THOSE WHO DARED

A COMPREHENSIVE LIST
OF WORLD WAR II
ALLIED ESCAPERS

By G.A. BROWN

Signed

INTRODUCTION

When a member of the armed forces is captured by an enemy in time of war, it is his personal duty to escape. International law compels him to give the enemy no information other than his name, rank and number; but when he has complied, the war for him has not ended. It begins all over again; to be fought under a new set of rules, in a new set of circumstances, and above all, without the comforting assistance of weapons. The captor has the guns, mines, searchlights, spies, traps, barbed wire, dogs; and all the countless refinements of mental oppression that makes life in prison compounds a special sort of hell. Against all these things, the captive has only his great courage, wit, resourcefulness, initiative, determination, and luck (if fate allows him any); and perhaps most important of all, his mental attitude.

The quintessence of courage is possessed by an escaper who has power within himself to contemplate, select, prepare for, and execute a plan that he knows beforehand must make him a target for death. The escaper risks torture and death for the opportunity of freedom.

Escaping was not the affair of a few individuals, but a highly organized network which was sustained right up to the end of the war. Of the approximate 5,000 men who were successful in escaping and making their way back to England, only about ten percent were awarded with a gallantry award.

Every effort has been made to locate those so rewarded. In cases where the recommendation for an award has been available, this has been used, rather than the actual London Gazette citation, as the recommendation is much more descriptive. In some instances where the actual account of escape has been available, this has been used. In these cases, it is the debriefing of the escape given by M.I. 5 on the escaper's return.

I hope that this publication will assist other collectors in the field of militaria.

For any errors and omissions, I sincerely ask the indulgence of my readers. Critiques of new information is always welcome.

George Brown FRSA

DEDICATION

To those who tried but were unsuccessful, as well as those who succeeded.

To those who assisted in helping our men, for without their efforts of remarkable premeditated courage, freedom would not have been possible.

To those - - this was their finest hour.

Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour."

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL JUNE 18, 1940

I wish to thank Alan Cooper for his time, patience and research work, on this book.

To those who contributed material, my sincere thanks:-

CHARLES HAZELTON
NICHOLAS JONES
R.W. PEATLING
PAUL POWELL F.inst. L.Ex.
BRIG. J.M.C. THORTON O.B.E., M.C.

ADDISON, Frederick

Rank: A.C. 2
Regtl. No. 2060187
Unit: 32 A.S.P. RAF

Army Service

Captured - In Crete, 1st of June 1941
Escaped - In Crete, about 1st of July 1941
Recaptured - In Crete, on 4th of November 1941
Escaped - Kokkinia Barracks, Athens, 16th of December 1941
Awards - Military Medal

ACCOUNT OF ESCAPE

On the 1st of June 1941, A.C. 2 Frederick Addison was captured by the Germans on the south coast of Crete, west of a village called Aghia Deka, close to an emergency landing ground constructed by the British.

He was taken to Heraklion Prisoner-of-War camp with many others. Food, accommodation and sanitation etc., were all fairly satisfactory. He was kept in hospital at first with blistered feet, and was then assigned as batman to a British Officer (Major MacNab), believed to have been of the A & S Highlanders. He was then made to drive a ration truck in Heraklion for which work he was paid Drs. 18 per day. He was housed in Keraklion jail.

With the help of a Greek girlfriend, who for several days had been bringing him some food to the garage where he was working, he managed to escape as follows:

This girl brought him a pair of civilian trousers. With these in hand, he went to a close-by stable, changed and walked out as a civilian, following her to her hut (in Heraklion) where he stayed for 3½ months. Later he moved to a larger house, also in Heraklion, belonging to the same girlfriend. He had been staying here already for about two weeks when one night (4th of November 1941) at about 2130 hours, some Germans broke in through the door and questioned him in English. He pretended that he could not speak English and as the Germans could not speak Greek, they took A.C. 2 Addison at once to the Kommandanture of Heraklion where he was questioned by a Greek interpreter working for the Germans. This interpreter told the Germans that A.C. 2 Addison was English, whereupon he was re-imprisoned at the same POW camp at Heraklion. No penalties were applied for his having escaped. He was kept here for about five weeks, during which time he was made to work breaking stones for the aerodrome with a batch of about 150 other British POW's.

On the 11th of December 1941, A.C. 2 Addison with a group of other POW's, was put on board a Yugoslav ship at Heraklion, and sent to Pireaus and hence to further internment in the Greek Barracks at Kokkinia.

They were kept at this camp for only three days. Here the food was poor and scanty - only one miserable meal during the three-day period. It

consisted of half a mug of very watery "ersatz" (lentil porridge soup) per man and only one loaf of bread of 1 oke (2.82 lbs.) for 20 men for the three-day period. They ate even the crumbs off the floor. No tea, no coffee, and water obtainable only in the morning.

These barracks were full of lice, and all the POW's got infested. It was impossible to sleep or rest with all these pests. No blankets were provided even though it was mid-December and bitterly cold. The POW's slept on the boards in their clothing, huddled together to keep warm. A seriously wounded Greek officer was refused treatment by the Germans, even though he offered to pay for his treatment. (He had been badly wounded by shrapnel). While in this camp, some Greek nurses brought some eggs, etc. for the British POW's but these were taken and kept by the German guards for themselves.

On the 16th of December 1941, before dawn, the whole party (about 150), were taken back to Piraeus docks by truck to be sent to Salonica by ship, and thence to Germany. Many of these POW's had already embarked when the ship's captain announced that the ship's engines were out of order, and that the ship could not proceed. The POW's were then taken back to Kokkinia in the forenoon of December 16, 1941 by trucks.

The same afternoon, A.C. 2 Addison, with Gnr. Sidney Horace Williams, No. 2039219, 20 H.A.A. Bty., decided to escape from this POW camp. They borrowed a pair of pliers from another NewZealand POW in the camp and gradually cut an opening into the barbed wire fence closest to the hut in which they were kept, but owing to the sentries on that side of the camp, they were unable to escape through the opening.

After careful watching of the movements of the sentries, they crossed however, to another hut ten yards away in the same camp. From some Greek POW's, they borrowed some civilian clothes and Greek Army overcoats and in this outfit they walked up to the entrance of the camp, and there having mingled with the Greeks (who were allowed by the Greek sentry at the gateway to go in and out with little control, to a tavern closeby) they slipped past the Greek sentry unnoticed. Once outside the camp, they went to a Greek house about 100 yards from the entrance to the camp and were taken in by the Greeks. They both stayed here for one week, during which time they were provided with hot baths, food, clothing, etc., and were very well treated.

From the date of his escape, 16th of December 1941, until he was contacted by the Organization on the 12th of December 1942, A.C. 2 Addison was sheltered by various Greeks in Athens, Piraeus, and suburbs, sometimes alone, sometimes with Gnr. Williams. They finally left Greece together with a party including F/O Herold Fesler Marting, No. J4919, RCAF, attached to 450 Squadron R.A.F., and Lieut. Maxwell Derbyshire, No. NX12177, 2/2 Bn. A.I.F. and Gnr. Williams, and arrived in Turkey on the 17th of December 1942.

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ADKINS, W.J.

Rank: Private
Unit: R.A.M.C.
Awards: Military Medal
Mentioned in Despatches
London Gazette 4/1/45

ALEXANDER, Robert James

Rank: Warrant Officer
Official No.: 979955
Unit: No. 3 Group, No. 218 Squadron
Recognition for which recommended: Military Medal

PARTICULARS OF MERITORIOUS SERVICE FOR WHICH THE RECOMMENDATION IS MADE:

Warrant Officer Alexander was the navigator in a Wellington Aircraft which took off from Marham on the night of 3rd of August 1941, on an operational mission. Before reaching the target, the aircraft was hit by flak and caught fire with the result that the Captain ordered the crew to abandon aircraft.

Warrant Officer Alexander landed in a field near Bremen, close to the burning aircraft. After disposing of his flying kit, he disguised himself with civilian clothing which he obtained by various means. On the outskirts of Bremen he stole a bicycle and decided to make for Hamburg. During the journey he was stopped and interrogated by two German officials, but as he spoke fluent German, he bluffed his way through their interrogation and obtained directions to the Hamburg road. Eventually he arrived there on the 9th of August. He then proceeded to Lubeck on the 11th of August. After hiding in the vicinity of the docks for two days he evaded the guards and stowed himself on board a small Swedish ship which sailed the same day. He was discovered by members of the crew who apparently disclosed his presence to the Germans on one of the ships sailing in close company, as they arrived on board and removed him in spite of his protests at being taken away from a neutral ship.

He was taken to Warnemunde on the 14th of August and on the following day was transferred to Dulag Luft, Frankfurt. During the period between 4th and 13th of August, he had existed on the little food and fruit he managed to steal.

While in Stalag IIIE during the early part of May 1942, he organized the construction of a tunnel which resulted in a mass escape of some 50 prisoners. Accompanied by two of these prisoners he set course for Berlin which he reached travelling by day and hiding in woods during the night time. He and his companions were recaptured however, after having been free for ten days and were returned to Stalag IIIE. He then learned that 52 of the other members who had escaped had been recaptured, one of them being shot. During the next three years he was confined in four other POW camps but on the 14th of April 1945, he, together with seven other airmen, managed to evade the guards while they were being marched in column. A friendly German farmer supplied them with food while they hid themselves in a wood. This liberty was short-lived however, as he was again recaptured by two S.S. troopers and taken to a French POW camp where he remained until he was freed by British forces on the 18th of April 1945; subsequently arriving in the United Kingdom by air on the 24th of April 1945.

In his efforts to evade capture and later to escape, Warrant Officer Alexander showed boldness and resource well deserving of more permanent

success. His perseverence and stamina in spite of very scanty food and improvised footwear are worthy of very high commendation, and I recommend that he should be awarded the Military Medal.

17th July 1945

Air Vice Marshal,
Commanding No. 3 Group

"The information contained in this report is SECRET. Statement by 979955 W.O. Alexander, Robert James, 218 Sqdn. Bomber Command, RAF."

Captured: Neutral Ship at sea 13 August 1941

CAPTURE

We took off from Marham in a Wellington Aircraft at 2300 hours on 3 August 1941. Before we reached the target, the aircraft was hit by flak. The aircraft caught fire and the pilot gave the order to abandon aircraft.

I baled out at 0200 hours on 4 August and landed in a field near Bremen close to our aircraft which was burning. I had landed near a house and several people were gathering near the aircraft so I threw away my parachute and crawled away from the vicinity. Some time later I buried my harness and mae west.

I hid in a ditch until 2100 hours on 4 August, when I discovered from a sign post that I was 9 km. south of Bremen. I decided to get to Stettin and I made a detour of the outskirts of Bremen and hid in a barn. I remained there until 0600 hours on 5 August when I left the barn, after having appropriated a civilian jacket, which I had discovered. In one of the fields near the farm I obtained a peaked cap from a scarecrow. I found a hay rake and I carried this on my shoulder. I walked to the river Weser and then turned south along the Western river bank. I crossed over the river by a bridge with a stream of workers going to a factory on the other side. I passed the factory and walked along a main road until I came to the outskirts of Bremen, when I began walking East across country. I noticed a lot of German soldiers in the vicinity so I hid in a field until about 2200 hrs.

I then made my way to a main road and began walking along it. I saw a bicycle outside a public house and I stole it. I then cycled along an Autobahn towards Hamburg until about 0500 hrs. on 6 August, when I hid in a barn until 1000 hours. I then resumed cycling along the Autobahn.

Soon afterwards I was stopped by two German officials, who asked me what I was doing on the Autobahn. I speak fluent German and was able to answer their questions without difficulty. They asked where I had come from, where I was going to, where I was born, etc. They then asked me for my identity papers and I stated that I had left them at home. At this stage I lost my temper and said that I was sorry I had been cycling along the Autobahn, but I did not know this was forbidden and that I wanted to get to Hamburg quickly. In answer to my question, they directed me to the ordinary road to Hamburg, which crossed the Autobahn at this point. I thanked them and rode off along the ordinary road. I cycled throughout the remainder of that day and the next two days and nights, resting from time to time.

I arrived in Hamburg about 0600 hrs. on 9 August and joined the stream of workers entering the town from the outskirts. I rode to the Eastern outskirts and hid in a clump of bushes until evening. About 2200 hrs. I began to ride along the Autobahn towards Lubeck. I rode at night and hid in barns and haystacks during the day until I arrived at Lubeck about 0700 hours on 11 August.

I cycled through Lubeck and located the docks. I discovered that the dock area was unfenced, but that guards were located at intervals of approximately 200 yds. round the perimeter. I cycled to the outskirts of Lubeck and hid in a graveyard until 2350 hrs. I then returned to the dock area and after removing my boots, I went on board a ship. It was not flying any flag. I hid behind a boat on the deck, but I was not satisfied with my hiding place. I went to the ship's galley and stole some bread and jam, which I ate. I also took a slab of cake which I put into my pocket. I then left the ship and hid in a shed in the garden of a house on the outskirts of Lubeck. I was discovered by a gardener during the following afternoon. I told him that I was a Swedish sailor and that I had lost my ship. He appeared to accept my story and advised me to go to the police. I said I would do so and left the garden. I then returned to the cemetery where I had previously hidden. I remained there until evening when I again went to the docks and discovered a small ship flying the Swedish flag. I removed my boots and went on board. I hid under the bowsprit and at 0600 hrs. on 13 August the ship sailed.

I remained hidden and at 1100 hrs. I was amazed when a boy member of the ship's crew placed a tureen of soup near me. The boy did not speak. I ate the soup. At 1500 hrs. the same boy came to my hiding place in order to get a pot of paint. He saw me and appeared to be very startled. I did not speak. He went away and returned a few moments later with another boy, who also appeared to be very surprised when he saw me. The two boys then informed another member of the ship's crew who also had a look at me. No one spoke to me and I did not speak to them. The three of them then went away. I left my hiding place and approached the ship's captain who was in his cabin with one of the members of the crew who had seen me. I attempted to speak to them in English and German, but they did not understand. The captain then smiled and said "MALMO".

I left the cabin and saw that several ships of various nationalities were sailing close to the ship I was on. A few minutes later, a motor launch came alongside and a German in brown uniform came on board. He spoke to the ship's captain and then came to where I was standing and asked me whether I was British. I stated that I was. He then said "Come with me". I protested, in German, against being taken off a neutral ship, but he forced me to go on board his launch.

I was taken to a German ship where I was stripped and searched. I was provided with a meal and sailor's clothes. At 1200 hrs. on 14 August a passing German ship stopped and I was transferred to it. I was taken to Warnemunde where I arrived at 1500 hrs. and was taken to an aerodrome and put into cells. On 15 August I was taken, under escort, by train to Dulag Luft, Frankfurt.

From the time I baled out at 0700 hrs. on 4 August until my capture at

1500 hrs. on 13 August, my only food was a few apples and pears, which I stole, and some corn. This was in addition to the bread and cake which I stole from the ship at Lubeck on 11 August.

CAMPS IN WHICH IMPRISONED

Dulag Luft (Oberussel)	16 August-20 August 1941
Stalag III E (Kirchain)	22 August-11 May 1942
Stalag Luft III (Sagan)	23 May '42 - Jan. 1943
Stalag Luft VI (Hydekrug)	Jan.'43-July 1944
Stalag 355 (Thorn)	July - August 1944
Stalag 357 (Fallingbostel)	Aug.'44 - 9 April 1945

ATTEMPTED ESCAPES

About February 1942, I organized the construction of a tunnel at Stalag III E, Kirchain. My chief assistants were:-

Sgt. Pryor	RAF
Sgt. Gacon	Polish Air Force
Sgt. Calvert	RCAF
Sgt. Sugden	RCAF
Sgt. Bowen	RAF
Sgt. Walker	RCAF
Sgt. Blackie	RCAF

These men engineered the construction of the tunnel under the direction of Sgt. Pryor. Virtually every man in the camp assisted in some way.

About May 3, approximately half the POW's in the camp were moved to Stalag Luft III (Sagan), but work on the tunnel continued and it was "broken" on the night of May 11th. The remainder of the camp was to be sent to Stalag Luft III next day. The tunnel was then over 50 yds. in length and just beyond the perimeter fence. Fifty-two men escaped through this tunnel, but all were recaptured within ten days. Sgt. Calvert was shot and killed by a German policeman on recapture. (Full details may be obtained from his companion, Sgt. Sugden, RCAF).

I escaped with this party and was accompanied by Sgt. Breckon, G.F., R.N.Z.A.F., and Pte. Stalder, R.A.M.C. We had no boots, as these had been confiscated by the Germans some months previously, and we wore improvised footwear and wooden-soled clogs. We had very little food as the camp had not been supplied with Red Cross parcels for the previous two months. We had no false papers or civilian clothes.

I was third man out of the tunnel followed by Breckon and Stalder. After leaving the camp area, we walked northeast across country until the evening of 14 of May. We walked at night and hid in woods during the day. On the evening of the 14th of May we arrived at the Autobahn from Oottbus to Berlin and we walked along it towards Berlin until the evening of the 18th of May, when we were 40 km. from Berlin. During this time, we walked at night and hid in woods during the day.

On the evening of the 18th of May, we jumped on to the back of a motor lorry which took us to the Berlin Autobahn ring. We alighted there and hid

in a wood until the following evening, when we began walking along the Autobahn. We spent the 20th of May in a wood and left our hiding place earlier than usual because of mosquitoes. We were seen by a number of children who informed the police. We were captured soon afterwards and taken to a police station. We remained there until the 21st of May when we were interrogated. On May 22nd we were taken by train to Stalag III E. On arrival there we discovered that all the others had been recaptured and that Sgt. Calvert had been shot.

About 0730 hrs. on April 14, 1945, W.O.'s Gibson, Leaman, Hukle, Anderson, Fixter, Harrison, all RAF., McGeach, RCAF and I escaped from the column of POW's just after we had left Trauen (Germany, 1:250,000, Sheet L 53, X,6184). We left the column in pairs and met at a pre-arranged place at 2000 hrs. We hid in a wood until 2300 hrs. when Leaman and I went to the farm, where we had stayed at Trauen, and attached a piece of paper to the gate as previously arranged between Leaman and the farmer. This was to indicate to the farmer that we had escaped and would require to have food left for us in the garden. We then returned to the others in the wood.

At 2300 hrs. on April 15th, Leaman and I met the farmer and his men. They had a large quantity of food for us. We returned to the wood with it.

On the morning of April 16th, I was recaptured by two S.S. troops while I was returning from a stream where I had been having a wash. I was taken to the S.S. Commander and during that morning I met nine other POW's, (names unknown) who had been recaptured. Later that day we were marched through the woods and handed over to a German civilian at Munster (X 5991). He took us to a French POW camp, where we remained until the arrival of the British forces in Munster on April 18th. During this time we were quite free.

On April 18th, I walked to Trauen, where I met the German farmer who had helped us. He told me that the other members of my original party had been evacuated by the British forces.

I made my first contact with the Allied forces near Trauen later that day and on April 24th I was sent by air to the U.K.

(The following information was obtained from British personnel who have been repatriated).

If further circulation of this information is made, it is important that its source should not be divulged.

Evader's Escaper's Name, etc.- 979955 W.O. ALEXANDER, R.J. 218 Sqdn. Bomber Command RAF

Date of Interview: 9 May 1945
I was chief of the Escape Committees at the undermentioned camps:-

Stalag III E (Kirchain)	Dec. 1941-May 1942
Stalag Luft III (Sagan) NCO's Compound	Aug. 1942-June 1943
Stalag Luft VI (Hydekrug)	June 1943-July 1944
Stalag 355 (Thorn)	July - August 1944
Stalag 357 (Fallingbostel)	August 1944-April 1945

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ALLEN, P.F.

Unit: 101 Squadron
Rank: Pilot Officer
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

This officer was captain of an aircraft which force-landed in Northern France on the 11th of September 1941.

He succeeded in evading capture and made his way via Paris and Marseilles to Spain which he reached on the 30th of October 1941. He was eventually repatriated from Gibraltar, arriving in the United Kingdom on the 23rd of November 1941.

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ALMOND, James

Rank: Corporal
Regtl. No. 4451276
Unit: The Durham Light Infantry
Awards: The Distinguished Conduct Medal

In November 1943, Corporal Almond, then a private, was taken prisoner on the island of Cos, together with the remnants of his battalion. After some time in a prisoner-of-war cage in Athens, he was put on a train destined for Germany. Before the train left, Corporal Almond decided to try and escape and asked for volunteers to join him. Corporal Nutbeam, who had been captured in 1941,with four others, volunteered. Corporal Nutbeam was a very sick man after many months in a concentration camp but was fortunately able to speak Greek. A workman on the station told him that the best place to jump was after the sixth station between Thebes and Levadhia, as he would then find himself in an area where he could contact the Partisans, and eventually a British Mission. A British senior NCO, being informed of the intention of the little party, asked them not to jump, as their escape would prejudice the others who remained behind. Despite this, they broke the wire, which covered every compartment window and was examined at every station, and jumped successfully at the right place.

For three weeks they marched from village to village, vainly searching for the British Mission. The rest of the party wanted many times to give up what looked like a hopeless task, but Corporal Almond's personality and leadership held them together until they at last found the British Mission camp.

On hearing that a second W/T operator was required, Corporal Almond, despite nine years foreign service, volunteered to stay behind and refused to be evacuated with the others.

Soon after his arrival, the leading W/T operator was evacuated to the Middle East for reasons of health and Corporal Almond, although not a trained signaller, was left alone to run the station signals. This he did cheerfully and efficiently, under most dangerous and difficult circumstances; working long hours, often 18 hours a day, without complaint or lack in efficiency.

On several occasions he was left in command of the station; a task which he carried out tactfully and efficiently. On one occasion he had to escort arms and explosives through enemy-held territory. To do this, he wore civilian clothes and ran great personal risk.

Corporal Almond showed powers of leadership and determination quite above the average, and by his example, largely contributed to the efficient running of the station under difficult circumstances.

He was evacuated to Mid East from Athens on the 20th of December 1944.

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ANGERS, J.A.A.B.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. R78161
Unit: 419 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which crashed over Belgium when returning from a bombing raid on Essen on the 17th of July 1942.

On baling out, his parachute caught in a tree, and in freeing himself, he was severely injured in falling to the ground. Despite this mishap, and although in great pain, he succeeded in avoiding capture by enemy patrols by crawling away from the scene of his landing.

Following a period of hiding, he managed to obtain aid to his injuries, and nothing daunted, set out on his way to France, into which he successfully crossed.

He finally was able to make his way into Spain, whence he was repatriated on the 18th of August 1942.

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ASH, William Franklin

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. J4737
Unit: 411 Squadron, RCAF

Flight Lieutenant Ash crash-landed near Calais on the 24th of March 1942, and made his way to Lille where arrangements were made for him to reach Paris. He was arrested in Paris at the end of May 1942, and imprisoned at Schubin (OFLAG XX1B). In September 1942, he exchanged identities with an army private and joined a fatigue party. He escaped from this party but was recaptured the same night.

In the spring of 1943, Flight Lieutenant Ash and 32 others escaped from Schubin through a tunnel. With a companion he tried to reach Warsaw but was recaptured four days later. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to Stalag Luft III, Sagan, where he was an active member of the Escape Committee for the next 21 months.

When other ranks were being transferred from Sagan to Stalag Luft VI, (Heydekrug) Flight Lieutenant Ash changed his identity and accompanied them. Under his direction a tunnel was later made for a mass escape, but the tunnel was discovered when 10 prisoners had got away. Flight Lieutenant Ash nevertheless, continued to attempt, and eventually gained his freedom. He boarded a goods train for Kovno, but was discovered by station guards and returned to Sagan. He was liberated by Allied Forces at the end of April 1945.

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ASTON, W.H.

Rank: Sergeant
Awards: Military Medal

Sgt. Aston's account of the escape of himself and two others, earned him the Military Medal.
(See "Nor Iron Bars A Cage")

AVERILL, Maurice

Rank: T/Staff Sergeant Major
Regtl. No. 7880509
Unit: Royal Tank Regiment
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal
London Gazette 9/9/42

SSM Averill was captured by German parachutists near Corinth on the 26th of April 1941, and after two days they were taken to Corinth POW camp, where he met Sgt. Britton, who subsequently escaped with him and has also been recommended for recognition.

Conditions in the camp were very bad. The food was poor and there was much brutality. A colonel was struck down for obeying an order too slowly, and a sergeant was stripped and beaten for singing.

On the 8th of June 1941, Averill entrained at Kalamaki with those detailed to be taken to Germany. They changed trains at Athens and on the following day, were detrained at Gravia and marched towards Lamia. When they reached a rocky track the Austrian guard, who had been talking to Averill, went ahead to show off how quickly he could go over the loose rocks. Averill then slipped away with Sgt. Britton and hid.

No search was made, so they spent that night in the hills and the following day reached the monastery at Damasta. Here one of the brothers looked after them, warned them if enemy patrols were in the district, and afterwards when the head of the monastery returned and threatened to hand them over to the enemy if they came within a mile of its walls, continued to feed and help them.

They were consistently on the lookout for a chance to get away and were now becoming desperate - especially as they had been joined by other escapers. Their Greek friend said he would find transport and come with them, but was clearly rather frightened. A rich Greek woman had promised help, but could do nothing, and a caique owner they had contacted dared not risk a journey as he had just been imprisoned for helping escapers.

On the 2nd of January 1942, they at last found a caique and Averill, Sgt. Britton and the party of five Palestinians and their Greek friend which they had collected, made their way to the water's edge where they embarked. They had to avoid Italians manning search lights and AA guns in the district.

There was no wind so they took turns in rowing. They put in for water to a village on the north coast of the bay next day, opposite the coast of Euboea.

The afternoon of the 6th of January 1942, they reached Skiathos, sailing close to the coast on the southeast corner of the Island. Here they were joined by three Australian privates who had been on the island ten days.

On the 8th of January 1942, they left for Skipelos and landed in a bay opposite Strongyli Island. They lived at a monastery while they were on the Island, trying vainly to find a caique for Turkey. Meanwhile the wife of the caique captain, who had taken them to Skiathos, had betrayed them and the Australian who returned to Skiathos to find a caique, had been shot by Italians defending himself. Two days later the Italian patrol had already reached Glossa. Their only chance of escape was a caique from Halonnesus. This they found fortunately, and after being well looked after by the Mayor of Halonnesus and a shepherd on Skantzoura Island, where they were forced to land because of bad weather, they reached Chesme on the 5th of February 1942.

Averill and Sgt. Britton, in spite of a protracted time in enemy territory under the most trying conditions, never once gave up perservering in their attempts to escape, nor did they forget their responsibilities to other escapers they met, and ably led their small party back to Turkey. It was a highly meritorious performance often calling for much courage and quick thinking in the face of unexpected danger.

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ATKINSON, A.E.

Driver - East Yorkshire Regt.
Awards: Military Medal (London Gazette 1945)

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BAGG, C.E.H.

Rank: L/Sergeant
Regtl. No. 2191290
Unit: 7th Field Company, R.E.
Awards: Military Medal
1939-45 Star
Africa Star with 8th Army Clasp
War Service Medal

Citation vide London Gazette, 9th September 1942, report states:- "Throughout the period of the recent operations, Cpl. Bagg has shown exemplary devotion to duty, especially in ensuring that no vehicle of

his troop was abandoned through breakdown or through becoming bogged in sand. On the 21st of January 1942, the first day of the German advance, when at Alem Zogba, S.W. of Agedabia, the HQ vehicles of his troop were given a sudden order to move. This order did not at once reach all of the drivers, but Cpl. Bagg, though the leaguer was being shelled by the enemy, remained there and organized the remaining vehicles into proper formation, and led them back to Squadron HQ without loss. On the 26th of January 1942, between Msus and Hagfet Gelgaf, a Squadron HQ vehicle was set on fire by low-flying aircraft M.g. attack. Cpl. Bagg who was travelling behind in a winch lorry, at once rushed to the lorry and though unable to save it, succeeded in extricating Spr. Parker, who had been severely wounded in the arm and leg. Had it not been for Cpl. Bagg's prompt action while enemy aircraft were still circling the area, Spr. Parker would undoubtedly have been burned to death. During the withdrawal, Cpl. Bagg, on several occasions, showed marked determination and resource in extricating damaged and bogged vehicles, and in the destruction in the face of the enemy, of those which could not be salvaged".

Cpl., later L/Sgt. Bagg, was later taken prisoner-of-war and in August 1943, was in Italian POW camp No. 78 (at Sulmona about 74 miles east of Rome). He later escaped from captivity and succeeded in reaching the British lines.

Group is accompanied by photo copy of the report and extract from Roll of Prisoners in Italy, page No. 12.

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BAKALARSKI, Piotr

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 782802
Unit: No. 300 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

On the 27th of August 1942, this airman was pilot of an aircraft which was attacked and severely damaged by an enemy fighter, while returning from an attack on Hamburg. All members of the crew, except the pilot, were wounded and when the aircraft made a forced descent on German territory, they were captured by a party of soldiers. Sergeant Bakalarski was separated from his companions and transferred to a POW camp. Here he was closely questioned, but refused all information beyond his name, number, rank and date of birth. He was then sent to another camp, where he remained for one month before making his first attempt at escape. On this occasion, he and a Canadian soldier were recaptured, after three days, at a point near the Polish frontier. On being returned to the camp, Sgt. Bakalarski was sentenced to two weeks in the cells and later was one of those who were chained as a "reprisal" measure. This punishment lasted four months in all, and ended in March 1943, when he was transferred to another part of the camp. Finding that here no chance of escape was available, he volunteered for work in a coal mine, and from it he, in company with Sergeant Raginis, made his second attempt, assisted by a Polish civilian. This man was unfortunately killed during the escape, but

Sergeant Bakalarski succeeded in boarding a train, only to be rounded up later as a Polish patriot. He was so brutally treated, however, that he disclosed his identity and was sent back to the camp, where he was sentenced to two months imprisonment. On being taken from the prison, he again escaped and after several incidents, made his way to Cracow where he was rejoined by Sgt. Raginis. They were able to proceed to Germany in the guise of volunteer workers. From there they travelled into France, making for the Spanish frontier. They arrived at Luneville on the 15th of September 1943, and later, in company with some others, they set out to cross the Pyrenees on foot. Snow was falling, and was more than knee-deep in the mountains. One of the party became very ill, and Sgt. Raginis and the guide went on ahead to find help; thus becoming separated from Sgt. Bakalarski who continued his exhausting journey with only one companion. The weather continued to be most severe, and his passage through the mountains occupied two days and a night. Andorra was reached on the 27th of October 1943, and from here touch was made with an organization which arranged the subsequent journey to England.

PARTICULARS OF MERITORIOUS SERVICE

Sgt. Bakalarski was the pilot of a Wellington aircraft which took off on the night of the 27/28th of July 1942, to attack Hamburg. On the return journey, the aircraft was attacked three times by an Me 110, wounding all the crew except the pilot, and rendering all instruments unserviceable. This, combined with bad patrol leakages, made it impossible for the aircraft to be flown back to England, and Sgt. Bakalarski therefore decided to head for Sweden. However, he had to make a forced landing in Westland, north of the Elbe estuary, and came down near a German A.A. post. A party of 12 German soldiers under an officer soon arrived, bringing with them medical assistance. The Air Gunner died as he was being assisted from the aircraft, and while first aid was being rendered to the other three members of the crew, Sgt. Bakalarski managed to press the switch of the I.F.F. set. He was then separated from the remainder of the crew, whom he did not see again, and was taken to the guardroom for the night. The next day he was transferred to Dulag Luft.

At Dulag Luft, he was kept in solitary confinement for four and a half days, and was closely questioned on RAF subjects. However, he consistently refused to give any information other than his name, number, rank and date of birth. After two more days in the main camp, he was transferred to Stalag VIII B.

After spending a month at Stalag VIII B, he was one of a party of about nine men who escaped by cutting a hole in the wire surround, at dusk, when a storm was blowing up. He and a Canadian kept together, and headed for Poland, Sgt. Bakalarski wearing a civilian jacket and hat with his service trousers. Walking for three days and two nights, existing on the Red Cross food they had brought with them, they reached the river Oder at a point near the Polish frontier. Here they were seen and recaptured; Sgt. Bakalarski escaping at first from the room in which they had been temporarily locked, but being recaptured again after only a few minutes when he was making his way towards a nearby railway. He was sent back to Stalag VIII B, where he underwent two weeks' punishment in the cells for his escapade.

During the time he was at Stalag VIII B, he was one of the POW's who were the victims of "chaining reprisals"; at first being tied with string for over two months, and then bound with chains for another two months, until March 1943, when he was unchained and transferred to another compound of the same camp. Also, for the first month of these "reprisals" he received no Red Cross food parcels at all.

On being transferred to the new compound, he managed to change identities with another POW, a Palestinian private in the A.M.P.C., and in his new role, volunteered to go out with a working party. Finding that the workers were very strictly guarded, however, which offered him no chance of escaping again, he volunteered for work in a coal mine. He was accordingly transferred to a camp at Jaworzno, and once in the mine he soon made contact with a Polish civilian worker who was in touch with an organization. By the beginning of June 1943, his plans for escape were completed, and he met his helper according to plan, outside the mine, only to find that the Gestapo had chosen this very spot for their patrol that night. As soon as they met, the Germans opened fire with machine guns, killing the Polish civilian. Sgt. Bakalarski threw himself flat on the ground and waited until a goods train came along a nearby siding, when he managed to reach the railway and after three or four attempts, boarded the last coach of the train. He travelled about 30 km., and then started walking. Passing through Szczakowa, he was recaptured by an S.S. party rounding up Polish patriots. He posed as a patriot for a time, but was so brutally treated by the S.S. that he disclosed his POW identity and was sent back to the Jaworzno camp, where this time he was sentenced to two months' cells.

He was undaunted by this however, and even while serving his sentence, managed to re-contact the organization which had assisted him in his previous escape. After completion of his punishment, when working in another mine nearby, he escaped by coming up the shaft in a cage already holding its normal complement of four men; and walking boldly out of the camp gates whistling Polish tunes and swinging his miner's lamp as if he were a regular civilian worker. He met his helpers at the appointed place, where bicycles were ready, and went to the home of one of them in a village about 4 km. from Jaworzno. For ten days he was hidden in the district for two days even in the town itself, while the Germans were searching everywhere; and then was given a railwayman's uniform and worked on the engine of a goods train which took him to Rudawa. There he hid for four days, during which time the Germans not only made a thorough search of the whole place, but tortured and killed about 30 of its inhabitants. Sgt. Bakalarski had been warned in time, however, and managed to evade the enemy by hiding in a potato field.

Towards the end of July, patriots arranged for him to be sent to Cracow. Here he remained for a month, meeting a friend, Raginis, one of the nine with whom he had made his first escape from Stalag VIII B. As Raginis spoke Polish, French, English and Spanish, they continued their journey together. At Cracow they were provided with false identities and histories, identity cards and work cards, and it was arranged for them through the labour office that they should be sent to work in Germany as "volunteers". On August 18th, they were sent to Sarrebourg, where they were put to work in the fields. Here they soon got in touch with a French

organization with whose help they escaped on September 14th. Proceeding by train, bicycle, and on foot, they eventually crossed the frontier into France the same day.

Once on French soil, they tried to find the contact who was to have met them, but without success. They were sheltered for the night by a friendly farmer, on whose advice they went the next day to Luneville, where they got in touch with another French organization who arranged their journey into Spain.

It was not until the 25th of October 1943, that they were told the arrangements were complete. On that day, Sgt. Bakalarski, Raginis, and two others, together with a guide, set out to cross the Pyrenees on foot. It was snowing heavily, and in the mountains the snow was more than knee-deep. Sgt. Bakalarski and one of the party, Philo, had to carry the fourth, a NewZealander, who was in a much worse condition than the remainder, although they were all suffering from cold, hunger and extreme weariness. Raginis and the guide went on ahead in the hope of being able to find help. They were not seen again by Sgt. Bakalarski and the other two. Towards the evening, the sick man died and Sgt. Bakalarski and Philo continued their journey alone.

It was dark, they lost trace of the footprints of Raginis and the guide, and it was freezing cold. Their saturated clothes froze on them. They plodded on grimly, however, although they were so exhausted that it took them four hours to cover 1 km. on one particularly rocky and steep part of the mountain side. On reaching a level patch of snow, Philo simply lay down and fell asleep. Sgt. Bakalarski found that Philo had been walking without his shoes, and that his feet and legs were frozen stiff. He therefore cut off his socks, dried his feet and legs, and dressed him again in dry socks from his pack, and the shoes Philo had been carrying. He then found that not only were his comrade's legs and feet frozen, but also his hands, and he was in grave danger of dying from frostbite. Sgt. Bakalarski was determined that his companion should not fail so near the Spanish frontier, and revived him by smacking him hard all over, and then forcing him to continue walking, in spite of the great pain, weariness and hunger that they were both suffering. They carried on all night up the mountain, losing their way, retracing their steps, and taking in all about 12 hours to reach the top, which is a climb under normal conditions of about an hour.

On their way down the other side, Sgt. Bakalarski noticed Andorran guards watching them through field glasses. They therefore made a detour, and crossed the next mountain, finally reaching a cottage where they were given hot milk and where they slept in a hayloft. The crossing had taken them two days and a night.

The next day, the 27th of October, they were put in touch with an organization which arranged the final stage of their journey from Andorra, and Sgt. Bakalarski arrived back in this country on the 11th of November 1943.

This NCO's journey is an outstanding example of fortitude and courage to all fighting men. Never once did he allow himself to be content with his lot as prisoner-of-war, but again and again, with grim determination, he escaped from his prison camps. Neither punishment in the prison camps,

nor the horror of being chained could shake his fine spirit or deter him from continuously trying to get away from his captors and return to England. He took advantage of every chance that presented itself, doing all he possibly could to make opportunities, by changing his identity, working in the mines and volunteering for any work which would bring him nearer to France, and so increase his chances of escape. His great spirit of determination and perseverance never failed him, and he carried on grimly right to the end of his hazardous journeys, which took him fifteen months and which culminated in the very difficult mountain crossing, under extremely adverse weather conditions. During the whole of this fifteen month period he was determined to do everything possible, not only to effect his own escape, but also to do all he could to help the others with whom he was journeying. His prompt and energetic action in tending his comrade, Philo, undoubtedly saved him from death from frostbite, hunger and exhaustion.

It is considered that Sgt. Bakalarski's fine courage and example in letting nothing deter him from returning to England, and his splendid action and unselfishness in saving his companion's life, should be rewarded by the award of the Distinguished Conduct Medal.
(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

BAKER, Alexander Shelly

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 89788
Unit: H.Q. #34 Wing (2nd TAF)
Awards: Military Cross

This officer was shot down on the 23rd of June 1944, while on a low level photographic reconnaissance mission.

He successfully evaded the enemy and subsequently made contact with a member of the S.I.S. Organization. Well knowing the dangers involved, he willingly accepted an invitation to carry out certain work.

For a period of five weeks, he did most useful service, working in close proximity to enemy personnel, and often travelling with incriminating apparatus in his possession. The dangers he ran during this period were increased by the fact that he was by no means fluent in the French language.

A report from Air Ministry, (A.I. I(c) addressed to H.Q. A.E.A.F. on the 14th of September 1944, gives details of this officer's outstanding work under very strange conditions, and I strongly recommend that he be awarded the Military Cross.

(Signed: Group Captain) 3rd October 1944

ACCOUNT OF BAKER

I was pilot of a Mustang aircraft which took off from Northholt at about 1200 hrs. on the 23rd of June 1944, on a reconnaissance flight over the Cambrai area.

On the outward journey I was hit by flak at Quend Plage (N.W. Europe) and again near Hesdin. The aircraft was so badly damaged that I was compelled to belly-land at Arqueves.

I ran towards a boy who was beckoning me to hurry. I was taken by French civilians through various cornfields and hidden. I heard later that the French stripped the aircraft of my equipment, the camera, and wireless apparatus before the Germans could get it. I was hidden for two days in a barn in Arqueves, where I was given food, shelter, and civilian clothes. On the evening of the 25th of June, I was taken to Acheux, to a house (address unknown). On the 26th of June 1944, I was given an identity card, which had been prepared with my own photograph. On the 27th of June, I was conveyed by bicycle and lorry to Canaples, and early next morning, by lorry to Amiens. Here my helpers left me as I intended to walk towards the lines in Normandy.

I took the main road to Rouen, and on the evening of the 29th of June, I arrived at Isneauville. I slept here in a barn, leaving next morning.

On the afternoon of the 30th of June 1944, I arrived at Bourg Achard and from this point onwards I was assisted on my journey.

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BARCLAY, R.G.A.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 74661
Unit: 611 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches, London Gazette 1/1/43

This officer, flying a Spitfire which was hit by anti-aircraft fire over St. Omer, was compelled to force-land on the 20th of September 1941.

He pretended to be dead until an enemy aircraft, which was circling overhead, flew off. He then turned his tunic inside out, threw away his collar and tie, and ran off in an easterly direction. This disguise was successful, as shortly afterwards he passed two German lorries, but the occupants did not halt on seeing him. He left the Zone Interdite on the 31st of October and crossed the line of demarcation on the same day. He crossed the Pyrenees on foot on the 6th of November, in a party of fifteen Royal Air Force and Army personnel, and reached Madrid on the 11th of November. He was repatriated to the United Kingdom on the 9th of December 1941, from Gibraltar.

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BARKER, F.A.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1377581
Unit: 102 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down on the 27th of April 1942, while bombing Dunkirk.

Evading the enemy, he set out in a southwesterly direction, walking by night and hiding during the day; narrowly escaping capture by patrols on several occasions, until he reached Paris.

From here he continued his journey on an enemy leave train, alighting near the Swiss frontier, which he crossed by a difficult and dangerous route to complete a most adventurous and arduous journey. Throughout the whole of this period, this airman was alone and his escape is entirely due to his courageous resource and outstanding initiative.

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BARR, John C.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1073812
Unit: 104 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On the 24th of July 1942, Sgt. Barr was rear gunner of an aircraft detailed to attack shipping at Tobruk. The aircraft was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire, and descended in enemy territory. After the captain had ordered the crew to destroy all papers which might be of use to the enemy, stores were collected. A ration scheme was instituted to cover the six members of the crew, and plans were made to evade capture. On the first day the crew rested and when night came, they flashed SOS signals with a red Aldis lamp at every friendly aircraft flying to or from operations, but without success. On the second day, a party consisting of the second pilot, the wireless operator, Sergeant Barr and another gunner, set out to intercept mechanised transport in the vicinity. During the morning, several large convoys were observed, but the party took cover until, when the road was otherwise clear, a Volkswagen appeared, coming from the direction of Derna. Sergeant Barr stepped into the road, held up his hand, and the truck stopped. Its passengers were two German officers and an orderly, who realizing the situation, reached for his gun. Sergeant Barr, however, covered the enemy with his revolver, and they surrendered. When his comrades had boarded the vehicle, he ordered one of the Germans to drive down a track to the crashed aircraft where they left the enemy afoot. Sergeant Barr and his comrades then set out for friendly territory. The journey was very rough, and at 1600 hours on the 4th day, the car broke down and was abandoned. It was then decided to walk on, when night came, in an attempt to reach the British lines. After two hours, two sentries were observed, and the party found that they had wandered into German lines;

but as no challenge was made, they succeeded in avoiding the sentries, and for another hour and a half, walked through a concentration of mechanical transport. Eventually they were discovered and disarmed by German troops. Early the next day, the party was transported to a POW camp near Matruh for interrogation. Later, with the exception of the wireless operator, the crew was put aboard a truck in which were several Army prisoners, and under an armed guard, they were moved off for Tobruk. Enroute a plan was evolved to obtain possession of the vehicle, and at a certain point near Sidi Barrani, the guard was overpowered. After three days, during which all suffered much hardship and deprivations, the party was rescued by the drivers of two Army vehicles and conveyed to safety. Throughout, Sergeant Barr displayed great fortitude and devotion to duty.

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BARRAS, Alexander E.O.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 406232
Unit: Royal Australian Airforce, 458 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Sgt. Barras was the second pilot of a Wellington aircraft which it was necessary to land in enemy territory after an operational sortie on the 30th of July 1942. The landing was made successfully some 17 miles south of Tobruk. After destroying all secrete equipment, the crew, taking with them their rations and navigational equipment, travelled 7 miles before dawn when they discovered a burned-out truck near which they rested. During the first five nights, they made very little progress. As the food and water ration was very low and all in the party were weak, it was decided to split into two parties. Sgt. Barras acted as leader of one party and was accompanied by three airmen. Although travelling was very hard, and Sgt. Barras and his companions were in a very weak state, they continued for a few days, travelling mostly by night and resting by day. Eventually they were approached by two Arabs who provided them with biscuits and milk, and directed them to an Arab village. Despite the exhausted condition of the party, Sergeant Barras continued to lead them, and on arrival at the village they were taken by Arabs into some thick shrubs about three miles away. During the day the Arabs returned with food, water and cigarettes. Sgt. Barras talked with two Arabs during the entire day and eventually, after he had given many sorts of promises and had handed over all the money, two Arabs brought along a camel with food and water, and supplied them with native robes. The next few nights were uneventful and although all in the party were becoming very footsore and suffering from sickness and stomach trouble, they continued to travel about 20 miles each night, until on the 22nd day, after many adventures, they were met by members of the 11th Hussars. After spending one night with them, they were driven to a Royal Air Force Headquarters at Burg Elarab. Sgt. Barras, despite great hardship and suffering, displayed fine ability as a leader, and his initiative and great determination contributed to the safe return of his party.

ESCAPE REPORT

During the first five days of the trip from a position approximately 17 miles due south of Tobruk, the crew's course was southeast, heading towards the Plateau area. They had intended to travel along the top of the ridge seeking water in the "temporary well" areas. This route proved to be unsuccessful and on the sixth day, they headed due north, eventually reaching Bugbug. Here the crew split up, P/O Hare and F/O Chappel separated from the remainder, and all further contact with these officers was lost. The remaining four members of the crew headed due south for about five miles, and then turning due east into the perennial-well areas. After another seven days travelling, they contacted Arabs and successfully persuaded two of them to act as guides to the party to El Hammam via El Maghra. Their route from this stage was southeast, eventually crossing the Plateau somewhere in the Minqar Zahr el Himar area. They then turned due east, making along the face of the Plateau until about 12 miles west of Abu Dweis, when they once again turned southeast across the marshlands. On the 22nd day, the 11th Hussars Light Armoured Car Division picked them up, and returned them to A.R.A.F. Headquarters Burg El Arab.

Running on the target from west to east at 9000 ft. the aircraft developed starboard engine trouble and began to run very roughly. Oil temperature mounted rapidly and the immediate pumping of two gallons of oil did nothing to counter this rise. The oil pressure gauge was reading zero and it was decided to jettison the bombs, guns, ammunition, and everything possible in an endeavour to hold height. However, it became apparent that a forced landing would have to be made. Through a break in the light cloud in the target area, a suitable area was selected, and the aircraft turned west into wind and made a splendid landing, approximately 17 miles due south of Tobruk.

The IFF was immediately exploded, water tank, navigational equipment, rations and ladder removed from the aircraft, and the crew made off due south in an endeavour to get away from the scene of landing. They travelled about 7 miles before dawn, then discovering a burned-out truck, decided to camp for the day. A conference was held, and a majority of five to one decided the best course would be southeast heading for the Plateau. The water tank was lashed to the ladder and two members of the crew at a time carried this on their shoulders, two others the navigational equipment, while two rested. The second night they resumed their course, and thought their progress was necessarily slow, they made about 12 to 15 miles that night. They again rested the following day in a wrecked truck, seeking protection from the sun and endeavouring to sleep. The latter was proving almost impossible because of the heat, flies, etc. At this stage, P/O Hare and Sgt. Jones became slightly ill due to the heat, and they found it impossible to do any carrying of equipment that night. Travelling again through the night, they found themselves, in the early dawn, on a track running south from Sollum to the Siwa Oasis. Here they camped in what had been a British camp.

As their water supply was getting fairly low, and their meals of one Horlick's tablet each was not sufficient to alleviate the weakness which the entire party was starting to experience, discussions were re-opened regarding their heading due north into the perennial well area. However, majority ruled and it was decided to resume the south-easterly course. At about 1430 hours, as they lay in their dugouts, an Arab approached, saw they were British and told them they must get away from this camp, as both German and Italian troops regularly inspected these camps. They asked the Arab for food and he immediately made off to return two hours later with a few biscuits and a little rice and tea. He directed them to a well about three miles due east, Bir Sheferzen, and promised to return on the morrow to act as guide to El Maghra. The crew reached the well in the early evening and prepared a meal of rice, tea and biscuits. They slept the night there, but just prior to nightfall, they saw a big convoy of trucks travelling south along the Sollum road to the Oasis. There must have been 40 trucks in this convoy, and from sounds, the trucks appeared to be empty. The Arab had already informed the crew that large numbers of enemy troops had occupied the Oasis.

Morning dawned, and they anxiously awaited the coming of the Arab. However, the day passed and he failed to return. It was decided to wait yet another day, for they felt their only chance of getting through would be with assistance from Arabs. Their wait was in vain, and nightfall saw them resume their journey. This time only four gallons of water were carried, because a full tank was proving too heavy in their weakened state. They walked about 15 miles that night, reaching a railway line and station which was not marked on their maps. There was also a well-used track running beside the railway line. The name of the station was Arad. Here too, had been a large camp once occupied by New Zealand troops. They continued southeast during the next two nights, finding in all five wells, all of them dry. It was here that Sgt. Barras finally convinced the remainder of the party that they would have to turn north into the permanent well sector. Consequently, they pushed north along the road which headed directly into Bugbug (about half-way between Sollum and Sidi Barrani).

At 0545 hours, cresting a hill, they found themselves on the coast road. Between the road and the coast was an observation post and while the five others made for this, Sgt. Barras set off to inspect two mounds, which looked like well-mounds, about half a mile westwards. No sooner had he reached this spot than trucks began to appear on the coast road. Apparently this sector was an overnight stopping-place, and also in the vicinity there must have been an Italian camp, for hundreds of Italians moved off in trucks on road-building duties. After lying hidden for about an hour, Sgt. Barras decided to cross the road between convoys and get back to the crew. Dashing across the road, he dropped down behind a shrub, not more than two feet high, to await the passing of about 25 Italian trucks. Though they all passed within 20 yards of him, he was unobserved and eventually reached the others. As they watched the road about one mile east of Bugbug, they re-fueled and started off again towards Sidi Barrani.

During that day, the crew decided to pair off, because being in active enemy territory, if the worst happened, some at least might manage to evade capture. They paired off in the following manner: P/O Hare and F/O Chappel, Sgt. Shirra and F/Sgt. Warwick, Sgt. Jones and Sgt. Barras.

However, it was decided that they would not separate unless absolutely necessary. Their water supply was now down to a cupful each, and they were once again back on Horlick's tablets.

At dusk, they pushed on eastwards between the coast and the road; however, at dark they crossed on to the road and about five miles east of Bugbug, they noticed a truck parked just off the road, and P/O Hare, F/O Chappel and Sgt. Barras went across, hoping to drain the radiator. As they approached, an Italian challenged them. Sgt. Barras shouted, "Barrani, Sidi Barrani", in the hope that he would think they were troops making for that town. However, he was not satisfied, and called out in a loud voice. This brought other Italians to the scene, and the crew decided to run for it across the road. Whistles were blown, torches flashed and trucks started up and in the general confusion, they managed to get away. It was at this stage that the two officers considered that the party was too large, and they made off on their own. From this stage nothing more of them was seen.

As neither Sgt. Shirra or F/Sgt. Warwick had done navigation during their training, they asked that the four should keep together, and from here Sgt. Barras took over the navigational duties. They headed south for five miles and then turned due east into the area Sgt. Barras knew to be well-watered. In the early morning, they quickly found a well and decided to camp there for the day. After resting for an hour, they filled their water bottles and decided to scout about for a mile or so in the hope of finding food. About five minutes away from the well, they noticed a truck approaching and they lay down quickly in some nearby bushes. The truck stopped at the well, noticed the crew's clothing (battledress, tunics, etc.) and their rations, and sat down to await their return. As they were in possession of machine guns, the crew had little chance with their revolvers, and after a two-hour wait, they decided to push on. They walked through that day and night, rested for three hours on the following morning, and then pushed on once more, as they were in very urgent need of both food and water. At this stage, they all felt to be lost; however, with the approach of nightfall, they decided to try once more and they walked all through the night. Morning dawned, and they dropped down thirsty, hungry and completely exhausted. How long they lay there is not clear. However, some time during the morning, two Arab shepherds found them, and after being informed that the crew were English, they rushed off to bring back warm goat's milk and a few biscuits. Sgt. Barras asked them to direct the party to an Arab village, and after some persuasion, they agreed to do so. After a couple of hours' rest they continued their walk, but it was not until the following evening that they found Arabs. They fed the crew magnificantly and though in fear, with monetary persuasion, allowed them to sleep in the village for the night. Two of the Arabs were asked to act as guides and they promised that they would set off with the party in the early morning. However, morning dawned and they told the crew that they were too frightened of Germans and Italians to take the risk. This was extremely disappointing as they knew that some assistance was vital. The Arabs directed the party east to another village which they reached in an exhausted condition two days later. Due to lack of food and water, their constitutions would soon have given under stress and their feet were also beginning to blister and bleed, which made travel rather painful.

At this new village, the Arabs gave them biscuits and water and guided them into fairly thick shrubbery about three miles away. During the day, they visited the party providing food, water and cigarettes - the first of the latter for 13 days. Sgt. Barras talked with two of them during the entire day, trying to persuade them to guide the crew back to the British lines. The conversation took many turns and he was called on to make all sorts of promises in an endeavour to secure their services. Eventually, at 2000 hrs. and after giving them all their Egyptian money, two (father and son) brought along a camel loaded with 16 gallons of water and some food. They supplied them with Arab robes, and at 2100 hrs. they set off. This was on the 13th night, but they had lost all sense of time and distance, and were greatly surprised when the Arabs told them that they were due south of Sidi Barrani.

Air activity increased a little in this district. Two Dornier 17's, two Ju 52's and several Ju 87's were continually flying about. The Dorniers and 52's appeared to be occupied on transport work, but the 87's appeared to be desert-searching for they rarely flew above 100 feet. Under the guidance of the Arabs, the party headed due south for about 20 miles and then southeast for the remainder of the trip. The next few nights were uneventful, except for increasing foot and stomach trouble. Each of them found the Arab's bread hard to masticate and all in turn were fairly sick. They were now making about 20 miles each night, and despite their weakness, were in very good spirits for they felt they would now definitely get back. Reaching a road which runs north to Maatin El Garawla in the Bir Abu El Heiran area, the Arabs camped them in four shallow dugouts, overlooking what had been a battlefield. Down in the depression were about 80 British trucks, and corpses were still lying about in a nauseating condition. However, they settled down to rest the day while the Arabs pushed on the usual three or four miles. At about 0930 hours, F/Sgt. Warwick went down to the well to bring back water. As he reached his objective, he noticed the approach of a truck loaded with Italians. He immediately returned and reported that he did not think he had been recognized. He brought back two gallons of water and a rusty .303 rifle with 15 rounds of ammunition. F/Sgt. Warwick, Sgt. Shirra and Sgt. Barras discussed the position and decided to stop where they were in the hope that the Italians would soon be off. However, 12 of them disgorged themselves from the truck, while the other two made off further east. They were a salvaging party and proceeded to remove tires, etc. from the British trucks. About 1200 hours, the truck returned loaded with tires and made off north (passing within 20 yards of the party) to Matruh. At 1230 hours, Sgt. Jones, who was in a dugout some 50 yards and completely oblivious of the presence of the Italians, stood up. Unfortunately, he was seen and one Italian came up the hill with his rifle at the ready to inspect him. As he approached, Sgt. Barras told the others to don their Arab robes and drew his revolver. The Italian stopped about 10 yards away and stared at them for what seemed an eternity. Realizing their danger, Sgt. Barras shouted, "Saeeda, Saeeda", and beckoned him over, hoping to take his rifle and force him to call out to his comrades that all was well. However, at that short distance it was obvious that they were not Arabs, and he rushed downhill, shouting to the others. The party picked up their water bottles and revolvers and the .303 and when the Italians were about 150 yards behind them and were beginning to get close with their firing, in desperation Sgt. Barras asked Sgt. Shirra who was carrying the rifle, to fire back at them.

He fired one round and the 12 enemies immediately halted. This delay allowed the party to make another 300 yards and get down behind a shallow ridge, then noticing a burnt truck about half a mile away, they ran for this protection. The idea was, if discovered, to hold the Italians off until nightfall. Fortunately, the truck was somewhere back in the vicinity from which the party had run and apparently this fact tricked them, for they surely thought the party would get away as far as possible. They lay in the truck for two hours and heard the enemy searching for them for some time about half a mile away. Sgt. Barras was very worried about the Arabs for he feared that they would make off. At last he decided to climb out of the depression in an endeavour to find them and explain the position. Reaching the top of the ridge, he could see no signs of the attackers. He called the others to accompany him. They then crawled and in turn, ran in the general direction where they suspected the Arabs to be. They made about three miles and hid in a patch of fairly thick, small shrubbery. F/Sgt. Warwick and Sgt. Barras looked for their guides and after a short search, succeeded in finding them, quickly explained and told them that the party would push on for another five miles; there to await them until nightfall. This they did and when the two guides reached them, they said that two Germans in a truck had interrogated them, followed by the Italians, this time with machine guns. At last, the delay which made the escape possible was explained, for apparently the return of fire had frightened the Italians who had rushed back to get machine guns in place of their rifles. They also threatened the Arabs and told them to make off, informing them that they would return to the well awaiting the party's return during the night, for seeing the two-gallon water tin, they naturally assumed a return for water would be necessary.

That night the party put 25 miles between the well and themselves, and now travelled along the ridge, and fortunately, saw no further enemy troops. Passing south of Fuka, they heard Ju 88's taking off, just prior to the approach of British aircraft. Suddenly a bright light was lit up on the ground and it continued to burn steadily for 5 or 7 minutes. As a Wellington aircraft approached this area, they heard loud explosions in mid-air and then the Wellington crashed in flames. Whether the light was a signal to German night fighters or not is impossible to say, but it's placement on the track of the Wellington convinced the crew that it was a signal to night fighters, and future raiders would do well to watch for this type of light.

The remainder of the trip was comparatively easy, except for foot trouble, and the only sign of enemy activity seen was on the top of the Plateau in the Abu Dweis area, when many verey cartridges were fired into the air. On the 22nd day of their trip, the crew were picked up by the 11th Hussars, and after spending one night with them, they were driven to A.R.A.F.H.Q. Burg Elarab, and there were handed over to RAF Control.

It is considered that all members of the party, having returned from 17 miles south of Tobruk, under present circumstances, have set an example which crews in this Squadron placed in similar positions will attempt to follow. Information received may not be new, but should be confirmation of what is already known. The four members of the crew have shown great grit and determination and the highest praise is certainly due to them.

Sgt. Barras apparently acted as leader, possibly owing to his having a certain knowledge of navigation, which other members of the crew lacked, and possibly owing to other members recognizing his ability to make himself understood with Arabs. It is noteworthy that the other members of the crew do not question the natural leadership of Sgt. Barras. In spite of the great hardship and suffering which have left their mark on Sgt. Barras, his morale is completely unimpared, and his present sole desire is to become a member of a flying crew again as soon as possible.

Sgt. Barras is a particularly fine type and it is considered that his initiative played no small part in the safe return of the four men.

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BARRY, John N.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 135217
Unit: No. 35 Squadron P.F.F. (Pathfinder Force)
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches

This NCO was flying as Air Gunner in a Halifax aircraft, detailed to attack Lorient on the night of 13/14th of February 1943. When the aircraft was over the target it was severely damaged by heavy flak. The captain gave orders for the crew to abandon the machine.

Flight Sergeant Barry landed safely and immediately began planning his escape. He had previously made a careful study of escaping methods, and he could speak French fluently. He walked great distances along secondary roads by day and night, unaided. It was not until the 9th of April 1943, that his efforts were successful and he returned to the United Kingdom.

For the thoroughness with which he prepared for the contingency and the tenacity he showed in avoiding capture and returning to this country, he is recommended for a Mention in Despatches.

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BARTLEY, Leonard L.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 42181
Unit: RAF, No. 112 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches

This officer was pilot of a Gloster Gladiator in a fighter defence force operating over Crete in May 1941. When information was received that the island was being evacuated, Flight Lieutenant Bartley, with a party of 70 officers and other ranks, managed to salvage and put into going order, an M.L.C. which had been partially destroyed by the Royal Navy. The landing craft was provisioned and launched on the 2nd of June 1941, with the intention of proceeding to Mersa Matruh. About 30 miles out, the M.L.C. was intercepted by an Italian submarine. The officers on board were taken off and eventually landed at Taranto. Flight Lieutenant Bartley was later sent to

Sulmona POW camp. While he was there, several unsuccessful attempts were made to escape by tunnels. On the 12th of September 1943, there was a mass exodus from the camp, and after an adventurous journey, Flight Lieutenant Bartley reached the British lines on the 27th of September.

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BAUGH, Norman Lee

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 43524
Unit: RAF
Awards: Military Cross

Owing to the destruction of aircraft at Kai Tak at the outbreak of hostilities, this officer was unable to operate against the Japanese. He assisted in the land defences of Hong Kong until the surrender of the garrison on the 25th of December 1941. On transfer to the Sham Shui Po POW camp, he commenced to plan an escape with Major Munro, Royal Artillery, and Captain Trevor, Hong Kong Volunteers. At 2320 hours on the 1st of February 1942, the party escaped by swimming, pushing before them a small raft of firewood with clothing and food supplies. They landed at 0020 hrs. on the 2nd of February and started to walk on a northerly course. During the succeeding days, they hid by day and walked by night. Owing to exhaustion, bad weather and the slippery surface of the steep inclines, they found the going very hard. On the 5th of February 1942, they ran into bandits who stole some of their possessions, but provided them with a meal and a guide across the New Territories border. At Kounan Market they stayed some time with Chinese guerillas until they learned that Wai Chow was free of Japanese. On the 12th of February, they proceeded to Wai Chow and from there onwards to Kunming they met with no more real obstacles, although they suffered much from the conditions. They left Kunming for Calcutta by air on the 1st of April 1942. The party showed great determination in leaving the comparative safety of the POW camp to face the unknown hazards of the mainland, and a journey of some 2000 miles of Chinese territory. (Citation covering the Award).

At the outbreak of the Japanese War, Flying Officer Baugh was stationed at Kai Tak. Unfortunately, all our aircraft were destroyed in the first phase and he was never able to operate. After carrying out as much demolition as possible and rendering unserviceable all M.T. that could not be evacuated to Hong Kong island, he then supervised the evacuation of the personnel and proceeded in convoy with eight M.T. vehicles to Aberdeen.

On arrival at Aberdeen, the RAF personnel came under Navy orders. Pending definite orders as to the employment of the RAF personnel, Flying Officer Baugh accompanied Wing Commander Bennett and Naval Dockyard Police in patrolling the town at night. He was subsequently attached with ten airmen to the Winnipeg Grenadiers, under the command of Major Bayley. They were armed with one Vickers gun, two A.A. Lewis guns, and one ordinary Lewis gun, and sufficient small arms and ammunition. From the 14th of December to the 20th, he remained under Major Bayley's command and with

his detachment, participated actively in the defence of the Island.

On the evening of the 20th, when supervising the evacuation of personnel ordered by his commanding officer, he was blown against a tree by a mortar bomb, and became unconscious. His back was injured and the next morning he was taken to the Canadian Casualty Clearing Station which itself was subject to heavy fire, and he was later evacuated to the Aberdeen Industrial School. Finally he was taken to the Hong Kong Hotel which was being used as a hospital.

On the 24th, feeling somewhat better, he applied for discharge and being unable to contact the RAF detachment, he joined up with the Hong Kong Volunteers to assist in defending a secondary line of defence. These positions were destroyed on the 25th and he then retired to Headquarters. Later that day, the Garrison surrendered and on the 26th he went with the Volunteers to Victoria and joined up with the remainder of the RAF personnel. They were detained in the grounds of Fortress Headquarters until the 30th when they were marched to Star Ferry from where they were shipped across to Sham Shui Po.

From December 30th until February 1st, the date of his escape, he remained in this camp and spent a lot of his time preparing his escape. His plans were drawn up with Major Munro and Captain Trevor, and they decided that the only successful way of getting out was by sea. They prepared a small raft of firewood to take their packs, containing clothing and food supplies, and on the night of the 1st and 2nd of February, about 2320 hrs. they left the camp, swimming and pushing the raft before them. They eventually landed at 0020 hours and were all very exhausted. After a short rest, they proceeded on a northerly course over Golden Hill and Smuggler's Rest. At daybreak they laid up in the undergrowth, taking care to keep watch and did not move until nightfall. They travelled throughout the next night until 0330 hours, when they were again thoroughly exhausted. Bad weather also hampered them.

The following evening they set off again in the rain, but made slow going on account of the difficult country and through having to go entirely by compass bearing. They walked until 0400 hours when they laid up again. On the evening of the 4th they set off at 1945 hours, but the going was so heavy that they were obliged to rest every two or three minutes. Captain Trevor at this period, was suffering from extreme exhaustion and was unable to make much progress on account of the slippery surface of the steep inclines. After some hesitation, they decided to allow Trevor to go into a village to obtain food, in which he was successful.

The following evening they continued, but shortly after, ran into bandits, who however, gave them a meal and a guide, but took some of their possessions. The bandits also provided them with a guide who took them across the New Territories border, and led them to a farm house where they were given food and shelter. They remained there all day until 0300 hours on the 7th, and walked, passing close to the Japanese, to a farm house at Tseung Hang, where they were given food. They then proceeded to Kounan Market where they met Chinese Guerillas who received them very well indeed.

They had intended to proceed towards Wai Chow, but the guerillas informed them that it was in Japanese occupation and advised them to wait for a short while. On the 12th, learning that Wai Chow was now free of the Japanese, they continued on their way. They arrived at 1815 hours in a very exhausted and dilapitated state. They were by then in fairly poor shape physically on account of many days exposure in very bad weather.

From Wai Chow onwards, their journey through the Kunming was hard, but they met with no more real obstacles though they suffered much from the conditions. They arrived at Kunming and finally left there for Calcutta by air on April 1st.

It should be pointed out that Flying Officer Baugh's decision to escape was very commendable in view of the fact that the general morale in Sham Shui Po Camp was low, and little or no encouragement was given to would-be escapers. It was necessary to have a very firm determination to leave the comparative safety of the camp for the unknown hazards of the mainland, and to get through some 2,000 miles of Chinese territory to safety.

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BEALES, Allan James

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 101061
Unit: 607 Squadron, Fighter Command, RAF
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches

Flight Lieutenant Beales crashed near Rouen on the 18th of September 1941, and was taken by the Germans to a field hospital for a few hours and from there to Dulag Luft.

On March 3rd, 1943, he escaped through a tunnel in a coat he had made from old French tunics, and service trousers which he had dyed. He was free about 24 hours and then captured by the police.

He made a second attempt in September 1943, by changing identities with another officer with the intention of breaking out of the roof of the cell. Unfortunately, he was discovered before he could complete the work.

From October 1941 onwards, F/Lt. Beales did valuable work in connection with making maps for escape purposes and while at Oflag Vib (Warburg) was in charge of this section of the Escape Committee.

He has been highly commended for this by his senior officer and two of his colleagues.

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BEBBINGTON, A.D.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 655944
Unit: No. 70 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Pilot Officer Johnston and Sergeants Bebbington and Davies, were members of the crew of a Wellington aircraft which was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire, while attacking Tobruk. Subsequently, it was necessary to land the bomber in close proximity to the enemy's lines. After destroying essential equipment, the crew filled all available water bottles from the aircraft's tank, and with emergency rations, the navigator's compass, a Verey pistol and some first-aid equipment in their possession, they set out to avoid capture. On the second day, the party was assisted by friendly Arabs but on the following few days other Arabs were met who were unfriendly, and would render no assistance. On the seventh day, they were assisted by a friendly tribesman who supplied them with biscuits, water and cigarettes. He promised to return the next day and guide them to Matruh, but failed to keep his promise. The crew therefore, moved off and on the tenth day, further tribesmen were encountered who gave them two gallons of water and biscuits. Continuing their trek, they came to a well by noon on the thirteenth day. Here a rest was taken as food was running short and one member of the party was suffering badly with his feet. It was therefore decided to make an attempt to find a lorry. Towards dusk the party moved off and eventually saw two lorries parked about 50 yards apart on a main road. An attempt to capture one of them was made, but although casualties were inflicted on the occupants, the attempt had to be abandoned as the party was out-numbered. Despite this, with the exception of the rear gunner, they succeeded in getting away, and the following day, a camel driver assisted them and directed them to a village. For the next seven days they carried on, obtaining water at wells and being assisted by friendly tribesmen. By the 28th day the crew reached Lake Magra. Shortly after daylight on the following day, they were rescued by the drivers of two Army vehicles, after a journey of some 340 miles through hostile country. Pilot Officer Johnston acted as leader throughout, being excellently supported by Sergeants Bebbington and Davies. This officer and the airmen displayed resolute courage and fortitude throughout the hazardous period.

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BELCHER, Lionel

Rank: Acting Petty Officer
Regtl. No. C/JX 150602
Unit: HMS "Osprey"
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Service Medal

The name of Acting Petty Officer Lionel Belcher of HMS "Osprey" is submitted for consideration for the award of a commendation by the Commander-in-Chief for great endurance and initiative in escaping from a POW camp in northern Italy to our lines at Termoli.

Acting Petty Officer Belcher (ex HMS "Zuiu"), was coxswain of a landing craft which was captured during a raid on Tobruk in the autumn of 1942. On the capitulation of Italy in company with an Army Sergeant, he escaped from No. 70 camp in North Italy and took to the mountains. For 28 days they made their way on foot down the Appenines, and eventually reached our lines near Termoli.

On the way south, hearing that they were in the vicinity of Albergo Gran Sasso, whence Mussolini had just been rescued, they deviated from their course to inspect the place. Here they saw the burned out remains of five gliders which had been used by the German air-borne troops who effected the rescue. They narrowly escaped recapture by the Germans. While penetrating the enemy lines near Termoli, they carefully noted the position of enemy batteries on the map they had obtained, and reported these to our forces.

Petty Officer Belcher believes he is the only naval rating out of the many hundreds in the camp who successfully escaped. I was very highly impressed by his bearing and morale.

("R.G. Onslow" Captain)

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BELL, B.

Rank: Corporal
Unit: Queen's Own Royal West Kent
Awards: Military Medal
London Gazette 29/9/42

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BELL, P.H.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 915544
Unit: 602 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches

This airman, flying a Spitfire, was shot down by an enemy fighter on the 21st of September 1941. He had previously destroyed an Me 109F. He landed near St. Omer and obtained civilian clothes at a farm house. He had been wounded by cannon fire and was forced to remain in hiding for a fortnight.

He succeeded in crossing the Line of Demarcation in a party, and after crossing the Pyrenees on foot, arrived in Madrid on the 8th of November. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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BENNETT, Albert W.

Rank: Acting Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 1379973
Unit: 35 Squadron, Bomber Command, RAF
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

I took off from Gravely in a Halifax at 1800 hrs. on the 15th of February 1944, to bomb Berlin. On the return journey we were shot down by a fighter and I baled out at 2300 hrs., near Deventer (N.W. Europe). I was unconscious when I landed, and when I came to, I buried my parachute in a wood. I then met two Dutchmen who hid me in a barn for the rest of the night. The next day I was taken to a house in Deventer by the Dutchmen, and given civilian clothes. I stayed there until the 18th of February when a member of the Resistance took me by train to Varsveld. I stayed there until the 1st of March when I again was taken by train to the Dutch-Belgian frontier, and was rowed over the river Maas at a point south of Maastricht in Belgium and reached Belgium.

I stayed there until the 5th of May when I was taken by train to Hasselt. I stayed at a house there until the 12th of March, when I was taken by train to Liege and stayed there until the 14th of March. I was then taken to L'Escaillere for the purpose of crossing the frontier into France. It was here that I met P/O J. Blandford, who travelled with me from then onwards. We stayed here until the 28th of March when we walked over the border into France to Rocroi, and took a bus from there to Charleville and stayed there for one night.

On the 30th of March we were taken by train to Nancy, and stayed in a cafe here until the next morning when we took the train for Montbelliard.

We walked from here with two guides to Blamont. The people here were rather afraid to help us so we were forced to sleep in barns in the neighbourhood until the 8th of April, when we crossed over the border into Switzerland.

We went to Porrentruy, but were unable to contact the British Consul so we gave ourselves up to the police. On the 10th of April we were put into quarantine at Bad Lostof near Olten, and remained there until the 1st of May when we were taken to Berne. We were interviewed here by the British Consul and given money and new clothes. We were then sent to the evader's camp at Montreux where we were billeted until the 27th of August.

On that day, I went with Sgt. Simister, F/Sgt. Quinn, and F/Sgt. Martin by train to St. Maurice, 15 km. from the French border. We walked to the border and after sleeping the night in a wood, walked over into France on the following morning (August 28).

At Chatel, France, the Maquis took charge and on the 28th of August took us to Thonon on Lac Leman where there were 23 other evaders.

From then onwards until I arrived back in England on the 10th of September, my story is the same as that of Sgt. Fryer.

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BENNETT, J.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 928104
Unit: 35 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft shot down over Holland on the 25th of July 1942, while returning from an attack on Duisberg.

Unable to escape from the scene of his landing through a leg injury sustained while baling out, he was arrested by the enemy and imprisoned. Applying an old stratagem, he soon succeeded in breaking out and escaping from the neighbourhood, went into hiding. During this period, he endeavoured to rescue other British airmen who baled out nearby, and also avoided detection from no less than four searches of his place of concealment.

He ultimately reached Belgium by crossing a bridge at the Dutch-Belgian frontier, pausing awhile to offer cigarettes to the enemy sentries.

Passing through Belgium and France, he reached Paris to find himself suspected and shadowed by a Gestapo agent. He lured his would-be captor into an air raid shelter where he overpowered and killed him. Sergeant Bennett then continued his adventurous journey into Spain, whence he was repatriated on the 13th of September 1942.

This airman displayed the greatest courage, coolness and resource in carrying out his escape from the enemy.

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BERGSLAND, P.

Rank: Sergeant
Unit: Royal Norwegian Air Force
Awards: Military Cross
Mention in Despatches

Escaped from Stalag Luft III, Sagan. He reached England via Sweden in April 1944.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

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BERRY, H.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 514724
Unit: No. 150 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, LG 14/6/42

On June 13, 1940, this pilot was shot down near St. Valery and badly

burned. Shortly after crashing he was captured, and after being kept for several days lying on straw without attention, was sent to a hospital at Rouen which was under German supervision. Three months later, when convalesing, he escaped, and with the help of various French women, succeeded in reaching Paris. He continued his journey by rail as far as Cortelin, where he was able to cross into unoccupied France. He was eventually repatriated by a medical board from Marseilles. This airman showed courage and initiative in making successful arrangements for his escape while still convalesing.

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BIRK, H.E.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 402634/Aus.
Unit: No. 99 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, LG 1/1/43

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which bombed Frankfurt on the 28th of September 1941. They were attacked by fighters and compelled to bale out. Sergeant Birk landed in Belgium and managed to cross the frontier into France where he was given shelter for five weeks. On the 4th of November he re-crossed the frontier into Belgium and went to Brussels where he stayed for a month. On the 5th of December he left Brussels and was joined on the Franco-Belgian frontier by a Belgian who acted as guide. Travelling via Mons, Paris, Bordeaux, and Biarritz, he attempted to cross the Pyrenees, but was unsuccessful. The next night he again tried to cross the Pyrenees and managed to reach Irun. He reached Madrid on the 18th of December and left Gibraltar for the United Kingdom on the 4th of March 1942.

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BLANCHET, Joseph P.G.

Rank: Sergeant (Wireless operator, Air Gunner)
Regtl. No. 56057
Unit: No. 35 Squadron, Bomber Command
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

Pilot Officer MacIntyre, Sgt. Perry and Sgt. Blanchet, were detailed as a crew to attack the German battleship, Tirpits, in the Aason Fjord, at Trondheim, on the night of the 27th of April 1942.

This flight involved a total flying time of nine hours and covered a total distance of 1,350 miles over the North Sea and the mountainous country of Northern Norway.

The attack was ordered to be carried out at 150 ft. in the face of intense opposition from the battleship, and the guns on both sides of the Fjord.

It would appear that while carrying out this courageous attack, P/O MacIntyre's aircraft must have been fatally damaged by flak, necessitating a forced landing in this most difficult country. By a feat of most superb airmanship, this landing was carried out successfully.

Having carried out this forced landing, P/O MacIntyre and the NCO's then made their escape from the numerous search parties that had been sent out by the German garrison at Trondheim.

For eight days the members of this crew, suffering the greatest hardships, walked through deep snow across the mountains, and in an exhausted condition, arrived at the Norwegian boarder, having covered a total distance of 45 miles. By sheer determination and will-power, they crossed safely into Sweden.

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BONNAR, G.A.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 521576
Unit: No. 47 Squadron

This airman was a member of the crew of a Wellesley bomber which bombed an Italian advance camp in Abyssinia on the 6th of December 1940. They were attacked by an enemy fighter; the pilot was shot in the back, and they were compelled to bale out. Sergeant Bonnar was captured by enemy troops and taken by road convoy to Asmara. Enroute to Asmara he tried to escape, but was unsuccessful. He remained in camp from the 6th of December to the 1st of April 1941, when he was released by British troops which occupied the town.

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BOOKER, Ernest John

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 571343
Unit: No. 120 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Sgt. Booker was the Flight Engineer of a Liberator of No. 120 Squadron detailed to carry out an important reconnaissance of the Norwegian Coast on the 28th of May 1942. On completion of the reconnaissance, the Liberator was attacked and shot down, crashing into the sea about 60 miles off the Lofoten Islands. Four survivors escaped by dinghy and reached the coast. Together with his Captain and two other members of the crew, he showed resourcefulness and courage in escaping after being captured by the enemy. For 31 days he and his companions survived on what they could steal from cottages, living in caves and rocks by day, and walking across enemy country by night. Although they had neither map nor compass, the party made its way to neutral territory by powers of ingenuity and endurance; travelling at a rate not exceeding two miles per hour, but more usually at half a mile per hour. Throughout the whole period, this sergeant showed exceptional powers of resourcefulness, courage and ingenuity.

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BOOTHBY, Cyril Denys

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 126120
Unit: RAF Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross
London Gazette 23/11/42

Since receiving the award of the D.F.M., this officer has completed a further 16 sorties. He was recently flying low over enemy territory when his engine failed; despite this he flew back to this country and made a crash landing without injuries to his crew. On his next sortie, while over Occupied France at 800 ft. his port engine failed. Despite this he climbed slightly and told his crew to bale out. He then jumped out himself.

Three weeks later, having undergone a severe ordeal, he arrived back in this country with two other members of his crew.

Boothy has on numerous occasions returned from successful operational sorties, with his aircraft considerably damaged by enemy action, and he has at all times set an example to the Squadron which is unsurpassed.

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BOSTOCK, Donald

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1313365
Unit: No. 122 Squadron, TAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Evaded capture and returned to this country after baling out, when shot down over enemy territory on the 5th of November 1943.

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BRADLEY, Richard

Rank: L/Sergeant
Regtl. No. 5344190
Unit: No. 2 Commando, Royal Berkshire Regt.
Awards: Military Medal; London Gazette 26/7/45

After being taken prisoner at St. Nazaire on the 28th of March 1942, Bradley, Brown and Searson were sent to Germany. On the 17th of August 1942, using a stolen file, Brown, Searson and another POW cut through the window bars and escaped from Stalag VIII B. They had been at liberty for four days when they were caught as they slept in a wood.

Their second attempt was made at the beginning of October 1942. Wearing overalls, old caps and rucksacks, they posed as civilian workmen, but their disguise was penetrated the next day. For punishment they were sent to stone quarries near Bunzlau, and when they refused to work, received instead nine days in the cells prior to their return to the main camp. Although Brown succeeded in leaving Greiffenberg work camp in March 1943, he was arrested at Gorlitz because the dye from his overcoat stained his face and neck. He was sent back to Stalag VIII B, where he again met Searson who had

in the meantime, helped two other POW's to leave a work camp at Sternberg, and had acquired money and clothing with a view to making another attempt. This took place in July 1943, from a factory at Freiheit-Johannesberg. Accompanied by Bradley, he travelled by train to Engen and the two men were nearing the Swiss frontier when they were caught, and once again returned to Stalag VIII B. Brown who had waited another month to acquire a civilian jacket, was detected as he was leaving the factory on the 12th of August 1943.

By October 1943, Brown, Bradley and Searson had completed their preparations for a combined effort. At this time, they were employed at Wosswalda, and while the guards were having a meal, the three men forced the door lock with a bent nail, walked to the station, and travelling on slow trains, reached Tuttlingen unchallenged. Completing the remainder of the journey on foot, they crossed into Switzerland near Hofenacker on the 25th of October 1943.

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BRANFORD, J.

Rank: Warrant Officer
Unit: R.A.F.
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Escaped from Stalag IV B, Muhlberg. He stayed in Holland until he reached Allied Lines. (September 1944)

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

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BRETTELL, E.G.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, No. 133 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Flying Cross

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BROOKS, H.L.

Rank: Warrant Officer
Unit: R.C.A.F.
Awards: Military Cross

Escaped from a working party at Stalag VIII B, Lansdorf. He remained with the Polish Underground throughout the war and was repatriated via Odessa in 1945.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

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BROWN, James
Rank: Private
Regtl. No. 2988948
Unit: No.5 Commando (Ex Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders)
Awards: London Gazette 26/7/45 Military Medal
(see information under "BRADLEY, Richard")

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BRUCE, Dominic

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. AFM 45272
Unit: No. 9 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

Flight Lieutenant Bruce was shot down over Zeebrugge in June 1941 and picked up by a German vessel. After an unsuccessful tunnel attempt in July 1942, Bruce and two companions made a very clever escape from Spangenburg in September, disguised as a German civilian commission and officer escort. They reached Cassel aerodrome hoping to find a Junkers 52 - the only German aircraft they knew how to fly - and finding none of this type on the field, they decided to make for France, but were caught several days later near Frankenberg. After this attempt, Bruce was transferred to Warburg. From there he made several attempts to escape, the most successful being in January 1943 when three men masqueraded as a German guard escorting a party of British orderlies. For this, Bruce received three months in cells from which he attempted to escape with the aid of a dummy key, but was prevented by the bad weather. In September 1943, he escaped from Colditz in an empty crate and made for Danzig. He was captured ten days later at Frankfurt-on-Oder, but escaped while awaiting interrogation. He reached Danzig and was arrested trying to board a troop ship. F/L Bruce continued to try every possible means of escape, with varying degrees of success, throughout his captivity, making about 17 attempts in all. He was liberated from Colditz in April 1945.

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BRYKS, Josef (alias RICKS)

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 82538 (Czech.)
Unit: No. 242 Squadron, Fighter Command, RAF
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Flight Lieutenant Bryks was shot down on the 17th of June 1941 near St. Omer. He was sheltered a few hours by some villagers, but was later handed over to the Germans. To protect his family in Czechoslovakia, Flight Lieutenant Bryks assumed the name of Ricks when arrested.

At Oflag Vib (Warburg), he and five others tunnelled their way out on the 19th of April 1942. Flight Lieutenant Bryks made for Switzerland and after several narrow escapes from recapture, eventually reached Eberbach on the 5th of May. He was by then very ill with dysentry and a party of Hitler Youths found him asleep.

While serving in cells for this, he escaped through a tunnel on the 17th of August 1942. Crossing the Main, he tried to steal a plane near Frankfurt. He was fired at while entering the cockpit and took cover in the woods. He then made his way south, but on the 2nd of September, he was arrested during a raid on Nuremburg.

He was again put in cells at Oflag Vib, and tried to send a message containing information on troop movements to the S.B.O. It was intercepted and Flight Lieutenant Bryks was threatened with Court Martial as a spy.

Although very closely watched, he escaped in March 1943, from Oflag XXIB (Schubin) in a sewage cart. He contacted the local Polish Underground and was joined by another escaper. A month later they reached Warsaw where they were caught by the Gestapo on the 2nd of June, and sent to Sagan. Flight Lieutenant Bryks and a companion tunnelled their way out of this camp, but were caught before reaching the road.

In July he was taken to Prague where the Gestapo discovered his true identity. He was then sent to Stalag Luft I from which camp he was liberated in April 1945.

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BUCKLAND, John Cyril

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. Aus. 401006
Unit: R.A.A.F. attached to No. 14 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This NCO was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down off the coast of Sicily on the 12th of April 1943. In September 1943, he was imprisoned in Camp 53 at Macerta. After the Italian Armistice, the camp was taken over by the Germans, and while prisoners were being evacuated, Flight Sergeants Buckland and Einsaar, with three other POW's, concealed themselves in the roof of a building. On the 24th of September 1943, they succeeded in passing the German sentries, unobserved. The party then travelled to Urbisaglia and after many vicissitudes, they were evacuated to Termoli on the 25th of May 1944.

(Bulman's Account of the incident):
"I baled out first. I landed uninjured, in a pasture field near Mondrepuis (Northwest of Hirson). I removed a tab bearing my name and number from the parachute and hid it and my mae west beneath a small tree. I then walked away from the aircraft in a westerly direction.

I walked across country, avoiding all buildings, until about 0630 hours on the 12th of March. I then hid in a corner of a field between a clump of trees and a pond. Here I opened my aids box and ate some Horlick's tablets and chocolate. I also took my maps out, but I could not locate my position. I removed some of my badges, but though I loosened the stitches of one of my "Canada" titles and of one set of my chevrons, so that they could be quickly turn off, I did not remove them entirely as I wished to use them to prove my identity.

In the evening I set out again and about 2030 hours, came to a small farm. I can speak a very little French. A girl came to the door. I pointed to my badges, showed her my R.A.F. identity discs and said "R.A.F." She took me into the house where I was given a meal, and also some civilian clothes. I had not been wearing flying boots in the aircraft, but an ordinary pair of shoes, and these I retained. I remained with my helpers until the 14th of March. They gave me a razor, soap, a small French-English dictionary, a map of the district, and a parcel of food. On the evening of March 14th one of my helpers, accompanied by a number of children, took me about five miles along a road to Gergny, about seven miles west of Hirson. They advised me to avoid all large houses. My only plan at this time was somehow to reach the Spanish frontier.

I walked at night and lay up in the daytime. About daybreak on the 15th of March, I was near the village of Montigny, about 20 miles south-west of Hirson. The roads here were well sign-posted, but I also made use of my escape compasses, and of the map my helpers had given me. About 0300 hours on the 16th of March, I wandered on to a German aerodrome just west of Monceau-le-Waast, about eight miles northwest of Laon. The flare path was illuminated. I immediately went away from it and hid in some woods until daybreak. Then as it was a foggy morning, I thought it safe to continue walking until 1130 hours. I remember crossing the Laon-Reims railway line.

About 1630 hours I set out again, and by 0630 hours on the 17th of March, had reached Courcelles, about six miles northwest of Fismes. Here I lay up all day. In the evening as I was getting very hungry, I spoke to some people. An 18 year old youth took me to a shed and gave me two raw eggs and some bread. I lay down on the floor and tried to sleep, but it was so cold that I decided to continue walking. I walked all that night and most of the next day (March 18) but I took the precaution of shaving in the morning. About 0530 hours on the 19th of March, I reached Epieds about 18 miles southwest of Fismes.

Shortly afterwards, I approached a farm not far from this place. I showed the farmer my identity disc and badges. He was most friendly, gave me food, a new pair of trousers, and repaired my shoes. I retained my RAF shirt and wore it with another tie throughout the whole of the rest of my journey.

