the ground, five farmers armed with pitchforks were waiting for me. I made no attempt to get away, but tried to indicate that I wanted to be taken prisoner. Three of the men wanted to kill me on the spot with their forks, but they were restrained by the other two men who wanted to turn me over to the military. Five minutes later a German vehicle, driven by a German officer, approached across the field and at the same time I saw my pilot being brought in under guard from another direction.

The officer immediately searched us, confiscating our watches, money and escape kits. We were taken to a staff office about two kilometers outside of the city of Bremen and only a short distance from where we had landed. Here we were joined by

six other members of our crew who had descended safely.

Six or seven German officers in the staff office immediately began hitting, cuffing, and slapping us, even jabbing us with their rifle butts. We didn't suffer any real injuries and apparently the attack was made in a spiteful rage because our bombing had been so successful. This session lasted for about an hour and a half and then we were forced to strip and submit to a detailed search at the end of which we were loaded into a truck and taken to a prison somewhere in Bremen.

The cells were very clean and we stayed here for about four hours. Then we were taken to another and similar prison where we remained for the night. In the morning we were taken in a truck to the railway station in Bremen. We attracted considerable attention and one group of civilians approached us making threatening gestures, but the SS troops who were guarding us did not permit them to molest us.

We were taken by train to Frankfurt, a 48-hour ride during which time we were fed by the German Red Cross. The food was sufficient at all times. On arrival we were detained and marched 2 1/2 miles to a prison camp. During the march we created quite a stir among the civilians along the route. Some of the people stoned us, called us names, and made threatening gestures. Some gave us the V for Victory sign.

Our camp was a barbed wire enclosure with a single building into which we were led. The officer in charge explained to us in English that we were to be interrogated and that no harm would come to us if we answered all questions. All our military clothing was taken away and all possessions which had escaped the previous searches were confiscated. We were given receipts for the latter.

Each of us was detained in a cell in solitary confinement until the interrogation which was scheduled for the following day. The cells were very poor. The bed consisted of three plain boards covered with one blanket and no mattress. Toilet facilities were inadequate. Food was very bad—~~one~~ one meal a day. We were awakened at five o'clock in the morning, given ersatz coffee and nothing more. At

to conceal myself, but was discovered and taken into custody by the guard only a few moments after they captured him. We were taken to the main office and the food we had collected for the trip was distributed to the guards. I was pretty much "browned off" to see all that good cheese go to waste. We were both given six days solitary.

Start While I was "sweating out" this latest punishment, I determined that I would give my captors more trouble if possible. Using some cigarettes that were smuggled in to me by friends I bribed the guard to let me out of the solitary confinement cell and into the English compound. My tentative plan was based on information that the English prisoners were under orders to leave for a new prison camp near the Russian front. If I could escape detection and get aboard the train I felt my chances of escaping enroute would be reasonably good.

Shortly after I entered the English compound, however, I heard another rumor which caused me to change my plans, namely, that the American compound was also going to be transferred. I resorted to bribery once more and succeeded in getting a clerk in the main office to transfer my records from the file of escaped prisoners back to the American file. I used the same method to get back to the American compound myself.

On September 15th the Americans were moved. There were approximately 3,200 enlisted American personnel, all of whom had either parachuted or crash-landed on German territory. This time our destination was Krems, Austria. Once again we were herded like cattle into boxcars and began the five-day journey to Krems. I watched for an opportunity to make a break but none presented itself. Bomb damage along the railroad right of way was tremendous and the entire system, even at that time, was in very bad shape. Several times it was necessary to halt the train while new tracks were laid in front of us and I lost count of the number of times the locomotive broke down during the trip. Food during the journey was fairly good, but there was very little of it. What was given to us was furnished by the German Red

Cross.

At Krems, the prison camp contained all nationalities, again in separate compounds. Only enlisted personnel of the Air Forces were in our compound. The camp itself was situated on a mountain about eight kilometers from the city. Treatment was good and there was sufficient food. German officers in various uniforms mingled with the prisoners in the compound for the purpose of eliciting information. Most of these men were "smooth customers" and generally their tactics consisted of engaging a man in conversation and then leading him into an argument during which items of military information would be painlessly extracted, usually without the subject even being aware of the fact.