I told the farmer that I was determined to reach Spain somehow. On the evening of the 21st of March, he took me by bicycle to Chateau-Thierry, and thence by train to Paris. From this point my subsequent journey was arranged for me.

The latter part of my journey was made in conjunction with Pilot Officer Dennison and some others."

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BUDZYNSKI, J.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 783405
Unit: No. 300 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which crashed when returning from a bombing attack on Mannheim on the 7th of November 1941. Although on baling out, he landed on a house full of enemy soldiers, he succeeded in avoiding capture and successfully remained in hiding, ultimately crossing through France to Spain, from where he was repatriated.

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BUFTON, H.E.

Rank: Acting Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 33223
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches 1/1/43
Distinguished Flying Cross 29/1/43
Airforce Cross 29/1/43
London Gazette 5/5/44

This officer was captain of an aircraft which bombed Cologne on the 26th of August 1941. The aircraft developed engine trouble and the crew were compelled to bale out in Northern France. He managed to make his way out of the Zone Interdite and across the Line of Demarcation, to Marseilles from where he was conducted to Barcelona. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 8th of December 1941.

BULMAN, Elmer Leigh

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. R. 72937
Unit: Pathfinder Force, No. 405 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Military Medal

On an operational bombing flight against Stuttgart on the 11th of March 1943, the aircraft in which Bulman was navigator, was shot down in flames by enemy night fighters. The crew baled out on instructions from the captain. F/Sgt. Bulman displayed considerable resourcefulness and determination including enemy patrols, and succeeded in effecting his escape. His courage and devotion to duty and disregard of physical hardship strongly recommend him for the award of the Military Medal.

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BULL, L.G.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: No. 109 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Flying Cross

BURTON, H.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: No. 149 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Distinguished Service Order
Member of the British Empire

I left Mildenhall about 2030 hrs. on the evening of the 6th of September 1940, in a Wellington aircraft on a raid to burn the Black Forest. We did our job, and on the way back, did a reconnaissance of some lights on the ground, coming under fire from heavy flak. As far as I know we were not hit. About ten minutes after that the port engine started to show signs of heating up, and a little later, seized up altogether. After that we threw out everything to lighten the plane, sent out an SOS, which was received by our home station, and from then on lost height until I had to give the order to abandon the aircraft, which we all managed to do safely. Just before the wireless operator left the aircraft, he received a message giving our position in code, but there was no time to decypher it as we were too low. Before jumping we had all seen what we took to be the Belgian coast.

After my crew (P/O G.M.R. Smith, P/O D.A. McFarlane, Sgt. Bailey, Sgt. Peacock and Sgt. Barnes) had baled out, I destroyed the Secret Wireless Identification Device and then left the plane, landing in a swamp, where I immediately hid my parachute. I had to wait until daylight before I could get out of the swamp.

I came across the river Authie and decided to follow it towards the sea. I had a small compass with me (not a stud compass). The first person I saw was a farmer driving some cows (I presumed he was either French or Belgian) but I waded into the river and hid. I walked for another two miles down this river, still in my flying kit, until I found a good hiding place on the bank in some bushes. I lay there all day. When it got dark I again followed the river and passed through an orchard where I got some apples. I also found some sugar beet and some corn. I then found another hiding place and stayed there for the following day. When preparing for the next night's walk, I found I had lost my compass. Then I followed the river again for another night until there were so many guarded bridges and main roads crossing it that I thought it better to try and get west across country. I lay down by a dyke and was awakened, though not observed, by a troop of German cavalry. I followed this dyke until I came to a clump of bushes, and there a German sentry stepped out. I had blacked the buttons of my uniform with mud and wore a scarf hanging over my wings so he did not realize who I was at first. He questioned me for a little time and then realizing what I was, called out the remainder of the guard, who escorted me to Fort St. Mahon (a few kms. south of Berck on the opposite side of the Bay of Authie). I was then taken before a German officer in St. Mahon. He did not question me but turned a German sentry out of his bed for me to sleep in.

At 0800 hrs. next morning I was taken in an Army van to Le Touquet, where I was handed over to the Luftwaffe authorities, then stationed at a hotel there. I noticed during my drive to Le Touquet, that all the orchards outside the town were full of German transport. I had breakfast with two German majors of the Luftwaffe, one of whom spoke a little English. After breakfast I was taken in a staff car up to St. Omer, at that time the headquarters of one of the Luftwaffe groups. We passed an aerodrome on the south side of the town with Messerschmitt 110's on it.

I was interrogated there merely as regards number, name and rank. I filled in a Red Cross card for the information of my parents, but ignored the section dealing with service particulars. I was taken from there in the late afternoon in an Army transport with two sentries to Brussels, arriving late at night at the civilian airport and was put in the cells. I found my second pilot in the same cell (Smith). I could also hear my navigator, Barnes. We were very careful not to discuss anything of importance. I was there for one night and received good treatment. The next day after lunch, we went in a motor horsebox to Cologne where we were again accommodated at the civilian aerodrome and received good treatment. Next day we went by train from Cologne to Frankfurt-Am-Main, with two German NCO's. On arrival at the station we were met by a staff car and taken to the prison camp at Dulag Luft.

On my arrival we were taken past the camp up to some small white houses, where each was put into a separate room. Shortly afterwards the Germans asked us to fill in a larger Red Cross form, which again had space left for number, location and other particulars, but they did not insist on us completing this. A German major (The Camp Commandant, Major Rumpel), came and visited us, but did not try to interrogate us and was very friendly. We stayed there until the afternoon of the following day and we were then taken down to the main camp.

While I was in Dulag Luft I only met Wing/Cdr. Day once or twice as he spent most of his time in hospital and I was warned, as were the rest of my crew, by one of the senior officers, not to attempt to escape because Dulag Luft was only a reception camp and any attempt to break out would curtail the privileges enjoyed by the permanent inmates. This small group of officers, who had been there for some time and seemed to be permanent fixtures, had formed themselves into a clique. For example, the Germans had provided a very comfortable lounge for us, but a rule was made by the camp C.O. that only permanent officers were to use this room. They received hundreds of Red Cross parcels at this camp, and consequently, the food was very good.

We had full facilities at Dulag Luft for going for walks and going into inns, etc. but had to give our parole. There was a football field adjacent where we could go whenever we wanted. I gave my parole because it was the common practice and because

the paper, whichwe signed to this effect, only covered the period of our walks. As we understood that we were only here for a short while, we made full use of this system and were encouraged to do so by senior officers.

On the 16th of September a party of about 60 officers and men, including myself and my crew, left Frankfurt by rail on a troop train, closely guarded. Our route was Frankfurt-Weimar-Halle-Berlin (we stopped in Berlin at a siding and were given a cup of coffee by the German Red Cross). We spent one night on the train, then went northwest of Stettin through Pasewalk and Stralsund to Barth, arriving there late the following night.

On the journey several people made attempts to escape from the train - four tried between Stralsund and Barth - but all attempts were unsuccessful. On arrival at Barth, late on the night of the 17th, we were marched through the town and sang all the way. On arrival at the camp we were turned into the compound and the searchlights turned on us. We were counted and then put into a reception hut. This was wired off from everything else. The following day we remained in the reception hut. We were told that the reason for being kept there was because there was no room in the camp until some French pilots had left. Those huts were wired up for microphones (this was ascertained afterwards), but S/Ldr. Stevenson put us on our guard against talking and also organized the party very efficiently. We had been issued with what we understood to be rations for the journey, but on arrival at Barth, found that they were supposed tolast us for three days. Late that evening we got one of the German officers to tell the other POW's in the camp and they sent us down half of their day's rations.

My flying suit was taken when I was captured and no issue of clothing had been made to me by the time I arrived at Barth. The next day we were taken and searched, going in two or three at a time. The search was not very thorough and my second pilot managed to conceal a small compass in his sock. Luckily for him the Germans only asked him to take off his right shoe and sock, and the compass was concealed in the left. Before being searched the officers and sergeant were separated. Immediately after the search we were put into the camp.

All our food was cooked by the sergeants in their quarters, to which we had no access. The daily fare consisted of: Breakfast - cup of coffee. Lunch - bowl of watery soup with some kind of vegetable (sometimes a very small piece of meat floating in it), three or four potatoes cooked in their skins (and a great deal of mud as well). Supper - one-fifth of a loaf of black bread (in actual size a cube of 1½" x 3" x 4"), a cube of margarine about 3/4" square and a cup of coffee. Twice a week a slice of sausage about 2" diameter and ¼" thick. Two nights a week a cup of soup made from milk or oatmeal, or something like that. On Sundays we got two spoonfuls of sugar and two spoonfuls of jam. The food was always cold and unpalatable by the time we got it, as the cooks lived some distance away.

S/Ldr. Stevenson gave out the information to be sent in code letters. A member of the Luftwaffe, who came in very occasionally to repair windows, gave us some information. It was not easy to talk to the guards. The camp leader, at first S/Ldr. Paddon, and later S/Ldr. Stevenson, arranged for officers who could speak German to try and get information to be sent home in code from the sentries. There was always ample time for writing codes.

The only instance of a stool-pigeon was a Jugoslav officer, who was openly anti-British, and as we were all at very close quarters, was bound to have seen some of our gadgets, although we did our best to keep things from him. We found that things leaked out in an astounding way; as in the case of the tunnel. A Czechoslovak party of airmen arrived from a squadron at Honnington, and we were inclined to suspect them and were very discreet accordingly. An airman who had been captured in Libya arrived while I was in the camp.

We were allowed German newspapers, also "The Camp" and Lord Haw Haw on the wireless. We found out which rooms the microphones were in and connected up the flex and blew them out. They were not renewed.

The morale of the POW's was very high. Fanshawe was O.C. of the escape organization. I was O.C. maps.

Escape Equipment Most Required: Maps of the Baltic Coast. The only map, which came through in a games parcel addressed to F/O Knight, was of the route from Salzburg to Moistrana. This route was too far away to be of much use to anyone. Maps, saws and files were wanted. Compasses are not so necessary. We made compasses from the loudspeaker in the camp.

The men had to work, the Sergeants could if they liked, and we did not do so. The guards were not bribeable. The camp was always floodlit at night. All Irish POW's in the camp were taken awayand questioned separately. The Germans asked them where they came from and if they belonged to any party or organization in Ireland.

S/Ldr. Doran - June/July 1940
Got out at a blind spot while they were inspecting the wire fortifications of the camp. He was recaptured after two days.

F/Lt. Hudson and P/O Crewes
These two officers got out of the camp and were away for 36 hrs. They got hold of a small sailing boat but were stranded at the mouth of the creek at Barth, and were recaptured by two farmers.

In October 1940 two other officers pretended to be orderlies and went over to collect the food, changed places with the sergeants, got in their quarters, went out with the working party the next day, and then tried to escape. They got as far as Rostock where they tried to get a boat, but they were recaptured by a boatman.

Batmen were supplied from the O.R.s, one to a group of about 10 officers. Many of these had to be NCO's as there were few below that rank in the camp.

Routine of the day was as follows:

Window shutters opened up one hour after daylight.
Roll Call (winter) about 0830 hrs.
Roll Coll (summer) about 0930 hrs.
Roll Call was held in the hut in winter and outside in the summer, except when the weather was bad. The officer in charge was an Austrian and although an ardent Nazi, was very decent. His name was Lt. Poober G.A.F. as were all the guards). Sick parade followed Roll Call (there was quite a lot of sickness); Consumption, custs which would not heal and a few cases of typhoid and appendicitis. We were then left alone until about 6:00 p.m. or two hours before sunset.

The batmen brought the food around in bulk to each hut.

There were three huts in the officers' part of the camp, two holding about 70 and one about 20 or 30 officers.

Shutters were closed immediately after the evening Roll Call and everything shut up. There was electric light, very poor at first, but later improved, after complaints had been made to the doctor. Discipline was strict but not harsh.

Routine Searching of Rooms: At first this occurred about once a month, then once a week and sometimes in between. If they were merely looking for tins (used by POW's for tunnelling), we were allowed to sit in the hut; if it were a serious search we were moved to another compound. Searches were made by the camp staff. A German major of the G.A.F. was Camp Security Officer and organized these periodical searches.

Parcels: For the first five months in Germany, I received two Red Cross parcels. Parcels were addressed to the Senior British Officer and were issued in the order of seniority of being shot down. Later parcels arrived a little more frequently and during April and May, we received about two parcels each every three or four weeks. A certain amount of parcels came in from neutral countries. As far as we were concerned, contraband could have been put in the parcels as they were not searched very thoroughly.

Letters were censored first at Berlin, then at Dulag Luft, and finally at Stalag Luft. There was a letter box for outgoing mail in the camp. If you sent more than your quota the letter was returned. You were allowed three letters and four postcards a month. Sometimes letters were handed back, but this did not happen very often.

I was sentenced to five days' solitary confinement as I had been working on a tunnel. There were only two cells for officers so I thought I would have another two weeks before I was put in. I had all my preparations ready - maps, the route I had to cover, food hidden on me, and a compass (I had to make for Sassnitz Ferry). I was helped in my preparations by F/O Plant and by Fanshawe. Unfortunately a sentry suddenly came in and told me that I was to start serving my sentence immediately. I managed to get a map down with me (which covered half of the route), and two bars of chocolate. At nights in my cell I worked at the bars which were screwed into the wooden walls from the outside. I had a table knife to work with. I spent five nights working on this, and on the fifth night, undid them completely. I took off all the bars, got out and undid some of the screws of the cell window where P/O Newman was imprisoned. I then crawled across the intervening space and made for the main gates. I excavated under the first gate with a piece of metal I had picked up and then crawled to the second gate. I left the cell at 2300 hrs. and the camp at 0230 hrs. in the morning of May 27, 1941.

While the guard was being changed I left my work of digging, and hid up under my cell window, as at that time they let loose an Alsatian, which ran up and down outside the perimeter of the camp. While I was lying by the cell window, one of my jailors came out for a smoke and talk with the sentry for about ten minutes.

I ran across to the headquarter buildings from the gates, and from there, crept to the outside barrier of wire which surrounded the inner camp. It consisted of a 10 ft. high barbed wire fence, patrolled every two hours. This I climbed over. I walked until I came to the railway on the west side of Barth. I was dressed in my service trousers, which I had dyed black, and a battledress tunic. I also took a blanket with me in which I wrapped up my two bars of chocolate, shaving gear and towel, and a pack of cards. I followed the railway through Barth towards Stralsund until I reached some woods, close to the railway about 5 kms. east of Barth. There I laid up for the day. The following night I set off again following the track which was on my map, towards the town of Stralsund. During that night it thundered and rained and I got very wet. The map was copied from the one brought in by Capt. Brookvick. I was also suffering from lack of water. Towards 0200 hrs. I reached a lake about three miles west of Stralsund, where I got some water and filled up a beer bottle which I had found. My physical condition was quite good. Towards 0400 hrs. I again followed the railway line right through the town of Stralsund. I walked down the main platform of the station. There was a large marshalling yard there full of trucks (I saw trains going eastward with army equipment). I carried on down the railway to the bridge between Stralsund and the island of Rugen. I reached this about 0330 hrs. when it was beginning to get light, and decided to carry on, crossing the bridge rather than turning back. After I had walked about 20 yards on to the bridge, I noticed a sentry on the left-hand side. He had seen me and there was no chance to turn back. I carried

on and crossed the remaining quarter mile of bridge, passing five sentries on my way across, whom I greeted with "Good morning". That day I lay up in a small wood close to the railway line and road which ran alongside, passing through the town of Bergen. The next night I started off again and in one village, an Alsatian ran out, followed by its master who was in semi-uniform. I was walking with my shoes in my hand as I always did this through cobble-stoned villages. The old man talked to me, but he did not seem to require any answer, luckily for me. Eventually I found out that he was wanting to know where I was going, so I just said Sassnitz. After that he walked away. I reached Sassnitz at 0300 hrs. the following morning. There I climbed over a fence and walked down towards the sea, only to find myself surrounded by coastal defence guns and anti-aircraft guns. Realizing what they were, I went away quickly and stayed on the cliff which was above the harbour. Before daylight I returned inland to a wood where I spent part of the morning.

After washing, I walked down into the town wearing an open-necked shirt and my service slacks (I had discarded my jacket). During my walk through the town I passed many German soldiers. I studied the harbour very closely, went further along the beach, had a bath and a sun-bath for the remainder of the afternoon; watching the ships that left the harbour in order to discover what time the Swedish boat left. That night I returned to the wood in which I had previously spent the night. I had discovered that the Swedish ferry left at 1630 hours. The next day at 1530 hrs. I went down to the docks and walked past the sentry. He took no notice of me. There were quite a few sentries walking about when I passed and I saw naval vessels in the docks. Going down to the Swedish ship I found it was completely surrounded by barbed wire. The alternative methods of getting on board were:

a) Going through the entrance reserved for passengers
b) Going through the entrance where the trucks were taken on board, which was also well guarded.

The only possible way seemed to be by going on the trucks. Having studied them for some time, I found out the trucks which were loaded and were going on the ferry, and while they were loading the trucks, I went around to the other side and got in below a truck and hung on to the axle (it was an express mail van). At about 1615 hrs. the trucks were pulled on board and I sat on the deck of the ship under the truck. I stayed there until the ship had been at sea for an hour, then climbed into the inside of this mail van and had a look at what was inside. The contents consisted mostly of express luggage to Sweden, though there were quite a few articles addressed to Germans in Oslo. I pulled the addressed and labels off the German articles. When the ship reached Trelleborg I again hung on to the underside of the truck and was pulled off in the same manner. The journey took four hours. I landed at 2030 hrs. on the 31st of May at Trelleborg. I gave myself up to the Swedish Police who took me to the station. I spent five days there and was well treated. I then went to Stockholm.
(See "Escape from Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

BUSHELL, R.J.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Awards: Mention in Despatches
London Gazette 13/6/46

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BUTTERS, F.

Rank: Private
Unit: Seaforth Highlanders
Awards: Military Medal
London Gazette 1942

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BUTTERFIELD, William Ronald

Rank: Squadron Leader (Acting)
Regtl. No. 67056
Unit: Pathfinder Force, No. 8 Group
No. 7 Squadron, P.F.F.
Awards: Military Cross

This officer, up to the time of his being reported missing, had completed 41 operational sorties, 11 with the Pathfinder Force as marker.

This officer was forced to abandon his aircraft over occupied France through mechanical failure, when detailed to attack a target in Northern Italy. His statement on M.I. Form No. M.I. 9/S/PG-1952 proves that through his own outstanding initiative, fortitude and determination, he was able to evade capture by the enemy and return safely to this country.

In view of the contents contained in the aforementioned report, Squadron Leader Butterfield has exhibited outstanding qualities as an officer, and set a splendid example to other aircrew. Up to the date of this occurrence, he had been a Flight Commander in this Squadron and had carried out his duties in an able and highly commendable manner.

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BYRNE, John Vincent

Rank: Corporal (War Subs)
Regtl. No. 2060658
Unit: 1st Special Air Service Brigade
attached to HQ 8th Army
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

In March 1942, while serving with the 1st Special Air Service Brigade, I was engaged on a sabotage mission near Benghazi. While returning alone from this mission on the 27th of March, and after walking for about eight days, I saw a Chevrolet truck south of Mekili. I thought that I was by now in the British lines, and walked towards the truck. While I was thus engaged, a German car drew up beside me and a German officer stuck a revolver in my ribs.

On the 28th of March 1942, I was taken to a German Infantry camp at Barce. Near here I was searched and interrogated in English. My interrogators noticed that I was wearing the special tunic of the Special Air Service Brigade. They asked me my unit, but I gave them only my name, rank and number. Then then told me the name of my unit and of my Commanding Officer (Lt. Col. David Stirling, Scots Guards). They were most anxious to ascertain the nature of the operation on which I had been engaged. I gave them no details of this.

After interrogation, I was sent back to Barce, and shortly afterwards, handed over to Italian custody in Benghazi. Here I was lodged in a Police station. An Italian officer, purporting to be an Italian parachutist, and speaking good English, took me to his house, gave me a good meal and some cigarettes, and asked me to tell him about the operation upon which I had been engaged prior to my capture. I refused all information. On the 30th of March, I was taken to a small camp at Miserata. Here I was again asked the name of my unit. I gave my interrogator my name, rank and number only. I was then taken to a small reception camp nearby, given some food, and put into a room containing four beds. I went to sleep, but early the next morning, the 31st of March, a man speaking good English, and wearing the uniform of an officer in the British Fleet Air Arm, entered the room. He has a bandage around his head, and said that he had been wounded. With him was a British Sergeant in an Anti-Tank Battery, R.A. The Fleet Air Arm Officer happened to leave the room for a moment, and during his absence the Sergeant warned me that the officer was a stool-pigeon.

When the "officer" returned, he talked about incidents in the campaign in North Africa, praising the work of the K.D.G.'s and criticizing that of the 1st Armoured Division. He stated that he had operated from Malta, and talked a good deal about conditions there. While he was talking, I happened to put on my Special Air Service Brigade tunic. He then began to ask me questions about my unit and Commanding Officer. I told him that I was a parachutist, but nothing else. Then he told me that if I had any information which I wished sent back to England, I could safely give it to him, since all British Officer POW's had special facilities for transmitting such information. I then introduced into my conversation with him the fact that I was aware that the Italians sometimes employed stool-pigeons. I produced from my pocket a hacksaw blade, which my searchers had not noticed, and remarked that if ever I met a stool-pigeon I would like nothing better than to use it upon his throat. The officer agreed with me, but

soon afterwards called the guard, and left the room. I did not see him again. About an hour afterwards some Italians entered the room and took away my tunic, giving me an Italian tunic in place of it. A little time afterwards, while still in North Africa, I happened to meet a genuine British officer of the Fleet Air Arm. I cannot remember his name, but he told me that his uniform had been taken from him for examination and had not been returned.

On the 1st of April 1942, I was removed to another camp at Miserata, where I was kept in solitary confinement, and deprived of all food for two days. On the 5th of April with some other British POW's, I was taken to the main transit camp at Tripoli, where I was allowed to mix with other POW's. On the 6th of April, I was taken by car back to Miserata, and on the 8th of April, was removed to Derna and handed over to German custody.

Here I was given a good meal, and a German officer produced a Red Cross form. It contained a space for the name of my unit, and also a paragraph inviting complaints. I refused to complete this form, and it was left lying on the table. I was quite well treated for the remainder of my time here, and managed to exchange my Italian tunic for a Greek uniform.

On the 12th of April, I was taken to an airport and flown to Crete, and thence immediately to Athens. On the 13th of April, I left Athens by train with an escort. Travelling in the same compartment with me was an RAF Sergeant named Salmon. We travelled via Salonika, Belgrade and Vienna. While in Greece, at every stop the train was besieged by starving Greeks trying to exchange cigarettes for bread. The Germans on the train sometimes gave them the ends of bread wrapped up to resemble a whole loaf. We arrived at Dulag Luft (Oberursel) near Frankfurt, on the 18th of April.

At Dulag Luft, Salmon and I were immediately taken to the hospital. I was lodged in a private ward and all my clothes were removed. After a time, my clothes were brought back. I saw four RAF sergeants here but they were in separate cells. A German soldier who spoke English with an American accent, and was known as "The Sheriff", produced a Red Cross form, having a space for the name of my unit and a paragraph at the bottom for complaints. I filled in the complaint paragraphs only.

Next day I was brought some food, but was otherwise undisturbed for two days. Then a German officer who spoke English, came into my room, gave me a cigarette, and took me to another room where he asked me some general questions about my civil life. Then he said that though he did not want any real military information from me, he would like to know the name of my unit, and the nature of the operation upon which I had been engaged prior to capture. In the course of his subsequent conversation, he asked me whether I knew of an attempt to make a sea landing at Tripoli; what "Squadron" had invaded Rommel's H.Q., whether there were any glider planes in the M.E., whether I was a Regular soldier, where I had performed my training, and what I and my friends thought about the course of the war. I refused to answer these questions. My interrogator then told me that he thought my attitude as an NCO should have been "more intelligent". I was taken back to my cell and was allowed to wash and change my clothes.

Next morning, another officer of quite a different type, took me into the same room in which I had had my previous interview. He was very friendly and confidential, and insisted that he did not really want me to give him any military information, but that he required some information about my next-of-kin. He said that in order to help him he needed to know the name of my unit. I told him that I would not answer his questions unless I was allowed first to consult with a British officer. I was then taken back to my cell. Half an hour afterwards, a guard took me to a photographer and told me that I was to be photographed and to have my finger-prints taken. I refused to submit to this treatment. My guards told me that everyone had to submit to it, and that my attitude was unreasonable. They did not attempt to coerce me by physical force. In the passage outside the photographer's I met four RAF sergeants and some other POW's who had been photographed and finger-printed. When I had seen them, I decided to allow myself to be treated in a similar way.

With these RAF sergeants I was then taken to a part of Dulag Luft known as the Reception Camp.

Later a British sergeant took me to see the S.B.O., S/Ldr. Elliott. S/Ldr. Elliott warned me against talking carelessly.

I was not interrogated further at Dulag Luft. On the 23rd of April 1942, with a number of other POW's, I was sent to Stalag Luft III (Sagan).

On arrival here, I was taken to an outer compound and searched. Next day, the 24th of April, I met a F/Sgt. Ross, who said that he was in charge of Security in the camp. He warned me against possible stool-pigeons. He than told me that a Lt. Bonnington of my unit, was in the Officers' camp, and wished to talk to me. At a pre-arranged time I walked down to the fence separating the Officers' camp from the NCO's and spoke through it to Bonnington. He told me that Capt. Thompson, my former Adjutant, was with him.

CONDITIONS IN STALAG LUFT III, 23 April - September 1942

Between April - September 1942, the S.B.O. of the Officers was W/Cdr. Day and that of the NCO's was Sgt. Deans.

As a matter of routine the Germans searched one block every day, and there was occasional other searches. There were many individual tunnel schemes.

Between April and July 1943, there were a number of U.S.A.A.F. personnel here, as well as British and Dominion personnel, and a new compound was being constructed to house them. The camp was divided into two compounds, East and West. The East compound contained British NCO's and their S.B.O. was Grp/Capt. Kellett. The West compound contained British and American officers. The S.B.O. of the joint party in the West compound was W/Cdr. Day. The number of American officers was about 600.

In June 1943, nearly all the British personnel were moved to a new camp, Stalag Luft 6 at Heidekrug, near Memel. About 100 NCO's were left behind as a rear party.

After some time, I volunteered to work as an officer's servant, in the hopes of being transferred to another camp from which escape would be easier. A number of other NCO's including Sgt. Wareing, did the same. In September 1942, with about 100 officers, 15 NCO's were transferred to Oflag XXI B. (Schubin).

FIRST ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

Each day one British POW orderly was allowed to go down to the camp pigsties with swill, accompanied by a German guard. I used to work in the cook-house and I decided, with the approval of Lt. Cmdr. Buckley, a member of the Escape Committee, to attempt to escape while acting as swill orderly. I collected a quantity of chocolate, raisins, cheese, and cigarettes from Red Cross parcels. I still possessed my Greek uniform from which I removed the pockets and buttons. I made a civilian cap from blanket material, and also procured some maps and a compass. As I cannot speak German, I did not provide myself with any form of identity card or Ausweis.

I went out with the swill on two occasions, but could not find an opportunity to get away from the guard. Eventually, in October 1942, with Corporal Sampson (an Australian), and the usual German guard, I wheeled some swill on a handcart to a garage opposite the pigsties. We contrived to manoeuvre the cart so that it partially blocked the entrance to the sties.

I noticed a bicycle lying nearby. We emptied the swill into the feeding troughs, and while Sampson was washing the swill tubs, and the guard was engaged in locking the door of the sties, I ran round a corner, put on my cap, mounted the bicycle and rode off.

I saw a signpost pointing to Bromberg. Unfortunately, when I had gone a little way through the town of Schubin, a German civilian and a soldier shouted at me. The civilian then grabbed the front wheel of my bicycle, and I fell off and was caught. I was then taken to the local police station and searched. My maps were hidden in my belt, and my compass inside my wrist watch, and neither were found by my captors. I was sent back to the camp and confined in a cell for 13 days. Apparently the camp authorities never discovered that I had escaped on account of the slackness of one of the guards, and as someone in the camp had obligingly taken my place at roll calls, they were not even certain as to the precise time and day when I had got out of the camp. After this escapade, I was not allowed to proceed outside the camp. The only NCO who was allowed to do so was Sgt. Wareing, who profited by this privilege to make a successful escape two months later.

SECOND ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

In consequence of an attempted mass escape on the 9th of March 1943, the vigilance of the camp guards became intense. It was now only possible for POW's to leave the camp to perform coal fatigues which involved a journey of about 10 yards beyond the main gate.

I contrived to go on one of these fatigues, and as I entered the coal yard, I noticed a garage nearby which seemed to me to offer a temporary hiding

place for an intending escaper. I then asked W/Cdr. Kyle for permission to make a second attempt to escape, and obtained his approval readily. He gave me some synthetic food, and maps of the route from Schubin to Danzig, and from Schubin to Warsaw. He also offered me money, but as I cannot speak German, I declined it. For the same reason I did not attempt to provide myself with any form of identity card.

A Sergeant Carter, who worked in the tailor's shop in the camp, procured for me a pair of blue pin-striped trousers, a black morning coat, and a civilian cap. I put on these garments underneath my battledress, and wore an army overcoat over that. I carried a compass and stowed my food, some chocolate, a razor, and soap, in bags under my arms.

On two occasions thus attired, I went out with coal parties, but had no opportunity to get away.

On the third occasion, on March 15, 1943, I went out with a coal party and managed to slip into the garage and behind a fire engine there. I then quickly removed my army clothes. The other members of the party and their guard shut the door of the garage, leaving me inside. When they had gone, I immediately got through a window in the garage, made my way to the pigsties, and by luck again found a bicycle there.

I mounted this and rode through the town of Schubin and about 4 kms. towards Bromberg. I then turned down a side road and hid my bicycle among some trees. After walking along a foot path for about an hour, I hid in a wood until dark. My plan was to make for Warsaw if possible.

On the 16th of March I reached the Grn Kan Notecki. There were some barges and boats in this canal, but they had no oars. In walking about, I fell into a pond and got soaked. I therefore took off my clothes in a wood and tried to dry them. At dawn on the 17th of March, I cleaned myself up, shaved, and walked through Labiszyn and then towards Hohensalza. That night I walked south and then east, and lost myself among some marshes. At dawn, I continued walking towards Inowroclaw. I was much handicapped by the fact that the names of my map were Polish, but the names of all signposts were in German. By now my feet had begun to swell, and in order to wear my boots I had to take off my socks. Therefore, I thought I had better try to board a train travelling south into Austria.

I lay in a ditch near a railway and saw a number of coal trains passing and stopping. Eventually I climbed into the guards' wagon of an empty train and was shunted into a marshalling yard. I then climbed into the guards' cabin of another train laden with hay. I stayed here for about two hours, and then climbed through the window of an empty wagon in a third train. Shortly afterwards the train moved off. Next morning, the 18th, I found I was at a station called Barcin. Later my wagon was shunted into a factory yard. I saw that a number of workmen were beginning to open and sweep out other wagons, so I jumped out of the window. I thought that I saw the station to be named Wapnau. Then I noticed some wagons labelled Elsenau, and a little later a signpost pointing south, and bearing the same name. Following the signpost, I walked to the railway station at Elsenau (Damastawek)

and hid in a lavatory. While here I shaved with water from the W.C. pan. I then lay down for a time in an old railway wagon. My feet were now in a very bad state and I could not run.

On getting out of the wagon on the 20th of March, I was accosted by a German railwayman. As I could speak no German, I was handed over to the police. I then told them who I was and they identified me from a police gazette. They took from me my maps and my food, but I managed to retain my compass. I was then sent under guard to Stalaf Luft III (Sagan), where I received 24 days' solitary confinement.

ESCAPE

Towards the end of June nearly all the British personnel were moved to a new camp, Stalag Luft VI, at Heidekrug, near Memel. Since I am a soldier, I had repeatedly applied to be sent to an Army camp, but the German camp authorities had refused my application. In July 1943, I remained behind at Stalag Luft III, with the rear party of about 100 NCO's.

On the 15th of July, with F/Sgt. Callander, D.F.M., and four other RAF POW's, I was taken under guard to Berlin, and thence to Koenigsberg by train enroute for Stalaf Luft VI. I was wearing British Army battle-dress, having no pockets or badges. I wore no head-dress.

We arrived at Koenigsberg on the evening of the 16th of July and were placed in a transit camp for the night.

I noticed that this camp had only a thin wire fence around it. The six of us, with three guards, were lodged in half a hut, the other half being occupied by some French medical orderlies.

Callander had served with the French Foreign Legion, and spoke fluent French. When we saw that the orderlies were allowed to bring us hot water and to talk to us, Callander and I together decided to escape if at all possible. Callander therefore, asked a Frenchman to help him. This man gave him 10 Reichmarks and 100 French francs in exchange for "Lagergeld". The Frenchmen wore either French or British uniforms, with the words "ZIVIL" in a diamond on their left arms. The man to whom Callander spoke said that they were free to walk about Koenigsberg, and that any Frenchman there would help us, or at least, not betray us to the Germans.

When it got dark, our German guards noticed Callander removing from his tunic his badges and medal ribbon. They therefore posted an extra guard at the door of our hut, and our own three guards took it in turns to sit up with us inside. Despite this, we tried to cut through the wall of the hut with knives which we had, but were stopped by the NCO of the guard.

About 0800 hrs. next morning, July 17th, we were let out of the hut into the compound, and allowed to visit the latrines. These were out of sight of the guard at the door of the hut. Callander and I agreed that if either of us saw an opportunity of escape, we would take it independently. He gave me 5 Reichmarks.

I then went to the latrine. Near here, on the other side of a wire fence, I noticed a number of Russian POW's. Some of these motioned me that they wanted cigarettes, and I threw two packets over to them. I then noticed that from their compound I could reach a road, under cover and out of sight of any guards. The drain from the latrine ran underneath the wire into the Russian's compound. At this moment, a Frenchman came to the latrine and I told him to tell Callander to join me at once. As I told him this, a party of French POWs entered my compound and temporarily distracted the attention of the guards posted there. Unfortunately, I dared not wait for Callander to join me.

I lowered myself into the latrine drain which was about two feet deep, and slid under the wire into the Russian's compound. I then scrambled into some thick grass near the wire fence separating this compound from the road. This wire was old and rotten. I broke it with my hands, crawled out on to the road, and walked away. The whole of this procedure took about five minutes.

The road on which I now stood ran parallel to a railway line, and between the road and the railway there was a large number of rusty metal bins. I lifted one up and got underneath it. Here I remained until dark.

After dark, I walked along the railway line into a railway station in Koenigsberg. Leaving the station, I noticed many people walking about in the dark. I walked towards the docks and eventually could see the water.

Near the road on which I was walking there were about a dozen railway lines and a number of empty goods wagons. I entered one of these and spent the night in it. Next morning, July 18th, I noticed a number of gangs of Russians and Frenchmen, walking about nearby. The Russians were guarded, but the Frenchmen were not. I lay in the wagon all day and about 1800 hrs. saw a gang of Frenchmen leaving the docks and apparently going home. There was no guard with them, and they all wore British battledress trousers. A few of them also wore British battledress blouses, and all had on their left arms the "ZIVIL" badge. I got out of the train and mingled with them, shaking hands with those nearest to me. While I was walking along, I explained to one of them who could understand English, that I was an "English airman". He said "come".

After walking for some time, this man took me into the hut where he lodged. He then brought an Englishman who had served in the French Army, and I was able to explain that I wished for help to escape. This man took me to his billet and told his French companions not to talk about me. I asked him to procure for me a "ZIVIL" badge. He gave me his own and made another for himself. From him I learned that there was no shipping in Koenigsberg other than a few small coal boats going to Finland. He told me that it would be hopeless for me to escape from Koenigsberg by sea. He gave me 50 Reichmarks and one of his friends gave me 150 francs.

I learned that my companions were going to be issued with some form of passport next day. They said that I could remain with them for as long as I wished, and that they would try to procure me civilian clothes, one of their passports, and a permit to go on leave as if I were one of their number.

One of my helpers worked on the railway, and told me that the railway wagons were sealed by the French workers themselves. He added that he could arrange to provide me with plenty of food and to conceal me in a wagon which would take me "anywhere I liked", into Germany, Austria, France or even Turkey. The only difficulty was that I was bound to be shunted about for weeks during the journey, and that he could not arrange to supply me with sufficient water for so long a time.

By now a number of Frenchmen were aware of my presence, and one of my helpers told me that he thought I should leave Koenigsberg as soon as possible. I told him that a friend of mine, Sgt. Wareing,had escaped from Danzig to Sweden - a fact which I had learned in Stalag Luft III from RAF personnel who had been lectured by Wareing upon his escape, after his arrival in England. I then said that if my helpers could get me some civilian clothes, I would try to steal a bicycle and get to Danzig.

They gave me a suit of blue overalls to cover my uniform, a beret, and a haversack of food, and also offered me more money, which I refused. What money I had, I stitched into my trousers. Before I left, they said that they would be glad to help any future escaping POW's who might come their way.

Next morning, July 19th, after my helpers had gone to work, I walked into the town. Finding a bicycle inside a gateway, I stole it and rode off.

My map showed Danzig area up to the town of Elbing. I noticed a number of signposts marked "Elbing" leading from the town, and I followed these along the coast road.

About 12 kms. from Elbing, I noticed a road block ahead where travellers were having their passes examined. I managed to turn down a side path into a wood where I hid until dark. I then walked across country, carrying my bicycle most of the way, until I had by-passed the road block. I hid my bicycle under a hedge, climbed into a tree and spent the rest of the night among the branches.

At dawn on the 20th of July, I descended, washed myself and resumed my journey. I had my shaving kit with me, but found it was not necessary to shave at this time.

I passed through Elbing without incident, but about 15 kms. west of it, my front tire punctured while I was going through a village. I walked through the village, took my bicycle into a wood, and stuffed the punctured tire with grass. I then proceeded until I came to a pontoon bridge over the River Vistula. This bridge was guarded, but there was much traffic upon it and the guard took no notice of me. I crossed the bridge and then rode and walked alternately until I reached the outskirts of Danzig just before dark. I then hid my bicycle, walked along a path beside a railway line, and hid in an old signal box.

Early next morning, July 21st, I saw a man wearing a French uniform. I told him that I was an English "airman", and said that I wished to go somewhere where I could wash and change. He took me to a small station and gave me coffee and hot water. I washed and shaved here.

I told the Frenchman that I wished to get down to the docks at Danzig and board a Swedish boat. He remarked that my tunic was bulging underneath my overalls, so I took it off. He also told me that my "ZIVIL" badge was no use in Danzig, and the French POW's here wore two crosses and the letter of their prison camp on their left arms. He likewise offered me money, which I declined. I left my haversack and battledress blouse with him and he told me that if I was unsuccessful in finding a ship at the docks, I could return to him.

I then walked towards the docks, mingling with people going to work. I noticed some piles of coal alongside some ships painted with the Swedish colours. There was a German guard nearby engaged in examining traveller's papers. I approached him, rolling a cigarette, and as I passed him I turned my head away from him and spat. He allowed me to pass without incident. There were a number of workmen walking in the same direction and he probably did not notice me.

I now found myself on a cinder track parallel to the wharf where the Swedish ships were berthed. Between the track and the ships there was a wire fence with gaps in it opposite each ship. At each gap a German guard was posted.

On the opposite side of the track to the wharf there was a latrine. I entered this and watched closely. I noticed a number of Russian workmen wearing overalls and old civilian clothes, walking through a gap near me on to one of the Swedish boats. Other workmen were leaving this ship and passing through the gap outwards.

About 1000 hrs. it began to rain, which may have temporarily distracted the attention of the guard at this gap. Choosing a suitable moment, I mingled with other workmen, walked past the guard and up a companion-way to board the Swedish ship. Almost immediately I found a place where I could see the boiler room, which was empty.

I climbed down a ladder into the boiler, opened a door between two of the boilers, and entered a narrow passage on each side of the boilers, whence I was able to look into the boiler room. I stayed here until the evening. I then came out, and finding no one about, dropped into a coal bunker, and hid amongst the coal. Here I remained for two days. The only food I had was a pound of chocolate and I had no water. From time to time I was able to peer out of my hiding place.

On the morning of July 23rd, a man came down into the bunker and flashed a torch about. Shortly afterwards, a bell rang and the ship began to move.

I remained in my hiding place until about 1500 hrs. on July 24th, when I clambered up to my spy hole and looked out. I then approached one of the

Swedish sailors, told him that I was an Englishman, and that I wished to see the Captain. When the Captain saw me, he asked me to prove to him that I was English. I then handed to him my two British Army identity discs, which I had managed to retain on my person since my capture in Africa. The Captain congratulated me, and said "you ought to be in England in a week".

He then sent me to the crew's quarters where I was scrubbed down, given some clothes, and fed. My old clothes were thrown overboard and with them my 50 Reichmarks and 150 francs. I retained my maps.

The ship arrived in Goteborg at 1100 hrs. on July 25th. Here I was handed over to the Swedish police. After taking my particulars, they conducted me to a hospital where I was disinfected. That evening, I was taken to the Police Station, but I refused to give any information until I saw the British Vice-Consul. Eventually he arrived and took me to his office. That night I was sent to Stockholm by train, alone.

I arrived at Stockholm next morning, July 26th, and took a taxi to the British Legation, where the Military Attache met me. I remained in Stockholm until August 14th, 1943, when I left by air for the United Kingdom.

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CAIRD, W.A.

Rank: L/Corporal
Regtl. No. 2928356
Unit: 2nd Cameron Highlanders
Awards: Military Medal

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CAMPBELL, Cyril Norman S.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 44879
Unit: RAF, No. 403 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross
Mention in Despatches

Squadron Leader Campbell was captured in the sea off Le Treport in April 1942, after his aircraft had been involved in a head-on collision. He was imprisoned in Stalag Luft III. As he was unable to walk, owing to injuries sustained in the collision, he was allowed to remain in his room and during this time, he worked as a watcher while a tunnel was being dug nearby. Squadron Leader Campbell also helped to cover esscapes by manipulating a trap door which led from the camp theatre next door.

Between September 1942 and March 1943, he helped to make maps and overcoats for escapers, and in the spring of 1944, assisted in making a framework for a tunnel which was used by 76 officers for an escape attempt.

Squadron Leader Campbell also communicated on several occasions with the War Office by secret means.

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CAMPBELL, John Thomas

Rank: Sapper
Regtl. No. 178018
Unit: Union Defence Force
Awards: Military Medal

Sapper Campbell was sent via Tarhuna, Suani and Capua to Fara Nel Sabina (Camp 54) following his capture at Tobruk on the 21st of June 1942. In spite of receiving 30 days' confinement for an attempted escape in June 1943, he contrived, with another POW, to escape through a tunnel on the 8th of September 1943, before news of the Armistice had reached the camp. Although his companion was re-captured almost immediately, he remained at large until the 28th of October 1943, but he escaped once more with two others when the train in which he was being sent to Germany was bombed. They remained hidden at Castelnuovo Di Farfa until they heard of the Anzio landings.

After two unsuccessful attempts to reach Allied troops here, Campbell crossed the lines alone and met an American patrol near Littoria about the 16th of March 1944.

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CAMPBELL, G.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 974095
Unit: No. 101 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, LG 1/1/43

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which force-landed in northern France on the 11th of September 1941. He made his way to Paris and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 26th of September 1941. He eventually tried to cross the Pyrenees but was unsuccessful owing to deep snow. Two weeks later, he tried again and reached Barcelona on the 19th of November. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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CANTON, N.E.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
(Great Escape)
Unit: not known
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross
London Gazette 28/6/46

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CARMICHAEL, Humphrey Rawstorne

Rank: Temporary Captain
Unit: No. 28 Squadron, Indian Army
Regtl. No. 52899
Awards: Military Cross

On the 26th of April 1943, while operating in a Hurricane IIB aircraft from Ramu with "B" Flight, No. 28 Squadron, this officer was ordered to carry out a Tac/R Sortie of the coast roads on the west side of the Mayu peninsular as far south as Foul Point; and to return to base along the Mayu river valley, attacking suitable targets.

P/O Carmichael was noticed by his "weaver" to be circling the southern outskirts of Magyichsung, when his aircraft dived towards the water on fire at approximately 720737. The pilot of the "weaver" aircraft stated that he heard L.M.G. fire at approximately 1140 hours.

P/O Carmichael, being stunned when his aircraft hit the water, remembers releasing himself from the aircraft. Regaining consciousness, he swam for the beach where he was helped ashore by Japanese soldiers, who treated him well, giving him cigarettes and taking him to a hospital where the wound in his leg sustained as a result of the L.M.G. fire, was dressed.

During the time this officer was in the hands of the Japanese, he was constantly questioned regarding vital information and threatened with death should he fail to answer, but in spite of this, and his wounded condition, he remained silent and gave no information to the enemy.

After approximately ten days in the Japanese hospital at Magyichaung during which time he was closely guarded, this officer saw his chance to escape when left alone for a short period of a few minutes. He took his chance, though he had no food and was wounded in the leg, travelling by night and "lying up" by day. He worked his way up to Indin which took some three days, by which time he was utterly exhausted. Refusing to give in, he approached a villager and asked him to guide him to Maungdaw, saying that he would be rewarded by the British Government. The native harboured and fed P/O Carmichael, and when he was fit enough to undertake the journey, he was guided to Maungdaw, again travelling by night and arriving on the 9th of May 1943; since which time he has been in hospital undergoing medical treatment of his wound which had become poisoned during his march out.

During this period the officer has shown exceptional courage and determination to win through in spite of almost unsurmountable difficulties, and by his successful prosecution of his escape, has heartened and encouraged the fellow members of the squadron to follow his example.

It is strongly recommended that P/O Carmichael be awarded the Military Cross for this fine example of outstanding courage and determination.

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CARR, L.W.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1250644
Unit: No. 102 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was first pilot of an aircraft which was shot down on the 28th of April 1942, in the Belgian Province of Namur, while on its way to take part in a bombing raid on Cologne. Displaying great initiative and determination, he succeeded in avoiding capture by the enemy, and ultimately made his way to Spain, from whence he was repatriated on the 18th of June 1942.

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CARROLL, H.B.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 68806
Unit: No. 207 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, 1/1/43

This officer was compelled to bale out near Liege on the 14th of October 1941. He succeeded in reaching Brussels and on the 5th of December accompanied by a Belgian, crossed the Franco-Belgian frontier. Travelling via Mons, Paris, Bordeaux and Biarritz, he eventually succeeded in reaching Bilbao. He was sent to Gibraltar and repatriated to the United Kingdom on the 20th of January 1942.

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CARUDEL, Andrew George

Rank: W.O. II
Regtl. No. 4461574
Unit: Durham Light Infantry
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal
Military Medal

After successfully accomplishing a most dangerous mission in France in 1943 lasting nearly a year, for which he has been recommended for the Military Medal, this W.O. with great gallantry, volunteered for a second mission, although by then well known to, and actively pursued by the enemy.

This work entailed extensive travelling under dangerous conditions in enemy-occupied territory. Carudel was obliged to pass enemy Check Posts and came under scrutiny of enemy train guards. The risks which he ran were greatly increased, owing to the fact that he was not a Frenchman; also by the fact that he was a well-known figure on the French race courses as a jockey. If it had not been for his exceptional coolness and courage, especially on occasions when his travel papers which were invariably forged were not entirely "in order", it would not have been possible for him to continue this dangerous work. Apart from this, the dangers which he ran when re-organizing the compromised sector of his reseau during his first tour of duty in enemy-occupied territory, were extreme and increased the risks incurred on his return to France. In fact, he had become well known to the Gestapo figuring on their counter espionage lists as British Lieut-enant.

Some time after his arrival, he was arrested with the head of the intelligence reseau to which he was attached. He endeavoured to save his chief, but finding this impossible, made his escape under enemy fire and succeeded in warning all concerned. Showing great personal courage, he organized another attempt to effect the escape of his chief, and having failed, took over control of the organization. With complete disregard for his own safety, he succeeded in re-grouping it and maintaining contact with London under the most difficult conditions until the liberation of France. Command of his reseau ranked in the eyes of the French Resistance Movement as a Lieutenant Colonel's appointment, and he was in fact, deemed to hold while in the field, the honorary grade of Commandant.

Captured documents show that during the whole of the period his organization was considered by the enemy counter-intelligence services as one of the most dangerous in France, and that all the means at their disposal were employed in the effort to achieve its destruction.

Throughout his mission although in constant danger, CSM Carudel exhibited the greatest qualities of courage, determination and leadership, inspiring all members of his organization by his example of unsparing effort and unfailing cheerfulness.

After serving with the Eighth Army in Crete and Libya, CSM Carudel volunteered for a special mission to France in March 1942. He was brought to the United Kingdom for special training and was parachuted to France in March 1943 to work with an important intelligence organization.

His special mission was to be the reception of clandestine air landing and parachute operations, and within two months of his arrival in France, he had already found several suitable landing grounds and organized parachute operations, one of which was successfully completed. In the same period, he had inspected seven out of the eight sectors of the reseau spread over widely separated parts of France, and the reports he made were of great assistance to the head of the network in widening its scope. He had also completely re-organized one of these sectors which had been broken up by the arrest of its leaders.

He continued his dangerous work with the same energy as right-hand man to the head of the reseau, and during the latter's absence in the United Kingdom, acted as second-in-command of the whole group.

During the critical times in the Autumn of 1943, when the enemy counter-intelligence services had all but destroyed four of the principal sectors of the organization, and had prepared a well-laid trap to arrest the principal members of the group, CSM Carudel's extraordinary resourcefulness and fearless disregard for danger were one of the principal factors which enabled the reseau to continue its activities and reconstitute the lost sectors. In the course of his encounters with the enemy during this period, CSM Carudel personally liquidated three Gestapo agents.

Carudel returned to Great Britain by a clandestine air operation in April 1944, after brilliantly completing the above mission. He had taken a leading part in the expansion of the reseau into one of the most important sources of secrete intelligence on France in spite of the many reverses it suffered during that period, and had displayed outstanding courage and devotion to duty throughout his mission.

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CERELY, E.R.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 904665
Unit: No. 39 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On November 2, 1941, this airman was a member of the crew of a Beaufort aircraft piloted by Flight Lieutenant Lenton, which force-landed on Crete during an operational sea reconnaissance. The crew destroyed their aircraft and after spending one night in the hills, were taken to a village by a Cretan and given civilian clothes. On the 4th of November, they joined 19 other escapers who were awaiting the arrival of some friendly Greeks with a boat they had secured. After a week in hiding, they managed to reach the boat and sailed, but the engine failed and they were forced back to Crete where the Greeks endeavoured to repair it. The crew remained at the village of Elos trying to cure their septic wounds. They were planning an escape early in January when a guide appeared with a secret letter telling them he would take the crew and others off the island in a fortnight. They walked for 10 days through heavy rain and snow storms, and after waiting three weeks, with very little food, were forced to disperse again as the Germans had discovered their hiding place. Many of the party were subsequently captured but Sergeant Cerely escaped with a Scotsman.

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CHISHOLM, Keith Bruce

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. Aus. 402150
Unit: No. 452 Squadron
Awards: Distringuished Service Order

Pilot Officer Chisholm was pilot of a Spitfire aircraft and took off from Kenley on the 11th of October 1941, on a fighter sweep over the coast of France.

On the return journey, when approximately over Berck-Sur-Mer, he was shot down and compelled to bale out. He came down in the sea about half a mile off Berck. The Germans came out in a sea-rescue launch, picked him up, and took him into Berck. They took all his escape kit and sent him to St. Omer. He was moved by car to Lille, and from there by train to Dulag Luft (near Frankfurt-Am-Main). Here he was put through the usual procedure of military confinement, Red Cross form, etc. Towards the end of October he was sent to Stalag VIII B (Lamsdorf).

During the winter, Sgt. Pilot A.R. Stewart of Chisholm's squadron, and Chisholm began formulating a plan of escape.

In April 1942, they changed identities with two soldiers in order to be allowed to join a working party. Chisholm changed with Cpl. Michelson, A.I.F. and Stewart changed with a Maori named Waetford. They joined a working party, but on the way out Chisholm was stopped at the gate and taken back to the camp and made to do three days' cells, because it had been discovered that Michelson had stolen potatoes. Stewart was able to wait for him, but the incident caused a delay of a fortnight.

A fortnight later they joined a working party detailed for Freudental (Germany). They were employed here on repairing railway lines.

They took up some floor boards of the old mill in which they were billeted, removed the ventilator, replaced it, and all was ready for the word "go". Fourteen people were interested in getting away and had helped with these preparations.

On a night early in June 1942, they removed the ventilator and crawled out along a small stream and were to meet at a bridge. Arrangements they had made about meeting went wrong, however, and Chisholm did not see Stewart again. He moved with a Canadian in the Grenadier Guards and another British soldier (name unknown).

They had planned to get an address of some Jews at Prague and were told first to get to Brno in Czechoslovakia. They did the journey on foot. They had taken enough Red Cross food for ten days, a luminous compass and a survey map.

At that time Heydrich had just been killed, and they had great difficulty in getting help; people being very nervous, as the Gestapo had been taking a number of hostages. They therefore, had to travel in British battledress. They moved by night and slept during the day, taking the route Sternberg-Olmutz.

They reached the outer suburbs of Brno and approached a house to ask for hot water and bread in exchange for cigarettes. The owner, who pretended to be friendly, gave them a meal, but they soon discovered that he had sent for the police, who walked in and arrested them.

They were taken to the Gestapo prison in Brno where they were interrogated and finally sent back to the Stalag.

On returning to the Stalag, Chisholm first was put into a "Straf" barracks to await his sentence. In the hospital there he found that Captain Rose, whom he knew in Australia, was the M.O. and he had Chisholm removed to the hospital on the grounds that he had stomach trouble.

In the hospital he met W/Cdr. Bader, F/Lt. John Palmer, and a Sgt/Pilot Hickman. These had been sent to this particular hospital for electrical treatment. Together they planned an escape. They were to join a working party to Gleiwitz for work on an aerodrome and try to steal an aeroplane. They had to form somewhat elaborate plans for change of identities, as Chisholm was normally due to go back to the "Straf" Barracks after his treatment. He arranged to join a de-lousing party in order to meet at the de-louser, a Pte. Timms, N.Z.E.F. with whom he was to change identification. The scheme came off. Timms became Michelson, and Chisholm became Timms. He returned to the working barracks and Timms returned to the "Straf" barracks.

In the working barracks he arranged for two men to impersonate W/Cdr. Bader and F/Lt. Palmer, and also arranged for a Jew called, Edwin Carter, to join them because of his useful knowledge of languages. The two men accompanied the working party for the search and interrogation to which every working party was submitted. On leaving the interrogation room they left the ranks and their places were taken by W/Cdr. Bader and F/Lt. Palmer.

After a very heroic effort on the part of Bader, who march 3 km. to the station and 6 km. from Gleiwitz, the party reached the aerodrome.

As it would have been impossible for Bader to undertake normal work, they got him a job as cleaner of lavatories and general orderly.

Owing to a letter which Bader had previously written to a German general, his absence from the hospital was discovered. It was suspected that he was on a working party, and every working party in the area received an order for personnel to take dwn their pants for investigation.

Their working party refused to do this, and the suspicions of the under-officer, who had given Bader permission to act as orderly owing to his bad legs, were aroused. He immediately accused him with the words, "you are Bader", and Bader had to confess to his identity. In order not to spoil our chances of escape, F/Lt. Palmer then also gave himself up.

At Gleiwitz, they had met an American in the RCAF, Sgt. McDonald, and he joined them (Hickman, the Jew Carter, and Chisholm) in their escape plan. This was to cross the Polish border and make contact with Poles to assist their further movement.

On the 11th of August 1942, one or two days after the discovery of Bader and Palmer, they escaped in the following manner:-

The Australians had already thought of a way of escape via a boiler room, to which they had made a key. The sentries in the camp had their beat outside the first barbed-wire fence, and it was planned that when the sentry was leaving the corner of the wire, the men above the boiler room would stamp, warning us of his approach to the boiler room door. The all-clear signal was to be a knocking noise.

All this came off according to plan. Leaving the boiler room in the guard's absence, we were able to climb over the outside barbed wire. We went along the road to Strorrendorf, and then struck southeast to avoid the industrial area, which lay due east of Gleiwitz. We reached Wikolai on the fourth night. We passed through it and spent the night in a forest. On the fifth night, we continued in an easterly direction, and on the sixth day we made contact with some Poles about 3 km. from Oswiecim.

They took us after quite a long stay at various farms and country houses, extending over two months, to Krakow. At Krakow we were taken to the house of a Polish Major (name unknown). This Major had planned that we should get by train to the Polish-Slovakian border. Here we were to make contact with a Polish doctor, who had the means of taking patients into Hungary. From here we were to find our way to Turkey, the plan to be formulated later.

Before this could materialize, L/Cpl. Jeffery, of the Royal West Kent Regt., turned up and said that he had orders to take us, with two Polish women, to Warsaw. On arrival at Warsaw, the two women took charge of the Jew, and we did not see him again.

Our association with Jeffery covered the period from early October 1942 to December 1942, and I can fully corroborate the accuracy of his account in relation to this period. I met Jeffery later from time to time but there is no connection between my eventual escape from Poland and any of his activities.

A Polish underground organization was formulating a scheme to get us away, and while waiting for this to materialize, I (Chisholm) lived with a private family, employing my time in learning Polish. Later McDonald also lived here.

On the 23rd of March 1943, McDonald and two soldiers, Newton and Grant, left Warsaw for Paris. I would have been next to go two weeks later, but owing to arrests in the organization between Warsaw and Paris, this became impossible.

I was finally informed (about July 1943) that the Polish organization could do nothing to get me away, but that if I could make my own arrangements, they would help me with papers, money, etc.

In October 1943, Hickman met two Belgian workmen, who had escaped from Minsk and who were trying to get back to Belgium. They said that they would take us to Belgium with them if we could produce a "Kriegsurlaubsschein" for the four of us. To obtain the Kriegsurlaubsschein would cause us no difficulty and would only cause a delay of a couple of days, but the difficulties encountered in obtaining a carte d'identite took so long that the Belgians became impatient. One went to work in Warsaw for the Luftwuffe and the other, having acquired from us the Urlaubsschein, went to Belgium and never returned.

While awaiting for the carte d'identite, Hickman was arrested on the 10th of December 1943. Some little time later the Polish organization told me that he had been shot by the Gestapo. I received information from German sources that he had been handed over to the Wehrmacht authorities, after being badly beaten up for ten days. Hickman gave no information, and no arrests were made as a result of his capture.

Still waiting for the Belgian carte d'identite, I met two Dutchmen who were interested in a plan to steal an aircraft. One was Lt. Kruimink and the other Charles Van de Krapp. The aircraft plan did not materialize so the two Dutchmen began to co-operate with me on the Belgian scheme.

When I was out walking with De Krapp, I threw an officer of the water police (who had acquired De Krapp's papers and was about to arrest him) into the Vistula. De Krapp decided that it would be too dangerous for him to escape with Kruimink and myself, but said that he would follow us if our scheme to reach Belgium proved successful.

By the 23rd of March 1944, arrangements were complete and we left Warsaw on a military train for Brussels via Berlin. There was one Gestapo control between Warsaw and Kutno, but our papers passed muster. At Kutno, the papers were stamped and we reached Berlin, with no further check, at 0700 hours on the 24th of March, deciding to leave that night at 2000 hours by military train. We spent the day in Berlin visiting cinemas, viewing bomb damage, and dining in restaurants.

Owing to train delays, we left Berlin at 2300 hours. We had various difficulties with our papers, first at Venlo in Holland, which caused us to return to Aachen, and then at Aachen itself, where we finally received a frontier pass to travel through to Brussels.

At Brussels we made contact with the Belgian whom we had met in Warsaw. We stayed at his house and met a Pole, who arranged to give us a guide to

the Franco-Belgian frontier.

On about the 3rd of May, we left Brussels with this guide and moved via the outskirts of Roubaix (N.W. Europe) to the French frontier. We were held up on the frontier for a week, but then received French papers and travelled to Paris, which we reached on the 10th of May.

In Paris, we were introduced by our guide to an inspector of the French police force. We stayed with his family, 15 km. outside Paris, until the outbreak of hostilities in Paris between the F.F.I. and the Germans. We joined the F.F.I. Forces and fought in the streets until the Americans arrived.

We met General Quesada (commanding the 9th American Air Force), who arranged for our conveyance to Bayeux, where we were briefly interrogated and despatched to this country.

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CHRISTENSEN, J.R.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. Aus/402224
Unit: No. 101 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which force-landed in Northern France on the 11th of September 1941. He remained in hiding for some time and was taken to Paris on the 27th of September. He went to Marseilles and while travelling by train to the Pyrenees, his companion was arrested. He went on and succeeded in crossing the Pyrenees to Barcelona, which he reached on the 23rd of October. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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CLARKE, Robert

Rank: Temporary Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1002829
Unit: No. 90 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

I was a member of a crew of a Stirling aircraft which took off from West Wickham about 2230 hrs. on the 13th of July 1943, to bomb Aachen. Four minutes off the target we were attacked by a night fighter, and the starboard outer engine and a petrol tank caught fire. When the attack was over the flames were rushing past my turret and I thought the intercom was gone. I got out of the turret and opened the escape hatch. As I turned to get into the turret again, the aircraft gave a lurch and I was thrown out through the hatch. Fortunately, I had on my parachute. I understand that the aircraft did not return, and I have no knowledge of what happened to

the other members of the crew.

I came down in Holland, probably south of Roermond, about 0100 hours on July 14th. I landed in a cornfield about 100 yards from a main road. I twisted my right ankle in landing, and could not walk, so I had to lie in the cornfield until the night of the 16th of July. I opened my aids box and while I was lying in the field, ate some of the Horlick's tablets and chocolate. I also ate a good deal of the wheat which was growing around me. Eventually I moved because a farmer began scything the wheat in the field, and was getting near to where I was hiding. I did not speak to him because I did not know where I was.

I began walking about midnight on the 16th of July, and headed south down the main road. I had lost my flying boots in baling out and had to walk in my socks, and later on my bare feet. The pain in my ankle was just bearable. After walking about half a mile, I reached a road branching west which I followed. Leaving it, I continued on other roads running west. At daylight I got into a hedge and remained there all day.

Next night, shortly after I had started walking, a man on a bicycle overtook me. He spoke to me in Dutch and then in French, neither of which I understood, but I managed to convey to him that I was English. I gathered that he was a considerable distance from his home, and all the help I got from him was a general idea of the direction of Maastricht. I indicated by signs that I wanted something to drink, and he replied, also by signs, that I should milk a cow. This I did into a tin can later during the night. The Dutchman left me after about 10 minutes.

That night I crossed the Juliana Canal southeast of Maeseyck, and continued until I came to the bank of the River Meuse, at a point probably near Papenhoven. I then turned north in the hope of finding a bridge. I stopped at daylight and spent the day in a clump of bushes near the river bank. During the day (18th of July), a farmer who had been mowing in a field, sat down beside me and said "Camarade". I told him I was English, and he shared his coffee and bread with me and sent some children to tell his wife to fetch more. At night the farmer brought a suit of civilian clothes, but they were too small for me. He also gave me some bread and milk. There were German patrols on the river bank all that day.

That night I walked south back on my tracks down the river bank. Next morning I stopped in a bend of the river near Krawinkel where the canal and the river are close together. I saw German patrols again that day. At night I walked until I reached the neighbourhood of Maastritcht and slept the next day (20th) in a stook of wheat.

At night I started off, intending to cross the river, but got very wet in a thunderstorm, and hid in some wheat sheaves near a group of houses. I remained here until 0700 hrs. on July 21st, when I went into one of the houses and explained that I was an RAF sergeant. I was allowed to shave, and was given bread and milk and an outfit of old civilian clothes, as well as an old pair of shoes. The people told me there was a German patrol in the neighbourhood and I passed this patrol very shortly after I left the house. They looked at me very suspiciously, as I was carrying a bottle of

milk under my arm, but they did not stop me.

I went south along the canal and crossed it by a bridge at Limmel, north of Maastricht, but re-crossed it shortly afterwards by another bridge in order to avoid a big brickworks, near which there were a considerable number of barges on the canal. After recrossing the canal, I got on a main road which took me into Maastricht about 1300 hours.

In Maastricht I managed to get on to a main road running southwest to Tongres, which I followed until near the frontier. Just short of the frontier I got into a lane south of the main road and lay up in a wheat field until about midnight. I then walked west through fields and came to the Maastricht canal just over the frontier. On the frontier I saw boundary stones, but no patrol or frontier guards.

I reached the canal about daylight and hid in some wheat sheaves till about 2200 hours on July 22nd. I walked up a lane to the main Maastricht-Tongres road where it crossed the canal. The bridge was being patrolled by a German soldier and two men in khaki uniforms with swastika arm bands. I crossed the bridge about 1000, July 23rd, following two children who were driving some cows and sheep. I was not challenged. I kept on the main road and reached Tongres in the evening. I spent the night in a shed just west of Tongres.

Next day, the 24th, I continued through St. Trond, where I had a haircut and shave. I simply went into the barber's shop and indicated by signs what I wanted. I adopted the same method all along the road in order to buy myself beer and fruit. I never had any difficulty. I spent that night in a stook of wheat. Next day I went through Tirlemont to just east of Louvain. I spent the night outside the town.

On the 26th of July, I went through Louvain, covering the last 5 kms. into the town by tram. I simply gave the conductor a five-franc piece without speaking, and he gave me a ticket. In Louvain, I bought some fruit. Following the signposts, I walked that day until just east of Brussels. I again spent the night in a wheat stook. Next day, the 27th, I reached Brussels. I wandered about until I found the railway near the North Station. After walking around the station and seeing no way of getting on to any kind of train, I went into a small cafe and ordered some beer. The girl in the cafe detected me as being English and gave me a share of her lunch. She brought the Italian owner of the cafe and I was given a meal. An English-speaking Italian was brought and he advised me to surrender to the Germans. After my meal, I got up to go, and the owner shook hands with me and wished me luck, saying, "you don't know me and have never seen me".

I walked south and west through Brussels, buying some ice-cream in a shop on my way. Eventually I found a road sign pointing to Mons and followed it to a main road. I walked about 7 km. from Brussels and slept that night in an isolated cowshed in an orchard.

Next day (July 28) I reached Hal about 0820 hrs. and had some beer in a cafe. About 1030 hrs. I got to Lembecq, just southwest of Hal, and sat down by the roadside to rest. There was a farmhouse about 50 yards away

from which a woman came out. She spoke to me and I did not answer, so she fetched her husband. He looked at me for a little and said, "English"? I nodded my head. The farmer and his wife gave me coffee and white bread and brought me a blanket. Later the farmer returned and said, "Gestapo", signalling me to follow him. He hid me between two patches of wheat.

That evening the farmer brought two friends, both ex-soldiers like himself, and I was later taken to a house near Lembecq where I met a lady who spoke English and who said she would try to find help. I stayed here for three days.

The English-speaking woman got in touch with an organization which arranged my subsequent journey.

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COEN, O.H.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 62244
Unit: No. 71 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43
Distinguished Flying Cross

This officer's aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire over Calais on the 20th of October 1941, and he was compelled to bale out, straining both ankles as he landed. He managed to obtain a bicycle and cycled to Lillers from where he went to Abbeville on the 29th of October, and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 31st of October. He succeeded in crossing the Pyrenees to Barcelona and was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 25th of December 1941.

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COLDRIDGE, Alfred Stanley

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J26625
Unit: No. 138 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

We took off from Tempsford in a Halifax aircraft at 2240 hrs. on the 9th of May 1944. We were forced to bale out at 0300 hrs. on the 10th of May and landed two hrs. east of Rochechouart, France. We met after landing and remained together throughout our journey.

We hid in the woods that night and the next morning contacted a peasant from the village of Les Brosses-Hte-Vienne, who hid and fed us and sent for the nearest Maquis. F.F.I. officers arrived and took us to the forest of Rochechouart. We remained with them until the 3rd of June. We discussed the chances of getting through to Spain with a French Intelligence Officer, who advised us not to try at that time.

On the 10th of June we started to walk south and were fed and sheltered by a Polish officer in a chateau in the village of St. Auvent, and we were

taken to the Maquis headquarters at Cussac. We operated with the Maquis for some time, blowing up trains, raiding warehouses, etc.

On the 13th of June, F/O Evans, Sgt. Jones and Sgt. Blackett of our crew, who were with the Maquis, started to go east, but we do not know how they fared. Sgt. R. Clark, of our crew, was captured by the Germans on the 11th of May.

We started to walk south of the 15th of June, but were arrested by Guarde Republicaine patrols who interrogated us. We were released and continued to go south. We were issued with false papers, ration tickets, etc. and also given a Paris address by the Maquis. We went by train to Argenton-Sur-Creuse and there met a civilian who supplied us with new civilian clothes and bicycles. From there we travelled by bicycle for several days, finally arriving at the Paris address, but obtained no help.

We contacted the Resistance in Paris, and about the 18th of July, they supplied us with an agent who was to take us south to Spain. We left Paris with this agent and two women members of the Resistance, and reached Tarbes on the 30th of July. We stayed there until August 5th and then started out by Maquis car and on foot to Spain. On the 8th of August we were arrested near Labuerda (Iberian Peninsula) by Guardia Civil with Captain Gerard Courte, a French Intelligence Officer, and two civilians. The French Intelligence Officer claimed that he had pictures of French atrocities and documents relating to the operation of the Maquis and organization of French man-power. Last seen he was in the hands of the Spanish Army. We were imprisoned at Boltana and interrogated by the Spanish but released, and we finally arrived and reported to the British Consulate at Madrid.

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COLLINS, Brendan Peter

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 629665
Unit: No. 11 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I was a member of a crew of a Blenheim Mark 4 aircraft which took off from a landing ground about 40 miles south of Sidi Barani on the 27th of November 1941, to bomb A.A. positions at El Adem aerodrome. We made a crash landing in the desert after being hit by light A.A. at 1,000 ft. near the target. None of the crew was injured, and I and the two others signalled to another Blenheim which landed and picked us up and a Hurricane pilot who had also made a crash landing. A Messerschmitt, however, saw the Blenheim take off and shot it down about 200 yrd. from a German encampment. We were captured immediately.

The whole camp (Campo 59) was evacuated on the night of the 14th of September 1943, before the arrival of the Germans. At first the Italian guards fired over our heads, but eventually let us go. I went with six others - Sgt. Burns, Paratroops; Sgt. Richard Clark, RAF; Sgt. Robert

Veitch, RAF; Sgt. C. Dancer, RAF; Sgt. Joseph Davies, RAF and another RAF Sergeant. Our initial route was Amandola, Montemonaco (five days in cabin in woods) Pietracambia. Here we met an RAF padre from Campo 59, and split into two parties of four. I went with the padre, Sgt. Burns and Sgt. Veitch. Before reaching Torre we met Sgt. Rowbottom, RAF. Here we split again. Burns went off with the padre. I was with Sgt. Veitch and Rowbottom.

We crossed the Rescara River by night, and while looking for shelter at a farm, we walked into two German sentries who apprehended us. Next day they took us from the farm by truck to S. Valentino. The three of us were put into a room, from which we escaped on the second day through the window while the sentry was outside in the corridor. Veitch and I got clear but I do not think Rowbottom got away. Veitch and I continued to Pennzpiedimonte-Palobbara-Gissi-S. Buono - Palmoli.

About three miles northwest of the river Trigno about the 25th of October, Veitch and I were captured again. As we were about to cross a path two Italian women warned us of the presence of Germans. We retraced our steps and hid in a gullery, but must have been seen, for one of the Germans came straight to us. We were taken first to a German headquarters at a farm and then to a village further north, where we were put into a dis-used garage with about two other POW's, NewZealanders, Italians and Jugoslavs. I spent one night there. In the morning we were allowed out, and when the sentry was not looking, I made off alone. I did not see Veitch again. That night I reached Montefalcone which was occupied by British troops.

My subsequent journey was: Div. H.Q. - 5 Corps H.Q. - Bari (superficial interrogation) - Taranto (asked a few questions by a Squadron leader at the Transit camp) - Bizerta - Algiers (wrote a report at No. 1 Base Personnel Depot, RAF).

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COOKE, S.H.

Rank: Sergeant
Unit: Royal Sussex Regt.
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal
London Gazette 26/7/45

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COOPER, Michael Hadley Frederick

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 133025
Unit: No. 616 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

On the 16th of August 1943, F/O Cooper was escorting bombers to a point south of Namur. On the way his aircraft developed engine trouble and he was forced to bale out south of Lisieux. He landed in a tree close by St. Pierre des Ifs. He then made for a wood where he met a boy who

provided him with overalls. While walking out to work in the fields a German motor cycle patrol arrived, looking for him. He evaded the patrol by hiding in the hay. Later, after avoiding several German soldiers, he walked south for the next three days. On the 20th of August 1943, he came to Bellou where he remained in hiding for a month.

This officer's escape is well deserving of recognition.

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COPE, Jack Edward

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1377332
Unit: No. 115 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

This NCO had completed a total of 22 operational sorties in this Squadron as an Air Bomber when his aircraft was shot down over Nurnberg. Sergeant Cope landed rather heavily in his parachute and sustained a rupture. Despite this he managed to make his way to Gibraltar and returned to this country a month after being shot down.

Sergeant Cope was an Air Bomber of the greatest courage, and skill, and always showed great coolness and determination in the face of the enemy. He took part in raids on many of the more heavily defended targets, including Bremen (four times), Wilhelmshaven, Duisberg (twice), Hamburg (twice) and Mainz (twice).

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CORKRAN, Terence John

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. Aus. 404078
Unit: No. 120 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

On the 28th of May 1942, Pilot Officer Corkran was acting as Second Pilot on a Liberator aircraft of No. 120 Squadron which was attacked by three Messerschmitts 109E. The Liberator accounted for one if not two of the enemy aircraft, but was itself shot down and crashed into the sea about 60 miles off the Lofoten Islands. The aircraft went well under the water in the crash, at which time P/O Corkran was at the controls. After extracting himself from the crashed aircraft this officer with the three other survivors, made their way to the islands by rowing, arriving in a very exhausted condition. Here, after two days, they were captured by two German soldiers, but by means of a ruse, they escaped and reached the mainland where for thirty-one days, at an average rate of two miles per hour, but sometimes at only a quarter of a mile, by resourcefulness and courage, and without maps or compass they made their way to neutral territory. During this long track under most arduous conditions, Pilot Officer Corkran displayed exceptional powers of ingenuity and determination.

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COTTLE, Alfred Roy

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1265632
Unit: No. 47 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On November 16, 1943, Cottle, the navigator of a Beaufighter, was shot down by an Me 109 near Kalimnos while attacking a Siebel ferry. When the aircraft hit the water, Cottle was still inside. He clambered out on the mainplane where he became entangled in the wireless aerial, and was unable to free himself until after he had been dragged under the water by the sinking aircraft. He had great difficulty in reaching and climbing into the dinghy, which was by now some 100 yds. away, as his right arm was useless owing to a bullet wound.

He spent the rest of the day and the following one making a little headway with the paddles. Late on the following night, Cottle hailed a passing Schnellboat on patrol. He was taken aboard and the next day landed at Kos, and taken to an Italian Convent Hospital. He refused to answer all questions put to him by the German interrogating officer and managed to evade questions asked by a Red Cross worker who was a frequent visitor, and did her best to cajole him into giving away information.

After a few days, he was well enough to explore the possibilities of escape. By selling his watch and lighter, etc. he was able to buy civilian clothes. This enabled him to slip out of the hospital, just before the wounded were due to be evacuated by ship. After spending the first night in a trench, he was taken to a barn by some friendly Greeks and later to a safe hiding place in a cave. Each night he went down to the shore to try to contact a caique, but not until the night of December 5th, was he successful. He was taken to the Turkish coast and then transported to a hospital.

This sergeant has shown great determination in escaping from enemy territory, although he was wounded. This is a very fine achievement and an example to others of courage and initiative.

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COWLEY, Denis Martin

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 87033
Unit: No. 19 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I took off from West Malling in a Spitfire aircraft on the 27th of June 1941 at 1900 hrs. on a sweep over France. I became separated from my formation between Dunkirk and St. Omer by three Me 109's. After their second attack, I discovered that I had been shot in the right thigh, and that white vapour was pouring from the engine. The engine began to misfire and finally stopped. After the attacks I headed towards England, and was flying at approximately 20,000 feet when the engine cut. I was then over the English Channel and I baled out at approximately 5,000 feet, about 2100 hrs. I landed in the water and inflated by dinghy. I remained in the dinghy until the evening of the 29th of June, when I was picked up by a

German merchant convoy and taken to Dieppe.

I was given medical treatment at Dieppe and taken to Paris by ambulance and then to Dulag Luft by train on the 30th of June. After my arrival at Dulag Luft, I was taken to Hawlmark hospital, where I remained until the 26th of August, when I was taken back to Dulag Luft.

On arrival at Dulag Luft on the 30th of June, I was briefly interrogated by Lt. Eberhardt regarding personal details. He gave me the usual "phoney" Red Cross form which I did not complete in full. I gave only my name, rank, number, next-of-kin and home address.

When I returned to Dulaf Luft from Hawlmark hospital on the 26th of August, I was put into the main compound. I was taken to Frankfort-On-Main Military Hospital about three times a week for medical treatment. About the 2nd of September I escaped from the hospital waiting room.

I was recaptured on the morning of the 2nd of September and taken to Frankfort-On-Main Gaol where I was interrogated regarding personal details by a member of the Gestapo. I was placed in solitary confinement for ten days, during which I was allowed only 20 minutes' exercise daily in the courtyard. I was given very meagre rations.

On the 13th of September 1941, the whole camp was moved by train to Oflag VI B (Warburg). On the journey S/Ldr. Bushell made a successful attempt to escape. We arrived in Oflag VI B after a two-day journey, and I remained there until September 1942.

In September 1942, all the RAF personnel were moved by train to Oflag XXI B (Schubin). About March 1943 a successful tunnel scheme enabled 40 men to get away. All except two were recaptured.

F/Lt. Edwards made a dash for the wire in daylight in December 1942. He was shot dead.

In April 1943, the whole camp was moved to Stalag Luft III (Sagan). I was put into the East Compound. Treatment was reasonable and supplies of Red Cross parcels were regular. I remained there until the 29th of February 1944.

On the 29th of February, I was sent with three others, by train to hospital at Stalag VIII B (Lamsdorf). I was sent there for treatment as I had cut by wrist with a razor. I remained there until the 10th of April.

On the 10th of April 1944, I was sent to Heilag IV (Annaburg) to be repatriated. I had passed the Repatriation Board at Stalag Luft III in October 1942. I remained at Heilag IV until the 12th of May. On the 12th I made an attempt to escape and was recaptured after a few hours. I was taken to an Army Depot about 12 km. south of Annaburg, where I remained until the following day when I was taken back to Heilag IV.

On the 13th of May I was put on the train which was taking the repatriation party to Marseilles. I jumped off the train at Lyons on the 15th of May 1944.

On the 2nd of September 1941, I escaped from the waiting room of the Military Hospital at Frankfort-on-Main. I had been placed with three Frenchmen in the waiting room. The door was locked. I got through the window wearing a nurse's cloak which I had stolen. I went through a courtyard and passed the guard on the main gate. I walked through the town and into a wood where I converted my trousers into shorts. I carried the cloak over my arm and walked along the main road towards Darmstadt. I was picked up that night by a civilian during an air raid while I was stealing apples from a garden. I was taken to a police station in a village and taken to Frankfort Gaol next day. I was kept there in solitary confinement for ten days and then sent to Oflag X C (Lubeck).

I was engaged in the construction of a tunnel at Oflag VI B (Warburg) in April 1942. Six men got out of the tunnel, but the tunnel was discovered before my time came. The six men were later recaptured.

I helped to construct a tunnel at Stalag VI B (Warburg) in May 1942. The tunnel was discovered before it was completed.

On the 12th of May 1944, a party was allowed to sun-bathe outside the compound of Heilag IV (Annaburg). I was a member of this party, which was not closely guarded. I walked away from the party, but my absence was discovered within a few minutes. I stole a bicycle, which was lying nearby, and a German Unteroffizier fired several shots at me. I was not wounded, and I succeeded in evading my pursuers by discarding the bicycle and going into a wood. I walked south through the wood, and later in the day, stole another bicycle in a village. A civilian saw me stealing the bicycle and raised an alarm. I was caught by several civilians. My hands were tied with rope, and I was taken to a military camp about 3 km. away. On arrival there my hands were untied, and I was detained there until the following day when I was taken back to Heilag IV.

On the 15th of May 1944, I escaped from the train which was conveying a repatriation party from Annaburg to Marseilles. I was a member of the repatriation party. I left the train at Lyons railway station. I climbed over a wall in the goods yard and walked through Lyons. On reaching the outskirts I walked south along a road. After a time I came to the railway track and I followed it until I arrived at a goods yard at Givors, France.

I saw a French railway worker there at 0500 hrs. on the 16th of May and asked him to give me directions about goods trains going south. He inquired who I was, and I told him that I was an escaped British POW. He insisted that I accompany him to his home in Lyons. About 0600 hrs. when he finished work for the night, he escorted me to his home in Lyons. We travelled on an engine footplate. I stayed at his home until 1800 hrs., when this railway worker took me to the goods yard at Lyons. He had arranged that a railway guard would take me to Switzerland. Before leaving this house, he gave me civilian clothes, money and food for the journey. On arrival at the goods yard, he introduced me to the guard and I went with the guard to his van. The train left for Geneva at 1900 hours.

At Amerieu the guard told me that he had been informed that the Gestapo knew that I was on a train travelling towards Switzerland, and that his train was to be searched. He then introduced me to another guard who agreed to take me close to the Swiss frontier, but before his train was due to leave, he told me that he had heard that all trains were being

searched. I then left him and discovered a food train for Switzerland on one of the goods yard sidings. I got in to one of the wagons through a ventilator which had been broken open. I then repaired the ventilator trap and concealed myself. The train began to move early next morning, May 17, and after travelling for approximately three hours, it stopped at Bellegarde where there is a customs check. I overheard a conversation that the train would remain there until May 19th. I left the wagon under cover of darkness. I walked northeast along secondary roads for about two hours and spent that night in a barn. After daybreak (May 18) I walked northeast and passed through Fort. I then walked along the railway track for a time, and doing so, I sprained my ankle. I walked to the river and concealed myself on the river bank until about 1800 hrs. when I returned to the railway and walked towards the Swiss frontier. About 2000 hrs. I called at a farm where I was given a meal. I learned that I was about 10 km. from the frontier.

At 2100 hrs. I began to walk along the railway track and passed German sentries on the frontier by Avusy, while the guard was being changed. I had removed my boots. The Swiss guards saw me, and I was placed under arrest. I was searched and questioned. I stated that I was an escaped British POW and was taken to a military prison in Geneva where I was again interrogated.

I was detained there until the 21st of May, when I escaped. I had been left unguarded for a few minutes in a passage in the prison, and I walked through the main door. I went to the British Consulate where I met the Military Attache. He told me it was not possible to get to England. I decided to get back into France and I walked to La Plaine Du Rhone where I was caught by Swiss frontier guards. I was taken to Geneva. I made an unsuccessful attempt to escape on the way. At Geneva I was put into a civil prison where I was detained for three or four days. I was visited by the British Air Attache. He took a statement of my activities up to that time, and told me that I must not make any further attempts to escape. I was sent to a quarantine camp at Lostorf near Olten where I remained for three weeks. I met P/O Fraser and Sgts. Mackenzie and Thom there.

About the 8th of June, we were taken to Berne and handed over to the British Legation. We were accommodated at a hotel and provided with civilian clothes and money. We remained there until the 12th of June when we were sent to a hotel at Glion, near Montreux.

On the 28th of June, I learned that the Swiss authorities intended to bring a charge against me regarding my attempted escape from the guards while on the journey from La Plaine to Geneva. I was supposed to have kicked one of the guards in the stomach. This was untrue. I then decided to escape from Switzerland. On June 28th I travelled by train (3rd class) to Lausanne where I purchased food and a mess tin. That evening I travelled by train (3rd class) towards Vallorbe. I left the train at Cossonay and walked to Orbe, where I collected an old suit from a scarecrow and walked across the hills to Vallorbe. I crossed into France, west of the town on the 30th of June.

I met German guards in the hills on the 2nd of July, and was ordered to halt. I did not do so, and the guards fired at me. I ran into a wood

and climbed into a tree where I stayed for some time. I then walked towards Champagnole. At Gillois a Frenchman told me that I ought to contact an official there. I did so and stayed with this official on the night of July 3-4.

The following day I walked to Sirod, and called at a house. Later that day I joined the Maquis in the mountains, and remained with them until July 10th. On that day I left the Maquis and walked north. My route was: Champagnole - Poligny - Dole - Dijon, where I arrived on the 19th. I stayed at a house there until the 24th when I travelled by train (3rd class) to Vierzon. I then walked to La Loge, France, where I met a member of the Maquis. The remainder of my journey was arranged for me.

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COVINGTON, Ian Wallace

Rank: Acting Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 119537
Unit: No. 97 Squadron (Straits Settlement)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was the captain of a very reliable crew which has carried out many attacks on most of the heavily defended targets in Germany.

On the night of the 10/11th of August, his aircraft was attacked by night fighters while returning from an attack on Nuremburg. After having feathered two engines a further fighter attack set the aircraft on fire, and the crew were forced to abandon it. Flight Lieutenant Covington evaded capture.

At all times Covington displayed great skill as a captain and has pressed home his attacks with great resolution and determination.

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COX, G.T.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1251523
Unit: No. 207 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This airman was compelled to bale out near Liege on the 14th of October 1941. He landed in a tree but succeeded in evading capture and in making his way to Brussels. He stayed in Brussels for two weeks and then returned to Liege for two weeks. He returned to Brussels on the 21st of December 1941. From here he made his way through France to Spain and was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 4th of March 1942.

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CRAMPTON, W.F.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No.
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, L.G. 1/1/43

This officer was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed Cologne on the 26th of August 1941. The aircraft developed engine trouble and they were compelled to bale out in Northern France. He managed to make his way out of the Zone Interdite and across the Line of Demarcation to Marseilles, from whence he was conducted to Barcelona. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 8th of December 1941.

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CROALL, Charles

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 41627 (N.Z.)
Unit: Royal New Zealand Air Force
No. 75 Squadron, Bomber Command

Warrant Officer Croall was captured at Tonning in Germany, on the 29th of July 1942, and imprisoned at various camps in Poland and Germany. On the 12th of December 1942, twelve prisoners of war, including Warrant Officer Croall, escaped and attempted to steal an aircraft, but were caught and returned to camp. In February 1943, in company with an Australian, Warrant Officer Croall escaped from a work party at Lazisk. After travelling through Poland they were arrested at the Polish-German border seven days later. Another attempt was made in May 1943, from a work camp. Warrant Officer Croall and a companion headed towards Czechoslovakia, but on the fifth night, when boarding a coal train bound for Italy, they were seen and recaptured. This officer made three more escapes, his freedom, on one occasion lasting ten days. Finally in February 1945, he and a friend jumped from a train at Kolin, near Prague. They were recaptured seven days later and sent to a concentration camp. Warrant Officer Croall was liberated in May 1945, by the Americans. He was a very persistent escaper in spite of ill health, and earned high commendation for his attempts.

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CROSBY, Robert Gordon

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.22655
Unit: No. 56 Squadron (Punjab)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I took off from Martlesham Heath at 1230 hours on the 3rd of January 1944, in a Typhoon aircraft on a "rhubarb" N.W. of Hesdin, flying number two to F/Lt. Hawkins. I attacked the target west of Embray and after

breaking off the attack due to jammed starboard guns, I found the Glyco vapour was pouring from around the exhaust ports. I called up number one and told him that I would have to abandon aircraft. I baled out from approximately 1,000 feet.

I landed in a clearing in a small wood west of Hucqueliers. I hid my parachute, mae west and harness and ran into another wood nearby, where I hid in the undergrowth until evening. At dusk I began walking in a southeast direction and found a jacket on a scarecrow. About 2100 hours, I reached the outskirts of Avesnes where I went to a house. I was given food, a hat and a pitchfork, and escorted to a crossroads east of Maninghem. I then walked to Radinghem where I spent the remainder of the night in a barn.

In the morning, January 4th, I approached one of the farm workers and he took me to the farmhouse where I was given food. After the meal, I started walking to Matringhem where I approached a man. He gave me a meal and took me to a woman who kept me in her home overnight. Her son supplied me with a jacket, trousers, shoes, raincoat, a hat and food. On the evening of the 5th of January, a man called and escorted me to his home at Verchin where I exchanged some of my clothing. I stayed there one night. On the 6th of January, he took me by horse wagon to Renty to the home of a woman friend of his. I stayed at this house for two nights. This woman communicated with Paris on my behalf.

On the morning of the 8th, Gestapo officers called at the house looking for someone who was in hiding there. The daughter of the house aroused me out of bed and escorted me across the fields to a farmhouse. The Gestapo searched the house, but did not discover my aids box, which had been lying on the table. The woman of the house was arrested. I hid in a barn at the farmhouse until the afternoon, being fed by the farmer. In the afternoon, the girl returned with a car accompanied by a driver and an American pilot (2/Lt. Paul Mariot). I was taken in the car to a house in a village where a doctor was obtained for Mariot, who was injured in a crash landing. Mariot and I stayed at this house until midnight, when the doctor took us by car to Verchin, where I stayed at the same house as on the 5th of January. The American was taken to another house. I stayed here overnight and on the 9th of January, I met another American pilot, Lt. Neil Lathrop, at the house of a helper.

Lathrop accompanied me to the house where I was staying, and we remained there until the following day when we went to the house where Mariot was staying. The three of us stayed there until the 12th when we went to another house in the village, where Lathrop and I stayed until the 22nd of January. Mariot was moved to the doctor's house on the 13th and I did not see him again.

On the 22nd of January, Lathrop and I were moved to another house in the village where we stayed until February 18th. We were then moved to the house where I had met Lathrop. During this time, I met another two Americans, Sgt. Paul Pearce and Sgt. Bill Hendrickson. They stayed in the village after our departure. We stayed at this house for approximately ten

days, when we were moved to another house in the village, where we stayed until the 10th of March. We were then taken by car to Fauquembergues. The remainder of our journey was arranged for us.

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CROSSLEY, E.D.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Unit: R.N.Z.A.F.
Awards: Military Cross

Pilot Officer Crossley was stationed at Kai Tak on the outbreak of hostilities and as in the case of F/Officer Baugh, was unable to operate owing to the destruction of the aircraft at the outset.

After assisting in the demolitions on the aerodrome, he went under instructions,to the Aberdeen Industrial School which was being used as Naval Headquarters, where he was informed that Flight Lieutenant Hill and he would be used for the defence of the School. He, with a small detachment of RAF, was given four machine guns and posted on the roof.

On the evening of the 12th of January 1942, they were ordered to report to Headquarters of the Winnipeg Grenadiers, and were posted to a machine gun position on the right flank of the Canadian line. This they held until the night of the 17th when they were ordered to evacuate to the Aberdeen Industrial School. On the 20th, following bombardment by three Japanese destroyers, Aberdeen was abandoned and the detachment then proceeded to the Reservoir under Major Giles, Royal Marines.

On the 21st, Pilot Officer Crossley was concussed and shell-shocked, but was able to remain at his post, and continued there until the 25th, when they returned to Aberdeen where they learned that the Garrison had surrendered. The procedure then was similar to that described by Flying Officer Baugh.

Pilot Officer Crossley had originally planned to escape with Wing Commander Sullivan and a Naval Officer. However, these plans fell through as the Naval Officer was moved to another camp and Wing Commander Sullivan was forbidden to leave the camp by Lt. General Maltby.

He then linked up with Captain Scriven, I.M.S., and Captain Hewitt of the Middlesex Regiment; the one being a Japanese speaker and the other having knowledge of the New Territories. Through outside contacts, they originally intended getting away on a junk, but this plan fell through. On February 1st they heard that a sampan would be coming to the slipway with food that night, and they waited until 0100 hours on the 2nd. The sampan was fired upon, but managed to make its way in and they persuaded the owner to take them ashore for a payment of $300 (Hong Kong). As they left the slipway, the Japanese opened fire on the sampan again, but by clever handling, the boatman got them ashore at Lai Chi Kok Beach. He was still being fired upon and lost no time in getting to the cover of

the surrounding hills and continued travelling during the remaining hours of darkness, hiding up on the following day. They continued the following night, making a detour of Shatin and they spent the day of the 3rd, three miles North of Shatin. They set off again at dusk the same evening, and proceeded with great caution as they learned that there were Japanese patrols and that four escaped sergeants had been captured.

The weather was very bad and they spent the next day and night hiding in a gully. In the early hours of the 5th, they were attacked by eight armed robbers and in the fight which ensued, Captain Hewitt sustained two very severe head wounds, and had the tendon of his right arm severed. The robbers, however, were driven off. Later in the same day, they were fed and cared for at a village and set off again the following night.

In the early hours of the night of the 6th-7th, they were again attacked by about 60 armed robbers; all three were badly beaten up and were robbed of their money and other valuables. They were fortunate enough to retain their maps and food, and they were released at dawn. Towards dusk they very nearly ran into a Japanese party and although they were very exhausted by now, decided to put as much ground between them and the Japanese as possible, so they continued their march. They shortly fell in with a friendly Chinese, who warned them that the surrounding towns were occupied by the Japanese, and that they were within a few hundred yards of a patrol. This Chinese eventually led them to a small village where they were fed and cared for and they were later given a guide to the guerilla camp, where they remained for five days, being well fed and cared for. They were here joined by three other officers, and now a party of six, they continued their journey on February 13th, making for Waichow.

From the 14th to the 18th of February,they were continually in the hands of guerillas, but on the latter date, they fell in with a unit of the Chinese regular army 25 miles southwest of Waichow. As they were all extremely fatigued, they rested for a day. They continued on the 20th to Waichow, and the remainder of the journey, although difficult, as in the case of Pilot Officer Baugh's party, was without danger.

Captain Scriven in his report, praises the endurance and fortitude of the two other members of his party (P/O Crossley and Captain Hewitt). There is no doubt that Crossley maintained a courageous attitude throughout, even when faced with most depressing conditions at Sham Shui Po.

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CROWLEY, D.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 78274
Unit: No. 610 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross and Bar

This officer, flying a Spitfire, was compelled to force-land near St. Omer, on the 21st of August 1941. He managed to evade capture and hid in a wood until nightfall. He then approached a farm and was given shelter for the night. Next day he made his way south and left the Zone Interdite on the 2nd of September. On the next day, he crossed the Line of Demarcation and travelling via Marseilles, eventually crossed the

Pyrenees on foot. He was arrested by the Spanish authorities and interned for several weeks. He was eventually repatriated from Gibraltar on the 1st of December 1941.

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CULLEN, Thomas Henry

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 81303 (M.B.E.)
Unit: No. 30 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

On the 20th of May 1941, during the operations at Crete, this medical officer was taken prisoner while attending to wounded personnel. He remained on the island until all casualties were evacuated and, on the 1st of June, was sent by air to Athens. In October 1941, he was taken to Salonika and on the 18th of December, he was imprisoned in Camp XXA in Germany. In January 1943, Flight Lieutenant Cullen began to formulate a plan to escape, but this was, unfortunately, frustrated before it could be put into action. In September 1943, another plan was started by some individuals in the Stalag, who through contacts with civilians entering and leaving the camp, were able to get in touch with a Polish organization. On the 29th of February 1944, Flight Lieutenant Cullen and a companion, wearing civilian clothes, succeeded in crossing the moat around the prison. After climbing a fence, they walked out of the prison and were picked up by a lorry driver who had arranged to meet them. The journey back to this country was subsequently arranged for F/L Cullen, and he arrived in the United Kingdom in March 1944.

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CURRY, John Harvey

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. C2645, RCAF
Unit: No. 80 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

S/Ldr. Curry was leading a flight of Spitfires on a road-straffing expedition, and while attacking three vehicles, which turned out to be tanks, he received a burst of machine gun fire which stopped his engine; but he succeeded in making a forced landing in the snow in a fairly isolated spot near Rocca di Mezzo. He himself, was unhurt and having got out of his machine and blown up his I.F.F., nade his way to a small hut a short distance away, where he emptied his pockets and burned his identity card, and anything else that might conceivably be of any use to the enemy.

He was wearing battledress, two pullovers, socks and desert boots. He had his escape money, aid box, maps and compass, all of which were to come in useful, although it is interesting to note that he found in nearly all cases the Italians refused money, but were eager to have a "biglietto", a chit signed by the Pilot to the effect that he had received certain articles or money, which the Allies supposedly honour at a later date. He

spent about an hour in the hut and then decided to return to his aircraft for his gloves, to open his parachute from which he cut off two or three panels of the silk, and some lengths of the shrouds, which he very rightly thought might come in useful to camouflage himself against the snow which was about one foot deep and the weather very cold.

While at the aircraft, he saw two men approaching from the direction of Rocca di Mezza, so he made due south for the slopes of Monte Velino. The snow soon became knee-deep and one of the two men who was on skis, rapidly gained on him, so when he shouted to him he stopped and waited until the man came up. He said he was a Jugoslav and had come to help him. There was no time to lose as a Hun search party was on the way and there were lots of Huns in the vicinity. He offered to give his skis to the Squadron Leader to get away round the hill in the opposite direction to the Huns. Owing to the type and size of the boots, this was found impractical and at this moment, a party of about 20 men was seen approaching down the pass about 2 miles distant. As there was no time to lose, he told the Jugoslav to ski back to the aircraft, obliterating his tracks, and tell the Hun he had gone, while he proceeded to crawl through deep snow into the bush on the mountainside.

In the Squadron Leader's words: "I then crawled until I was exhausted and I guessed I had about an hour's lead. The air was very still and I could hear them talking round my aircraft, and quarrelling over the parachute silk and dinghy. I worked eastwards in slow stages through the snow and scrub bushes on the mountainside, and then the Huns found my trail, followed it up to where the scrub started, and I could hear it breaking under them. They then fired a few shots up the trail and shouted, then returned to the aircraft, finally leaving about dusk".

Curry then continued eastwards and down the valley of Vado di Pozza, towards the Aquila-Avezzano road. It was dark when he reached the bottom and much traffic was on the move, but the road was safely crossed and he kept on walking east through the night (fine and moonlit), using the stars as a guide, until approximately 0200 hours, eventually reaching a large plain near the northeast slope of Monte Sirente. Here he saw a hut, which he reached and entered. By this time he was exhausted, frozen up to the knees, with desert boots in ribbons. He made a fire from the floor boards but did not sleep as the fire needed a lot of attention. Wolves were heard howling in the vicinity - their tracks seen in the snow.

At daylight, March 3rd, he was on the way again, and entered the village of Secinaro. He met a lot of people, including one youth who spoke some English, who informed him that there were no Huns in the village, but two Fascisti, and that he would be able to get help. Actually, the help was not forthcoming. Apparently the people are used to the Hun masquerading as an Allied Escapee, and therefore, giving themselves away. Although unable to obtain help, everyone asked innumerable questions and were most curious. After a bit, he was being followed by a large crowd of children, so deemed it wise to get out of the village and start back up along another trail to the mountains. While passing the last house, an old man and woman beckoned him in, then fed him on very dry, coarse bread, black pigs-blood sausage and vino. He then asked for clothes but was not successful in obtaining any,

but his hosts gave him more sausages, which made him sick.

Curry then left and made for the hills towards Gagliano, where he heard there were quite a lot of Huns. While some distance from the town, he stopped as three quite well-dressed Italians had been following him, one of whom spoke English quite well. They promised him some clothing if he would return to the village that evening. Having hung about the hills all day, he entered the village about 1930 hours. The Italians met him, gave him a coat which promptly split when he put it on, but he kept it, then took him to a house where he had some filthy food. Asking if he could sleep in the village that night, they took him to a stable at the bottom of the house, put him in a manger on straw, covered him with more straw, then left him,locking the door behind them. He slept.

On waking at first light, March 4th, he decided to get going, sneaked up into the house, into a completely bare room except for a man asleep on a bed, and got out through the window without waking him, then on towards where the road to Gagliano joins the main Avezzano-Popoli road. Then on the point of crossing the road, he spied two Italians coming towards him from the hills. They turned out to be South Africans - escaped prisoners, and as Curry was wandering about in such a manner as to stamp himself as English, they thought they had better stop him before he walked into trouble. They then took him to a little "Casetta" where he found a Lt. Colonel, a Major, a Captain and two Lieutenants from an Italian Prison Camp, waiting for a guide who was going to lead a party of 20 strong through the lines. After some hesitancy, it was agreed that Curry could join the party. The Italians kept this party fed; at first they were suspicious of Curry, but on learning that he was an RAF Pilot, the standard of food and drink improved, and the number of visitors increased. The next morning, March 5th, an Italian guide led the party across the valley into the woods, up the hill,crossing the road at Castel di Jeri, finally reaching a cave on Monte Urano, where twelve of them collected and lived for seven days; fed by the Italians and right royally at that - plenty of hot food, cheese, bread, vino and sometimes, eggs.

The cave was very damp and leaky, but the Italians brought them some straw and with some boughs they cut, conditions were improved somewhat. Curry shared two blankets with the Lt. Colonel and the Major. Some of the party were in pretty bad shape by then - fleas and lice, and other like gentlemen, and in some cases, even internal worms.

After seven days had passed, no guide having appeared, and feeling the party was a bit large, Curry finally persuaded Lt. B.W. Nicholls, R.A. (taken prisoner at Tobruk two years ago), to accompany him and try and get through.

Early in the morning, March 12th, they set off - each equipped with a strong stave and Curry's Escape Kit, and crossing the main Molino-Raiano road, took the mountain path to Vittorito, which was given a wide berth, making for Popoli. By this time it was snowing and Curry and Nicholls were walking up to their knees in it, and feeling generally uncomfortable. Towards evening, they saw an empty house which they made for. On the way, they passed some shepherds who would not give them food or clothing, but

said they could sleep in the house, so they went in, lit a fire and dried themselves out. There were plenty of Germans about but it was snowing and raining hard, so they felt safe about lighting a fire.

Between 0300 and 0400 hours, March 14th, they set off again, crossed a valley towards Popoli and followed a railway track. Shortly after this, they started to ascend Monte Morrone. To start with the snow was firm, but before long, it got very soft and it was not long before they were up to their hips in it. One would lead, ploughing his way through, thus making it comparatively easy for the second to follow him, and then they would change about. This was naturally very exhausting, and having struggled along all day, by dusk they were very exhausted, cold and hungry, and as it was obviously impossible to spend the night in the snow, they made their way down to a little village called le Cassette. Some shepherds, whom they met, were unable or unwilling, to supply them with food or clothing, but suggested a house with a large family where one or two more would not make much difference. They then met some wood-cutters who told them when dark, to go to a mud hut near the town where they would bring them some food.

Curry and his companion waited in a wadi and as it began to get dark, other ex-prisoners whom the Italians had sent to help them, began to turn up, including a certain Senoussi called "Alfredo", who appeared to be an odd type having already used five names. He was with some other Arabs, and put them into a mud hut with a Palestinian Arab. The Italians fed them very well - milk, minestrone, eggs and Gnocchi.

"Alfredo" promised to contact a guide at Sulmona, and obtain them clean clothes etc. (Curry was of the opinion he did nothing at all). On the third day, March 16th, the weather being fine, they decided to go up into the mountains early the next morning, stay there all day, returning at night for food as they considered they were running too big a risk staying in the hut all day.

Early March 17th saw Curry and his companion setting off for the mountains armed with their day's rations, consisting of a pint of milk, a small round cheese, some bacon and a small loaf of bread. Their idea was to see how far they could walk in a day, the snow being negotiable due to a frozen crust; they reached the top of the Morrone Mountains in six hours climbing and the snow being still good, they decided to go on, using some of their energy pills if necessary. The weather remained fine all day and by the end of it, they had reached the end of the Morrone Range, and were making for the pass between the Morrone and Madiella ranges.

Shortly after, the snow began to soften and soon they were once again ploughing through it up to their hips. A trail was seen well to the south, but they decided to go straight across the pass and up the steepest side of Maiella, 10,000 ft., as there seemed to be less snow there and also less likelihood of running into any Hun patrols.

Having taken a compass bearing, they started off again, but on approaching the mile-wide valley, they spied an Italian working party preceded by Huns on skis, carrying rifles, coming down the pass. The Huns were patrolling from Pacentro to Roccacaramanico in parties of three or

four. Curry and Nicholls took four hours to cross the valley, often waist-high in the snow and periodically having to lie down in it to hide themselves. They covered themselves with part of Curry's parachute and a white sheet which Nicholls had. On arrival at the base of Maiella, they were pretty exhausted, but felt safe as it was very dark and misty. Looking up the slope of the mountain it looked almost impossible to climb, but nothing daunted they started off - by now it was getting much colder and there was a crust on the snow.

They worked their way slowly upwards, driving their staves through the crust deep into the snow, leaving just a hand grip to which they clung while digging steps into the crust with the toes of their boots, which was a painful performance, as both were suffering considerably from frost-bite by this time. They repeated this process until they reached some rocks, very often climbing quite a distance between clusters of them. It was very arduous and slow work, but every step was up and bringing them nearer journey's end.

After climbing for several hours, it began to snow and the wind blew stronger and keener. Visibility got very bad, but they kept on going up and up, spurred on by the knowledge they were going in the right direction, and taking short rests when they came to clusters of rocks. They finally decided to take an energy pill each, but owing to the darkness and not wishing to strike a light, they were unable to distinguish the correct packet as between that containing the Calcium tablets and that containing the Energy pills. After considerable discussion on the subject, they took a pill each, which ultimately proved to be the correct ones as they definitely had the right effect. They no longer felt tired and morale was higher than ever; although at the time of taking the pills, not knowing if they were the right ones, added to their worries. After climbing for a while longer, the slope became less, the rocks smaller and more numerous, and the summit was finally reached at 0500 hours, March 18th. It was very cold now and the wind and snow did not add to their comfort.

On they trudged again and leaving the rocks behind, found themselves on icy crusted snow again, which made it difficult for them to see as there was no contrast, and everywhere around, below and above them, was a greyish white. They kept going, step by step, until the ground sloped away in all directions, so they assumed they had now reached the summit. Taking out a compass, Curry took a bearing East, and by walking with the wind constantly blowing on their left cheeks, they managed to keep a fairly straight course, stopping every few minutes to check by compass.

It started getting lighter and visibility improved a bit, but it was still very misty and snowing.

Finally they reached a gorge which they descended until they got out of the snow and mist and could see what they thought to be the Sangro River well below.

At 1230 hours they came out of the gorge and were confronted by a machine gun post. An arm beckoned to them to approach, which they did, and found Indians of the 6th Lancers manning the post. Having satisfied

the Indians that they were escapees, they were taken to Brigade Headquarters, overjoyed to have made this great trek, very tired, hungry, slightly snow-blinded, and frost-bitten. They were sent by ambulance to a field dressing station from which they were sent to an escaped POW camp at Atessa - journey's end.

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DANIELS, F.C.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 973006
Unit: No. 37 Squadron

This airman was a member of the crew of a Wellington, which, after being hit by ground fire, was compelled to force-land near Baghdad on the 4th of May 1941. On landing, he was attacked by Arab tribesmen and wounded. He was captured by Iraqi soldiers ad taken to Baghdad where he was kept for a week. He was then sent to a fort at Kirkuk where he was kept until the capitulation of the Iraqi Army. He was then sent to a hospital near Baghdad and was later repatriated to the United Kingdom on the recommendation of a medical board.

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DAVENPORT, Robert Munro

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J18048 (Can)
Unit: No. 401 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I took off from Biggin Hill in a Spitfire aircraft about 1100 hours on the 9th of January 1944, for a target near Vacquerie.

While I was somewhere near Airon-St-Vasst, I was hit by flak in the port wing, the fuselage, and the radiator. I managed to gain control of the aircraft and made a good landing. I destroyed my radio set and I.F.F. and got out of the aircraft. I ran like hell towards some woods, and then looking back, I realized that I had not destroyed my aircraft. I ran back and set it on fire.

By this time, about 8 Germans were approaching me from the other side of the field. They started shooting at me, but I think it is probably that they were firing blind. I got into the woods and jumped into a lake about 20 yards from the aircraft. I then pulled some bushes over my head. The Germans ran past me into the woods. I came out and went southwest and then south across the fields, in the opposite direction from the Germans. There were some men ploughing in the fields, but I found they did not speak English and I could not understand French. I did not receive any help until I reached Pont Remy, where I arrived about 1630 hours on the 11th of January. On the nights of the 9th and 10th and 10th and 11th of January, I slept in a haystack and during these two days I lived on the contents of my escape box.

At Pont Remy, I stopped at a house on the outskirts of the village, and asked for some food. The lady who opened the door spoke a little English, and she took me in and gave me some bread and coffee. About 15 minutes later, two Germans arrived. My helpers seemed to be on friendly terms with them, and they came into the room where I was sitting and talked for a little while. They then got up and left. At that time I was still in uniform, although I had torn off my rank and insignia.

I stayed at Pont Remy for two days, and during this time I was provided with an identity card, for which an old photograph of one of the villagers was used.

On the 13th of January, I was taken to the station and given 1,000 francs and a railway ticket to Paris. I caught a train at 0820 hours, and arrived in Paris about 1230 hours. I walked about the town for an hour, and then came back to the station. Here I saw an old notice outside a hotel which said, "English spoken at this hotel". I went inside and saw two old ladies. They spoke little English and told me that they thought they could find someone who would help me. They took me upstairs and gave me civilian clothes and some beer. At night a man who had at one time worked with the "New York Herald" arrived. He took me to his home for the night. The next morning, he made me a chit stating that I was deaf and dumb. At 0500 hours he took me to the station and bought me a ticket to Toulouse. I gave him the money for this ticket from my escape purse.

My journey to Toulouse took from 0800 hours to 2000 hours. There were six other men in my carriage, and to begin with, they made several attempts to talk to me. I showed them my chit and they left me in peace. Towards the end of the journey, I began to get a little worried as to what I should do when I arrived at Toulouse. I knew that it was a large city and that there were likely to be a lot of Gestapo about. I therefore, decided to take a chance and ask my companions if they knew of an address where I could go to. They were delighted to learn that I was in the RAF, and all of them were very anxious to help me. They gave me some food and one of them went to fetch the ticket collector. He in turn, brought a young Vichy conscript to see me, and at Toulouse, this boy took me to a hotel that he knew. He told the proprietor that I was English, and I was refused admission. We then went to another hotel. My helper again said that I was English, and this time we were taken in. About ten minutes after we had arrived, the manager came to see me and asked me if I wanted to go to Spain. From this point my journey was arranged for me.

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DAVIES, Victor William

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1580346
Unit: No. 10 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Sgt. Davies, who was on his 9th operational sortie, was the Navigator of a Halifax aircraft which took off from Melbourne at about 2100 hours on

the 27th of August 1943, to attack Nuremburg.

On the return journey, the aircraft was attacked by night fighters from the Belgian-French border and the crew baled out. Sgt. Davies came down just on the Belgian side of the frontier, southwest of Charleroi. After burying his parachute and equipment, he started walking southwest.

Sgt. Davies showed great determination and courage in evading capture. It is strongly recommended that he be Mentioned in Despatches.

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DAVIES, Ivor

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 920641
Unit: No. 70 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Pilot Officer Johnston, and Sergeants Bebbington and Davies were members of the crew of a Wellington aircraft which was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire while attacking Tobruk. Subsequently, it was necessary to land the bomber in close proximity to the enemy's lines. After destroying essential equipment, the crew filled all available water bottles from the aircraft's tank, and with emergency rations, the navigator's compass, a Verey pistol and some first-aid equipment in their possession, they set out to avoid capture. On the second day, the party was assisted by friendly Arabs, but on the following few days, other Arabs were met who were unfriendly, and would render no assistance. On the seventh day they were assisted by a friendly tribesman who supplied them with biscuits, water and cigarettes. He promised to return next day and guide them to Matruh, but failed to keep his promise. The crew therefore moved off and on the tenth day, further tribesmen were encountered who gave them two gallons of water and biscuits. Continuing their trek, they came to a well by noon on the 13th day. Here a rest was taken as food was running short and one member of the party was suffering badly with his feet. It was therefore decided to make an attempt to find a lorry. Towards dusk the party moved off and eventually saw two lorries parked about 50 yards apart on a main road. An attempt to capture one of them was made, but although casualties were inflicted on the occupants the attempt had to be abandoned as the party was out-numbered. Despite this, with the exception of the rear gunner, they succeeded in getting away, and the following day a camel driver assisted them and directed them to a village. For the next seven days they carried on, obtaining water at wells, and being assisted by friendly tribesmen. By the 28th day the crew reached Lake Magra. Shortly after daylight on the following day, they were rescued by the drivers of two army vehicles, after a journey of some 340 miles through hostile country. Pilot Officer Johnston acted as leader throughout, being exceptionally supported by Sergeants Davies and Bebbington. This officer and the airmen displayed resolute courage and fortitude throughout the hazardous period.

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DAY, A.D.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 10263A, RCAF
Unit: No. 77 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, L.G. 11/6/42

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down when returning from a bombing attack on Frankfurt on the 7th of August 1941. He baled out in northern Belgium and showing great coolness, evaded capture, ultimately making his way through France into Spain where he was repatriated.

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DEVLIN, S.G.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 7887993
Unit: No. 32 Army HQ Tank Brigade
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

Captured at Tobruk on the 21st of June 1942, Sergeant Devlin was sent via Benghazi to Munich for interrogation, then returned to Italy and sent via Tuturano, Altamura and Capri to Camp 78 (Sulmona). While here he attempted in February 1943, to escape through the main camp gate dressed as a workman. He was discovered and awarded 30 days cells. In March 1943, he was concerned in a tunnelling scheme which was discovered when the intending escapers were already dressed for the breakout. They were awarded 30 days cells. A few months later, he and another Sergeant were in a tunnelling scheme with some officers. The tunnel was discovered when a donkey put its foot through the entrance; and Devlin received 18 days cells and was threatened with a military tribunal. After the Armistice, prisoners-of-war in Camp 78 were liberated, and after staying about five weeks in the hills, Devlin met three officer escapers from Camp 21 who were organizing the escape of prisoners-of-war, and organizing their billets, until the three officers were betrayed by a Fascist and had to move to Rome. During December 1943, Devlin made three return journeys from Sulmona to Rome conducting parties of POW's. This work was extremely hazardous. Then he stayed in the Sulmona area until the 1st of February 1944, when he joined a party of POW's who were guided by an Italian to the British lines, where they arrived on the 4th of February 1944.

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DICKS, J.B.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 65466, RCAF
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, L.G. 11/6/42

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down by fighters when on its way to attack Frankfurt. He baled out and landed in northern Belgium, and evading capture, subsequently made his way through France and across the Pyrenees into Spain.

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DODDS, Arthur Whitfield

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 106246
Unit: No. 148 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

After being at large for five days following a forced landing, this officer was captured by the Italians on the 6th of June 1942, and interned at Chieti. The camp was taken over by the Germans after the Italian Armistice and the prisoners were moved to a camp at Sulmona. While the prisoners were being entrained from Sulmona enroute for Germany, Flight Lieutenant Dodds and four other officers, concealed themselves in a roof at the camp where they remained until the 18th of October. Supplies were then short and they therefore left the camp by getting through the wire. Flight Lieutenant Dodds and two of his companions remained in hiding near Sulmona until the 13th of January 1944, when they joined a party with an Italian guide who took them to the British lines.

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DOWD, James Patrick

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 553789
Unit: No. 83 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

Flight Sergeant Dowd was Wireless Operator of a Manchester aircraft which was shot down by an enemy night fighter in March 1942. He escaped by parachute, but unfortunately was captured soon after landing, and became a POW.

It is apparent from the intelligence report, that Flight Sergeant Dowd displayed determination of an exceptionally high order to make good his escape.

After becoming a prisoner, this NCO carefully planned and executed three attempts at freedom, but on each occasion was recaptured.

Undaunted by the punishment and brutal treatment he received on recapture, he determinedly carried out a fourth and successful escape.

The spirited resolution that Flight Sergeant Dowd has shown in face of extreme hardships and disappointments has seldom been excelled. His distinguished conduct has conspicuously followed the highest tradition of a British serviceman, a gallant and courageous inspiration to all.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)
(See "Escape Or Die" by Paul Brickhill)

DOWSE, Sydney Hastings

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 86685
Unit: No. 608 Squadron, Coastal Command, RAF
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal and Military Cross

F/Lt. Dowse was captured at Brest on the 20th of August 1941, after baling out of his aircraft which had been set on fire by enemy fighters.

Throughout his captivity, he persistently tried to escape, but never succeeded in reaching England.

His first attempt was made on the 1st of December 1941 from a hospital at Stadtroda, where he had been taken after capture for treatment for an injured leg. Wearing civilian clothes, he climbed the main gate and made his way by train to Munchen-Gladbach. Three days later, while crossing the Dutch-German border, he was caught by a frontier guard.

He next escaped from Stalag IX C (Bad Sulza) by mingling with a fatigue party. After travelling by train to Werwitz, he continued on foot through deep snow towards the German-Belgian frontier, where he was eventually recaptured suffering from extreme exhaustion.

After a few days in hospital he was sent to Oflag VI B, Warburg. While there, he was engaged on the construction of four tunnels, one of which was successfully broken in April 1942, resulting in the escape of six officers.

In May 1942, Dowse was transferred to Stalag Luft III (Sagan), and in June and November of the same year, he made unsuccessful attempts to leave the camp. He also continued his tunnelling activities and on the 24th of March 1944, escapd with 76 other officers. After 14 days' freedom, he and a companion were recaptured at Kempen. As a result of this attempt, F/Lt. Dowse was imprisoned at Sachenhausen concentration camp, where he again helped to dig a tunnel. Even after additional obstacles had been erected by the German authorities, and news had been received of the shooting of 50 officers who had attempted to escape. Flight Lieutenant Dowse and four other POW's would not abandon their scheme, and they escaped as planned on the 23rd of September 1944.

Once outside they separated - F/Lt. Dowse and his companion reached Berlin before they were caught. For the next four months, Dowse was kept in solitary confinement. Finally he was liberated by Allied Forces on the 6th of May 1945.

Two senior officers and one colleague have commended F/Lt. Dowse's persistent efforts to escape.

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DUMSDAY, William John

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J17761
Unit: No. 180 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

On the 31st of August 1943, the aircraft in which this officer was Navigator,was shot down over the Forest d'Eperlecques. He and the captain, F/O Motheral, were able to bale out. All the way to the ground P/O Dumsday was shot at by the enemy. By his outstanding courage, resourcefulness and determination, after landing he was able to hide from the enemy for six hours of daylight, although many times they passed within a few feet of him. After dark, he was able to get away from the area and by his continued strength of will and devotion to duty, he was able to get back to this country.

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DUNDAS, R.

Rank: Driver
Regtl. No. 78491
Unit: Royal Army Service Corps
Awards: Military Medal

I was wounded (both legs and left arm) on the 11th of June, and the following day was taken prisoner, outside St. Valery, as a stretcher case.

Treatment, although wounded, was harsh and rations were meagre. I spent three weeks at a hospital near Fougeres, then a week in Rouen before being taken to the hospital at Doullens. Here a piece of metal was removed from my right knee. While convalescent, I was able to get some civilian clothes and on the 10th of September, managed to leave the hospital unobserved.

I made south through Abbeville, Paris, Bordeaux and Castelon, crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 14th of November, and kept on, through La Reole, to Marseilles.

While in Marseilles (sheltered at the Sailors' Mission), I tried hard to get away and at last made for Spain through Port Bou. I was arrested on the Spanish side, at Figueras, spent fifteen days in prison there, fifteen at Cevera, seven at Saragossa, and twenty-one at Miranda Del Ebro, before getting my release and subsequent repatriation.

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DUNNING, George

Rank: Lance Corporal
Regtl. No. 5045548
Unit: The Lincolnshire Regt.
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal
(See "Where Bleed the Many" by George Dunning)

Taken prisoner in Belgium on the 30th of May 1940, Dunning was sent to Stalag VIII B (Lansdorf). During April 1941, he escaped by cutting the wire, and had reached the Polish-Russian border before his apprehension five days later. Although he was punished by three months' imprisonment, he escaped again within three days of his return to Lansdorf; this time he accompanied some Poles through a tunnel.

When trying to enter Russia by a different route, he was re-captured at the frontier town of Katowice. After another term of imprisonment he was in September 1942, sent to a repatriation camp.

Four months later,upon the failure of negotiations, Dunning and an officer avoided return to Germany by cutting the wire, having assured the sentries' in-attention by giving them hot drinks. Dunning made his way alone to Lyons, and acting upon advice received, then made for Spain. Unfortunately he encountered French police, who sent him to Port De La Revere. Although he escaped from this camp during a mass break-out, he was again arrested and within a few months was sent to Carpi (Camp 73, Italy).

On the 9th of September 1943, he became once more a prisoner of the Germans, when the camp was unexpectedly surrounded in the early morning. To avoid transfer to Germany, he and four others hid in a dug-out for five days without discovery, and were then able to leave the camp unmolested. Dunning went to the mountains and during the next fifty days, fought with four different partisan groups. Nearing Ancona, he discovered a band which was better organized. Throughout the next eight months he served with this unit, finally participating in the rebel occupation of San Severino at the beginning of July 1944. When British forces arrived, Dunning handed over his arms and reported to an Amgot official.

DUVAL, H.P.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 63092
Unit: No. 258 Squadron

On July 8th, 1941, Pilot Officer Duval was shot down near Tincques. Within 15 minutes, the Germans arrived but Duval avoided capture by the exercise of great skill and presence of mind. A few days after landing he managed to escape via Paris and Marseilles to Barcelona. He was never in German hands. He brought back some very valuable information of conditions in France.

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DYER, W.H.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1381730
Unit: No. 99 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, L.G. 26/5/42

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down over Belgium on the 26th of September 1941. Although injured when baling out, he evaded capture, suffering severe privations in doing so, and showing great resource and determination in escaping from an enemy patrol. He later made his way through Northern France into unoccupied territory where he was arrested. He gallantly escaped by assaulting his guards, and frustrating other interference, finally succeeded in making his way into Spain from where he was repatriated.

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EBENRYTTER, Eugeniusz

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. P0103
Unit: No. 302 Squadron(Polish)
Awards: Military Cross

I was detailed to carry out an armed recce in the area north and south of Geertruidenberg. I was hit by light flak and losing glycol. The temperature rose and I was forced to crash land before reaching our lines at a point east of Rijsbergen.

I left the aircraft and headed in a southerly direction, hoping to reach our lines. I was shot at by the enemy and replied with my revolver. The enemy however, brought automatic fire to bear and I was forced to surrender.

I was taken to a Coy H.Q. and then almost immediately, to what the Germans said was a Gestapo H.Q. at Rijsbergen. My money and valuables such as watch, cigarette lighter, etc. were taken from me. I was questioned on the map that I had in my possession, several questions being on our bombing line which they took to be the army front line. I refused to answer any questions but my name, rank and number. I had to repeat this several times.

Among the officers present I saw and was recognized by a German acquaintance from Poland before the war. His name was Kraus.

I was moved to the local Feldgendarmerie and stayed here three days. I had made plans to escape from here, but unfortunately on the night that I was to attempt it, I was moved to the civilian prison at Breda which was being used by the German army. Here I met Lieut. Campbell, a Canadian who arrived that night.

The following day about 60 of us were marched to Amersfoort. I was the only RAF officer in this group.

We stayed the night at Dordrecht and travelled by lorry the following day to Amersfoort where we were housed in a POW camp, I think west of the town. This camp has POW marked on the roof. I stayed 3-4 days and met Campbell's company commander.

On about the 24th of October 1944, we were put into a train and told that we were being moved to Apeldoorn. There were 21 officers in my carriage, all were RAF and airborne units. We started at about 0100 hrs. and half an hour later, I broke the window with F/O Bertrand, a Mustang pilot and a member of No. 33 Wing. My feet were in very bad condition from the march to Amersfoort and Bertrand went out first and waited for me on the buffers to help me.

The train was travelling at about 30-40 miles per hour. Bertrand jumped first and I followed. We both landed okay. We had expected a shot

to be fired from the sentry on the roof, but no shots came.

I figured that we had dropped from the train at a point between Putten and Nijkerk. We marched south for two or three km., my feet were in very bad condition however, and I could make little headway.

Bertrand approached a farmer who fed us. I, speaking a little German, gathered that there were no Germans in the vicinity. I therefore, decided to move by daylight as this was easier on my foot.

Two or three km. further southeast, I approached a farmer who contacted an English-speaking underground worker. This underground worker arrived in the evening, and told us we had to move as the Germans were searching the neighbourhood for a Halifax crew, which had recently landed in the vicinity.

He advised us to move south towards Renkum. He showed us a route and told us that partisans would help us. He gave us maps, compass and food. At approximately 2100 hours, we started moving south for about five km. We decided to lie down and sleep for the rest of the night and the following day.

On the evening of the 26th of October 1944, I contacted a farmer for food. He dressed my feet, but was frightened to let us stay in the house. We therefore, spent the night in a slit trench in his field.

On the afternoon of the 27th of October, I recced the position and found we were near a town which proved to be Voorthuizen. I approached another farmer who gave me food, and brought an underground man to see me. From this point my journey was arranged for me.

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ECKBERY, B.V.

Rank: Sergeant
Regt. No. 1384713
Unit: No. 233 Squadron, R.A.F.V.R.
Awards: Mention in Despatches

On the 9th of October 1942, this airman was the pilot of an aircraft which crashed near El Daba. Sergeant Eckbery was taken prisoner and sent to Camp 70 at Monturano in Italy. After the Italian Armistice he and two companions managed to evade the guards, and from the 15th of September until the 2nd of November 1943, they remained in the vicinity of Ortezzano. After an unsuccessful attempt to escape by sea, Sergeant Eckbery and another escaped prisoner of war, proceeded to Vacri where they remained until the 18th of December. On the 30th of December, Sgt. Eckbery was recaptured and imprisoned in a stable. Undeterred, he soon escaped again, and after having received assistance from friendly Italians, he reached British lines on the 31st of December 1943.

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EDWARDS, E. Earle

Rank: Captain
Awards: Member of the British Empire

(See "South to Freedom" by T.C.F. Prittie, M.B.E.)

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EINSAAR, Leonard Alexander

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 407318 (Aus)
Unit: RAAF, No. 14 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Einsaar and Buckland were members of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down off the coast of Sicily on the 12th of April 1945. In September 1943, they were imprisoned in Camp 53 at Macerta. After the Italian Armistice, the camp was taken over by the Germans, and while prisoners were being evacuated, Flight Sergeants Buckland and Einsaar, with three other prisoners, concealed themselves in the roof of a building. On the 24th of September 1943, they succeeded in passing the German sentries unobserved. The party then travelled to Urbisaglia, and after many vicissitudes, they were evacuated to Termoli on the 25th of May 1944.

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ELLIS, D.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 69471
Unit: No. 104 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down near El Alamein. Flying Officer Ellis evaded capture for two days, but was then taken prisoner by some Germans and sent to Camp 19 at Bologna. On the 8th of September 1943, the Italians released the prisoners at this camp, but only a few succeeded in escaping, owing to a guard placed around the camp by the Germans. While the Germans were removing prisoners to another camp, Flying Officer Ellis and three companions concealed themselves and gained their freedom. After journeying together for three weeks, the party separated and Ellis journeyed on to Rapino. Then with the assistance of the British-born wife of an Italian, he reached British lines on the 9th of December 1943.

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ESPELID, H.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Norwegian Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

EVANS, A.R.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1379093
Unit: No. 102 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Sgt. Evans was the Air Gunner of a Halifax aircraft which left Dalton at 2030 hours on the 27th of April 1942, to bomb the docks at Dunkirk. While over the target, the aircraft was hit by flak and the order was given to bale out. Sgt. Evans landed just west of Bergues, 7 km. from Dunkirk. While in the aircraft, he had been hit by shrapnel in the legs and in the back, and had been machine-gunned during the descent, with the result that his parachute was cut up and he landed heavily, breaking a bone in his ankle. As he felt that he could not get very far away owing to his injuries, he went to the first cottage he came to. They would not keep him, but gave him something to drink and a bottle of beer to take away with him. On leaving the cottage he started to walk across country, but found the fields were too heavy going and returned to a road which ran along the north side of the Colme Canal. When he came to the cross-roads, which was hidden by an inn, a German soldier suddenly came round the corner of the building, saw him and whipped out his bayonet. As Sgt. Evans could not run away, he had to go with the soldier, who started to march him along the road. Believing that he was helpless, the soldier was rather careless and Sgt. Evans took advantage of this to hit him on the jaw with the beer bottle. He was not sure whether he had killed him or not, and rather than risk his being found dead by the Germans, he filled the soldier's pockets and trousers with bricks and rolled him into the canal. He then continued along the road until he came to a farm house where he lay in a barn until day-break. From this point, he proceeded by devious routes back to the United Kingdom.

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EVANS, B.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 755262
Unit: No. 15 O.T.U.
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down on the 31st of May 1942, when returning from a raid on Cologne. On baling out, he landed in the middle of an inhabited area, but evading the enemy, he commenced his journey southwards only to be compelled to go into hiding to escape an intensive search. Although completely surrounded, he avoided capture and finally succeeded in crossing into France.

After many further adventures he reached Spain, from whence he was repatriated on the 18th of August 1942.

EVERTON-JONES, Ben

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 72397
Unit: No. 59 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Flight Lieutenant Everton-Jones was forced to crash-land his aircraft and was captured near Rouen on the 15th of June 1940. In October of the same year, while at a transit camp at Epinal, he attempted to escape over the perimeter wire, but was observed and returned to the camp.

Flight Lieutenant Everton-Jones made another attempt early in 1942, while being transferred to Stalag Luft III, by jumping through the window of a train travelling at 25 mph. Three other officers followed him and they all travelled south for nine days, eventually reaching Berlin, where however, they were recaptured by the police.

FAJTL, F.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 82544
Unit: No. 122 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

This officer was in command of a flighter squadron escorting a bomber force in a daylight raid over Lille, on the 5th of May 1942, when after destroying two Me 109's, his aircraft was damaged and he crash-landed in Northern France.

Leaving his parachute near the airplane, he ran a short distance in one direction, dropping his gloves on the ground, and then re-tracing his steps, ran in the opposite direction. In this way he mislead the enemy as to the direction of his escape. He later hid in a ditch within a stone's throw of enemy headquarters until nightfall, when, despite a thorough search during which patrols stood within ten yards of him, he commenced his journey southwards by using the flashes from the torches of the search parties as a guide. He finally got clear by crawling five hundred yards to pass between two sentries.

Although by now a hue and cry had been raised, he succeeded in obtaining a disguise and eventually reached Paris.

Boldly enlisting a most unusual source of help, he proceeded on his journey, finally arriving in Unoccupied France in a hungry, exhausted and feverish condition. Without faltering however, he continued on his way, ultimately crossing the Pyrenees into Spain, whence he was repatriated to this country on the 21st of August 1942.

Throughout the whole of his evasion, Squadron Leader Fajtl showed the greatest resource and determination.

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FENNER, J.

Unit: Royal Fusiliers
Regtl. No. 14623920
Awards: Military Medal

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FLEMING, J.H.

Rank: Corporal
Regtl. No. 556803
Unit: No. 211 Squadron (Middle East Command)
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches, L.G. 11/6/42

This airman was captured on the 27th of April 1941, when the enemy took over the hospital in Athens where he was a patient with malaria. Upon recovery, he was taken to prison camp from which he made a courageous

escape. He successfully remained in hiding in Athens for some time; finally embarking with others on a caique and after many adventures, succeeded in reaching Egypt, from where he was repatriated.

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FLOCKHART, Cyril Bruce

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 628366
Unit: No. 76 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

I was a member of the crew of a Halifax Mark 1 aircraft which took off from Middleton St. George about 2145 hrs. on the 4th of August 1941. We reached approximately the target area - Karlsruhe - and bombed the larger of two fires, possibly at Mannheim. We were coned badly and shot up by flak, one-half of the tail unit being destroyed. Sgt. Byrne put the aircraft into a steep dive and gave the order to bale out about 0200 hours (August 5). I baled at 500 or 600 ft. and was only in the air for about two seconds. The aircraft went on, and I learned later that Sgt. Byrne had flown it alone as far as the Belgian Coast, where he had been shot down by a fighter.

I reached the ground on a new road between Worms (Germany) and Lampertheim. I sprained my knee in touching down. Two searchlights were operating along the ground near me. I lay still for a few minutes and then gathered in my parachute, took off my harness, and hid both in a ditch. The fire at Mannheim was pretty big and I decided it would be advisable to make in that direction and that it would be better to head for France. I was on the eastern bank of the Rhine, and as I did not feel able to swim the river, I walked north in search of a bridge. I went along the uncompleted road, which was camouflaged with grass matting. At the junction of the road with the Autobahn, I turned along the Autobahn towards Worms. When cars passed me I got into the ditch at the roadside. Before I reached the bridge, I got into a wood. There was bright moonlight and good visibility, and after observing the bridge for some time, I decided to cross it, skirt the town on the south, and lie up for the day in another small wood which I could see.

I got about a third of the way across the bridge when a guard came out of a room in the wall of the bridge. He challenged me. I tried to bluff him, but without success. He took me into the guardroom and I was then marched, with an escort of two with rifles at the ready, to the military barracks at the north side of Worms. I was searched in the barracks guardroom. I gave my name, rank and number, and about 0400 hrs. was put into a cell.

After two or three hours, the first of a number of Army and Luftwaffe officers came in. All spoke English and were very polite. I got off my bed for the first, sat up for the second, and ignored the remainder. They wanted to know where I had come down, where the aircraft was, what my

target had been, and where the rest of the crew were. I did not answer any of these questions, merely repeating my name, rank and number. About a dozen officers came in between 0630 and 0900 hours. I got very fed up and treated them with contempt. I was given bread and Ersatz coffee, and later was taken to see the commanding officer who spoke no English. He tried to question me through an interpreter, asking me the same type of question the others had put. I refused to answer. I was taken back to my cell, where I remained for two days. There was no further interrogation during that time.

Two Feldwebel of the Luftwaffe took me to Dulag Luft (Oberursel, near Frankfurt). I was accompanied by Sgt. Leigh, of my crew, who had been caught near Worms about 0700 hours on the day on which we baled out. We arrived in Frankfurt in the evening. We were politely received at Dulag Luft by a Feldwebel who had lived for many years in the United States. I was taken alone into a room outside the general compound and a meal was brought. I was asked to change into an old Polish uniform while my own, which actually had not been "prepared" was being examined. My collar-stud, nailfile, fountain pen and ring were all carefully examined.

Next morning an Oberleutnant came in. He spoke excellent English and was very charming at first. He produced a new packet of Capstans, offered me one, and put the cigarettes and matches on the table. After asking after my comfort and saying I would be well treated, he said there was one formality - the completion of the Red Cross form. I looked at the form and saw that it contained a number of operational questions. I filled in my name, rank and number, and my mother's address, putting my pen through the other questions. After I had signed the form at his request, the Oberleutnant said I had forgotten to fill in some of the replies. I said I did not think the Red Cross particularly wanted the other information. He said I could not tell him anything he did not already know. I replied that, in that case, there was little point in his asking me. He showed me other completed forms, and said I was being very foolish in not doing what everyone else did. I got a bit rattled and told him to get to hell out of it. He became very angry and tried to bluster and bluff, but I was as angry as he was. He collected his cigarettes and matches and went away. No further attempt was made to interrogate me.

The next day (August 8 or 9) I was put into the main compound and was there for seven or eight days.

When I arrived at Stalag III E (Dobrilugk-Kirchhain) in a party, there were already about 50 RAF POW's there. During the next few weeks, two more batches came in till the total strength was about 190. Food parcels did not begin to arrive there until two months later - about October 1941.

Just before this, 12 sergeants got out by making a hole in the wall in their barracks. All were recaptured within four or five days. I was not in this party, as I was living in another barracks. As a reprisal for this escape, about 50 or 60 guards were sent into the camp. All our boots were taken away and put into sacks, and we were issued with wooden-soled sandals. I was at the end of the first row, and was the first when we were

marched round a field at the bottom of the compound. There was a guard every twenty paces. An officer, probably a Lieutenant, stood in the centre, brandishing his revolver and screaming threats in German, the import of which was that I should go faster. This I was partly unable and partly unwilling to do. I was aided by one of the guards, who had been ordered to make me march faster. He put a hand on each of my shoulders, kicked my knees forward with his knees, and trod on my heels. I still bear the marks of this. I tried to march on my bare feet, but was compelled by the officer to wear my sandals. The marching round the compound continued for two and three-quarter hours. Threats were made with rifle butts. At least a dozen of the POW's fainted and were made to rise. Where they could not walk, two of their comrades were made to assist them. During this time other guards were searching our living quarters. Food which had been saved such as bread crusts for making puddings, was thrown about. Next morning my bungalow was punished a further hour of marching round the field, again in sandals - this time as a punishment for having been late for parade the previous evening. There were no incidents this time, as the marching was rather easier than on the day before, though most of us were in an exhausted condition.

On recapture, the 12 escapers were put in a partly underground cellar. Two others who tried to escape by hiding in a latrine, were also put here for five days. There was no light in the cellar, in which there were as many as five or six at one time. Except for a hot meal every fourth day, they were fed on bread and water. Complaints were made to the Protecting Power, and later offenders were sent to the local police station cells.

In January 1942, we began to make a tunnel, with practically everyone in the camp assisting. There were several searches during its construction. One of the searches coincided with the visit of a General, who actually stood on the brick covering one of the ventilation holes. The General said the camp was not good enough for British POW's and that we would be transferred.

On the 1st of May 1942, we discovered unofficially through an interpreter, that the first party of 100 was to be moved in a week's time. We redoubled our efforts to finish the tunnel, but when I left the camp in the first party, there were still 20 metres to go. I learned later that on the night before the departure of the second party they broke the tunnel and 52 men got out. After considerable search, the Germans found the exit of the tunnel but did not find the entrance under a bungalow floor, until they had sent in a man through the tunnel. The engineering of the tunnel was done by Sgt. Prior, RAF, a Welsh miner.

I arrived in Stalag Luft III (Sagan) on the 8th of May 1942. An escape committee was organized, but escape was difficult because of the activities of the Abwehr officers. They had seismographs to detect tunnels. Several tunnels were made - none successful - from our compound. I took no part in these schemes, as I was in hospital with abscesses in the groin during the summer.

In the early part of the winter, the Germans were making large holes between the warning wire and the main wire, filling the holes with rubbish,

and spreading the yellow sand on top. I discussed with Sgt. Chantler, RAF, the possibility of getting into one of the holes and building a "Blitz tunnel" under the main wire. At the last moment, Chantler asked me to take him with me.

We were allowed to walk until 2100 hrs. along a "red line" between the barracks. My scheme was to crawl from between two of the barracks to a hole, about 100 metres away, carrying a spade head which I had stolen. On the night of December 18,1942, Chantler and I did this. It took us two hours to crawl, literally inch by inch, over the 100 metres. I got into the hole beside the warning wire and between two machine gun posts on which searchlights were mounted. There was also a guard on the outside wire between the posts. The hole was about 4 ft. deep. I started working. Chantler joined me, and we took the digging in turns. We made the first part of the tunnel large enough to hold us both. I was then to go ahead, and pass the earth back to Chantler, who was to block the entrance. We had dug about two and a half metres and I was coming out with the last lot of soil before the sealing of the entrance, when Chantler signalled for silence. There was a dog on the edge of the hole looking down at us. The dog went away without making a sound. We lay quiet. Two minutes later the dog returned to the opposite side of the hole. We heard footsteps and a terrific shouting began. A Hundmeister (one of the men in charge of the dogs) appeared. The searchlights came on to the spot. At first I refused to come out of the hole, insisting that the Hundmeister stand beside me as I came out. When we came out, we were marched with hands up, down to the gate, the searchlights following us. There were one or two "blind-spots" on the way, and we got rid of our maps and compasses. The Abwehroffizier (Major Peschel) interrogated us as to where we were going. I decided to make a joke of the whole business, including the discovering of a 100 R.M. note sewn into my jacket, and succeeded. We got 14 days' cells in the camp. We had intended to jump a coal train for France in the morning, having heard of two Frenchmen from a neighbouring camp who had got on a similar train bound for Lyon.

On the 21st of May 1943, I succeeded in escaping from the camp. I joined a party of POW. going to the camp dentist. Sgt. Hale, RAF, who was also in the party, had made a key for the dentist's waiting room. He opened the door for me and locked it behind me. I went out into the corridor, dressed as a German. I was wearing well-worn RAF trousers dyed to look like German working trousers, a white working jacket and an RAF cap made to look like a German cap, and with badges embroidered by a Pole. I carried a towel and a piece of German soap. I walked 80 or 100 yards to the showers in the Vorlager. Here I joined a party of about 70 Germans which was forming up and marched with them, after counting, into the square in the German camp. Here we were dismissed, and the party dispersed to the living quarters.

I walked into one barracks and wandered round for a little. Then I got a rake and started to rake the pathway. I did this for about an hour. I then got a plank and carried it on my shoulders to the stables, where a number of Germans were doing odd jobs. I started tidying the cart shed. The others drifted away for lunch. I went up the ladder to the hayloft, and lay down in the back of the loft until dusk. During this time, I saw

a signal from my compound that I had been "covered" on the dental party (by Sgt. Menzies, RAF, a Red Cross parcels orderly who had got into the Vorlager as an extra man and had joined the dental parade as it was returning to the camp) - and on parades. I was being covered on parades by Sgt. Eyles, my double in appearance, and by Sgt. Wilkie.

After dark, I came out of the hayloft, made my way through the German camp, and found a bus outside the Sergeant's Mess, where a concert was in progress. I thought of hiding under the back seat of the bus, but considered this impractical. I spent the next two hours in lavatories in the German camp. At midnight I put my cap and jacket into the pit in one of the lavatories. This left me with a jacket of Harris tweed appearance made from a blanket, my RAF trousers, a cap made from a duster, a pair of German Army boots, which had been given in Belgium to a Sergeant who had no footwear.

I went round the back of the lavatory, through trees close to the dog kennels, over a single strand barbed-wire fence, and into a wood on the south side of the camp.

I had an address in the Warsaw area (since forgotten). I made my way on foot from Sagan to Sprottau, and then by train to Glogau and Fraustadt, intending to make for Lissa. On the train I travelled as a Polish workman on a false Ausweis. I had another for use in Poland. Both were forged in the camp.

From Fraustadt I walked across the Polish frontier, being unaware that there is no control on the frontier. I entered a small village a few km. inside Poland. A party of boys (Germans) in the street asked me where I was going. (It was then about 2200 hrs) I said I was going to Lissa. They asked for my Ausweis, and I showed them the appropriate one, which had, instead of the photograph, a pencil sketch done in the camp. The sketch was good enough to pass in poor light. One of the boys was dissatisfied, but I was allowed to go. As soon as I got clear of the village, I started to run along the road. A few minutes later two bicycles came along behind me. I hid in a field of barley beside the road. The cyclists were two of the boys, so I decided to cut across country.

I by-passed Lissa, walking by night and hiding by day. Two mornings later I met a barefooted boy in overalls leading a horse. I spoke to him in German, which he did not understand, so I asked him for shelter in Polish of which I had learned a few words before leaving the camp, and told him I was British. He took me back about a quarter of a mile to a middle-aged man working in a field. This man who spoke a little German, said he would be glad to help. I waited with him until 0700 hours when the man took me to a large farmhouse. He explained to three or four middle-aged Polish women there that I was British, and I was given a meal. While I was eating, a thin shrewish Polish woman came in, and got most upset at my being there. As a result of this woman's agitation I had to leave immediately.

I went off about 0900 hours. The man said there was a wood a few km. further on, and I went there. On my way through the wood, I encountered parties of wood-cutters working under German gang bosses whom I recognized by

the eagle badge on their caps. On my way through the wood I passed several of these parties, and saluted each with "Heil Hitler". They generally asked where I was going, and I said I was on my way to Reisen, a village which I knew to be in the direction in which I was going.

I came out of the wood into heavily cultivated country, where there were large numbers of workers in the fields. They also asked me where I was going, and I always gave the same answer. About 200 yds. outside Reisen, a farmer wearing the Nazi party badge, approached me and asked where I was going. I told him I was on my way to Reisen. He was a Volksdeutscher. He said he did not know me and asked for my Ausweis. I said I had been sent from Lissa. (My pass had been made out as from Lissa). He looked at the Ausweis, and seeing that I was supposed to be Polish, spoke to me in Polish. I said that now I only spoke German. He said that there was something funny about me, and that he had better have the police. I could not break away because of the large number of people in the fields, and also because I was lame and suffering from thirst.

The farmer kept my Ausweis and sent for the police. A Feldwebel of the Gendarmerie came along and asked me the details which were contained on my Ausweis. I answered these questions without difficulty. He said I must consider myself under arrest. Handing his rifle to the farmer, he searched me and found a tin of Horlick's tablets. He asked me if the tin contained explosives. I said they were tablets to eat. He then noticed that the writing on the box was in English.

Realizing that the game was up, I declared myself a British POW. The Feldwebel's attitude changed completely to one of sympathy. On the way to the police station, he bought me a bottle of beer and then gave me his bicycle to ride, telling me not to try to escape because he was a good shot. I rode to the police station with the Feldwebel walking alongside. He reported my arrest to his headquarters by telephone, and then allowed me to wash and shave. When I had finished he brought three bottles of beer in his office, and also gave me cigarettes. The two other policemen there were also very polite and at midday, took me to lunch in a cafe in the town.

At 1700 hours, I was taken by horse-wagon, accompanied by the Feldwebel, to the headquarters of the Gestapo in a large private house in Lissa. I was taken into a room where I was confronted by the film conception of a Gestapo agent - a pale midle-aged man with cropped hair and glasses. He sat looking at me for several minutes, and then gave an order. The Feldwebel took me to the civil prison in the castle of Lissa. I was handed over to an S.S. Feldwebel in the guardroom, thoroughly searched by him, and conducted to a cell. I was given a very small meal, and all my clothing was taken away.

At 0700 hours next day, I was put into a private car with two civilians, one of whom was the first person I had seen at the Gestapo headquarters. Two young boys in uniform, whom I discovered to be Ukrainians who escaped enroute to Germany, were in the car. By watching the signposts I saw we were going to Posen. At the Gestapo Hauptstelle I was taken into a room with several S.S. men and a woman interpreter, who was interrogating two men in Russian. On learning who I was, the woman spoke very charmingly in English. I was then taken downstairs to the cells.

In the office of the cells all my possessions were taken and put into an envelope. One of the S.S. people began to talk to me in German on general matters. During our talk, a middle-aged Polish woman was brought in. While her possessions were being taken she fumbled, and was struck on the face. She was then taken to a cell. Two Polish youths were brought in. One was rather nervous and not quick enough in handing over his possessions. He also received a blow on the face. Both Poles were taken to the cells. The officials who had ill-treated them were very nice to me.

I was taken to a cell was was crowded with civilians. I said to the official that I preferred to be in a cell by myself, but he said I must go in beside the civilians. I went in. The cell was 12 ft. long, 6 ft. wide and about 10 ft. high, with one open window about 3 ft. by 2 ft. There were already 20 men in this cell. Some sat on a wooden bed in the centre of the floor, and the rest on the floor itself. There was a latrine bucket in the corner.

I spoke to a young Pole in German. He said all the civilians were Poles. I said I was British and in a few seconds, found that all the Poles spoke German. They crowded around, shook hands with me, and patted me on the shoulder. I found they were there for questioning, but they would not tell me about what. They said that after questioning, people were taken to a Gestapo prison where conditions were very bad. At intervals, individuals were taken from the room. At mid-day all the men were filed out. I was told to stay in the cell. A Pole then brought me a plate of soup and vegetables. I got at least double the quantity given to the Poles, and also a second helping which I gave to some of the Poles.

In the afternoon some of the people taken for questioning were brought back looking very nervous and shaken. One seemed to be in great pain. Both his thumbs were badly swollen and blue, and he seemed to be in pain with his back, being unable to lie on it. Some of the others helped him off with his jacket, and I saw that his shirt was cut to ribbons and that there were large welts on his back. The Poles seemed to be fatalistic about this treatment.

About 1800 hours, we all filed out into the passage, faces to the wall. Names were called out. The Poles were made to run to the office to collect their belongings. When my name was called I walked to the office. I was told to return to my place in the line after I had got my belongings. A few minutes later names were called out again, and we were marched upstairs into a courtyard between a file of S.S. guards with sub-machine guns. We were put into a flat canvas-coverered Ford 30-cwt. truck. There were about 60 or 70 in the truck, both men and women. The truck was closed and guards were put on the back. I got to the side of the truck and managed to see out of a slit in the canvas. We went through Posen to a suburb and stopped at a Fort.

We alighted inside the gate. Names were called and we were divided into parties. I was in a party of three Polish women and four Polish men. I noted the name over the entrance to the Fort, Fort Columb. We were marched inside the Fort and made to stand in a passage with our faces to the wall. Names were called. Our personal belongings were taken away and I was searched by the S.S. guards.

An Unteroffizier was in charge. I told him that I was a British POW and must be treated as such; that I objected to being placed with Polish civilians, and that it was my right to have a cell to myself. He consulted someone on the telephone and said I would be taken to a room with German civilians, this being the best accommodation they could offer me. I was taken downstairs to a room on a level with the bottom of the moat. On entering this room I found 16 German civilians - all men. When the door closed they gathered around asking me who I was, where I had come from, and why I was there. I told them I was a British POW. They were very friendly. They gave me bread, butter, jam, and Ersatz coffee. I talked with several of them on general matters - mostly why they were there. I won the confidence of some of them and found that they were there for sabotage - that is, careless workmanship or inefficiency, and several others for having been intimate with Polish women. I did a fair amount of propaganda amongst these Germans who seemed to be quite impressed.

I was two days in this cell, and at 0700 hrs. one morning was taken out and convoyed with 60 or 70 others back to the Gestapo Headquarters, where I was put back into the cell in which I had previously been, with about 20 other Poles.

After two hours, my name was called and I was taken to a room where there were three S.S. guards. One of the guards (possibly the Lieutenant), attempted to interrogate me, but I said that I understood very little German. I insisted on having an interpreter. My object in doing this was to give me time because I understood the questions and wanted an opportunity to prepare my answers. I was made to stand at attention during the interrogation which lasted about four hours. The whole of the interrogation was taken down direct on the typewriter by one of the guards. The interpreter was also an S.S. guard who spoke imperfect English. They first asked my name. I said it was FLOCKHART. They said this was a lie and that my name was WILKIE. (Wilkie was one of the men who covered my absence from the camp). I said I had never heard of anyone called by that name, except Wendell Wilkie. They did not like my answer and threatened to strike me. They continued to accuse me of lying, but eventually let this point drop.

They asked me which camp I was from. I told them. They asked me how I escaped. I told a long story of how one gets tired of prison life and how, in desperation, I jumped over the wire and got away. They wanted to know if the guards fired on me. I made an evasive answer that I was not wounded.

They then asked many questions about the names of my parents, my birthplace, and my profession. Some of the questions I answered truthfully, and others untruthfully. They accepted all this, and then said, "Your name is Wilkie, and you have killed a policeman, for which you are to be shot". I maintained that my name was FLOCKHART, that I had not killed anyone, and that if they phoned my camp, someone could be sent from the German staff to identify me positively. Their reply was that of course they would do as I suggested. They again became threatening and said that I was in their hands and that no one knew anything about me. They said they did not believe my story about escaping or anything I had told them, and that I was in a very dangerous position. They wanted the names of those who had helped me to escape, and again threatened me when I said I had jumped over the wire.

They also wanted to know how I had become a prisoner, how I had been shot down, what target I had bombed, and where the rest of my crew were. I volunteered no information beyond the fact that I had been taken prisoner at Worms.

At this stage, an Unteroffizier of the Luftwaffe from the camp came into the room and recognized me. He was accompanied by a Gefreiter also from the camp. Both carried revolvers. They were told to sit in a corner.

The S.S. guard who had been acting as interpreter, stuck his face close to mine and said, "So you are a Terrorflieger who has come to bomb our women and children". I told this guard in German exactly what I thought of him and his methods. The other S.S. guards were at first shocked that I could speak German. They then became very threatening and told me I was much too clever, and not to try to play monkey tricks with them. There was no further questioning and I was asked to sign the last of the sheets which were written in German. At first I refused to do so, but finally agreed, maintaining that I did not know what I was signing.

I was again taken to the cells for about an hour. The civilian warder asked if I was hungry and brought me sandwiches. They looked very attractive, but I did not eat them in case they were drugged. A little later the Unteroffizier and Gefreiter escorted me to the railway station in Posen, and took me back to the camp. On the train, I ate the sandwiches, which were quite nice.

As soon as I got back to the camp (about May 29, 1943) I was met by Oberfeldwebel Glemnitz of the Abwehr Department, a big tough type of man, who had lived for many years in the United States. He was very pleasant and gave me English cigarettes, asking how I got out of the camp. I said he could not expect me to answer that. He then talked about other things, but came back at intervals during the next hour and a half, to my escape. I was in the cells, and when he left he gave me cigarettes, contrary to orders.

The following morning, Hauptmann Brody of the Abwehr Department, and Unteroffizier Flokowski of the Lagerfuhrung (administration), tried to interrogate me. Flokowski spoke very good English. They were anxious to find out how I left the camp. My statement to the Gestapo of the date on which I had left the camp changed to coincide with the date on which the "cover" on me in the camp was lifted. This was about five days after I had got out and during that period Eyles and Wilkie had covered up my absence. Flokowski said he was on duty at the office on this date and that he was in trouble, being suspected of having helped me to get out. Flokowski had for some months, tried to be friendly with me and others in the camp. He traded on that friendliness now, asking me not to get him in trouble. I told the Hauptmann it was absurd to suggest that Flokowski had assisted me, but still did not say how I had got out. They then gave up the interrogation as a bad job. I believe they thought that I went out of the camp dressed as a Russian.

I got 14 days in the cells with bread and water. Wilkie and Eyles, who had covered me, got seven days each. Eyles had been discovered because he could not speak German. I was already recaptured by that time.

I arrived in Stalag Luft VI (Heydekrug) Germany, on the 30th of June or 1st of July 1943. This was a new camp with a new German staff. The camp strength when I left on the 18th of February 1944, was a little over 3,000 and the intention was to make it up to 6,000 by transfers from other camps. There are three compounds, and the camp will be overcrowded when there are 6,000 there.

I escaped alone from the camp on the morning of the 18th of February. The previous day I had obtained entrance to another unfinished and partly occupied compound. About 0830 hrs. on the 18th I left the wash barracks in this compound, dressed in a green tweed jacket, riding breeches made from Italian pantaloons, top boots (Stiofel), a soft hat, an RAF officer's mack-intosh. I was carrying a canvas briefcase (made in the camp) under my arm and in my hand a rolled-up plan of the compound and environs which had been made for me in the camp by architects among the POW. I had my hair cropped and had shaved off my moustache, and looked so like a German that one of the POW in my own compound had actually taken me for a member of the Kriminal-polizci who sometimes visited the camp.

I walked to the warning wire, indicated to the guard that I was going to the unfinished wash barracks, inspected the wash barracks outside, and made some notes on my plan. I then went inside for a few moments. Coming out again, I walked slowly to the gate, presented my pass (a forgery) to the guard, and was accepted by him as one of the architects who had been working in the compound. I walked through the gate without being questioned.

I then proceeded to the camp sewage farm which is under construction near the river, about 200 metres from the camp. I was within full view of the watch towers. I spent about ten minutes at the sewage farm, examining the excavations, on which there was no one working, and pretending to take notes and pace distances. I then walked back towards the camp, diagonally towards one corner, and went around the outside wire. This brought me to a road which leads to the main administrative buildings. Before reaching them I turned off on another dirt track through a wood. This brought me to the main road leading to Heydekrug. Before leaving the sewage farm I had put my plan into my briefcase which also contained clothing, toilet geat and sandwiches. The pass I carried was forged and made out in the name of a Germanised Pole.

From Heydrkrug I made my way to Danzig, where I succeeded in boarding a Swedish vessel which sailed from Weichselmunde on the 25th of February. I arrived in Stockholm on the 27th of February.

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FLOODY, C.W.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches
London Gazette 13/6/46
(Great Escape, in charge of clothing factory)

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FORDE, D.N.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regt. No. 41526
Unit: No. 145 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This officer, flying a Spitfire, was compelled to bale out in Northern France on the 23rd of July 1943. He hid in a field all the next day to avoid enemy soldiers who were searching for him, and the next day made his way south, eventually crossing the Line of Demarcation on the 9th of August. Shortly afterwards, his companion was arrested, but he went on and eventually crossed the Pyrenees on the 23rd of September. Here he was arrested, and after a short period of internment, was released and repatriated from Gibraltar on the 12th of October.

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FOWLER, Hedley Nevile

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 39457
Unit: No. 615 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

On the 15th of May 1940, I was pilot of a Hurricane which took off about 1100 hrs. from Vitry-En-Artois, escorting bombers over Dinant.

At approximately 1145 hrs. I was shot down by Messerschmitt fighters about five miles north of Fumay, on the west bank of the River Nfuse. My aircraft was on fire so I baled out and landed in a wood. I left my parachute in the middle of a bush and cut one of the panels out to bind round my head, which was bleeding. I had dropped my helmet on the way down and I was not wearing flying kit. My clothes were S.D. uniform, a Khaki "Sidcot suit", and black flying boots.

After landing, I destroyed my pay book and personal letters, but kept my identity disc and a B.E.F. identity card. I threw away my pistol which was of German make. I then started to walk west through thick woods. My aircraft had fallen in the forest on the east bank of the River Neuse. I walked for about five hours. Going was very rough and I took off my sidcot suit and carried it. About 1700 hrs. I was resting under a tree when a French soldier jumped out of a bush and pointed a rifle at me. I speak a little French and he asked me whether I was a German. I showed him my B.E.F. identity card and convinced him that I was a British pilot. This Frenchman was one of six French sappers trying to rejoin that unit. With them, I walked through woods to Rocroi. Here I left them and joined the remnants of a company of French infantry, commanded by a Sub-Lieutenant. They were very much disorganized and were retreating West. Their M.O. attended to the cut on my head. Next day, 16th of May, we passed through Rumigny. About 1630 hours we were nearing Brunehamel, when we were fired upon by a M.G.

We got off the road and split up into two sections. I went with the Sub-Lieutenant. We moved into an isolated area where we stayed for about an hour. We were fired upon and returned the fire until our ammunition was short. Two

German tanks then appeared and we were surrounded. We therefore surrendered.

The French officer and I were searched and were taken to a small railway junction and locked up in a cattle truck. On the 17th of May, we were taken by lorry to Bastogne. Here we met a French general, a colonel on his staff, and another officer. We slept that night at the German H.Q. On the 18th we began walking with a large column of French POW. Later, a car picked us up and took us to Wiltz (Luxembourg). That evening we went by train to Trier, where we arrived on the 19th. Here I met S/Ldr. Lockett, RAF, and two other RAF officers. The Germans took our numbers and names, but did not attempt to interrogate us.

On the 20th of May, we left Trier by train for Mainz, where we arrived about 1800 hrs. We were put in a room together and were told we should be sent to a special camp where we should be very well treated.

On the 21st, we were taken by car to Dulag Luft at Oberursel (Frankfurt). We arrived here about 1300 hrs. We were given a good meal and told we should be well treated. Our captors talked a good deal about "Kameradschaft" between pilots.

We were put into separate rooms and left alone until about 1000 hrs. Then the Kommandant of the camp visited us. He spoke perfect English, offered me cigarattes, and talked pleasantly about various subjects. He did not mention Service matters.

Next day, the 22nd, a "Paymaster" came and asked whether I wished to exchange any German money for "Lagergeld". I exchanged about 10 or 15 German marks, which I had got in return for French money in a canteen at Trier. I told him I wished to get in touch with the Red Cross. He then produced a form, headed, I think, British Red Cross, and Order of St. John. While completing it, I noticed that it contained questions as to my squadron, Wing, C.O.'s name and station. I refused to complete these particulars. The "Paymaster" told me that unless I did so, I probably would not be able to receive my mail.

He then read out the names of a number of RAF officers and asked me whether I knew any of them. Two of them were from my own squadron, and one, P/O Fredman, had been shot down two days before I was. I said that I knew Fredman, and asked what had happened to him, but the Paymaster would not tell me.

That afternoon I was released and allowed to move freely about with the other POW's in another part of the camp. W/Cdr. Day was S.B.O. The food was much worse than the food I had been given hitherto. Day warned me to watch out for microphones, though he said so far they had not located any. I was not further interrogated at Dulag Luft.

A German in civilian clothes calling himself, Eberhardt, who spoke very good English, used to talk about general subjects to the POW's. He said that he was the interpreter, and was interested also in our welfare. Conditions in Dulag Luft were not uncomfortable.

On the 5th of June 1940, with about 19 other British personnel, I left Dulag Luft and travelled by bus to Oflag II A (Prenzlau), S.W. of Stettin.

This was a purely Polish camp, and we were the only British personnel there. I was here for about a month. On the 5th of July, I arrived at Stalag Luft I (Barth).

Conditions in Stalag Luft I from July 1940, were very similar to those in other camps in spite ofthe German assertion that Air Force prisoners were better treated than those of other services. German rations were scanty, and extremely bad, the potatoes often being uneatable. Rations were carefully weighed in the raw state, and those that were bad were never exchanged.

Major Burchardt, the Camp Kommandant, was kindly disposed towards the POW's, but could do nothing to better their conditions, and the direct control of the POW's revolved upon the Camp "Abwehr" officer, who on nearly all occasions, was a Party man and whose power in regard to POW's was paramount. The "Abwehr" officer at Stalag Luft I was a professor of psychology named Oberleutnant Doctor Ippisch, an extremely clever and troublesome individual. He instituted regular and exhaustive weekly searches of the POW's and of their quarters; sometimes these searches were even more frequent.

In November 1941, I was parcels officer. As part of my duty, I used to go to the rooms where the POW's Red Cross parcels were kept, accompanied by a guard. After a time, the guard became careless and allowed me to enter the parcels room alone while he remained in an adjoining room.

I began making a bogus German uniform out of various bits of material. I also saved food from Red Cross parcels. When the uniform was finished, I smuggled it and a supply of food into the parcels room, inside a Red Cross wrapping. About 1030 hrs. on the 5th of November, I went into the parcels room, leaving my guard outside. Looking out of the window, I saw few Germans about. I quickly put on the German uniform, put my food into an old mail bag, slung the bag over my shoulder, and walked out of the room. I walked past the Kommandantur, and through part of the camp occupied by the guards. Eventually I reached the perimeter wire at a point where it was not then guarded. I climbed over the top and hid in a wood beyond it. Here I took off my German clothing. Under it I was wearing a civilian suit which I had made.

I walked for about two miles and hid in another wood until nightfall. I heard people shouting and dogs barking, and assumed that the Germans were searching for me.

My intention was to reach Sassnitz and stow away in a Swedish boat. I had a compass and a map. I proposed to follow the same route as F/Lt. Shore and F/Lt. Burton. After dark I walked along the main road towards Stralsund. At one point I jumped on a slow goods train, but it stopped at Velgast; so I continued my journey on foot. About 0600 hrs. on the 6th of November, I arrived at Stralsund. There is a bridge from Stralsund to the island of Rugen. I saw no sentries on the bridge, and I began to walk across. A German civilian, walking the same way, spoke to me, asking me whom I knew in Rugen. I can speak a little German and I told him that I was an Italian workman on leave and was visiting the island for pleasure. I tried to give him the impression that I was half-witted. This puzzled him, and he began to shout at me, so I turned back and re-entered Stralsund. Here I tried to steal a bicycle, but without success. I then saw a number of workmen about to cross

the bridge, so I mingled with them and crossed it without incident. I walked along the main road towards Sassnitz for about three miles and lay up in a wood for a couple of hours. I also ate some of my food. I then continued walking until dusk and lay up again in another wood. After dark, I walked into the railway yard at Bergen, hoping to jump on a train which would take me through to Sassnitz. The train arrived and stopped, but unfortunately I only woke up as it was leaving and it was going too fast for me to jump on it. About midnight I walked into Bergen, hoping to find a bicycle. I failed and continued walking to Sassnitz where I arrived about 1130 hrs. on the 7th. I believed that the ferry train to Sweden left at 1300 hrs. so I went immediately to a position from which I could watch the docks. My clothes were torn and I was covered with mud, although I had found time to shave.

A number of soldiers were paraded close to the ferry boat, and there were numerous civilians standing about. There was a big barricade at the docks, and many police with dogs. I threw away my haversack and started walking towards the docks. As I was approaching some trucks, I was suddenly confronted by a policeman with a dog. He asked me what I was doing there and I replied that I was having a look at the ships. He then asked me what I was doing in Sassnitz. I said that I had come to see my aunt, who lived at a house in one of the streets through which I had passed. He then asked me for my "Ausweis" and I told him that I had left it at home. He then arrested me. In the police station I was stripped, and I was readily identified by the POW identity tag which I was wearing round my neck. I had retained it in order to avoid my being charged with espionage if I was captured.

I was not interrogated but was taken back to Stalag Luft I.

I received 14 days cells. The Kommandant visited me and took my attempted escape in good part. He told me he would try to keep me in the camp, but that the "Abwehr" officer had complained that I had committed a breach of confidence by escaping while I was Parcels Officer. The Kommandant agreed with me that as I was under guard I was not guilty of breaking my parole. I asked to see the "Abwehr" officer, who insisted that I had committed a breach of confidence.

I was sent to Oflag IV C (Colditz) at the end of November, and arrived there on the 1st of December 1941.

Conditions in Colditz have already been reported upon by Lt. A.M.S. Neave, R.A., up to January 1942.

Since that date all the French Jews have been removed and there has been a constant influx of escapers of all nationalities. In September 1942, there were about 600 German guards and 400 POW's, composed roughly of 80 British (including 1 Czech pilot serving in the RAF), 60 Dutch, 60 Poles and 195 French and Belgians.

There had been a number of shooting incidents since January 1941, the most noteworthy being the following, which occurred about May 1942:- The British started what is known as "water fight" in which everyone strips to shorts and throws water at everyone else, and out of the windows, and at

officers below in the courtyard. It was confined entirely to quarters and the courtyard, and the one German sentry there was laughing and obviously enjoying it. Suddenly, the gate burst open and in rushed a German officer and about 20 guards, and ordered everybody inside. As soon as the courtyard was cleared, the guard opened up on the windows, and fired 29 shots in all. One Frenchman was wounded in the shoulder and has lost the use of his left arm. This German method of enforcing discipline occurs frequently, and usually results in some entirely innocent person being hurt. On many occasions light and water are cut off, and exercise in the park stopped for the most trivial reasons. When complaints are made to the Protecting Power, the Germans always have a ready excuse, such as blown fuses and an unreliable water system.

The only method of retaliating by POW's is what is known as "Bosch baiting", and is under the able direction of W/Cdr. Bader, RAF. This consists of annoying the Germans on all possible occasions, by refusing to understand German, by making booby-traps, by writing pamphlets giving the truth about Germany, by demonstrating during roll calls, and in many other ways.

Oflag IV C (Colditz) is a special camp reserved for officers who have either escaped from other camps, or have given trouble to the Germans necessitating their removal from normal camps. For this reason, the standard of escaping knowledge and experience is very high, and a number of officers of other nationalities have escaped successfully. The camp contains British, Dutch, Polish and French officers. British officers try when possible to escape in company with the Dutch, as they speak German fluently and have considerable knowledge of the country. Papers are forged in the camp and have passed police inspection on several occasions. Nearly every officer in the camp spends his time trying to get out, and the Germans are continually finding tunnels in various parts of the castle.

It was, therefore, decided to start a tunnel from the office of the Stabsfeldwebel, this being the most unlikely place for the Germans to look. This office has a lock of the "cruciform" type, for which we had made a key and is also padlocked on the outside, so that we had to be locked in by another officer every night. Six of us were engaged on the work: Lt. Wardle, R.N., Capt. Lawton (Duke of Wellington's Regt.), myself and three Dutchmen, Lt. Cdr. Van Doornick, Lt. Donkers and Lt. Bates.

Every night one of us would be locked into the office to work and be let out in the morning, after camouflaging the hole. On the 8th of September 1942, we paraded for roll call about 2000 hrs. Immediately afterwards the six of us who proposed to escape, hid under the beds in the sick quarters, which adjoin the office. Capt. Howe, R.T.R. and Lt. Gill, Norfolk Regt. came with us.

Roll call was taken in the sick quarters as usual, but our presence was not noticed. The building which contained both sick quarters and the Stabsfeldwebel's office was then locked by the guards. The eight of us then entered the office, removed the last six inches of plaster, and cleared the way into the clothing store, which was outside the castle proper, but inside the wire and ring of sentries. It was quite common to see orderlies accompanied by German guards emerging from the store with bundles of clothing, and the six of us who intended to escape, proposed to dress as Polish orderlies, a German officer, and a German NCO. We had made uniforms for the two

latter, which had to be perfect, as we were to pass within one yard of a sentry in daylight. We had also made two boxes which looked like clothes chests, in which we carried our civilian clothes. These boxes were made collapsible so that they could be pushed through the hole afterwards. Capt. Howe and Lt. Gill were to let us out and to board up the hole, thereafter hiding in the sick quarters until the door of the building was unlocked the next morning.

Once in the clothing store, we plastered up the hole behind us and camouflaged it, and then had to wait for daylight and the guards to change at 0700 hrs. as the relieving sentry would not know whether anyone was in the store or not. At 0715 hrs. we dressed Donkers as the officer and Van Doornick as the NCO, and made a few hurried repairs to their uniforms which had got damaged coming through the hole. The rest of us put on dirty Polish uniforms and clogs. Van Doornick had made a set of skeleton keys, and in his role as NCO, was to open the door and gates for us. At about 0730 hrs. on the 9th of September, he picked the lock of the door, let us out and then relocked the door in full view of the sentry who was standing outside. We passed two more sentries, who both saluted the officer, and so on through the second gate. At the last gate Van Doornick found that he had not a key which fitted the lock and we were just about to drop all pretence and climb over it, when a German guard arrived with a key and apologized for not being there before.

We were then away from the castle and made for the wood, where we destroyed the uniforms and donned civilian clothes. The latter are always extremely difficult to obtain in prison. My outfit was a naval jacket, RAF trousers, and a workman's peaked camp made from an RAF cap and a beret. I also carried a small attache case to give the impression that I was a workman on leave. We had forged papers the day before, leaving the dates blank to be filled in outside the camp. I carried an "Ausweis", or factory identity card, with photograph, and papers stating that I was a Belgian worker who was on 14 days' leave with permission to travel on the railways. Also as an extra precaution, I carried a paper granting me permission to visit friends in the Frontier Zone. This I did not intend to show unless forced to, as we were doubtful whether it was necessary or not. Van Doornick had a genuine Dutch passport with a forged visa for the Swiss frontier area.

Once in the wood we split up into three couples of one Dutchman and one Englishman and started off in different directions. Wardle and Donkers were heading for Danzig; Lawton and Bates for Switzerland via Ulm; and Van Doornick and I for Switzerland via Stuttgart. It was essential to get well away from the camp and to reach a railway station before the alarm was given. Roll call at 0830 hrs. was going to be intentionally rowdy so that the Germans would postpone it and give us an extra hour's start.

In Switzerland later, I heard that Wardle, Donkers, Lawton and Bates were all recaptured within five miles of the camp.

Van Doornick and I walked hard for 31 km. along the roads, through Rochlitz and reached Penig railway station at 1600 hrs. There we got a train to Plauen via Zwickau. In the train we spoke only when necessary and then in German, and our clothes were passable and excited no comment. We had stopped for a drink at two inns on the way, and were not suspected which gave us great confidence.

We arrived at Plauen at 2100 hours and spent five hours in the waiting room waiting for the Switzerland train. We found that frequently trains on the timetable never ran at all, and that others were invariably late, and for that reason it was very difficult to make connections. We had estimated that we should reach the frontier in two days, but actually it took us three and a half days.

The Stuttgart train arrived and took us as far as Hof and there stopped. However, we were told that another train would be there in half an hour, but when it finally arrived,it was six hours late and overcrowded with people. Instead of going direcct to Nurnberg and through Stuttgart, it made a detour through Vanback and Wurzberg, and did not arrive at Stuttgart until 2030 hrs. We expected to have to pass a police barrier on the station, but it had evidently been removed.

By then we were both extremely tired, and as it was evident that we should not reach the frontier according to our schedule we decided to risk sleeping in a small hotel at Muhringen, in the southeastern quarter of Stuttgart; thus enabling us to be fresh for the 30 km. walk which we expected next day. We arrived at the hotel and told our previously prepared stories, which appeared to satisfy the hotel keeper. He showed us a very poor room with no blankets on the beds. He did not ask to see our papers. Having satisfied ourselves that there was no easy escape by the window, we slept.

Next day (10th of September) we booked to Tuttlingen from Vaihingen in order to avoid suspicion. We also bought a map of the Swiss frontier in a shop. Once again at Herrenberg the train stopped and went no further, so we spent all day in a wood waiting for the next train. At Tuttlingen, we decided to walk to the frontier, as we believed that all the area 20 km. north of the frontier was patrolled, and that travelling in it by train was too dangerous. We were stopped in Ehringen by an S.S. policeman who examined our papers and let us proceed without any difficulty. I think that the forged visa on Van Doornick's genuine Dutch passport impressed him considerably. All the way from Tuttlingen to Hilzingen we used the by-roads, as we expected that the main roads were patrolled.

The route over the frontier we knew by heart, as it has been used successfully before, and is generally known in the camp. We intended to reach a certain wood. By nightfall we arrived at the wood and waited until 2300 hrs. before skirting around it and attempting to cross the frontier. However, we had not gone quite far enough, and started skirting the wrong wood, southeast of Gottmadingen,fording a stream on two occasions. We eventually reached the end of the wood and crossed a road, knowing we were wrong, as we had so far not crossed the railway line. About half an hour to the east we sighted the correct wood, and reaching the southern end of it we waited and watched. The night was still, and we were making a tremendous noise with our boots, so we removed them.

A patrol car came coasting down the road with its engine off, and as we could hear (but not see) the sentries, we walked over the road immediately behind the car, and 100 metres further on, crossed over the frontier. Heading due south, we soon struck a fringe of trees which led us to the Swiss Customs House, where we handed ourselves over at 0130 hours on the 13th of September. We were taken to the town gaol at Ramsen and next day, were sent to Schaffhausen for questioning.

The Swiss were very kind to us and allowed us to go to a botel. We asked to be put in touch with the British authorities and were told this would be arranged later. On the 18th we arrived at Berne, where I reported to the British legation. Van Doornick reported to his own legation.

About mid-October, Major R.B. Littledale, 60th Rifles, Lt. Cdr. L.W. Stephens, R.N.V.R., Capt. P.R. Reid, R.A.S.C., and F/Lt. H.D. Wardle, all arrived at Berne from Oflag IV C.

On the 25th of January 1943, Littledale and I left Switzerland for Spain.