By the time two weeks had elapsed, I was once again at work planning my next escape attempt. Information was received in the camp, through the guards and from prisoners who had gone into town to pick up packages, that there were civilians in the area who would aid an escapee. It was a simple task to cut the barbed wire enclosure this time and I slipped out of the camp and struck out for St. Polten. I lost my way, however, and wandered around in the mountains for almost a week before I came to a town which I later learned was Wiener Neustadt. Here I was fortunate enough to contact some French laborers who took me in and gave me food, clothing and maps. I remained with them for only one day and then started out again.

I went as far as Mattersburg, but by this time my food supply had given out and I was afraid I would be unable to continue. I decided to take a chance and seek aid in one of the nearby houses. I selected the house and asked the woman who came to the door for something to eat and a place to sleep. She apparently recognized me as an escapee and told me I could not remain in her home. She summoned a little boy and directed him to take me to a place where, she informed me, I would be cared for.

One attempt was made on my life during the month that I remained at Komarom. I was approached ~~by~~ one day by one of the Italian prisoners who informed me that there was another American prisoner in one of the camp buildings. I accompanied him to the second floor where the American was alleged to be, but found instead another Italian waiting for us. ^{They} The grappled with me and attempted to throw me from an open window, but I broke away and ran from the building.

This little episode was sufficient to convince me that my position was anything but secure and that if I failed to take some steps to protect myself my chances of ever getting back to friendly territory would be virtually nil. I complained to a Hungarian colonel about the treatment I was getting, informing him that I was an American officer and as such was entitled to all the privileges befitting my rank. The colonel was very sympathetic and made arrangements to have me transferred to another camp. From this time on I stuck to my story of being a commissioned officer.

Within a few days I was taken to another prison camp near the town of Szombathely. The treatment here was very good. Clothing was supplied by the Red Cross in Budapest and by the Hungarian and Swiss legations. It was at this camp that I met Lieutenant Richard Bridges^S who remained with me during the rest of my travels.

I remained at Szombathely for a month and a half. The prisoner personnel at the camp consisted mostly of high-ranking Polish officers, about 150 in all. Their status was not altogether that of prisoners of war, but rather that of internees. Their families resided in the town and they were permitted to visit them with very little supervision. Relative freedom was ^{granted} granted Lt. Bridges and myself and we were permitted to visit the town almost at will, until one day I was caught in the act of purchasing a knapsack. Thereafter whenever we visited the town we were guarded very closely.

We decided that if we were to escape from Szombathely, it would be necessary for one of us to go into town and make the initial contact with an underground organization. I conveniently became afflicted with a terribly painful toothache, and was dispatched to town under the watchful eye of a guard to visit the dentist. The guard, however, remained at a wine shop while I was with the dentist and this gave me an opportunity I was seeking to make the necessary contact. The only drawback to the plan was that I had to have a tooth pulled in order to allay suspicion.

All the arrangements for our escape were made by the underground and the details were not disclosed to us. All I know is that on the night of January 15 we walked boldly out of the prison camp in the company of a guard and boarded the 8:15 train for Szombathely. ?

We arrived in Szombathely about nine o'clock and waited until midnight for a train to Budapest. Arriving in Budapest the next morning at nine o'clock, we were taken directly to the home of the guard who was escorting us. The necessary supplies had been arranged for and were awaiting us at his home. During our brief stay in Budapest we ate in restaurants in the center of the city, accompanied by our friend and others who were in on the plan. We were given \$50 in green seal U.S. currency and 500 kulas in Serbian money by the leader of the organization who did not reveal his identity. In addition, we were taken, by a woman who spoke English, to several shops^S in Budapest where civilian clothes were purchased.

Before leaving Budapest we were taken to visit an English Colonel who had been a prisoner of war in Germany and had escaped into Hungary. The Colonel had a radio transmitter and he told us that he was in touch with Allied authorities. Our friends introduced us to an Allied Officer whom they said would leave Budapest with us. We gave him the 5000~~0~~ kulas and \$40 of the U.S. currency to cover expenses.

We remained at Siklos for a month and a half, until sometime in March. There were 11 other Americans in the camp and we were all treated very well by the guards. The food was also good. About this time the Germans occupied Hungary and took over all prisoners, including Lt. Bridges and myself. We were sent to Zemun together where we were placed in a large prison camp. It was impossible to estimate the total number of prisoners, but they were of all nationalities.