At about 0600 hrs. on the 30th of January, we crossed the Spanish frontier. We had with us a French and a Spanish guide. About 1600 hrs., while crossing the La Junquera-Figueras road, we were arrested by a number of Spanish soldiers. They took us in a lorry to La Junquera. We were not searched but were interrogated in French as to our identity. Our interrogator said that he supposed we were Canadian. We told him that we were British officers. I gave my name as "John Parsons" and Littledale said he was "Ronald Bighill". Our guide had a Spanish passport. The military authorities then handed us over to the Civil Police.

Our guide was put into a separate cell. The Police telephoned to Madrid and apparently found out that he had been a "Red" in the Civil War. They then beat him up properly in the room next to us. The police apologized to us for the nuisance caused, but said that the man was a "Red murderer" and deserved all the treatment he got. While we were waiting in the cell, we destroyed our papers.

Littledale and I were searched and interrogated as to our identity. We both, on instruction from Berne, said that we had been captured by the Germans in France. The Chief of Police promised to treat us well and to send us to an hotel. He asked us what we thought of General Franco and what was our opinion of the Bolsheviks. We said we thought General Franco was a grand fellow, but that we admired the Russians, who were our Allies. We were then taken by car to a Military reception prison at Figueras. We repeatedly asked to see the British Consul and were told that we would see him later.

Littledale and I and our French companion, were then put into a filthy cell. There were sleeping bunks for two persons, and in a short time there were no less than 16 persons in the room. On the 1st of February 1943, we were all marched off to a central prison in Figueras. Here we had our hair shaved and were innoculated under the most filthy and unhygienic conditions. Sixteen of us were put into a cell 4 metres long by 2 metres wide. Here we remained until the 22nd of February.

During this time, we were visited by a representative from the British Consulate in Barcelona, and here also we met F/O Doorly and Sgt. Foster, RAF. On the 22nd of February a Spanish Army sergeant took Littledale, myself, a Pole and a Frenchman to Barcelona, where we reported to the British Consul and slept the night at an hotel. We were given fresh civilian clothes and stayed here until March 18. On March 15, Sgt. Shuttleworth and Handstock arrived. On the 18th a Spanish Air Force captain took Shuttleworth, Handstock

and me to Alhama De Aragon, where we stayed in an hotel with several other members of the RAF and U.S.A.A.F. We were very well treated here. On the 24th of March, I went with six other RAF personnel to Madrid and thence to Seville, where we spent the night. Next day we went by car to Gibraltar.

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FRAMPTON, Alfred Ernest T.C.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1282960
Unit: No. 148 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On the 18th of September 1942, Sgt. Curtois and his crew were detailed for operations over Tobruk. The aircraft was airborne at 2030 hours at Kilo 40, and all went well until the aircraft reached the neighbourhood of Sollum, when the port engine began to cut and catch fire at approximately 0100 hrs. The second pilot was at the controls, and Sgt. Curtois took over immediately. He at once turned for home, and jettisoned the bombs. Meanwhile, the aircraft was losing height rapidly, and the Captain ordered guns, flares and moveable equipment to be jettisoned. As the fire in the port engine could not be controlled, the Captain used the extinguisher, which put out the fire and stopped the engine.

At 0200 hrs. the Captain ordered the wireless operator to send SOS. About a quarter of an hour later the aircraft was at 2,000 feet and Sgt. Curtois said "It's no good, chaps. We're still losing height. We'll have to get out quick".

Sgt. Bullock, the Rear Gunner, was the first to go. Nothing more was seen of him. The Observer, Sgt. de Souza, went second. He was seen to be carrying maps and other objects. The second pilot jumped next, followed by the wireless operator and then by Sgt. Frampton. As Sgt. Frampton jumped, he saw the aircraft fly away over him. He pulled his rip-cord immediately on leaving the aircraft, and made a safe, if somewhat bumpy, landing on his back, which left him unhurt.

Sgt. Frampton had for all equipment, a water bottle slung around his neck. His escape kit had been left in the aircraft. In the darkness he could hear various members of the crew calling to one another - probably Sgt. Coles, de Souza and Prosser, but he does not know whether contact was established. The clear night air made distances very difficult to estimate. He never saw any of them again, although he had seen the parachutes of all the crew open, except for Sgt. Bullock, who left by the rear turret and Sgt. Curtois, who was still flying the aircraft when Sgt. Frampton jumped.

Sgt. Frampton estimated that he landed at 0400 hrs. on the 20th of September, and he at once searched his person and carefully tore up some odd scraps of paper which he found in his pocket and buried them. He then rolled himself up in his parachute and went to sleep.

He woke before dawn and started walking, having cut up the pilot parachute to make himself a hat. The sun rose on his left and he knew he was

walking south. He had no very clear idea as to his position, but he estimated that he must be somwhere southeast of Mersa Matruh.

He walked all day and at about 1900 hrs. he found the aircraft from which he had jumped. The aircraft appeared to have belly-landed itself, and although the starboard aircrew was wrenched away and the bottom of the fuselage ripped up on the rough ground, it appeared to be still in fairly good condition. In fact, Sgt. Frampton considers that had anybody been in the aircraft at the time they would have run a fair chance of escaping injury.

There were numerous signs that Sgt. Curtois at least had found and examined the aircraft. A parachute and harness with his name on was found lying beside the aircraft. The cockpit windows were open and the ladder was leaning up against the side of the fuselage by the cockpit.

Sgt. Frampton climbed in and found the interior of the aircraft in a mess. He tested the W/T, found that the receiver was serviceable, but not the transmitter. He searched the aircraft for food, but found none. Neither could he find his escape kit, which probably had fallen from his table and been pulled outof the aircraft. He filled up his water bottle from the container and also put some water in the green bag which normally held the ground strips. He now had about three pints of water. There was no more water left in the container after this. It had not leaked or been damaged in any way. Sgt. Frampton forgot to examine the dinghy for food. Before leaving the aircraft, he collected the following items of equipment and stores: about three pints of water; some first-aid kit consisting of morphia, aspirins, No. 9 pills and chalk and opium pills; Sgt. de Souza's kit bag; one Irvine jacket - probably Sgt. Curtois' which was found lying outside the aircraft; a revolver and ten rounds; two signals strips to augment his head covering.

He had no compass - presumably the hand-bearing compass had been taken by Sgt. de Souza.

He continued heading south, and reached the edge of the Qattara Depression by Qaret el Tarfaya. The going was so bad and rocky along the top of the depression that he decided to go down into it. Also, as far as he knew, there were no enemy in the Depression.

He climbed down with some difficulty, as the surface was very treacherous and liable to break away and after negotiating three ledges, he reached the bottom and stood among green shrubbery. He turned east and reached the salt springs nearby, where there were a few palm trees. Here he found six members of No. 70 Squadron; also the crew of a Wellington "B" - Pilot Officer Muirhead, Captain; Flying Officer Short, Second Pilot; Warrant Officer Gilding, Observer; Sgt. Oldale, Wireless Operator; Sgt. Burrel, Front Gunner and Sgt. Owens, Rear Gunner. There was also with them, a South African native soldier who had escaped from Tobruk. They had been on the trek for some days, and were in a very exhausted condition, except for the South African, who while obviously not fresh, seemed far fitter than the others. However, they possessed maps, and a hand-bearing compass and six small escape compasses.

It was now dusk and Sgt. Frampton had been intending to rest after his day's travelling, but the others, who had rested all day, were on the point

of moving on and so Frampton decided to join them. They had no fresh water, but were using the aircraft ladder to carry the water container full of salt water with which they moistened themselves from time to time.

Frampton at once divided up his supply of fresh water among them, as they had not had any for two days. They also had some Ovaltine tablets, which were of no use as they merely created or increased thirst.

The Observer declared that there was a fresh water hole sixteen miles due east. At 2100 hr. they set out, and walked through the night until dawn. At dawn they found their fresh water, but some way ahead they could see a peak which the Observer declared would provide them with water and shade. So they rested for two hours, and then carried on. They were very weak after the night's travel and the exhaustion and the heat of the sun proved too much for Sgt. Owens and Sgt. Burrill, who collapsed and had to be left. They reached the peak at about 1400 hrs. and found there shade, but no water. The going was very bad, consisting chiefly of saucer-shaped depressions filled up with encrusted salt. Occasionally the foot would break through the film of salt and expose a sharp cutting edge, while underneath lay cold sat water and bog.

They lay up in the shade of the peak all day, and started walking again at 1900 hrs. They were still heading east, hoping to find the water hole, which in fact, they never did find. Sgt. Frampton did not know on what evidence the Observer based his statement that there was water ahead, but he considered that W.O. Gilding was by this time very weak and light-headed, and perhaps not entirely responsible. During the night, W.O. Gilding collapsed. To help him on, they broke open the 06 compass bowl and gave him some of the alcohol. That revived him a bit, and he was able to carry on for a short distance, but he soon collapsed again, and this time nothing could be done. It was now early morning of the 22nd.

The remainder of the party, Flying Officer Short, Pilot Officer Muirhead and Sgt. Oldale and Sgt. Frampton, carried on until dawn. When the sun rose they made for some shrubbery and laid down in its shade. The native South African soldier was no longer travelling with them. He refused to travel at night, except when the moon was up, declaring that in complete darkness evil spirits made the journey dangerous. He was also able to travel in the heat of the day, while the others were resting. So for a time he kept on overtaking the main party by day and being overtaken by them at night, leap-frog fashion, until finally he drew ahead and they lost sight of him. He was eventually picked up two days before Sgt. Oldale and Frampton.

The party rested all day under this shrubbery, the exact position of which was unknown. It was decided to set off again at 1800 hrs. but at that time, Flying Officer Short and Pilot Officer Muirhead felt so weak that it was decided to postpone departure for an hour. At 1900 hrs. they said they could not move and so the two sergeants left them and carried on. Before going, Frampton gave the two officers his morphia; besides that, Pilot Officer Muirhead had a revolver and sixteen rounds.

The two sergeants walked all night, and at dawn rested in the shade of some rocks. During the day their thirst was such that they boiled their urine and drank it. At 1900 hrs. they set off again, still heading east, and walked all night until dawn.

They rested all day and carried on again at 1900 hrs. As they went they noticed a small red fire ahead, which they thought at first was a reflection of the setting sun behind them. But when the sun went down and the fire merely glowed brighter, they realized that they had reached some kind of human habitation. They made for the fire and found an Arab shepherd there, who gave them water and rice. They then laid down by the fire and went to sleep.

When they woke up the shepherd was gone, and they got started searching for the water hole from which the Arab had obtained the water he gave them the night before. While searching they caught sight of a small tent, within two or three hundred yards, and some eight to ten camels. There they found the same Arab and showed him the ghoolie chit, but the Arab could not read it and they explained that they needed water and food. The Arab gave them rice, eggs and goats milk, and they explained that they wanted to get on to Lake Maghra. He agreed to take them on by camel when the sun went down.

During the day, Sgt. Frampton endeared himself to the Arab family, which consisted of the Arab and his wife, a small boy and a small girl. He drew pictures on a piece of paper much to the delight of the children, and gave the boy an old leather wallet. He gave the little girl a pewter ring which he had bought in Tel Aviv, but the little girl showed it to her mother who kept it and put in on her own finger. At dusk, they set out on camels and travelled uneventfully until they reached El Maghra at about 0830 hrs. on the morning of the 27th.

The beauty of the surroundings surprised Sgt. Frampton, who said that he has seen nothing quite so much like the Highlands at this lake, even down to the mist floating on the water.

There were plenty of signs that British troops had occupied the district, lorry tracks, fire-blackened sites and discarded cigarette packets. The two sergeants then persuaded the Arab to take them north, where they would meet English troops. The Arab agreed to this and the sergeants went to sleep. At 1230 hrs. they were awakened by four Me 109's ground strafing British troops due north of them. Sgt. Oldale got up to have a look, but the Arab pushed him back under cover. Sgt. Frampton got up for other reasons, more personal and more urgent, and managed to push past the Arab. While he was outside he saw a staff car arrive some way off, and two men emerge. His first idea was that the British had moved out of the district and now the Germans were re-connoitring the area prior to taking it over. He went back and discussed it with Sgt. Oldale, and it was decided to take the risk. Sgt. Frampton went out again and attracted the notice of the two men, who turned out to be two officers from Advanced Air Headquarters, Western Desert.

It was then explained to the Arab that a reward would be coming next day if he waited, and the party moved off to Burgel-Arab, which they reached at about midnight. From Burgel-Arab they were sent to L.G. 99 where No. 3 S.A.A.F. Squadron flew them to Abu Sueir, which is Sgt. Oldale's home station.

Sgt. Frampton reached his base, Kilo 40, at 1800 hrs. on the 30th of September, after having been away for eleven days.

APPENDIX:

The Arabs Sgt. Frampton met were all extremely courteous and friendly, and very helpful. They looked after the two sergeants extremely well and gave them, among other things, some tea made of herbs, possibly mint, which was found to be very good. They were extremely anti-German, and their attitude was vividly expressed by the old Arab who illustrated his opinion of the Germans by throwing his hat on the ground and spitting. During the camel journey, Arabs kept joining their small party at every stop, and the two sergeants enjoyed community meals with them, dipping their hands into the same bowl of food, and after the meal, smoking the same rather decrepit pipe. Sgt. Frampton was careful at all times to take no notice of Arab women, and to follow the lead given by his host continually. He had 87 piastres on him. He offered 10 piastres for the first meal, which was gratefully accepted, and carried on paying for all food as long as the money lasted. This, he reports, produced a very good impression.

Travelling in the Desert:

To keep cool, Sgt. Frampton used to bury himself in the sand up to his neck. There was usually sand to be found nine inches below the surface.

He had ordinary black shoes, and his feet kept in good condition throughout. Sgt. Oldale, on the other hand, wore flying boots, which quickly reduced his feet to a very bad condition.

While on the camel journey, the Arabs caught a desert rat, and roasted it whole. It is reported to be quite tasty. The area was also covered with small snails, which the Arabs say make a delicious dish when boiled.

It is suggested that the following two items be included in desert rations or emergency aid boxes:- Demarara sugar, which is slightly thirst-quenching when sucked, and a magnifying glass to augment the matches when they run out.

Water is the main problem. As will be seen from this narrative, five men at least died through lack of it. It is suggested that individual members of air crews should carry more water on their persons, even up to two gallons per man. When a crew bale out, the water left in the aircraft container is a dead loss, unless the aircraft lands fairly intact and it is found by the crew, a combination of circumstances which is unlikely, although Sgt. Frampton had some luck in this matter.

The food in emergency aid boxes is quite unpalatable, and indeed inedible without water.

Sgt. Frampton found a certain amount of moisture by sucking pebbles covered with dew. As will be seen, the party had at their disposal, large quantities of salt water, and it is wondered whether some very elementary and simple form of distilling apparatus could be included in the escape gear.

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FRANKOWSKI, T.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. P 782235
Unit: No. 305 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Sgt. Frankowski was the Air Bomber in a Wellington aircraft which took off for Kassel on the 27th of August 1942, and over Eindhoven the crew was forced to bale out.

Frankowski came down in a field near a village. He was wounded by shrapnel in his back and had a bullet in his arm. The aircraft was burning not far away, and so he ran in the opposite direction across fields and hedges and canals. He spent two nights and two days walking, hiding in fields and bushes by day, before he found a friendly farmer who gave him food, dressed his wounds, and also produced civilian clothes for him. The third night he spent in nearby bushes.

Sgt. Frankowski continued walking next day and passed through Eindhoven where, owing to his compass being unserviceable, he got lost and spent all day getting clear of the town.

In open country again, he found the country roads too crowded, so took to the fields and canals once more. One peasant accepted money from him to bring him food, but did not return. Eventually a farm worker directed him through a wood and across a railway, saying that he would then have crossed the frontier into Belgium. He found, however, on crossing the railway, that he was still 2 km. from the frontier.

A Flemish girl and boy he found brought him food, and tried to get in touch with smugglers who would take him across the frontier, but found that the Germans had been watching the smugglers and had killed three the previous night. Sgt. Frankowski therefore, worked his way across country by pretending he was a field worker, stopping now and then as though working, and once even driving a cow for some distance.

Once across the frontier into Belgium, he continued south, although his wounds were troubling him and his feet were giving him great pain through blisters, as the old shoes he obtained in Holland were nearly worn through. He came upon a farm where a number of priests were working, and approached them for assistance. They threatened to give him up, however, and so he put his hand in his pocket as if he had a revolver and backed away. The priest then shouted for help and another one came up. By now however, Sgt. Frankowski was running hard along the bank of a small canal. There he hid, and from his hiding place, saw two of the priests on bicycles, then a policeman, and then soldiers on motor cycles patrolling slowly along the road in search of him.

Later when they had gone, Frankowski worked his way through the bushes along the canal. He came to a larger canal, standing high above the fields and with a road running alongside. This road was very busy, and he had to get past the canal by wading knee-deep through a culvert running underneath.

The next day his feet were worse. He met a field worker who took him home, let him shave and wash, and gave him a clean collar and a pair of tennis shoes. Also he had a piece of bread, which added to his misery by giving him terrible stomach-ache. He pressed on however; passed Hasselt in the evening, slept in the forest, and at a small town southwest of Hasselt, he came upon a kindly pro-British family. He stayed with them for a day and a night, sleeping in their house, and they gave him among other things, socks and talcum powder for his feet.

Still alone, he continued walking, although his feet were so bad that he could scarcely bear to put his weight on them. He approached one or two field workers, all of whom advised him to give himself up. Nearly at the limit of his endurance, he was beginning to feel he could go no further, when in the Foret de Meerdael, he found shelter in an isolated house where the occupants took him in and put him in touch with an organization who arranged his subsequent journey.

He had endured nine days' pain and suffering from his wounds on a hazardous cross-country journey, and it is recommended that his fine example of determination and endurance culminating in his successful evasion of the enemy and return to this country, should be recognized by the award of the Military Medal.

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FURNISS-ROE, Henry

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 141860
Unit: No. 66 Squadron, A.D.G.B.
Awards: Membership of the Order of the British Empire

This is the second occasion on which F/O Furniss-Roe has evaded capture in France.

He was a pilot of a Spitfire Mk. 9B aircraft which took off from Hornchurch on the 25th of Jan. 1944, about 0900 hours, escorting bombers over the Pas De Calais. Owing to engine failure he made a forced landing in a field outside Hucqueliers. He was uninjured. He came down about 300 yards from a German A/A Battery. After sending a wireless message to his Squadron that he was safe and would be "back in two months", Furniss-Roe tried to set fire to the aircraft. As he saw Germans approaching from the battery, however, he ran off.

He reached a small road on which two peasants were passing with a cart. They allowed him to climb on to the cart. He took off his battledress tunic, under which he was wearing a white pullover, and cut off the tops of his escape boots. Standing up on the cart he was taken to the home of the two peasants. He said, "Bon jour" to everyone he passed, and no one paid any special attention to him.

He stayed at the farm for the night of the 25-26th of January, and left on the night of the 26th with a helper. From this point his journey was arranged for him. Before leaving the farm, the peasants gave him an old coat. He was wearing his Service dress trousers.

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FUSINSKI, J.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. P1719
Unit: No. 300 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was the first pilot of an aircraft which was shot down on the 27th of April 1942, when returning from a bombing raid on Cologne.

Baling out over Belgium, he successfully evaded capture, and although injured in the knee from his parachute jump, immediately commenced his journey southwards.

Finally, too disabled to walk, he decided to venture a journey by train. Displaying great initiative and boldness, he successfully reached Brussels.

Obtaining information for his further journey, almost from the enemy himself, he succeeded in crossing a frontier river and reached Paris. He continued by train to the Line of Demarcation where he was compelled to hide for a period and suffer great privations.

Although now very weak from lack of food, he nevertheless succeeded in swimming a river into Unoccupied France, and proceeded immediately to Lyons. Content with only a short rest, he made his way into Spain whence he was repatriated on the 19th of August 1942.

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GALLOWAY, Robert Lawrence

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 580200
Unit: No. 144 Squadron, Bomber Command, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Galloway's aeroplane crashed off Heligoland in September 1939, and he was picked up by a German patrol boat.

In November 1940, he and a friend escaped from a tree felling party and reached the Baltic where they hoped to steal a boat and sail to Sweden. They were caught two days later while trying to find a suitable craft.

The next attempt was eight months later, when with two companions, he cut through the bars of a window at the working camp. They walked in an easterly direction for eight days, but were captured in a cordon near Bennisch.

The following year, he changed identity with a private in order to escape from a working party, but was discovered before any attempt could be made.

In April 1945, he broke away from the line of march and hid for nine days by which time the area was in Allied hands.

During his captivity, Gallowaytook part in several tunnelling organizations.

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GARLAND, Eric Francis

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 47293
Unit: No. 208 Squadron, RAF
Mediterranean and Middle East Command
Awards: Order of the British Empire and Distinguished Flying Cross

F/L Garland's aircraft was shot down over Frosinone in Italy on the 4th of May 1944. He was immediately captured, and sent to a hospital at Acre. In spite of his wounds, this officer made three attempts to escape from a hospital at Mantova in May 1944. He collected a store of medical materials and retrieved his battledress. Twice he was caught by sentries while climbing through a window. The third time, after sliding down a laundry chute, he was captured while trying to saw through a door. In June 1944, Flight Lieutenant Garland jumped from a hospital train near Verona. After two days, he made contact with some friendly Italians, with whom he stayed for two months. In August 1944, he set out with the intention of joining some Italian partisans. He walked for three days, but owing to a leg injury, he was forced to take refuge with another Italian family. In January 1945, Garland left these people, his leg having finally healed, and reached the American lines at Solarolo in the Po Valley.

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GARLICK, Sydney Maurice

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 137536
Unit: No. 12 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

F/L Garlick was the Navigator of a Lancaster aircraft operating from RAF Wickenby. On the night of the 22nd of May 1944, Garlick and his crew were detailed to attack Mailly le Camp. After bombing their objective, it was observed that the port wing was on fire. All efforts on the part of the crew to put the fire out failed. The captain ordered his crew to abandon the aircraft just west of the target area. F/L Garlick successfully abandoned the aircraft by parachute, but during his descent, had the misfortune to fall across some high-tension cables. The electrocution suffered by Garlick caused him to become unconscious and sustain severe burns and partial paralysis to his lower limbs.

F/L Garlick came to, lying in a wheat field in the area north of Romilley. He was in great pain from his burns, unable to move, and suffering badly from shock. Showing great presence of mind, he pulled his parachute canopy around him for warmth, and lay still - trying to regain use of his legs and his strength by resting and eating a portion of his escape rations. When he was sufficiently rested, Garlick rendered what first-aid he could to his badly burned legs, and took stock of his surroundings and position. He knew that to evade capture he must leave his present position at once, as he realized that some one must soon come along to repair the high-tension cables he had broken on his descent. Showing great presence of mind and fortitude, in the early morning of the 4th of May 1944, using his compass for direction keeping, he crawled away in a southeasterly direction. He made his way to a high embankment from where he could survey the countryside. His strength severely taxed by his exertion - he saw a wood he decided to make for and hide in, about two miles away. F/L Garlick, badly crippled from his burns, with no medical attention or food, apart from his escape rations, and travelling only at night, reached his objective on the morning of the 6th of May.

Garlick saw that in his greatly weakened condition he must get help. Using great forbearance and self-restraint, he contacted a farmer who gave him food and some dressing for his wounds. He set off again on the evening of the 7th of May. He had pinpointed himself at Troyes. Garlick, travelling by night, continued hobbling and crawling in a southwesterly direction until the 14th of May. He lived entirely off the land during this period; his wounds unattended, and his condition rapidly reaching a critical state.

He had by now reached Bucy. He sighted what appeared to be a well-to-do farm, and decided to try and get help. That evening he contacted the farmer and found that he had fallen into the hands of the Resistance Movement. Flight Lieutenant Garlick was now given proper medical attention and looked after by the Resistance Movement.

From the middle of May 1944, until the middle of August, he was moved from house to house, village to village, by the Resistance Movement to avoid capture by the Gestapo. By the middle of August, Garlick had so far recovered from his injuries that he was able to join the "Maquis", which he did with complete disregard for his own personal safety. Garlick remained with the "Maquis" until he made contact with Allied Forces. He was flown to England on the 6th of September 1944.

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GARROD-COLE, Eric

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 39871
Unit: No. 211 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

Shot down and captured near Tobruk on the 15th of July 1940, Garrod-Cole was sent via Giovanni Berta, Sulmona, Rezzanello and Padula to Veano (Camp 29). During his imprisonment he was in secret communication with the War Office.

In September 1940, while at Giovanni Berta, he and another officer, in order to prevent reprisals against O.R.'s, voluntarily revealed their share in making a hole in the surrounding brick wall. His second escape attempt, made from Sulmona in January 1941, consisted of scaling the wall and wire by means of a portable ladder. With two companions, he walked through snow for nine days before being recaptured while searching for a boat at Torino Di Sangro. He next organized a mass escape from a walk, and several POW's, including Garrod-Cole, succeeded in breaking away. All were subsequently recaptured.

At Rezzanello in March 1942, it was decided to break through into a church, but this scheme was frustrated when tapping attracted the attention of a monk. Prior to the Armistice, he engaged in two more tunnel schemes, at Padulaz and Veano, but on each occasion the departure of other escapers was discovered before Garrod-Cole's turn had arrived.

On the 10th of September 1943, all the POW's were evacuated from Camp 29 under the direction of the Senior British Officer. After staying in the vicinity for a month, Garrod-Cole went south with one companion. Both were recaptured by a German patrol on the 13th of November at Picinisco, while they were sheltering in a deserted house. As they were being escorted to H.Q., several more POW's were recaptured and at the instigation of Flight Lieutenant Garrod-Cole, the guards' attention was distracted to enable his original companion to escape.

After a short time at a transit camp at Frosinone, on the 1st of December 1943, Garrod-Cole was entrained for Germany. With an axe which another officer had concealed in his clothes, a hole was made in the side of the horse box, through which 23 officers escaped from the moving train, risking detection by the guards who were in the next coach. With one companion, Garrod-Cole spent two days in the Gallese area before moving to Rome where he remained hidden until the Allied occupation at the beginning of June 1944. Although on one occasion during April 1944 he was arrested by Fascists, he succeeded in evading their fire as he broke away from them.

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GAY, T.M.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 87670
Unit: No. 53 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches

While returning from anti-submarine patrol in the evening of the 14th

of September 1941, and when over the coast of France, Gay's aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire and he was compelled to bale out, together with other members of his crew. Evading capture by the enemy, he made his way through France and Spain to Gibraltar, from where he was repatriated, bringing with him a considerable amount of valuable information.

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GEWELBER, Jacob

Rank: Aircraftsman 1st Class
Regtl. No. 775137
Unit: No. 33 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Medal

Aircraftsman Gewelber was captured in Crete in May 1941, with other RAF ground personnel, after hiding in the hills without food or water, for several days. Some months later, he was sent to a transit camp where he was interrogated but he refused to give information. He was afterwards, sent to Frankfurt, arriving there in September 1941. He was transferred to Stalag Luft III (Sagan) and then to Stalag VIII B where he attempted to escape. On both occasions he made the attempts with a companion, in disguise, by cutting the wire surrounding the camp. On the second attempt, they gained their freedom and walked to Krappitz. While enroute, they were questioned by Germans, but were allowed to proceed. They went by train from Krappitz to Kattowitz where they received some assistance, including a guide who led them to Olkusz on the Polish frontier. After some difficulty, they reached Gracow where Gewelber remained sheltered for four months. On the 4th of January 1943, he was arrested however, and subjected to severe interrogation and physical brutality by the Gestapo. He was then sent for six weeks' solitary confinement to Monte Lupe Prison and later to Stalag VIII. In a few days he was transferred to Stalag Luft III (Sagan) where he again received punishment. Disguised as German soldiers, he and a companion made an unsuccessful attempt to escape on the 30th of May 1943, and again they were duly punished. Gewelber was then sent to Stalag Luft VI (Heydekrug), from which he finally escaped with another prisoner of war on the 4th of April 1944. They both reached the Lithuanian border with the intention of making contact with Russian partisans. Adverse weather forced them to abandon this scheme and they returned to Jugnaten where they boarded a train for Tilsit, and thence to Konigsberg. Gewelber eventually reached Weichselmunde where he obtained a passage to Sweden, arriving in that country on the 25th of April 1944. He arrived at Leuchars on the 7th of May 1944.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

GIBBS, E.P.P.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Unit: No. 616 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 11/6/42

This officer was compelled to force land his aircraft over France on the 9th of June 1941. Although injured, he succeeded in evading capture and made his way to Unoccupied France. Here he was arrested and interned. Showing great determination, he succeeded in escaping to Spain from thence he was sent to Gibraltar, and eventually repatriated, bringing with him a considerable amount of valuable information.

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GILCHRIST, P.A. DFC

Rank: Wing Commander
Regtl. No. 37348
Unit: No. 405 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches
London Gazette 11/6/45

This officer was captain of a Wellington aircraft which bombed Brest on the 24th of July 1941. Shortly afterwards, they were attacked by an enemy aircraft and compelled to bale out. On landing, he immediately hid in a wood and travelling by night and hiding by day, crossed the Mountains d'Aree on the 28th of July. He then went to Nantes and on the 25th of August, left Nantes to make his way to Switzerland which he reached, after crossing Lake Geneva in a row boat on the 30th of August. He remained in Geneva until the 12th of January 1942, when he left to travel to Gibraltar, via Madrid. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 27th of January 1942.

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GIMBEL, Edward Lester

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J15890
Unit: No. 403 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

On the 4th of April 1943, P/O Gimbel took off from Kenley to rendezvous bombers over Rouen. He was attacked by enemy fighters and the controls of his Spitfire were shot away.

Gimbel landed in a field north of Pavilly, wounded in the leg and ear. He managed to work his way through Malaunay, Foret de Londe, Beaubrai, La Ferte Vidame, and Foret de Senoches, from which point his journey home was arranged, leaving Gibraltar on the 5th of August 1943.

Throughout his escape, Gimbel displayed considerable resource and initiative and is recommended for a Mention in Despatches.

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GORDON-POWELL, Stanley Kiran

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 1332785
Unit: No. 35 Squadron, P.F.F.
Awards: Military Cross

Warrant Officer Gordon-Powell, of No. 35 Squadron, RAF, was shot down over Liege on the night of the 28th/29th of June 1943. This Warrant Officer endeavoured to evade capture after baling out of his aircraft. He joined up with members of the Underground movement who attempted to take him to Bordeaux. While passing through Paris, his party was ambushed by the Gestapo and W.O. Gordon-Powell was captured.

After two attempts to escape from Stalag IV B, in each escape getting about five miles from the Stalag, Gordon-Powell tried a third attempt, accompanied by three other POW's. This time he reached a point a few miles from Dortmund when he was betrayed by an apparently friendly ally who had hidden him. A fourth attempt was made soon after, again from Stalag IV B. This again, proved a failure, W.O. Gordon-Powell being captured by four Germans when hiding in a wood.

Again, Gordon-Powell was returned to Stalag IV B, and despite his previous bad luck, he made his fifth attempt to escape. This time, he and another prisoner of war, put on civilian clothes under their uniforms and escaped while on a working party. In Berlin, they were questioned, but managed to pass themselves off as French workers. Still travelling, they got near to the Danish frontier. Hiding themselves until nightfall, they then attempted to cross the frontier in the dark. At the time there was a dense blizzard and by bad luck, they walked into a German Customs Guard who halted and captured them.

Gordon-Powell was returned to Stalag IV B and told by the Germans that if he attempted another escape he would be shot. Undaunted by this threat, he again escaped on March 21, 1945, with the same fellow POW's. This time when they reached Berlin, contact was made with a Dutch doctor who fed and hid them for two days. Travelling by train, the Danish border was reached and was successfully crossed by wading through a swamp which enveloped him to his armpits. He then gained the help of a violent anti-Nazi. After walking some miles into Denmark, contact was made with the Danish underground who looked after Gordon-Powell and his fellow POW's, and managed to get them across to Sweden.

Gordon-Powell was a prisoner from the end of July 1943 up to the time of his last escape, March 21, 1945. During this period of almost two years, he attempted six escapes. Despite his many setbacks, his courage and morale never faltered. He was an example and inspiration to all other POW's. His courage and devotion to duty has seldom been surpassed and he is recommended for the immediate award of the Military Cross.

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GREEN, Harold

Rank: Corporal
Regtl. No. 1060048
Unit: No. 2721 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Military Medal

Corporal Green, as section commander of No. 3 Rifle Flight, has led the section on patrols against the enemy and has at all times displayed outstanding courage and evotion to duty; qualities which have been reflected in the efficiency of those under his command. During the concentration of the 2nd Polcorps at San Sofia, it became essential to discover the precise position of the enemy prior to an attack being made. On the 16th of October 1944, Corporal Green led a patrol detailed to go to Collina Di Pondo. Leading his men on a wide detour through enemy-held territory, Green approached

his objective from the flank, unobserved. As the first building entered by the patrol showed signs of recent occupation, Corporal Green went on to the next farm, where the enemy were encountered in strength. The patrol was attacked with grenades and automatics. During this attack a German sentry was killed and other casualties were inflicted on the enemy. Corporal Green, realizing that at least one member of his patrol must get back and report the position, directed covering fire on the farm, and this enabled the remainder of the patrol to take cover in a nearby wood. Although an enemy machine gun was now in action, Green succeeded in withdrawing his men and the patrol returned without a casualty.

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GREENAWAY, Francis Henry

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 42296 N.Z.
Unit: No. 21 Squadron, Tactical Air Force, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

I was Observer in a Mosquito Mark VI aircraft which took off from Hunsdon, Hants, on the 4th of January 1944 about 1000 hrs. to bomb rocket installation near Abbeville. Crossing the coast, the pilot saw some birds in front of him and went two feet lower, with the result that the propeller of the aircraft hit the sand in the middle of the Somme Estuary. The pilot turned the aircraft around, intending to head for home, but the engines both seized up and we landed on the sand about 15 yards from the edge of the water, after having jettisoned our bombs safely. We destroyed our secret instruments and tried to destroy the aircraft. The Germans were firing at us from the coast all the time and very soon afterwards, surrounded us. We had no weapons and had no alternative but to give ourselves up.

The Germans took us to a camp near Pnte. de St. Quentin. The camp was concealed from the sea by large sand dunes. The camp was well camouflaged and was built mostly under pine trees on the dunes. At the camp we were taken into one of the huts, which was probably a headquarters, and were kept there until 1630 hours. We had come down about 1110 hrs. In the hut our belongings - watches, knives, tobacco pouches, and aids boxes and purses, were taken from us. We had been unable to dispose of our escape kit, as the sand where we came down was absolutely bare and anything we might have thrown away would have been seen immediately. The Germans appeared to recognize the escape kit and said, "Geld" as soon as they saw the purses. They took from me my own watch and an RAF watch, as well as £ 5.10s.0d. in British money which I had with me. They did not give us any receipt for the articles they took.

We were interrogated at this headquarters. The interrogation was conducted by an NCO, probably a sergeant, who spoke English. He asked all the usual questions - age, objective, cause of crash, and where we had come from. I told him only my name, rank and number. He seemed to respect me for that, and merely laughed. He did not press the interrogation at all, although he asked the questions in several ways. My pilot and I were separated, and at the interrogation the Germans tried to obtain from each of us details about the other. The interrogation lasted nearly all the time we were at the camp. We were given nothing to eat, but I did not think this had any connection with the interrogation. We asked for food, but were told we had eaten some chocolate immediately after we crashed.

From the camp the Germans took us in a truck to Abbeville. On the way we called at Abbeville Aerodrome and were then taken to a hut outside the aerodrome. I was put into a single room, while my pilot was put into a cell which he afterwards described as a "dungeon". We were kept apart for about an hour and were then put into a large room with rough but sufficient bedding and given some food. We slept the night here.

In the morning, January 5th, we were taken to Abbeville station, picking up at the aerodrome a Typhoon pilot (F/Sgt., name not known) who had been shot down the previous day. From Abbeville we went by train to Amiens with two or three Luftwaffe NCO's as escorts. From Amiens we went to Paris by train. In Paris, we waited three hours in a station waiting-room, in which there were a large number of Germans and only a few French people. Here we had some soup.

From Paris we were taken by train to Beauvais, arriving there about 2000 hours. Here we were kept in civilian prison cells, each of us in a separate cell. We had fires in our cells and the beds were reasonably comfortable. The food was "pretty rotten" but edible. I ate all I could lay my hands on, as I hoped to be able to get away. We were in this prison for the nights of the 5th/6th and 6th/7th of January.

At 1500 hrs. on the 7th we were taken in a small van in the direction of Paris. The party consisted of my pilot, the Typhoon pilot, a Spitfire pilot, an observer from a P.R.U. Mosquito, and myself. There had been no interrogation in the prison in Beauvais.

On the journey one of the tires of the truck was punctured. It was repaired, but apparently unsuccessfully, because we were conveyed in another truck which had a canvas roof and a canvas back, for the rest of the way to the Gare de L'est, Paris. All the way I was thinking of how I could escape. When we arrived at the station I closely observed all the actions of the four German guards who alighted from the truck and were unloading several cases of goods. The last case was a large one, and apparently heavy. To deal with it the Germans hung their rifles on their shoulders, and I stood up in the back of the truck and watched them until they all had their heads down. By this time there was a crowd of Germans and a few Frenchmen watching the proceedings. From the position where I was standing at the rear left-hand side of the truck, I vaulted to the ground, making use of the shoulder of one of the guards as a hand-rest. (I had scratched my leg on jumping from the aircraft, and during all the time I was in German hands I limped as much as possible, and made out that my leg was badly injured. I was always last in line when we were marching and I had asked for medical attention for my leg. In view of this, I did not think the Germans expected me to try to escape).

I ran past the crowd which was standing beside the truck, and through the southern entrance of the station into the street. As I ran I heard the Germans shouting - probably "halt". I ran down the street and hid behind some packing cases at the back of a warehouse until I was told to move along by a storeman, probably after abut 10 minutes. I then walked quietly down the street. I was wearing battledress, but I had removed from my blouse the observer's badge and my 1939-43 ribbon before capture. While hiding behind

the packing cases I had also removed the rank badges from my shoulder straps.

After going down the street, I turned up a side alley, probably about 200 yards from the point where I had escaped. I saw a light in the second storey of an old building in a quadrangle. I reconnoitred the alley for Germans, and seeing none, returned to the stairway below where the light was showing. Here I waited for 15 minutes and saw only one old man go in and one young woman come out. Considering the place safe, I went up and knocked on the door where the light was showing. A woman came to the door. I told her I was English. She appeared rather shocked but took me in. Her husband asked what he could do for me, and offered me civilian clothes and food, and also allowed me to shave off my moustache and the beard which I had grown during captivity. There had been an air-raid alarm since about 1900 hrs. and after the all-clear went, the man took me to the Metro station at the Gare du Nord, whence I travelled to the Place d'Italie alone. The man had given me a complete suit and 100 francs.

With the aid of two compasses, which I had had concealed in my uniform, I headed south through Paris. One of the compasses, a small round compass, had been sewn into the waistband of my trousers. The other, a fly button compass, had been sewn on to the cuff of my battledress blouse. I was well clear of Paris by midnight, at which time the curfew begins. I then went across country.

About 0700 hrs. on the 8th, I reached Vert Le Grand. I knocked on the shutters of a lighted window. A man opened the window, and I asked for food and a resting place. I was taken into the house and fed and sheltered for the day. Before I left, about 2100 hrs., my host gave me 70 francs. I walked to Boigneville but failed to get any assistance there, and continued by road towards Malesherbes. About daylight I reached a farmhouse, where without approaching the owners, I went into a barn and slept all day. At 1800 hrs. I went to the house. I said I was an English airman and was welcomed with open arms. I was given food and a bed in a barn, and about 2200 hrs. next day, the 10th, I set out south again, making use of a small calendar map which I had been given at Vert Le Grand. Before I left the farmhouse I was given 200 francs by my hosts and 40 francs by their cook.

Next morning, the 11th, I asked for help at a farmhouse, but the man mumbled something about the Gestapo, and obviously was not prepared to let me stay. At another farmhouse I was given a bed in a barn for the day, and food. I set off again about 2200 hrs. and walked to Bray-En-Val where I remained until the next evening. In the evening, I crossed the Loire by the bridge at Sully. I was told to avoid Gien because of a German tank repair factory there. From Sully I walked to Argent-Sur-Sauldre and Aubigny-Sur-Nere. Here I was sheltered during daylight, January 13, and left in the evening.

I had decided not to cross the Line of Demarcation without definite knowledge of whether or not the line was still guarded. I had received contradictory reports about this from French people, all of whom, however, agreed in advising me not to go through Bourges. I continued to St. Martin d'Auxigny where a farmer allowed me to rest in his hayloft. About half an hour later another man told me to go up the street until I came to a lighted

window, where I would be welcomed. I was taken in here and the rest of my journey was arranged for me.

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GRIFFITH, Robert Erddyn

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1457278
Unit: No. 75 Squadron (NZ) RAF
Awards: Military Medal

I was a member of a crew of a Stirling Mark 3 aircraft which took off from Mepal between 1730 and 1800 hrs. on the 19th of November 1943, to bomb Leverkusen. We jettisoned our bombs over Cologne, and were hit there by flak, although the engineer could find no damage. Later, over Charleroi we were twice attacked by a fighter. After the second attack, the starboard wing caught fire and later a fire broke out inside the aircraft. The pilot gave the order to bale out. It was then probably about 2030 hrs.

I came down in a ploughed field near Masnuy St. Pierre. I piled a little earth over my parachute and harness to keep them from blowing about, and began walking. As I was not using my compass however, I found myself after half an hour back beside my parachute.

I then got my compass out of my aids box and began walking southwest, reaching Masnuy St. Pierre in about ten minutes. I walked through the village and knocked at one of the last houses. With some difficulty I made the people understand that I was a British airman. They took my flying overalls, gloves, the tops off my escape boots, and my badges, and gave me a civilian overcoat and cap. They also gave me bread and coffee and a package of bread to take with me.

After a short time, I began walking again and then rested for about two hours in a haystack in a field. Continuing my walk, I reached a small town, somewhere near Mons, in the early morning of November 20. About 0830 hours I went to a house, where I got coffee and some tobacco, but no other help, as the people here again had difficulty in understanding my French. I walked on until I reached the outskirts of Mons, I made a detour round the town, reaching the Canal de Conde, along which I walked west for some distance. I then took a road running south towards Elouges and stopped at a mining village north of Elouges in the late afternoon. I went into an estaminet where I was given food and where I met a youth who understood my French. In the evening the youth brought a man from Elouges. They promised to return for me at 1530 hrs. next day with a Canadian.

I stayed the night in the estaminet and next day waited until 1700 hrs. without my helpers having turned up. As I wanted to get into France, I left alone and using my compass, headed southwest until I came to a village in which there was a Belgian Customs post. The village was southeast of Valenciennes. I went to a house at which I was given coffee and food, and from which I was taken by a youth and a girl to a large house, the owner of which spoke English. He gave me a Michelin road map of France and some cigarettes. The youth and girl then walked through the Customs post with me.

We were not stopped.

My companions left me after they had got me into France and I walked due south into Le Quesnoy. Here I knocked at several houses, but got no help, although I told the people who I was. I walked north and then west to get out of the town, being unable to find the southern exit. After leaving the town, I got off the main road and lost myself. About 0600 hrs. on November 22nd, I went to a farmhouse in a small town and asked for help. I heard the farmer and his wife say something about "Germans" and "Telephone" and got out quickly.

I headed south again and again got lost. Eventually I got to the neighbourhood of Le Cateau. I rested for a bit, my feet being badly blistered through my having neglected to remove the woollen insoles from my escape boots. As I saw several German cars about, I walked round Le Cateau and reached the Le Cateau-St. Quentin road. I reached the cross-roads south-east of Serain and asked for help at a farm. The farmer would not take me in, but one of his labourers was sympathetic and took me to his house at Serain where I stayed the night.

On the 23rd I walked by main roads to the vicinity of Estrees and then on to the Quivieres where I spent two hours in the evening in an empty house. I then asked at a house for help, but the old lady could not understand my French. A workman heard me talking and took me to an estaminet, where I was given food and shelter for the night.

On the 24th I walked to Ham and took the road leading to Rouvrel. At the road junction a farmer overtook me and spoke to me in French, but too quickly for me to understand. He then noticed my uniform trousers, and thought I was a German deserter. When I told him I was a British airman and was making for Paris, he took me to his farm at Rouvrel.

From this point my journey was arranged for me.

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GROYECKI, Z.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. P0325
Unit: No. 300 Squadron (Polish)

This officer was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed Mannheim on the 7th of November 1941. They were hit by anti-aircraft fire over the target and were compelled to bale out north of Lille. He slept for the rest of the night in a field and next day, was taken to Lille where he remained until the 16th.

He crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 28th of November after travelling via Paris. After remaining in Nimes for a fortnight, he was conducted across the Pyrenees and reached Barcelona on December 14th. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on January 20, 1942.

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GUEST, T.F.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches
London Gazette 13/6/46 (Great Escape)

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HALEY, V.G.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 125661
Unit: No. 218 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal L.G. 26/5/42

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which crashed returning from an attack on Bordeaux. Evading capture after baling out he showed great resource in journeying across France, and after overcoming many obstacles, he finally made his way without a guide over the Pyrenees into Spain, from where after a period of detention, he was repatriated.

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HALFORD, Jack Lovell

Rank: T/Corporal
Regtl. No. Po/X 3058
Unit: Royal Marines
Awards: British Empire Medal

T/Corporal Halford was a marine captured in Crete. He escaped from a train in Serbia. He was sheltered by peasants and acquired a working knowledge of the language. Later he joined the British Mission, commanded by Colonel Bailey, attached to General Mihailovic, where he did good work ciphering and deciphering; and was invaluable as Liaison NCO to the Mission. He was with the Mission for eighteen months. His work was invaluable and the reputation he had with the Serbs was of the greatest propaganda value.

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HALL, John Douglas

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 41176,
Unit: R.A.F.O.
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Member of the British Empire

Flight Lieutenant Hall was captured on the 13th of November 1941, at Gazala and was finally imprisoned at Fontanellato. On the 9th of September 1943, after the Italian Armistice, the camp was evacuated under the direction of the Senior British Officer. F/L Hall, accompanied by two other officers, travelled in a southerly direction but was recaptured on the 3rd of November 1943. He was then sent to Fara Nel Sabina. The following night F/L Hall regained his freedom by climbing through a half bricked-up door and through three wire fences. On arrival at Alofreddo, Flight Lieutenant Hall took refuge with various Italian families until German activity caused him to move to the vicinity of Cisterna. On the 30th of April 1944, accompanied by a member of the U.S.A.A.F., Hall travelled to the mouth of the River Sisto. Having obtained a boat, he rowed to the Island of Zannone. The journey to Naples by sea was arranged for him on the following day.

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HALL, C.P.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches

HARGEST, James

Rank: Brigadier
Unit: Fifh Infantry Brigade (New Zealand)
Awards: M.C.
Distinguished Service Order with Bar
Legion of Honour
C.B.E.
Greek Military Cross
Twice Mentioned in Despatchs
(See "Farewell Campo 12" by Brig. Hargest)

Brigadier Hargest was born in Southland, New Zealand in 1891. The son of a farmer,he bought a sheep farm of his own at Rakauhauka on his return from the 1914-18 war. For 14 years he was a member of the New Zealand Parliament and represented Awarua, the southern-most electorate in the world. Having held a Territorial Commission since 1911, he left with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in 1914 as a second lieutenant, serving in Egypt, Gallipoli and France, and attaining the rank of lieutenant-colonel in command of the Second Otago Regt. at the age of twenty-six. Wounded at Suvla Bay he was invalided back to New Zealand but returned to action the following year. For those services he was awarded the M.C., D.S.O. and the Legion of Honour, and was twice mentioned in despatches. From 1925-30 he was an honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of New Zealand. In January 1940 he left New Zealand as commander of the Fifth Infantry Brigade, which included the Maori Battalion, going first to England and subsequently joining the Division in the Middle East. In Greece his brigade defended the Olympus Pass. Of the 4,000 troups he took to Crete to defend the Maleme aerodrome less than 900 returned to Egypt. In November 1941, during the second Libyan campaign, he was captured by the Germans at Sidi Aziz and taken before Rommel. Imprisoned in the British Generals' Camp near Florence he escaped later and when he returned to England in November 1943, having travelled through Switzerland, France and Spain, he became the highest-ranking British officer to escape in either war. For his services he was awarded two Bars to his D.S.O., the C.B.E. and the Greek Military Cross. During his journey across France he made many contacts with the resistance movement, and in England broadcast a number of talks for the B.B.C. on the strength and resilience of the French people. He went back to France on D-Day as New Zealand's observer with the 50th (Northumbrian) Division. On August 12, 1944, he was killed by a shell-burst, and is buried in Normandy near the little church at Roncamps.

HANCOCK, Frederick Ernest

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 934005
Unit: No. 86 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Military Medal
Mention in Despatches

After a forced rescue on the sea on the 3rd of March 1942, Sergeant Hancock was picked up by an Italian vessel, and subsequently imprisoned at Rome, Gravina and Carpi. On the 9th of September 1943, the Germans occupied Carpi camp and transferred all prisoners to Germany. While the train was proceeding slowly through Catene Junction, Hancock and two others jumped through the truck window. They made an attempt to reach Yugoslavia, but could not proceed beyond Muiac. After wandering about until the end of May 1944, Hancock and a companion attempted to go to Switzerland, but they were betrayed and recaptured by the Germans at Mezzocorona. They were put in a train travelling south. While the train was in a siding at Pescatina, Hancock eluded the guards, jumped on to the track and made his way to Ome Posta. Here he joined a partisan band. After two and a half months, he was taken to a British mission at Asiago. He worked with this mission, arranging landing strips, and acting as a guide until December 1944. His journey through Yugoslavia was then arranged, and he was evacuated by air to Bari on the 10th of February 1945.

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HARTLEY, R.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1359966
Unit: No. 104 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

Sergeant Hartley was a member of a crew of an aircraft detailed to attack shipping at Tobruk. The aircraft was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire, and descended in enemy territory. After the captain had ordered the crew to destroy all papers which might be of use to the enemy, stores were collected. A ration scheme was instituted to cover the six members of the crew, and plans were made to evade capture. On the first day the crew rested and when night came, they flashed SOS signals with a red Aldis lamp at every friendly aircraft flying to or from operations, but without success. On the second day, a party of the crew set out to intercept mechanised transport in the vicinity. During the morning, several large convoys were observed, but the party took cover until, when the road was otherwise clear, a Volkswagen appeared, coming from the direction of Derna. The truck stopped and its passengers were two German officers and an orderly, who realizing the situation, reached for his gun. Sgt. Barr covered the enemy with his revolver, and they surrendered. When the party had boarded thevehicle, Barr ordered one of the Germans to drive down a track to the crashed aircraft where they left the enemy afoot. The party then set out for friendly territory. The journey was rough, and at 1600 hrs. on the 4th day, the car broke down and was abandoned. It was then decided to walk on, when night came, in an attempt to reach the British lines. After two hours, two sentries were observed, and the party found

that they had wandered into German lines, but as no challenge was made, they succeeded in avoiding the sentries, and for another hour and a half, walked through a concentration of mechanical transport. Eventually they were discovered and disarmed by German troops. Early the next day, the party was transported to a POW camp near Matruh for interrogation. Later with the exception of the wireless operator, the crew was put aboard a truck in which were several Army prisoners, and under an armed guard, they were moved off for Tobruk. Enroute a plan was evolved to obtain possession of the vehicle, and at a certain point near Sidi Barrani, the guard was overpowered. After three days during which all suffered much hardship and deprivation, the party was rescued by the drivers of two Army vehicles and conveyed to safety.

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HARVEY, B.H.

Rank: Flight Officer
Unit: RAF, No. 196 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross
London Gazette 17/8/45

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HEMPSTEAD, John Neil

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 540151
Unit: No. 158 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

I was a member of the crew of a Halifax bomber which left Lissett on the 13th of July 1943 about 2300 hrs. to bomb Aachen. On the outward journey we were attacked by fighters, and the aircraft caught fire. The pilot gave orders to abandon aircraft.

I came down in a field in the neighbourhood of Vorsten-Bosch, about 5 km. southwest of Uden, at abut 0145 hrs. I managed temporarily to bury my parachute, harness and mae west in a ditch.

I could see our aircraft burning about a mile away, and I walked about 50 yds. towards it. I heard some voices and four or five Dutch lads cycled past, hurrying towards the fire. I decided to take a chance and stopped the last one. He realized that I was a member of the crew, and brought back two of his comrades. I had lost my boots, and they brought me shoes and a long overcoat. They disposed of my parachute and destroyed my harness and mae west.

One of them took me on the back of his bicycle, through the village of Vorsten-Bosch, and we stopped outside a farm, where I was given food. I was then taken by them to the middle of a cornfield and told to lie low until the following evening. At about 1000 hrs. on the 14th of July, however, one of them returned with food and told me that my pilot had been killed. He then left me, promising to return with the others in the evening. They

arrived at 2300 hrs. and took me to the village where a discussion took place in the house of the father of one of the boys.

They thought they knew of someone in Amsterdam who could help me, and that in the meantime, I had better remain in the field. I was in the field until the 19th of July, being fed during the daytime by the family. During this period, they told me that they had seen four of my crew being taken away by the Germans.

On the 19th of July, one of the boys brought me civilian clothes and told me to be ready to leave the field at 1300 hrs. I did as instructed and walked down the road, met the boy, who was cycling with a man, and we were soon joined by a small dark man with glasses. From this point my journey was arranged for me.

On the 9th of October I left The Hague with Sgt. Smith, and my story is as related in his report.

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HEWITT, Ian

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 119544
Unit: No. 35 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

P/O MacIntyre and the above-mentioned officer (Hewitt) and NCO's, were detailed as a crew to attack the German battleship "Tirpits" in the Aason Fjord at Trondheim on the night of the 27th of April 1942.

This flight involved a total flying time of nine hours and covered a total distance of 1,350 miles over the North Sea and the mountainous country of Northern Norway.

The attack was ordered to be carried out at 150 ft. in the face of intense opposition from the battleship and the guns on both sides of the Fjord.

It would appear that while carrying out this courageous attack, the aircraft must have been fatally damaged by flak necessitating a forced landing in this most difficult country. By a feat of most superb airmanship, this landing was carried out successfully.

Having carried out this forced landing, the crew made their escape from the numerous search parties that had been sent out by the German garrison at Trondheim.

For eight days the members of this crew, suffering the greatest hardships, walked through deep snow across the mountains and in an exhausted condition, arrived at the Norwegian border, having covered a total distance of 45 miles. By sheer determination and will-power they crossed safely into Sweden.

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HEWITT, Thomas Eric

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. A.414561
Unit: No. 150 Squadron (North West African Air Force)
Awards: Military Medal

After his aircraft had been disabled pressing home a successful attack from 3,000 feet, Sgt. Hewitt was ordered to abandon aircraft by parachute. Landing in "no man's land", he injured his ankle. Sgt. Hewitt did not know his position and was hardly able to move, and was fired at when he did so. Next morning he saw his crashed aircraft about a mile away and after four days' painful crawling, mainly at night, managed to reach it. During this time he managed to evade several German patrols and took cover from shelling from over our own lines. When he eventually reached his aircraft, having seen Germans examining it, he attempted to destroy everything possible. He then made for some huts and there discovered his position from some Arab documents. From the roof of these huts he was spotted by our own patrols who brought him in to safety, six and a half days after landing.

Sgt. Hewitt displayed great initiative, courage and stamina in finding his way back under very difficult conditions.

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HIBBERT, G.

Rank: Aircraftsman 1st Class
Regtl. No. 538174
Awards: Military Medal L.G. 13/3/42

Hibbert was a transport driver whose lorry broke down on the way to Angers on the 15th of June 1940. He reached Bordeaux on the 23rd. He attempted to escape in a French fishing boat which was bombed and sunk by the Germans as it tried to leave the port. Hibbert swam ashore and attempted to escape from France across the Pyrenees, but was arrested by the Spaniards, badly treated, and returned to France. He spent many months under filthy conditions in various French concentration camps. In January 1941, he escaped again and was recaptured in the Pyrenees, and returned to St. Hippolyte camp. He was eventually repatriated as medically unfit. Hibbert was never in German hands, and is strongly recommended for an award on account of his persistent attempts to make his escape.

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HILLS, F.H.

Rank: Private
Unit:
Awards: Military Medal, presented by King George VI
London Gazette March 1941

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HODGES, L.M.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 33408
Unit: No. 49 Squadron

On September 4, 1940, this officer force-landed in Brittany and hid in fields until the 12th, when, with assistance from a French woman, he managed to reach unoccupied France. He stowed away on a steamer sailing to Oran, but was discovered and returned, under arrest, to Marseilles, where he spent two months in prison. He was then taken to a concentration camp from which he effected a successful escape. He crossed the Pyrenees but was again arrested, and spent a further eight weeks in a concentration camp in Spain. He showed determination of the highest order.

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HOLTBY, B.H.

Rank: L/Corporal
Regtl. No. 4391447
Unit: Green Howards
Awards: London Gazette May 1944
Military Medal

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HOPKINS, J.

Rank: Leading Aircraftsman
Regtl. No. 358338
Unit: Formerly 5 Air Stores Park

Leading Aircraftsman Hopkins was at Reims when, on June 5, 1940, the order was given to retire. Escaping from dention by the French, he made his way southwards, but after escaping into Spain, was returned over the frontier into France.

After periods of imprisonment and long internment from which he made several attempts to escape, he was repatriated to this country on a Medical Board.

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HOPKINS, J.W.

Rank: Captain
Unit: Royal Horse Artillery
Awards: Military Cross

Capt. Hopkins was taken prisoner at St. Valery, France, on the 12th of June 1940, and escaped on the 20th of June.

The following information was taken from Capt. Hopkins' diary.

June 20

Left line of march at halt at 0910 about seven miles north-east of St. Pol. Hid in bushes on bank beside road. Mostly civilian traffic so decided to stay put until dusk; lunch - two biscuits. Bad moment when guard near tail of column stopped very near my bush; quite a comfortable day but dull and I want to get further from the road. 1400 hrs. - 4 large buses of brownshirts going south.

This has been the longest day I have ever known. Road too near to sleep, no talking, smoking, eating or anything to do from 0900 to 2300.

Supper will be bread and butter and 1 lump of sugar. Then we hope to put in a good night's march as we have enough food for some days and need not worry to look for food at night. We have two loaves, ½ lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, about 50 biscuits, 1 iron ration, one small tin meat extract. Breakfast this morning was only coffee and biscuits but villagers on way gave us something. Must try to get some lettuce or green food soon. Striking due west tonight; true course probably a little north of west, but better to go too far south as Somme will tell us if badly off route - also Boulogne best avoided. Weather fine.

June 21

Made about 7 - 8 miles in the night and lay up in a wood near the village of Huclier about 3 miles northeast of St. Pol. Progress slow owing to much barbed wire; skirting villages, care in crossing roads, etc. Also P's legs were troubling him a bit but are improving. On the way we scrounged 1½ lb. potatoes, 4 lettuce, 1 cabbage, 4 onions, 1 turnip (cattle food) and filled up with water. Full moon - too bright really. Today bright intervals and cold. Still a strong northeast wind. Got in at 0500. I watched and recced and P and K slept till 0500. Breakfast lettuce and B and B. Slept till 1000 then cooked first-class dinner by boiling up all our vegetables together and adding ½ tin meat extract. Rested till 1600 then went out and found a friendly farmer who brought us 10 eggs hard boiled, bread, hot soup, 2 pancakes, 4 oz. pork and 1 bottle beer; and refused payment. Supper at 2100 off pancakes, B and B, and rest of meat extract and beer. Moving off at 2300. Country seems to be more or less clear of Boche but one has to be cautious all the same. Not worth risking everything for a little extra speed. While we can get food time really of no importance. Good day.

June 22

Made about 7 miles due west and at 0300 lay up in wood near village of Fleury. Held up by having to wade river in a steep ravine, fast current just over knees. Then railway and main road. Heavy dew at about 0100. Crossed a lot of crops and arrived soaked from knees downward. Found some dryish hay and huddled up without boots, socks and trousers till 0530. Ate hard boiled eggs and B and B, and dried off clothes in sun till 1000. Used pork fat to grease boots and keep some spare - very important. Went out found farmer who took us to his orchard in village (no Boche about) and gave us dinner of soup, fried eggs, bacon, fried potatoes, beer, coffee and a wash. Presented us with 3 lb. potatoes, 3 tins bully, 6 packets biscuits, 1 dozen hard boiled eggs, salt, soap, a blanket, a loaf, 1 lb. butter. Payment refused. Returned to wood and slept till 1800. Later a retired Paris dentist living in village brought us tea and brandy and shaving kit. K got a touch of sun and P's foot was sore so decided to stay and rest for night. Built a good shelter of boughs and got more straw. Farmer found us a map on very small scale but quite invaluable. Distance to sea about 30 miles. Supper of B and B, hard boiled eggs and so to bed. A good day with very kind people. A night's rest will do us all good and anyway we want this moon to wane a little. Weather fine and hot and wind with a rustle S.W.

June 23

All had a good sleep. Woke at 0700 when the dentist brought us pot of good coffee and sandwiches. Weather again hot and wind S.W. Spent morning sleeping and shaving. P got a shave, mine only fair as I am no good with a cut-throat. Young K. did not really need one anyway but had a scrape all the same. Washed my vest and hankies. Had some B and B and egg at 1300. At 1500 dentist arrives with our dinner. Soup, fresh bread, omelette, salad, a lump of pork, bottle of wine, coffee. A pal of his brought another bottle of wine, strawberries and sugar. Also spare laces, matches, roll of leaf tobacco, scissors, another map, pins and toothbrush. Later more villagers brought 3 huge sandwiches, 2 packets of biscuits and bottle of beer. Dentist bringing more bread, milk, water and our socks which he is having darned, at 2000. Will have good supper about 2100 and have as much food as we can carry. Discussed route and decided to go S.W. and cross Cauche River, then just north of west direct to coast between Le Touquet and Baie d'Authie. Will use by-roads at first as country known to be clear of Boche and progress is quicker and less tiring. What good people we have been with. Will be off at 1030 well fed and rested.

June 24

Covered at least 10 miles. Started on road from Fleury to Pierremont. Thence by a good track which appeared to lead past the right villages. But in the end failed to find the river and eventually crossed a main road running N. to S. instead of E. to W. Realized then that after Pierre-mont we had come S.E. instead of S.W. and had crossed St. Pol-Prevent Road instead of Prevent-Hesdin Road, so lay up in a wood probably about 4 miles N. of Prevent. About 7 miles off course. Not a fatal error but

stupid, annoying and quite unncessary. Due to paying too much attention to villages, tracks instead of bearing. No excuse as moon was up and stars up all night. Must not happen again. Day dawned overcast and windless, but looks like clearing up. Dew not so heavy but considerable and trousers want drying. Breakfast at 0600 of hard boiled eggs, sandwiches and milk. Slept most of day in comfortable hide in straw. Began to rain steadily at about 8 p.m. and decided not worth marching in rain and getting soaked. I did not agree and thought we should push on but was over-ruled.

June 25

Rain stopped about 0600. Sun out about 0900. Slept a lot in morning then dried wood and baked potatoes for lunch. About 1400 Gnr. Brown (B/O) and Pte. Dick (Gordons) arrived having escaped from column on main road. 1600 found covered approach to farm about 500x away and bought food, bread, butter, eggs, chocolate, jam, sugar, tea, milk, bully and also a small saucepan and water. Gave Brown and Dick some food, a map, much good advice and a Rvz. on the coast - hope we will keep it but anything might happen. We decided we could not take them with us as 5 too big a party, also that it would be foolish for me to go with them as my French will be needed for getting a boat. All set off together at 1030 and we went with B and D. as far as main road where they left column, where they found us a good French ground sheet, very useful. Then off separately.

June 26

Made about 7 miles, crossed Prevent-Stl. Pol road, then S.W. to Cauche river and Prevent-Hesdin road; crossed river by bridge at Diguy after careful recce by myself. Then due west about 2 or 3 miles and hid in wood in steep ravine about 40' deep. K. and P. insisted on all going to sleep at 3:30. Rain woke us about 0500 and K. on going to find drier hide found Boche engineer's trench just above us in field. Just got into bushes before Boche arrived through ravine not 10 ft. away from us, but did not see us. Crawled off to thick bushes on slope of ravine about 150x deep. Still raining so spent miserable morning listening to Boche put up telephone wires. Boche left about 1500 after one had come very near us again. 1600 came out of bushes into sun, dried off and got decent sleep. Unlucky to run up against Boche telephone party but lucky to get away with it.

June 27

Made about 7 miles going due west so as to get a little further away from main road Etaples. Failed to get to main road Hesdin-Abbeville and lay up in ditch in orchard on edge of village of Trescaux which must be wrong on map, I think, as we must be further from Prevent than that. Lady in farm supplied us with food and drink. Said a few Germans in village and 500 more due soon. So kept very quiet all day. P. had slight temperature in morning but recovered. I got attack of diarrhea which is a nuisance and uncomfortable. Seems to be no difficulty about food and we now carry 1 - 2 days' apart from bully and biscuits. Left about 10:30 heading due west.

June 28

Made about 6 miles and crossed main Hesdin-Abbeville road. Lay up about 0245 in big wood about 1 mile over the road past village of Regneville. Could have gond further but was feeling rotten, so we got lots of hay and made comfortable hide. I had good sleep and felt OK. Late breakfast about 0900, then dried out in sun. These heavy dews are a bother, especially to Pat who only has shoes. Failed to find a village in morning but about 0700 found intelligent lad who fetched us some food and drink and told us that Boche are in Raze on our left and Mourie which is on our course tonight, so we will have to give it a wide berth. Think these Boche only passing through, probably on way back from the fronts on the south. One of my boots showing signs of going through but will last some time yet. Had a shave in the evening and feel quite fit again. Two more good nights' marches and we will be getting nearer the sea. Leaving at 2230 and heading slightly north of west.

June 29

Went well as far as outskirts of Mourie then made wide detour to left to miss village. Just as we were regaining course, saw lights in trees and in making detour to avoid them lost direction and got too far to S.W. near river valley. Blundered on to village of Tort in very broken country and whilst picking our way through found ourselves in middle of Boche camp. Were challenged but did not answer and decamped hastily. Sentry did nothing more and we got safely through village, a very nasty moment. K. was in a flap and P's tiredness was magically cured. Found a good wood near a farm in a secluded valley about 2 km. from river. Got lots of food from farm people. Had quiet day and good meals but no sleep owing to clouds of mosquitoes. Went to farm at 1900 for more food and was just leaving when German billeting officer arrived. Dashed into bushes behind farm till he went quarter of an hour later. Another poor moment. Farmer brought me word from friend in the village that there is an organization in Paris Plaze for getting escaped English into boats. Good news if true and worth investigating. Left at 2215 heavily loaded with all kinds of food.

June 30

Made good progress N.W. along slopes above river in open country. Had to make big detour to miss Daintenay and found hide in grounds disused chateau near Roussel. Only about 16 km. from sea now and with a decent night tonight should be near enough to Baie d'Authie to start making inquiries. No dew last night which was a pleasant change and few midges today. Must start to acquire some civvy clothes in case of need. All got in reasonable amount of sleep and in evening found patron of the Andreau's home farm, who gave us lots of food, including eggs, jam, meat, sausage, chocolate and also 3 civvy jackets, 3 trousers and 2 caps, 1 beret. This increased our load considerably but may be invaluable and is always a useful change, 3 shirts still wanted. Also got information as to whereabouts of Boche and confirmed that Groffliers is best part of Baie d'Authie to make for. All payment refused. The generosity and kindness of the French peasant almost makes up for their rotten army.

July 1

What a way to spend a birthday! I hope not any more like this. I know the old people will be drinking my health this evening. I wish they knew I was safe, but I am afraid they will be horribly worried.

Did not make any good progress last night. Went northwest to skirt Lepin but struck an unmarked village and big woods which forced us north to Verton-Boisycourt Road. Took us three hours to cross Montracil-Abbeville road. Then followed Verton road for 2 km. and forked off left for 1 km. on road to Cochi. Hid in good big thick wood on left of this road. Only about 6-7 km. from Groffliers now. Can see sand dunes clearly and gave myself a birthday treat by climbing tree and getting glimpse of sea. Found farmer who supplied more food and said we must not go into Berck and other bigger places in civvy clothes as everybody is now asked for their identity papers. Useful to know. Also says Groffliers should be hopeful for a boat. Quiet day sleeping and eating. Menu: Breakfast - 2 hardboiled eggs, B and B, cheese, jam, tea. Lunch - cold mutton, mashed potatoes, lettuce, stewed currants, raspberries, cider. Tea - 2 fried eggs on toast, B and B, cheese, jam, lettuce, onion. Not too bad.

July 2

Did easy march of about 5 - 6 miles to Groffliers and sand dunes. Found fair hide in wood of chateau between Groffliers and sand dunes. Got in touch with Concierge of chateau and through him with guard of the dunes who was discouraging and said no boats available and too many Boche about for safety. But after lunch, P. and I went out on to dunes in civvies and got view of north shore of bay. About 12 fishing boats anchored out near channel and will be afloat at high tide. Only two people seen walking up beach. Bay has wide opening to sea, all possible at high tide. P. sure we can cut out a manageable yawl, if not prevented by sentry on beach. Think we can overcome this on dark night. Propose that tonight Pat wades out and checks that yawl okay for sails and steering okay, and I watch beach to find out habits of steering, etc. Then if all well, will hide up in dunes tomorrow night. News of three other British in dunes. Will try and get hold of them tonight and compare notes. Have set "guard" to getting compass and torch at any cost. Have arranged for concierge's son to buy us food tomorrow which he will bring to Rvz. in dunes at 1300, also compass which guard can't get. Failed to contact 3 British - apparently gunners from 23rd Field Regiment, one is driver J. Donoghue. Seriously considered going tomight as tide is better than we thought - high about 0030 - which only gives us about 2 more possible nights. Finally decided to stay as wind about N.W. blowing straight down bay and rising, clouding over and our compass. But wind and cloud will suit tomorrow as one is less easily seen and heard. Too dark to reconnoitre so decided to turn in at 2230 and get a decent sleep in, especially as no midges on dunes. I can see I am going to be very frightened till we get out of the bay - then probably too busy being sick to be frightened. Had a grand wash and shave in concierge's cottage today. He was frightened of us at first, especially his wife - but has come right round and played up very well.

July 3

Did not wake till 0430 and then slept again till 0700. Breakfast at 0800. Everyone feeling much better for a decent sleep. Wind still fresh from N.W. Hope it comes round during day. A few spots of rain early and still cloudy. Spent the day reconnoitring the bay. No sign of any Boche patrols or sentries - not really very frightened of them now. Only trouble is that tides seem to be small but as tide should be in about 2200 there should be enough water to take us out about midnight. Wind went round to West in course of day, still very fresh. Went down to beach in few old clothes and with full kit. Left 2230 and on beach by 2330. When opposite largest boat K. waded out with kit. As he did not come back, P. and I started out with kit. Had to return when water up to chest about 20^{x} from boat as current terrific. P. started without kit and K. reappeared from down beach having been swept away by curent. P. also got swept away but got back ok. Went down and P. tried another boat and K. and I tried a third. Got out and on board with difficulty and back half hour later - boats not suitable - all padlocked and no steering. Now quite clear that one could only get on board all day and sailing next night - risky. Also tide so strong that impossible to warp boat or to get into left hand channel except with favourable wind. Got back to hide very wet and cold about 0215.

July 4

Slept miserably till 0430. Then got up, put things out to dry and went to dunes to watch beach till 0730. Breakfast. Council of War decided that rowing boat was more practicable proposition. Large boat difficult to get out and bad risk of being recalmed off Bercq at dawn. Small boat can be got out easily in right channel at right time even on flood tide by rowing or pulling her out down left bank. Not so quick or comfortable afterwards but not same danger of being stuck outside Bercq. Also less conspicuous. Having made jib out of French ground sheet. Have got mast and boom from trees and can make tiller and rudder. Concierge going to buy us cord for lashing and stays. Difficulty is oars. Will look for them on other boats but must try to contact local fishermen and buy some. News that bulk of Boche troops withdrawn hurridly from Bercq - if so chateau not likely to be occupied and can stay here as long as we want quite safely. Also rumors of Russian invasion of Germany. Italian collapse, Britain in Belgium, Hitler appealing to USA etc. Hope some of it true. Would be quite happy if it wasn't for the anxiety of old people. Concierge buys food and brings it to us at 1300 and water and comes in again about 1900 with more water and oddments. Butter short here - otherwise living well. Wind still fresh, N.W. to W. Hope it will blow itself out tonight and change. Watched beach on and off. Only one couple of Boche patrol seen and a new boat in. Going down to beach for a bit at 2300 to have a good look at the 3 rowing boats and look up oars.

July 5

Did not recce last night. All went to sleep at 2130 and did not wake till 0200. Naughty. Rain from 0600 to 1000. Hide not waterproof. Wind went round to S.W. and fell, good. A find day but clouding up at 2100 and may rain. Have made hide less leaky. Got needle and twine from concierge and sewed mainsail to shape. Made mast, boom and peak from trees and fitted stays from wire bought by concierge. Also made stay for

mast from odd bit of board and will make tiller tomorrow. Pressing question is oars. Con is trying to get them for us and we will look on boats this evening but little hope. If we can get oars should be off tomorrow as weather is moderating and looks fairly hopeful. Don't want to leave it too long as tide will soon be low at night. Fed well today as con. brought us lots of veg. and some dried apricots. Veg. stew for dinner, apricots, tea and boiled egg for tea. No sign of con's evening visit at 2145 A bit worrying but it may be the oars. On recce at night found handy rowing boats stepped for mast. Also found oars in another boat and steering sweep. Altered mast to fit step fixed a small block etc. Wind S.W. in morning fell after lunch, clouded over heavily and rained from 1500 to 2100. Hide poured water in and everything very wet. Set off fully loaded at 2145 and got to boats 2245 only to find our boat had been taken away. Awful disappointment but as very fresh wind springing up at 2345 from W. with pouring rain perhaps it just as well. Returned to hide which was too wet to occupy and spent miserable night under trees.

July 7

Rain stopped about 0600 and cleared up by 0900. Sunny day which dried up all our gear. Decided that small boat too risky in this unsettled weather. Pat saw best boat yet last night not not practicable to take it out tonight as wind dropped to nothing. She is built like ship's lifeboat with a bit of deck fore and aft. Sterring complete, but no sails visible. Probably stowed in locker. Long discussion on our best course. P. very discouraged and wanted to make for Paris. Persuaded him that it was too early for this anyway and that we must give the coast another chance. Decided to have a go with the lifeboat tomorrow if still possible and if not, to retire inland and come back in 10 days when tide right again and have another go. Possibly contact fishermen to find out about other likely places on the coast; also try to get English wireless news. The guard in the other chateau is said to have a set working but he is very nervous. Started to pour with rain from about 2000 and con. took us over to empty chauffeur's cottage for the night at 2200.

July 8

Beds in the cottage! Slept like logs till woken at 0700. Pouring with rain, but got some breakfast in a brighter interval at 0800 and cleared up at 0930. Wind fresh from N. early, veering slowly to W. Will have a wack tonight if wind holds steady from any quarter. Will let current take us out and hope not to go ashore. Should be enough water to go over the bar as tides very high. Then sail away from shore. Won't have much time to get away before light but with decent breeze should be enough as this boat should sail well. All depends on (1) breaking open locker and finding sail; (2) pure luck with channel; (3) wind holding and not dying away at dawn. It is possible one might get the engine going when out at sea if any fuel on board. Anyway this boat will stand a storm and much safer from aero machine gun bullets. Spent day drying clothes, resting, eating and watching tides. Went down to beach fully loaded and got to boat about 1130. Lockers not locked but no sails on board or on another similar boat. So had to return to hide.

July 9

Decided to make fresh contact so at 1000 I dressed in civvies and went down to local fisherman's cafe. Landlord and wife and cousin (fisherman) very friendly and helpful. Advised us definitely to take small boat and rig sail on her. They say prevailing wind in summer here S. to S.E. and then easy to get out of bay. Gave us lots of food, a civvy shirt and tie, razor and soap, and lent a tide timetable. Decided to go back to farms and return in a week for the next tides - these not very hopeful as moon will be full and we will probably have to wait another 10 days until early August. Weather cleared completely about 1400 and at 1600 steady S.E. wind set in. As high tide at 0230 we decided just enough time to make it. Went back to pub and they bought and delivered 3 oars and 2 prs. of rowlocks at 2100. Left for beach with oars, mast and sail at 2230. P. saw 2 men moving in dunes which delayed us a lot. Near beach about midnight we realized we had misread timetable and high tide out till 0308. Obviously too late so returned to hide.

July 10

Went to pub about 0900 and explained situation. Told them I will be in on morning of Thursday 18th. Got more food and ordered old sail, needle and thread, so that we can make a better and bigger sail and jib. Staying quiet in hide all day. Have hidden mast, oars and rowlocks and tinned food and water with con. Meaning to start for interior at about 2300. Wind back to W. and rain started at 2200.

July 11

Did not start because of rain at 2300 and all asleep by time rain stopped at 0030. Woke at 0230. Too late to start. At 0800 left hide and went to new one about 200[x] further in wood. Built hide, dried clothes and lay quiet all day. Wind still W. and fresh. Left for woods at 2300.

July 12

Arrived at 0300 at our old wood - the one of July 1st. Very wet -on arrival but sun out by 1000 and all soon dry. Only B. and B. and jam for breakfast. Only potatoes for dinner. After much trouble got hold of farmer and his family, who agreed to revictual us for 5 days. I am going to go to farm in civvies at 1800 each evening. Good supper at 1915. Started to rain at 2130. Our good looking shelter leaked like mad by 2330.

July 13 - 17	Lepine	
July 18	Groffliers	
July 19 - 24	Legine	
July 25-26	Tortfontaine - cream cheese farm	12
July 27	Raue - sur - Authie	5
July 28	Crecy - near Hesdin-Abbeville Rd.	.5
July 29	Damchamp near Ailly	12
July 30	Hamel-near Airaines over Somme	12
July 31	Offignies near Armande	13
August 1	St. Arnoult - near Formerie	13
August 2	Elbeuf-an-Bray - near Gournay	14

August 3 & 4	La Belle-Lande - near Etrepugny	11
August 5	L'Epinay	14
August 6	Port Mort	5
August 7	Boncourt - near Pacy over Seine & Bure	12
August 8	Les Routils - near Marseilly	18
August 10	Merobert - near Gourville	15
August 11	Gault St. Denis	13
August 12	Monteaudifroi	16
August 13	Poisly	13
August 14	Thourg over Loire	16
August 15	La Gondelaine near Soings	19
August 16-19	Mouthon	12

When we gave up our attempt to cross the Channel, we started to go south hoping to reach unoccupied France.

We had to avoid all roads and walked across country mostly at night. We passed through country I knew well, where I spent part of my long vacation in the beighbourhood. I called at the Pension where I had stopped and was warmly received by the son of the old lady who had kept it and he lent 300 francs.

When we reached the Loire we separated arranging a rendezvous on the other side and crossed over at night.

We met without mishap next day and went to a French clothing shop to get rid of the farm clothes we were wearing.

When the shop people found we were English they were most kind, gave us food and fitted us out with clothes.

The Spanish frontier being closed we had to make for Marseilles and reached there by train with several changes and travelling third class.

The people of Marseilles were not very friendly to the English owing to the Oran incident.

However, we were lucky enough to strike a small hotel where the landlady was an English woman. In Marseilles we met a young Roumanian who made out for us false discharge papers from the French army, stating that we had been serving with the French.

These we presented at the bureau and were given our discharge papers and 800 francs each. From Marseilles we crossed to Oran in a tropp ship full of black soldiers returning to Africa. From Oran we reached Casablanca by train. There we found the captain of a small coasting boat who took us to Lisbon.

There our troubles were over. We went straight to the English Legation where the Minister received us most kindly and sent us home by a flying boat leaving in two days' time and we landed at Poole Harbour on the morning of September 20th.

HORTON, Sydney

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1035423
Unit: RAF Bomber Command
Awards: Military Medal
Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 8/6/44

On the 5th of September 1943, this airman was a wireless operator of a Lancaster aircraft detailed to attack Mannheim. Shortly after bombing the target, the aircraft developed severe engine trouble and the crew were ordered to escape by parachute. Sgt. Horton alighted within 100 yards of Sgt. Horton, and after burying their parachutes and other equipment, they endeavoured to effect their escape. They walked for about two hours and were then captured by two German guards and taken to a guard room. From here they were escorted by two youths with rifles. After walking for about ten minutes, Sgts. Horton and Parkinson overpowered their escort, whom they pushed into a swampy ditch, and then ran into some woods. After checking their direction they walked on for 13 hours. Later, having procured civilian clothes from some French helpers, they continued their journey to Bar-le-Duc where they boarded a train for Paris, having been able to persuade a Frenchman to purchase their tickets for them. From Paris the journey to this country was arranged for them.

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HOUGHTON, K.H.L.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 580451
Unit: No. 207 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft that bombed Cologne on the 13th of October 1941.

Baling out northeast of Kassel, he set out southwards experiencing many hardships. Displaying however, the greatest resource and determination, and undaunted by many tribulations and adventures, he finally succeeded in crossing the French frontier into Switzerland, from whence after further disappointments and imprisonment, he was repatriated on the 24th of July 1942.

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HOWARD, J.E.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 904905
Unit: No. 37 Squadron

This airman was a member of a crew of a Wellington, which after being hit by ground fire, was compelled to force land near Baghdad on the 4th of May 1941. On landing, he was attacked by Arab tribesmen and wounded. He was captured by Iraqi soldiers and taken to Baghdad where he was kept for a week. He was then sent to a fort at Kirkuk where he was kept until the capitulation of the Iraqi Army. He was then sent to a hospital near Baghdad and was later repatriated to the United Kingdom on the recommendation of a medical board.

HOWELL, E.A.

Rank: Wing Commander
Regtl. No. 36027
Unit: No. 33 Squadron
Awards: Order of the British Empire

This officer was in command of No. 33 Squadron in Crete at the time of the German invasion.

He was severely wounded and captured in the opening attack by parachute troops. He was flown to Athens where he remained in hospital for eight months, owing to injuries which had temporarily deprived him of the use of his arms.

Hearing he was to be sent to Germany by air, he made plans to capture the aircraft in flight, but the plans did not materialize as he was transferred to a hospital in Salonica. He therefore, decided to attempt to escape to Turkey.

Despite his inability to use his arms he nevertheless, succeeded in climbing the walls of the hospital and hid in the neighbouring hills.

Here he lived in caves for over a month, suffering extreme hardships until he finally escaped to Turkey. He was repatriated to Egypt on the 31st of May 1942, and then transferred to hospital in this country.
(See "Escape To Live" by E.A. Howell)

HUSTON, Hugh Thompson

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.13071
Unit: No. 405 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Huston was a member of the crew of a Halifax aircraft which took off from Granaden Lodge on the 15th of July 1943, at about 2300 hrs. to bomb the Peugot works at Montreliard. On the homeward journey they were attacked by night fighters when over Tonnerre. The two starboard motors were shot out, and after losing considerable height for about 35 minutes, the pilot gave the orders to bale out. They came down at about 0315 hrs. just west of Beliecarde. They buried their parachutes, mae wests and harnesses in thick undergrowth and pulled briars over them.

They moved due south reaching a canal, along which they walked for about half an hour. As it was becoming light, they hid in a wood along the canal bank. At 2300 hrs. on the 16th of July 1943, they moved and continued along the canal, endeavouring to find a bridge. They eventually crossed the canal and continued to walk until 0200 hrs. when they again hid in the woods as there was a large car parked in the neighbourhood, which might have contained a patrol. They remained in the wood all day on the 17th.

At about 2300 hrs. they continued walking south, eventually reaching the outskirts of Les Bordes at 0530 hrs. From the cover of the wood they watched a farmhouse, and after some time, decided that it was safe to approach it. They were taken in, fed and sheltered for the remainder of that day.

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HUTTON, J.W.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1378696
Unit: No. 101 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed Cologne on the 31st of August 1941. He was attacked by night fighters on the return journey and compelled to bale out near Maastricht. He was given food and civilian clothing by peasants and made his way across the Albert Canal without being challenged. After sleeping in the fields that night, he called at a farmhouse where the "V" sign was chalked on the walls. Here he was given a bicycle and on the 6th of September, reached Brussels. He remained in Brussels until the 9th of November when he left, with a guide, to go to Gibraltar. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 4th of March 1942.

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IVES, J.L.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. R/62735
Unit: No. 51 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed Cologne on the 18th of August 1941. He was compelled to bale out near Maastricht. Immediately he landed he hid in a wood to avoid capture, and remained there for four days. He drank some water in a field which gave him fever, and he was later found by a farmer and taken to the farmhouse. On the 28th of August, he made his way, alone, to Brussels. Here he lived until the 6th of November, when he left with a guide and two companions. They were escorted across the Franco-Belgian frontier and then made their way alone, and left the Zone Interdite on the 6th of November. Travelling via Paris and Bayonne, they reached the Spanish frontier on the 10th. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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JAMES, Bertram Arthur

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 42232
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross
London Gazette 17/5/46

F/L James was second pilot of a Wellington aircraft which was hit by flak and set on fire over Holland, on the night of the 5-6th of June 1940. The Captain of the aircraft gave the order to abandon the aircraft, and with other members of the crew, James baled out, landing in a field some 25 miles south of Rotterdam. The time was 2310 hours.

Seeing some people approaching, he had the presence of mind to discard his parachute harness and mae west before making off in order to evade them. Early next morning he approached a Dutch farmer for help. The latter told him to go to the Burgomaster of the nearest village. This James did, but misfortune overtook him and he was handed over to the Dutch police, who in turn, handed him over to the Germans.

On the 8th of June, F/L James arrived at Dulag Luft (Oberussel) where he remained until the 12th, for interrogation. The fact that he was held for only four days at Dulag Luft speaks highly for his devotion to duty, even when face-to-face with the enemy, in resisting their attempts to gain information from him.

On the 17th of June, James arrived at Oflag IIA (Erenxalu) whence he was transferred to Stalag Luft I (Barth) on the 5th of July. From this point James' history is one of gallant attempts to escape, frustration and subsequent punishment.

In October 1941, he and a companion constructed a tunnel, which ran from an incinerator in the compound of the camp to beyond the perimeter fence at Stalag Luft I. On the 21st of October, during an air raid when the boundary lights were extinguished, the pair stole out from their barracks in a bid for escape. James' companion made a successful attempt, but due to the presence of German guards, he himself was unable to follow. He waited in an attempt to evade the guards, but was apprehended in trying to reach the incinerator, and was later sentenced to 14 days' solitary confinement. In November 1941, while engaged on the construction of a second tunnel at Stalag Luft I, F/L James was found by a member of the Abvehr staff, and again was sentenced to 14 days' solitary confinement. He was engaged on the construction of a further five tunnels while at this prison camp, all of which were unsuccessful.

James was then transferred to Stalag Luft III (Sagan) where, on the 23rd of July 1942, he and an Australian companion managed to slip away from a sick parade while travelling between the Sick Quarters and the Eastern compound of the camp. They hid together in a coal shed, and immediately began to construct a tunnel. This tunnel was 21 feet in length when they were discovered by a guard the next day. A further 14 days in cells resulted. After this bid, up to September 1942, James helped in the construction of another two unsuccessful tunnels. In September 1942, James

was moved to Oflag XXL B (Schubin) where he again directed his energies to the construction of yet another three tunnels, none of which were successful.