The camp was situated across the river from Belgrade which was selected by USAAF as a target two weeks after our arrival. The heavy bombers came over in force and ⁱⁿ the resulting confusion in the camp the guards fled for cover. Lt. Bridges and I, together with a number of others made a mass break. We made our way into the country and after wandering about for about a week we approached a shepherd and asked for cigarettes. He proved to be a Partisan and recognized us as American airmen. He immediately contacted the Partisan organization and we joined forces with them.

For the ensuing three months we remained with various Partisan groups, playing hide and seek with German patrols and moving frequently from place to place to avoid recapture. I am not sure of the names of the towns and cities that we visited in Yugoslavia during this period. On the night of July 20th ¹⁹⁴⁴ we were evacuated from Yugoslavia and arrived in Italy.

For the benefit of Allied personnel who may in the future be shot down over German territory, I'd like to stress a few points that might prove helpful to them in their attempts to return to friendly territory. First, remember that there are many people in Germany, Austria and Hungary who are not hostile to Allied personnel and who will go out of their way to render assistance. I usually made an effort to get in touch with French workers whenever possible. They were, almost without exception, wholly in sympathy with my efforts and were of invaluable aid in securing food.

Secondly, I'd like to stress the absolute necessity for keeping escape plans completely secret if you have any hopes of their being successful. No one within the confines of a prison camp can be trusted. There are spies and stool pigeons circulating through the camp at all times, and even in the case of those who would not deliberately give you away, if they know about your plans there is always the possibility that confidantes will compromise them by inadvertently making some remark that will "tip-off" your captors.

Thirdly, I suggest that escape attempts be undertaken individually rather than in groups. When a man is working alone he usually determines a course of action and follows it through, but where two or more persons are engaged in an enterprise of this type there is very likely to be bickering and indecision. Hesitancy will almost invariably lead to failure.

Auth: CG, MASAF
Init: P.M.P.
12 Mar 45

(A) - ESCAPE -

Synopsis: S/Sgt Glen Loveland Jr., of Ashtabula, Ohio, is typical of the men who make up the USAAF in combat theatres in all parts of the world. The experiences of this 20-year-old 8th AF ball turret gunner who escaped from POW camps in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, make his one of the most colorful stories of the war to date. It is reproduced here in Sgt. Loveland's own words, not only because it is of vital interest to air crew members who may in the future profit by his experiences, mistakes and accomplishments, but because it contains the significant proof that perseverance and determination are the basic ingredients in the recipe for a successful escape. S/Sgt. Loveland was processed by the A-2 Escape Section, Hq. 15AF, on his return to Allied Control in July of 1944.

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The flak was still coming up all around us when I jumped. My chute opened with a jerk and twisted me around just in time to see my co-pilot leave the airplane. Seconds after his body emerged from the bomb bay he was enveloped in a burst of flak and I figured he was killed instantly. His body was found later and though it was unrecognizable, we were able to identify him by his dog tags.

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The officer immediately searched us, confiscating our watches, money and escape kits. We were then taken to a staff office about two kilometers outside of the city of Bremen and only a short distance from where we had landed. Here we were joined by six other members of our crew who had descended safely.

Six or seven German officers in the staff office immediately began hitting, cuffing and slapping us, even jabbing us with their rifle butts. We didn't suffer any real injuries and apparently the attack was made in a spiteful rage because our bombing had been so successful. This session lasted for about an hour and a half and then we were forced to strip and submit to a detailed search at the end of which we were loaded into a truck and taken to a prison somewhere in Bremen.

The cells were very clean and we stayed here for about four hours. Then we were taken to another and similar prison where we remained for the night. In the morning we were taken in a truck to the railway station in Bremen. We attracted considerable attention and one group of civilians approached us making threatening gestures but the SS troops who were guarding us did not permit them to molest us.

We were taken by train to Frankfurt, a 48-hour ride during which time we were fed by the German Red Cross. The food was sufficient at all times. On arrival we detrained and marched $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a prison camp. During the march we created quite a stir among the civilians along the route. Some of the people stoned us, called us names, and made threatening gestures. Some gave us the V for Victory sign.

Our camp was a barbed wire enclosure with a single building into which we were led. The officer in charge explained to us in English that we were to be interrogated and that no harm would come to us if we answered all questions. All our military clothing was taken away and all possessions which had escaped the previous searches were confiscated. We were given receipts for the latter.