In April 1943, he found himself back at the notorious Stalag Luft III. He, among others, immediately set about the construction of a tunnel known as "Harry", which is destined to become famous when the history of the war is placed on record, due to the infamy of the German enemy in shooting 50 RAF and other officers after their attempted escape in March 1944. For almost one year, F/L James applied himself to the construction of this tunnel, through which, on the night of the 24-25th of March 1944, 76 officers succeeded in escaping from the camp confines.

F/L James was the 39th man to leave the tunnel. The thoroughness of the escape plan may be realized from the knowledge that he was wearing civilian clothing - made from RAF uniforms - and that he was in possession of forged identity documents. After leaving the exit of the tunnel, he made for some nearby woods, and there was joined by eleven others. The party then set off to walk across country to Tschiebsdord Railway Station, whence they caught a train, travelling third class, to Bobrrohrstorf, where they arrived early next morning. The party decided to split up into two's. F/L James and his companion struck south across country towards Hirschberg, but on arrival at the Railway Station there, they were apprehended by the German police, who took them to a local police station for interrogation.

F/L James remained imprisoned at Hirschberg until the 6th of April, when he transferred to Sonderlarger A. Sashsemhausen Concentration Camp (Oranienberg). In May 1944, he with others, once again commenced the construction of a tunnel, through which, on the 23rd of September, he and four others escaped. This tunnel was some hundred feet in length and in parts was 10 feet below the surface of the ground. James with one companion, both wearing civilian clothes converted from RAF uniforms, after leaving the tunnel, walked northwards, following the Berlin-Rostok Railway. They travelled only at night, by-passing large towns, and hiding in woods during the day. At one stage they boarded a goods train which took them 35 kms. before they had to get off.

However, on the 6th of October 1944, when only 30 kms. south of Rostok, James and his companion were captured by some members of the German Home Guard. After being detained at a local inn, they were handed over to S.S. troops, who eventually returned them to Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp, where they were immediately put in cells. James was handcuffed for three days after his interrogation, and was kept in cells from the 6th of October until the 15th of February 1945, without being sentenced. He was eventually liberated by Allied Forces on the 6th of May 1945.

Throughout his captivity he demonstrated an outstanding devotion to duty and his determination to cause the enemy the maximum annoyance on every possible occasion never waned. Although on several occasions he had been severely punished for attempted escapes, his tenacity and courage never failed.

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JAMES, O.B.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 745340
Unit: No. 83 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Military Medal

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down in Northern France on the 22nd of March 1941. Sgt. James was captured by the Germans and taken to hospital where his left arm was amputated. He was imprisoned in Germany for some time, and with ultimate escape in view, eventually succeeded in getting himself removed to France under the repatriation scheme. When this was abandoned, James, in company with Sgt. Magrath, and in the face of many difficulties and physical handicaps, succeeded in escaping from the prison camp and showing the utmost determination, made his way after many adventures through France and Spain to Gibraltar, from where he was repatriated.

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JEFFERY, Henry Thomas

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1392693
Unit: No. 158 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On the 10th of April 1944, we left Lissett in a Halifax aircraft at 2030 hrs. After we had dropped our bombs, we were hit by flak, and our aircraft burst into flames immediately. I baled out at approximately 0030 hrs. on the 11th of April and landed near Roye in the Somme area. I hid my parachute and mae west in a bush.

Walking approximately 7 kms. to the south, I arrived at St. Mard, a small village near Roye, where I contacted a peasant at 0700 hrs. There I received civilian clothing, and in the afternoon was taken by the F.F.I. to Paris where I stayed approximately one month.

At the end of that time, I took the train to Toulouse, in the company of P/O David Thompson, RCAF, of 31 Clayton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and 2/Lt. Richard Miller, of Cleveland Heights, Cleveland, Ohio. In Toulouse we stayed for five days until the 13th of May. We contacted four Belgians and with two Spanish guides, took the train for the small town of Sarrangolin near the Pyrenees, where we were arrested by German frontier guards just as we left the town. We had been told previously that this small town was unguarded, but when we left the carriage in single file behind our two guides, two German frontier guards saw us, and when we tried to escape, we were caught. Two of the Belgians gave their names as Sgt. Viermulen and Sgt. Dubois, both RAF.

On the 13th of May we were taken to Arrien where we stayed overnight. During the night we were badly beaten up by the German Gestapo there. We had to strip and were put against a wall and beaten with canes and with fists. I was treated in this way for three-quarters of an hour. We were

then taken by the Waffon S.S. to Tarbes where we stayed for two days. On the 16th of May, we were taken to St. Michel prison in Toulouse, where we met about 20 more Allied aviators. Amongst them were: Captain Henry Aldridge, U.S.A.A.F.; T/Sgt. Henry, U.S.A.A.F.; F/Lt. William Forster, RCAF; P/O Murphy, RAF and 2/Lts. Bangos, Hart, and Campbell, U.S.A.A.F. After about five weeks there we were taken to a Wehrmacht Gofanguis in Fresnes, near Paris where we stayed until the 1st of August. We were four in a cell. The food was poor, and we only got 15 minutes' exercise per week and one shower in three weeks, with no soap or towels.

On the 1st of August, sixty of us were evacuated and placed under Gestapo guard on a train bound for Frankfurt, Germany. We were hand-cuffed in pairs, and I was partnered with Dubois.

During the night of the 2nd of August, I picked the lock of my hand-cuffs with a small penknife which I was able to smuggle out of the suitcase which I had to carry. Dubois and I, pretending that we wanted to go to the lavatory, opened the handcuffs and left the train by the window. Dubois and I separated; he advancing much more quickly than myself, as I was injured in the leg and shoulder during my jump from the train. I made my way back through the German-Alsatian frontier approximately 10 kms. outside Metz. At 1130 hrs. I contacted a farmer at Waville. I hid in a barn until the 4th of August. The farm people brought a doctor who attended to my shoulder and leg injuries. I walked from Waville for the whole day and reached Dommartin La Chaussee. I stayed at a farm for a week.

On the 11th of August, I contacted the Maquis who took me to Vieville. I stayed there in a Maquis camp for six days until the 16th. We were attacked by the Germans, and had to retreat after killing about 36 of them. I helped the Maquis in these battles.

On the 16th of August, I left the camp and went to Hatton Chatel, where I contacted Dubois. We stayed together there until the 19th of Aug.

A guide took us to an F.F.I. camp about 10 kms. away. In that camp we remained until the 21st. They then took us, together with three Canadians, to Toul in a Maquis van. From 21st to 25th of August we stayed in Toul with a Count, who seemed to be some sort of leader in the F.F.I., because he told us a lot about the organization. We were very well looked after in that place. On the 25th we were moved to the house of a small butcher in Toul, where we stayed until the 4th of September. Toul was liberated on the 2nd of September. I reported to a U.S. Major of C.A. and was sent back through C.A. channels, arriving in the United Kingdom on the 10th of September.

Dubois, who had revealed his identity to a U.S. Recce force, has gone with them as a Liaison Officer and interpreter.

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JENNENS, W.

Rank: Wing Commander (Camp adjutant)
Unit: RAF
Awards: Order of the British Empire
London Gazette 28/12/45

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JEWELL, John Mark Herbert

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 41294
Unit: No. 33 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

F/Lt. Jewell, after being shot down in North Africa, on the 21st of November 1941, was sent to Tarhuna, Capua, Padula, Piacenza Hospital and Modena (Camp 47).

While at Tarhuna, he and another officer crawled through the wire and were at large for eight days before they were betrayed to Italians.

On the 9th of September 1943, the Senior British Officer of Camp 47, paraded all POW's and advised them to wait until the Allied Forces arrived, though he would not prevent those who wished to escape sooner. As he finished speaking, a messenger arrived to say that the Germans were at the camp gates, and while the Germans were entering the camp, Jewell and two other officers jumped over the wire, and were guided by a friendly Italian to a farm near Maranello. Six weeks later, Jewell went by train via Rome and Genzano, to Velletri and on foot to Cisterna. Here he met another helper who sheltered him at Littoria. From here he made an attempt to reach the Anzio beachhead, but his guides were stopped by the enemy. When the Germans became very active in rounding up labour gangs, F/Lt. Jewell moved to Pontinia. On the 25th of May 1944, he met an advancinv American Recce Unit.

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JOHNSON, Arthur Harry

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 900452
Unit: No. 65 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Warrant Officer Johnson was shot down over France in October 1941, and captured. He made his first attempt to escape from Stalag Luft III (Sagan) in September 1942, when with another officer, he cut his way through the wire and made for Czechoslovakia, sometimes walking and other times securing lifts by trains. On the third day after the escape, his companion was seen by the guard and kicked off the train. W/O Johnson eventually reached Breslau where he was discovered in a goods yard.

In June 1943, he with others, escaped by a subterfuge involving the use of a bogus delousing party, but they were recaptured when boarding a train. During the move from Nuremberg to Moosburg in April 1945, W/O Johnson and another officer, left the line of march and headed west. After 15 days they made contact with a farmer who gave them food and shelter, but on the same day, German troops were billetted at the farm, and Johnson and his companion were recaptured. They were sent to Moosburg, where they were liberated a few weeks later.

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JOHNSTON, Brian Earl

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J 15429
Unit: No. 70 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Military Cross

Pilot Officer Johnston, and Sgts. Bebbington and Davies were members of the crew of a Wellington aircraft which was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire while attacking Tobruk. Subsequently it was necessary to land the bomber in close proximity to the enemy's lines. After destroying essential equipment, the crew filled all available water bottles from the aircraft's tank, and with emergency rations, the navigator's compass, a Verey pistol and some first-aid equipment in their possession, they set out to avoid capture. On the second day, the party was assisted by friendly Arabs, but on the following few days, other Arabs were met who were unfriendly and would render no assistance. On the seventh day the crew were assisted by a friendly tribesman who supplied them with biscuits, water and cigarettes. He promised to return next day and guide them to Matruh, but failed to keep his promise. The crew therefore moved off, and on the tenth day, further tribesmen were encountered who gave them two gallons of water and biscuits. Continuing their trek, they came to a well by noon on the 13th day. Here a rest was taken as food was running short and one member of the party was suffering badly with his feet. It was therefore decided to make an attempt to find a lorry. Towards dusk, the party moved off and eventually saw two lorries parked about 50 yards apart on a main road. An attempt to capture one of them was made, but although casualties were inflicted on the occupants, the attempt had to be abandoned as the party was out-numbered. Despite this, with the exception of the rear gunner, they succeeded in getting away, and the following day, a camel driver assisted them and directed them to a village. For the next seven days they carried on, obtaining water at wells and being assisted by friendly tribesmen. By the 28th day, the crew reached Lake Magra. Shortly after daylight on the following day, they were rescued by the drivers of two army vehicles, after a journey of some 340 miles through hostile country. Pilot Officer Johnston acted as leader throughout, being excellently supported by Sergeants Davies and Bebbington. This officer and the airmen displayed resolute courage and fortitude throughout the hazardous period.

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JOYCE, J.L.

Regtl. No. 40206 N.Z.
Unit: No. 104 Squadron

(See information under Sgt. J.C. Barr)

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KEARINS, Terance S.F.

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 404877 N.Z.
Unit: No. 485 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This NCO left Biggin Hill on the 15th of July 1943, on bomber escort duty. His aircraft was hit and set on fire. Baling out over France, he came down about five miles west of Hesdin. Warrant Officer Kearins was badly burned. He asked an elderly woman at an isolated farm house for help. She took him in and he spent two and a half months there, being cared for by this woman and her husband. Contact was made with an organization by which he made his final escape.

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KER-RAMSAY, R.G.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Member of the British Empire
London Gazette 28/6/46

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KING, H.J.

Regtl. No. 109939
Unit: No. 104 Squadron

(see information under Sgt. J.C. Barr)

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KIRKMAN, Jack Marten

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. Aus. 406017, RAAF
Unit: No. 1435 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Flying Officer Kirkman was captured near Cantani on the 16th of February 1943, and was subsequently imprisoned at Camp 19, Sulmona.

After the Italian Armistice the senior British Officer organized the camp for escape, but the Germans arrived before the plan could be put into action. While the Germans were evacuating the camp, Flying Officer Kirkman hid in a cistern on the 11th of September, and later, with five other officers, escaped through a side door. The party then separated. Flying Officer Kirkman and another officer shortly joined forces with rebel bands, but early in December, Kirkman realized that he was receiving no assistance to enable him to reach Allied lines. He therefore, left the rebels. For three months, in company with two other escaped prisoners of war, Kirkman lived with Italians in the area of Santa Sofia. In March 1944, he proceeded to Castellata where he met patriots who offered to conduct him and his two comrades to Allied lines. The lorry in which they were travelling was attacked by Fascists and Kirkman and his companions quickly dispersed. After taking refuge with another rebel band, Kirkman and several others travelled to Montegrano. From here an agent arranged for the party to be evacuated by sea. Kirkman reached San Vito on the 10th of May 1944. He had displayed great determination and set a fine example.

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KOWALSKI, M.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 782276
Unit: No. 305 Squadron (Polish)

This airman was a member of the crew of a Wellington aircraft which was shot down near Liege on the 7th of August 1941. He hid in a wood for 12 hours and so escaped capture. He was then taken to Brussels and stayed there until the 7th of November when he left with a guide and two companions. They were escorted across the Franco-Belgian frontier and then made their way alone, and left the Zone Interdite on the 6th of November. Travelling via Paris and Bayonne, they reached the Spanish frontier on the 10th of November. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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KRAWCZYK, S.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. P. 1347
Unit: No. 305 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was captain of the crew of an aircraft which set out to bomb Stuttgart on the 5th of May 1942.

Owing to engine failure, he was forced to bale out near Namur and risking capture in an endeavour to complete the destruction of his aircraft, he nevertheless successfully escaped the enemy.

Despite many discouragements and disappointments, he persevered in making his way southwards, and after many adventures, succeeded in reaching Spain from whence he was repatriated on the 6th of July 1942.

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KULA, Franciszek

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 782693
Unit: No. 305 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Military Medal

On the night of the 28th of August 1942, Sgt. Kula was the air gunner of a Wellington aircraft detailed to attack a target at Saarbrucken. While flying over Luxembourg, the aircraft was attacked by enemy fighters and damaged so severely that thecrew were compelled to abandon it. Sgt. Kula alighted in a field near Brussels and after disposing of his parachute in the bank of a river, made his way to some nearby woods where, owing to his wounds, he rested for four days. During this period, he lived on his emergency rations. He subsequently proceeded by train from Brussels, and after a long and tedious journey through France, he arrived at Marseilles.

Throughout, Sergeant Kula displayed dogged determination, courage and ingenuity to evade capture. He returned to this country in September 1942.

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LACHARITE, Roger Alfred

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. R.62734
Unit: No. 51 Squadron
Awards: British Empire Medal

Flight Sergeant Lacharite was a member of an aircraft which was shot down over Holland on the 25th of August 1941. He was captured by the Germans after landing by parachute and taken first to Dulag Luft, and a month later to Stalag VIII B at Lamsdorf.

By changing identities with a New Zealander, Lacharite managed to go out on a working party and made three escapes - all of which were unsuccessful; although on the first occasion he was at liberty for three months, and on the second and third occasions, he reached Prague and the Polish border respectively. After the last attempt, his true identity was discovered and Lacharite was sent to Stalag Luft III, at the end of July 1942. From then until December 1942 he was engaged in tunnelling activities.

He also took part in other Escape Committee activities and assisted in sending information to the War Office by secret means.

In the autumn of 1944 the whole camp moved to Fallingbostel where Lacharite worked in liaison with the French workmen in order to obtain passports, food and equipment for the use of escapers. On the fifth day of the march from Stalag 357, Lacharite and one other left the column and after three days in the woods, made contact with Allied Troops.

Throughout his period of captivity this NCO showed great determination to escape, and to assist others to escape and set a fine example to his fellow prisoners.

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LAMBERT, Albert

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. J.1326
Unit: No. 405 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Bar to Distinguished Flying Cross 32/4/44
(see information under Flying Officer H.T. Huston)

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LAWLOR, Kenneth Hayes

Rank: Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 113364, S.A.A.F.
Unit: No. 4 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

This officer's aircraft was shot down near Bir Hakeim on the 4th of June 1942, and Lawlor was captured and imprisoned at Capua and Modena. (Camp 47).

On the 9th of September 1943, the senior British officer of Camp 47 paraded all POW's and advised them to wait until the Allied Forces arrived though he would not prevent those who wished to escape sooner. As he finished speaking, a messenger arrived to say that the Germans were at the camp gates. After the Germans had taken over, Lieutenant Lawlor and two other officers, hid in a roof for eight days before finally getting outside.

For six weeks they were sheltered in the vicinity of the camp. Then with one companion, Lieut. Lawlor cycled to San Anatolia, where they were recaptured on the 18th of December 1943, and taken via Camp 102 (Aquila) to a tented POW camp at Pissignato. While at Aquila they made two unsuccessful attempts to escape, but five days after their arrival at Pissignata they and three other officers succeeded in getting into the German compound and through the wire. After hiding in the Norcia district for several weeks, three of them, including Lawlor, joined a rebel band near Cascia. On the 4th of April 1944, acting on a radio message received, Lawlor proceeded towards Monturano. Meeting members of "A" Force, he was given escape aids which he took back to POW's in the district from which he had come. He then returned to Monturano and participated in a sea evacuation scheme. Termoli was reached on the 25th of May 1944.

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LEESON, Patrick George

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 90250
Unit: No. 605 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Flight Lieutenant Leeson was shot down and captured near Arras on the 22nd of May 1940, and was in hospitals in Cambrai and Oberursel until March 1941.

Transferred to Stalag Luft I in the summer of 1941, Leeson planned an escape by changing places with a sweep; this he succeeded in doing in January 1942, and made for the ferry at Warnemunde. After walking for two days, he was recaptured by a patrol at Damgarten. He had been unable to avoid the town due to heavy snow. He also took part in several tunnel digging operations all without success.

Leeson and two other officers made a further escape in March 1942, by climbing the wire. Once outside they separated and Leeson made his way towards Stralsund where he was caught the following night. Although he had received severe sentences of cells after his previous attempts to escape, Leeson tried again while in transit from Sagan to Schubin in September 1942. He cut a hole in the wagon, but was seen before being able to jump.

While at Stalag Luft III, he was a member of the Escape Committee for 18 months, and was connected with the main break from the camp in March 1944, when he was responsible for arranging the escape routes, timing, clothing and food of 20 officers who escaped.

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LEITCH, David Duncan Patrick

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 921693
Unit: No. 408 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Warrant Officer Leitch was Navigator in a Halifax aircraft, which left Leeming on the night of the 10th of March 1943, for an attack on Stuttgart. After bombing, when on homeward course, the aircraft was so badly damaged by flak and night fighter attack, that the crew were ordered to bale out.

W/O Leitch landed near Vassy, France, and having burned his secret charts and put his weighted parachute and harness in a swamp, started an attempt at evasion. Disguised in old clothes taken from a scarecrow, he shortly received help, food and clothing from residents of Ville-en-Blaisois and on the 14th of March, with further help, reached Ambonville where he was unfortunately captured, taken to a military prison in Paris, and thence to Dulag Luft, Oberusel.

W/O Leitch made his first attempt to escape on the 20th of June 1943, from a train while being taken from Stalag Luft III to Stalag Luft VI; escaping through the lavatory window, but was recaptured on the 22nd of June, after a gallant effort, during which he travelled nearly 100 miles by train toward the Baltic Coast.

This Warrant Officer made a second attempt to escape on the 2nd of February 1944, again from a train in which he was being transferred from one camp to another, but after only a few hours of liberty, he was seen and recognized, but avoided capture and rejoined his train.

A third attempt at escape was made on the night of March 22nd - again from a train and through the lavatory window. Leitch shortly contacted some French workers who took him to their camp and after a week, assisted him to take the identity of a French worker with a forged identity card and authority to travel to Danzig, where he hoped to board a Swedish ship, having failed to do so at Konigsberg where the French workers camp was located. Displaying coolness and resource, he reached Danzig and with some help from French workers in the town, he went to the dock area to try and find a ship on which to escape. While attempting to board a large vessel which was almost ready to leave, he was discovered and recaptured.

Notwithstanding these previous failures, Leitch made a fourth attempt to escape on the 8th of April 1944. He was aided in his efforts by both Naval and Army personnel held at this camp, Stalag XX2, but before their help could be made effective, the German authorities started to reorganize the camp defences to make escape more difficult. Leitch then decided to make a getaway without delay, and successfully left the camp in civilian clothes. He remained at large until the 8th of June 1944, but could not make good his escape and was recaptured.

Leitch was finally liberated on the 16th of April 1945.

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LENTON, R.A.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 42315
Unit: No. 39 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

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LIGGETT, Henry

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 518168
Unit: No. 144 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

W/O Liggett was a member of a crew of a Hampden aircraft detailed for a raid against enemy naval targets on the 29th of September 1939. The aircraft crash-landed in the North Sea off Heligoland, and the crew were picked up and taken to a German Naval Hospital.

After periods of imprisonment in three different camps, Liggett was sent to the Working Commando Camp at Weimar on the 28th of March 1940. On the 4th of August, he walked out of this camp, but was recaptured at Munster two days later and returned to Weimar, where he was confined to his room for 14 days. He was transferred to Stalag Luft I at Barth on the 7th of November 1940. On the 21st of September 1942 he and an RAF sergeant concealed themselves in packing cases which were despatched to the railway station and placed in a truck. After a time they broke out of the cases and started to walk from the station, and Liggett reached Sassnitz on the following day. He stowed away on the German-Swedish Ferry Steamer, but was discovered at 0930 hrs. on the 22nd of April 1942. He was handed over to the Gestapo at Sweinemunde and underwent interrogation for two days, after which he was sent to Stalag Luft III at Sagan.

Undeterred by his previous recaptures, this warrant officer, two months later, took three RAF non-commissioned officers through the gate of the camp at Sagan. The NCO's were dressed in their ordinary uniforms but he wore the uniform of a Luftwaffe soldier. They were unfortunately captured at the second gate, and punished with confinement to cells for three weeks on a bread and water diet.

On the 5th of November 1942, while he was confined at Schubin, W/O Liggett broke away from a working party which had left camp to collect stores. He was recaptured within a few minutes and punished by being put on a bread and water diet for 14 days.

Towards the end of August 1943, when he was imprisoned at Heydekrug, Liggett again escaped from the camp through a tunnel which he had helped to construct. He walked to Kloken dressed as a civilian and carrying false papers. From there, he travelled by river steamer to Tilsit where he was discovered at the ferry. He again underwent interrogation by the Gestapo and was forced to reveal his identity. For this escape he was punished with a diet of 28 days' bread and water.

He was repatriated from Germany in September 1944, after a period in hospital.

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LITTLEDALE, R.B. KRRC

Rank: Major
Awards: Distinguished Service Order

(This is the story of Littledale and Lt/Cdr. W.L. Stephens, R.N.V.R. as told by Stephens)

After separating from Reid and Wardle, Littledale and I walked into Rochlitz, which we reached at 0730 hrs. We were wearing civilian clothes brought out in attache cases. At 0805 hrs. we left by train for Chemnitz, arriving at 0920 hrs. We took tickets for Stuttgart. We were questioned by the railway police, but our papers were satisfactory.

We left Chemnitz at 0940 hrs. We had to change at Hof at 1500 hrs. and until 1930 hrs. when the D-Zug (express) left for Nurenberg, we walked around the town, and drank beer in the station restaurant. We reached Nurenberg at 2300 hrs.

We slept in the station restaurant until 0530 hrs. on the 16th of October, when we left by Schnellzug (fast train) for Stuttgart, arriving at 1015 hrs. We had been told by a Polish officer in the camp that Stuttgart main station was strictly controlled, and to avoid booking from there to the frontier. We went by train to the suburb of Esslingen, whence we travelled by electric train to Plockingen, Reutlingen and Tubingen. From Tubingen we went on to Tuttlingen. We took the wrong road out of Tuttlingen and had to spend the night (October 16-17) in a wood six kms. southeast of the town.

At daylight on the 17th we made out our position, by aid of a small-scale map and a home-made compass, and went on foot across country to the railway just south of Immendigen. Here we rested until dark, when we moved on down the valley in which the railway ran to a wood above Engen.

We lay up in the wood until dark on the 18th. The day was uneventful except that a man was shooting rocks in the wood with a rifle, and later a terrier came to look at us, but made no sign. We walked in the fields parallel to the railway and came into sight of Singen shunting yard about midnight. We retraced our steps and in crossing over the main line by a bridge, were stopped by a sentry. We showed him our papers and satisfied him that we had lost our way to Singen station. After crossing the railway further north, we found the point where the main Helsingen-Singen road meets the wood, shown to us as leading to the frontier.

We followed the wood, but it eventually became clear that we were wrong. We therefore lay up until dawn on the 19th, and then reconnoitred to fix our position. Having done this, we lay up until dark, and then, following a more easterly branch of the wood, arrived on the frontier road at 2100 hrs. We were challenged by a frontier sentry, but owing to his credulity we were able to move away. We remained hidden until the moon

went down, and crossed to the wood north of Ramsen, where we arrived about 0300 hrs. on the 20th of October. We remained hidden until dawn and then reported to the Swiss police in Ramsen.
(See "They Have Their Exits" by Lieut. A. Neave, D.S.O. O.B.E. M.C.)

LOCKHART, W.G.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 748117
Unit: No. 74 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve

This airman was shot down over Northern France on the 7th of July 1941. He landed unconscious on top of a tree, and although wounded, managed to get away from the scene of the crash, but was later captured by the Germans. He managed to escape making his way through France, and after imprisonment in Spain, reached Gibraltar from whence he was repatriated.

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LONSDALE, R.W.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 755548
Unit: No. 107(B) Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Military Medal L.G. 13/3/42

On the 10th of July 1940, this observer's aircraft was shot down in flames near Airaines on the Somme. He obtained civilian clothes, and with three R.E.men, walked to Oisement. He was captured by the Germans on the 21st of July, but escaped by jumping from a lorry on the 26th of July. He succeeded in crossing the Line of Demarcation on the 11th of August. He was imprisoned in Fort St. Jean on the 18th of October but escaped on the 26th of December and crossed into Spain where he was interned in various camps for about three months before being repatriated. This airman showed courage and persistence, and continued his efforts to escape until he was successful.

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MACCALLUM, D.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 817203
Unit: No. 83 (B) Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 11/6/42
Distinguished Flying Medal A.A.F.

Sergeant MacCallum's aircraft crashed in flames near Callac in Brittany, on the 21st of March 1941, but he rescued his observer, Sgt. A.B. James, who was badly burned. Sgt. Miller and Sgt. Weir were both killed. MacCallum was himself injured but managed to obtain civilian clothes and a bicycle out of the district. On reaching a friendly farmhouse, he collapsed from

exhaustion. Having dyed his hair and cut off his moustache, he eventually took a train to Paris. He then proceeded to Lyons, crossing the Line of Demarcation safely, but was caught by the Spaniards while crossing the Pyrenees, and interned for a month before being repatriated. Sgt. MacCallum showed courage and exceptional intelligence in making his escape into Spain.

MACDOUGALL, John Bert

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. C.18114
Unit: No. 405 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

We took off from Gransden in a Halifax 21A on the 15th of July 1943, about 2250 hours to bomb a factoryin Montbeliard. On the return flight, we were attacked by fighters and ordered to bale out.

I came down about 0245 hrs. on July 16th, in a clearing in a wood west of Pellegarde, about 15 miles west of Montargis, France. My parachute hit me in the face as I landed, cutting my forehead and stupifying me. I lay on the ground for a few minutes, and then as I heard dogs barking nearby, I got up and tore pieces of silk from my parachute to wrap around my forehead which was bleeding. I then dug a hole in soft ground beside a stream and buried my parachute, harness and mae west.

I had had an aids box in one of my flying boots, but I lost the box when I baled out. I got the maps out of my purse, and using my compass, headed south. I saw a white object some distance away, and being unable to decide what it was, avoided it. I learned later that this was probably Sgt. McGregor hanging from a tree by his parachute.

I walked south until I reached a main road, and at a junction I saw signs pointing to Orleans and Bourges. I decided to take the road to Bourges, which ran due south, and walked until daybreak on the 16th. At daybreak I visited a poor farmhouse where the old farmer gave me cold water and schnapps to bathe my forehead. I told him who I was, and he fetched a Belgian who had lived in the United States, and could speak some English. I was given food and allowed to shelter in a hayloft for the day. In the evening, the Belgian returned with clothes and got a satchel into which to put my uniform, which I decided to take with me as a means of identification should I be arrested by the Germans. Leaving the farm at dark, I continued southward on the main road. At daybreak on the 17th, I arrived in Sully. The Belgian had warned me that both the road and rail bridges here might be guarded, but I found no guard on the road bridge. I walked quickly through Sully, as people were starting to move about. South of Sully I went to another farmhouse, where I got food and shelter in a hayloft for the day.

In the evening I left the farm, and about dawn on the 18th, reached another farm near Argent-sur-Sauldre, where I was given food and allowed to spend the day in a barn. I left the farm at dusk, and as I approached Argent I met a young Frenchman and two girls. I realized that the young Frenchman would probably be evading the German Labour Conscription, and

I asked him, in the small amount of French I spoke, whether I could get through the village unnoticed. The young man and the girls took me with them to the village. Here they also took me into the back kitchen of a hotel. The proprietor, who spoke a little English, gave me a meal, sandwiches for my journey, and 1,000 francs. The young man escorted me through the village and I continued walking south. I walked the whole night and next day (July 19). In the evening, I stopped at a farm on the outskirts of La Chapelle-D'Ancilion, where I got shelter for the night.

Next morning, I headed south again and continued all day along the main road, passing through the Foret De St. Pallais. South of the forest I found shelter at another farmhouse.

I continued south next morning (July 21); walking on the main road was now becoming dangerous, as German cars were passing frequently. Every time a car passed, I hid in a ditch or in bushes. I realized that I was approaching Bourges and did not know how I could get through the town, as I understood there were a large number of Germans there. I hailed a truck driven by a Frenchman, and told him who I was. He was only going as far as Bourges himself, but I persuaded him to take me right through the town and drop me at the road junction on the southwest outskirts.

Here I stopped a man on a bicycle and asked him the way to Montiucon which I knew was almost due south of Bourges. Unfortunately he misdirected me and I found myself on a secondary road leading to Ste. Thorette. I stopped a man on this road and told him who I was. He said that side roads would be safer than the main road south, and after leaving him, I walked along the Ste. Thorette road until I found another side road leading southwest to Villeneuve. From Villeneuve I joined the road running along the east bank of the River Cher to St. Florent, which I reached in the afternoon.

I had been walking in flying boots and my feet were badly blistered and I was very tired. In St. Florent I went into a hotel and ordered beer. The proprietor watched me carefully for a time and then brought me another beer, and speaking very quietly, asked me if I was English. He then took me into his office and brought me food and beer. After he had given me a room, he returned with a friend who spoke good English. I told his friend my story. In the evening he brought a new pair of shoes.

I stayed in St. Florent for six days (July 21-26). On the 22nd of July, my host took me to see a friend in Chateauneuf-Sur-Cher, who promised to make arrangements for me to get to Perpignan. On the 26th of July, the man from Chateauneuf visited me in St. Florent and gave me an identity card, for which I was photographed, and civilian clothes.

I left St. Florent on the 26th of July with the man from Chateauneuf and went by train to Perpignan. After a night here, we went to Tautavel, about 10 miles northwest of Perpignan, where I was supplied with identity papers.

On the 2nd of August, my host, the policeman and another man, took me to Port Vendres, where I was handed over to guides who were taking French youths across the Pyrenees. I left Perpignan about 2200 hrs. the same night with two young Frenchmen, and two guides. We walked across country, arriving in Spain on the morning of August 3rd. The guides left us once they had got us into Spain. I paid the guides 1,000 francs.

Three hours after crossing the frontier, the two Frenchmen and I were arrested by Spanish civil guards. A civil guard asked me how much money I had, and when I showed him the 1860 francs I had brought from France, he said that was all right. We were taken to Espolia, where we were searched and locked up in a cell at the police station. On the 4th of August we were sent to the police station in Figueras, where a civilian tried to interrogate me, asking where I had been bombing, what route I followed from France, and whether I had had guides. I said I was not there for interrogation and gave him only my number, rank and name, asking him to get in touch with the British Consulate. The same day I was sent to prison in Figueras. After I had been there about 10 days I was taken ill with feverand was put into hospital where I remained until the 22nd of August.

A Spanish Air Force Officer took me from Figueras via Barcelona to Alhama de Aragon, where I was interned in a hotel for three weeks. I was then sent via Madrid (three days) for Gibraltar.

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MACGREGOR, Gregor

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1377432
Unit: No. 405 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This NCO successfully escaped from enemy-occupied France in November 1943. The courage and resourcefulness displayed by him throughout his perilous journey is most commendable.

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MACINTYRE, Donald Philip

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J.5998
Unit: No. 35 Squadron, Bomber Command
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

P/O MacIntyre, an officer and NCO's, were detailed as a crew to attack the German battleship, "Tirpits" in the Aason Fjord at Trondheim on the night of the 27th of April 1942.

This flight involved a total flying time of nine hours and covered a total distance of 1,350 miles over the North Sea, and the mountainous country of Northern Norway.

The attack was ordered to be carried out at 150 ft. in the face of intense opposition from the battleship and the guns on both sides of the Fjord.

It would appear that while carrying out this courageous attack, MacIntyre's aircraft must have been fatally damaged by flak, necessitating a forced landing in this most difficult country. By a feat of most superb airmanship, this landing was carried out successfully.

Having carried out this forced landing, MacIntyre and the other men, then made their escape from the numerous search parties that had been sent out by the German garrison at Trondheim.

For eight days the member of this crew, suffering the greatest hardships, walked through deep snow across the mountains, and in an exhausted condition, arrived at the Norwegian border, having covered a total distance of 45 miles. By sheer determination and will-power they crossed safely into Sweden.

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MACKENZIE, N.W.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 910402
Unit: No. 109 Squadron

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was on a special flight over Northern France on the 5th of November 1941. He was forced to bale out near Hede and made his way alone, walking and by motor-coach, to Angers which he reached on the 8th of November. He stayed there for four days, and with a guide, crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 13th of November. Travelling via Toulouse, he reached Perpignan where he stayed until the 9th of December. He left on the next day for Barcelona and was eventually repatriated from Gibraltar on the 4th of March 1942.

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MACKENZIE, Roderick Maton

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. Aus. 413242
Unit: No. 168 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

This officer showed outstanding initiative, determination and resource in escaping from enemy-occupied territory, after being shot down by flak and enemy fighters. For reasons of security, details (which are known to higher authority), cannot be given here.

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MCCAIRNS, James Atterby

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 125754
Unit: No. 161 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross
Military Medal

This airman, flying a Spitfire, was attacked by enemy aircraft over Gravelines on the 6th of June 1941, and forced down to ground level, was hit by a ground defence gun and compelled to force land.

Following an operation in St. Omer hospital for a wound in the leg, F/O McCairns was removed to a German prison camp on the 11th of July, and finally four days later, he was taken to Stalag IXC at Bad Sulza.

After careful preparations, he escaped in company with another sergeant, from the camp, on the 20th of November 1941, but was recaptured on the 22nd of November after reaching Warburg. Punished by four days' solitary confinement, he was sent back to Stalag IXC, where after interrogation, he was again put in solitary confinement.

On the 22nd of January 1942, after making extensive preparations and saving some food, he again succeeded in breaking camp, and although speaking no German, he travelled by passenger train, changing many times until he arrived near the German-Belgian frontier. Here, jumping from a moving train, he walked for many hours through a terrific snowstorm, until eventually the snow became so thick he was compelled to seek shelter in a three-sided shed in a field. After enduring the night in the open, he made his way to the nearest village, where he caught a train to Malmedy. Again leaving the train, and after several narrow escapes, he found his way over the German frontier to read his first notice in French. Hiding in a shed in which were pigs and chickens, until light, he approached a farmhouse where he was given food and money, and a map showing the way to Francorchamps at which place he had an introduction to someone who would help him. After further adventures and narrow escapes, he eventually succeeded in obtaining assistance and was taken to Brussels on the 30th of January.

He left Brussels on the 25th of March and was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 29th of April.
(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

MCCALLUM, John

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 626278
Unit: No. 10 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

We took off in a Halifax aircraft from Melbourne, near York, about 2000 hrs. on the 27th of August 1943, to bomb Nuremberg. On the return

flight there was a terrific explosion, perhaps caused by a flak hit, and the aircraft went out of control.

I baled out, about 0230 hrs., (August 28) and came down in a field just south of Mons. I landed in bracken and rolled up my parachute and flying kit and hid them in the bracken. I started walking at once, going south on a main road which I reached about daylight. I then came to a signpost, from which I saw that I was 5 km. from Mons, and 20 km. from Beaumont. After looking at my escape map, I headed south for Beaumont, getting direction from time to time from my small compass. The main road was very quiet, and I walked on in broad daylight until I had covered 18 km. from the signpost. I had removed my badges and dirtied my battle-dress to make it less conspicuous. I was wearing ordinary boots.

At this stage, I turned west and came to a small village (probably Erquelinnes) on the Belgian side of the frontier. It was about lunch-time, and I stood beside the church for a time, watching a wedding party enter. Several Luftwaffe men passed, but did not recognize me. When the wedding congregation came out, I approached the priest and told him I was in the RAF. He did not understand me, and I left him and walked through the village until I saw a frontier post and barrier with German guards. I walked back through the village, considering what to do. I then returned in a crowd going over the frontier. The Germans had gone inside the Customs House and the barrier was open, so I walked through with the crowd. At the French frontier, there were two German guards outside and a German officer in the Customs House. I knew I had to go through with it, and walked on behind two young women. As we approached the guards, two girls came in from the other direction, and the Germans spoke to them. At that moment the two young women and I walked through. The German officer did not appear to notice anything odd, though the arm from which my stripes had been removed was actually facing him.

I walked on into Jeumont, on the French side of the frontier. I walked through the village, heading south as far as possible. I then headed out into the country, following a railway line. Two French youths spoke to me in passing, and then one ran after me and asked if I was English. They signed to me not to go further, as there were Germans ahead, and took me over fields to a tumble-down blockhouse. Later they brought me civilian clothes, into which I changed, and took my uniform away in a sack. They indicated that the Berlin-Paris express would be leaving Jeumont about 1800 hours.

About 1730 hrs. I went to the railway. There were two Frenchmen patrolling the line, and I waited until they were out of sight. I broke through a hedge and got on to the railway at a halt (south of Jeumont). I walked on to the south platform. The booking office was on the other side, and there were several German soldiers there. Shortly afterwards, a train came in at my side and I boarded a third-class compartment in a crowd of French workers. I had no ticket. I pretended to doze.

The train was a local one and stopped at a junction (Probably Aulnoye). After about 15 minutes, the Berlin-Paris express drew in at the opposite platform, and I changed trains. There was a ticket collector with a punch in his hand on the platform, and he boarded the train after me. I stood in the corridor and travelled on to Paris. I had intended to jump from the train as it slowed down outside Paris and went into a first-class compartment to do so, but a Luftwaffe officer came in to collect his luggage and I had no chance of jumping.

In the station, I could see a barrier at the end of the platform and thought there might be ticket examiners there. I jumped on to the rails and crossed another platform, on which there was only one man, probably a railway worker, some distance away. I walked off this platform into the central hall of the station, and found ticket collectors at some of the exits. I approached one of the exits. There were three Germans lighting cigarettes nearby. I waited until they were deep in conversation and at the same time the collector on the exit was examining the card of someone coming in. At that moment I jumped over a barrier beside an exit at which there was no control. I did this casually, as though I were a railway worker.

It was then about 2315 hrs. There were still a few people about in the street, and as I thought the curfew would begin at midnight, I began to look for a hotel with an English sign. At last I found one outside which there was a sign with the words "de luxe" and "confort", the last of which I misread as "comfort". I stood outside the hotel door through which I could see two elderly women and a maid dealing with a young Frenchman with a lot of luggage. When he had gone and only one of the elderly women was left in the hall, I walked in and asked in pidgin French for a room. The woman asked me if I were German, Belgian or Dutch. I said, "no" to all three, and finally she said, "Ah, you English". I agreed. She asked if I had papers and I told her I had none. I showed her the money from my purse, and she gave me a registration form. The maid filled the form for me, and they gave me a room for the night and woke me at 0600 hrs. on August 29th. I got no breakfast. They charged me 40 francs for the room, and I gave the maid five francs for having made out the papers.

I left the hotel about 0700 hrs. and started to walk around Paris. I saw English notices at various hotels, but there were German officers going in and out. I also saw a shop, "Patrick's milk and sandwich bar", which I passed and repassed several times, but there were only young girls working there and I did not go in.

I walked about most of the morning, and then decided to make for the country. I headed south on a road marked "Rouen". It was about 1100 hrs. or noon when I left Paris. It was very hot and I was thirsty. I kept on until I passed through Antony, where I turned west into the country. I walked to the top of a hill, and got between two railways, one the Paris Metro. After a rest here, I decided to try one of the houses in the neighbourhood. I approached one of the houses and observed the people in the garden - two women and an old man. I heard them speaking French and when they moved to the back of the house, I followed them. I went up to

them and said, "Je suis anglais Donnez moi..." and made signs that I wanted food. I also asked if they understood English. The old man sent one of the women into the house, and a young man came out who spoke some English. I asked him for help and food, explaining who I was. He asked for proof of my identity, and as I had flown without identity discs, I could only produce my escape aids. This was not enough.

The old man was very scared, and finally asked if I would go with him to the police station. I declined, saying I would be handed over to the Germans. He said the police were very good and might help if only I could prove my identity. I decided to take the chance. While the young man went into the house to change the old man told me he had been a prisoner of war in the last war. I was given some fruit. I indicated that I wanted to burn my map, but the old man would not allow me. On the way to the police station the young man said he was very sorry for me and wished I could prove my identity. As we walked along, I took the chance of throwing away the contents of my aids box as though I were discarding the stones of the peaches I was eating.

At the police station I was given some food and after a time, I was allowed to leave. Later I was put in touch with an organization, and my subsequent journey was arranged for me.

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MCDONALD, Charles Edward

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. R.6649
Unit: No. 403 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal
(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

I was pilot of a Spitfire aircraft which left Hornchurch at approx. 1330 hrs. on the 21st of August 1941, as part of an escort to a formation of bombers proceeding to St. Omer.

My Squadron Leader, S/Ldr. Morris, and I were both shot down by Me 109's about 10 miles northwest of Lille. I was told later by my captors that Morris had been killed.

My aircraft was on fire. I managed to bale out, but I was severely burned on the face and hands.

I landed in a grain field about 1430 hrs. I noticed an Me 109 circling above me at about 500 ft. I did not see where my aircraft fell. I immediately threw off my parachute harness, but retained my mae west.

I could then speak no French whatever. A Frenchman who had seen me land, ran over to me, and helped me into his farmhouse. Here I discarded my mae west, and my helper gave me a civilian coat and an old pair of trousers. He also tried to wash my face and hands. He then carried me a little way from the house and hid me in a big ditch, in which he also hid my mae west.

About 1530 hrs. a German patrol, searching the vicinity, found me in the ditch, and I was taken prisoner-of-war. I was at once taken by car to a small hospital in a village, where my burns were dressed. Thereafter I was removed to a hospital in Lille, where I remained in a room by myself until about the 20th of September.

While in hospital, I was well treated, and no attempt was made to interrogate me. My captors seemed to know my squadron and station, though they did not know my name and number. I learned that there were some other men from my squadron already in the hospital, but I do not know their names, and I was never allowed to see them.

About the 20th of September, an Unteroffizier and a private soldier took me by train to Dulag Luft, at Oberursel.

I was not formally interrogated at Dulag Luft, but was given a "Red Cross" form to complete. When I refused to put down anything but my name, rank and number, I was told that I might as well fill in the rest because it was all known to my captors. I said I was ready to take it down to my interrogator's dictation. He then told me correctly the number of my squadron, its location (Hornchurch), the name of the Group Captain and Wing Commander, the numbers of the other two squadrons of the Wing, and how long my squadron had been at Hornchurch.

I was later interrogated by a S/Ldr. Elliot, who claimed to be in charge of British interests in the camp, and to be able to pass news back to England. I was afterwards warned by W/Cdr. Bader that this man was suspected of being a stool pigeon.

I remained three days only at Dulag Luft, and as far as I could gather no one stayed there for longer than a fortnight. About the 24th of September, I was moved to Stalag VIII B, situated in a wood about three miles from Lansdorf (Prussian Silesi). There was an aerodrome and a German Army Camp nearby. Here I remained until April 1942.

There were about 800 RAF POW's in Stalag VIII B at this time. While here, I learned that on Christmas Eve 1941, W/O Snowden, RAF, and Sgt. Gordon, RCAF, had escaped, but were recaptured after three or four days.

Most of the RAF, myself amongst them, were moved in April 1942 to Stalag Luft III, at Sagan.

Here the NCO's were in a compound separate from the officers. It was possible for the two parties to communicate by signal, but not by speech. POW's had made many tunnels in this camp, but they were constantly detected by the Germans, who went so far as to claim that they had installed a seismographic apparatus for this purpose. W/Cdr. Day escaped while I was here, but was soon recaptured.

I decided that I had no chance of escape from Stalag Luft III, and that my best opportunity of doing so was volunteering for work. I therefore volunteered and in July 1942, was sent back to Stalag VIII B.

Here I consulted R.S.M. Lowe and R.S.M. Sherriff, who were in charge of the Red Cross parcels, and the working parties respectively. Lowe provided me with a store of food, and Sherriff arranged for me to be sent

to a working camp near Gleiwitz as being the most promising from which to escape. I arrived here some time in July. The work here consisted mainly in caring for the gardens of officers in theG.A.F. Three days after my arrival at Gleiwitz, Sgt./pilots Chisholm (RAAF) and Hickman (RAF) arrived, together with W/Cdr. Bader and S/Ldr. Roberts. These two officers were disguised as Army privates and were determined to escape. They were however, soon discovered, and sent back to Stalag VIII B.

At 2300 hrs. on the 11th of August 1942, Chisholm, Hickman and I, with a Polish Jew in the British Army, whom I knew only as "Nick", got through a hole in the ceiling of our hut, and then down through the ceiling of a boiler-room. We had had a key made for this room by someone in the camp. Fortunately the gate in the perimeter wire was unlocked, and choosing a moment when the guard had walked round to the opposite corner of the compound, we passed unnoticed through it.

We were wearing British Army battledress and were carrying a supply of biscuits, Horlick's tablets, Oxo, Marmite and Bovril, saved up from Red Cross parcels. In my opinion the Oxo, Marmite and Bovril are not very satisfying. I had exchanged some food and cigarettes with a British soldier for a German Army compass.

Having got out of the camp, we walked south for two nights, and then turned east. We slept in woods during the daytime, but were disturbed every day by Germans. The woods here are very dense and we managed to keep out of sight.

On the fourth night, we passed through Katowice. We noticed that by now all the people we passed spoke Polish. "Nick", our companion, was therefore able to act as interpreter for the party. On the following day, he spoke to two old women, who ran away. Shortly after this, two boys of about 14 visited us in our hiding place nearby. They brought us a couple of blankets, and after dark, took us to a farm at Gorki, near Myslowice. The farmer kept us here for five weeks. We were given very good food three times a day, and occupied ourselves by playing cards. About the 22nd of September we were moved to another farm. Here we remained for another four weeks, being cared for by the former Mayor of a neighbouring village.

About mid-September 1942, we were guided to some Poles into the territory of the General Government of Poland. We then walked to Krakow, where we arrived about the 17th of October 1942. Here we received civilian clothes and were hidden for about a week in different flats, remaining indoors the whole time.

On the 24th of September, a British soldier arrived from Warsaw, with two Polish women, and took us to Warsaw by train, without incident. Here we received identity papers, and were billetted in different flats, and moved around from time to time. Our helpers eventually arranged for two British soldiers, Privates John Grant and driver George Newton, to be sent with me to Paris as Polish workmen. We were provided with identity cards, to which our photographs and finger prints were added, and our guide also had the necessary workers' permits and travel permits.

On the 23rd of March 1943, with a guide, we left Warsaw by train, via Krakow, Berlin and Metz. We went sight-seeing in Berlin and saw very little bomb damage. Between Berlin and Metz our papers were examined three times. On one of these occasions, they were very carefully scrutinized for about an hour, whereas those of the other travellers in our compartment were subjected to a merely cursory examination.

On the afternoon of the 28th of March, we arrived in Metz. Next day we proceeded to Paris. Here I remained for about a month. During this time I was not allowed out. My French helpers were much more cautious than the Poles had been.

From this point my subsequent journey was arranged for me. Grant and Newton did not accompany me.

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MCFARLANE, Harry Gilchrist

Rank: T/Corporal
Regtl. No. Ch/X 101148
Unit: Marine Corps
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This Marine, after capture in Crete, escaped from a train in Serbia. He and the others were sheltered by peasants and acquired a working knowledge of the language. Later they joined the British Mission, commanded by Colonel Bailey, attached to General Mihailovic, where they did good work ciphering and deciphering and were invaluable as Liaison NCO's to the Mission. They were with the Mission for 18 months. Their work was invaluable, and the reputation they had with the Serbs was of the greatest propaganda value.

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MCFARLANE, V.T.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 569019
Unit: No. 12 Squadron, A.A.S.F.
Awards: Military Medal

This airman was wounded in the back and captured by the enemy while attempting to reach the coast after the capitulation of France.

Following an operation, he was later removed to a convalescent home from which he escaped, only to be recaptured after a period of liberty in which he endeavoured to reach freedom.

Several months later, he once again succeeded in escaping and, after many adventures, crossed into Spain from whence he was repatriated on the 5th of June 1941.

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MCGARVEY, James

Rank: A/Corporal
Regtl. No.3309766
Unit: Attached to 29 Indian Infantry
Awards: Military Medal (George VI)
London Gazette 2/9/42
India G.S. Geo. V Bar "N.W.F. 1935
1939-45 Star; Africa; Italy; Defence; War Medal

This NCO was one of a section operating in front of the guns of a Jack Col in the area of Bir Hamsa, when the position was over-run on the 25th of June 1942, and he and many of the Column were made prisoners. For three days he travelled without food, until arrival in Tobruk on the 28th of June where he remained until the 6th of July.

Determined to escape, he and two OR's of the S.A. Forces, feigned dysentry, and succeeded in remaining in Tobruk, when the remainder of the British Prisoner personnel were evacuated. These men attempted to escape on the night of the 6th of July, but failed owing to the activity of the RAF. They succeeded, however, the following night and after five or six days trekking across the desert, reached Fort Capuzzo, where they fell in with some Senussi who provided them with food. Continuing their journey, these men were unlucky in being discovered by Italians who again made them prisoners, and conducted them via Mersa Matruh to Sidi Barrani. Here he and several other additional prisoners, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, were sent back under the escort of four Italians to Tobruk. On the first night, after having stopped for food near Kilo 45, the party, now twelve strong, over-powered their guards and forced the Italian driver of one lorry to drive them up Halfaya Pass in an attempt to reach Siwa. Owing to the shortage of oil and loss of direction by night, the party decided to give up the attempt to make Siwa, and headed north to the Coast road, where after a further two days' travelling, they fell in with a British patrol, and were rescued.

By his grim determination not to remain in enemy hands and his ability to carry on without food and with little water, over a period of several days trekking in the desert, this NCO has proved himself to be a very efficient soldier and leader; and has set a fine example of coolness and determination to all his comrades.

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MCSWEYN, Allan Frank

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. Aus. 402005
Unit: No. 115 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

While on an operational Sortie over Germany on the 29th of June 1941, the aircraft of which F/Lt. McSweyn was Captain, was shot down by enemy aircraft.

With other members of the Crew, he left the damaged aircraft by parachute. While waiting in a farm yard, he saw a German arrive on a cycle, and go into the farm-house. Ft/Lt. McSweyn took the cycle and rode away in a southerly direction. After hiding for two days and riding throughout the night, he came to a Fighter Station. After dark, he crawled up to a Me 110 aircraft with the intention of taking off in it. The ground crew on hearing the engine running, came up and took him prisoner.

Subsequently he was at various POW camps and at each one, he figured prominently in escape schemes, and made determined efforts to escape. On several occasions, he nearly succeeded but was caught at the last moment and was punished for the attempts.

He eventually escaped from one camp, but was recaptured.

He again escaped from this camp in September 1943, and this time, with the greatest care and determination, managed to evade re-capture, subsequently reaching England.

At the time of capture, F/Lt. McSweyn was on the strength of No. 115 Squadron, but there are now no personnel in that Squadron, nor in this Base, who remember him and the above remarks are compiled from his own account of his experiences.

It appears that during the two years he was a POW his thoughts were only of devising methods of escape and it is due to his great courage and utmost determination, that he eventually succeeded in doing so.
(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

MAGRATH, W.J.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 581464
Unit: No. 82 Squadron

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which attacked an aerodrome at Aalborg on the 13th of August 1940. After leaving the target they were attacked by fighters and compelled to descend in a fjord. Sgt. Magrath, who was badly injured, was imprisoned in Germany for some time and was eventually removed to France under the repatriation scheme. When this was abandoned, Sgt. Magrath, in company with Sgt. James and in face of many difficulties and physical handicaps, succeeded in escaping from the prison camp, and showing the utmost determination, made his way after many adventures through France and Spain, to Gibraltar, from where he was repatriated.

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MALECKI, A.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 793809
Unit: No. 300 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which was shot down on a bombing expedition to Cologne.

He baled out near Givet. Following a period of hiding, he commenced to journey southwards alone, only to be arrested several days later.

Escaping imprisonment by cutting out the lock of a door, he again set out alone, and undergoing great hardship and successfully avoiding enemy troops, he reached the Franco-Swiss frontier.

Despite failure following several attempts to cross the frontier river due to the activities of enemy patrols, and notwithstanding great fatigue from over three weeks' walking and exposure, he nevertheless determined to make for the Spanish frontier, only to be apprehended once more. Continuing to display the greatest determination and ingenuity, he again succeeded in escaping and after further adventures, finally made his way to Spain from whence he was repatriated on the 6th of July 1942.

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MALIK, Abdul

Rank: Hvldr.
Unit: 3/2nd Punjab Regt.
Awards: Indian Distinguished Service Medal (GVIR)
IGS 1908-35 (GVR 2nd type) two clasps
"Mohmand 1933, NWF 1935" (Sepoy)
1939-45 Star,
Africa Star
Burma Star
Defence and War Medals (MID)
A very rare award

IDSM awarded for escaping, apparently the first to have appeared on the market. Abdul Malik joined the Indian Army on the 31st of December 1930. His first active service was in Mohmand country in 1933 with the Lines of Communication Force. In 1935 he was again on the frontier in operations with the Nowshera Brigade. Official citation for IDSM (copy with group) states: "On the 28th of June 1942 a column of 3/2nd Punjab Regt. was surprised by German tanks and six officers and 108 men were captured. They were searched that night and all papers, knives and trinkets removed. Next day at about 1330 hrs. the British officers were taken away by the Germans. The rest were taken to Matruh to the old British POW camp, where the Indian officers were then separated from them. A week later they left Matruh and went to Tobruk, reaching it the next day. They were in an enclosure north of El Gubbi until three weeks later when they moved to the camp below the escarpment, south of Gubbi Satellite. About a week later they left Tobruk to return to Matruh where apparently additional dock labour was needed. They arrived the next day, going directly to the camp south of the Egyptian barracks. Due to his indomitable courage, which remained unshaken by great hardship, Hvldr. Malik succeeded in escaping, and was at the same time responsible for L/Nk. Hussain's escape. He never once doubted that they wold reach our lines, and in addition to this unswerving determination to win through, consciously used his phenomenal powers of visual memory and observation to bring back more military and naval information than any recent escaper. (London Gazette 11th March 1943). The recipient rejoined his regiment, and was posted to Burma in 1944. He served during the advance of 1944-45, and was mentioned in despatches (London Gazette 9th May 1946). IN 1948, on the formation of the Pakistan Army, he was commissioned into the 1st Punjab Regt. as Jemadar, and was still serving in 1955.

MALING, Derick Hilton

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 141987
Unit: No. 70 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

On the night of July 6-7, 1944, Flying Officer Maling was navigator of a Wellington aircraft which was detailed to attack the fighter aerodrome of Feuersbrunn in Austria. Night fighters were very active, and on the return journey, shortly before crossing the Yugoslav border, they were attacked and shot down.

They were in a spin, with the port side of the aircraft a solid sheet of flames, as F/O Maling was putting on his parachute, and he lay unconscious for some time after landing, during which he received wounds to his head and knees. On coming around, his first thought was to escape, and he set out in a southerly direction. At one time he was fired on by an enemy sentry and later found a bullet wound in his thigh, but carrying on, he eventually contacted some peasants who dressed his wounds and provided him with guides.

The guides put him in touch with local partisans and he then travelled with the aid of various bodies of partisans, until they reached a British Mission on the 25th of July, from where Maling was evacuated by air. During this period of 18 days, this officer traversed principally on foot some of the worst Balkan country; living on such food as peasants and partisans could supply. Frequently they had to evade enemy forces and on one occasion, the column in which he was travelling was engaged by the enemy. He began the journey, which would have tested a fit man, in a weak and injured condition and during it, displayed the utmost fortitude in meeting and overcoming very harrassing conditions over a lengthy period.

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MANSFORD, Alfred Reginald

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1393197
Unit: No. 102 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Sgt. Mansford was the Bomb Aimer in a Halifax aircraft which took off from Pocklington on the 8th of March 1943, to bomb Nuremberg. On the outward journey, the aircraft was attacked by a fighter east of Paris, and the crew were forced to bale out.

Sgt. Mansford landed in a grass field near the village of Brizeaux on the southern edge of the Foret D'Argonne. After lying up for the night, he walked into the village. From that point he evaded capture and eventually arrived back safely in this country. The last stages of his journey were a very fine effort of determination and endurance.

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MARLOW, Roy

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1268627
Unit: No. 70 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Military Medal

On the night of June 6, 1942, Sgt. Marlow was the air gunner of an aircraft which while participating in a special operation, was shot down by enemy gun fire, while some 100 miles southwest of Tobruk. Sgt. Marlow was captured and after being imprisoned at Tripoli and Lukka, was removed to Camp 82 at Laterina in April 1943. On the 16th of June 1943, he was a member of a working party at Rupina, and while two sentries were engaged in conversation, Sgt. Marlow and a companion climbed over the wire and made their way to the mountains. On the 20th of June, they were seen by some Fascists and recaptured. On the 12th of September 1943, Sgt. Marlow was in charge of a squad of escapers who had to report every two hours. The Germans were about to take over the camp, but the party cut the wires and escaped before they arrived. Sgt. Marlow obtained civilian clothing and unaccompanied, made his way to Asciano where an Englishman, who was married to an Italian woman, gave him food, money and a compass. On the 14th of September, Marlow continued his journey and reached M.Rosato early in October. Here he joined a rebel band for two days, and helped to destroy a German lorry. On the 28th of October, Marlow arrived at Goriano Valley, but fell sick. For three months he was in bed and was cared for by some Italians. On the 28th of May 1944, Marlow was picked up by some Germans who were checking identity cards. Although he maintained that he was an Italian, he was arrested and in German hands for three days before being taken to a prison 20 kms. from Goriano Valli. Undaunted, Marlow succeeded in scaling the prison wall, and although he was fired upon, he succeeded in effecting his escape again. Making his way to the mountains, Sgt. Marlow reached Trone where he stayed with some more Italians. On the 20th of June 1944, while at Raiano, he met some American troops and was then sent to Naples. From here his journey to the United Kingdom was arranged for him. Throughout, Sgt. Marlow displayed the utmost fortitude and determination.

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MARSH, Leonard

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 968674
Unit: No. 7 Squadron, P.F.F.
Awards: Military Medal

I was a member of the crew of a Stirling bomber which left Oakington on the 8th of March 1943, at about 2030 hrs. to bomb Munich. On the outward

MARTIN, W.J.

Rank: Driver
Regtl. No. 1439369
Unit: 140th Field Regiment
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

My Unit was attached to the 3rd Division, and on the 1st of June I left Cassels, having first destroyed our guns. On the following evening we dismantled our lorries and went on foot with our small arms.

Between Cassels and Hazebrouck we came under fire, and at first, thought that it came from infantry, but a few minutes later fire grew heavier and we were surrounded by German tanks. Our Major was wounded and the others, carrying the wounded, sheltered in a house nearby. Soon afterwards the house was surrounded by Germans and the Major, realizing our desperate position, told us to surrender. Five minutes after giving this order, he died of his wounds. When the roll call was taken, it was found that 200 soldiers had been killed and wounded.

We were not able to destroy our paybooks and these were in some cases, taken from us.

On capture, I was marched in the column to Cambrai. Our route was a circular one with the idea of impressing the inhabitants. I reached Cambrai about the 7th of June and was put in a railway truck to be taken on to Germany.

I managed in the darkness, to jump out of the truck and got away. I obtained civilian clothes soon afterwards, but two days later, was recaptured at Hirson. At first I was taken for a spy, but on producing my paybook, established my identity and was put in the prison camp there where I stayed for five weeks.

I managed to escape again and made for Epernay. Here I swam the river Marne and went on another 15 kms. to a small village, where I was re-arrested by the Germans.

I managed to get away a third time by scrambling over the wall, and headed south by way of Troyes, Auxerre, Clamercy, Chateauroux, Limoges and so to Marseilles.

I should mention that at St. Pol there is a large aerodrome and at Epernay, a munition dump and what appears to be a training centre for German recruits. There were about 1000 of the latter, chiefly young boys; some of them were not even in uniform. I understood that they had only recently arrived from Germany. I crossed the Line of Demarcation at Tourchampault 8 km. from Nevers. At Marseilles I was sent to the internment camp at Fort St. Jean, and my subsequent journey was that of the party headed by Major Potts.

journey, when we were approximately 10 miles south of Sedan, we were attacked by a night fighter. The aircraft caught fire and we received orders from our pilot to bale out.

I came down at 2230 hrs. in a ploughed field about 2 kms. from Elan. I started to walk southwest carrying my parachute, mae west and harness, which I soon buried in a forest. I reached Elan and not knowing where I was, called at a house at about 0130 hrs. I was asked in and given a meal and stayed for about four hours. The owner of the house then directed me on the road towards Rheims.

I headed west, and having observed first a German patrol and then two Storch observation planes, went back into the forest west of Elan; later continuing towards Poix-Terron. I met a farmer who took me to his house and gave me civilian clothes. He could find no shoes for me, as my feet were too big. He also fetched a girl and her father, who said they knew of somebody who could help me. I went along with them and from this point my journey was arranged for me.

On the 22nd of September I went by bicycle to Ville-sur-Retourne, to get some clothes, returning on the 24th. On the way I stopped to have a drink at Heutregiville, after which I went to the back yard of the estaminet seeking a lavatory. Here two German officers and a sergeant were supervising the distribution of meat, and one of the officers asked me who I was. I showed my identity card, but as I had no labour card, he did not seem satisfied and I was arrested. I then had no option but to admit that I was a member of the RAF. My rank, name and number were however, not recorded.

I was taken to Rheims under guard, and next day while waiting for the train to Chalons, I asked to go to the lavatory in the station and was given permission. A sergeant remained outside, and a corporal at the door of the lavatory. When I was inside, I saw that it would be possible to climb into the women's lavatory next door. I did so, and emerged on the other side on another platform, stole a bicycle outside the station, and started cycling in the direction of Chalons. I left the bicycle about 10 kms. outside Rheims and eventually made my way to Beine, reaching there on the 25th of September. The remainder of my journey was arranged for me.

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MARTING, Harold Fesler

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.4919
Unit: No. 450 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

While bombing El Daaba aerodrome in the early morning of the 23rd of October 1942, Marting's plane was shot down by a/a fire at 0730 hrs. It hit the ground at El Daaba in the minefields of 62 Italian Infantry Bn. at the north end of their position. F/O Marting was unhurt. He was soon surrounded and captured by Italians, who, after stealing his watch, took him to the Italian Commander of the small area in which the plane had crash-landed. Here he was given some breakfast and later some "schnapps" to drink. One hour after capture he was taken, on the carrier of a motorcycle, to the H.Q. of 62 Italian Inf. Bn. where he was questioned. He refused to answer all questions put to him, except name, rank and unit. The other principal

unanswered questions put to him were: "How did you arrive in Africa? How long have you been in Africa? What was the British treatment of Italian POW's? What were your operational duties today?"

Later he was sent by motor car to Italian Div. H.Q. not far away. Here again, he was questioned, being asked practically the same questions as mentioned above. All he gave, however, was name, rank and unit. He was spoken to here by an Italian general. This general and all the other Italian officers at this division treated him very courteously and gave him some coffee. Marting was then sent to another H.Q. where he was again questioned by an Italian Intelligence Officer, for about one hour. He was asked practically the same questions as on the previous occasions and again, gave only his name, rank and unit. At this place he was asked the following questions also: "Why have the British bombed and straffed some of the Italian Hospitals?" He replied that to the best of his knowledge, this had not been done and that if done, it had undoubtedly been by mistake. Source was then searched very thoroughly, then put into a motor car with two guards in addition to the driver, and taken to the Italian G.H.Q. where he arrived about noon on the 23rd of October 1942. He was kept waiting in the car for one and a half hours. He was then taken to an office in the back end of a motor truck where he was very thoroughly questioned by a very clever Italian Intelligence Officer. He was again asked all the questions which had been previously put to him and many others. This Italian I.O. tried in vain to find out how long it takes our ships to reach Egypt by enquiring as to the length of time his mail took to reach him, etc. This I.O. who interrogated him for about one and a half hours, in very good English, was very artful and tricky.

Marting was then taken to Italian Colonel who was very insulting and demanded to know why America had declared war on Italy and shouted that Africa was no place for the Americans and English. This Colonel was very angry and rude.

F/O Marting was then sent by car to El Daaba Railway Station and then back to a small POW camp nearby, where the two German officers in charge gave him bread, soup and water at sunset. He was kept here for two hours and was then put into another car with a German officer, M.P. and driver and taken to the H.Q. of the Luftwaffe in Africa, located on the beach near El Daaba aerodrome where he was handed over to a German I.O. The Germans were very polite. They questioned him very thoroughly but he gave only the same answers as previously. The German I.O. appeared to be very well informed. He asked him how his new squadron leader was. (The officer in question had been promoted to Squadron Leader only two days previously). The German I.O. told him that the British Forces had a total of 1,900 planes in Africa, including those in maintenance shops, and asked when the British push would start. Marting laughed this question away, and asked when the Germans would start their push. The German I.O. put numerous other questions to him to try to find out when he arrived in Egypt, but did so in vain. While here he ascertained that the following air force personnel were POW's in enemy hands:

Sgt. Ewing
Sgt. Evans
Sgt. Holloway
Sgt. Lindsay - all from 450 Squadron

P/Officer Hogg of 112 Squadron
Lieut. MacKay of S.A.A.F. (Fighter Squadron)

Lieut. Cleary
Lieut. Finnegan
Lieut. O'Berg - all five members of the American Air Force

Two sgts. of crew of a B25 Bomber of 83 Bomber Squadron

(One of these two sergeants had been shot through the arm, but all the others were in good shape as POW's)

Sgt. Corson, S.A.A.F. gunner of a Boston plane, had bailed out of his plane on the 23rd of October 1942, because while maneouvering in the air, he thought at one moment that his plane was damaged and was crashing. He is also a POW and is quite well.

At about 2200 hrs. on the 23rd of October, Marting was given some food and wine and was then put into a small enclosure at Daaba POW Camp. He was kept in a tent with the four wounded Americans mentioned above. They had to sleep on the sand with one blanket each. The German guards took their boots at night to prevent them escaping.

On the morning of the 24th of October, Marting saw Hogg, MacKay and two members of a Wellington crew (a pilot and a gunner - names unknown), both of whom were badly burned. They had been shot down on the night of the 22nd of October.

He was told by MacKay that Sgt. Evans had left a map, two saws and a compass buried in the sand in the tent where he had been sleeping. Later in the day he found these articles. Marting and the others were fed twice on the 24th. The following morning he and the others in the tent, i.e. the four Americans and Sgt. Corson, were awakened at 0600 hrs. Each was given a French Army overcoat and three days' rations, and together with seven German guards, they started off for Tobruk by truck. They stopped at Gambut on the night of the 25-26th ofOctober 1942. (During the afternoon of the 24th the map which he had wrapped around one of his legs under his trousers, came loose and was discovered by one of the guards who took it away from him, but gave him no furthersearch.) The party arrived at Tobruk at 0830 hrs. on the 26th of October and were taken to the aerodrome on the east side of the road where their names were put on a list for the passage to Greece by air.

At 0845 hrs. on the 26th, 180 JU's 52 took off in formation of 30 planes each from this drome and proceeded north. Some of these planes were taking away POW's but most of them were carrying troops going to Germany on leave.

At 1330 hrs. Marting with the other five POW's, and their seven German guards (together with a crew of four and about five other passengers, i.e.

two German officers, the one a senior "Inspector of Tanks", the other an Oberlentnant, and three other Germans) emplaned on a JU 52 which took off about 1400 hours on the 26th, with many other JU's 52.

They flew in a formation of sixty JU's 52, all the way to Crete, about 50 feet above the sea to Maleme drome. The escort which consisted of only two Me 110's, turned back to Tobruk after escorting the JU's only about ten miles out to sea.

They arrived at Maleme drome at about 1500 hrs. No incident on the way. At Maleme each plane tok off again as soon as it had refueled, and arrived at Eleusina drome near Athens at sundown. Marting and the other five POW's were kept waiting here under guards until about 2200 hrs., when they were put on a truck and taken to a hotel in Athens. They were billetted here on the third floor, two POW's and one guard in each of the three rooms; the other four guards all in one room and the German "Tank Inspector" in a room all alone.

At the demand of the Germans, Marting and the other five POW's gave their parole for that night because they were told they would leave for Germany next morning. All of them were too tired to try to escape that night.

On the morning of the 27th of October, one of the guards went to the railway station to make reservations. In the meantime, four of the guards took Marting and the other five POW's for a walk in the streets of Athens, but as the crowd of Greeks surrounding them soon became very big, they were hurried back to the hotel.

On returning to the hotel, they were informed that they would be kept there for five days awaiting onward transport, whereupon they took back their parole. Thence forward, they were not permitted to leave the third floor, and two guards remained on duty all through the day while at night, guards were changed every two hours.

Marting made a plan for the escape of all the six, but it had to be abandoned because Corson, who spoke German, was afraid to go through with it.

On the afternoon of the 29th of October, they were told that they would leave next day for Germany, so Marting told Cleary and Finnegan that he would try to escape that afternoon. They agreed to cover his escape as long as possible.

At 1530 hrs. on the 29th of October, while one of the sentries on duty was listening to the British Radio Broadcast in the Tank Inspector's room, and the other was sleeping in a room across the hall adjoining F/O Marting's room, and opening on to the stairs leading down to the hotel courtyard, he put on the spare trousers and cap of the sleeping sentry (Cpl. Fritz Eiben) and descended by the fire escape. On reaching the courtyard at the bottom, he managed to climb a 12 ft. wall with the aid of a length of piping; then on to the roof of a building at the back. From this roof, he climbed down into another courtyard where a Greek lady directed him to the street through another office building. While passing through this building, he talked to five Greeks and one Frenchman, asking them in turn,

for civilian clothes, but they could not or would not help.

Marting then walked out into the street, northeast, soon reaching a residential district of Athens, without passing a single German. After about 30 minutes' walk, he accosted a Greek in the street, told him he was an escaped British POW, and asked for help. But this man would not help either, fearing no doubt, that he was a German as he was wearing partly German clothing. He then tried to elicit help from a young girl, but either she could not understand English, or would not help him. Marting then walked on to a big park (nearly into a squad of German soldiers). When he turned back he found that the same young girl and an older lady beckoned him to follow them. He was then cared for from the 30th of October to the 12th of December, when he left for Cairo. While on the last lap of his journey in Greece, he was discovered by a farmer and his son, but they gave him some food and told him he could hide in a shed nearby - about 100 yds. from the road, where it would be safe to light a fire to warm himself. The smoke evidently attracted attention and soon two Italians came to investigate. They pretended to be Greeks but spoke Greek so badly that Marting realized they were Italians. They soon saw that he was not a Greek, but they refused to believe him when he said he was an American. They convinced themselves that Marting was a Gestapo agent.

The two Italians finally left when he spoke a little German, Norwegian and English.

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MARULLI DE BARLETTA, Guy

Rank: Sergeant Chef
Regtl. No. 30659
Unit: No. 342 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On the 3rd of October 1943, Sgt. Marulli de Barletta was Wireless Operator Air Gunner in an aircraft detailed to carry out a low-level attack on a target near Paris. When over the target area this aircraft was hit by A.A. fire, which forced the pilot to make a crash landing near Compiegne in enemy-occupied France. The aircraft caught fire and Sgt. Marulli de Barletta was burned about the face and hands. Nevertheless, he assisted the pilot and bottom gunner in extricating the navigator, and then stood by to give any further aid required by his comrades. Owing to the approach of a German patrol, he was obliged to run into a wood where he lay for several days. Subsequently, he made good his escape and was enabled to reach this country towards the end of December.

I consider that Sgt. Marulli showed great fortitude, gallantry and endurance in effecting his return to this country.

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MEDLAND, Harry Delbert

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.24931
Unit: No. 138 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

One night in May, the aircraft in which Medland was Wireless Operator, developed engine trouble and the crew abandoned the aircraft. Shortly after landing, Medland contacted his pilot who had sprained his ankles badly on landing, and was unable to walk. Disregarding the fact that he might be captured, Medland assisted and carried his pilot to a wood over a mile away. After ensuring that he was concealed, he made his way to a small village where he contacted a peasant. He then went back and helped bring his pilot in to a house where he was attended by a doctor of the Maquis. F/O Medland remained with his Captain for about three weeks until he was well enough to travel.

Medland and his pilot remained with the Maquis for some time, taking part in some of their operations, i.e. blowing up trains etc.

During the time with them, however, he and his pilot made arrangements to return to this country and eventually, after several narrow escapes, succeeded.

The self-sacrifice and determined and resolute manner shown by F/O Medland is exemplary and in being with the highest traditions of the Service. His behaviour at all times was most commendable.

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MILLS, W.H.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 119001
Unit: No. 19 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This airman, pilot of a Spitfire, was compelled to crash land near Abbeville on the 24th of March while escorting a bombing attack over Northern France.

He evaded capture by running four to five miles without a stop from the scene of the crash, and successfully hiding until night.

Showing great determination and resource, and experiencing several narrow escapes and adventures, he made his way to Gibraltar from whence he was repatriated on the 10th of June 1942.

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MILTON, Robert Arthur Eric

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 42866
Unit: No. 65 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Service Order

At 0800 hrs. on the 11th of June 1944, I left 122 Airfield, Funtingdon, Sussex, accompanied by five other aircraft. Our mission was one of Reconnaissance and Patrol along the road from Caen to Domfront. We went down to bomb and strafe a column of German vehicles on the road after which we climbed up to an altitude of approximately 5,000 ft. where we were attacked all at once by a dozen Me 109's. I lost the other five planes of my flight, chased one Me 109 down, saw him crash in flames, and was immediately attacked by another from behind. Bullets smashed my radio and canopy, and one got me in the back of the head. Then I began to have engine trouble, so I took refuge in a cloud and started north, losing altitude all the time. I came out of the clouds at about 2,500 ft. and arrived over the outskirts of Caen at about 1,000 feet. I was not too far away from our lines when three sudden bursts of flak blew off my tail, stick and dashboard, and set the whole ship on fire. I jumped out at about 800 ft. and my parachute opened at about 75 feet, the Germans shooting at me all the time.

I landed in the Orne River, in the southern outskirts of Caen, and there I disposed of my parachute and mae west. The escape aids and tins of food that I had in my pockets I hid about my person, and then I took out my revolver and cocked it, and waited to see how many Germans were coming after me. A minute later, about 20 to 30 Germans came running up on foot, so I threw my revolver, knife and ammunition belt into the river and was taken prisoner.

All of them crowded around and started yelling at me, one of them in broken English, "What kind of plane?" When I did not answer, he started bashing me around and his comrades followed suit. Meanwhile, the others looted my pockets and took everything that I had, including my identity discs but they missed my watch.

Then they took me off to the S.S. headquarters where they were not too bad, and stuck a bandage around my head and gave me cigarettes. They did not start to question me at once, in fact an S.S. Captain told me in perfect English, that he knew that I would not give him more than my name, rank and number. He let me sit down and smoke, and then went away and left me alone in his office. Ten minutes later, he returned and gave me over to the custody of the Feldgendarmerie.

They took me off along a street, where German War Correspondents and a great many others, kept taking pictures of me. I tried to hide my face with my arm as I did not want too much of this form of publicity, especially after my last travels through the Reich. They they kept me waiting a couple of hours outside, where I was wet and cold and fairly groggy. They said that they were going to take me to a dressing station, but instead, put me in a solitary cell in the front garden where they stripped and searched me again, taking my shirt and leather gauntlets, but still missing my watch. After

waiting another hour and a half, I received a call from one of the members of the Legion de Volontaires Francais Contre le Bolchevisme. He was a Frenchman in German uniform, and particularly obnoxious. He had come with a couple of Luftwaffe NCO's to question me about certain technicalities of my aircraft, and when I refused to answer, the NCO's started bashing me around my head. This continued about a half an hour until I passed out; and when I woke up, they took me off to a nearby schoolhouse, which had been converted into a prison and was run by the S.S. serving with the Feldgendarmerie.

There they put me in a room with Lt. Douglas Glasgow, of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, who had been there two days, and in the room next door were 19 of his men and various and sundry others. The Germans gave us no food, but a Frenchman sneaked around to the back window and passed some bread, chocolate and cigarettes in to us through the bars. Soon an American Thunderbolt pilot, 2nd Lt. Bill Taylor, was put in with us and he had a bad back from a parachute landing. After that we were questioned by some German War Correspondents and although they got no answers, we got some cigarettes. Finally my French friend in German uniform returned and tried to get me into a political discussion, but with the help of Lts. Glasgow and Taylor, I was able to put him off. I asked for medical attention for Lt. Taylor and some of the men next door who were in a very bad way - one was going rapidly blind in one eye, and another had three bullets in him, but was told that as I would not answer any questions, they would not give us any medical attention. After dark, a fairly reasonable NCO of the guard brought us a French doctor and nun, who dressed our wounds and gave us anti-tetanus injections, and then we were left for the night.

Next morning, the Frenchman who had brought us food before, arranged with the French Red Cross to provide lunch for all of the prisoners, however, before the lunch arrived, all 25 of us were assembled and marched off down the road to the south.

After a day's march, we stopped at a Feldgendarmerie post in an old farmhouse near Meslay; and once again they searched us and took every single thing that we had, this time including my watch - unofficial private looting on a grand scale. That night they gave us a chunk of dry bread each, and a little water.

Next morning, they put us in small trucks and took us off to Flers where we got off and joined a column of 350 Canadian prisoners, made up almost entirely of the Winnipeg Rifles and the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. We marched to Mortain, where they gave us some thin watery soup and where we slept that night in the local cinema. During the march, two Canadian officers escaped, and the Germans threatened to shoot ten out of the twelve officers that remained if anyone else tried to get away. One of the Canadian men who could speak German, overheard a discussion as to whether they should shoot us then and there, just for good measure. At Mortain they allowed us to leave our most seriously wounded in a hospital which was then filled with American soldiers, and we were glad that they did not think it necessary for the man with the three bullets in him to make another day's march.

From Mortain we marched towards Fougeres, and I passed out enroute. I was taken ahead in a truck to a point just south of Fougeres, where I managed to leave a note with a sympathetic French woman to the effect that I was a POW and wounded. She was to pass this on to the first Allied officer to reach Fougeres. That night we stayed in a schoolhouse just outside the town, and here the Germans were kind enough to allow the French people to feed us, all 350 of us.

The next morning, a French priest gave us some bread and hot coffee, after which the column started off again. They made me ride on the bumper of a truck and act as an aircraft spotter, and this I did all the way to Rennes. We arrived at Rennes on the 15th of June and there were put into a prison in an old French barracks at the Camp de la Marne, on the outskirts of the town. Here we were given a very superficial search and a hot shower, and put into the main part of the camp, where I met Lt. John K. England, and 100 of his airborne troops. This was supposed to be a transit camp, but due to the usual lack of transport, we stayed there about a month. They would not let representatives of the Red Cross or anyone else see us; in fact, any communication between the two halves of the camp was verboten. In the other section there were French Senegalese, Arabs, Martiniques, and numerous other types. Several days later, Cmdr. Keen-Miller and Lt. Col. Richardson were brought in, and with Lt. England and about six of his men, we planned and started a tunnel under the floor of one of the disused huts. Although it was never discovered, we were moved out before we could finish it. It was rumoured that other prisoners had once started a tunnel from this same hut, but that the Germans had found it, filled it in, and mined it against any future reference.

On the 6th of July, they marched us down to the local goods yard and put us in cattle trucks - 40 men or 25 officers to a truck. They gave us a loaf of German bread each and told us that it would have to last us for three days. We started off that night at midnight, towards Redon, as that was the only line open, and as soon as the train started, we four started to cut our way through the front of the truck with a penknife and hacksaws from the Escape Kit. We had to stop sawing whenever the train stopped, which was quite frequently, as we made too much noise. The German guards were all together in two different cars, and each time that the train stopped, they would jump out and station themselves at intervals on either side of the train.

At about 0600 on the 7th of July, we arrived at Redon where they left us in the marshalling yards to fry in the sun all day. An American Medical Officer, Capt. Ernest N. Gruenberg, was allowed to leave the truck and attend to the men who were passing out from heat exhaustion, and he was kept busy.

At about 2300 hrs. on the 7th of July, we set off for Mantes via Savenay. As the engine had now been switched to the other end of the train, and as our car was not going in the opposite direction, we thought that it would be unsafe to try to jump from our old hole and considered starting a new one. However, we discovered a rotten board on the inside of the car near the right-hand door, and using the bench as a lever, we managed to pull one plank out of the side of the truck and open the latch on the outside of

the door, after removing the mass of wire which held it in place. We waited an hour or so for a suitable opportunity to jump out, during which time the train stopped once, and we just managed to put the latch and the wire back in place before the guard came to inspect it. Finally we decided to take a chance, and when the train slowed down to about 15 mph. we opened the door wide, and I jumped first. As soon as we hit the ground, we lay flat on our faces and rolled in as close to the wheels as we could, in order to avoid being seen, and machine-gunned by the guards on the trucks behind us. No one saw us, and the train continued on its way, taking with it the other members of our car who were going to jump out at about three minute intervals.

Once clear of the train, we got out our compasses and struck out to the northeast from the vicinity of St. Etienne de Mont Luc, planning to get out of the coastal zone and eventually make for our lines. We walked across country every night, lying up in woods near farms in the daytime, until we reached the forest of Teillay, where we decided to await the American advance. Here we built ourselves a house and remained a fortnight, being fed and cared for by two charcoal burners.

On the 6th of August, we contacted the advance reconnaissance patrol of the 8th Infantry Division, were taken to the headquarters of the VIII Corps, and then to the Third Army POE at Avranches, where we were received by the Third Army representatives of L.S. 9 (W.E.A.)

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MORAWSKI, J.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. P.1096
Unit: No. 304 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down over Belgium, when returning from a raid on Cologne on the 27th of April 1942.

Baling out over Northern France, he immediately fell into the hands of the enemy, but escaped and succeeded in hiding for four days, during an intensive search by patrols.

Making his way southwards on foot, he swam several rivers and at length reached the Line of Demarcation. By night he successfully evaded enemy guards and crossed into Unoccupied France. He proceeded to Lyons and finally reached Spain, from which country he was repatriated on the 19th of August 1942.

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MORICE, Walter Frank

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 415708 N.Z.
Unit: No. 75 Squadron, N.Z.
Awards: Military Cross

I was a member of the crew of a Stirling aircraft which took off from Ely about 1600 hrs. on the 4th of November 1943, on mining operations in the Skagerrack. About 1915 hrs. we were attacked by night fighters over Denmark, and were ordered to bale out. I was the first to leave the aircraft.

I came down in the neighbourhood of Hundeborg in marshy ground. I hid my parachute, mae west, and harness in the swamp, along with a wallet which I had been carrying. I had the wallet with me, as we were returning to Lossiemouth and expected to be there for a week before going back to our station.

I began immediately to walk away from the aircraft, which was burning furiously about two miles away. I do not know which direction I took as there were no stars and I had lost my aids box and purse, which I had had inside my battledress before leaving the aircraft. Before starting to walk, I removed all the badges from my uniform.

I had sprained both ankles in landing, and thought my right ankle might be broken. I kept on walking all that night (Nov. 4-5) making slow progress, as my right leg was almost useless. At dawn I rested for two hours and continued walking this time east by the sun, as I decided to make for the East Coast. At 1100 hrs. I was unable to carry on, and sought shelter in a farm in the Hundeborg area, where I was given food and rested. At 1300 hrs. however, a Danish policeman arrived with an ambulance and explained I was to be taken to a Danish hospital at Tisted, and that I would then have to be handed to the Germans. The farmer, though friendly, must have informed the police, probably being afraid of the German search.

We passed many German search parties looking for me on the road. The Danish policeman was very anxious that they should not see me. He was also very friendly.

At the hospital in Tisted, the doctors treated my ankles, x-rayed my right foot, gave me food and said that there had been two British machines crashed, many had been captured, four were dead (of this they were not certain), and they thought I was the only one at large. They said that P/O Black had been at the hospital with an injured foot. He had been captured by the Danish police, and the Germans had taken him away from the hospital.

Three Danish policemen arrived. I asked them to let me go, but they refused, saying it was impossible to get to Sweden and that the Germans would recapture me.

At 1600 hrs. I was left in a ground floor room in the hospital by myself for a few minutes, but a porter came in and with his assistance, I escaped through a window and made my way out of the town, dressed in battle-dress and flying boots. I walked east by the stars all that night, along the shores of the lake (Tisted Bredning). It was bitterly cold so I could not rest.

I crossed a dyke and got to the vicinity of Hovsor.

About 1000 hrs. on Saturday, November 6th, I was stopped on a track by a Danish peasant, who saw I was in pretty bad condition. He took me to his house, gave me food, and allowed me to rest until mid-day. An English-speaking Dane came in and gave me a map, an old cap and coat, and showed me the main road to Aalborg. This road follows the railway line. He also said that it was impossible to get out of Denmark, but the people would help me. He advised me to avoid Fjerritslev, as there were many German soldiers there. I continued walking until 1900 hours when I went to a farm, where I was given food and a bed for the night. They spoke no English, but managed to understand they were not to tell the police about me. I was given a better map which showed me that I was at Vust.

On Sunday, the 7th, I was awakened at 0500 hrs. and given food. I then set out along the road. About 0600 hrs. I was stopped at a crossroads by two German guards, but seeing my hat and coat, they allowed me to pass. I did not speak a word. I walked all that day along the road, passing several Germans. I was still limping badly, and my flying boots made walking a torture.

At 1800 hrs. I stopped at a farm near Birkelse. The people here took me to a house, the owner of which, his wife and nephew, all spoke English. They welcomed me with open arms, said they would help me, but were very pessimistic as to my chances, as the Germans were on the watch for me everywhere and many people were stopped on the roads. My host said he would try to put me in touch with an underground organization. I stayed there that night.

On Monday, the 8th, I rested all day at this house and was treated very well. After making several plans, my host decided to send me next morning to a friend at Birsted. I was given trousers and boots, retaining only my underclothes, socks and sweater, from which I had removed all tabs. I slept there that night.

Next day, Tuesday, November 9th, I was taken to Birsted, where I was put in touch with an organization which arranged my journey to Sweden.

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MORMONT, H.A.

Rank: Leading Aircraftsman
Regtl. No. 54188
Unit: No. 73 Squadron

This airman was captured by the Germans on the 22nd of June 1940, while in hospital suffering from severe shrapnel wounds, and made a very clever escape on the 8th of October through a sewer. He spent seven days walking as far as Unoccupied France, steering by the stars and feeding only on fruit and vegetables. He was arrested in Unoccupied France, but again managed to escape. He continued walking, reaching Perpignan on the 7th of December. At Perpignan, Mormont went into a French hospital as his wounds were now septic. He managed to escape there on the 8th of May 1941 and again on foot, reached Barcelona without being challenged. His achievement was remarkable, especially in view of the severity of his wounds during the whole period of the escape.

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MORPHEW, J.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 102701
Unit: No. 4 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross
Mention in Despatches
Member of the British Empire

I was pilot of a Tomahawk aircraft which took off from Gambut (Libya) on the 4th of June 1942, on an operation over Bir Hakeim. The formation was attacked by Stukas, and owing to engine trouble, I had to turn for home alone. I ran into four Me 109's and was shot down, making a forced landing north of Bir Hakeim, and just west of the mine field running from Gazala due south of Bir Hakeim.

I had been wounded through the left arm. I walked until I was about five miles east of the mine field, where I was picked up by a German armoured car.

After capture, I was taken to Dern, remaining there until the 9th of June, when I was sent by hospital ship to Naples. From Naples, I was sent to Caserta hospital (five days) and then to Lucca hospital, where I remained between one and two months. I was then in the following camps:

Campo P.G. 21 (Chieti) one-two months
Campo P.G. 47 (Modena) about two months, until 3rd of March 1943

Almost immediately on arrival in Modena, I started to plan an escape with Capt. Koeljes, 2 S.A. Div. Artillery, who had been with me in Chieti. We planned to walk out of the main gates of the POW enclosure dressed as

Italian carabinieri. Those of us who had been in hospital had been issued with Italian Army uniforms in place of our own clothes. We had managed to retain these uniforms in Chieti by hiding them in our mattresses. I had my Italian uniform and Koeljes had bought some from POW's. We embroidered Italian cap badges and epaulettes, and made ourselves cardboard bandoliers and revolver holsters. We were helped in equipping ourselves by Major Pierce, 2 S.A. Div. Infantry, and Major Meintjes, 2 S.A. Div. Artillery. They scrounged our civilian kit for us, so that as few people as possible in the camp should know we were contemplating escape.

Eventually we collected the following equipment:

Myself - Long khaki trousers which had been dyed with Italian ink, repeatedly, so as not to run in rain; a carabinieri blue shirt; a Greek greatcoat which a POW tailor had altered to civilian cut; brown shoes which had been blackened and to which false tops had been stitched, to be ripped off once we had left the cap; an Alpini hat which had been converted into a "pork-pie".

Koeljes - Shoes and uppers like mine; plus-fours made from an old blanket; a carabinieri shirt; a Greek tunic converted into a sports coat and dyed blue with ink and wine; a very smart sports cap which had been made from blanket material by the POW tailor.

We wore this clothing under our uniforms, as in the role of carabinieri we could not carry anything out of the camp.

Food: Food had to be very limited because of the difficulty of carrying it out of the camp. We had a New Zealand emergency ration apiee and as many Bemax bars as we could get into our pockets. We also had Italian cigarettes got from other POW's in exchange for cigarettes from Red Cross parcels.

Maps: We had two maps - one a large-scale hand-drawn map of the Como sector of the frontier; and the other a tracing of the Northern half of a standard escape map of Italy.

Compass: I had half of a fly-button compass, to which I had attached a needle.

Money: We had altogether 200 lira - partly collected by ourselves and the rest from the Escape Committee.

Identity: We had no Italian identity papers. To identity ourselves as British and POW's, we each carried a General Service button and a camp coupon note.

We got out of the camp at about 1900 hrs. on the 3rd of March 1943. We planned the escape to take place just before the arc lights along the wire came on, because when the lights did go on, there was an arc lamp shining on the face of anyone entering or leaving the main gates of the POW compound. We also waited until the guard had just been relieved so that the new sentry would not know whether there were still any carabinieri left in the camp.

We walked up to the double gates leading from the POW enclosure into the administrative section of the camp. There was one sentry on duty. As a diversion we had arranged for a POW playing a concertina to walk towards the gate from a bungalow nearby. At the same time a "distraction" party walked down the main road leading to the gates, singing and shouting as though they had had too much wine. The party and the man with the concertina met and had a sing-song which attracted the attention of all the sentries. There was such a noise that as we approached the gates, we just had to signal to the sentry to let us through. The sentry opened the gates, and we walked into the administrative enclosure.

We walked straight towards the carabinieri guard-room beside the main entrance gate of the camp, until we got into a dark patch where we deviated left towards the kitchen block. There was no one in the kitchen block when we reached it. Near the kitchen block was the camp prison, and we ducked into a space between the prison building and the outside wall of the camp. The only wire around this part of the camp was a strand fence on top of the wall. We waited here from 2000 hrs.until 0200 hrs. on the 4th of March, until we had a favourable opportunity of crossing the wall. We waited for the moment when the absence of the sentry at the other end of his beat coincided with the passing of a train on the railway nearby.

After crossing the wall, we walked to a canal which runs towards Modena. Here we took off our uniforms, saturated them with water so that they would sink, and threw them into the canal. We then walked about until between 0800 and 0900 hrs. when we went to the railway station in Modena, and caught a train for Milan. We got into a queue at the booking office, just before the train was due to leave, and got third-class tickets without difficulty, though we had no Italian identity papers.

The train was crowded. Koeljes got a seat but I had to stand in the corridor. I put my ticket, a flimsy piece of cardboard, into one of my over-full pockets, and it looked a bit worn and scratched when I retrieved it. A ticket collector took a long time examining it, but eventually gave me it back. A woman tried to talk to me, but I pretended to be "dumb" and half-asleep. Koeljes pretended to be asleep.

We arrived in Milan about mid-day, and walked through the town, carefully avoiding the station, as two other South Africans, who had previously escaped, had been caught loitering about a station. We left Milan for Como about 1500 hrs. again travelling third-class. We again bought our tickets in a large queue just before the train left.

We travelled in the same carriage. When the train stopped at a station, Koeljes kicked me and though this was not one of our pre-arranged signals, I followed him from the carriage, thinking he might have seen some suspicious person, or might be going to the lavatory on the station. In the crowd I lost sight of Koeljes and did not see him again. I got into another coach. It was second-class and a conductor turned me out into a third-class compartment.

At Como, there was no control at the platform exit, though there were crowds of carabinieri about. I walked out with the crowd. I spent the rest of the day looking for a dry river-bed which I had been told in the camp led up to the frontier at a place where it was possible to get under the wire. I climbed several hills in the range running along the west side of Lake Como but could not find this river-bed. In the middle of the night I finished up on a mountain southwest of Menaggio, just opposite the junction of Lake Como and Lake Lecco. About 0300 hrs. on the 5th of March, I returned to the road that runs along the west side of the lake and walked back to Como.

On the outskirts of Como, to the immediate northwest of the town, I found the dry river-bed for which I had been searching. I started to follow it, but daylight caught me before I had reached the wire, and I decided to lie up in a semi-disused factory. I got into an empty building, which appeared to be under repair. After a short time, three dogs found me. Their owner came in, and aparently asked me who I was. I spoke to him indignantly in Afrikaans with a German accent, saying I was a German. That took the wind out of his sails and I walked out of the building. The man made no effort to stop me.

I went into Como and walked about all day in the most crowded parts of the town. In the morning and afternoon I waited for a time in a park near the railway station, on the west side of the town, hoping that Koeljes would arrive by train. I learned afterwards that he had arrived later in Como and had been caught at Chiasso.

In the evening I decided to take the main road to Chiasso, timing my arrival there so that if I had to return to Como, I could do so under cover of darkness. Had I had to return, I planned to go up the river-bed that night. I climbed a hill overlooking Chiasso on the north side of the road, and had a look at the frontier. Returning to the road, I walked along it towards the frontier until I reached a branch country road to the south of the main road and also immediately south of the mouth of the railway tunnel. I followed this branch road to a dis-used factory to the west of the railway line, and on the southwest side of the railway marshalling yard, which I believed was a sort of neutral territory. I saw Italian sentries patrolling the entrance to the tunnel and also the marshalling yard. I scaled a wall (about 10 ft. high) into the factory and remained therefor about half an hour. I them climbed the wall where it ran close to the Italian wire. There was a space of about 40 yds. between wall and wire.

I had with me a pair of Italian nail scissors and a nail file. I found that the bells on top of the wire chimed if the wire was vibrated suddenly, but that if the wire was pulled slowly taut, it was possible to work on it. Holding the wire taut, I filed and cut when trains were passing. Finally I cut a strand of wire just as my scissors broke. The fence was of diamond mesh and with one strand cut, I unwound the wire until I had made a hole about nine inches in diameter. I stripped except for my underclothes, and managed to wiggle through, pulling my clothes through after me.

After dressing, I went into a valley south of a house. I made for a

black patch south of the house and crept down the valley to a tower, which stands where the Swiss and Italian wire fences meet just beside the marshalling yard. There was a gap between the two sets of wires, obviously intended for the sentries passing to their boxes in "no man's land". I could not see if the tower was occupied or not, but it seemed empty.

I got throughthe gap between the fences into the marshalling yard just as a train went past. I walked through the marshalling yard, and climbed through the Swiss wire into Chiasso. I crossed into Switzerland about 2330 hrs. The Swiss fence was of diamond wire with barbed strands at the top.

In Chiasso, I found the main road going north, and walked to Lugano, arriving about 1000 hrs. on the 6th of March. I telephoned the Legation in Berne from a travel bureau. The Legation put me through to the Consulate in Lugano and the Vice-Consul met me in the street. I was sent to Berne that night.

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MORRIS, Brenus Gwynne

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 34167
Unit: No. 403 Squadron, Fighter Command, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

S/Ldr. Morris was forced to bale out of his aircraft on the 21st of August 1941, and on landing, was immediately captured by German soldiers.

He first attempted to escape while imprisoned at Oflag VIB (Warburg) where he was a member of the Escape Committee for six months. A mass outbreak was planned and in August 1941, Morris and 17 other POW's got away over ladders placed against the perimeter wire. He was recaptured however, two hours later. Morris also was in charge of shifts on two tunnel digging operations. One tunnel was completed and five officers escaped through it.

In August 1942, he was transferred to Oflag XXIB at Schubin, and here again, became a member of the Escape Committee. He made his second attempt to escape in March 1943 and succeeded in remaining free for six days. S/Ldr. Morris and a friend concealed themselves in the sewage cart driven by a Pole, who had promised to help them. They were hidden for five days until it became too dangerous for them to remain any longer. Morris set off hoping to reach Danzig, but was recaptured next day by German Home Guards.

In May 1943, he was transferred to Stalag Luft III (Sagan) where he served as a member of the Escape Committee for six months, specializing in the forging of passes and other documents for use by escapers. He was also in charge of a tunnel which was discovered before completion.

Morris has been commended for his work in connection with escape activities by two senior officers and four of his colleagues.

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MORRIS, Jeffery Edward

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1390161
Unit: No. 131 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

F/Sgt. Morris, while flying a Spitfire, crashed in France in May 1944. He was trapped under his machine and released by Frenchmen, but by that time the enemy had arrived and he was taken prisoner while attempting to avoid their cordon.

After interrogation he was sent under armed guard, by train, arriving in Paris in the morning where he was taken on the underground. He managed to escape from his guard by running through the maize of corridors and eventually into the street. Once there, he removed his strips and brevet and from that time, completely eluded the enemy until the Allied troops arrived in Paris about three months later.

I strongly recommend that Morris should be mentioned in despatches.

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MOTHERAL, Clarence Osborne

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.16283
Unit: No. 180 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

On the 31st of August 1943, this officer was shot down over the Foret d'Eperlecques. He and his navigator, Flying Officer Dumsday, managed to bale out of the aircraft. They were both shot at all the way to the ground. After he landed, Motheral, by great cunning and determination, managed to hide from the enemy for the remaining six hours of daylight. After dark, he was able to get away from the area. By his great courage, determination and above all, leadership, Motheral was largely responsible for the safe return of his navigator and himself to this country.

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MOTT, A.J.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 748276
Unit: No. 78 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 1/1/43

This airman was captain of a Whitley aircraft which bombed the dockyards at Lorient on the 28th of December 1940. He remained in Occupied France until the 3rd of October 1941, endeavouring to obtain a boat to cross to England, but without success. He then crossed the Line of Demarcation. He crossed the Spanish frontier on the 12th of October and walked to Barcelona. He was then sent to Madrid and Gibraltar and repatriated on the 13th of Dec. 1941.

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NABARRO, Derick David William

Rank: Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 999615
Unit: No. 10 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal and Distinguished Conduct Medal

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed Bremen on the 29th of June 1941. On the return journey, they were attacked by flak and forced to land in the Baltic Sea.

He was at first interned at Dulag Luft near Frankfurt, being transferred to Stalag IXC at Bad Sulza on the 15th of July 1941. He made unsuccessful attempts to escape in September and again in October 1941, when he was at large several days before being re-captured.

He then commenced preparations for a further attempt which was successful, arriving back in England on the 6th of October 1942.
(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

NEAVE, A.M.S.

Rank: Lieutenant
Regtl. No. P.66519
Unit: Royal Artillery
Awards: Military Cross
Distinguished Service Order, Order of British Empire

After a successful escape from the Camp, Neave's journey is given in his own words:

On reaching the road we made east to Leisnig 11 kms. which we reached about 0100 hrs. The Germans in the event of an escape phone Rochlitz and Gross Bothen to the west, but not Leisnig. We walked about Leisnig all night and got a train to Leipzig at 0545 hrs. the 6th of January. At Leipzig we learned that the best train to Ulm left at 2252 hrs. We therefore spent the day wandering around the town. From Leipzig to Regensburg, where we changed, and then to Ulm we travelled without difficulty. At 1050 hrs. on the 7th we attempted to take a ticket to Engen, near Singen in the frontier district. The people in the ticket office seemed suspicious of foreigners asking for tickets to the frontier and called the Reichshabnpolizei, to whom we presented our Dutch papers. They said our papers were not valid for travel beyond Ulm and we were sent under escort of a policeman to the Reichsarbeitsdienst. When we arrived at the building the policeman said that as we spoke such good German, he would wait for us below. We went upstairs and managed to make our exit through a door at the opposite side of the building. As it was now impossible to travel by express to the frontier, we walked and travelled by local trains via Laupheim, Biberach, Pfullendorf and Schwachenreuther, thus avoiding the main line. We arrived about 3 km. from Singen in the darkness, but we were questioned by workmen on bicycles who seemed suspicious, and we heard them say they

would inform the police. This they must have done, as from Singen on we were hunted by dogs. We were therefore obliged to hide up for a whole day. We hid in a small hut and slept there. Weather conditions were terrible and the temperature was minus 17°C. At 6:00 p.m. we left the hut carrying large spades and a couple of large white coats which we found in it. Soon after we met a Hitler Jugend patrol. They asked us who we were, and where we were going, and we told them we were Westphalian workmen going back to Engen after a day's work. They then told us they were looking for two POW's who had been seen by workmen that morning, and who were expected to try to cross the frontier that night. We carried on and entered Singen and from the station walked west between two railway lines, one to Hilzingen, and the other to Gottmadingen. Keeping a very large rock on our right hand, we came to a signpost that read "Gottmadingen 4 kms." From there we travelled north and then round a large wood that fringed the Gottmadingen-Singen road, eventually turning south over the railway line that runs north of this road to a point where road and frontier meet for about 50 yds. At either end of this stretch of road were German sentries. Before us lay an open space with woods all around. At about 2230 hrs. we crawled across the snow-covered space. We were greatly helped by our white coats which camouflaged us. After crossing this space which was about 200 yds. across, we accidently crossed back into Germany, which fact we discovered by observing another sentry to our left. We then turned back and made our way by compass bearing to Ramsen, where we were interned at 0100 hrs.

After an escape from a working party, I emerged from the wood on the corner of an artillery range, where a shoot was in progress. I crossed part of the range and then returned to the wood, the edge of which I followed until I reached a road. I crossed this and soon came to the marshalling yards between an intersection of railways, southeast of Thorn. I passed through this, went through Kleinnassau and across country to the river east of Thorn. I followed the tow path for some miles and then turned left over the main road to the railway line, which I followed to the wayside station of Weichsel. I reached this place by 1830 hrs., having covered some 50 kms. on my circuitous route from my point of escape. By this time my feet were becoming very painful in my borrowed shoes. In a small restaurant I bought some beer and at 2030 hrs. I took a train to Bromberg. In the station at Bromberg there was a military picket, who seemed to pay particular attention to soldiers. Owing to the curfew in Poland, I could not leave the station, so I bought a ticket to Gdynia and slept the night in the waiting room.

On the following morning I took a slow train at 0720 hrs. to Tczew. Here I changed, again taking a slow train in preference to a fast one, as there is no control on slow trains. On reaching Danzig, I bought some food in the station cafe. All cafes are compelled to serve one coupon-free dish. I then

took a train to Gdynia, which I reached about 1400 hrs. on the 12th of June. From the station I could see the harbour and observed little merchant shipping, only two converted merchantmen in the Naval yard where there was fair activity. I walked through the town to the sea front, but did not inspect the docks closely, though I saw a great many German sailors. As Gdynia did notlook promising, I returned to Danzig at 1700 hrs. and took a No. 8 tram from there to Neufahrwasser. I left the tram at Bergstrasse and turned right (south) to the ferry, by which I crossed the harbour without any difficulty, as there was no control apart from the payment of 10 pfennigs. I made my way through the small village on the east side of the harbour until I came to the marshalling yards, where I turned left on a road alongside them. I then spent some time reconnoitring the Swedish ships lying in the ore unloading basin. There was one Swedish ship north of the ferry, on the west side of the harbour, but most of them were in the ore basin on the east side of the harbour, south of the ferry. By this time my feet were very bad and I lay up in open country N.E. of the ore basin until dark. At about 2330 hrs. I crawled down to the quay side through the marshalling yards. There was only one sentry on about 500 yards of quay, and I was able tocross it quite easily. I slipped on board a Swedish ship, S.S. Ingolf, and knocked on the after cabin, thinking I should find the officers there. It proved to be occuped by two of the crew, who refused to help and told me to leave the ship. After some persuasion, they suggested I might ask at the foc'sle. Here I received a slightly better receiption, though the crew were very frightened. I offered them 1000 kroner if they hid me and provided me with water. They would not leave the foc'sle to show me a hiding place, but told me that they would sail for Sweden on Monday, June 15 after unloading the ore. (Note: when selecting a ship it is adviseable to choose one that has already unloaded, as there is less delay before departure). I made my own way to the coal bunker, which was nearly empty, and hid up there.

At 0900 hrs. on Saturday morning, the hatches were removed and the ship coaled. The next period found me busily employed trying to remain in the shadow and dodge the falling coal. Over the weekend the crew supplied both food and water, the water being especially welcome, though when the boiler room is empty in port, water of very doubtful quality can be obtained from the tank. At sea there is always a man in the boiler room, so it is essential to carry a supply of water. The ship unloaded on Monday and at 0700 hrs. on Tuesday, I was warned by my contact that the ship would that morning undergo the routine search and sail at 0900 hrs. The search was undertaken by military guards, but bunkers being dirty are often left to the ship's officers - in this case to the third engineer. As I had built a hiding place behind the coal, I remained undiscovered. The ship set sail at 0915 hrs. and at 1130 I came on desk, but on seeing land only a few hundred yards away, I returned to the bunkers until about 1800 hrs. I then made my way to the bridge and reported as an escaped POW to the second mate, who was in charge. He sent for

the captain, who on his arrival, proved to be very angry. He said that the Gestapo would make all sorts of trouble on his return to Danzig if he took me to Sweden, and ordered the ship to turn around and head back to Germany. The captain was owner and master, but all bribes and threats on my part proved of no avail though I pointed out that we were on the high seas, that he was registered at Lloyds and such behaviour would mean the closure of British ports to him, and probably the loss of his ticket for a breach of International Law. To this, he replied that ifI had remained below until we reached Swedish waters he could have helped me, but that now he could do nothing. Eventually, on being appealed to as a sportsman, he had a discussion with the mate, and as a result of this he asked if I spoke Polish. I satisfied him that I did (I only know four words of the language), and he agreed to take me to Sweden if I told the crew I was a Pole, and kept up the deception to the Swedish authorities until the ship had sailed again for Hamburg. I promised this, and he turned the ship about again and to my great relief, we set a course for Sweden.

The captain, officers and crew were obviously pro-British and treated me with every kindness and hospitality until I was handed over to the police at Gavle at 2330 hrs. on the 18th of June. On our arrival at Gavle, according to my promise, I represented myself to the police as a Polish civilian. But on the afternoon of the 19th, after an interrogation which was held in German, I was told that as a civilian Polish refugee, I must return to Germany. (A Polish soldier would be interned in Sweden). I therefore declared my true identity and asked to see the British Consul. Owing to a regulation that foreigners are not allowed to contact their Consul until the police have been in touch with the Swedish Home Office, I was detained in the cells until the 27th of June, when Mr. Carrick, the British Consul, visited me and contacted the A.A. to whom I reported in Stockholm on the afternoon of the 29th of June. The Swedish police at Gavle, apart from my illegal detention, treated me with every kindness and consideration. I remained in Sweden until the 6th of August, when I returned to the United Kingdom.

(See "They Have Their Exits" by A. Neave)

NEUMAN, Eryk

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 794084
Unit: No. 301 Squadron, Bomber Command, RAF
Awards: Military Medal

Neuman, a Polish member of an air crew, was missing on his 32nd sortie on the night of July 25-26, 1942, when he was the Rear Gunner of a Wellington aircraft, which was involved in several combats while on an operational sortie to Duisberg.

Neuman was captured by the enemy at Bocholt, and being wounded in the arm, spent some time in Bocholt hospital before being taken to Dulag Luft at Oberursel for final interrogation; where after nine days, he was moved to Stalag VIII B at Lamsdorf.

Early in 1943, Newman changed identities with a private soldier, in order to get into a working camp at Tarnowitz. On arrival, the camp authorities discovered his true identity, and he was sent back to Stalag VIII B. Two weeks later, posing as an Australian soldier, he went to work in a coal mine at Sosnowitz. Here he obtained civilian clothing from a Polish miner. He crossed into the Protectorate, and got in touch with a Polish Patriot organization. After living with them for a week, he was sent on to Warsaw, but on his way there he was arrested by the Field Police and sent to a punishment camp attached to Stalag VIII B.

On leaving the punishment camp, Neuman still in his assumed identity, obtained employment at Breslau. Here some Frenchmen gave him civilian clothing. He boarded a train and travelled for two days towards Switzerland, but was apprehended by the Gestapo between Chemikz and Munich. He managed to keep his assumed identity, and was taken to Stalag VII A and later returned to Stalag VIII B. As he had made three escapes under the same false name, he now revealed his true identity and returned to the RAF compound. Here, in November 1943, he took part in an unsuccessful tunnel scheme.

Neuman and an RAF Warrant Officer, changed identities with two private soldiers, in order to go on a working party in the Sudeten land. As they were being checked out of the gate, the Warrant Officer was recognized and sent back. Neuman therefore tried to return to the camp, and managed to do so after 14 days.

They again started preparations for escape. Neuman went to hospital, and there procurred civilian clothes, which he took back to the camp. In February 1944, the Warrant Officer and several others were sent to the punishment camp. Neuman changed identities with one of these and joined the party. At 2130 hrs. on the 23rd of April 1944, the wire of the compound was cut and the attention of the guard distracted by other POW's, while Neuman and his companion got through the wire, and ran into some woods near the camp. After crawling over a field for 400 yds, they discarded their battledress, which they had worn as protection over their civilian clothes and gained the main road. Acting on the instructions of the Escape Committee they went to Mulhausen, where they stayed for two nights and received information regarding a route to Switzerland. They travelled by train to Hesingen

and then went on by foot to Feldbach. Dressed as farmers, and carrying pitchforks, Neuman and his companion walked across the fields to Moss, and finally crossed the Franco-Swiss border on the 28th of April 1944.

Neuman showed magnificent determination and unswerving purpose to return to this country. In a little over 12 months, he made six attempts to escape from the heart of Germany, and neither the hardships nor the punishments he suffered shook his firm resolve.

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NEWMAN, Dennis Alfred

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. J.6641
Unit: No. 148 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Member of the British Empire

On the 10th of July 1942, this officer was one of the crew of a Wellington which was detailed to bomb Tobruk. While over the target, the aircraft was hit by A.A. fire and a crash landing was made on the beach. After walking for four days and nearly reaching Sidi Barrani, the crew were about to commandeer a German truck at the point of a gun when another truck came up and they were taken prisoner. An attempt to escape was made at Mersa Matruh, but they were almost immediately recaptured. At Campo 21 (Chieti), Flight Lieutenant Newman assisted in a tunnel scheme, but he managed to escape with two comrades before it was completed by crawling through the barbed wire. Some days afterwards, an Italian provided them with civilian clothes and took them to Francavilla where they hoped to be evacuated by boat with a large number of POW's. The scheme failed and they were all ordered by a British officer to leave the district and go overland to the British lines. Newman and his companion reached the British lines near Guglionesi on the 28th of O-tober 1944.

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NORFOLK, W.J.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 962219
Unit: No. 76 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down on the 1st of June 1942, when returning from a raid on Essen.

He baled out over Belgium, and despite injuries to both legs, and the fact that during his descent his boots and socks had been ripped off, he nevertheless made his way bare-footed from the scene of his landing, and so escaped capture by the enemy. Following a period of hiding during which he obtained aid for his injuries, and after a narrow escape from German patrols, he made his way to Brussels where he again successfully hid for a

considerable period, until he was able to make his way into France.

He finally crossed into Spain, whence he was repatriated on the 19th of August 1942.

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O'DRISCOLL, Michael John

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 850485
Unit: 28 Fd. Regt. R.A. 10 Bde. 4 India Division
Awards: Military Medal (GVIR)
I.G.S. 1936 with clasp N.W.F. 1937-39
1939-45 Star
Africa Star
Defence and War Service Medals

Following his capture at Knightsbridge on the 6th of June 1942, O'Driscoll was sent via Benghazi, Swani Ben Adem, Capua and Macerata to a working camp near Zevio (Camp 148/4).

On the 11th of September 1943, he left this camp alone and went south to Rovigo. Here he was recaptured by a Fascist and handed over to German custody at Ferrara, but while his guard slept, he managed to escape and make his way to Urbino.

After travelling to Monte S. Vicino with another escaper, he joined a reben band which already had some POW's amongst its members. He engaged in sabotage and other operations. About the middle of February he decided to join a small party which hoped to reach Allied lines by sea. At Porto S. Elfidio they found a boat, but abandoned it when the oars broke, and travelled on to Porto S. Giogio, where five of the party, including O'Driscoll, were captured and taken to Macerata Civil Prison. Although they were tried for sabotage and sentenced to death, two months later, under the leadership of an officer, the 13 POW's in the gaol overpowered the five guards and broke out. O'Driscoll then went to Monte Giberto with two others, from where they were evacuated to Termoli under "A" Force arrangements on the 24th of May 1944.

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O'SULLIVAN, Barry

Rank: Captain
Unit: Royal Tank Regt.
Awards: Military Cross

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OGILVIE, P.B.B.

Rank: Wing Commander
Regtl. No. 36025
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Service Order
Distinguished Flying Cross

On the 29th of August 1943, Wing Commander Ogilvie's aircraft was damaged by anti-aircraft fire and he was compelled to abandon it by parachute near Viterbo. Following his capture, he was sent to Poggio Mirteto where he shared the responsibilities of the post of Senior Officer with an American Air Force Officer. After the Armistice these two officers, with the co-operation of the Italian Commandant, arranged the evacuation of prisoners of war from the camp on the 10th of September 1943. About a week later, Wing Commander Ogilvie decided to make for the British lines alone, and receiving food and shelter from Italians, he managed to reach the British troops at Spinete on the 26th of October 1943.

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OLDALE, Thomas Arnold

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1360001
Unit: No. 70 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal
London Gazette 26/1/43

On the night of the 13th of September 1942, Sergeant Oldale was a member of the crew of an aircraft participating in combined operations at Tobruk. At 0030 hrs. the pilot was compelled to make a forced landing when the port engine caught fire. The landing was made without injury to the crew. After destroying all secrete equipment, the crew set out on a south-east course, taking with them maps, a sextant, Verey pistol and cartridges, four water bottles and a 10-gallon tank of water strapped on a ladder. Sgt. Frampton enforced a daily ration of half a thermos bottle of water for each member. Resting by day and walking at night, the party had covered about 80 miles by the sixth night. During this time the only water found was in the radiator of a derelict troop transport. Three bottles were filled. All members of the party were very weak and with the exception of Sgt. Oldale, were suffering from blistered feet. During the seventh night, they were joined by a member of another aircraft who had escaped by parachute. The next night, three members of the party either drank, or poured over their heads, all the remaining water with the exception of half a bottle. Oldale,

although suffering from the lack of food and water, and being very weak, continually helped other members of the party who were in a weaker state than himself. On the tenth night, Sgt. Oldale and three other members, decided to turn on an east-north-east course, and after walking ten miles, two of the party were so weak that they were compelled to discontinue the journey. Sgt. Oldale and one other airman continued, although almost too weak to stand. On the twelfth night, they saw a fire in the distance and made their way towards it. On their arrival they found an Arab shepherd, who gave them food and drink. They continued on their way, and eventually came to a British motor transport concentration on the edge of Lake Maghara. They were finally taken to Air Headquarters, Western Desert. Sgt. Oldale displayed courage, resolution and endurance in keeping with the highest traditions of the Royal Air Force.

The following report has been obtained from Sgt. Oldale, who in 14 days, walked nearly 150 miles back to the British lines after his aircraft had force-landed 15 miles southwest of Mersa Matruh on its way to take part in combined operations at Tobruk, on the night of September 13-14th. The fate of the remainder of the crew remains uncertain, as owing to weakness caused by lack of water and other privations, they had given up the struggle to reach safety when in the Quatara Depression.

Crew:	Captain P/O Muirhead	2nd Pilot F/O Short
	Navigator W/O Gilding	1st W/Op. Sgt. Oldale
	2nd W/Op Sgt. Burrill	Rear Gunner Sgt. Owens

The aircraft force-landed at 0030 hrs. after the port engine had caught fire and its bombs had been jettisoned. The landing was a good one and no one was injured. Having destroyed the I.F.F. and all secret equipment, the crew set out on the navigator's advice, on a southeast course, taking with them maps, a sextant, a Verey piston and cartridges, the ten-gallon tank of water strapped on the ladder, and four water bottles (two had been lost in the crash).

Resting by day and walking by night, the crew covered about 30 miles in the next two days. No water was found on the way, except three water bottles full taken from the radiator of a derelict troop transport. From the start a daily ration of half a thermos bottle each had been enforced. On the third day, the crew walked due south to avoid L.G. 60 returning to a southeast course the following night and then turning due east. They hit the Quatara Depression at Queret El Tarfaya on the sixth night, and all the party were suffering from blistered feet. Oldale, who was wearing a particularly well-fitting pair of flying boots, was in the best shape. They were all weak, having found it difficult to eat corned beef and biscuits without any water to wash it down. The following night, they walked a couple of miles into the depression to Salt Springs where they found a shelter under palms and scrub. Here the crew was joined by a South African native boy, known only as Moses, who had escaped from Tobruk, and in the evening, Sgt. Frampton of No. 148 Squadron walked in. He had baled out when the port engine of his aircraft had caught fire south of Sollum. He had seen nothing more of the remainder of his crew. That day, the party boiled 4½ gallons of salt water there, which however, was little improved. The following night, the 8th, the whole party set out across the depression for Ma'aten Oweigila, hoping

to find water there, but they failed to reach it and were more or less hopelessly lost in the depression. By this time, everything except the map, compass and Verey pistol had been discarded. The South African, who was easily the strongest, walked on, promising to return if he found water. During the night, F/O Short, Sgt. Owens and Sgt. Burrill drank or poured over their heads the boiled water, with the result that in the morning all that remained was half a bottle kept by Sgt. Frampton. That day the party made south for the other edge of the depression, hoping to gain shade in the hills. F/O Short and Sgt. Owens were both feeling the effect of the sun, and it was only with the assistance of Oldale that they managed to reach the shelter of the hills. There the party was re-joined by the South African.

On the ninth night, September 21-22nd, on the advice of the black boy, the party set out on a southeast course, hoping to strike a track shown on the map, or possibly some Arabs, but after about half a mile, W/O Gilding, Sgt. Owens and Sgt. Burrill collapsed, declaring they could walk no further. The remainder of the party walked on with the South African ahead. They managed about two miles, reaching the southern edge of the Depression where they rested the following day, the South African again walking on. By this time, both P/O Muirhead and F/O Short were very weak. Some relief was obtained by urinating into the water bottle and using it as a mouth rinse.

On the tenth night, Muirhead, Short, Oldale and Frampton decided to re-cross the Depression in an east-north-east course. That night they walked 10 miles, although Muirhead who was very weak, could only stagger along with the assistance of Oldale and Frampton. Short too, was in a bad state with his tongue swollen, and his mouth almost closed by blisters. The day was spent resting in what little shelter could be gained from the scrub, around which there were many camel, and what appeared to be M.T. tracks. When the time came to re-start in the evening, Muirhead and Short decided they could not go on and with great reluctance, Oldale and Frampton continued on their way, leaving with Muirhead and Short, a revolver and a supply of Morphine. This was on the evening of September 23rd in Grid Position 827234. Oldale and Frampton covered about ten miles in an east-north-east direction before dawn, and again rested during the day. On the 12th night, although they could hardly stand, they carried on. They had only walked a quarter of a mile when to their joy, they saw a fire about one mile to the southeast. Here they found an Arab shepherd with a herd of goats, and were given water, milk and rice. The Arab advised them to sleep, promising to guide them to the British lines in the morning, but when they awoke, he had disappeared. Bitterly disappointed, Oldale and Frampton searched unsuccessfully for a water hold and while doing so, came across a herd of camels and nearby a Redouin family. They were again given milk, rice and boiled eggs. Although the Arab could speak no English, he understood sufficient to take Oldale and Frampton by camel to Lake Maghara. At dusk they set out, but owing to the frequent rest only about eight miles were covered that night. While hiding in the scrub the following day, two Hurricanes, which it was larned, had been sent out after the South African boy had reached safety, were seen flying low. Unfortunately the Verey pistol had been lost by this time and Oldale and Frampton were unable to attract the pilot's attention.

In the evening, the journey was continued by camel, and after 11 hours, the Northern end of Lake Maghara was reached. The following morning, against the advice of the Arab who promised to guide them to our lines at sundown,

Oldale and Frampton decided to walk North in the hope of picking up a British patrol, but they were so weak they had to turn back. They again rested and were again wakened during the afternoon by m.g. fire. It was four Me 109's straffing M.T. of Lake Maghara. Through binoculars, Frampton saw an M.T. with three occupants at the south end of the lake, and making their way there, they found W/Cdr. Simpson, O.C. Signals, A.H.Q. W.D., who after arranging to reward the Arab, took Oldale and Frampton to A.H.Q. W.D. This was on the 27th of September.

Oldale showed great resolution, endurance, and grit in making his way to safety, and did all that he could be expected to do to help his companions to escape. His sparing use of water undoubtedly added to his endurance. The party however, were very ill-advised in deciding to make south after landing. This was entirely contrary to advice given at briefing and Escape lectures. They made matters worse, when having reached the Quattara Depression they attempted to cross it, instead of making their way along the Northern edge, where they might have encountered our patrols or possibly natives.

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PADDON, B.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 28097
Unit: No. 40 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Distinguished Service Order L.G. 6/10/42

This officer's aircraft was shot down over Abbeville on the 6th of June 1940. The crew were taken prisoners of war and S/Ldr. Paddon, who sustained a sprained ankle, was sent to Germany, arriving at Dulag Luft on the 15th of June. He was sent to various other POW camps, arriving at Stalag XXA (Thorn) in February 1941, and ultimately at Oflag IVC (Colditz) on the 14th of May. He had made attempts to escape, and after one such attempt at Thorn, had been sentenced to four months' close arrest on a charge of insulting behaviour. By the intervention of the U.S. Legation, a new trial was ordered and finally a court martial was fixed for the 11th of June at Stalag XXA. He was placed in confinement with other British prisoners in Fort XIII. Here with the assistance of other British POW's, he worked out a hurried plan of escape which was to be effected before his trial. While the party of prisoners had been set to work on a German-occupied Polish farm near Thorn, he was able to slip into a barn where he stripped off his battledress for other clothes, which he had been able to secure. Although under guard, he succeeded in walking off as a civilian and made his way into the woods. He was able to cover on foot, some 50 kms. from his point of escape, and he then boarded a train for Bromberg.

In the station at Bromberg, there was a military picket who seemed to pay particular attention to soldiers. Owing to the curfew, he could not leave the station, so he bought a ticket to Gdynia and slept the night in the waiting room. Paddon reached Gdynia by way of Danzig, but finding that conditions at Gdynia would not be too good for him, he returned to Danzig on the 12th of June. Here he boarded a tram for Bergstrasse and spent some time reconnoitring the Swedish ships in the vicinity which were unloading ore. Just

before midnight, he crawled down to the quayside through the marshalling yard. He boarded a Swedish ship, the S.S. Ingolf, and succeeded in obtaining a hiding place thereon, although he was told that the ship would not sail for Sweden until the 15th of June. He hid in the coal bunker and had to keep himself busily employed, trying to remain in the shadow and in dodging the falling coal. Before the ship sailed, it was subjected to a routine search, but Paddon remained undiscovered.

Shortly after the ship set sail, he reported himself as an escaped POW to the Second Mate. The Captain, on subsequently being informed of the position, was extremely troublesome and threatened to turn the ship and head back to Germany. Paddon made many appeals to the Captain, and finally the latter agreed to take him to Sweden if Paddon would act as though he were of Polish nationality. Although he knew only four words of the language, he was able to keep up this deception until the ship berthed.

He was handed over to the police at Gavle on the 18th of June. Here he represented himself as a Polish civilian, but was told that as he was a civilian Polish refugee, he must return to Germany. He therefore declared his true identity and asked to see the British Consul. He was detained in cells until the 27th of June when the British Consul visited him, but was subsequently treated with every kindness and consideration. He remained in Sweden until the 6th of August, and then returned to the United Kingdom.

(See "Escape from Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

PAL SINGH THAPA

Rank: Sub.
Unit: 1/3 Curkha Rifles
Awards: Military Cross

Sub. Pal Singh Thapa was captured at Sittang in February 1942, and subjected from then on to the usual propaganda and ill treatment. For two and a half years however, not only was his own loyalty unshaken, but he never ceased to keep up the morale of the other POW's by every means in his power.

In 1944, he was employed on road repairs near Tiddim and it was from here that he organized and carried out the highly successful escape of not only himself, but no fewer than 32 COR's. For days he led these men through the jungle, occasionally helped and fed by friendly villagers, but more often existing precariously on berries or anything they could find until at last they managed to contact our forces.

Sub. Pal Singh Thapa spent two and a half years in captivity, undergoing every form of hardship and continally subjected to propaganda. During the whole of this time not only did his loyalty and his faith never waver, but the example he set was an inspiration to his men. Finally at the earliest opportunity, he led 32 of them in a magnificently organized and successful escape, and overcoming every difficulty, brought them all back in safety to our lines.

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PALM, R.B.

Rank: Captain
Unit: S.A.A.F.
Awards: Distinguished Service Order

Escaped from Stalag VII A, Moosburg. He reached England via Spain and Gibraltar in November 1943.

(See "Escape from Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

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PANTON, Alstair Dyson

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 33331
Unit: No. 53 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

F/L Panton was captured near Ghent on the 15th of July 1940, and imprisoned in various camps in Germany. In August 1940, he escaped from a hut near Aachen and was at liberty for 12 hours before being recaptured. On another occasion, he attempted to escape in a clothes basket that was being taken out of the camp, but he was caught at the gate. While at Stalag Luft I and Stalag Luft III, he was a member of the Escape Committee and took part in numerous tunnelling operations.

F/L Panton also passed on valuable information to the War Office by secret means.

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PAPE, Richard

Unit: Royal Canadian Airforce
Awards: Military Medal

Awarded the Military Medal for his POW exploits, which included getting out 100 or more coded messages on troop movements, etc.
(See "Boldness Be My Friend")

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PARKINSON, Robert

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 994280
Unit: No. 103 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Military Medal

On the 5th of September 1943, this airman was a rear gunner of a Lancaster aircraft detailed to attack Mannheim. Shortly after bombing the target, the aircraft developed severe engine trouble and the crew were ordered to escape by parachute. Sgt. Parkinson alighted within 100 yards of Sgt. Horton, and after burying their parachutes and other equipment, they endeavoured to effect their escape. They walked for about two hours and were then captured by two German guards and taken to a guard room. From here they were escorted by two youths with rifles. After walking for about ten minutes, Sgt. Horton and Sgt. Parkinson overpowered their escort, whom they pushed into a swampy ditch, and then ran into some woods. After checking their direction, they walked on for 13 hours. Later, having procured civilian clothes from some French helpers, they continued their journey to Bar-le-Duc where they boarded a train for Paris, having been able to persuade a Frenchman to purchase their tickets for them. From Paris the journey to this country was arranged for them.

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PARSONS, G.V.

Rank: Captain
Regtl. No. 202920
Unit: South African Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

On the 3rd of November 1941, after his aircraft had been shot down near Derna, Captain Parsons was taken prisoner. In June 1943, while imprisoned at Modena, he made an attempt to escape, but was recaptured within a few hours. When the Armistice with Italy was signed, this officer and another prisoner, escaped from the camp and then parted company. A few days later Captain Parsons met two RAF pilots and the party of three reached Allied lines after swimming the river Sangro.

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PATERSON, T.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1075398
Unit: No. 23 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

After crash-landing his aircraft near Mazara on the 27th of February 1943, this airman was imprisoned at Camp 78 Sulmona, and later transferred to Camp 50 in Rome. F/S Paterson and his observer were planning to escape together, but the scheme had to be abandoned as Paterson was sent back to Sulmona. On the 12th of September 1943, following the Italian Armistice,

prisoners were released from Camp 78 and Paterson, with a companion, travelled southwards. On the 16th of September, when they were approaching Civitella, they were recaptured by the Germans and taken back to camp. Undeterred, these airmen made another successful attempt to escape three days later. Concealing themselves in a house, they evaded re-capture. On the 22nd of January 1944, they set out with two guides and a number of POW's. British troops were met near Casoli on the 25th of January 1944.

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PATON, J.S.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. R/69544
Unit: No. 405 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed the battleship "Gneisonau" at Brest on the 24th of July 1941. He was attacked by an enemy fighter near the target area and compelled to bale out. He hid in a clump of bushes for three days and was then taken to Brest, where he remained until the 22nd of October. He arrived in Paris on the 23rd and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 28th. He travelled via Marseilles to the Spanish frontier, and reached Barcelona on the 9th of November. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of November 1941.

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PATRICK, Edward Rupert

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.15261
Unit: No. 108 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Flying Officer Patrick was a member of the crew of a Wellington aircraft which crash-landed near Sidi Barrani on the 20th of October 1942. For six days, the crew succeeded in evading capture, but at the end of this time, Patrick was too weak and ill to keep up with the party, and persuaded the other five crew members to go on without him. Some two hours later, the party was captured and Patrick, who was too ill to move, attracted their attention and was also taken prisoner. They were eventually imprisoned in a camp at Sulmona. Shortly after the Italian Armistice, the camp was taken over by a South African Officer, and on the 12th of September, the camp was evacuated owing to the approach of the Germans. Patrick, suffering great privations and after enduring many vicissitudes, succeeded in reaching the 22nd Royal Montreal Regiment on the 23rd of October 1943. After establishing his identity, he was sent to the Canadian Headquarters. Flying Officer Patrick left Cairo on the 28th of October and arrived at Gibraltar on the 29th of October 1943. Throughout he displayed courage of a high standard.

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PAYNE, A.G.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1314691
Unit: No. 40 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Sgt. Payne was shot down near Scalea on the 16th of August 1943, and was sent via Taranto and Bari to Sulmona (Camp 78). After the Armistice all the POW's in Camp 78 with the exception of the sick, amongst whom was Sgt. Payne, were dispersed in the hills; although many of them were subsequently recaptured. Payne was removed to Sulmona Civil Hospital by the Germans, and escaped on the 7th of October 1943 with an Army officer, through the service lift, after having been told that they were to be evacuated the next day. Although they had been provided with civilian clothes they found that the people whose address had been given to them, were unwilling to shelter them. They therefore, went to Introdacqua, where they were helped by Italians. After two attempts to cross the lines, which failed owing to their poor physical condition, Payne remained hidden in Sulmona until the 13th of January 1944, when he joined a party which crossed the lines with an Italian guide.

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PEARCE, Merlin

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1313589
Unit: No. 10 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Sgt. Pearce was the air bomber in a Halifax aircraft which took off on the 27th of August 1943, to bomb Nurnberg.

On the way home the machine was attacked, believed by fighters, and the inter-communication was broken. Pearce abandoned the aircraft by parachute and landed near Mons. He sustained injury to his feet on landing, and walking was difficult. After burying his parachute, he set off in the opposite direction to the plane which was burning fiercely and lit up the whole area. He reached Paris by train and eventually returned safely to the United Kingdom.

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PEARMAN, L.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1199606
Unit: No. 101 Squadron, Bomber Command, RAF
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal
Military Medal

I took off from Bourne at 1930 hrs. on the 13th of October 1941 to bomb Dusseldorf. We were attacked near the Belgian coast and I was ordered to bale out at 2145 hrs. The rest of the crew were: Sgt. Betts; F/O Barrett and three others.

I have since heard through correspondence that all the crew are POW's.

I was the first to bale out and never saw the aircraft crash. I landed unhurt in the fortified grounds of a chateau. There was barbed wire all around, and I heard a bomb explosion to the east and therefore, guessed myself to be a little west of Dusseldorf. I crawled around the chateau, avoiding the sentry boxes, and came to a single track railway by which I decided to sleep until daylight.

Early next morning, I heard some railway shunting to the south of my position. I therefore waited until dark and then approached the railway. As I stepped out on to it an old man said, "Gute Nacht", confirming my opinion that I was in Germany. I was very flustered and replied, "good evening" in English, but he did not notice. The railway sidings ran approximately east and west and after waiting an hour, I jumped on to the middle of a goods train travelling west. At dawn on the 15th of October, I jumped off this train as it passed through a cutting. I crawled up the embankment and lay up in fair cover until 1600 hrs. At that time I saw a workman on the opposite side of the railway. I remained hidden, but 15 minutes later he came across to me and addressed me in Flemish and French. He took me to a railway man in charge of a level crossing nearby, who fed and lodged me for the night, telling me that I was in Belgium in the neighbourhood of Ramillies, and providing me with an overcoat and cap.

This man fetched an English-speaking lady who questioned me and gave me information as to the direction I should follow in order to reach France. My host wanted me to jump on another goods train going south, but it never came on time. I therefore walked on at 0400 hrs. on the 16th, through Ramillies towards Charleroi, along the railway - finally jumping on to a fast goods train. We came to a junction which I believe to have been Namur. I arrived there at 1200 hrs. and intended to remain hidden in the wagon until dark, but railwaymen discovered me in the afternoon. They brought food to me and put me on to another goods train which was to start off at dusk in the direction of Paris. At about 0200 hrs. I was discovered on the train by another railwayman, who seemed to be definitely searching for me. He warned me that I would not be able to get through the station undiscovered and led me off the track, pointing out the way through the village to the railway beyond. I followed his directions and walked to a further station, where I asked for a drink. The station master, with his wife and daughter, befriended me, and put me on a goods train leaving for Paris at 1400 hrs. on the 19th of October. I arrived on the sidings of the Gare du Nord, Paris at 1900 hrs., with instructions to trust any railwayman I might see. I found one who put me up in his flat near the station.

My host spent the next day which was a free day for him, arranging my next move; he took me to the Gare d' Austerlitz and placed me under the care of the guard of a vegetable train. This man did not fetch me as soon as I expected. I therefore jumped on to the buffers when the train departed at 2300 hrs. At Orleans I got on to the last wagon of the train and fell asleep. When I awoke, the train was being shunted up and down the sidings at Orleans, and was finally hitched on to the back of a passenger train returning to Paris. I got off at Voves, 30 miles N.W. of Orleans, where the train stopped after dark, and I was hidden by a railwayman until the next day.

At 1500 hrs. on the 22nd of October 1941, this man bought me a ticket to Orleans, accompanying me there, and put me under the care of the driver of an electric train who was to go to Vierzon on the 23rd. The latter lodged me in the railway "lodging house" on the sidings of the station.

He was to have fetched me at dusk on the 23rd, but since he did not turn up, I entered a signal box and declared my identity. The signal man put me into a shed until they found a goods train which was to go over the Line of Demarcation at 2300 hrs. They put me on this train and I travelled to Chateauroux and Limoges at St. Sulpice Lauiere. Here I was discovered and taken to the station master, who sent for the gendarmes. Two policemen detained me, giving me a slight interrogation both here and later at Limoges, where they took me. I told them I had landed near Dusseldorf, and after a night spent under strict supervision in the military barracks at Limoges, I was sent on the 28th of October to St. Hippolyte.

I made unsuccessful attempts to escape from St. Hippolyte. I was never found but I contracted skin disease in February 1942 and was sent to hospital where conditions were poor owing to insufficient medical supplies. While I was in the hospital, I established contact with an organization through which I got away from the district, but I was caught and sent to Fort La Revere on the 24th of March 1942; from which I escaped on the 5th of September 1942 and was brought back to the United Kingdom with the help of an organization.

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PEARSON, Laurence Paul

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 710276
Unit: No. 237 Squadron (Rhodesia)
Awards: British Empire Medal

While straffing enemy M.T. on the 5th of June 1944, Pearson's aircraft was hit by flak and he was compelled to crash-land in enemy territory. Although wounded in the thigh, he evaded a German patrol who machine-gunned him, wounding him severely in the leg. The enemy patrol continued to search for him but he succeeded in avoiding capture by killing one of the patrol with a large stone. He eventually found his way into our lines.

Throughout the period of five days that Pearson was in enemy territory, he showed great determination and coolness, and by his courage and devotion to duty he finally returned to his Squadron.

Sgt. Pearson's age is 18, and it is felt that his courage and determination (especially at the first part of his escape, when he was at times on the point of fainting through loss of blood), is a grand example to all and he is recommended for the British Empire Medal.

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PEATLING, R.W.

Rank: Private
Regtl. No. 14362066
Unit: Army Air Corps, 2nd Btn. Paratroops
Awards: Mention in Despatches London Gazette

Private Peatling evaded capture after Arnheim from the 17th of September 1944 until the 18th of April 1945.

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PENNY, Herbert Arthur

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 139204
Unit: No. 35 Squadron, Path Finder Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was flying as wireless operator/air gunner in a Halifax aircraft detailed to attack Berlin on the 31st of August 1943. Soon after crossing the Dutch coast, the aircraft caught fire and went out of control. Flying Officer Penny baled out and landed safely in a defence zone. He immediately began planning his escape and set out walking southeast by his compass. He overcame innumerable obstacles and showing great determination, he walked alone by day and night across very rough country.

His efforts were eventually rewarded for he succeeded in evading capture and eventually returned to the United Kingdom on the 10th of November 1943.

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PERRY, David Lionel

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 908781
Unit: No. 35 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

Sergeant Perry was detailed as part of a crew sent to attack the German battleship "Tirpits" in the Aason Fjord at Trondheim, on the night of the 27th of April 1942.

This flight involved a total flying time of nine hours and covered a total distance of 1,350 miles over the North Sea and the mountainous country of Northern Norway.

The attack was ordered to be carried out at 150 ft. in the face of intense opposition from the battleship, and the guns on both sides of the Fjord.

It would appear that while carrying out this courageous attack, the aircraft must have been fatally damaged by flak necessitating a forced landing in this most difficult country. By a feat of most superb airmanship, this landing was carried out successfully.

Having carried out this forced landing, Pilot Officer MacIntyre and the NCO's then made their escape from the numerous search parties that had been sent out by the German garrison at Trondheim.

For eight days the members of this crew, suffering the greatest hardships, walked through deep snow across the mountains, and in an exhausted condition arrived at the Norwegian border, having covered a total distance of 45 miles. By sheer determination and will power they crossed safely into Sweden.

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PHILLIPS, Donald Leslie

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 545177
Unit: No. 150 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal
London Gazette 7/3/41

Sergeant Phillips was the wireless operator of an aircraft which was shot down after bombing a German convoy near Vernon on the 13th of June 1940. He was captured by the enemy and taken to hospital and interrogated, but refused to give information. After a stay of about three weeks he was transported to the prison camp at Doullens, where he was compelled to perform heavy tasks. A month later, Phillips escaped with a soldier. This was accomplished by the aid of a rope which they had collected in odd pieces and tied together to a tree, and by sliding down a 60-foot wall which was unguarded. Donning a civilian jacket which he had hidden under his tunic, Phillips and his comrade, who was already in civilian clothes, walked past the prison while being watched by a German guard through binoculars. They hid in a wood until it was dark, and then with the help of a non-luminous compass and a map of "present day" France, they decided to make for Spain and made their journey across country avoiding all big towns. As the bridges across the Somme were well guarded, Phillips and his comrade swam the river. They subsequently crossed the Oise by ferry, assisted by a Frenchman. Afterwards a German soldier rowed them across the Marne. After crossing the frontier among a herd of cows, they found the population of Occupied France very helpful and willing to supply food. By lorry, Phillips and his companion reached Sennecey where they obtained from the Military Bureau, railway tickets to Lyons. There they reported to the Military authorities and were put into prison. Changing prison camps twice, they eventually contacted a Frenchman who drove them, together with an Army officer, to Lyons. Here they proceeded by train to Perpignan and then walked across country. On reaching the frontier about midnight, they were shot at and the army captain was last seen dashing into a vineyard when Phillips and his comrade made for some woods. They then made their way over the mountains where they wandered for two days; eventually arriving at a Spanish farm. Here they were given food and shelter for the night. Soon after leaving the farm, they were captured by the Spanish authorities and for about two months remained in different prisons, eventually being released and reaching England via Gibraltar on the 4th of December 1940.

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PHILPOT, Oliver Lawrence Spurling

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 77131
Unit: No. 42 Squadron, Coastal Command
Awards: Military Cross , Distinguished Flying Cross

On the 11th of December 1941, I took off from Leuchars in a Beaufort "O" at 0958 hrs. We carried bombs and were detailed for an offensive anti-shipping patrol over a stretch of the Norwegian Coast. We were to start at the southern tip of Karmoy and then to proceed south past Stavanger, and were to be about 25 minutes on the coast altogether.

We made a landfall at approximately 1200 hrs. and proceeded south. We photographed what appeared to be an R.D.F. Station. At one point we passed over the mainland and over a German parade ground, which Sgt. F.J.J. Smith, the air gunner, shot up. He estimates having seen four or five Germans fall to the ground. At 1223 hrs. while still over land, I saw a convoy of 18 or 20 ships coming north up the coast, in two lines, with a large 10,000 ton M.V. in the centre.

I attacked immediately at top speed and did a mast-high bombing run over the 10,000 ton M.V. We were fired upon and hit in the starboard engine and tail. Still flying at 80 or 100 feet, I tried to return to base, but was compelled to force-land in the sea; out to sea away from the convoy, about 15 or 20 miles off shore. There were very heavy seas and a 48-knot wind. The aircraft immediately broke in half aft of the turret, and filled with water. By the time the navigator (P/O G.Rackow) and myself had emerged from the roof hatch (to fall into the sea almost immediately), P/O R. Hester, the wireless operator, had somehow managed:

a) to release the dinghy
b) to hold on to the dinghy
c) to get Sgt. Smith into the dinghy. Smith, quite a large man, had fallen into the flooded well of the aircraft after hitting his head on the armour-plated bulkhead as we landed. He was unconscious for a short time and told me afterwards that he remembers nothing at all about the entry into the dinghy.
d) to continue despite the heavy seas, holding on to the dinghy with one hand and the aircraft with the other, and avoid being washed away.

From the water I then ordered Hester into the dinghy, and after Rackow had pulled himself in, I followed. Thus the whole crew were in the dinghy. The aircraft sank 30 to 45 seconds after landing. Had Hester been at all "panicky" or even a little slow, not one of us would have survived.

We were almost immediately seasick, and once recovered, we tried to paddle towards the coast without the slightest success. We thought that with reasonable luck, we should be blown to land by the high wind, but this was not the case. During the afternoon the coast receded and we were undoubtedly drifting out to sea.

Night fell and the next day (December 12) there was no land anywhere in sight. During that day, two No. 115's came over (separately) about three-quarters of a mile away, and although we tried to operate a distress marine signal on each occasion, the release tape proved too stiff for our cold hands and we could not fire our signal. The aircraft passed out of sight.

We ate rations from time to time, but felt no great hunger. The band and fastening around our ration container carton was difficult to operate with cold hands, without destroying the whole carton. We drank water from the two flasks provided. All the time we were in the dinghy we were going up and down the sides of the large waves, and now and again water slopped in over the sides. There was thus nearly always water sluicing about in the bottom of the dinghy. Luckily we had our binocular case, and this served as a baler.

At the end of the second day, we settled down for another night. This meant that we lay sideways in an endless circular chain instead of sitting. On the morning of the third day, December 13th, we found ourselves close to a coastline lined with high, steep cliffs and with the seas crashing hard against their base. There was no sign of a beach. A German convoy (one of whose ships was the King Haakon II) approached, and at 0930 hrs. we were picked up by one of the flakships - our dinghy time thus having been 45 hrs. We all had to be helped across the deck, were stripped nude below decks and were then clothed, fed and well treated generally. We were of course, interrogated, and gave nationality, names, ranks and numbers. The Germans were later convinced (as we told them nothing of what had occurred) that we were a Hudson crew from a Thornaby Squadron, and I have seen "Hudson" on my official German card.

The convoy which picked us up took us around Lister, which we reached in about two or three hours, and to Christiansand where we arrived at 2000 hours that night. We were later taken to Oslo whence Rackow and Hester were flown to Germany; Smith and myself being left in the Akers Sykehus, Oslo. Smith had a frostbitten hand, and I had frostbitten feet, having been wearing only ordinary shoes. Rackow and Hester both had slight trouble with their feet due to the cold, but not enough to warrant treatment.

About the 16th of January 1943, Smith and I left Oslo in the S.S. Lauterfels which took 48 hours to reach Aalborg, Denmark. The ship anchored the first night at the mouth of Oslo Fjord, and the second night off the Danish Coast. Arriving in Aalborg, we were taken to Dulag Luft, Frankfurt-Aw-Main, where in contrast to the usual experience, the Germans knew practically nothing about us.

After that, I was in the following camps:

February 22, 1942	Spangenberg village	)
February 27, 1942	Spangenberg castle	) Oflag IX/A (Germany)
April 28, 1942	Sagan-Stalag Luft III (Germany)	
September 14, 1942	Schubin - Oflag XXI B (Poland)	
April 4, 1943	Sagan (again)	

Sagan lies 102 miles southeast of Berlin and is divided as regards 3,700 Allied Air Force prisoners (approximate figure) into four self-contained compounds. Escape is exceedingly difficult as the Luftwaffe intended it should be when building the camp late in 1941 or early 1942. No one had got home direct from Sagan; and no one had succeeded in making a local break from the East Compound (where I was) for over a year. Wire schemes are suicidal, and orthodox tunnels are found (somewhere between 45 and 60 of them in summer of 1942), since the Germans have an uncanny knack of finding the traps situated under our barrack blocks. There are two gates and an ever-changing pass system. The only method from the East Compound is, I think, something entirely new and original, and Lieut. Michael Codner, Light Artillery, and F/Lt. E.E. Williams, were able to start such a scheme in which I eventually became the third participant.

A hollow vaulting horse - light but strong, was constructed by Wing Commander Maw, DFC., out of some stolen pieces of wood and the three ply from Canadian Red Cross boxes. This was carried by four men and used to be placed quite openly close to the wire. Vaulting then took place, and when the vaulting finished, the horse was taken back to the canteen building where it was housed.

The horse iteself was, in fact, quite a good athletic horse, and the Germans accepted it as such. The real object was to have the horse to conceal the entrance to a tunnel - the advantages being two-fold. Firstly, it was near the wire; secondly, the entrance of the tunnel was thus in a highly original spot - out in the open flat ground in full view of everybody - British and German alike - except that there was nothing to see, since after work was completed the hole was boarded over and carefully covered with sand to resemble the adjacent surface. It could be and was frequently, walked over, by British and Germans alike.

The method of work was as follows: When the horse was taken out for a vaulting session, one of us would be inside in its belly. This person would then open up the trap, work at the tunnel, fill with sand 12 bags (consisting of trouser legs cut off below the knee) and hang these bags inside the horse. He would then close the trap, taking a long time to cover it over carefully, squeeze himself into one end of the horse, and be carried off.

Disposal of the sand was the usual nightmare difficulty, and in all about ten methods were used, two of which were found by the Germans who felt there was something going on, but did not know what. We settled down to using chiefly the canteen roof and the space under the barber's shop in the canteen.

The scheme began on the 8th of July 1943, and was of course, very slow due to the limited amount of sand which could be removed at any one time. Codner and Williams did the first 40 feet alone, going down in turns, working entirely naked, and "side stroking" the sand down the tunnel to the entrance. Later we had an improved system with a basin and string. Two people went down, one at the face and one at the entrance, and the latter pulled down basins of sand from the former. Thirty-six bags of sand would be produced in this way and left down there. On each of the next three occasions one man would come out and collect 12 bags.

The work was tiring and the air was poor. Flight Lieutenant Williams went sick with some type of anus trouble, and the doctors wanted him to have an operation. He insisted however, on carrying on the work.

All the vaulting took place in full view of a guard in a raised box nearby, who used to laugh at some of the less commendable efforts of vaulting. Previously also, it had always been the custom to work on escape operations only when the "ferrets" or German security soldiers were out of the camp. Now however, they are always in the camp, patrolling anywhere they fancy in numbers varying from one to seven at a time. So to get anything done at all, caution had to be thrown to the winds, and we worked while they were in the camp. Throughout we had quite extraordinary luck in evading detection. One day, "Charlie", the German security Unteroffisier, walked up to within six feet of the horse when operations were proceeding, and suggested that the vaulters would find it easier if they had a springboard. They agreed.

The whole scheme was only made possible by a volunteer band of extremely unselfish helpers who were called on to come out and vault time and time again and who knew they never had any chance of escaping themselves. Members of the Escape Committee were among those who went out of their way not only to give general help, but to come and vault themselves.

Breaking date was the 29th of October and at 1300 hrs. on that date, Codner went down with the luggage. He still had the final touches to put to the end of the tunnel, and at 1400 hrs. we sealed him in and took the horse away. He breathed through two small air holes. An RAF officer assisted in falsifying the count on the parade at 1545 hrs. and at 1615 hrs. Williams, myself and F/L McKay, were all carried out in the horse, closely squashed together. Williams and I went down and McKay sealed us in at 1650 hrs. Once in the tunnel, we continued work, the sand being passed back to me in the basin, and I spreading it about the already rather small tunnel. Each man then dragged his kit behind him, and after Codner had broken the tunnel at 1800 hrs. we started to creep out one by one, with our kit. Codner was first, Williams second, and myself last.

The tunnel's total length was 95 to 100 feet, and the exit was in the open, about 15 to 18 feet outside the wire. Luckily the outside guards patrolling on foot had not yet appeared, due to some German's oversight, and the sentry box guards failed altogether to see us. We were dressed in clothes covered by a suit of dyed combinations each and a mask. Our parcels also were camouflaged so as not to be seen in the boundary lights or the searchlights.

According to plan, we went our ways independently. Codner and Williams had originally intended to walk, but owing to the cold at night, they had altered this plan and were intending to take the train to Stettin and catch a boat.

I had decided immediately after the RAF Schubin break of 33 men on the 5-6th of March 1943, that train travel was the best escape method, especially if one remembered the trip of F/L Crawley to somewhere near Munich; Squadron Leader Calnan and F/L Kee almost to Cologne; and F/L Stevens to Hanover via Berlin, all using indifferent papers. Accordingly, I had since April been preparing such a trip, and I hoped that some opportunity for a break would come.

My story was that I was Herr Jon Jorgensen, a Quisling Norwegian (hoping I would never meet a Norwegian as I was ignorant of the language), on an exchange from Denofa A/K., Fredrikstad, to the Margarine Verkauf's Union, Berlin, and doing a tour of all branches, factories, etc. anywhere in Grossdeutschland. A very fine set of papers were provided in the camp. The papers were:

1. Verlaufige Ausweis - an original, and the first time we have used one of these.
2. Two polizeiliche Erlaubnisse. One original.
3. One Bescheinigung.
4. Arbeitskarte.
5. Bestatigung (Certificate of Issue of Arbeitsbuch)
6. Typed letter from the Margarine Verkauf's Union, introducing me.
7. Typed letter from the National Samling, asking me in Norwegian to go and hear Quisling speak about the reconstruction of Europe.
8. Membership card of the National Samling.
9. A very bogus Swedish sailor's pass added for the dock part of the journey.

My outfit was essentially respectable. Once I started looking like a tramp, I considered I should be ruined. I had a sort of Anthony Eden hat, Hitler moustache, RAF officer's greatcoat, RAF gloves, a new pair of shoes, a pair of Fleet Air Arm trousers and a non-descript black civil jacket. I carried a small vulcanite suitcase with primarily the means to keep looking well-shaved and smart in it and, secondarily, some of the camp escape food disguised as a margarine product. I had a pipe to cover any linguistic lapses and to give an excuse for not speaking clearly.

Perusal of the illicit time table in the camp had indicated that we ought to all three catch the Berlin express at 1900 hrs. As I queued up for my ticket at Sagan station, I found Codner just ahead of me, and we both purchased the necessary tickets. Williams, who does not speak a word of German, then accompanied Codner on to the platform and once the train had started, I never saw them again. The train was half an hour late and very crowded. I stood in the gangway of the third class and no one paid me any attention.

I left the train at Frankfurt-A.D.-Oder. There was unfortunately, no further connection that night, so I walked down one of the main streets of the town, and slept beside some body of water, possibly the Oder. In the early morning, I returned to Frankfurt and had a wash and brush-up in the little cabinet provided.

In the morning I left on the 0656 hrs. slow train for Kustrin. It started and arrived late. During this leg of the journey, I was left alone with a little man who was quite pardonably, confused as to which station he should get out at - Kustrin Meustadt, or one of the other Kustrins. He was very difficult to understand, and I soon told him I was a Norwegian, whereupon he became very friendly and said his son had been in the German Navy off there for some time. At Kustrin I lost him, and as usual, I went to the lavatory which is the POW train traveller's normal place to sort out his papers, maps, etc. and eat his escape food, as well as to clean up generally. After this, I walked about in the town and sat for a time in a park. There was very little in the shops, and as at Frankfurt, practically no motor traffic.

At 1029 hrs. on the 30th of October, I caught "D 1", the Konigsberg express, which was punctual, but crowded. The journey to Dirschau I spent mostly in the gangway of a third-class coach. There were few incidents and I maintained here as throughout, a superior, aloof attitude which was at one stage of this stretch rather impaired by my going to sleep on my case, calling off, and saying "damn" to the general amusement of surrounding soldiers and civilians. On this train there was one first-class grumbler who was telling those around him of how in the West there were air-raid alarms day and night, and nobody got very much peace.

On the whole trip, I always felt safest when mixing with dense crowds and this stage was no exception.

Past Schneidemuhl I had my first and only train police check. A plain clothes member of the Kriminalpolizei asked most politely for my Ausweis and he studied it with very little concern. On his asking about my movements, I explained that the Dresden Police had insisted on keeping my Norwegian passport for the time being, and had issued this for travelling. He said he supposed I would be returning to Danzig soon, and I said I would. He ended by saying that if the Dresden Police had stamped the photo on my Ausweis it would then be "ganz richtig", but it was sufficiently in order. The photo, incidentally, was not of me, but of Squadron Leader Wardell. He asked me for no other papers and went away.

At Dirschau I changed to a fast train going to Danzig from Breslau. I had been afraid to take this from the Sagan area as it passes, I think, through Posen which we regard as dangerous. This train got me into Danzig Hauptbahnhof at 1700 hrs., 22 hrs. 55 minutes after emerging from the tunnel. I had planned to be there in the early morning, but the connection between Frankfurt and Kustrin was worse than was the case during the validity of our time table, which expired at the end of September. Thus, I could not get a view of the city or harbour because of the darkness.

After a beer in the refreshment room I caught the No. 8 tram and went to Neufahrwasser to reconnoitre. It was appallingly dark, and I blundered into what looked like an open waste space, but which really led to some oil tanks. A dog barked, a car moved up, and I moved off. Eventually, I found the ferry over to Weichselmunde and I crossed. I then walked up and down near the Swedish docks, trying to see the lie of the land, and especially which were the Swedish ships. Distinguishing the nationality of ships is not easy when they are obscured by trucks, cranes, etc. As regards local geography, the flimsy of which I had a copy, proved invaluable. My reconnaissance was perfectly open, as I merely walked about carrying my suitcase and trying to look busy. Soon however, I ran into an elderly railway offocial in a blue coat, who headed me off at one point. I said I was lost and where was the ferry? He escorted me to it and we parted on good terms. I then returned by tram to Danzig and had a "Stammgericht" and beer at the Hauptbahnhof. At this point I felt very tired, and it seemed important to avoid nights in the open if I was to remain fit and more important, efficient and of good appearance. Accordingly I went to the Hotel Continentale almost opposite the Hauptbahnhof and asked for a room. My reception was unfriendly but I think it may have been the reception man's normal attitude. He said there were no rooms, but after reconsideration, said he had a bed for me - in the same room as another man. He asked for my Reisepass, and I had to explain that my Ausweis was perfectly good authority. To add colour I showed him one of my polizeiliche Erlaubnisse, and he was satisfied.

This occasion and the train check past Schneidemuhl were the only two occasions during the whole escape when I had to show anyone any papers whatsoever. I then had to fill in a hotel pink form and state who I was, nationality, last address, etc., none of which were at all difficult questions, providing one had one's story "pat". The form, incidentally, had the sections headed in various languages - English amongst them. I then went to my room (No. 220) and had a bath in the private bathroom adjoining. I hurried to bed and was asleep before the other man arrived. Having no pyjamas (and rather odd equipment generally!), I was rather afraid of him being suspicious. He came in late, and to my relief, left next morning at 0745 hrs. I got up afterwards, avoided breakfast because of lack of coupons, paid my bill (5.80 M.) and left.

On the next morning (October 31) I took a trip up and down the harbour in a "Havenrundfahrt" boat, up to Neufahrwasser (Seefer's Hotel), and back to town (40 Pf. in all). On this trip I saw the S.S. "Djorn", Stockholm, moored in the Swedish dock and being loaded with coal. The harbour launch took me quite close, and I was able to plan the method of approaching along the dock.

In the afternoon, I walked out to Danzig Heubude, and in a position past the cemetery and on the opposite side of the road from the bathing lake, I buried in the leaves of a wood, my greatcoat, hat and suitcase containing nearly all my personal equipment, but nothing to identify the things with Sagan or myself.

Hatless and simply wearing my dark suit with Viyella shirt and RAF black tie with a pattern of white threading in it, I then took Tram No. 4 part of the way back, and walked into Weichselmunde. I was thus prepared to attempt the ship, or if this failed, and I was still free, to disinter my equipment and return to my old role of a fairly respectable Jon Jorgensen.

On the way I passed two groups of two oil tanks each, and in each case one of the couple was ruined, presumably by bombs. In addition, I saw one bomb crater and one bomb-ruined house. It seemed advisable to keep to the public road, as there were balloon positions, labour camps, etc. all with guards, in the surrounding countryside.

I went into Weichselmunde and it still being early, I continued in the direction away from Danzig until I came to a pine forest adjoining the open sea. Here I rested until 1800 hrs. I could see a lighthouse somewhere at the mouth of the river flashing two to three seconds light to four to five seconds black.

Whether the whole of this wood is empty of Germans I do not know, but it seems a possible lying-up place for escapers, and it might even form a rendezvous for sea-borne commandos. The police dock supervision all around Danzig seems poor, and although those in the dock area are meant to have a special Ausweis from the Harbour Police, I was never challenged and asked for this. On the naval, and some of the other ships, I saw guards walking about.

I left the wood and walked back to Weichselmunde to attempt the ship. I went to the northwesterly part of the Swedish dock, to the round-the-harbour boat's landing stage immediately south of the Weichselmunde stage used for the shuttlecock service with Neufahrwasser. There was nobody about where I was, so I slipped down on to the stage and climbed along just above water level, and below the lip of the dock round past the barbed wire fence extension. I could see that the gangway of the S.S. Bjorn was adequately guarded by a sentry who had a beat of about 10 paces in front of it.

Eventually I got to a vertical steel ladder let into the side of the dock to facilitate entering small boats. While I was on this ladder a small boat, apparently containing harbour officials or police, and which had been hovering round, approached. I crawled swiftly up on to the dock just as one of the sentries from the gate (marked quite rightly on our flimsy, "avoid this gate") approached the ladder, flashing his torch. He went to one side of a large sandbox and I to the other. After he had spoken to those in the boat the disturbance died down, and I decided to proceed further.

I was aiming all this time to reach the cable mooring the ship. As I crawled towards the cables, two more guards approached with torches, but I lay dead still near the railway buffers and they walked by, the width of the track away. After this, I reached the cables and climbed up one. This was a bad error, as it was secured to the far side of the ship and was drawn

tight around the stern plating, affording no hand-hold up by the vessel. I knocked on a port hole with no result, and returned. After a rest, I hauled myself up the next cable, which led directly through a large hole in the plating to the deck. I scrambled through the hole and on to the deck. There was no shouting or excitement, so I am convinced I was not seen.

During the whole evening the fairly strong dock lights situated high up were on, and the coal loading of my ship was taking place with a powerful searchlight following the grab.

I could see no promising hiding place on deck and it seemed senseless to remain there too long. The door in the stern on the dark (starboard) side was locked, so I crawled amidships and entered a door which led to the passage off which there was a small galley. I drank a sort of cocoa-chocolate drink which I was surprised to find simmering on the fire, and then called at a lighted cabin which turned out to be the steward's.

I felt that my ignorance of where the German search party looked and where they did not look was so great that what might appear to me a wonderful hiding place might turn out to be just where they regularly searched. Hence the obvious thing was to get help.

After I approached the steward, the Chief Mate appeared. Neither would say anything definite until the Captain was brought and then the Chief Engineer joined us, and a sort of conference was held half in and half out of the cabin. I asked to stay and stressed the fact that no one had seen me get on board. The Captain said the war was going to last only another three or four months, and asked why I did not return to Germany, as if I stayed he might be hanged. It was not worth his while to risk this, even for the 500 pounds which I offered him, and he said I must leave the ship. He also recommended another Swedish ship further down the dock. I offered to disappear - meaning to hide myself on his ship - and not re-appear until later.

The Captain then slipped away without making any attempt whatsoever to remove me physically from his ship, or to report me to the Germans on the adjacent dock. The meeting then broke up and, as I went on deck to look for a likely place, a ship's officer pointed to a hatch which I entered. As I sat below, one of his subordinates came and showed me a coal bunker to hide in. The time was not about 2100 hrs. on the 31st of October, and I was in this bunker for nine hours. It is not a place that I recommend, since, besides being uncomfortable, it seems practically impossible to cover oneself up properly with coal. I should imagine the stupidest German could find one there, especially if accompanied by a dog, which the crew told me is the custom at Stettin.

At the end of the nine hours, one of the crew took me below to B.B. Tank No. 4 which is a tank at the very bottom of the ship. The tank was entered by the unscrewing of an oval plate which had been bolted down and which was bolted down again when I was in. It obviously had been filled with oil at one time; it was possible to crawl in it and to lie down.

I stayed in this tank for 28 hours, and during that time the ship cast off at 0745 hrs. on Tuesday, November 2nd. At about 2000 hrs. on that day, the same member of the crew came and took me higher up in the ship to a place by some machinery, still well below deck level. He had previously given me

some rolls and water, and now he produced the same again.

I remained in this place until about 2000 hrs. whereupon I was taken up to a cabin where I met one of the officers. He then told me that the story to the Captain, the ship's crew, and everybody else must be that I hid unaided in the coal, and when well out to sea, knocked on the bulkhead, whereupon he found me and released me. At 2300 hrs. I was therefore taken to the Captain, who asked me where I had been. I told him our prepared story. I doubt if he believed it, but he asked no further questions. He was never abrupt or rude in his manner, but was simply frightened of the Gestapo.

The voyage from Danzig to somewhere between what I think was Oland and the mainland, took approximately 15 hours. The steward said we had hugged the German coast to Kolberg, and then gone west of Bornholm to the mainland. The Chief Engineer said we went direct to the southerly tip of Oland and in view of the time factor, this seems more likely.

As far as I could gather, there was, contrary to my expectation, no interception by a German patrol vessel once the ship had got clear of Danzig. The only search party would thus seem to be that which the crew say arrived from four to six strong, with no dog, about two and a quarter hours before the ship sailed, and which carried out a two-hour search.

The other German ports which Swedish ships apparently call at, are Stettin and Lubeck only.

Once I had been shown to the Captain, I was entertained as a guest on board in a very hospitable fashion. At midnight on Wednesday, November 3rd, we docked at Sodertalje, where I spent the night in a police cell.

Next day I was allowed the freedom of the police station until I was taken to Stockholm by the train leaving at 1452 hours. I arrived at the British Legation, Stockholm, at 1642 hours on Thursday, November 4th.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)
(See "Stolen Journey" by Philpot)

PIERRE, Moire Alphonse Jean

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 133502
Unit: No. 158 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

Flight Lieutenant Pierre was the Squadron Bombing Leader of No. 158 Halifax Squadron. He was the Air Bomber in an aircraft of that squadron which was detailed to bomb Cologne on the 14th of February 1943.

After bombing the objective, the aircraft was attacked by an enemy fighter and the rear and mid-upper gunners were both probably killed. The starboard outer engine caught fire and the aircraft got out of control. The Captain then ordered the crew to bale out. Pierre remained in the aircraft

There was a second attack which set the fusilage on fire which caused the aircraft to spin downwards. He then baled out at 2,000 feet and came down five miles northwest of Aachen. After burying his parachute, he made contact with Sgt. Jackson, another member of the crew who had also baled out. Sgt. Jackson had received an injury to his foot on landing, and eventually had to be left in a barn while Pierre pushed on, intending to return for Sgt. Jackson later. He heard later that Jackson had been captured. Flight Lieutenant Pierre evaded capture and eventually returned to this country safely.

Pierre has carried out 22 sorties over enemy territory and has a fine operational record.

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PIETRASIAK, A.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 784763
Unit: No. 308 Squadron (Polish)

This airman, flying a Spitfire, was hit by anti-aircraft fire and compelled to bale out over Dunkirk on the 19th of August 1941. While descending he was dired on by machine guns, but was not hit, although he hastened his descent and hurt his arm and leg on reaching the ground. He managed to evade capture by fording a canal and hiding in a copse. He then made his way alone to St. Omer which he reached on the 20th of August. From here he was taken to Lille on the 23rd and left the Zone Interdite at Abbeville on the 2nd of September. He travelled via Paris and Tours and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 3rd of September. He arrived in Marseilles on the 5th, and as he was not well enough to continue the journey further, remained there until the 12th of September, when he left for the Spanish frontier. While crossing the Pyrenees he lost his way, and wandered about for three days, but eventually managed to find his way to Barcelona. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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PIKE, David Ivor

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 43479
Unit: No. 113 Squadron, Western Desert, RAF
Awards: Military Cross

On the 29th of June 1940, when attacked by enemy fighters after completing his mission, Pike had to crash-land his aircraft near Tobruk. Owing to a fractured skull he was captured immediately, and after treatment in Tobruk hospital, he was imprisoned in Italy.

From the moment of his arrival at Sulmona (Camp 78), Pike began preparations for escape. At the end of January 1941, accompanied by two other officers, he climbed over the 10 ft. high wall and the perimeter wire in a corner

of the compound which was temporarily unguarded. The ladders they had used were spedily removed by other prisoners. The original intention of stealing an aircraft from Foggia aerodrome had to be abandoned because of the unfavourable weather conditions; instead the three officers struggled in deep snow towards the coast. On arrival at Torino di Sangro seven days later, they were captured by Italian coastguards.

Throughout the remainder of his imprisonment in Italy, Pike continued in his efforts to escape, and as a result was sent to Gavi (Camp 5). In September 1943, when the Germans occupied this camp, they entrained all prisoners for Germany. Although F/Lt. Pike had broken his ankle a month previously and his leg was still in plaster, he climbed on to the buffers and jumped from the train as it was travelling at about 25 miles per hour. With another officer he made his way to Marano where he found shelter until his leg had healed. Towards the end of November, he continued his way south, but was captured by a Fascist near S. Agostino on the 5th of December 1943.

Shortly afterwards, he was sent to Stalag Luft I where he was liberated by Russian troops in May 1945.

In addition to attempting to escape himself, Pike did everything possible to assist others as an active member of the Escape Committee at Sulmona and Barth. He has been highly praised by six officers.

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POLESINSKI, E.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 792693
Unit: No. 307 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which set out to bomb Cologne on the 27th of April 1942.

Baling out near Charleville, he successfully avoided capture and made his way southwards, showing great initiative and resource. He reached Spain from whence he was repatriated on the 6th of July 1942.

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POWELL, Norman Read

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 751677
Unit: No. 11 Squadron, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Powell was taken prisoner after twiee being shot down near El Adem on the 27th of November 1941. The day following his capture he escaped but was captured at Bardia and imprisoned at Camp 53 (Macerata).

After the Armistice prisoners were forebidden to escape and the majority were taken by the Germans when they arrived on the 16th of September 1943 and were transferred to Germany. He hid in a roof and escaped on the 24th of September, travelling to Urbisaglia until evacuated to Termoli in May 1944.

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POWELL, William John Douglas

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1003964
Unit: No. 70 Squadron, RAF Bomber Command
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I was a member of a crew of a Wellington bomber which took off from Gazala on the 25th of April 1942, to bomb Benghazi. Over the target we were hit by flak and the second pilot was killed. The aircraft lost height and got out of control, and we had to bale out.

I came down approximately 12 miles southeast of Benghazi. I followed the railway northeast, made contact with an Arab tribe, showed them my papers and was fed by them. I carried on east, hoping to reach Gazala in due course but ran into another Arab tribe who gave me away. A lorry turned up from an Italian stronghold, and I was rounded up.

I was taken to a post near Benghazi, and from there to Benghazi where I was interrogated.

On the 27th of April, I was taken to Barche and put into a cell with two "British Tank officers", whom I suspected of being stool pigeons. I was with them only for about 20 minutes, and was then moved to a building in the aerodrome. On the 28th, I was moved back to Benghazi, where I met my observer, Sgt. Cloves. We stayed in Benghazi about three days and were then moved to Tarhuna, where we stayed until the 13th of June.

On the 13th, we moved to Tripoli and from there by boat to Naples, landing there on the 18th. We went to Capua (Camp 66). Here I was taken very ill with dysentery, and was moved to Caserta hospital where I remained until the beginning of February 1943. I was then moved back to Capua and from there to Camp 70 (Fermo), in which camp I remained until I escaped on the 12th of September.

There were several attempts at escape at Fermo, but nobody got clean away.

On the 8th of September, we heard on the camp radio that an Armistice had been signed. We were informed by the S.B.O. that anybody attempting to leave the camp would be classified as a deserter. A British guard was placed round the camp in conjunction with an Italian one.

On the 12th, an RAF Sgt. McIlree and myself, broke out of camp. I managed to acquire a camp police badge, and told the British guard that we were after somebody who had got out. I shouted the same to some Italian workers in the field, in order to give the impression that we were on duty and attempting to recapture some deserters.

We walked south and slept in a field the first night, continuing to Monteparo where we slept in a barn. From there we went to Palmiano and stayed here six days, as we had heard that the Eight Army was moving very fast and hoped to be picked up.

On the 21st of September we left Palmiano and crossing the Ascoli-Rome road, continued south. Just before we reached the Rocca S. Maria, we joined

up with several others from Camp 70. From these was the Italian interpreter. We managed to obtain plain clothes by exchanging our own. We reached the Rocca S. Maria and were informed that there was an Italian rebel gang up in the mountains, and asked if we would like to join them. We said we would, and a lorry was sent for us. We were issued with Italian uniforms. We met some more British and American escapers and our strength rose to about 40 British and American, and about 200 Italian. We were issued with arms and ammunition. For the next four nights we went down to the town of Teramo and collected supplies and all the military trucks, taking them up to the dump at Rocca S. Maria.

On the fifth day at mid-day, we heard that there was a German motorized column moving up to our camp. We established positions with the Italians to waylay these. The Italians opened fire too soon and raised the alarm, yet the forward M.G. position, manned by British privates only, knocked out the first three lorries. The remainder of the column turned and made off. On the lorries we found English Red Cross food and a list of British prisoners from Camp 59. The German troops had obviously just come from France, judging by the papers found on them, and appeared to be some sort of sapper unit. A German Captain surrendered, but was later killed by the Italians. That night the Italians deserted.

The original party, including McIlree and myself, and the Italian interpreter, carried on as best we could. Then realizing the position was now hopeless as the Germans were coming up with reinforcements since the lorry incident, we decided to continue towards the British lines.

On the 28th of September, I decided to break away from the others, as we disagreed on plans. A parachutist of the 1st S.A.S. named Eden, wanted to remain with me, so we continued together. We moved towards the Teramo-Aquila road. Several German patrols fired at us, but we escaped being hit and continued south to Farindola where we stayed in a carbon burner's hut until the 9th of October. We lay low, as the Germans were making a thorough search for escaped POW's.

We had a report that some Allied parachutists had been dropped nearby. I went down and made contact with six of them (Americans) who said that boats were to pick up any straggling POW's at the mouth of the river Foro, south of Francavilla. We attempted to get there, but were unable to make it owing to foot trouble, and continued south, our route being Chieti-Guardiagrele-Casoli-Atessa.

At a town on our way, Eden was laid up with a poisoned foot and we were obliged to stay for eight days.

On the 23rd of October, we were able to leave and continued via Gissi to Murci, passing Germans all the time and relying on our disguise. The British line ran along the river Trigno and we were unable to cross it.

On the 4th of November, we ran into a German patrol and were questioned. We managed to bluff our way out by posing to be stupid Italian peasants.

On the 6th of November, the Germans retreated and we made contact on the 7th with India troops at Fresagrandinaria.

We were sent via Foggia to Naples, from there flown to Catania and then to Cairo on the 10th of November.

We were interrogated in Cairo by C.S.D.I.C. and stayed there until the 21st of November. I saw Eden last at Cairo when I left for Gibraltar, arriving on the 23rd of November and leaving the same day for the United Kingdom.

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PTACEK, R.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 787434
Unit: No. 222 Squadron (Czech)

This airman, flying a Spitfire after attacking four enemy aircraft, was himself attacked by three Me 109's and compelled to force-land near St. Omer on the 19th of August 1941. He threw away his tunic and made his way to Lille by train. He then went to an address which he had been given and succeeded, with some difficulty, in satisfying them that he was not a German. He left the Zone Interdite on the 2nd of September. On the next day, he crossed the Line of Demarcation and travelling via Marseilles, eventually crossed the Pyrenees on foot. He was arrested by the Spanish authorities and interned for several weeks. He was eventually repatriated from Gibraltar on the 1st of December 1941.