Each of us was detained in a cell in solitary confinement until the interrogation which was scheduled for the following day. The cells were very poor. The bed consisted of three plain boards covered with one blanket

and no mattress. Toilet facilities were inadequate. Food was very bad--one meal a day. We were awakened at five o'clock in the morning, given ersatz coffee and nothing more. At 2:30 in the afternoon we were given our daily meal, consisting of soup and about a quarter of a loaf of hard, stale bread.

The interrogation on the following day followed the lines of what we had always been told about POW interrogations. The interrogator began by giving me a history of my training and all my duty stations in the United States. For example, the interrogator told me that I had gone to gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nevada, which was correct. He told me that I had been inducted at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, which was also true. Next he told me the history of my organization in England, what raids we had been on, what losses we suffered, condition of our aircraft, names of key personnel in the organization, and he also told me that an S-2 officer in my group was in league with them and supplied them with this information. He also showed me a roster of personnel in the squadrons, but I didn't recognize any of the names.

The interrogation of all prisoners was exhaustive but was never conducted in a threatening manner, to my knowledge. They frequently would promise better treatment if we answered the questions but I made no attempt to lie--gave my name, rank and serial number, and refused to say whether or not the things he had told me were correct. For this reason, I think, my interrogation lasted only eight days. Others were interrogated for up to 14 days. Those who broke down and agreed to talk were usually men who were in a weakened physical condition and fearful of what the future might bring. How much information of any value they were able to obtain, I don't know. Each day each prisoner was interrogated by two different officers ranking from first lieutenant to major.

When all of the interrogations had been concluded, we were taken to an English camp about 500 yards distant. The camp consisted of several wooden barracks inside a barbed wire enclosure. The barracks were clean one-story affairs with ten rooms each of which accommodated four men. The officers and enlisted men were segregated.

Up to this time each of us had been kept in solitary confinement but now we were permitted to mingle and converse freely. The rooms were furnished with two tables and a chair and four bunks built against the wall. We had one blanket apiece and a mattress was furnished by the German Red Cross. We were fed very well.

At the end of a week the enlisted men were assembled in a group and marched to the railroad station. The officers remained at the camp. At the station we were loaded into filthy 40-and-8 boxcars which had recently been used for transporting cattle. We were packed in 50 men to a car and taken on a four-day journey to Moosberg which is approximately 45 kilometers northeast of Munich. The food ration enroute consisted of one loaf of bread

and one can of ground beef to each five men and a small slab of margarine apiece. Twice during the trip the train was met by representatives of the German Red Cross who gave us hot soup.

At Moosberg, all nationalities were segregated and confined in separate compounds within the prison camp. The guards were, for the most part, soldiers who had returned from the Russian front and hated all prisoners. They were very brutal. The camp was laid out in the form of a large rectangle with a central street running the length of the area. The street was fenced off from the compounds by barbed wire. Each compound was surrounded by double rows of barbed wire and at each corner were guard towers. Inside the area of each compound there was a trip wire. We were instructed that if we went beyond the trip wire, we would be shot by the guards in the tower. In the American compound the trip wire passed over the edge of a baseball diamond and during baseball games the men would sometimes forget the wire in the excitement of trying to retrieve a long hit. When this happened the guards would immediately fire upon them. It was at such close range that the men were always killed with one shot. While I was at the camp ten Americans were killed in this manner.

Opposite the American compound was the Russian compound. They were given very little food and most of them were starving. At times we would try to throw food across from our area into their compound. When the food would fall short and the men inside, crazed by hunger, would make an attempt to retrieve the food, they would be shot by the guards.

The usual daily ration for the Americans consisted of one slab of margarine about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and 2 inches long, a quarter of a loaf of bread, a bowl of soup, and a small portion of jam every other day. In the morning we were given ersatz coffee.

After one week here, I began to save most of my food and make plans to escape. The food was inadequate, treatment was bad and the entire set-up was unpleasant. I made up my mind I'd get out somehow. I managed to steal a pair of wire cutters from a Frenchman and then I awaited my chance.

I picked a foggy night about July 1st to make my first try. While the guard was at the far end of his post I cut the first string of barbed wire. Then I crept back into the shadows and hid. The guard returned to the end where I was hiding, turned, and began the trip back to the other end. As soon as he was out of earshot, I slipped through the hole, cut the outer wires and squirmed through into the fields beyond.

I remained at large in the fields around Munich for a week and a half, living off the country, stealing what food I could and in general keeping myself as inconspicuous as possible because I was still wearing GI overalls. After reconnoitering the countryside and satisfying myself that it was

possible to live off the land, I decided to return to the prison camp and make more extensive preparations. I returned one morning, after a week and a half of freedom, but the guards on duty at the gate ordered me away. I spent nearly a half hour convincing them that I really was an escaped prisoner of war. They finally admitted me, checked my story, found it was true, and put me in solitary confinement for four days as punishment. The guards were very much amused by the incident and couldn't understand why I had returned, which was just as well.

I remained in camp for three weeks collecting a food supply from my Red Cross packages and making more plans. I waited until one morning when the Red Cross truck was in the compound unloading packages. When I got the chance I slipped under the bed of the truck and concealed myself between the chassis and an air compressor. In due time the truck moved out of the compound but due to my discomfort and precarious position I decided to jump off when the truck slowed down about one kilometer away from the camp. I wasn't so fortunate this time and was spotted by a group of civilians who set up a hue and cry. The Red Cross truck stopped and picked me up and before long I was back in the compound again. This escapade brought 10 days of solitary confinement.

After this second bid for freedom, I remained in camp for about a month before I tried again. I was aware that the prisoners in the Serbian compound were mostly elderly men and were not too well guarded. I also understood that they had some tools. I succeeded in bribing the guard on duty at the American compound with ten cigarettes to permit me to enter the main street. Then for an additional ten cigarettes I received permission from the guard on the Serbian compound to enter that area. I was accompanied in this enterprise by a Canadian prisoner. In the Serbian compound we secured an old pair of wire cutters and waited for nightfall.

About midnight, and in the midst of a downpour, we crept out of the compound and reached the first strand of barbed wire. With the first snip the cutters broke, alarming the guard. The floodlights around the area flashed on and both of us were afraid we'd be shot. My companion, paralyzed with fear, remained where he was, flattened out on the ground. I slipped along to the corner of a building and tried to conceal myself but was discovered and taken into custody by the guard only a few moments after they captured him. We were taken to the main office and the food we had collected for the trip was distributed to the guards. I was pretty much "browned off" to see all that good cheese go to waste. We were both given six days solitary.

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remain in her home. She summoned a little boy and directed him to take me to a place where, she informed me, I would be cared for.

She was right. He led me directly to the police station where I was immediately jailed. While I was considering this latest turn of events, a woman entered the jail accompanied by two attractive girls of about 18 years of age. She came to the cell where I was being detained and started a conversation. After asking me numerous questions about conditions in the U.S. and about the events leading up to my capture, she asked me point-blank whether or not I would like to escape again. When I answered in the affirmative she promised to return and help me.

She returned later in the afternoon with a shovel which she passed in to me. I presume she had taken care of the other necessary details because when the jailer left he unlocked the door and throw me a knowing wink. That night there was only one elderly guard on duty and long before midnight he was sound asleep. I left the cell as quietly as possible and walked out into the courtyard surrounding the jail. There was a wall enclosing the courtyard but I put the shovel to good use and managed to break a hole large enough to crawl through. Once again I was free.

I set out for the Hungarian border and reached it without incident. At the border I encountered some minors who showed no particular interest in me. They gave me some food and told me I was now in Hungary. Encouraged by their apparent indifference I told them that I was an escaped prisoner of war and was trying to get back to the American forces. This proved to be a bad mistake for one man in the group proved to be an ardent Nazi. He hurried away and before I had an opportunity to decide on a course of action, he had returned with the local police who took me into custody.

I was marched to the city of Sopron and from there I was taken to Komarom where I was once again incarcerated in a prisoner of war camp. The camp was composed principally of Russians with a few Italian Fascists. I was actively disliked by all the other prisoners in the camp for reasons unknown to me and I believe that if it had been possible for them to kill me they would gladly have done so.

One attempt was made on my life during the month that I remained at Komarom. I was approached one day by one of the Italian prisoners who informed me that there was another American prisoner in one of the camp buildings. I accompanied him to the second floor where the American was alleged to be but found instead another Italian waiting for us. They grappled with me and attempted to throw me from an open window but I broke away and ran from the building.