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RADWANSKI, W.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. P.1006
Unit: No. 300 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Member of the British Empire

This officer baled out near Calais on the 7th of November 1941 when the aircraft of which he was the second pilot, was shot down by flak on its return journey from an operation over Germany. Successfully hiding near the Headquarters of the German Kommandatur, and although still in uniform, he finally escaped alone across country, travelling by night until he reached Paris where he stayed three weeks.

Obtaining French identity papers and again travelling alone, he journeyed via Lyons to Marseilles where, overcoming numerous difficulties and showing the greatest resource, he finally succeeded in crossing to Spain from where he was repatriated on the 27th of April 1942.

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RAGINIS, Witold

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 794268
Unit: No. 305 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

This NCO was a member of a Wellington aircraft belonging to No. 305 Squadron, shot down by flak when mine-laying off Brest. Sgt. Raginis was rescued from the sea by a French fishing boat, but was handed over to German guards on reaching port. This NCO acted correctly during his numerous interrogations by German Intelligence Officers in spite of threats of violence if he did not disclose certain information, which the Germans were trying to extract from him.

After remaining in one camp for six months during a part of which time he was chained, he succeeded in changing his identity and volunteered to work in a coal mine, hoping that it would give him a better opportunity to escape.

Sgt. Raginis succeeded in escaping from his prison camp in Germany and eventually made his way to this country.

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RAINSFORD, J.F.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1397881
Unit: No. 97 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Sgt. Rainsford was the navigator of a Lancaster Aircraft detailed to attack Nuremburg on the night of the 27-28th of August 1943. The aircraft crash-landed on the return journey in enemy-occupied territory.

This NCO evaded capture and reached the United Kingdom on the 7th of November 1943.

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RAMSDEN, O.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 647735
Unit: No. 97 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Sgt. Ramsden was the mid-gunner of a Lancaster Aircraft detailed to attack Nuremburg on the night of the 27-28th of August 1943. The aircraft crash-landed in enemy-occupied territory.

This NCO evaded capture and reached the United Kingdom on the 7th of November 1943.

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RATTLE, Gordon George

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.17653
Unit: No. 260 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I took off from Agnole at 1400 hrs. on the 4th of August 1943, in a Kittyhawk aircraft on a sortie. About 1540 hrs. I was hit by flak and had to ditch in the harbour of S. Maria Tecla, south of Riposto. I landed about 300 yds. off shore, removed my harness, and swam in my mae west to a rock 100 yds. from the shore. Here I removed my mae west, checked to see that I had no papers, and swam ashore.

I arrived on the beach at S. Maria Tecla at about 1550 hrs. and was taken into custody by armed civilians, who searched me and removed my escape money and maps. Later I was taken over by two Italian naval petty officers. I was taken to a small local headquarters, where an Italian civilian put alcohol on my head wounds and fed me. He asked me the type of aircraft I was flying and the number of the crew. I told him this, as my aircraft was visible in the sea. I was then taken to an Italian b arracks, where my head wounds were dressed, and I was sent to hospital at S. Maria D'Malati. Here I was put into a room by myself with guards outside, and my wounds were dressed and stitched. An officer brought a Red Cross form for signature. I refused to sign the first one, and he brought the correct one, which I signed with my name, number and rank only.

This officer saw me daily and tried to pump me, but I gave him no information. I was preparing to drop out of my window during the night of August 7-8th, and had ripped my sheets for this purpose, intending to hide near Mount Etna. At about 0300 hrs. however, they warned me that we were leaving, and the hospital was evacuated at about 0400 hrs.

We moved in lorries to Riposto. The rear lorry was shot up by the RAF enroute, causing 16 Italian casualties. No Red Cross was visible. We arrived about 0700 hrs. at Riposto, where I was put in the same house as the Italian officers, with two guards in my room.

I was here until the 10th of August. I became particularly friendly with a Sgt. Maggiore and an Italian-Austrian private. An Italian major was in command and evidently put off handing me over to the Germans until the 10th when the Royal Navy shelled Riposto. I was taken in a truck by the Major, a Lieutenant, the Sgt. Maggiore and the private to San Cosimo a few miles away. I was brought before the German Commandant. He questioned me and I gave him my name, number and rank. He had been told by the Italian Major that I was pilot of a Curtis plane, and tried to interrogate me further. On my refusing to answer, he threatened me, and handling his revolver, said "I assure you I intend to spend no time whatever with POW's". He then rebuked the Italian Major for having kept me for six days without notifying the Germans. Feelings and words ran high. At this moment a dispatch was handed to the German officer and he left the room. The Italian Major walked over to me and said, "Do you think you will like your new friends"? I answered that at any rate they were soldiers and not like the Italians who allowed the Germans to rape their women, shoot their soldiers, and loot their homes, ending "if I had

POW's I am damned sure I would not let someone else take them from me!"

This started them all talking 19 to the dozen, and at the suggestion of the Sgt. Maggiore, I was bundled out of the room by another door and a jacket of an Italian Corporal was given me in place of my bush jacket. I was wearing corduroy trousers and suede shoes. The Italian officers and the private then drove off, and I walked back with Sgt. Maggiore, passing the German road block, to where an Italian lorry stood on the side of the road full of Italian troops.

I was told to get in and feign sleep. We remained there for about an hour and then drove back to Riposto, where my bush jacket was returned to me. At about 0900 hrs. on the 11th of August, I was put into a lorry, one of a convoy of four, with guards and other troops. We drove to Fiumefreddo. They told me this area was stiff with Germans, and we were dispersed in a large lemon orchard occupied by two German 88 mm guns. I was hidden in a stone woodshed and kept there two days, being fed and cared for by the Italians.

While I was there, the place was well straffed by my own Squadron who put one gun out of action and caused four German casualties. Later that evening, the British started shelling the whole area with 25-pounders and kept it up until about noon on the 12th.

The Italians had become very panicky by this time, and their officers had left with their transport. They offered me a rifle which I refused, and gave me a steel helmet and the Corporal's jacket. I then walked out in a westerly direction on the top of a gorge, where I met the private and a cook who carried a sack of supplies. We found a cleft in the gorge where we sheltered for four hours.

The private went out to reconnoitre and came back with a boy who led us to a covered slit trench above the gorge, where we stayed hidden from the Germans until morning.

The Italian population of Fiumefreddo were sheltering in caves further up the gorge and the private did a deal with them on food supplies. The cook and I joined them and the private left us. We stayed there until the 15th when the Germans blew up the bridge over the gorge about 0400 hrs.

News was later brought that the British were near. I picked up the cook and five other Italian soldiers, including one officer, and after climbing out of the gorge, came upon a British machine-gun post whence I was directed to Advance Headquarters. There I handed over my Italian prisoners and shortly afterward, met General Montgomery and Staff Officers, who questioned me.

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READ, K.B.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 625743
Unit: No. 9 Squadron, Bomber Command
Awards: Mention in Despatches

When returning from a bombing raid on Cologne in the early morning of the 27th of August 1941, both engines of his aircraft failed and he was compelled to bale out over Northern France, together with other members of his crew. He evaded capture by the enemy and made his way through France and Spain to Gibraltar, from where he was repatriated.

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REAVELL-CARTER, Laurence

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 76017
Unit: No. 49 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Reavell-Carter, Observer, carried out eight operational sorties on Hampden aircraft over a period from April 1940 until the 26th of June 1940. During this period the Squadron was with No. 5 group Bomber Command.

Reavell-Carter was shot down in a raid on the Kiel Canal in June 1940.

From January 1941 until March 1942, he was engaged in the construction of four tunnels, all of which were discovered by the Germans before they could be used.

In June 1943, he thought of a method of escape - going out of camp in a waste-paper sack. He himself was too large to be able to take advantage of this scheme, but it was used by two other POW's.

He was one of the large party which escaped by a tunnel from Sagan in March 1944. A member of his section was noticed by a sentry and Reavell-Carter was forced to disclose his own position and so prevented the guard from shooting. He served 21 days' detention for this attempt.

During most of his period of captivity, he was in charge of the Red Cross Parcel store where he not only managed to smuggle out all secret parcels but also obtained many escape aids from the Germans and organized a forgery party.

He was liberated near Lubeck in May 1945, and has been recommended by a Senior Officer for his work.

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REED, William Gerald

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. Aus. 402479
Unit: No. 460 Squadron, RAAF
Awards: Military Cross , Distinguished Conduct Medal

W/O Reed is an Australian Air Gunner who was missing on operations on the night of July 2-3, 1942, when he was the Rear Gunner of a Wellington aircraft attacking Bremen. He baled out on the Captain's instructions when the aircraft was hit by flak and badly damaged, after bombing the target, and he dislocated his shoulder when he came down. He was captured by the enemy and made a POW and for two years has been endeavouring to escape from Germany, and return to the United Kingdom. Three times his attempts were frustrated, but the fourth time he was successful in reaching Stockholm, from where he was sent back to this country, arriving in the U.K. on the 10th of August 1944.

His first attempt at escape was by cutting through the wires surrounding his compound, but he was seen and the alarm was given. Fortunately, he was able to get back to the compound in time without being caught, and the Germans were unable to identify him as being the one who attempted the escape.

Twice more he tried to escape by changing his identity, and getting himself transferred to working parties that took him outside the camp. Each time he eventually managed to reach Stettin, and actually hid on board a boat bound for Sweden. The first time, he was discovered by the Gestapo on a routine search of the boat; a member of the crew having made it impossible for him to leave his first hiding place, which he had intended to be only temporary before going down to the engine room. The second time he was seen by a member of the crew when boarding the boat, who reported him to the Gestapo. He was sent back to his camp on each of these occasions, and underwent a period in the cells as punishment.

This did not deter him however, and time and time again for six months, he attempted to join working parties in order to get out of the camp, but each time he was recognized and sent back. At last he was able to get past the sentries by again changing his identity, and altering his appearance, which he did by growing a moustache, having his hair cut very short, and removing his false teeth. In this way he got out of the camp with a working party, and managed to get to Stettin for the third time. His luck held. He was able to board a Swedish-bound boat unobserved. He found two members of the crew (one of them was the third engineer) who were willing to help, and who hid him for ten hours until the routine German searches were over and concealed him in the third engineer's cabin for the remainder of the crossing. Thus at last, he crossed safely to Sweden, and was sent to Stockholm, arriving there on the 9th of August 1944.

This story is one of magnificant determination and unswerving purpose. Neither the risks and hardships involved in escaping, nor the punishments he endured as a result of his unsuccessful attempts to escape, shook his firm resolve to get back to this country if it were humanly possible. Even the knowledge that on one occasion he had been betrayed to the enemy, failed to discourage him.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

REID, P.R.

Rank: Captain
Regtl. No. 58974
Unit: RASC
Awards: Military Cross L.G. 4/5/43

On the 15th of October, Reid escaped from the camp along with Flight Lieutenant H. Wardle, RAF and walked across country east and south. They lay up in the woods all that day and the next day, walked south and west across Mulde River and again lay up in the woods.

On the 16th they washed, shaved and cleaned their clothes, and walked to Penig along roads, arriving at 1330 hrs. At 1730 hrs. they left by train for Zwickau, arriving there at 1900 hrs. They bought tickets for Munich, went to the cinema to help pass the time, and from 2300 hr. to 0300 hrs. on the 17th they spent waiting in the waiting room for the train which had been delayed two hours by an air raid.

On the 17th they left Munich at 0300 hrs., arriving at 1030 hrs. They had a coupon-free meal at Munich (soup, potatoes, vegetables) quite appetizing and temporarily filling, but containing no sustaining food value. They took tickets to Rottwell and thence by Schnellzug via Augsburg-Ulm to Tuttlingen, where they arrived at 1730 hrs. By mistake they took a road going southeast, and located by accident, a new well-camouflaged factory. They retraced their steps, turned southwest and slept in the woods until 0700 hrs.

On the 18th they walked across country and by secondary roads only. Near Welschingen they were surprised and suspected by a forester while lunching in a wood, so they travelled fast. They arrived at Binningen and continued straight on to Riedheim-Hilzingen, along the frontier road, and to the hills between Hilzingen and Singen. They began reconnaissance in daylight to find Neave's fork. There was a signpost stating Gottmadingen 4 km. Their arrival at what must have been this fork coincided with the passing of a cyclist patrol, and it was therefore necessary to continue walking to Singen for appearance's sake. At the junction of the Hilzingen-Singen main road and the Gottmadingen-Singen road, they were stopped by an Army sentry at a post which seemed to be permanent. Papers were examined and explanations demanded. These were given satisfactorily and they continued on their way. Out of sight of the sentry they broke off the road northwards, and in a wide circle returned to the original point from which their reconnaissance had begun. Now knowing their position, they proceeded west along a road in the woods, arrived at a wide gap in the woods on the left-hand side, with the road turning northwest proceeding along the edge of the woods which brought their direction gradually around to south. They crossed the double railway line and approached the Singen-Gottmadingen road carefully. Wardle and Reid entered the woods in sight of a road proceeding east, to locate the fixed sentry post. They found a sentry box on the north side of the road about 250-300 yds. east of the edge of the wood. They placed themselves midway between this post and the edge of the wood and took a compass bearing which pointed to the left-hand edge of dark low woods about 1,000 yds. across open fields. The moon was behind clouds; visibility in the fields was about 200 yds. They crossed the road quietly and ran, crouching across the fields for 500 yds. Continuing walking on magnetic south bearing, they took this route straight to Ramsen across open country the whole way.

A few lights were showing in Ramsen at this time (2000 hrs.) They gave themselves up in the village to the local Swiss police authorities.

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RENNIE, B.J.A.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 87414
Unit: No. 144(B) Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

This officer was shot down by night fighters in Belgium, and escaped by parachute, landing on some telephone wires. After a particularly successful escape during the course of which he severely handled a disloyal Belgian, who tried to hand him over to the Germans, and killed a sentry who was about to arrest him, he reached this country.

He brought back a considerable amount of valuable information, and throughout his experience, showed the greatest skill and courage.

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REYNOLDS, Rex

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 60296, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Unit: No. 80 Squadron, Mediterranean and Middle East Command
Awards: Member of the British Empire

While on an operational mission over Tmimi, Libya, on the 12th of December 1941, F/L Reynolds saw a Hurricane aircraft make a crash landing, and the pilot climb out. He landed near the crashed aircraft, assisted in destroying its secret equipment, and discarding his parachute, took off with the other pilot in his own aircraft. After climbing to 500 feet, his aircraft was attacked by a Messerschmitt 109 and F/L Reynolds had to make a forced landing. He and his companion destroyed the secret equipment of the aircraft and made for cover, but shortly afterwards, armed Italians discovered their hiding place and took them prisoners. Between March 1942 and December 1944, F/L Reynolds made seven attempts to escape, all of which proved unsuccessful after some days of liberty in each case. At Stalag XVIIA in March and early April 1945, Reynolds successfully organized cooking, police, water, fire, sanitary and general services for 3,000 prisoners of war, who were left behind as unfit to march when the Germans evacuated the camp. He was successful, at this time, in checking the chaotic conditions which followed the withdrawal of the German control.

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RIXON, Frederick

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 515852
Unit: No. 260 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

During the evacuation from Berka Satellite aerodrome to Martuba in January 1942, Rixon was in charge of the squadron motor transport and left by lorry with six other airmen. Fierce enemy fire was encountered along the Benghazi by-pass and Rixon and his companions were forced to abandon their transports. He then led the party across a swamp, sometimes waist-deep, to the sea. Progress was extremely difficult and the party was continually fired at. Eventually they met four friendly Senusies and some British troops. The party now numbered 22 and they continued their journey for six days, although tired, hungry and footsore. Occasionally meals of a kind were obtained from friendly Arabs. On the sixth day the party was overtaken by two Italian armoured cars. W/O Rixon and three others of his party managed to evade capture and set off towards Mechili. After walking for two more days, they reached an Arab camp where food and shelter were given. After two more days walking towards Tobruk they were rescued. W/O Rixon showed leadership, courage and initiative, facing great discomfort and deprivations with resolute determination. Throughout the campaign, he has proved himself invaluable and has maintained the highest state of serviceability among the unit's motor transport.

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ROBERTS, A.C.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. Aus. 402007
Unit: No. 452 Squadron

This airman, flying a Spitfire, was shot down over St. Omer on the 10th of July 1941. He walked to Calais on the 11th of July and stayed there until the 19th. He then left for Marles les Mines and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 25th. He was arrested by the French authorities the next morning and interned in St. Hippolyte.

He managed to escape from St. Hippoltye on the 21st of August and crossed the Pyrenees on the 26th. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 1st of October 1941.

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ROSKELL, G.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 613552
Unit: No. 226(B) Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

On the 14th of June 1940, this pilot was wounded as a result of a German air attack on his aerodrome. His arm was amputated on the same day. Two days later, as the Germans were approaching, he left hospital and partly walking, partly begging for lifts, succeeded in reaching Nantes on the 17th. A week later the Germans occupied Nantes where Roskell was in hospital. After two months he escaped with French help, crossed the Line of Demarcation on foot, and eventually reached Perpignan. He was unable to raise sufficient money for guides so was obliged to return to Marseilles where he was repatriated by the Medical Board. This sergeant showed great courage and persistence in attempting to escape while badly wounded.

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RYTKA, M.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Unit: No. 302 Squadron (Polish)

This officer was shot down in aerial combat on the 21st of May 1941, and landed by parachute in Northern France, and effected a very rapid and successful escape through France and eventually across the Pyrenees. On reaching the station at Barcelona, he and some Englishmen were arrested by the Spanish police. Pilot Officer Rytka managed to escape across the railway lines and to make his way to the Polish Consulate. In view of the fact that he is the first Polish officer to have escaped from France, it is suggested that the award be, in this case, agreed to. Rytka was never captured by the Germans.

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SEARSON, Alfred Clarence

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 6403917
Unit: No. 2 Commando, Royal Sussex Regt.
Awards: Military Medal

After being taken prisoner at St. Nazaire on the 28th of March 1942, Bradley, Brown and Searson were sent to Germany. On the 17th of August, using a stolen file, Brown, Searson and another POW cut through the window bars and escaped from Stalag VIII B. They had been at liberty for four days when they were caught as they slept in a wood.

Their second attempt was made at the beginning of October 1942. Wearing overalls, old caps and rucksacks, they posed as civilian workmen, but their

disguise was penetrated the next day. For punishment they were sent to stone quarries near Bunzlau, and when they refused to work, received instead, nine days in the cells, prior to their return to the main camp. Although Brown succeeded in leaving Greiffenberg working camp in March 1943, he was arrested at Gorlitz because the dye from his overcoat stained his face and neck. He was sent back to Stalag VIII B where he again met Searson, who had in the meantime, helped two other POW's to leave a working camp at Sternberg, and had acquired money and clothing with a view to making another attempt. This took place in July 1943, from a factory at Freiheit-Johannesberg. Accompanied by Bradley, he travelled by train to Engen, and the two men were nearing the Swiss Frontier when they were caught and once more returned to Stalag VIII B. Brown, who had waited another month to acquire a civilian jacket, was detected as he was leaving the factory on the 12th of August 1943.

By October 1943, Brown, Bradley and Searson had completed their preparations for a combined effort. At this time they were employed at Wosswalda, and while the guards were having a meal, the three men forced the door lock with a bent nail, walked to the station, and travelling on slow trains, reached Tuttlingen unchallenged. Completing the remainder of the journey on foot, they crossed the Switzerland border near Hofenacker on the 25th of October 1943.

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SEMMERLING, Brunon

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. P.1804 (Polish)
Unit: No. 315 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

I was pilot of a Spitfire which left Northolt at 1408 hrs. on the 13th of March 1943, escorting a formation of flying fortresses to a target near Amiens.

On my return journey, I was attacked by two F.W. 190's. My aircraft was set on fire, my controls shot away, and I myself was wounded in the right hand and both legs. About 1530 hrs. I baled out from 23,000 feet. I came down in a wood just north of Folny, about 15 km. south of Eu (Somme).

I left my parachute stuck in a tree. I took off my mae west and left it in the wood.

I was wearing battledress, and was covered with blood. There was a pool of blood beneath the tree where I came down.

I went out of the wood and headed north. A boy was working in a field nearby. He approached me, and I asked him in French, which I speak with ease, whether he could help me.

He told me there were no Germans nearby, and indicated the way to the nearest farm. Supporting myself on a stick, I went towards this farm alone. In a little while I saw a village and went towards it.

About 1700 hrs. I stopped and ate some chocolate and a benzadrine tablet from my escape box. I took off my flying boots and long white stockings. I hid the stockings in a hollow tree, and tore off the tops of the boots. I then continued walking and about an hour later, I saw another village. The nearest house was about 300 yds. away from a wood. I entered this wood and waited there until dark. While I was waiting, I heard the noise of motor cycles. Eventually I approached the house and knocked. I asked to speak to the owner and was taken inside. I found two women, and told one of them that I was a wounded British pilot in need of help. She gave me some wine and the other woman took me to a small shed outside the house. Here they brought me some soup, some hot water, and some disinfectant. I washed my wounds, and bandaged them with a piece of linen and adhesive tape from my aid box.

I showed my helpers my RAF identity card (which did not bear the name of my station) and my aids box in order to convince them that I was a genuine evader. About 2300 hrs. the woman's husband came home. He took me into the house, and told me that I was in the village of Sept Meules.

I asked him to procure me a French identity card and some civilian clothes. He gave me a pair of trousers, a coat and a beret, and his wife washed my vest and pants which were covered with blood. I was also wearing a high-necked, dark blue pullover of my own. My helper then fetched a friend who helped me to manufacture a French identity card. On it I was described as Paul Durand, born in Lyons on the 19th of October 1919, and domiciled in Rouen. The card did not show any specific address in Rouen.

I then went very carefully through the contents of my aids box and destroyed all English labels upon the items therein. I also removed all English marks on my clothes. My helper burned my British uniform and my purse, though I kept the contents. They gave me a good meal and a parcel of food for my journey.

After a couple of hours' sleep my host took me, at about 0430 hrs. on the 14th of March, to the village of Melleville. He gave me two small maps torn from a calendar, and directed me on my way to the nearest railway station which was Gamaches. There were lettered signposts on the roads I used.

I arrived at Camaches at 0640 hrs. and fround the railway station was not yet open. I asked a workman when the Paris train left, and he said in about an hour. I then walked about for a bit in the village and returned to the station. I mingled with some other travellers and bought a third-class ticket to Paris with the money from my purse. This ticket cost 87 frs.

I then boarded the Paris train. When we got to Beauvais we found the railway station was in flames in consequence of an RAF raid. The French passengers were much excited. The majority were approving the raid, but a few said that the RAF should bomb Germany and not France.

There was no control on the train, but a Customs official asked me if I had any contraband with me. I arrived at the Gare du Nord at about 1100 hrs.

There was no control at the station which I left without incident.

I was quite at a loss as to what to do next. I saw a young man walking with a girl. I asked him if he was "un bon francais", and on his replying in

the affirmative, I told him that I was an English pilot and asked for his help. He then spoke to me in English and asked me for proof of my identity. As we walked along I showed him my RAF identity card and my identity discs. Eventually he said he was only a traveller in Paris and could not help me.

I left him and approached a French workman in the same way. He was sympathetic, but said he could not help me. I then went into a church and prayed. In the church I saw a well-dressed young man. After the service I took him aside and declared myself to him, showing him my card and discs. He directed me to a hotel near the church and told me that if I would wait there, he would bring a friend of his to see me, either that day or the next.

I went to the hotel where I produced my French identity card and asked for a room. The manager said that the hotel was full up. I then took him aside and declared myself to him. He said he was sorry but he could not help me and he advised me to try another hotel. I told him that I would call back to pick up any message that might be left for me.

I then went out into the street. I saw two women with a small girl. I went up to them and declared myself and showed my RAF card and discs. They wanted me to wait in the street for some time until they had completed some business and could return to me. I told them that this was too dangerous, and added that I was wounded. They then said that they were visiting a hospital to see a relative and would take me with them. When we got to the hospital, one of my helpers beckoned me to come inside, and took me to a small room where she introduced me to a nurse. She told the nurse that I was a wounded English pilot. The nurse shook me by the hand and gave me a meal of cabbage, which was all she could offer. She then dressed my wounds and I went with my helpers to their house.

Later we were joined by the husband of the younger woman. He said they would gladly shelter me, but were very worried as to how to get me food, as they had very little for themselves. I told them that I had plenty of food and produced the parcel I had been given at Sept Meules. About 2200 hours that night my host fetched a doctor who was very pro-English. He extracted some fragments of cannon shell from my legs and right hand, and dressed my wounds again. Later my host brought another man to see me. He told me that he would try to arrange my journey to the Spanish frontier.

I stayed with my helpers until the 16th of March 1943. With money from my purse, one of them bought me a third-class ticket for La Megresse. This ticket cost 406 frs.

My helper told me that the train from Bordeaux to La Megresse was only controlled at certain stations, and that he understood that though there was a control at both Bayonne and Biarritz, there was none at La Megresse. He was worried because he could not procure me a special identity card for the military zone near Biarritz. Eventually he wrote a letter from a fictitious address, signed with a fictitious name, which stated that I was dumb, that I had been bombed out of Rouen by the RAF and wounded, and that I was going to my brother in La Megresse. The letter also stated that my father and mother had been killed in the RAF raid.

At 2030 hrs. on the 16th, two of my helpers took me to the Gare d' Austerlitz. I boarded a train which was very crowded. My helpers gave me a German monthly newspaper printed in French, called "The Signal". They also

gave me the Paris "Soir", and some French cigarettes.

About 2130 hrs. the train left. I sat in the corridor and conversed in French with my neighbours. One young French boy remarked in a jost to his companions that he believed I might be an Englishman. Choosing my opportunity I thereupon moved some distance away from him down the corridor.

There was no control until after Bordeaux, where many people got out. Here I moved into a compartment where there were several French people, a Spanish woman and a Spanish priest.

Some time before we reached Bayonne, a German in uniform, walked along the train, removed a French boy about 18, and handed him over to some other Germans. He then came into my compartment. I was the only young man in it and he immediately asked me in French for my papers. I produced my French identity card. He then asked me for "my other paper". I told him in French that I had not got one. He then inquired my destination. I told him La Megresse, and he asked to see my ticket. I took it from my pocket book and he scrutinized it and asked me why I was going to La Megresse, and from where had I come. I told him the story of my having been bombed out of Rouen. He asked me in which factory at La Megresse did my brother work. I immediately replied that he did not work in a factory, but on a farm. In my nervousness I used the English word "farm",instead of French "ferme" but he did not notice my slip. He then saw my packet of food and asked me what was in it. I opened it and flourished the paper, "Signal" under his nose. He then asked to see my pocket book. Inside this was the spare photograph for my identity card, the remainder of my money, and some benzadrine and halazone tablets, also some French postage stamps which I had got as change when buying my ticket at Gamaches. Fortunately for me, my maps were hidden in the lining of my beret. The German looked closely at my pocket book and then handed it back to me and went into the corridor.

I thought it possible that he might return and search me. I therefore immediately took out of my pocket the letter my helpers had written, stating that I was dumb, crumpled it up, and threw it under the seat. The other occupants of the compartment saw me doing this. At this time these were the Spanish woman, the Spanish priest and one Frenchman. As their suspicions had obviously been aroused, I told them that I was not French. They were quite sympathetic and the priest said something to me about it being "a difficult time for young men". He added that if I came to his village in Spain (which he named but which I have forgotten) he would try to help me.

About 0930 hrs. on the 17th of March 1943, the train arrived at Le Megresse. I saw three Germans standing on the platform. They were wearing a similar uniform to that of the man who had questioned me on the train. I stayed in the train until it was just going to move off. When I got out these Germans seemed about to speak to me, so I asked them in German whether the station was called La Megresse. They seemed very surprised at my speaking German, and before they could recover from their astonishment, I thanked them in German and walked out of the station.

I then walked towards Biarritz. There were very few men on the road, but many carts driven by women. On the outskirts of the town, I approached a woman and said I wished to speak to her privately. She started violently and ran away.

I then noticed a man going into a small post office. I entered the post office and asked him to speak to me privately outside. I then declared myself as an English pilot and as I walked along with him, I asked for his help. He seemed extremely nervous and pointed out some Germans in uniform wearing metal aiguillettes with pendant medallions. These he said were special Frontier Police. After awhile he said he was afraid and could do nothing for me. He then went away.

I continued walking south. I saw many German soldiers and several of the Frontier Police just described. Eventually I met a helper who arranged my subsequent journey for me.

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SHOPF, J.T.L.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 39177
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire
London Gazette 28/6/46

This officer was returning from a bombing raid on Cologne on the night of the 27th of March 1941, his tenth war flight, when owing to engine trouble, he was compelled to land in enemy-occupied territory. He was successful in enabling his entire crew to leave the aircraft before he himself abandoned it at 1500 feet. He landed some 6½ miles from Heusden eh Mass in Holland. He later went to a farm house, was taken by a local minister to a doctor, and eventually to the police station where he was handed over to a German Air Force Officer. Afterwards he was taken to Amsterdam, Frankfurt-am-Main for transit by bus to Dulag Luft, and later to Stalag Luft, Barth. On the journey from Dulag Luft to Stalag Luft, this officer managed to jump out of a window of the train and ran to a wooded bank on one side of the railway, but unfortunately, the guards heard him get out and he was eventually caught and taken back to the train. While at Stalag Luft, this officer, in company with others, engaged himself in tunnelling operations with a view to escape from the camp. On the night of the 19th of October 1941, when a British air raid was in progress, he crawled through the tunnel which was partly waterlogged, and made good his escape from Germany. This officer displayed great determination while a POW, to get away. His preparations were well carried out, and he brought back to this country a considerable amount of valuable information. Throughout his experiences he showed the greatest skill and courage.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

SIMISTER, Harry

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 954028
Unit: No. 158 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

We took off from Lissett in a Halifax aircraft on the 31st of August 1943, about 2100 hrs. to bomb Berlin. Immediately after dropping our bombs, we were attacked by a fighter. The two port engines were set on fire and the controls were shot away. We received the order to bale out.

I was blown south of the target and landed about 2340 hrs. on a field near a wood about five miles from Berlin. I hid my parachute and mae west and lay up in the wood for the rest of the night.

The next morning I removed my brevet and tapes. I also cut off the pockets from my battledress and the tops off my flying boots. I then set out about 0400 hrs., walking through the wood in a north-westerly direction by m- compass. At midday I reached a main road running from east to west, but as I did not wish to be seen in broad daylight, I lay up in a nearby wood until dusk.

At 1900 hrs. I set out down the road, walking west until 2330 hrs. when I entered another wood and slept there for the rest of the night.

I set off again at dawn the next morning. When I came to a signpost pointing in the direction of Potsdam I continued along the road towards the town. I thought I would be able to skirt the town, but was barred from doing so by the long line of lakes stretching far out into the country on both sides of the town. There remained no other alternative but to go straight through Potsdam, which I reached about 1930 hrs. that night. I walked right through the town without incident and slept in a wood on the northern outskirts.

I set out again at 0600 hrs. the next morning (September 3), and had only gone a short distance when I saw a bicycle leaning against a house. I stole the cycle and made my way towards Brandenburg, but turned off before I reached the town, and took a road going in a north-westerly direction towards Schwerin. I spent the night in some woods, and the next day I passed through Schwerin and took the main road for Lubeck, which I reached that evening.

I stayed on the outskirts for the night and entered the town about 0800 hrs. I made straight for the docks, which I entered quite easily at a point where coal was being unloaded. No one took the slightest notice of me. I looked around for neutral shipping and saw a Swedish ship guarded by a sentry. I walked straight past the sentry, up the gangway and into the galley, where I found a party of about six Swedes. I showed them my cigarette case with the RAF wings embossed on it, and made them understand who I was. After some discussion, they gave me a meal. One of the sailors could speak English, and I asked him if he would hide me on the ship. He replied that the ship was not sailing until the following day, and suggested that I come back then and take my chances.

I went to some woods on the outskirts of the town and spent the night there. I returned to the docks the next day, only to find that the ship had gone. I spent the rest of the day wandering around, looking for some likely shipping, but was unlucky, so I went back again to the woods for the night.

On the 7th of September, I decided to cycle to Rostock via Wismar. I reached Rostock that evening, and went straight to the docks, but since it was dark, I returned to some woods for the night. The next morning I went back to the docks, but there was no neutral shipping to be seen.

On the 9th, I returned to Lubeck and wandered around the town. I tried to buy some cigarettes, but was told that I had to have coupons for them. I then went into a public house and asked for beer, displaying a 100 franc note and saying that I was Swedish. After some hesitation, I was given some beer. I noticed the proprietress sitting in a corner of the room, and since I was exceedingly hungry by this time, having lived mostly on the Horlick's tablets from my escape box, and apples I stole by the wayside, I approached her and asked for food. After some slight hesitation, she gave me a few pieces of black bread to eat.

I returned to the docks, where I saw a Swedish schooner. I went past the guard and boarded the ship, but found that all the doors were locked and the crew away. I went into the wheelhouse and went to sleep. I was awakened by one of the crew, to whom I once again showed my cigarette case. I was given a meal, but when I asked one of the crew who could speak English if he would stow me away, he said that the ship was not sailing for eight days, and that there was nowhere to hide me.

I left the docks and slept in a bus shelter that night. The next day (September 10), I decided to make for Holland on my cycle. I set out and during the next two days, I passed through Hamburg, Bremen and Osnabruck to Rheine, which I reached on the 12th without incident. On the way I got a puncture in my tire, so I swapped my cycle with another one I saw leaning against a cafe in a small village.

When I reached Rheine, I went to the railway station, hoping to find a truck bound for HOlland. I had to be careful not to be seen loitering around since there were many people about. I could not find a wagon marked for Holland so I retired to the outskirts of the town for the night.

The next day I cycled towards the border, taking the main Rheine-Hengelo road. As I approached the barrier, I saw two guards examining the passes of the people crossing over, and knew that I would not get by them, so I decided to make a detour. I pushed my cycle through a wood, across two fields, and over the border into Holland. I continued on my way to Hengelo, passed through the town, and spent the night in the woods on the far side.

The next day (September 14) I went through Hertogenbosch and down towards Eindhoven on my way towards Belgium. About September 16th, just before I reached the Belgian border, I stopped at a cafe and asked for something to drink. I declared myself to the proprietors, and was immediately taken around to the back of the house and invited inside. I was

given a meal and civilian clothing, and was told that arrangements were being made to put meinto contact with an organization.

The same day a Dutchman called and cycled with me across the border to Exel. My guide explained that the frontier guards were friends of his so that I need have no fear of being stopped by them.

I was taken to a house in the town, and the next day I was moved to another address in the same town, where I remained for three days.

From here I cycled to Neerpelt with a guide and stayed there for about a week. At this point, I met Sgt. Wallace, RAF, and he accompanied me for the rest of my journey to Switzerland. While I was here I was given an identity card.

Towards the end of September, we travelled by train with a woman guide who accompanied us all the way into Switzerland. We went to Brussels via Antwerp, and from there to Virton where we stayed for about two weeks. About the 13th of October we walked over the border into France with a guide, to Ecouviez. From here we took a train to Nancy via Montmedy. We stayed in Nancy for the night, and the next day we took a train to Belfort and from here to Montbelliard. That evening we walked to Audincourt where we stayed the night at a house.

The next morning we went into the woods with a party of woodcutters and waited there until evening. When they had finished their work, they took us to a guide who was waiting for us. He took us across the border into Switzerland. When we reached Faby we were immediately arrested. We spent twonights in prison and were then sent to the British Legation at Berne.

I left Switzerland on the 28th of August 1944, in a party of four, including W/O Bennett. The story of my journey is the same as is contained in his report.

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SIMPSON, Thomas William

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.12681
Unit: No. 405 Squadron RCAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches

I was a member of a crew of a Halifax bomber which took off on the 15th of July from Grandston Lodge at 2230 hrs. to drop markers and bombs at Montreliard. We reached our target, dropped our flares, etc. and were on our return journey when at about 0200 hrs. on the 16th, we were attacked by two fighters east of Orleans. We were flying at about 5,000 feet and two starboard engines were hit. The pilot gave orders to bale out.

I landed in the middle of a forest in a small clearing. I buried my parachute and mae west, and started walking south, keeping to small roads. Shortly before dawn, I crawled into a bush in which I slept until midday. When I woke I opened my escape box, ate some Horlick's tablets, and continued my journey. At about 1800 hrs. I saw a farm which I approached. A woman and two children were in the farmhouse and they gave me food when I told them that I was a member of the RAF. I remained here until about 2230 hrs.

I then took off my badges and started again to walk south. I walked all night. I sheltered from dawn until midday and then continued my trip. On the road I was overtaken by a Frenchman in a car, who motioned to me to take a seat. He gave me to understand that his wife spoke English and that he would pick me up again on his way back, after completing his errands. At about 2000 hrs. he returned and drove me to his farm, north of Gien. I was given civilian clothes and stayed here until the morning of the 20th, when I left with his two small sons who escorted me across a river. They left me in the neighbourhood of St. Florent. They had given me plenty of food and I walked for four days, resting by day and walking by night, until I reached Chateaumeillant on the 23rd of July. During this period I met no one.

On the evening of the 23rd, some people at Chateaumeillant took me in for the night and helped me to get a ticket for Torlouse. I reached this place on the 24th with no incident. From here I started to walk southwest. After about two hours, I was approached by a lad who asked me for a match. He was trailing a bicycle with a punctured tire. We walked along together. He indicated that there was a German aerodrome nearby which it would be dangerous for me to pass, and offered to take me to his home for the night. We walked back to the suburbs of the town. He told me he had a friend who could speak English. On the afternoon of the 25th, the friend turned up and told me that he knew somebody who could help me.

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SIMPSON, W.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 37235
Unit: No. 12 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches L.G. 11/6/42

This officer was returning from a bombing raid north of Luxembourg on the 10th of May 1940, when the aircraft was hit and he was compelled to force land. Despite being blinded and badly burned, he succeeded in evading capture and after detention in Unoccupied France, was eventually repatriated by a Mixed Medical Commission.

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SLAUGHTER, Victor Rodney Jacob

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 958689
Unit: No. 405 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Warrant Officer Slaughter was a member of an aircraft engaged on an operational sortie over Germany on the 1st of July 1941, and successfully left the aircraft by parachute when the aircraft was attacked and shot down. He landed about 45 miles southeast of Zwolle.

Slaughter having disposed of his parachute, immediately started walking in a southwesterly direction to evade capture, but about 0600 hrs. he was seen by a German sentry whom he shot and threw in the canal. Later in the day, he contacted a Dutch farmer who offered him assistance, and about 24 hrs. later, Dutch police arrived and he was arrested.

On the 1st of August, Slaughter jumped from a slow moving train while in transit from Frankfurt-am-Maine to Bad Sulza. He then boarded a goods train travelling in the opposite direction, but was caught at Stuttgart five days later, when the truck in which he was hiding was being shunted in the marshalling yard.

On the 20th of March 1942, together with a companion, he made an attempt to escape from Bad Sulza. The two of them hid in the washrooms of the German Officers' quarters, and at night-fall, walked out of the buildings and climbed over a ditch and wire fence which was not patrolled. Equipped with civilian clothes, travel warrants and German money, they managed to reach Aachen before being recaptured by German Field Police.

On the 9th of September 1942, while imprisoned at Sagan, this Warrant Officer made a further attempt to escape, but was discovered while in the process of cutting through the wire fence.

While at Heydekrug, Slaughter helped in the digging of a tunnel and when it was broken in September 1943, he was the seventh to leave. Equipped with passport, maps and civilian clothes, he was free for six days before being recaptured by German Police south of Libau.

In April 1945, this W/O broke away from a marching column near Lunenburg, but was recaptured two days later. Later in the month, he escaped from a farm where he was billetted for one night, together with two companions. Unfortunately, one of the party developed malaria and all three were forced to return to the farm.

Finally on the 26th of April 1945, Slaughter and two companions escaped from a stationary railway truck in which they were hiding, and with the aid of a Dutch family, remained for four days before making contact with the 6th Airborne Division at Schwanheide.

Throughout the time that Slaughter was a prisoner of war, he displayed unfailing determination to attempt to escape, and by such action he set a fine example to his fellow prisoners.

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SMITH, Wilfred

Rank: LBdr.
Regtl. No. 895867
Unit: Royal Artillery
Awards: Military Medal

On the 10th of September 1944, in the initial attack of the S.W.B. on the enemy-defended localities east of Le Havre, L/Bdr. Smith was carrier driver to the RAFOO in support of the battalion. During the initial phase, owing to enemy shelling and difficulties in the minefield lanes, infantry communications from company to battalion headquarters broke down. The FOO, impressing this and the need for speed, took his carrier forward to establish communications and find out the situation. On entering the lane swept through the minefield, it was found that it was blocked by knocked-out tanks. L/Bdr. Smith, disregarding the danger, drove his carrier around the tanks, over an unswept portion of the minefield, and got forward to his own infantry who had captured their second enemy strongpoint. The FOO took his carrier forward to the final objective to make contact with the leading company. It was dark and he failed to make contact, and was surrounded and captured by the enemy. While the carrier crew was being taken away, Smith escaped under cover of a burst of shellfire. He crawled back through the enemy position and regained his carrier, which he started and drove back to the locality where he had last seen his own infantry. Though without training as a signaller, he got through on the wireless and reported the situation to his battalion commander. He then went in search of an infantry officer. In darkness and under enemy shelling, this took him a considerable time, but he did not rest until he had found the company commander. He then brought up his carrier, thus enabling the company commander, who had no other means to maintain touch with his battalion commander until the following morning. For over 15 hours Smith displayed determination alone and enabled the infantry company commander to get and keep communication with his battalion headquarters.

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SNIDERS, Edward S.A.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 106028
Unit: No. 139 Squadron (Jamaica)
Awards: Military Cross

We took off from Wyton in a Mosquito aircraft at 2300 hrs. on the 27th of July 1943, on a diversion mission. On the way to the target the port engine failed. I could not feather that airscrew. I flew on one engine and bombed the target. On the return journey to base, the port engine caught fire and about ten minutes later, I gave the order to abandon aircraft. S/Ldr. Price baled out and I followed him.

I landed in a field near Veghel about 0100 hrs. on the 28th. I hid my parachute, harness and mae west, and began walking west across

country. About 0500 hrs. I hid in a ditch, where I stayed until dark that evening.

I then resumed walking west across country during that night, and then hid in a ditch during the 29th. That night I again walked west and about 2330 hrs. I met a Dutchman who took me into his home and gave me food. I then resumed walking west until dawn on the 30th of July, when I hid in a wood.

I remained there until about 1830 hrs. when I approached a girl working in a nearby field. She gave me water and food, then brought her father and brother who gave me details about my location. They went away and the young man accompanied by four other young Dutchmen, returned about 2200 hrs. They gave me civilian clothes and a map of the area. They directed me to cross the canal near Tilburg. I then walked west during the remainder of that night. At dawn on the 31st, I lay in a field for a couple of hours. I then resumed walking west and about 0900 hrs. I met a Dutchman accompanied by a gamekeeper and a small boy. I asked for help and they gave me food from their hamper. The gamekeeper took me to an underground room on the estate where he worked. Two Dutch boys were already hiding there.

I remained there until the morning of the 2nd of August, when the gamekeeper gave me a better suit of civilian clothes and took me to meet a Dutchman and his wife in the woods. They gave me a bicycle and supplied military informatin. The gamekeeper then escorted me on a bicycle to an estate soth of Tilburg, where I met the owner of the estate. I was informed that F/O Wallace had been there two days previously. Two other gamekeepers, who worked on this estate, then escorted me by bicycle to the Belgian frontier which adjoined one of the boundaries of the estate.

I crossed the frontier alone on foot near Poppel and soon afterwards, I met a Belgian farmer, who gave me food and shelter at his home. He brought a doctor to attend to my leg, which had been causing me a lot of pain due to an old injury. I remained at this house until the 3rd, when this man's son escorted me by bicycle to an address which I had been given.

On arrival at this address, help was refused and I had to leave at once. I walked south across country, following the railway track from Turnhout to Aerschot, then south to near Nieuwrhode, where I called at a farm and asked for help. I was given food and taken to a house where I spent the night.

On the 4th of August, I was escorted to Louvain by a woman. We travelled by bicycle. She took me to a house in Louvain, where her sister and brother-in-law were servants. Some time later, I was taken to another house in Louvain occupid by the sister of the woman servant mentioned above. I stayed there that night and on the morning of the 5th, I was taken to another house in Louvain, where I met the mistress of the servants mentioned above. This woman told me that she was a British agent and asked for details which would enable her to check my identity.

Later that day I was taken to the home of an English woman in Louvain, where I spent that night. This woman informed me that F/Lt. Stewart-Harris,

RAF, had been at her home some time previously. A few hours after my arrival, S/Ldr. Bastian was brought to the house, and we remained together from then onwards.

On the following morning, we were taken to Brussels by a Belgian woman and she arranged our accommodation at a flat. We stayed there until about the 13th, when three sergeants of No. 88 Squadron, were brought to the flat. On the 14th of August, a girl came to the flat accompanied by a man known as "The Captain". They appeared to be Jewish. They took the five of us to a house in Avenue Schlegels, Brussels, and we remained there for several days. During this time the following Allied personnel arrived at the house:

Sgt. Tucker, Sam	USAAF
F/O Earl	USAAF
F/Sgt. Duncan	RCAF
and 8 or 9 others (names unknown)	

The Captain claimed that he was the chief of a British Intelligence organization and that he would arrange our transportation to a neutral country. He also asked for military information which personnel had obtained.

On about the 20th of August, we were taken to a photographers and photographed. The following day we were supplied with excellent Belgian identity cards and German travel permits for entry into France.

On about the 22nd, S/Ldr. Bastian, the three sergeants of No. 88 Squadron, F/O Earl, Sgt. Tucker and I were escorted by two Belgians to Charleville. We travelled by train, second class. On arrival at the Belgian-French frontier, one of the Belgians, who spoke German, took our identity cards, etc. and showed them to a German officer who was at the frontier control office. He held a private conversation with this officer.

On arrival in Charleville, our guides handed us over to a Frenchman. They then disappeared. The Frenchman took us to a room above a cafe. A few moments later a German Military Police Officer, a German civilian and four or five Luftwaffe guards with tommy guns burst into the room. The seven of us and the Frenchman were taken by car to the Military Police Headquarters in Charleville. We were not interrogated. The Frenchman was left at the Military Police Headquarters. On the 26th of August, we were taken by train to Dulag Luft (Oberursel).

Camps in which imprisoned:
Dulag Luft (Oberursel) Aug. 26-29, 1943
Stalag Luft III (Sagan) Sept. 2/43-Jan.'44
Stalag Luft IV (Belaria) Jan'44-Jan.'45
Stalag XIIIID (Nuremberg) Feb.'45-Apr'45
Stalag VIIa (Moosburg) Apr 14-23, 1945

On about the 14th of October, I escaped from Stalag Luft III (Sagan). Flight Lieutenant Manser, dressed as a member of the Abwehr, and I, dressed as a Luftwaffe soldier in working dress, crossed the warning fence in the Centre Compound about 1230 hrs. A party of Germans had been engaged in modifying the perimeter fence between the Centre Compound and the German Compound during that morning and had gone off for lunch. I carried

a ladder, which had been made for the purpose in the camp. We approached the perimeter fence and I proceeded to work on the fence, as the Germans had been doing, for about 10 minutes. During this time, Manser stood beside the ladder on which I was working.

At the end of10 minutes, I dropped the coil of wire, which I was using, over the double fence. Manser swore at me in German, as arranged, for the benefit of the sentry in the nearby sentry tower. Then I climbed over the first portion of the double fence and made a show of trying to retrieve the coil of wire by reaching through the second part of the fence. I then began to climb over the second part of the fence. While this was happening, S/Ldr. Anderson came to the warning fence opposite where Manser was standing and asked for the use of the ladder. All this had been planned. Manser then carried the ladder into the camp, accompanied by S/Ldr. Anderson.

By this time I was almost over the second half of the fence and I continued over it. The sentry in the tower did not appear to be interested in my movements so I walked off through the German Compound. On the way through this Compound, I met a member of the Abwehr who recognized my face as I had talked to him on many occasions in the camp. I was arrested and taken to cells. I was sentenced to 10 days in the cells.

About November 5, 1943, while German guards were guarding the entrance to a tunnel which had been discovered that day, from underneath Block 56 in the Centre Compound, Stalag Luft III (Sagan). F/Lts. Mouat, Miller, Harty, all RCAF; F/Lts. Lawrence, RAF; F/Lt. Warren, USAAF and I crawled underneath thishut and got into the tunnel. The tunnel was then beyond the fence and we worked at the face in an endeavour to "break" it. After a time, the air became so bad that we had to discontinue working and return to the entrance. Apparently the guards heard our movements and a cordon was thrown around the outside of the barrack. Mouat, Miller, Harty and Lawrence were caught, but Warren and I managed to get away in the darkness.

Mouat, Miller, Harty and Lawrence were sentenced to ten days in cells.

On the 21st of August, 1945, F/Lt. Manser and I were taken from the officers' compound to the O.R.'s Compound at Stalag VIIA (MOOSBURG) by Cpl. Halliday, RAC. We were dressed as O.R.'s. We remained in this compound that night and on the 22nd of April, Cpl. Halliday and Sgt. Hartley, Coldstream Guards, took F/Lt. Manser, three USAAF officers, and me into Moosburg as an apparent working party.

The scheme was organized by Major Ross, Parachute Regt. G/Capt. Macdonald, RAF and Capt. Bolland, Parachute Regt., escaped under the same scheme earlier that day.

We went to the Red Cross parcel warehouse in Moosburg, where we remained until evening when Cpl. Halliday handed F/Lt. Manser and me over to a German Unterofficier. The three American officers were handed over to another German, a friend of the Unterofficier.

On the 29th of April, the Allied forces arrived in Moosburg and we made contact with them. We were sent to Stalag VIIA (Moosburg) and on the 3rd of May, S/Ldr. Walter Williams, F/Lts. Manser, Holland and I left the camp and travelled by car to Brussels, where we arrived on the 9th of May. We were interviewed by I.S. 9 (Wea) and S/Ldr. Williams, F/Lts. Manser and Holland were sent by air to the United Kingdom. I remained at Brussels due to an attack of flu, until the 12th of May, when I was sent by air to the United Kingdom.

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SPENCER, Gordon Lewis

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J.16834
Unit: No. 405 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Military Cross

I was bomb aimer of the crew of the Halifax aircraft of which S/Ldr. Logan, F/Sgt. Jennings, P/O Dennison, and F/Sgt. Bulman were members.

We left Topcliffe at approx. 1930 hrs. on the 11th of March 1943, to bomb Stuttgart. On our return journey, about 2345 hrs., we were attacked by a night fighter in the neighbourhood of Hirson. Our aircraft was set on fire, and the captain ordered us to bale out.

My helpers in France told me that F/Sgt. Kennett, RCAF, our rear gunner, had been injured in the leg either during or after his landing, and had been betrayed to the Germans by the occupants of a house at which he had sought help. My helpers assured me that the traitors concerned would be suitably dealt with.

I landed in a wood, uninjured, a few miles northeast of Mondrepuis, northwest of Hirson. I remembered that one of the Intelligence lectures which I had received had warned me that it was dangerous to seek shelter in the woods, because of the likelihood of encountering German dumps or headquarters. I was therefore afraid to penetrate farther into that in which I found myself. I cut up my parachute and hit it and my mae west in a thicket. At the time I had no idea where I was. In a little while I noticed some dirty pieces of paper in a clearing and examined them. They bore writing in French, which I can understand, though I am not a fluent French speaker. From this fact I surmised that I must be in France.

I now took off my badges which I carried loose in my pocket. I then crawled into the thicket near my parachute. I could see a glow in the sky from my burning aircraft and could also hear the ammunition exploding. I remained in the thicket until daybreak on the 12th of March. I then removed my parachute and mae west, and buried them. Before leaving England I had provided myself with a money belt containing a compass, needle and thread, anti-burn ointment, bandaids, razor, soap and toothbrush. With the aid of this compass I started walking south, and in a little while came to the edge of the wood. Here I opened my purse and removed the maps therefrom. I could see an isolated farmhouse. While watching it, a man in uniform came up behind me. He was armed with a

pistol. I was just about to make a dash into the wood when he came to attention and saluted me. He said "parachutiste"? I said "yes". He then said, "Anglais"? I replied that I was Canadian. He then shook me by the hand and explained that he was a Frenchman. With the aid of my map he indicated to me roughly where I was. He told me to wait until dark and said that then I could ask for help with safety, from the people in the farmhouse which I had been watching. He then left me.

I went back into the wood and about noon, opened my escape box, and ate some Horlick's tablets and some condensed milk from the tube. I was wearing a pair of issue boots inside my flying boots. I now took off the flying boots and buried them.

After dark, I approached the farm. When the farmer heard that I was Canadian and saw my identity discs, he took me into his house and gave me a meal. He told me that it would not be safe for me to sleep in the house that night, but he allowed me to sleep in a hayloft. While here I was visited by anotherman who told me that two members of my crew were dead. He asked me how many there were in the crew, and their names, as he wished to look for possible survivors. At first I refused to give him their names, which disconcerted him somewhat.

I remained in the hayloft until the night of the 13th of March, when my helpers gave me a complete outfit of civilian clothes, and a pair of shoes. One of them said that Sgt. Lacina and Sgt. McDonald of my crew, had been killed and had been given a decent funeral at Mondrepuis. Here also I heard of Kennett's capture.

On the night of the 15th of March, I was taken into the farmer's house and allowed to sleep in a bed. The next day, another helper took me by car to a nearby village where I met P/O Dennison. From this point my subsequent journey was arranged for me.

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STANFORD-TUCK, Robert Roland

Rank: Wing Commander
Regtl. No. 37306
Unit: Fighter Command, RAF
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Service Order
Distinguished Flying Cross

Wing Commander Stanford-Tuck was shot down over Marquise in January 1942 and captured. From April 1942 until March 1944, he was a member of the Escape Committee at Stalag Luft III (Sagan) and engaged in numerous tunnel operations. He and another officer planned a mass escape in May 1943 by means of a fake delousing party. The main party made their escape while Wing Commander Stanford-Tuck and others acted as decoy party. The escapers were however, all recaptured and the Germans blamed Stanford-Tuck for the whole affair.

In December 1943, with a Polish officer, he made a further unsuccessful attempt to leave the camp in a rubbish cart. When the camp at Belaria was evacuated in January 1945, he agreed to try to escape with the same Polish officer on the fifth day of the march, they did not rejoin the column, but hid in a farm with the aid of a Russian peasant family. They remained in hiding in the farm for three weeks, suffering from intense cold and in cramped quarters. They were liberated by the arrival of the Russians in February 1945.

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STEPHENS, W.L.

Rank: Lieutenant Commander
Unit: RNVR

The escape of Stephens and Major R.B. Littledale, KRRC, is already recorded. The story continues in their own words:

After separating frm Reid and Wardle, Littledale and I walked into Rochlitz, which we reached at 0730 hrs. We were wearing civilian clothes brought out in attache cases. At 0800 hrs. we left by train for Chemnitz which we reached at 0920 hrs. We took tickets for Stuttgart. We were questioned by the railway police, but our papers were satisfactory.

We left Chemnitz at 0940 hrs. We had to change at Hof at 1500 hrs. and until 1930 hrs. when the D-Zug (express) left for Nurenberg, we walked round the town and drank beer in the station restaurant. We reached Nurenberg at 2300 hrs.

We slept in the station restaurant until 0530 hrs. on the 16th of October, when we left by Schnellzug (fast train) for Stuttgart, arriving at 1015 hrs. We had been told by a Polish officer in the camp that Stuttgart main station was strictly controlled, and to avoid booking from there to the frontier we went by train to the suburb of Esslingen, whence we travelled by electric train to Plockingen, Reutlingen and Tubingen. From Tubingen we went on to Tuttlingen. We took the wrong road out of Tuttlingen and had to spend the night in a wood 6 kms. southeast of the town.

At daylight on the 17th of October, we made out our position by aid of a small-scale map and a homemade compass, and went on foot across country to the railway just south of Immendigen. Here we rested until dark when we moved on down the valley, in which the railway ran to a wood above Engen.

We lay up in the wood until dark on the 18th of October. The day was uneventful except that a man was shooting rocks in the wood with a rifle, and later a terrier came to look at us, but made no sign. We walked in the fields parallel to the railway and came into sight of Singen shunting yard about midnight. We retraced our steps and in crossing over the main line

by a bridge, were stopped by a sentry. We showed him our papers and satisfied him that we had lost our way to Singen station. After crossing the railway further north, we found the point where the main Helsingen-Singen road meets the wood, shown to us as leading to the frontier.

We followed the wood, but it eventually became clear that we were wrong. We therefore lay up until dawn on the 19th, and then reconnoitred to fix our position. Having done this, we lay up until dark, and then, following a more easterly branch of the wood, arrived on the frontier road at 2100 hrs. We were challenged by a frontier sentry, but owing to his credulity we were able to move away. We remained hidden until the moon went down, and crossed to the wood north of Ramsen, where we arrived about 0300 hrs. on the 20th of October. We remained hidden until dawn and then reported to the Swiss police in Ramsen.

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STEVENS, Peter

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 88219
Unit: No. 144 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

F/L Stevens of No. 144 Squadron, was captain of a Hampden aircraft detailed to bomb Berlin on the 7th of September 1941. After bombing the target, the aircraft was hit by flak, when still over the target area. The nose of the aircraft was damaged, and the petrol tanks of both wings pierced. Stevens gave the order to abandon aircraft, and the wireless operator and air gunner baled out. The navigator was unable to use his emergency exit and positioned himself behind the pilot's seat. Stevens then realized that the aircraft was not on fire, and decided to try and return to base. He informed his navigator of his decision, and the latter remained in the aircraft with his captain.

About a minute later the aircraft, totally undefended, was attacked by two enemy night fighters, but no damage was sustained. Having shaken off the fighters, Stevens dived the aircraft down to ground level and flew at a very low altitude on a direct course for base. In the region of the River Ems, the port engine began to splutter, due to lack of fuel. The pilot climbed the aircraft to about 3,000 feet, where he was compelled to feather the port airscrew. He continued to fly on one engine to the area of Amsterdam, where he realized the starboard engine had only about ten minutes' fuel left. Stevens decided to crash-land. This he did on a football field on the southeast outskirts of Amsterdam at about 0300 hrs. on the 8th of September.

Immediately after landing, Stevens set the aircraft on fire, all secret documents being used to start the fire. He and his navigator then ran away from the aircraft to a safe distance before starting to walk towards Amsterdam. They soon met a Dutch farmer, who took them to his house and gave them food. The farmer asked them to leave his house as it was too near the crashed aircraft, but told them to return that night as he

would put them in touch with an organization. Flight Lieutenant Stevens and his navigator left the farmer's house at about 0600 hrs. and walked across country for about an hour when they hid in a wooden hut on a football field. At about 0900 hrs. they were awakened by a party of German Feldgendarmerie and were arrested. They were taken to Amsterdam Military Prison and put into cells, where they were searched but not interrogated. They remained there two days, after which they were taken by bus to Utrecht, where they were entrained for Frankfurt. They arrived at Dulag Luft (Oberussel) on the evening of the 10th of September 1941.

On the 20th of September, Stevens was moved from Dulag Luft to Oflag XC (Lubeck) where he remained until the 6th of October 1941. At 2000 hrs. on the 6th of October, Stevens escaped from a train in which he was being transported from Oflag XC to Oflag VIB (Warburg). He was accompanied by a Canadian Flight Lieutenant in the RAF. They left the wagon in which they were travelling by crawling through the ventilator and dropping to the ground near Uelzen, when the train was travelling at a speed of about 10 mph. After reaching the ground, about six shots were fired and the train stopped. Stevens and his companion ran to a nearby wood and hid until some time later, when they heard the train moving off. About an hour later, they returned to the railway track and followed it south. They walked until dawn on the 7th of October, and they hid in a wood where they remained until dusk, and resumed walking south along the Hanover-Hamburg road. At about 2300 hrs. they arrived at Celle and went to a Railway goods yard, and managed to jump on a goods train going south. This train however, stopped very soon afterwards, and Stevens and his companion dropped off and returned to the goods yard at Celle. They jumped on to another goods train, this time managing to travel as far as Hanover, where they alighted at 1100 hrs. on the 8th of October.

They walked into Hanover where Stevens made contact with some pre-war acquaintances. They were given food, money, and civilian clothes. They left the house at about 1600 hrs. and went to the main station where they entrained for Frankfurt am Main. They arrived at 2330 hrs. and went into a waiting room, in order to catch a train to Karlsruhe at 0430 hrs. on the 9th. At 0200 hrs. they were asked for tickets by the railway police and as they were not in possession of tickets, they were asked for identity papers. As they had no papers on them, they were arrested and taken to a railway police office, where they admitted that they were escaped British POW's. They were then taken to the Military Prison at Frankfurt, where they remained until the 12th of October. On that day they returned by train to Oflag VIB (Warburg). Stevens was not punished for this escape.

Stevens' second attempt to escape was on the 1st of December 1941, when he marched a party of ten officers, disguised as orderlies, and two officers, disguised as German guards with dummy rifles, through the main gates of Oflag VIB. He himself, was disguised as a German Unterofficier, being in charge of the party. He was in possession of forged documents to enable him to take the party out of the camp. After the party had passed through the gate and were marching away from the camp, a German sentry on the gate called to Stevens and told him to bring the party back as the gate pass was not correct. Stevens was forced to comply with the German sentry's orders and the whole party returned into the compound of

the camp without the sentry being aware that it was not a genuine party accompanied by genuine guards. After this attempt, Stevens was engaged in three unsuccessful tunnels at this prison.

On the 8th of December 1941, Stevens again tried the above escape plan, but the sentry on the gate told him that he did not recognize him or any of the guards. The sentry then asked for pay books, which they were unable to produce. Stevens told the sentry that he would obtain these from the guard, and the party returned into the compound. When they were just inside the gate, the sentry recalled the party, intending to hold them for arrest, but the party managed to disperse, though two members were arrested.

On the 3rd of September 1942. Stevens was moved to Oflag XXIB (Schubin). Here he made his fourth attempt at escape on the 5th of March 1943, when he managed to escape through a tunnel. He was 21st man out of the tunel and left the camp at about 2230 hrs. He was in possession of forged identity papers and wearing a British Naval Officer's uniform converted into a civilian suit, and carried a converted RAF OR's great coat. After leaving the exit of the tunnel, Stevens walked along the main road to Bromberg. On the way he met an RAF sergeant, and they remained together until just before reaching the town, where they parted and proceeded separately. Stevens arrived in Bromberg at 0430 hrs. on the 6th of March, where he went to the main railway station and caught a train to Berlin. On the journey his identity papers were checked on two occasions.

On arrival at Berlin at 1400 hrs., Stevens discovered that the next train to Cologne did not leave until 2200 hrs. He therefore, decided to walk around Berlin until 2130 hrs. when he returned to the railway station and bought a ticket for Cologne. He boarded the train, and when it was approaching Hanover, was asked for his identity card by a Gestapo official. He produced his card, but was informed that it was a forgery, consequently he was arrested and taken off the train at Hanover, where he was taken to the Gestapo prison for interrogation. He declared his identity, but this was at first disbelieved until he explained how he had managed to travel a distance of 350 miles in 27 hours. He was detained at the Gestapo prison until the 9th of March and was then returned by train to Oflag XXIB (Schubin). For this escape, Stevens was sentenced to 14 days in cells, plus five days spentin cells awaiting sentence.

On the 21st of April 1943, Stevens was transferred to Stalag Luft III (Sagan). On the 3rd of June he attempted to conceal himself in the bath house, with a view to joining the German bath party the following morning. The scheme had been successfully carried out two weeks earlier by a warrant officer of the RAF. While dressing in the bath house, the German Feldwebel present became suspicious. Stevens had discovered that it would be impossible to conceal himself as intended.He disposed of his escape outfit except for a German jacket. The German Feldwebel had him searched on the way from the bath house to the compound. The tunic was found and Stevens was taken to be interrogated. The Germans did not however, discover what were his intentions, but he was sentenced to seven days in cells for being in possession of part of a German uniform. He was also held in cells for three days pending sentence. Stevens was also engaged in the construction

of one unsuccessful tunnel during his stay at Stalag Luft III (Sagan).

Stevens was eventually liberated by Russian Forces at Stalag III A (Luckenwalde) on the 21st of April 1945. He remained there until the 5th of May 1945, when he jumped on an American armoured car outside the camp gates and was taken to the safety of the American lines. He was engaged on security duties through the whole time he spent in POW camps in Germany

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STOREY, Thomas Samuel

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 1431804
Unit: No. 148 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

I was pilot of a Halifax Mk IIA aircraft which took off from Brindisi, Italy, on the 23rd of April 1944 about 1930 hrs. on a special operation in the Lublin (Poland) area. On the outward journey I had had to stop the port inner engine because of over-heating due to a leak; and six minutes from our estimated time of arrival over the target the port outer engine stopped dead. I jettisoned the load and gave the order to bale out about 2345 hrs. As I baled out, I saw an aircraft right on our tail and it is possible that we had been hit.

We all came down in a string, but separated by considerable distance. I landed on a main road on the outskirts of a village in the area south of the junction of the rivers Vistula and San. I had baled out very low and my parachute opened just before I hit the ground. As a result, I injured both legs and suffered from concussion, being unconscious for a time.

When I recovered consciousness, I went into a field to hide my parachute and mae west. It was very dark and I fell into a stream, my parachute floating away. After I had buried my mae west, I went into the village, as I realized that without help I could not avoid capture. I knocked at several houses, but got no answer. One building was lit up, and I went through a hole in a fence at the back of this house. I went down by the side of the building and saw a German sentry on the gate. I went back through the hole in the fence as quickly as possible. I was told later that this building was the local German barracks and that eight soldiers and two Gestapo men were living there.

I now went to another house, and was just about to knock at the door when it opened and a youth came out. I gripped him by the throat so that he could not make any noise, and whispered, "RAF English" in his ear. Finally he understood, and took me to a peasant's cottage next door. The peasant spoke German, which I know, and I was able to explain who I was and what had happened. He said I could stay the night, but that he would have to give me up in the morning, as the German troops were only a few doors away. I said that in that case, I would leave immediately and that if I were caught by the Germans, I would say that he had helped me. He thought about this for awhile, and then sent his son out. He returned

with two men and they all went into a huddle - eventually agreeing to help me.

That night I was taken from house to house in the village until we had gathered a group of six or seven Poles. We then split up into three groups and went into a wood, one man carrying me, as I was unable to walk. The Poles had a system of signs, passwords, and sentries in the wood, and took me to a camouflaged dugout which was the headquarters of their small local resistance group. I was left in the dugout with a sentry and remained there all day and the night (April 24-25).

On the morning of the 25th, the officer in charge of the group, a man in civilian clothes, visited me. He spoke German and his first words were, "Heil Hitler"- he being apparently under the impression that I might be a German. I said I was English and that I only spoke German because I knew no Polish, and they knew no English. The commander of the group made me give him the names of all my crew and the number of our aircraft. That afternoon the partisans picked up my flight engineer, Sgt. Keen, and brought him to the dugout. He had been found asleep in the wood. That night, withone of the partisans, we tried to cross the river San, but returned to the dugout as we got no reply from the north bank of the river. Next night we tried again, but there was still no reply to our signalling and we again returned to the dugout. During the nights of the 25-26th and 26-27th of April, we slept in the house of the officer. By day we went into the wood, dressed in civilian clothes, and carrying saws and axes as though we were woodcutters.

On the 27th of April, Hughes and Stradling, who had come down south of the railway line, were brought in. The next night a bunch of 30 or 40 partisans were brought from the north side of the river San, so that if necessary, we could fight our way across. We crossed the river, but without any fighting. We were told that 300 Germans had been sent from Rudnik and were searching the district for us with dogs. A Fieseler Storch aircraft was also flying over us the whole time at tree-top height. We were told that the Gestapo had taken 50 hostages from the neighbourhood as they knew we were somewhere in the area. The partisans said that our aircraft was a complete wreck and was scattered over an area of 200 metres. They had only been able to salvage one machine gun, but as the barrel was bent, we were unable to strip it for them.

After crossing the San, we were taken to a Polish partisan group with whom we stayed in various villages and occasionally in the woods, in the Ulanow district. After about a fortnight, these partisans told us that the Russians had aircraft coming over with supplies to the Russian partisans, of whom there were several groups in the district. I asked to be taken to the Russians, and the Poles took me to three Russian groups, the commander ofeach said that he would get in touch with Moscow and would do what he could to get us out. Eventually the Polish Army officer in charge of the group with which we were staying handed me over to a Russian group, while the others remained with the Poles. The Polish and Russian groups were living in the same wood in the Bilgoraj area and it was sometimes difficult to say which group one was with. After I was handed over to theRussian group, the commander and I went out practically every day looking for landing fields for aircraft. Meanwhile the group sent details regarding us to Moscow by radio so that our identities could be checked.

About the 28th of May, a Russian aircraft dropped a load of fire arms and an agent at a landing field which we had selected. About the 1st of June the agent found another field, the location of which was radioed to Moscow. On the night of the 6-7th of June, two aircraft landed to evacuate Russian wounded, and the four of us were taken to Kiev.

We spent seven days in a hotel in Kiev at the headquarters of the Ukrainian partisan movement as the guests of the Lieutenant-Colonel in command. We were very well treated here. When we arrived, the Lieutenant-Colonel questioned me as to what I had been doing in Poland, but when I said that I could not answer, he did not question me again. A local press correspondent visited us and also asked what we had been doing in Poland, but the Lieutenant-Colonel said that there was no point in his trying to interview us, as we would not disclose any information. Later we were photographed by a Russian war correspondent, who was to have interviewed us the day after we left Kiev, but I asked that nothing should be published about us until the Russians were quite certain that the other members of our crew were safe.

We left Kiev on the 12th of June and were flown to Moscow, where we were met by the head of No. 30 Mission and Air Commodore Roberts, as well as by a Russian General. We were taken to the headquarters of the Mission, to whom we were then formally handed over by the Russians. We remained at the headquarters ofthe Mission until about the 27th of June, when we left for Murmansk by train - the journey occupying three and a half days. After two and a half days in the Intourist hotel in Murmansk we left for the United Kingdom by sea.

ADVICE ON EVASION IN POLAND:

1. Stick to the advice given in the Intelligence briefings.

2. In seeking help, avoid towns and villages which are occupied by Germans or where there are Volksdeutsche, the latter of whom are liable to give you away.

3. Select a lonely cottage and ask for the Polish partisans . I heard a rumour that the missing member of our crew, F/Sgt. Elkington-Smith, was captured through having asked in English to be put in touch with the army. This led to the Poles taking him for a German and handing him over to the Wehrmacht. I also heard a rumour that Elkington-Smith had been shot after capture, but have no confirmation of this.

4. In travelling, avoid roads, large rivers, and railway lines. It is impossible to cross a large river alone, as they are constantly patrolled. Roads are patrolled by armoured cars which are liable to open up with machine guns at anyone they see - especially after dark. In crossing a road, do 50 yds. on each side at the double. This is the system adopted by the Polish partisans. If you hear an aircraft, keep under cover or you may be bombed or machine-gunned. The aircraft will probably be searching for partisans. It is best, in moving about, to stick to the woods. Go through swamps if possible, as the Germans use dogs.

5. Ask no questins when you are with the partisans, as questioning arouses their suspicions. The partisans, especially Russians, are always on the lookout for German spies.

6. Take whatever arms you can with you when baling out - especially a revolver. The Polish partisans with whom we lived in the woods had a number of shooting competitions, at which we beat them with all weapons. This gave us a terrific reputation as expert shots and probably contributed to the good treatment we received. In baling out, do not forget your escape kit and first-aid kit. The partisans are very short of medical equipment. Keatings powder is also useful.

7. Do not get taken prisoner with the partisans, as the Gestapo will subject you to considerable torture in order to make you talk.

8. The area north of the San and east of the Vistula is known as "bandit land". This area, especially round Ulanow and Bilgoraj, is a good district to get into. It is chock-full of Polish and Russian partisans. All the Russian groups have been given orders that they must do everything in their power to assist British and American airmen to reach Russia.

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SUTTON, R.P.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 160271
Unit: No. 106 Squadron

Sutton was on the return journey from their Italian target with both port engines dead, when they crashed into the French Alps in the neighbourhood of Lyons, France. Immediately the aircraft burst into flames. Sutton was thrown clear of the aircraft, and on regaining his senses, Wing Commander D.L. Thompson found Sgt. Sutton already had one member of the crew out (Sgt. J. Pickens) and was in the act of returning to the aircraft for the second time. The aircraft was by this time, burning quite fiercely and the patrol tanks began to go up. Thompson had been burned so badly that he was quite incapable of giving Sutton any assistance, and it was with a great risk to his own life that Sutton succeeded in dragging the unconscious form of Sgt. P. Ward to safety.

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SWIDA, Stanislaw

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. P.0464
Unit: No. 301 (P) Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

Flying Officer Swida was the Polish navigator of a Wellington which took off on the night of the 28th of August 1942, to bomb Saarbrucken. On the outward journey, after being attacked by enemy fighters, the pilot

ordered the crew to bale out. The aircraft was then some miles northeast of Brussels.

Flying Officer Swida made a good landing in an orchard beside a small farm, and after hiding his parachute, started away down a lane. He was met by a woman from the farm who showed him which was the best way to go in order to avoid the Germans. On his cross-country trek, he met a number of Belgian peasants, all of whom, though friendly, strongly urged him to surrender to the police. This however, he firmly refused to consider, and continued his cross-country journey for two days, steering south-southwest by the stars, and hiding in woods by day. Yet again he was urged to give himself up to the police, but he consistently insisted on trying to get away if he possibly could. During these two days, be bought bread, water and cigarettes from peasants in the hamlets he passed at night, and finally he managed to acquire a peasant's jacket, which concealed his uniform sufficiently to enable him to board a train for Brussels at the next village. Enroute for Brussels a fellow traveller intimated that he recognized him as an RAF airman, and took him to his house at Brussels on arrival, where he spent the night; his host endeavouring, but without success, to get in touch with an organization. The next day, with the help of three villagers, he crossed into France and was found shelter for the night. On his host's advice he decided to make for Switzerland, and caught a train to Nancy the following day from Le Quesnoy, spending the night in an orchard. On the train, the French control authorities, finding his RAF identity card and supposing that he was English, wished him good luck and the four Frenchmen in the carriage advised him not to go right to Nancy, in view of the number of Germans there. He therefore, left the train with them some distance before reaching Nancy, and staying with one of them for that night, obtained from an officer of the French Gendarmerie, a French identity card. The next day, by train and walking he reached a small village near the Franco-Swiss border, spending a day and night there trying to get in touch with a woman at a cafe, who he had been advised would help him. She was not there however, and deciding it would be dangerous to stay longer in such a small village, he crossed the frontier on the 3rd of September 1942, being guided through the woods by peasants.

As soon as he stepped on to Swiss soil he was arrested by Swiss soldiers and eventually, after seven days in a country prison, he was taken to Berne and interviewed by the Polish Consular Authorities and the British Air Attache.

Owing to some misunderstanding as to his status, Flying Officer Swida was interned for a time. He spent just over a year in Switzerland until the 1st of October 1943, when his journey out was arranged for him.

It is considered that the courage and endurance shown by this officer is worthy of high praise, and his persistent determination not to surrender but to carry on journeying out of Belgium and across occupied France, surrounded by the enemy constantly on the watch, which culminated in his successfully reaching Switzerland, are a splendid example to all who may

find themselves in similar circumstances. His pilot, P/O Tyszko, who returned to England last year, was awarded the Military Cross for his successful evasion of the enemy.

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SWITZER, William Alexander

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. J.21618
Unit: No. 193 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Flight Lieutenant Switzer was shot down at about 0700 hrs. on the 15th of August 1944, by enemy flak, while attacking transport near Falaise. His aircraft burst into flames and dived out of control. He was thrown out of the cockpit and lost consciousness.

About two hours later he recovered to find himself under heavy shell fire, lying in a wood which he subsequently learned was about 15 miles southeast of Falaise. His face and neck were badly burned, and one leg was broken - presumably by striking some portion of the cockpit, when he was thrown out. Though in great pain and hardly able to move, he improvised and attached a splint to his broken leg.

At about noon, the wood in which he was hiding, was dive-bombed by American aircraft and set on fire. He crawled painfully out of the wood on to a road, where he lay for the remainder of that day and all night, sustaining himself with escape rations and some windfall apples from a nearby orchard.

On the morning of the 16th, a party of about 25 German soldiers came along the road, searched him and asked a number of questions about the battle. While this was going on, American troops came up and engaged the Germans, who took cover and left him lying in the road.

Seizing this opportunity to escape, Switzer managed to gain the ditch during the battle which continued throughout the day and unseen by the enemy, crawled away towards our lines. After crawling nearly all night and most of the next day, he was picked up at 1700 hrs. by some American soldiers in a Jeep, who took him to a forward Dressing Station.

It is considered that F/L Switzer was in dire need of medical assistance, which he was able at any time to obtain from the enemy in the immediate vicinity. He displayed a superb morale, tenacity of purpose and fortitude to a very high degree, while suffering a great deal of pain from multiple injuries.

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SZKUTA, A.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 76625
Unit: No. 305 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officer was a member of a crew of an aircraft which set out to bomb Stuttgart on the 5th of May 1942.

Owing to engine failure he was forced to bale out near St. Gerrard and avoiding capture, made his way southwards. Displaying determination and coolness in the face of difficulties, he finally made his way to Spain from whence he was repatriated on the 24th of July 1942.

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TARAS, M.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. P.0118
Unit: No. 300 Squadron (P)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Flying Officer Taras was the observer of an aircraft which was shot down on the 7th of November 1941, near Calais when returning from an operation over Munich.

Although injuring his foot when baling out, he succeeded in making his way inland and in spite of suffering severely from his injury, he succeeded after many adventures and narrow escapes, from capture in crossing into Spain from whence he was repatriated on the 27th of April 1942.

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TEMPLEMAN, T.

Rank: Flight Sergeant
Regtl. No. R.61012
Unit: No. 7 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

This airman was captain of an aircraft which bombed Bonn on the 16th of June 1941. On the return journey the aircraft was attacked by night fighters. Although experiencing great difficulty in controlling his burning aircraft, Templeman remained at the controls until the entire crew had baled out.

On landing he fractured an ankle and badly dazed, but was able to escape from the vicinity in spite of active enemy patrols. He made a

support for his fractured ankle with some wire which he obtained from a fence, binding it around his flying boot. He then walked for four days until he reached France where he was arrested. Escaping, he reached the Line of Demarcation and passed through enemy patrols to enter Unoccupied France.

He then walked to the Spanish frontier. Attempting to cross the Pyrenees on foot at night, his ankle support gave way, causing him to fall 20 feet into a ravine, breaking his back. In spite of his great pain, he crawled to a village where he gave himself into custody, but it was not until many days later and after passing through several prison camps, that he obtained medical aid. He was finally repatriated to this country on the 5th of October 1942.

Templeman, notwithstanding his fractured ankle, walked the entire journey from Northern Belgium to Spain, with the exception of a short train ride of 30 kms. The journey took him six weeks. Throughout the journey he received no assistance, guidance, medical aid or shelter, and was obliged to sleep, either by day or night, in the open. He lived first on the contents of his emergency ration box, and later on food which he was able to beg or steal. At one period, he was without sustenance for over a week. The flying boot which he bound to his ankle, was not removed until it wore out and had to be cut away in the latter stage of his journey.

This airman is now in RAF Hospital Halton, where following treatment to his ankle and major operation to his spine, he will lie in a plaster cast for many months to come. His escape from enemy-occupied territory is a shining example of outstanding courage, endurance and devotion to duty.

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THOMPSON, James Edwin

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 78536
Unit: No. 58 Squadron, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Thompson was a member of the crew of an aircraft which failed to return from an operational sortie over Germany on the 11th of September 1940. He was captured by the Germans when he landed on the shores of the Baltic near Lubeck. A few weeks after capture, Thompson escaped from a train at Stralsund station while being transferred from Oberursel to Barth. He climbed out of the window, while the guard's attention was distracted and crawled along the railway track. His absence was discovered however, and he was recaptured after a very short time. In January 1942, while at Stalag Luft I at Barth, this officer made his second attempt to escape, after studying the movements of the guards and the general layout

of the camp for a period of months. He gained admission to the non-commissioned officers' compound to take part in a football match, and remained in hiding in the barracks when the other officers left. Later that night he crawled under the double gate leading to the football field and climbed overthe perimeter fence. The whole operation took nine hours and when he was eventually free, he made his way towards Stralsund. There he was recaptured three days later while waiting for a boat to Sweden. Subsequently, Thompson took an active part in several tunnel digging operations, but all of these were discovered before completion. He was eventually repatriated in September 1944. Throughout his captivity this officer showed great determination in his efforts to escape, and his enthusiasm was never shaken by his failures.

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TILLEY, R.F.

Rank: Sergeant
Unit: 2 Wing Division, Airborne Corps, Glider Pilot Regt.
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

During the operations near Arnhem, this NCO was attached to the KOSB and distinguished himself throughout by his personal gallantry, initiative and unflagging cheerfulness under the most trying conditions. On the 20th of September, when the medical officer and part of his staff were captured, Tilley attached himself to the RAF where he did sterling work in attending to the comforts and well-being of the wounded - many of whom he himself brought in under fire. When the RAP was hit and set on fire, he saved several lives by his coolness in organizing the evacuation of the wounded. Later when the medical staff had been reinforced and when casual ties had decimated Battalion Headquarters, he voluntarily assumed the duties of RSM. In this capacity he maintained the supply of ammunition, making numerous journeys to forward positions to do so. When rations ran out, he organized a central kitchen from which he produced, out of the products of the country, a hot meal for every man daily.

In addition to these activities, he volunteered whenever there was dangerous work to be done; was constantly on anti-sniper patrols in and about the battalion area. On one of these on the 23rd of September, he discovered an enemy post on which he immediately organized an attack; as a result of which six enemy were captured and many killed.

This NCO's enthusiasm, complete disregard for personal safety, and confident bearing, had the most marked effect on all ranks of the Bn., and his conduct throughout the battle was in accordance with the highest traditions of the British Army.

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TOMICKI, S.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 782361
Unit: No. 305 Squadron (Polish)

This airman was second pilot of a Wellington aircraft which was attacked by enemy fighters over Belgium on the 7th of August 1941. The crew were compelled to bale out and Sergeant Tomicki landed near Liege. He hid in a wood and so evaded capture. He later walked to Marche where he stayed for three days. The next two days and nights he spent hiding in the woods, as enemy troops were looking for him. He then went to Brussels where he stayed for five weeks. He left Brussels on the 7th of November with a guide and two companions. They were escorted across the Franco-Belgian frontier and then made their way alone and left the Zone Interdite on the 6th of November. Travelling via Paris and Bayonne, they reached the Spanish Frontier on the 10th of November. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

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TREACY, W.P.F.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 37617
Unit: No. 242 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Service Order

This officer was shot down on the 23rd of May 1940, between Dunkirk and Boulogne and captured by the Germans. A week later he escaped, and after trying to reach the coast, was caught again on the 13th of June in the act of launching a boat. He was again put into a German POW camp and escaped, and after many adventures again reached the coast. He here found a boat and in five days made himself some oars, and after camouflaging the boat, floated down the river past the German sentries. He was seen trying to row across the Channel and was fired on - first by machine guns, and then by artillery. He took no notice of this, nor of a German aircraft which took off and machine-gunned his boat. He jumped out of the boat while this was going on, and swam around in the water, and again returned to his boat. The Germans finally sent a seaplane after him, which landed beside him and picked him up.

While again in captivity, he refused to prove his identity, and suffered considerable hardship as he was treated as a spy. While in captivity he managed to cause a German electrician to fall off a ladder and was again caught in the act. He was sent to a German concentration camp from which he again managed to escape. Finally, after many more adventures, he reached Unoccupied France, and from there, managed to escape to England.

His case has been discussed with Fighter Command who inform us that Treacy, while in No. 74 Squadron before his capture, had the following officially confirmed victories:

Half a He. 126; half a Do. 17; one JU 88; one He 111; one Me. 109 and one Do. 17.

After his return to this country, he again commenced flying and was officially credited with half a JU 88, and while in No. 242 Squadron, was officially credited with a JU 88 and a Do. 215 probable.

He was killed in a triple collision in the air on the 20th of April 1941, and it is considered that in view of his magnificent efforts while escaping, and his record as a fighter pilot, he should be awarded the DSO.

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TURNER, Alvin Clinton

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. R.62322
Unit: No. 419 Squadron, Bomber Command, RCAF

I was a member of a crew of a Halifax aircraft which left Middleton St. George at approx. 1900 hrs. on the 5th of March 1943, to bomb Essen.

We reached our target and dropped our bombs. Directly afterwards, the aircraft was badly hit by flak, and my right eye was severely cut. On our way home, about 2230 hrs., while crossing the Zuyder Zee, we were attacked by night fighters. The aircraft was set on fire and the captain gave the order to bale out.

I baled out through the rear escape hatch. I did not see any of the others bale out before I left. I must have been knocked unconscious during my descent. When I regained consciousness I was lying in a grass field near a hedge at 0230 hrs. on the 6th. I knew that I was in Holland, and I now think that my landing place must have been near Buiksloot, about two miles north of Amsterdam, or possibly Zaandam. My eye was bleeding copiously and my parachute, upon which I was lying, was saturated with blood. I tore off a clean piece from it and applied it to my eye to staunch the wound. I then buried my parachute and mae west at the edge of a nearby canal. I tore off my "wings" and left tunic pocket in order to extract a compass I had hidden in my tunic. I did not remove my chevrons nor the titles "Canada" from my shoulders. I was still wearing my flying helmet and my flying boots, over which I pulled my trousers. My flying boots were of Canadian pattern, and I was wearing a pair of ordinary walking shoes within them.

About 0300 hrs. with the aid of my compass, I began walking south. Very soon I came to the Moordzee Canal, at a point where it was spanned by a big steel bridge which led into a large city, which I now know to be Amsterdam.

I walked along the side of the canal for a time, and came to three E-boats moored to the bank. There was a great deal of singing coming from these boats, and I presumed that the German crews were occupied with festivities of some kind. Alongside the E-boats I saw two small rowing

boats. These were chained to a steel post. I approached the post and found that the chains were merely tied to it. I loosened the chain of the smaller of the two boats, got into the boat, and pushed it quietly into the stream. I let the current carry me downstream until I was well clear of the E-boats before I took up the oars. I then rowed across and landed on the far side of the bridge. I climbed on shore and pushed the boat out into the stream. I then crawled up a sloping stone wall about 10 ft. high, and continued walking south.

I saw several people on the streets and a number of cyclists, but I kept to the shadows, and hid in doorways when I thought it necessary. After about two hours, theday began to break and I found myself clear of the city. I then walked into a small wood, northwest of Diemerbrug, where I remained for the rest of the day. I opened my escape aid box, and ate one Horlick's tablet. I also opened my purse and took out my maps. I did not think of removing my badges and flying helmet.

About 2000 hrs. that night, I began walking southeast, parallel to the main railway line from Amsterdam to Hilversum. In a little while I came to a point where I turned due south, and walked until I reached the main railway line from Amsterdam to Utrecht. I saw a number of German patrols, but was able toevade them. My flying boots had rubber soles, and as I was walking along a bicycle path beside the railway track, I made very little noise. I filled my water bottle on the way, and continued walking until about 0600 hrs. on the 7th when I hid in a haystack. Here I ate another Horlick's tablet from my box and studied my map. I was not however, able to locate my precise position and did not then know that I had passed through Amsterdam.