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we were taken, by a woman who spoke English, to several shops in Budapest where civilian clothes were purchased.

Before leaving Budapest we were taken to visit an English Colonel who had been a prisoner of war in Germany and had escaped into Hungary. The Colonel had a radio transmitter and he told us that he was in touch with Allied authorities. Our friends introduced us to an Allied Officer whom they said would leave Budapest with us. We gave him the 5000 kulas and \$40 of the U.S. currency to cover expenses.

That night we boarded a train in Budapest and rode all night, detraining the next morning at a small town where we met, by pre-arranged plan, an 18-year-old girl who took us to her home. Preparations for the trip over the mountains to the Yugoslav border included having cleats affixed to our shoes. This night we set out with full packs and accompanied by six Hungarian guides and two Allied friends. At the border we encountered four Hungarian guards who surrounded our party, and at gun point forced us to return to the town we had just left. One of the two foreigners escaped on the march back but the rest of us were imprisoned under guard in the cellar beneath the Governor's mansion. We were interrogated several times but all of their attempts to elicit information about those that had helped us escape were stubbornly resisted.

The following day we were taken by train to Pecs where we were placed in a very modern prison. The administration of the prison was very poor and in some cases women were detained in the same cells as men. We were told that we would be severely punished for our attempted escape but that if we would give them the information they desired, namely the identity of those who had assisted us, we would be treated excellently. After two days, during which time we refused to answer any questions, we were taken back to Komarom to the Russian prison camp from which I had recently been transferred.

Strangely enough, we were treated much better this time and each day we were permitted to go into town for four hours. It wasn't too bad a life at this point. The Hungarian Colonel who had befriended me and arranged for my transfer from Komarom when I had been there previously, came up from Budapest on a routine inspection. He sent for us and told us that our attempt to escape was very silly.

Three weeks later, Lt. Bridges and I were transferred to a prison camp at Siklos. The camp was supposed to be a punishment camp but the only punitive measure was confinement. We were permitted no such liberty as we had enjoyed at Szombathely.

We remained at Siklos for a month and a half, until sometime in March. There were 11 other Americans in the camp and we were all treated very well by the guards. The food was also good. About this time the Germans occupied Hungary and took over all prisoners, including Lt. Bridges and myself. We were sent to Zemun together where we were placed in a large prison camp. It was impossible to estimate the total number of prisoners but they were of all nationalities.

The camp was situated across the river from Belgrade which was selected by USAAF as a target two weeks after our arrival. The heavy bombers came over in force and the resulting confusion in the camp the guards fled for cover. Lt. Bridges and I, together with a number of others made a mass break. We made our way into the country and after wandering about for about a week we approached a shepherd and asked for cigarettes. He proved to be a Partisan and recognized us as American airmen. He immediately contacted the Partisan organization and we joined forces with them.

For the ensuing three months we remained with various Partisan groups, playing hide and seek with German patrols and moving frequently from place to place to avoid recapture. I am not sure of the names of the towns and cities that we visited in Yugoslavia during this period. On the night of July 20th we were evacuated from Yugoslavia and arrived in Italy.

For the benefit of Allied personnel who may in the future be shot down over German territory, I'd like to stress a few points that might prove helpful to them in their attempts to return to friendly territory. First, remember that there are many people in Germany, Austria and Hungary who are not hostile to Allied personnel and who will go out of their way to render assistance. I usually made an effort to get in touch with French workers whenever possible. They were, almost without exception, wholly in sympathy with my efforts and were of invaluable aid in securing food.

Secondly, I'd like to stress the absolute necessity for keeping escape plans completely secret if you have any hopes of their being successful. No one within the confines of a prison camp can be trusted. There are spies and stool pigeons circulating through the camp at all times, and even in the case of those who would not deliberately give you away, if they know about your plans there is always the possibility that confidantes will compromise them by inadvertently making some remark that will "tip-off" your captors.

Thirdly, I suggest that escape attempts be undertaken individually rather than in groups. When a man is working alone he usually determines a course of action and follows it through, but where two or more persons are engaged in an enterprise of this type there is very likely to be bickering and indecision. Hesitancy will almost invariably lead to failure.

There is a lot of details missing here that they didn't consider important at the time of interrogation such as riding a bicycle into a Hitler youth movement camp etc. This is a copy of the original sent to me at my request. I would like this returned