About 2000 hrs. that night I continued walking along the railway line, and about midnight, came to the outskirts of Utrecht, which I recognized by means of a signpost. I walked cautiously through the streets. About 0200 hrs. on the 8th of March, on the southern outskirts of the city, about 200 German soldiers, unarmed, came out of what must have been a camp of some kind quite near me. I avoided them and soon came to a number of railway lines about which guards were posted. I was still wearing my flying helmet, flying boots, chevrons and the titles "Canada" on my shoulders, as I had not thought of discarding any of them.

Suddenly a German guard flashed a torch upon me and asked me something in German. At that time I could speak no language other than English, though I could read a very little French. I said something like "Na". The guard came up to my right side and flashed his torch upon me, but the light did not fall upon my shoulders. He then spoke to me for some time, and I think he must have taken me for a German NCO. I replied to his remarks with some guttural noises. Finally he pointed down a railway track towards the south, and I walked on in the direction which he indicated. When I was out of his sight, I got off the railway track and ran as fast as I could for about an hour, through some bushes. I then hid in a haystack where I remained for most of the day. I ate another Horlick's tablet from my aids box.

About 2000 hrs. I again began walking south along the railway line from Utrecht to 's-Hertogenbosch. About 2300 hrs. I came to a canal just short of Culemborg. I noticed that the railway bridge here was guarded by two soldiers, and I could see no boats on the canal. I therefore took off my flying boots and threw them in the water, retaining my walking shoes. I am a fairly strong swimmer. I took off my clothes, and tied them and my shoes in a bundle which I took upon my shoulders. I then swam across the canal. The water was extremely cold. During the crossing, I lost the compass which I had been using, and for the rest of my journey I used that contained in my escape aids box.

When I got to the other side of the canal, I dressed and walked through Culemborg. At daylight on the 9th of March, I hid again in a haystack. Here I took off my clothes and dried them in the sun. This haystack was near a farmhouse, and I noticed some chickens about it. After dark that night, I broke open the lock of a henhouse and stole two eggs, which I ate to supplement my diet of Horlick's tablets. I also saw here some bicycles in a locked shed. I did not think of using my hacksaw, and was unable to break the lock, so was unable to remove one of these.

That night I continued walking south. At this time my only idea was to reach Paris somehow. I had heard from various people in England that a number of Dutchmen in Holland were not sympathetic to the Allies, and I resolved not to ask for help in Holland, unless it was absolutely necessary.

Eventually I reached Tricht. Just south of Tricht the railway line forks. I took the west fork (on the line to Zaltdommel). My right shoulder was extremely painful - later I learned from a doctor that I must have displaced a vertebra in my back when landing - and I could not now lift my right arm. I therefore found another haystack near the railway line, in which I hid. There was much traffic on this line and I eventually decided to try to jump on a train. At the point where I was, the trains were all moving fast, so I turned back along the line towards Tricht, near which I hoped to find a stationary train.

About midnight I boarded a stationary goods train. I got into a small empty compartment in the middle of the train, which shortly afterwards moved off towards the south. The train passed through several small towns and stopped many times. At one stop I got out and walked up and down a deserted station platform, trying to find the name of the station which I failed to do. I then got back on the train. At another stop, the guard of the train suddenly entered my compartment. I heard him coming, left quickly by a door, and crawled underneath the train. I then remembered that I had left my water bottle in the compartment. The train then began to move off. At the next stop I managed to get back to the compartment, which was empty. The water bottle had apparently not been disturbed.

I rode on this train for the whole of the 10th of March. After a time it appeared to be heading southeast, and I began to be afraid that it would enter Germany. At about 0430 hrs. on the 11th, I got off the train, which had stopped outside a small station, the name of which I do not know. I think that this station must have been somewhere on the line between Wijk and Aachen.

I then walked south, using my compass, until daybreak. I had now no idea where I was and my right shoulder was extremely painful. I decided therefore, that I must ask for help and I called at a farm house. The occupants were Dutch. The farmer, by signs, indicated that he could not help me, but that I should go on further.

I walked on for about three miles. I was still wearing my flying helmet, but by now had acquired a heavy growth of whiskers. My uniform and face were covered with dried blood. I approached a house and after a time, the occupants admitted me. I pointed to the words, "Canada" on my shoulders. The people in the house held up a mirror so that I could see my face, which looked most disreputable, and then gave me some food. One of them, a man, then went out of the house. I felt certain that I was about to be betrayed, but about ten minutes later he returned with a man who spoke English. My helpers did not ask to see my identity disc, but they asked me a few questions. In particular, they wished to know whether I had escaped from German hands, and whether the Germans were following me. They then gave me a raincoat and a hat, and the English-speaking man took me to his house. Here I was given a bath, and allowed to shave. My helpers also gave me some food and a suit of civilian clothes.

In a little while they told me that someone must have talked about me, and that the Gestapo had arrived in the village to look for me. They were very scared and the man who spoke English took me at once into the country in a car and hid me in a haystack.

About 1900 hrs. that night (March 11) he fetched me in the car and drove me to a point in the country which he said was within a mile of the Dutch-Belgian frontier. He showed me an electric cable, and told me that if I followed the cable I should come to Liege. He then gave me an attache case filled with food and left me. My shoulder was still hurting me very much, but I walked in the direction indicated for about seven hours. I then hid in another haystack near a farm.

About midday, someone stuck a pitchfork into the haystack and touched me. This proved to be the owner of the farm. He spoke Flemish only. I showed him my maps and on them he indicated that I was now in Belgium . He did not offer me help.

I then continued walking following the electric cable. After a time I met an old woman and a girl pushing a cart. They spoke French. I got them to write a few words in French on a card and from these I managed to make out that I should find my way to a village called Barchon nearby. They took me to this village, where there was a tramp stop.

I boarded a tram, handed the conductor a 50 franc note from my purse, and said "Liege". He gave me a ticket and my change. About 1500 hrs. I arrived in the centre of Liege. I walked about the town for a couple of hours, and then tried to make my way towards Mons. On my way out of the town, I passed a small restaurant, and noticed the words, "English spoken here", written on the window. I entered this place and asked for a cup of tea, hoping thereby to arouse the waiter's curiosity. In this I was successful. I then wrote on a piece of paper, the words "Parlez Anglais"? In a few minutes a man who spoke English was brought to me. He took me to his house.

From this point my subsequent journey was arranged for me. (See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

TYSZKO, Jozef

Rank: Flying Officer
Regt. No. P.1693
Unit: No. 301 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Military Cross

On the night of the 28th of August 1942, Flying Officer Tyszko was the pilot of a Wellington aircraft detailed to attack a target at Saarbrucken. On the outward journey, while flying at 16,000 feet, the Wellington was attacked by an enemy aircraft and much damage was sustained. In addition, three members of the crew were wounded. The aircraft became completely uncontrollable and the crew were compelled to escape by parachute. Flying Officer Tyszko alighted in Belgium, and after destroying his parachute, hid in some bushes while villagers were approaching the burning aircraft. The journey from Belgium to Spain, which was made on foot and by train, was fraught with many difficulties, including the swimming of rivers and evading a German examination of identity cards. Tyszko displayed great determination, tenacity and courage and has now returned to this country.

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VAN DER HEYDEN, Andre Raymond

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 162801
Unit: No. 349 Squadron (Belgian)
Awards: Member of the British Empire

Van Der Heyden's Spitfire was hit by flak when over enemy-occupied territory, south of the Zuider Zee on the 5th of October 1944. He was too low to bale out, but successfully crash-landed despite flames from the exhaust, which had reached the cockpit. To avoid burning his feet, he had to press them against the instrument panel. He struggled through mud, jumped ditches and swam across two irrigation canals to find suitable

cover. Seeing a German search party arrive, and with no means of hiding, he jumped into a ditch of ice-cold water and remained there with water up to his neck, for nearly four hours. He escaped capture by swimming the two canals as the Germans did not search for him beyond them. Following this immersion, he almost lost consciousness, but managed, at 2300 hours, to reach a farmhouse where he told his story. He was given shelter and dry clothes. He remained hiding in hay for 24 hours while the Germans resumed their search. Vander Heyden went from farm to farm, all the time acquiring information for his escape. On a bicycle without tires he made for the East Arnheim area and crossed two rivers, the Rhine and the Waal, whereas had he travelled south, it would have necessitated crossing a dozen rivers. He there met a British paratrooper, also anxious to escape capture, and they both crossed the Rhine in a row boat. The crossing of the Waal was more difficult as the Allies were holding the south bank, and the enemy the north bank. The crossing was made at night in a boat provided by members of the Dutch Underground Movement, and finally at 2200 hrs. they set foot on friendly territory.

These experiences of Vander Heyden showed considerable fortitude and endurance against conditions of extreme hardship. He owes his life and freedom to the thoughtful planning of his escape.

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VANDER STOK, Bram

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No.
Unit: No. 41 Squadron - Royal Netherlands Airforce
Awards: Member of the British Empire
Military Cross and Mention in Despatches

I took off from Tangmere in a Spitfire aircraft at 1200 hrs. on the 12th of April 1942, on a sweep over France. I became separated from my formation and was attacked by a formation of enemy fighters near St. Omer. My aircraft got out of control and I baled out at approximately 16,000 ft.

I landed in a field north of St. Omer, and contacted some French people, but they refused to help me as Germans were close by. I was captured about five minutes after landing.

I was taken to St. Omer aerodrome, where I was interrogated and introduced to the pilot who claimed to have shot me down. I was then taken to a house where I spent the night. This house is specially reserved for the detention of captured airmen. I was searched and asked some questions and sent on the following day to Dulag Luft, where I arrived on the 14th. I was interrogated before being allowed to enter the camp, but I refused to answer questions on military matters. No attempt was made to force me to answer questions. I remained in Dulag Luft until the 27th of April.

On the 27th of April I was sent to Stalag Luft III (Sagan) with a party of approximately 70 Airforce personnel. I was put into the East Compound.

About the middle of June 1942, Flight Lieutenant Palmer and I intended to make an attempt to cut through the perimeter fence of the East Compound at night. On the way from our barrack to the fence we were picked up by a searchlight from one of the control towers. We were able to get back to our barrack without incident, and the Germans did not succeed in discovering our identity.

On the 12th of March 1943, Lieutenant Commander Schaper and I hid in the Vorlager. We had succeeded in getting into the Vorlager from the East Compound in a delousing party, and we were not missed when the party returned to the compound. We were wearing Russian greatcoats and caps. Under the greatcoats we were wearing German Luftwaffe uniforms and had on civilian clothes under the uniform. We hid in the roof of the lavatory used by the Russians and we remained there throughout the night.

Flight Lieutenant Hill, and a Belgian officer, were attempting the same method at the same time as Schaper and myself. They were hiding in the same roof. Hill and the Belgian officer were discovered during the night. A further search of the lavatory was made early next morning, and Schaper and I were discovered. We were able to save our money and papers, with the exception of Schaper's Soldbuch. The money and papers were got back into the compound by giving them to a Russian who was in the lavatory at the time of our capture. We were punished with 14 days "hard".

On the 11th of June, a mass escape from the North Compound was organized. There were two parties. A delousing party had been arranged, and an hour before this party was due to leave the compound, a similar party was formed up and they walked through the gates with two Gefreiters (escapers in German uniform) in charge. A few moments later a party of six senior officers walked through the compound gate with me. I was dressed as an Unteroffizier. The six senior officers were Col. Goodrich, Lt. Col. Clarke, both of the U.S. Airforce; W/Cdr. Day, W/Cdr. Tuck, Squadron Ldr. Jennings, and F/Lt. Kuczginsky. The fake delousing party succeeded in getting clear of the camp, but were all re-captured later. My party was stopped at the second gate, as the guard recognized me. I was able to hide my German money, but my false German papers were found. The senior officers were punished with seven days in the cells. I was held pending inquiries for 48 days and then punished with ten days "hard."

On the 24th of March 1944, a mass escape took place from the North Compound of Stalag Luft III by means of a tunnel which had taken one year to construct. I was number 18 in the tunnel, priorities having been worked out by all the people taking part in the escape. Approximately 200 intending escapers were fitted out with clothing and papers, but I do not know how many of them were able to get out. The tunnel was 150 yards in length and was approximately 25 ft. below the surface, with a vertical shaft at each end. A rope was placed from the exit of the tunnel to a safe position in the woods about 15 yards from the exit, where a controlling officer gave the "all clear" by a tug on the rope.

I got out of the tunnel without incident and made my way to Sagan station, where I had to wait for three hours, as trains were delayed by a raid on Berlin. A time table had been worked out, and the controlling officer in the woods gave each man a definite train by which to travel. This plan was upset by the air raid.

On my way to the station I was accosted by a German civilian, who asked what I was doing in the woods. I was wearing the following articles of clothing which had been altered in camp: Naval jacket and trousers, an Australian greatcoat, RAF escape boots with the tops cut off, and a beret which had been made in the camp. I was posing as a Dutch worker and carrying appropriate identity papers. I told this civilian that I was a Dutch worker and that I was afraid of the police arresting me for being out of doors during an air raid. He said, "It is all right if you are with me". He escorted me to the railway station.

At the station one of the German girl censors from the camp who was on duty there, spoke to S/Ldr. Kirby-Green. This girl was suspicious of him and got a Hauptmann of the German military police to examine his papers. While this was being done the girl spoke to me. She asked me a number of questions, but I was able to satisfy her. The Hauptmann was satisfied with Kirby-Green's papers. During the time I was waiting at the station at Sagan I was the officer who had been number 32 in the tunnel arrive.

I purchased a second-class ticket for Alkmaar (Holland). I had the necessary Urlaubschein to do this. I travelled from Breslau to Dresden where I arrived at 1000 hrs. I spent the day in two cinemas and in the evening took a tram to the main station, where I got a train at 2000 hrs. for Bentheim. My papers were examined on four occasions during the journey. I arrived in Bentheim at 0900 hrs. on the 26th of March. My papers were examined at the frontier control and I was passed through without incident. All my magazines and newspapers were confiscated.

I purchased a ticket and travelled by train, third class, to Oldenzaal. On arrival there I purchased a ticket and travelled by train, third class, to Utrecht where I contacted a man. This man provided me with Dutch identity papers and ration cards, and gave me food and shelter for three days.

On the 29th I travelled by train to Amersfoort where I contacted a man. I stayed with this man at his home until the 14th of April when I went by train to Maastricht. I had an address where I stayed for two days, and on the 16th I travelled by bicycle to Echt, where I stayed at a house for four days. On the 19th I went by bicycle to Geulle and crossed the river Maas into Belgium at Uykhoven, escorted by a Belgian. This Belgian gave me a Belgian identity card and a bicycle. I used the cycle to travel to Hasselt where I stayed one night. On the 21st I travelled by train to Brussels.

On arrival in Brussels, I went to a house where I remained until the 24th of May. On that day I travelled by train (third class) to Paris,

where I arrived on the 26th of May. The remainder of my journey was arranged for me.

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WACINSKI, J.T.

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. P.0400
Unit: No. 304 Squadron (Polish)

This officer was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down over Belgium, when returning from a raid on Cologne on the 17th of April 1942.

Baling out over Belgium, he succeeded in evading capture and made his way southwards into France.

Although suffering from hunger, he displayed great determination in avoiding enemy patrols, and despite further hardships, safely arrived in Paris. Witbut waiting to rest, and in face of continued difficulties, he crossed into Unoccupied France, whence he ultimately reached Spain. He was repatriated to England on the 19th of August 1942.

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WALKER, Thomas

Rank: Corporal
Regtl. No. E/X 711
Unit: U.S. Marines
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This Marine, after capture in Crete, escaped from a train in Serbia. He was sheltered by peasants and acquired a working knowledge of the language. Later he joined the British Mission, commanded by Colonel Bailey, attached to General Mihailovic where they did good work ciphering and deciphering and were invaluable as Liaison NCO's to the Mission. They were with the Mission for 18 months. Their work was invaluable and the reputation they had with the Serbs was of the greatest propaganda value.

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WALLER, J.

Rank: Private
Regtl. No. 4388769
Unit: Green Howards
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

I was captured on the 22nd of May 1940, south of Arras. I was searched

and my paybook taken from me. I was taken to Cambrai and then by train, arriving at Thorn on the 9th of June, where I was put in Fort II. I was not interrogated and personal property was not taken away.

From Thorn I was sent to Knitz on the 15th of July, a working camp. I had one letter. There was one Red Cross parcel between 20 men, containing food but no cigarettes, although "cigarettes" was written on the parcel. Letters were censored.

At Fort 17 there was an RSM called Davidson, who was very friendly with the Germans. He made NCOs salute an English private because he could speak German. We were punished if we stole raw materials. He reported us to the Germans and we got seven days in the cells with no blankets.

At Thorn there was also a POW who acted as interpreter. He spoke German perfectly and used to go out with the Commandant and could go in and out of the camp without being stopped.

Once a German General and a high Air Force officer came and questioned a Welsh POW about the chances of landing paratroops in Wales. The Welshman said that the only way to get there is to swim. They said he ought to be ashamed of wearing English uniform.

The Camp Leader at Konitz was Sgt. Nursery, appointed by seniority.

I escaped on the night of the 21st of September, forcing a window. Other privates were with me. We then forced the barbed wire with an axe. The sentries were partly drunk, it being Saturday night. They were mostly elderly men.

We travelled south by night for seven days to Tuchel, and were nearly caught in a haystack. A German spotted us in a wood and called the police, who surrounded us, but we got away. We then split into two parties of three, and have not heard of the other three since then.

We got civilian clothes and a compass from an American Pole at Schwetz who also got us a boat to cross the Vistula. We journeyed through Wabreszno to Rypin, where we came in contact with an organization with headquarters at Biezun. We lived at different houses and the Poles gave us food, clothing and collected 200 marks for us. We subsequently had to get off on our own and ran into the organization again later on. We went through Mlawa and Makow and crossed the frontier near Ostrow on the 24th of February 1941 at night.

We were captured by about 20 Russian guards, with dogs and night flares when we were 200 yards across the frontier. They thought we were Poles and treated us very badly. We were in prison at Lomza for a month, five weeks at Minsk and were then taken to the internment camp where we met the rest of the party, and our subsequent story is the same as theirs, being released on the 8th of July.

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WALLINGTON, Walter Frederick

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 43339
Unit: No. 487 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

On the 9th of October 1943, Wallington was detailed to lead a formation of six Mosquitos to attack the aircraft factory at Metz, France. As Wallington crossed the enemy coast with his formation at low level, his aircraft was hit by flak which damaged his elevators and rendered his aircraft uncontrollable. He managed to gain height to 900 feet by opening his engines before the aircraft went into a spin. He ordered his navigator to bale out and just managed to bale out himself at 200 ft.

Wallington landed in the most heavily defended coastal zone near Gent and after brilliantly evading the German patrols, managed to escape back to this country. For this fine example of airmanship, courage and fortitude, I strongly recommend him for the immediate award of the Military Cross.

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WALTON, Rae

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. 43117
Unit: No. 120 Squadron, Coastal Command
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross

I was captain of Liberator I aircraft D of my squadron. On the 28th of May 1942, we took off from Stornoway on a reconnaissance of the Norwegian coast at approximately 0700 hours. On the completion of the patrol we were near the south of Vestfjord and were attacked by three Me 109's. We were badly damaged by the end of the fight, which lasted approximately 20 minutes, and was over by about 1745 hrs. The first wireless operator was injured during the fight. We believe we shot down one Me and damaged a second.

About 15 minutes after the fight, various parts of the aircraft had fallen off and two or three engines were out of action and the aircraft, by this time completely unmanoeuverable, crashed into the sea at 150 mph. indicated air speed. The aircraft broke up and all seven of the crew were thrown into the water. Having ascertained that the first and third wireless operators were dead, the remaining five of us climbed into the two dinghies and collected the two emergency packs from the water.

We were able to see land as we rose on the wave top, so we rowed in that direction. Two days later the navigator died, we believe from exposure, a few hours before we landed on an island. We cast the body of the navigator adrift, in one of the dinghies, which was badly holed. After landing we cut the dinghy up, and after attempting to burn it, hid it carefully in the rocks. We stayed two days on these rocks, then during

the second night, walked north to the next bay where there was a village. On rounding a corner we suddenly encountered two German soldiers, to whom we were compelled to surrender. We all four feigned extreme fatigue and injury, and made out we could not walk. After a discussion, one of the soldiers went, apparently for help, and after we had made sure he had disappeared, we effected our escape from the remaining German and escaped into the rocks surrounding the hillside. On the mountainside we reached the next bay, where we hid for the night and stole a little food from a single shack. The next night we stole a rowing boat and crossed to the mainland. Here we adopted the plan of walking at night and sleeping or hiding during the days in the mountains or woods, and stealing what food we could from single houses. Keeping as a rough direction the higher mountains in the east, we walked for many days and nights, until after walking for three days and nights on end, from the last house, we crossed the Swedish-Norwegian border on the 30th of June 1942, on the Swedish side of which we found a Lapp's hut, but where we were discovered within a few hours by the Swedes - one of them was an auxiliary policeman. He took us to Merkenes.

Flight Sergeant Allgood was shot and killed in the aircraft and seen floating dead in the water by me on the 28th of May 1942.

Flight Sergeant Culnane sustained a certain amount of head injury during the crash into the water, and later died in the dinghy and was seen dead by me on the 30th of May

Sergeant Smith sustained wounds in the thigh during the combat and was seen by me later, when he was floating dead in the water on the 28th of May 1942.

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WARBURTON, L.A.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 992847
Unit: No. 101 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches 1/1/43

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which bombed Cologne on the 31st of August 1941. He was attacked by night fighters on the return journey and compelled to bale out near Maastricht. He was given food and civilian clothing by peasants and made his way across the Albert Canal without being challenged. After sleeping in the fields that night, he called at a farmhouse where the "V" sign was chalked on the walls. Here he was given a bicycle and on the 6th of September, reached Brussels. He remained in Brussels until the 9th of November, when he left with a guide, to go to Gibraltar. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 4th of March 1942.

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WARDLE, H.N.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 41761
Unit: RAF
Award: Military Cross

This is the story in Wardle's words, of his subsequent journey after escape, with Captain P.R. Reid, RASC.

On the 15th of October we walked across country east and south. Lay up in the woods all day. On the following day we walked south and west across the Mulde River and lay up in the woods. Having washed, shaved and cleaned our clothes, we walked to Penig along roads, arriving at 1330 hrs.

At 1730 hrs. we left by train for Zwickau, arriving there at 1900 hrs. Bought tickets for 0115 hrs. Schnellzug for Munich. Went to the cinema to help pass the time. From 2300 hrs. to 0300 hrs. on the 17th we spent waiting in the waiting room, the train having been delayed two hours by an air raid.

We left Munich, arriving 1030 hrs. Had one control by civilian, status unknown. Had coupon-free meal at Munich, of soup, potatoes, vegetables - quite appetizing and temporarily filling, but containing no sustaining food value.

We took tickets to Rottwell, and then by Schnellzug via Augsburg Ulm to Tuttlingen, where we arrived at 1730 hrs. By mistake we took the road going southeast, located by accident a new well-camouflaged factory. We retraced our steps, turning southwest and slept in the woods.

By Swiss frontier map and a half-inch diameter brass compass, we walked across country and by secondary roads only. Near Welschingen we were surprised and suspected by a forester while lunching in a wood, so we travelled fast. We arrived at Binningen at 1300 hrs. and continued straight on to Riedheim-Hilzingen, along the frontier road, and to the hills between Hilzingen and Singen. At 1800 hrs. we began reconnaissance in daylight to find Neave's fork. Unfortunately, our arrival at what must have been this fork coincided with the passing of a cyclist patrol and it was necessary to continue walking to Singen for appearance's sake. At the junction of the Hilzingen-Singen main road and the Gottemadingen-Singen road, we were stopped by an Army sentry at a post which seemed to be permanent. Papers were examined and explanations demanded. These were given satisfactorily and we continued on our way. Out of sight of the sentry we broke off the road northwards, and in a wide circle, returned to the original point from which our reconnaissance had begun. Now knowing our position, we proceeded west along a road in the woods, arrived at a wide gap in the woods on the left-hand side, with the road turning northwest, proceeding along the edge of the woods, which brought our direction gradually around to south. We crossed the double railway line and approached the Singen-Gottemadingen road very carefully. We entered the woods in sight of a road proceeding east, to locate the fixed sentry post. We found a

sentry box on the north side of the road, about 250 yds. east of the edge of the wood. We placed ourselves midway between this post and the edge of the wood. We took a compass bearing (magnetic south) which pointed to the left-hand edge of dark low woods about 1,000 yds. across open fields. The moon was behind clouds, visibility in the field about 200 yds. We crossed the road quietly and ran, crouching across the fields for 500 yds. We continued at walking pace on magnetic south bearing , which took us straight to Ramsen across open country the whole way.

At 2000 hrs. a few lights were showing in Ramsen. We gave ourselves up in the village to the local Swiss police authorities.
(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

WARDLE, William John

Rank: Leading Aircraftman
Regtl. No. 915207
Unit: No. 121 Maintenance Unit
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was taken prisoner on the 20th of June 1942, during the defence of Tobruk, and was imprisoned in Camp 73 at Carpe. The Germans took the camp over on the 9th of September 1943, and the following night, after cutting the wire, Wardle climbed through and effected his escape. He arrived at Bosco Di Oricola on the 16th of January 1944, and for the following five months, he and two companions were fed by some Italians. On the 9th of June 1944, while at Carsoli, they were recaptured by the Germans. He was forced to accompany his captors in their retreat. When the convoy had been travelling for some two hours, Wardle jumped from a moving truck. Two days later he encountered Allied troops at Vivaro Romano. Throughout, Wardle displayed courage of a high standard.

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WAREING, Philip Thomas

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 748091
Unit: No. 616 Squadron, Fighter Command
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

I took off from Kenley between 1700 and 1730 hrs. on the 25th of August 1940, on defensive patrol and after intercepting some German aircraft over the Channel, was involved in a dog-fight over the French coast, during which I was shot down. I baled out and came down about a mile south of Calais and about a quarter of a mile from a German aerodrome.

The Germans had seen me coming down and surrounded me immediately, just after I had got my parachute off. I was taken to the aerodrome and searched, but had nothing on me. I was not interrogated, though I had some general conversation with German pilots.

Next day I was taken by car to Brussels to a prison, where I was two nights alone in a cell. I was not interrogated in prison and saw no one but the guard.

On the 28th of August I was flown to Germany, probably to Hanover. I arrived in the evening. About half an hour later, was sent by car to Dulag Luft (Oberursel, near Frankfurt). After being left for about four hours in a bedroom cell, I was visited by a man in Army uniform who produced a Red Cross form. He said he must have my squadron and group. I said at first that I could not give that information, and he showed me a long list of officers who appeared to have given their squadron and group numbers. I then gave gave him the information. He also asked which station I had come from and whether Kenley aerodrome had been badly bombed. I gave no definite answer to the last question. I was later visited by the Commandant who engaged me in general conversation, asking seemingly innocent questions. He also asked me if Kenley had been badly bombed. I did not give him a definite answer. The conversation lasted about half an hour.

After being left alone for an hour or two, I was taken into the camp proper and put in a room with seven other sergeants. I was kept in Dulag for about 2½ weeks.

I was moved to Stalag Luft (Barth) on the 8th or 9th of September, and remained there until April 1942. I do not know of any attempted escapes being made in this camp during my stay.

On the 18th of April 1942, the whole camp was moved to Stalag Luft III (Sagan). I was interested in several tunnel schemes there, but none of the tunnels got outside the wire.

I was moved to Oflag XXIB (Schubin) towards the end of September 1942, having volunteered to go there as an orderly with one of the officers' "purges", because I had heard escape was easier in Poland. Our boots were taken from us on the train journey, on which there were also two guards to every three POW.

At Schubin, Army privates were allowed out of the camp to go to the railway station in the town for bread and coal. After a time, RAF sergeants who had a good reputation, were allowed to go out on similar duties under escort - generally one guard to two POW, and in the case of the coal party, four guards to ten POW. I had been out twice before I escaped. On the first occasion, I had not time to make any preparations, and on the second, when I had made preparations, someone else tried to escape, which made the guards suspicious. Two officers got out of the camp by changing places with orderlies, but both were caught by civilians.

On the 15th of December, I heard that a bread party was expected and got myself put on the general duties roster, which meant inclusion in the party. The bread did not however, come that day. Next day, just before the bread party went out, I changed places with an RAF sergeant. The guards at the gate were suspicious, but let me out when I explained I had taken the other sergeant's place to allow him to go to tea. The bread arrived at the railway station at Schubin in a closed wagon. Our lorry was backed up to the wagon and the bread unloaded. During the operation one of the POW dropped a loaf on the line by accident. I had intended doing so in any

case. I squeezed between the wagon and the lorry, got underneath the truck, and ran across two sets of lines and two platforms. A German driver had come out of the wagon with me, but he got into the cab of the lorry and started the engine. The other guards were in the wagon and could not have seen me. I heard no shots, so I do not think any of the Germans can have seen me go. It had just got dark - 1700 hours.

My equipment for the escape was:

Army boots; Army officer's slacks (faded and dirty); RAF NCO's tunic. This I had altered myself. I had taken off the pockets and badges and sewn them on lightly. Once I escaped I tore them off and the tunic looked like a civilian jacket. I also had a cap (home made from RAF slacks) and new socks. I was wearing an Army greatcoat when I left the camp, but discarded it in the lorry. I also had a comb, a pocket mirror, soap, and shaving kit. I washed on the journey, but did not require a shave.

Food: Packet of 30-40 hard German biscuits, issued in lieu of a day's bread ration. Three tins of Red Cross cheese; one packet of Canadian cheese; one block of sugar; two tins of Horlick's tablets (sent by my mother in a medical comforts parcel); one tin Yeatex and chewing gum.

Compass: one I had made myself during the winter of 1940.

Maps: two - Schubin-Danzig; one - Schubin-Bromberg and one of Schubin-Danzig. I got these four maps in the camp where I had them copied on a pad made from table jellies. The maps were made by F/Lt. Clayton. I got them from the Escape Committee.

I had no water bottle with me. I carried all the food distributed about my clothes. The biscuits which were inside my long pants at the top of my socks, got wet as I was crossing some marshes just south of Schubin.

From Schubin station I ran southeast, across country past the village of Blumenthal into the woods. I then turned northeast, and after passing another POW camp, skirted the northeast side of Netzwalde and joined the main road to Bromberg. Two cyclists passed me, but I saw them some distance off and hid in a ditch by the road. I took great precautions at a bridge over the canal, which was believed in the camp to be guarded, but there was no guard. I continued to a level crossing near Schwedenhohe. Here I saw a light and heard someone cough. I turned northwest into the woods until I came to a railway which I followed into Prinzenthal, west of Bromberg. I climbed a cutting and got on to a common, where I hid in bushes on seeing three or four people with torches - one also had a dog. In the early morning, I followed workers going to Bromberg. In the town I must have turned around, for after a time I found myself back on the road to Netzwalde near the railway crossing. I hid in the woods on the south side of the road about 0830 hrs. on the 17th of December.

I had intended to lie up for the day, on a bed of twigs I made myself. About 0930 hrs. however, an old Pole in tattered clothes came along and looked at me. He went away without speaking. I could also hear people working nearby, so I decided to move. I moved south and then east through Bromberg Forst, a closely planted pine wood with rides between the plantations. I walked slowly, using my compass, and resting occasionally. During the day I skirted an aerodrome. Eventually I stopped at a main road running north and south. I hid on the east side of the road from about noon until 1500 hrs. I then started walking north along the road towards Bromberg.

In one of the main streets of Bromberg, I stole an old bicycle standing at the curb. I took the Danzig road and headed for Graudenz. The cycle was not much good and I walked and cycled alternately. There were signposts all the way, and a moon in the early part of the night. I turned off the Danzig road - just north of Gruppe and crossed the Vistula by what seemed a temporary wooden bridge. There were German traffic policemen on both sides of the bridge (on which there was only single traffic), and sentries at intervals of about 100 yds. The bridge was about half a mile long. There were MG nests at both ends. I reached Graudenz about 0800 hours on the 18th.

We had heard in the camp that British soldiers had got boats for Sweden at Graudenz, but although I walked north along the river as far as Feste Courbiere, I saw only river steamers and barges, and no facilities for larger boats. I returned to Graudenz and rode up to the railway station which I entered by a porters' entrance. I could see no notices indicating passenger trains to Danzig and no goods trains that seemed bound for there. I did not risk examining the goods trains too closely, and did not go into the main booking hall.

At the station, I exchanged my cycle for a new one, which I saw a German leave outside. I went back through Graudenz and re-crossed the bridge over the Vistula. The guard stopped two Germans in uniform and turned one back. While he was doing this, I rode round the group, and crossed the bridge without being challenged.

I rested under a bridge just northwest of Michelau and had some food. I set off again about 1400 hrs. and rejoining the main road to Danzig, cycled through Neuenburg and Mewe. At one stage, I found a big can of milk beside the road and helped myself. I reached Mewe about dusk, feeling very done in, and sleptfrom about 1700 hrs. until 0300 hrs. in a haystack north of the town.

I set off again between 0300 and 0400 hrs., continuing along the main road. I talked to a British soldier who was working with German civilians on the road, and got from him the erroneous information that the docks were in the centre of Danzig. I passed through Praust and entered Danzig at Petershagen, where I turned right and took a street which I believe was the Langarter Wall. I followed it for some time, but as I got no nearer the harbour, I turned back. I walked about for several hours - I am not certain of the ground I covered - and with difficulty got into the harbour.

I followed a small inlet for some time, but saw no large ships. Finding I could not get any further, I turned back. I spent an hour in a public park, having "lunch" and then returned to the main part of the town. A Pole promised to show me the docks, but simply took me back to where I had already been. He also tried to buy me bread, but as the shops were full of Germans, he was not allowed to enter. The Pole left me at the harbour.

In the evening I left the town on the east side, and walked along a road parallel to the Wasserlager-Platze, which I hoped to cross. There were no free ferries, however, and I had no money. I had left my money in the camp by mistake and had had only 10 pfennig, which I gave to a Hitler Youth who was collecting for the Winter Help Work. I slept in an unfurnished house from about 2100 hrs. to 0300 hrs. on the 20th of December. Once a man, probably from a neighbourhood farm, cane into the house and flashed a torch. I left the house as he came in, and he did not see me.

In the morning, I cycled east for six or seven miles, but could not reach the sea. I then returned to Danzig via Strohdeich. I succeeded in getting into part of the harbour - probably the Kaiserhafen - where I saw ships. A Policeman approached and I made a detour, returning to the ships. I could see three or four with Swedish flags, and two were flying the Blue Peter. To avoid the sentries posted on the quay beside the ships, I hid myself and the cycle in stacks of timber beside some railway lines. From this hiding place, I watched the boats for about an hour, during which one left. After that I came out just as the guard was being changed. When they had passed - there were about eight soldiers - I walked in the direction of the ships. I walked slowly along to the last boat which was loading coal. As I approached,the guard on the gangway turned and strolled away. I just walked up the gangway. Three or four other guards saw me, but did nothing.

I got straight into the main forward hold into which coal was being loaded. I went in by the hatch which was not then being used, and climbed down the side of the hold, dropping on to the coal. I got right forward and hid against the side, moving later to the back of the hold. I got into the hold about 0930 hrs. and remained there all day.

When the hold was about three-quarters full about a dozen Russians and two or three Germans came in to trim the coal. I hid behind a pillar. Several Russians saw me, but I said to one "Angliski pilot". He told the others and none of them said anything. It was dark by now and the Russians were working by floodlight. Between 2000 and 2100 hrs. the Russians were taken out, probably for a meal. I then forced a trap door into the trimming bunker. There was no one there and I dug a hole in the coal at the side of the ship and hid myself.

Next morning, the Germans searched the boat. One came quite close to me, flashing a torch. They were quite a long time in the main hall (the crew told me later that the search of the ship had lasted two hours; the Germans saying they were searching for an escaped POW). The boat sailed

about 0900 hours.

I was in hiding for three and a half days altogether. I was by this time pretty weak and had had no water. Each night, after the ship sailed, I spent alongside a boiler. I left my hiding place in the early morning of the 23rd of December and went out for air. One of the crew saw me. A second man brought me bread. I asked him not to tell the captain, as we had heard in the camp of escapers being taken back to Danzig by skippers. A third man was brought who spoke good English, and the crew agreed not to give me away. They were all very friendly and brought me water every half hour. They told me the ship would be docking at Halmstad about 1400 hrs. and promised to keep me until dusk and help me ashore. I was taken to the crews' quarters and got a wash and a meal. One of the crew became scared and it was decided to tell the captain. The captain was friendly, but said he must fetch the police.

The police took me straight to their headquarters in Halmstad, where they took details about me, and said I would be interned. I asked them to telephone the British Consul. There was none in the town, but they got in touch with a British resident, who telephoned the Consul in Gothenburg and got me clothes. I was three days in Halmstad, sleeping at the police station and spending the daytime with British residents. I travelled to Stockholm via Helsinborg with a member of the Legation staff, arriving on the 28th of December.

I found on my journey that I did not require all my food. After the first night, I never felt hungry. The cheese and the Yeatex were particularly good. I was not troubled by thirst, possibly because of the damp, misty weather.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

WARREN, Jean Louis N.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 136975
Unit: No. 434 Squadron, RCAF
Award: British Empire Medal

Warren was a member of the crew of a Halifax bomber which was shot down over Cologne in November 1943. He got clear of the burning wreckage and hid in a haystack for the night. In the morning he left his hiding place and walked across fields most of the day, keeping in the woods at night. He was weak as the result of wounds and bruises sustained when the aircraft crashed, that he eventually went to a farm and gave himself up. He was imprisoned in Dulag Luft at Wetzlar, and sent on to Stalag IVB (Muhlberg). On the 12th of March 1944, Warren made his first attempt to escape by joining a party of French prisoners going out for supplies. When the party reached the stores, he broke away and went to a cemetery, where by prearrangement, he was to have met a Canadian airman who had previously escaped.

On arrival, Warren learned that the other airman had been recaptured and the guards had been reinforced. As he had neither food nor maps, Warren decided to return to the camp undetected. On the 1st of May 1944, he made a further attempt, using the same method as before. He met an RAF officer and both successfully evaded the search parties and guards for five days. Four other escapers soon joined them, and all managed to get on a train carrying rolls of paper to Holland. On arrival in Holland, the party split up and Sgt. Warren and one companion travelled north until they made contact with the Dutch Underground Movement at Borne. They stayed for five weeks and then moved on to Nijverdal, owing to the activities of the Germans. Early in August 1944, Warren moved to Zwolle and hid in a boat until the end of the month when he was given shelter in a castle near Hattem. The German search parties were very active, but he successfully evaded them and eventually reached Corssel where he remained for eight weeks. Of this period, six weeks were spent hiding in a cave under a pigsty, in company with two Poles and a Dutchman. The Germans made a surprise search and the members of the party were ultimately arrested. After brutal treatment, they were taken to the Landwach prison. Although Warren produced his RAF identity discs, he was treated as a "terrorist", and badly manhandled during interrogation; after which he was put in a cell measuring 12 ft. x 6 ft. with 13 others. For three weeks they remained in the cell, no one being allowed out for any purpose. Later he was taken to an empty house for interrogation and further brutal treatment was carried out. Eventually Sgt. Warren was moved to Oxelhoft, where conditions were even worse. On the 1st of February 1945, he and 93 others were put into two box cars and sent to Germany. During the journey, some of the party pried open the window of a truck and made an attempt to escape, but the guards saw them and opened fire. Sgt. Warren succeeded in getting away and evading capture by walking all night, through water waist-high. The next night he made contact with an underground organization, and was taken to Lobith. The next night an attempt to cross the Rhine was made, but those who tried had to return to the starting point owing to strong enemy opposition. The party was then taken to a farm by a Dutch nurse and given shelter. On the 22nd of February 1945, the Germans ordered all farms to be evacuated, so Warren and some others posed as members of the farmer's family and moved with them. Later he posed as a Dutch policeman in order to prevent being taken again. He continued to evade capture until liberated by British Forces in April 1945.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

WATKINS, William Edwin

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. 162644
Unit: No. 263 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

Watkins joined this squadron when they were equipped with Whirlwind aircraft, and he took part in 14 offensive operations of low level and

dive-bombing attacks. These included a very successful dive-bomb attack on the Hardelot gun positions on the 8th of September 1943; and a low level attack on the 28th of October on the important German vessel, "Munsterland" lying in Cherbourg harbour. In addition, he participated in three offensive operations at night, in one of which he destroyed his target, the railway lines near Plouaret according to plan.

He became a very dependable and trusted member of the squadron, and when the re-equipment to Typhoons was completed, he was one of the first to become operational on the new type. His offensive sorties on Typhoons included dive-bombing of No-ball targets through intense and accurate flak, and a sweep around Mondesir during which he damaged an enemy aircraft on the ground. Soon after Mondesir, his aircraft was hit by flak and he was forced to bale out near Rambouillet. This occurred on the 13th of February 1944, but he managed to evade capture and returned to his country on the 29th of April. It says much for his determination and courage that he managed to hide for ten weeks, thus evading search parties and the constant dangers which pursue a fugitive in enemy territory.

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WATSON, John Henry

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. J.7802
Unit: No. 419 Squadron, RCAF
Awards: Military Cross

On the night of the 16th of June 1942, this officer was the navigator of a Wellington aircraft detailed to attack a target at Essen. Owing to engine trouble it was necessary to abandon the aircraft while over Belgium. Watson descended after he had destroyed all secret equipment. He alighted in some bushes, discarded his parachute, and after walking for three hours, came to some woods near Antwerp. Here he buried the remainder of his equipment and rested for awhile, until he noticed a farmhouse in the distance. He saw a woman whom he approached, and, having asked for help, he was taken to the farmhouse where he was given food and shelter in a loft. Some time later a farmhand gave Watson other clothes and a bicycle. Two guides then escorted him to another house where he was placed in touch with an organization through which he made a safe return to this country. Throughout he showed high courage and determination.

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WEAVER, Claud

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. R.83374
Unit: No. 185 Squadron
Awards: Member of the British Empire

On the 9th of September 1942, this officer was pilot of an aircraft engaged in operations over Sicily. The aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire and so badly damaged that he was forced to land it on the beach at Comiso where he was immediately taken prisoner by the Italians. During many months in prisoner-of-war camps in Italy, Weaver made two unsuccessful attempts to escape. Finally on the 17th of September 1943, by which time the Germans had taken over the camp, he was then in (at Chieti), he managed to regain his liberty. He was one of a party who had obtained forged passes and who by posing as Italian workmen, hoped to make their way to the 8th Army positions. Each member had a homemade compass and all reached Agnons on the 18th of September. Here they slept in straw stacks outside the town. The party pushed on, and on the 24th of September, Weaver sustained a sprained ankle. A mule was obtained for him and on this, he rode to La Capiscola; eventually reaching the 8th Army headquarters on the 27th of September 1943.

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WEAVER, William Alfred

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 1258218
Unit: No. 38 Squadron, Bomber Command, RAF
Awards: Military Medal

I took off from Shalufa, Egypt, in a Wellington aircraft, on the 12th of November 1941, on a raid on Benghazi. About 100 miles west of Tobruk we had engine trouble and could not maintain height. We made a forced landing on the beach. We were arrested as soon as we got out of the aircraft.

I had managed to obtain an Italian soldier's uniform and about 1930 hrs. on the 22nd of February 1942, I joined on to a guard patrol and walked out of the camp (Chiavari). I had with me 102 lire and some bread and cheese. I hid in a quarry overnight and next morning I took a train from Bogliasco to Genoa. I took an electric tram across Genoa and then walked to Pegli. From there I caught a train to Pietra Liguare. I hid in a military engineers' store overnight and next morning I started walking towards Imperia. I became very lame and had to turn back to Pietra Liguare station. I sat on a bench on the platform, and after telling a civilian next to me that I was a Rumanian, I asked him for information about trains. A little later an Italian sergeant-major sat on the other side of me and started talking. He saw that I had a civilian railway ticket in my hand. He suggested that he should accompany me to the booking office and get me a military ticket at a reduced rate. I said I did not want to bother to do this. He at once became suspicious and took me to the military authorities. I still carried out my pretense of being a Rumanian and spoke Welsh very rapidly to bear this out.

I was sent to the police station and then sent back to Campo 59. When I arrived back at Chiavari the police thumped me all over my body and punched me in the face. I was given 40 days' cells. The camp leader later complained to the Red Cross about this sentence, which was in excess

of the maximum allowed for escaping, but no action was ever taken. After I had completed 39½ days' solitary confinement, I was transferred to Camp 52.

I took part in several abortive tunnel schemes.

About the 7th of September 1942, 16 of us started to dig a tunnel which went from one of the huts to the Red Cross parcels hut outside. We completed this tunnel and got out about 0100 hrs. on the 22nd. With me were Sgt. Grimwood, RAF; Sgt. Kennea, RAF; Sgt. Coulson, RA, and Cpl. Westwood, Parachutists.

I had met Cpl. Westwood at Bari, where I was in charge of the camp. When he escaped for a day I covered him up. For this I was sentenced to 25 days' cells - for ten of these days I was to be manacled. After I had been manacled for three and a half days, I was transferred to Camp 59 and although I completed my sentence, I was not manacled again.

We reached Civitanov that afternoon. While we were walking through the street, Kennea was stopped by some carabinieri. He did not speak Italian and when he was stopped, he called to me to explain to the carabinieri who he was. Coulson was also caught that afternoon. I was sent back to Camp 52 and given 30 days' cells. When I had completed this sentence, I was transferred to Camp 53 on the 24th of January 1943.

At Macerata, I obtained two Italian soldiers' uniforms - one for myself and one for another man who, at the last moment, decided that he did not want to try to escape. As Cpl. Westwood (who was transferred to Camp 53 with me) was the same build, I persuaded him to come with me.

After we had changed into our uniforms, we walked over to the Italian compound, and then came back and walked out of one of the camp gates. In this way it appeared as if we were coming from the Italian HQ. I carried a pencil and paper and walked out of the gate talking Italian all the time. At 1400 hrs. the following day, when we were somewhere in the Ancona district, I passed the same man who had arrested Kennea and me at Civitanova on the 22nd of September. He recognized me at once and took Westwood and me to the police station. We were sent straight back to the camp. After this attempt my presence was checked at half hour intervals day and night.

On the 14th of September, the Italian camp commandant sent for the RAF POW's and asked for three leaders and three crews to fly three planes to Brindisi. When we arrived at Brindisi where British troops were then stationed, we were to contact a responsible British officer and ask for instructions regarding the movements of the POW's in Camp 53. I was chosen as leader of one plane and I had as a crew, three Australians. When we went down to the airfield, we found that two planes had been cancelled. It was decided that I should fly the remaining plane, but we then found that there was not enough petrol for the trip. We went back to the camp that night and the next morning we found that the distributor had been sabotaged.

On the 15th of September about 1,000 men left the camp. In my party were Sgt. Leggett, RTR; Sgt. Moriaty, RTR and Sgt. Wallace, RAOC. After we had been walking for 15 days, we had to leave Wallace behind as he could not keep the pace. Meanwhile we had been joined by Sgt. Kennea, RAF.

Our journey was as follows: Servigliano-Amandola-Comunanza-Ascoli Piceno; west of Teramo. At Teramo we spent two nights with a party of British, Canadian and Yugoslav personnel who spent their time hindering the Germans and raiding their military stores. From Teramo we went to Isola Del Gran Sasso D'Italia for two days' rest; on to Manoppello-Pennapiedimonte-Casoli-Bomba-Montmenero. On the 8th of October we were recaptured by the Germans at Montmenero. Each night for six nights, we were put in a lorry when it was dark and driven for hours. I was always under the impression that we never went very far, but only circled in the same place. I think the idea was to confuse us as to our whereabouts. At a place that I found out later to be Atessa, we were given the option of working behind the lines in Italy or being sent to a POW camp in Germany. I acted as a spokesman for the 18 other POW's with me, and said we would go to Germany.

On the 14th of October, while we were being transferred to an unknown destination by lorry, the lorry stopped in the roadway to allow another truck to pass. The two drivers got out and lit cigarettes. I noticed that the guard was not paying much attention to us. I jumped out of the lorry, bolted across a road, a vineyard, waist-deep across a river, and hid in some rough growth on a hillside on the other side of the river. At night I re-crossed the river and after walking for five days, I met the West Kents at Guglionesi . Four days before this I met five NewZealanders ad I took them along with me, and acted as interpreter. From Guglionesi I went to Foggia-Bari-Taranto-Bizerta and Algiers. I was interrogated on military matters at Guglionesi and at Foggia and Algiers I was interrogated on my escape.

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WEBB, Clifford

Rank: Warrant Officer
Regtl. No. 540410
Unit: No. 21 Squadron, Bomber Command, RAF

W/O Webb and two members of his crew reached the coast at Wissant after their aircraft had been shot down near Ardres on the 15th of June 1940. After obtaining a boat, they set out for England. For three days they were without food or water, but succeeded in reaching a spot six miles from the English coast. Fog obscured their bearings and they drifted back to the French coast. After spending two days at St. Valery they set off for Yport and were captured there on the 30th of June 1940.

During his period of captivity, W/O Webb undertook tunnelling activity. He escaped once from a working party for two days and once from Stalag Luft I. Finally in April 1945, he broke away and joined the Allied Forces.

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WESTON, J.C.

Rank:
Regtl. No. 964655
Unit: No. 104 Squadron

On the 24th of July 1942, Weston was a member of the crew of an aircraft detailed to attack shipping at Tobruk. The aircraft was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire, and descended in enemy territory. After the captain had ordered the crew to destroy all papers which might be of use to the enemy, stores were collected. A ration scheme was instituted to cover the six members of the crew, and plans were made to evade capture. On the first day the crew rested and when night came, they flashed SOS signals with a red Aldis lamp at every friendly aircraft flying to or from operations, but without success. On the second day, a party consisting of the second pilot, the wireless operator, Sgt. Barr and another gunner, set out to intercept mechanized transport in the vicinity. During the morning, several large convoys were observed, but the party took cover until, when the road was otherwise clear, a Volkswagen appeared, coming from the direction of Derna. They stepped into the road, held up their hand and the truck stopped. Its passengers were two German officers and an orderly, who, realizing the situation, reached for his gun. Barr however, covered the enemy with his revolver, and they surrendered. When they had boarded the vehicle, one of the Germans was ordered to drive down a track to the crashed aircraft where they left the enemy afoot. They then set out for friendly territory. The journey was very rough, and at 1600 hrs. on the fourth day, the car broke down and was abandoned. It was then decided to walk on, when night came, in an attempt to reach the British lines. After two hours, two sentries were observed and the party found that they had wandered into German lines, but as no challenge was made, they succeeded in avoiding the sentries and for another hour and a half, walked through a concentration of mechanical transport. Eventually they were discovered and disarmed by German troops. Early the next day, the party was transported to a POW camp near Matruh for interrogation. Later, with the exception of the wireless operator, the crew was put aboard a truck in which were several Army prisoners, and under an armed guard, they were moved off for Tobruk. Enroute a plan was evolved to obtain possession of the vehicle, and at a certain point near Sidi Barrani the guard was overpowered. After three days, during which all suffered much hardship and deprivations, the party was rescued by the drivers of two Army vehicles and conveyed to safety. Throughout, they displayed great fortitude and devotion to duty.

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WHITE, Leslie Samuel McQueen

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. NZ 413919
Unit: No. 485 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This officerleft Biggin Hill on the 22nd of August 1943, on bomber escort duty. He shot down one fockerwulf 190 before his aircraft was hit and he had to bale out, and landed west of Yvetot. He spent 19 days in various hideouts in France; finding clothes and food from the French people. He made his final escape to this country by the help of an organization.

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WILKINSON, James Stuart

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. NZ 4211042
Unit: No. 75 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

After bombing our target an enemy aircraft attacked our Lancaster from the rear, and above, knocking out our starboard inner. A second attack was made a minute or so later; this time from under the aircraft.

The controls must have been shot away as the pilot immediately shouted to bale out. It was in the area of Trouverie that I baled out from a height of 4,000 ft.

I landed in a field around the position of 715005, undid my parachute and mae west, carried it over to the side of the field, dumped them into a shallow ditch, and piled earth and leaves over them. I had a fair idea where I was because my last fix - the ground speed of the aircraft, the course we were on - was all very fresh in my mind.

I decided to work my way back going west until I struck a road. This I did and arrived at the village of Cormeilles, thence to Blangy le Chateau. Hearing German voices and transport, I dived straight into cover and shortly afterwards, two soldiers came looking for me. From about 0300 hours on the 8th of August until 2230 hrs. that night, I stayed put.

Stiff and very hungry, I made my way to the main road. I walked along the grass at the side of the road, diving into the hedges whenever I heard a car approaching. I eventually crossed the road and came to a timber yard. I heard a guard moving around, civilian or military - I cannot say. I made off across the lines and into the open again, following a road to a pretty thick wood. He made no attempt to follow me.

From about 0930 hrs. on the 9th until 1200 hrs. I walked along the road in full view of the traffic and a few isolated soldiers. I had taken

off my coat, collar and tie and walked along in my battledress, trousers, a pair of ordinary walking shoes, and a shirt and grey pullover. No one paid the slightest attention to me.

At 1200 hrs. I entered a field well off the roads and rested there until around 1400 hrs.

I set off again, this time I kept to fields and orchards, mainly to avoid the place where the staff were probably parked near the main road.

Around St. Aubin I saw what I supposed were German Batteries. I was on the rise of a hill and in between myself - I was well hidden incidentally - and the German positions, was a road in the dip running northwest to southeast.

This was around 1900 hrs. I decided to get clear of the vicinity as a number of troops and staff cars were parked around the area. I found that provided I walked on naturally, I aroused no suspicions. With my hair flopping partly over my face, my head slightly bent and providing a fair pace was maintained, nothing bothered them.

It was around the St. Aubin area that I suddenly came upon a truckload of Germans and two drivers standing by. They began to chatter to themselves. I strolled off, making for a gate at the far side of the field, towards a house. The lorry moved off slowly along the road, making in the same direction .

Before I came to the house, I saw a couple of French people who had evidently been watching this cat and dog affair of mine. They took, or appeared to take, no interest in the matter. I sat down on a tree trunk for a minute, playing with a piece of "window" I had found in the field.

I made off downthe slope and found a large drain pipe going under the road, and lay hidden until about 2300 hrs. I stayed there for about three hours.

I took an hour to cross the main road, due to traffic. Having crossed it, I nearly bumped into a couple of German sentries. Fortunately just before I got to the road, they started to talk to each other.

I made off quickly into the bracken. There I stayed until about 0700 hours. A heavy mist had fallen, so with my grey pullover and blue trousers to give me a fair camouflage, I made my way for a while until the mist began to clear. It was about the same time that I heard German voices.

I was evidently making for some kind of camp. I crawled into a ditch by the side of a road, and stayed there until about 2300 hrs. People passed by me several times during the day. I managed to tunnel myself into complete obscurity. I made several attempts to cross the road. Traffic was being stopped and examined by sentries. I eventually managed to

cross the road, passing through several orchards and fields.

From the time I landed until now I had managed to get one drink of cider. For food I ate green apples. In baling out, I lost my aids box and purse. Unfortunately I had my battledress open and they must have been jerked out of my inside pockets.

It was around 0500 hrs. on the 11th of August that I went to sleep in a ditch. I stayed there until late in the night.

I crossed a road which was guarded by sentries. I wormed my way across on my stomach. I could see one of the sentries silhouetted against the moon.

While I was making my way across, I noted gun flashes coming from a wood. I made for them, thinking that the line must be that way. This was a great mistake as between me and the woods was a river and swamp land. I passed another sentry who was leaning on a rail looking into the river. Rather than pass him again, I decided to swim the river and make for the woods and take cover on the other side, taking around four to five hours.

I eventually reached dry ground about 0400 hours.

I found a slit trench and stayed here from 0400 hrs. on the 12th of August to 2300 hrs. I was completely soaked through and thoroughly cold. At about 2300 hrs. I set off again and at about 0300 hrs. came to a village - badly shelled by artillery fire. Here I managed to find a barrel of cider.

At daylight our aircraft were dive-bombing gun positions behind me - shells also began to fly around me.

About 1200 hrs. I made my way off across the road and almost stumbled into a German patrol party. I dived behind a hedge just in time. When I made off again some half hour later, I was sighted by a soldier who signalled to me. I waved back and made for a slight slope and quickly ducked into some undergrowth.

I lay hidden until it was dark around 2300 hrs. and then made my way due west, using Polaris as my guide, and struck boggy ground with grass about 8-9 ft. high for half my journey. The other half I made my way through woods, also under water.

I had almost got through the wood when I heard a rifle bolt being "pushed home". I lay low for about half an hour. I could hear the sentry coughing and moving around quietly. I moved slowly away from him and hid in a slit trench just outside the wood, and at the side of a hedge. Their movements were noisy. Eventually they moved off. I stayed in my hideout until late that night.

On my way into Emieville, I nearly ran into a German who was lying in a ditch. About five yards short of his position, he conveniently coughed. I hit earth immediately and crawled backwards, making for the far side of thefield. Badly in eed of a drink, I crept into a bomb crater to find some water. On lifting my head I saw two rifles pointing at me. I put my hands up immediately and crawled out. They were two soldiers of the D.L.I. I was taken to Platoon - Company - to Bn. - Brigade - American Division, and then to No. 84 group.

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WILKINSON, Royce Clifford

Rank: Squadron Leader
Regtl. No. 44125
Unit: No. 174 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal and Bar
Order of the British Empire
London Gazette 6/10/42

This officer was shot down on the 3rd of May 1942, near Abbeville, while engaged on a fighter sweep over Northern France. Displaying very great coolness and ingenuity, he evaded several enemy search parties by falling in behind one of them, and after a short period of hiding and preparation, boldly boarded a train to Paris, although still dressed in RAF uniform, from which he had cut wings and pocket flaps. Continuing to show great audacity, he again took a train southwards to the Demarcation Line between Unoccupied France and Vichy territory, which he crossed on foot at night. He then found his way across the Pyrenees into Spain, from whence he was repatriated on the 1st of July 1942.

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WILLIAMS, Eric Ernest

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 17664
Unit: No. 75 Squadron (NZ)
Awards: Military Cross

Flight Lieutenant, then Pilot Officer Williams, was the bomb aimer and captain of a Stirling which set out to attack Fallersleben on the night of the 17th-18th of December 1942. The aircraft was heavily engaged by ground defences over Germany, and the controls damaged. While in this condition, when the pilot was having great difficulty in controlling the aircraft, it was attacked by a night fighter. The controls were further damaged, and the wing between the engines set on fire. The members of the crew were forced to abandon the aircraft by parachute. Williams landed safely in a wood and was taken prisoner by the Germans.

After his capture, he was sent to various POW camps and subjected to

many hardships, but he persisted in his determination to escape, and proceeded with his plans and preparations. Eventually he got away from a heavily-guarded camp in Germany. By exercising persistent courage and ingenuity of a very high order, he and a companion succeeded in making their way out of Germany, and eventually they returned to this country. (See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

WILLIS, A.J.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 908253
Unit: No. 104 Squadron

On the 24thof July 1942, Willis and his crew were detailed for operations over Tobruk to attack shipping. The aircraft took off at 2200 hrs. from base Kabrit and reached the target at 0200 hrs. on the 25th. There were seven-tenths cloud over the target and as flares were to be dropped at 0215, the aircraft circled for 20 minutes. No flares were seen dropped, but at 0220 heavy flak opened up through cloud. The first salvo was avoided, but an isolated burst hit the aircraft at 8,500 ft. under the port wing, along the fuselage on the port side, and in the rear turret. The glycol pipe in the port engine and the port petrol tank were holed. The rear gunner's leg was grazed by flying splinters.

The bombs were jettisoned, probably near the target, but were not seen. The aircraft set course for Base and meanwhile everything moveable was jettisoned - guns, bomb-sight, ammunition, flares, incendiaries and some Verey cartridges. When 50 miles southeast of Tobruk, the starboard engine began to over-heat and the aircraft, which had by then lost height to 4,000 feet, now began to lose height even more rapidly. Course was altered to avoid Sollum, but the aircraft hit the ground at 31.25 north and 25.20 east.

The crew collected themselves and found there were no casualties. The aircraft had made a belly landing, nose down, and the bottom of the aircraft had been ripped away up to a height of three feet. The rear gun turret was six feet off the ground, but the gunner did not know it, and had an unexpected fall when he stepped out of his turret.

The navigator then established and checked their position by Astro and the Captain ordered all the crew to search their pockets and destroy any papers which might accidentally be there. The folly of carrying any documents on such a flight was a point which the Squadron Intelligence Officer had frequently emphasized, and was obviously well understood by the Captain when he gave this order. Everyone obeyed, except Sgt. Hartley; this disobedience has proved disastrous to him.

Stores were then collected. The dinghy was pulled out. Incidentally it remained inflated only 10 minutes, and the dinghy stores were found complete together with a yellow bag containing three Marine Distress

signals, six tins of tomato juice, one torch, a first-aid kit, and a quantity of sacking. The crew also had the aircraft desert rations and three emergency aid boxes. As for water, there were five gallons in the aircraft ten-gallon tank, and 11 full water bottles. The Syko cards and the Syko machine, the I.F.F. and all maps and charts, except the 1/500,000 of Matruh and Cairo were destroyed. The aircraft was not destroyed in accordance with orders. Also it was discovered that the aircraft was lying only two miles from the main road, although hidden from it. A fire would certainly attract undesirable attention.

A ration scheme was instituted as follows: there were two main meals a day, breakfast and an evening meal. Breakfast consisted of one tin of tomator juice, a handful of biscuits, four packets of chewing gum and 18 Horlick's Malted Milk tablets, amongst six people. At dusk, one tin of bully beef, one tin of chocolate and a handful of biscuits were divided among the six. Tea was made twice a day, but sometimes only once a day. One thermos cupful was given to each person.

It was decided to rest the first day and the crew wrapped themselves up in parachute silk for protection from the sun, and crawled under the wings of the aircraft. Before settling down for the day the reconnoitred to the south in the hope of finding water at Sawani el Arakib, which they calculated was very close, but they never found it.

As the day wore on, traffic could be heard on the road, and SM 81's and JU 52's maintained a constant service both east and west, flying very low along the road; the eastbound traffic flying along the road, the westbound along the escarpment to the south.

At about 1200 hours three Arabs on camels were sighted to the south and three of the crew went out to them and beckoned. When the Arabs came up, they were shown the ghoolie chit (or blood chit), but this seemed to mean nothing to them. They gave each man a mouthful of water, but on the whole were unfriendly, saying "mush qois Engleezi". When an Italian aircraft appeared flying low, they hurriedly made off. At 1500 hrs. another Arab alone, appeared from the west and moved towards the aircraft. The crew went to him, but he was not helpful either. When questioned about the water at Arakib, he replied, "Mafish moya" and also added "Mush qois Ingleezi".

The evening meal was eaten at 1800 hrs. and afterwards another attempt was made to find the water hole at Arakib, and also to reconnoitre the road. It had been decided to hold up some form of M.T. to reach the front line. The only traffic they saw on the road was a heavily loaded motor cycle, a Diesel trailer, and a light truck in the course of a long wait. The patrol returned to the aircraft at 0200 hrs. on the 26th.

During the night preceding this day, the Captain signalled with a red Aldis lamp SOS No. 104 Squadron at every Wellington flying to or from

operations. No acknowledgment was received.

Breakfast was eaten at dawn and a party consisting of the two gunners, the wireless operator and the second pilot, went back to the road at eight o'clock to stop M.T. They were due to return at 1300 hrs. in any case. The patrol reached the road at 1000 hrs., having unfortunately wasted 30 minutes stalking a truck which turned out to be derelict. In the course of the morning, they saw two eastbound convoys of 15 and 19 trucks, and one westbound convoy of 8 trucks; this last being stopped by the side of the road. In addition, numerous lorries were seen travelling individually in both directions. They crossed the road, the second pilot and rear gunner hid in a burnt-out lorry and the other two behind a pile of stones. They waited two hours and then at a moment when the road was otherwise clear a Volkswagen appeared, coming from Derna with three up. Sgt. Barr stepped out into the road, held up his hand and the truck stopped. The passengers consisted of two officers in front and an orderly sitting behind, who reached for his gun. The patrol piled into the Volkswagen and at this moment, trucks appeared going both east and west. The Germans were ordered to drive a little way east along the road, and then to turn south down a track towards the aircraft. On the way, one of the officers asked in English if they were aircrew who had crashed, said he was a doctor, and asked if there were any wounded. He was told that there were no wounded, and then he asked what they wanted. The answer was his car. His name was Doctor Berg of the 15th Panzer Division. He wore a single Gold star on his shoulder and had been 18 months in Libya and Egypt. Previous to that he had been in France, and often lapsed into French in his conversation. The medical orderly's name was Wagner. No information was gathered concerning the officer who was the third passenger in the car.

The car was found to be well stocked, containing 12 gallons of petrol, a 24-gallon water tank, full, and a full 10=litre water container. Five litres of coffee, a water bottle full of coffee and a bottle full of wine, together with tins of meat, vegetables and some bread and cheese. A mae west was filled with water from the aircraft container, which in turn was filled with 100 octane fuel. It was proposed to dilute this with paraffin for use in the car. All the party's food was transferred to the car and the bedding belonging to the Germans was removed from it. In the car were found a Colt Automatic, a Luger and two rifles, with ammunition. The crew also relieved the Germans of their cigars and cigarettes. The doctor was asked to promise on his honour to stand by the aircraft for an hour after the British had gone, in exchange for leaving them unharmed. This promise was kept for at least half an hour, as the Germans could still be seen by the aircraft half an hour's journey away.

The party set off in the car at 1400 hrs. southwards towards the escarpment, along a previous military road. They came across an abandoned South African camp and small stocks of oil and paraffin. In the waadis they found a globular fruit, orange in colour, with an interior like a melon, but tasting so bitter as to be inedible. They then passed a water hole which they saw was dry and came upon a track running east which ran into

a minefield, which still had all its British identification marks.

They turned north to Sawani Ogirin where they found brackish water. They drank their fill and filled up their containers. There was no track and at 1700 hrs. they reached ruins, Wayet el Hagna. Passing on they reached the landing ground which was five miles beyond the ruins, with a notice in English "Keep right" - Mine ahead". They therefore kept right, round the perimeter of the landing ground on which they saw a solitary wrecked Hurricane, and carrying on they reached a water hole. The second pilot was lowered into the cistern and found the water was good. They spent the night there, having organized sentries. Wellingtons were again heard passing over during the night, but they had no equipment for signals.

They set off at first light again on a course, going was rough, and in the morning they passed freshly dug water holes. SM 81's were still flying up and down the road to the north, but no German troop movements were seen. They crossed the railway at about midday. On approaching it they saw from afar a small Diesel engine pulling three trucks towards Matruh. They crossed the Siwai track in the afternoon and saw no wheeled traffic on it, but only a caravan of 12 camels who were helpful and friendly once contact had been established. At first they were obviously mistrustful of th German car. They gave them bearings to various places by pointing and also handed over some cigarettes. Two lorries were seen going south along the track by the telegraph poles heading south from Matruh. They stopped for the night a few miles east of these poles. In the course of the night a light whippet tank passed 20 yds. from them. In the morning they found its tracks. When they awoke they found they were enveloped in a thick mist which lasted until 0830 hrs. They set out at first light and reached the escarpment south of Fuka in the course of the morning. They found a water hold there and filled up. They saw aircraft running up on a landing ground at Fuka South. As they carried on the car broke down. They found many derelict trucks among which a scavanging party were seen at work. A formation of nine tanks appeared from the east, manoeuvred around them, changing their formation to line astern and then to line abreast, moving very slowly for they raised no sand. It is almost certain that the crews saw the British party but they took no action. It was decided to walk on right through the night in an attempt to make British lines in view of the unhealthy nature of the surroundings. Two days' rations were taken in one meal, including wine.

The party set out on foot at 1700 hrs. A notice was left on the car explaining that six aircrew had left, mentioning the course and adding "Please return car to Dr. Berg". The crew decided to march for an hour and then rest for 10 minutes. After two hours they reached the German lines and found themselves among disposed M.T. A German sentry appeared and then another. The crew sank to earth and no challenge was issued. They came across the sentry's kit containing nothing of value. Occasionally a driver would poke his head out of his cab and say "hush". The crew merely said "hush" back and walked on. Other Germans were seen walking about, but they avoided the British and it can only be supposed that the orders were that nobody was to be outside the trucks and that those who were consequently had no desire to be seen and challenged.

They blundered over a small escarpment six feet high. Beyond it in a trench, a man was sitting awake and although they saw him, and tried to avoid him, he called to them to halt. The crew told him they were English. The German fired his revolver and they surrendered. The Germans could speak some English and the crew were put into trenches. They were given blankets and cigarettes and told to sleep. The Germans were civil and seemed fit and healthy. Their morale was good and they seemed apologetic at capturing the party after such a long journey.

At 0700 hrs. they were put on a truck and told they were going to be handed over to Shwarzer Korps. One of the Germans gave Sgt. Willis the English book called "Regency". It was some time before they found the Schwarzer Korps as their escort, one of them was the man who captured them the night before but did not seem to know who they were.

At 1030 the Schwarzer Korps Unit was found, position not known. They were given breakfast and put on a truck for the POW camp at Daba. They reached themain road and found it packed with transport, light M.T. going west, and much of it containing infantry going east. The commander of the convoy wore a green coat with the Afrika Korps embroidered in silver on the sleeves and goggles on his cap. They were taken to Daba and were the only white prisoners in their enclosure, guarded by five guards. They were searched and stripped of their watches. The interpreter was Italian and was shaken by the fact that the British had retreated for several hundred miles but still felt confident that victory would be theirs. A truck finally arrived to take them to Matruh. The escort was of two Italian officers and two guards. When they reached Matruh , they noticed that there was a very large camp at Smuggler's Cove - presumably Italian troops. POW's in the camp said that the present enemy POW camp is on the same site as the previous British one. Most of the M.T. in Matruh is dispersed outside at night.

The white prisoners were guarded by Italians and the Indians by Germans. The camp consisted of a square of barbed wire with no buildings, merely a hole in one corner for a latrine. They were given a small tin of Italian bully beef and a small ration of biscuits, which they took to be their evening meal. It was later discovered that these were their rations for 24 hours. They were given a few blankets for the night but not sufficient for comfort. There were 20 Army POWs including two lieutenants in this enclosure.

Interrogation came the next day. They were questioned separately by an Italian Intelligence Officer, who wore a white shirt with black lapels and green shorts. On the table were documents found on Sgt. Hartley, three deficiency lists, one of 15 O.T.U. one of two M.E.T.S. and one not known, his pay book, two private letters and one diary and photograph.

The aircrew were expected to go to Germany as apparently Goering had given orders that all captured aircrew are to be imprisoned there. The other POWs were to stay in Italy. The whole party was to sail from Tobruk if a ship sailed conveniently, if not, they were to go to Benghazi or even Tripoli.

The truck started its slow journey to Tobruk. Willis had evolved a plan of taking over the truck and put it to Lieut. Allen who demurred, saying that he did not consider it feasible. Willis and the rest of the crew continued to diauss the plan outlined in English among themselves, and with a few of the interested soldiers, not all of them were. The guards all this time, merely smiled unwittingly upon them.

Between Matruh and Sidi Barrani, they passed numerous British minefields. Twenty miles west of Matruh they passed 20 heavy guns with barrels 12 to 14 ft. long, travelling east. They reached Sidi Barrani in the afternoon. Ten kns. to the west there was a large oil dump consisting of 80 gallon-drums in rows, sunk into the ground. The method of refuelling is as follows: a portable pump goes from drum to drum, followed by the vehicle to be refuelled. The oil is then pumped straight from the drum into the oil tank of the vehicle. A number of reserve oil drums stand nearby in groups of six. The driver stopped the truck on the road due south of Ras el Seiyada and refused to go any further in spite of the violent protest of theguards. Willis' plan was not put into force. Two or three men fell on each of the Italians and laid them low. The plan was successful except the guards screamed so much that the British were afraid they would attract attention. The crew wanted to make for Siwa, ignorant of the fact that it had been occupied by the Italians a few days previously. The drivers did not want to lose their truck and the trailer, and eventually consented to drive the party to Siwa on condition the trailer came too. The Italians told the British repeatedly that Siwa was in Italian hands but they were not believed. The three soldiers who had been least interested in the idea of escaping all along, now refused to go with the party and were left behind on the road. The truck and trailer then went on with one Italian at the wheel, up towards Halfaya. Eventually the trailer was abandoned.

In the early morning on the 31st of July, the truck left the road and struck south. Lt. Allen took charge, saying he knew the district well. The only map he had of it had been taken from a newspaper cutting. The going was now very hard, a thin crust of black slate covering soft sand.

They turned southeast across country that was featureless and soon found an abandoned South African dump which contained cases of prunes, apricot jam, and four tins of biscuits. Later they reached a disused camp and passed on towards hilly country where they stayed the night.

Next day they retraced their tracks, reached a different part of the camp, intending to strike north on another track from this camp. They found a water hole, consisting of a cistern, the water of which had been fouled. This camp was discovered to be on the main Siwa-Matruh track, although noneof the party knew it at the time.

It was decided to make for a place near the coast, as several members of the party were quite ill. They set out, determined to go as far north as they could before dark, and just before dusk, reached Bir el Hilu where they stopped for the night. Guards were mounted as they had been every night, and some attempt was made to signal to passing Wellingtons, without success.

It was discovered in the morning that there was only enough fuel left for 20 miles and it was decided to spend the day there in case some of their signals had been seen the previous night. An hour afterwards, a noise of an engine was heard in the distance, identified as an M.T. engine. Two trucks appeared and approached them at high speed with their four Vickers' guns firing. A white flag was waved, consisting of a piece of parachute silk, and the party came out from cover and pushed the Italians ahead of them. They saw two jeep trucks and a corporal in one said to the Captain in the other, "What shall we do with them, sir"? This was the first inkling the party had that the occupants of the trucks were not Germans. The mutual misunderstanding was now cleared up, amid a certain amount of exhileration. It turned out that the trucks were looking for two escaped POWs and were a unit working in conjunction with the L.R.D.G.

The Italian Diesel truck was now put away with a hammer. The four Italians were left with water, food and a compass which Willis had been using, and instructions to walk up the Siwa track along which they would soon be picked up.

The party now mounted the jeep trucks, which set off with nine up apiece, and went back to the L.R.D.G. rendevous. Two days were spent with them and the crew were evacuated by Bombay via L.C. 64 to Helwan. They reached Base, Kabrit, on the morning of the 5th of August.

****

WILLIS, F.G.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 937660
Unit: No. 75 Squadron (B)

This aircraft in which Sgt. Willis was second navigator, crashed between Le Havre and Fecamp on the 22nd of December 1940. He was wounded and was removed to various hospitals under German control, including the Val de Gras hospital in Paris. On hearing that he was about to be moved to Germany, he succeeded in escaping and in crossing the Line of Demarcation into Unoccupied France. He was then arrested and taken to the Internment camp at St. Hippolyt where he was passed for repatriation by the Medical Commission. Without waiting to be repatriated, however, he escaped from the camp and crossed the Spanish frontier on the 1st of June. He was arrested by the Spanish authorities and spent three months in various POW camps in Spain before being finally released and repatriated. Sgt. Willis showdd courage and exceptional intelligence in making his escape into Spain.

****

WILLIS, L.R.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 742172
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Military Medal

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was forced to land near Villefranche while outward bound on an operation over Italy.

Taking charge of other members of the crew, he led them in an endeavour to reach Spain. Although captured and imprisoned twice, once after reaching a point only four miles from the Spanish frontier, and in spite of suffering considerable ill treatment and hardship, he ultimately brought his party into Spain from whence they were repatriated on the 5th of June 1941.

****

WILSON, H.R.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. R. 58184
Unit: No. 51 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

P/O MacIntyre and Wilson and other NCO's were detailed as a crew to attack the German Battleship "Tirpits" in the Aason Fjord at Trondheim on the night of the27th of April 1942.

This flight involved a total flying time of nine hours and covered a total distance of 1,350 miles over the North Sea and the mountainous country of Northern Norway.

The attack was ordered to be carried out at 150 ft. in the face of intense opposition from the battleship and the guns on both sides of the Fjord.

It would appear that while carrying out this courageous attack, the aircraft must have been fatally damaged by flak, necessitating a forced landing in this most difficult country. By a feat of most superb airmanship, this landing was carried out successfully.

Having carried out the forced landing, the men made their escape from the numerous search parties that had been sent out by the German garrison at Trondheim. For eight days the members of this crew, suffering the greatest hardships, walked through deep snow across the mountains, and in an exhausted condition arrived at the Norwegian border, having covered a total distance of 45 miles. By sheer determination and will power they crossed safely into Sweden.

****

WINSKILL, A.L.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 84702
Unit: No. 41 Squadron

This officer, flying a Spitfire, was shot down in the St. Omer area on the 15th of August 1940. Although the aircraft went into a slow spin with the controls useless, F/L Winskill stayed in the aircraft until 1000 feet, believing that thiswould give him a better chance of evading capture.

He hid in fields for two days and then made his way via Abbeville and Paris, to Tours and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 24th of September. He then made his way to the Spanish frontier and reached Barcelona on the 10th ofOctber. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 22nd of November 1941.

****

WOOD, George Albert

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1334647
Unit: No. 263 Squadron
Awards: Distinguished Flying Medal

This Flight Sergeant was shot down by flak over Morlaiux on the 23rd of September 1943, and landed on enemy soil. He however, made a getaway from occupied territory to this country six weeks later. He had previously taken part in eight offensive operations with this squadron. In his first operation of the 15th of June, he scored a direct hit on a Minesweeper and in another operation, he helped to destroy an E Boat. He has taken part in the bombing of highly defended airfields and gun positions.

****

WOOD, John Michael

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Regtl. No. 88211, RAF Volunteer Reserve
Unit: No. 106 Squadron
Awards: Order of the British Empire

Wood was captured in October 1941 near Hamburg, after baling out of his aircraft. During a train journey from Barth to Sagan in March 1942, while other prisoners diverted the guard's attention, this officer and a companion made their escape through a window as the train left a small station. They reached Stettin, but found all shipping at a standstill owing to ice; they were re-captured when trying to obtain food. Six months later Wood was discovered cutting the wire at Oflag XXIB.

Undeterred by the failure of this attempt, he afterwards played a leading part in a tunnel scheme, and on the 27th of March 1943, he and a companion succeeded in leaving the camp. Disguised as French workers, they travelled on foot and by train towards Danzig, but were recaptured during the second night of freedom.

In April 1945, when the Germans were evacuating Stalag Luft IIIA, Wood and two other officers took advantage of an opportunity to leave the cattle truck in which they had been placed, and in the dusk, climbed over a fence and mingled with foreign workers. They reached a village near Niemegk before they were arrested and returned to Stalag IIIA. Wood was finally liberated on the 21st of April 1945 by the Russian forces.

****

WORBY, J.R.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 909969
Unit: No. 101 Squadron
Awards: Mentioned in Despatches 1/1/43

This airman was a member of the crew of an aircraft which forced landed in Northern France on the 11th of September 1941. He made his way to Paris and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 26th of September. He eventually tried to cross the Pyrenees but was unsuccessful owing to deep snow. Two weeks later he tried again and reached Barcelona on the 19th of November. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December 1941.

****

WREN, Jack

Rank: T/Corporal
Regtl. No. E/X 2083
Unit: U.S. Marines
Awards: British Empire Medal

This Marine, after capture in Crete, escaped from a train in Serbia. He was sheltered by peasants and acquired a working knowledge of the language. Later he joined the British Mission, commanded by Col. Bailey, attached to General Mihailovic where he did good work ciphering and deciphering and was invaluable as Liaison NCO to the Mission. He was with the Mission for 18 months. His work was invaluable and the reputation he had with the Serbs was of the greatest propaganda value.

****

WRIGHT, P.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 1186627
Unit: No. 76 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down on the 1st of June 1942, when returning from a raid on Essen.

Baling out over Belgium, he evaded capture by the enemy and immediately headed southwards.

Proceeding alone for several days, he suffered greatly from hunger, but managed to evade enemy patrols, until finally compelled by them to go into hiding for a considerable period. He was obliged to spend a long time in wods and in the open until the search relaxed, and he was again able to set out to cross France into Spain, whence he was repatriated on the 19th of August 1942.

****

WYATT, J.H.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 754237
Unit: No. 49 Squadron (B)

On the 4th of September 1940, this sergeant's aircraft force-landed near St. Brieuc. Wyatt and P/O Hodges evaded capture and underwent the same experiences until they arrived at Marseilles. On the 26th of September 1940, Wyatt escaped into Spain and was imprisoned in various camps for three months before repatriation. He was never in German hands. This escape was carried out with great determination and skill.

****

ZAWODNY, M.

Rank: Sergeant
Regtl. No. 792065
Unit: No. 301 Squadron (Polish)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

This airman was a member of a crew of an aircraft which was shot down when returning from a bombing raid on Essen on the 11th of April 1942.

Baling out in Holland, he was successful in escaping from the district in which he landed, despite precautions taken by the enemy in guarding all roads and canal bridges. He overcame many difficulties and hardships to cross the frontier into Belgium.

Still endangered by the activity of enemy patrols, he succeeded in journeying through Belgium and France. He reached Spain safely after a

long and most arduous journey lasting nearly four months. He was repatriated on the 8th of August 1942.

****

ZULIKOWSKI, J.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Regtl. No. P 0715
Unit: No. 306 Squadron

This officer, flying a Spitfire, was attacked by enemy fighters and compelled to bale out over Calais on the 28th of June 1941. He dislocated his left arm on landing. He remained in Calais, while receiving treatment for his arm, until the 15th of July. Then he left for Marles les Mines and crossed the Line of Demarcation on the 25th of July. He was arrested by the French authorities the next morning and interned in St. Hippolyte. He escaped from there on the 27th of September and on the 6th of October, was taken to a camp for foreign workers. From here he went to Perpignan on the 10th of October and crossed the Pyrenees, reaching Barcelona on the 21st of October. He was repatriated from Gibraltar on the 30th of December.

****

SUPPLEMENT

ALLAN, James P.

Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

(See "No Citation" by James Allan)

BIRKLAND, H.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Canadian Air Force, No. 72 (RAF) Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

BUSHELL, R.J.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Unit: No. 601 Squadron, Aux. Airforce
Awards: Mention in Despatches

CASEY, M.J.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 57 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

CHRISTENSEN, A.G.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal New Zealand Air Force, No. 26 (RAF) Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

CLARK, Harry

Rank: Sergeant
Unit: Royal Airforce
Awards: Distinguished Conduct Medal

(See "No Citation" by James Allan)

COCHRAN, D.H.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches

CROSS, I.K.P.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 103 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Flying Cross

DAY, H.M.A.

Rank: Group Captain
Unit:
Awards: Distinguished Service Order
London Gazette December 18, 1945

His adventures are described in part by Paul Brickhill in "Escape From Germany" and Foot. They included a further escape from Sachsenhausen.

DODGE, J.B.

Rank: Major
Unit: Middlesex Regt. (Great Escape)
Awards: Military Cross (London Gazette 18/4/46)
Distinguished Service Order
Distinguished Service Cross

DUMAIS, Lucien

Awards: Military Cross
Military Medal

(See "The Man Who Went Back" by L. Dumais)

EMBRAY, Sir Basil E.

Rank: A/M
Unit: R.A.F.
Awards: K.B.E.
Distinguished Service Order & 3 Bars A.F.L.

(See "Wingless Victory" by Anthony Richardson, and "Escape and Liberation" by A.J. Evans)

EVANS, B.H.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 49 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

FAIRWEATHER, J.L.

Rank: Major
Unit: N.N.S.H.
Awards: Mention in Despatches

FUGLESANG, N.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Norwegian Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

GARROW, Ian

Rank: Lieutenant Colonel
Awards: Distinguished Service Order

GOUWS, J.S.

Rank: Lieutenant
Unit: South African Air Force, No. 40 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

GRISMAN, W.J.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit No. 106 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

GUNN, A.D.M.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches

HAKE, A.H.

Rank: Warrant Officer
Unit: Royal Australian Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

HAYTER, A.R.H.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 148 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

HUMPHREYS, E.S.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: No. 107 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

KIDDER, G.A.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Canadian Air Force, No. 156 (RAF) Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

KIERATH, R.V.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Australian Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

KIEWNARSKI, A.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Polish Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

KIRBY-GREEN, T.G.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 40 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

KOLANOWSKI, W.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Polish Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

KROL, S.Z.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Polish Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

LANGFORD, P.W.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Canadian Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

LANGLEY, Jimmy

Rank: Lieutenant Colonel
Awards: Member of the British Empire
Military Cross

LEIGH, T.B.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: No. 76 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

LONG, J.L.R.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: No. 9 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

MCGARR, F.C.A.N.

Rank: Second Lieutenant
Unit: South African Air Force, No. 2 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

MCGILL, G.E.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Canadian Air Force, No. 103 (RAF) Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

MCLARTY, Donald William

Rank: Flying Officer
Regtl. No. J.6835
Unit: No. 33 Squadron
Awards: Military Cross

MILFORD, H.J.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, No. 226 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

MONDSCHEIN, J.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Polish Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

MULLER, J.E.

Rank: Pilot Officer
Unit: Royal Norwegian Air Force
Awards: Military Cross
Mention in Despatches

Escaped from Stalag Luft III, Sagan. He reached England via Sweden in April 1944.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

PAWLUK, K.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Polish Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

PLUNKETT, D.L.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches
London Gazette June 13, 1946.

ROFE, Cyril

Rank: Observer
Unit: R.A.F.
Awards: Military Medal

Escaped from a working party at Stalag VIII B, Lansdorf. He stayed with the Polish Underground and was repatriated via Moscow in December 1944.

(See "Escape From Germany" by Aldan Crawley, and "Escape Or Die" by Paul Brickhill)

SCHEIDHAUER, B.W.M.

Rank: Lieutenant
Unit: French Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

SCANTZIKAS, E.

Rank: Warrant Officer
Unit: Greek Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

STEVENS, R.J.

Rank: Lieutenant
Unit: South African Air Force, No. 12 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

STREET, D.O.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, No. 207 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

STEWART, R.C.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, No. 77 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

STOWER, J.G.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, No. 142 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

SWAIN, C.D.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 105 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

TOBOLSKI, P.

Rank: Flying Officer
Unit: Polish Air Force
Awards: Mention in Despatches

TUCK, R.R.S.

Rank: Wing Commander
Awards: Mention in Despatches
Distinguished Service Order
Distinguished Flying Cross

VALENTA, A.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: No. 311 Squadron (Czechoslovakia)
Awards: Mention in Despatches

VENESS, J.M.

Rank: Major
Unit: N.N.S.H.
Awards: Mention in Despatches

WALENN, G.W.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve
Awards: Mention in Despatches

WARD, J.G.

Rank: L.A.C.
Unit: R.A.F.
Awards: Military Cross

Escaped from a working party near Lissa. He stayed with Polish Underground until January 1945, and was repatriated via Odessa in April 1945.

(See "Escape from Germany" by Aldan Crawley)

WARNER, J.L.

Rank: L/Corporal
Unit: The Queen's R.
Awards: Military Medal
London Gazette November 29, 1940

Warner escaped from a German prison camp in Flanders and eventually made his way over the Pyrenees to Lisbon, and later reached England by air.

WERNHAM, J.C.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Canadian Air Force, No. 405 (RAF) Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

WHITLEY, John

Rank: Group Captain
Awards: Order of the British Empire
Distinguished Service Order
C.B.

(See "Escape Or Die" by Paul Brickhill)

WILEY, G.W.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: Royal Canadian Air Force, No. 112 (RAF) Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

WILLIAMS, J.E.A.

Rank: Squadron Leader
Unit: R.A.F.O. No. 450 Squadron (R.A.A.F.)
Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross
Mention in Despatches

WILLIAMS, J.F.

Rank: Flight Lieutenant
Unit: R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, No. 107 Squadron
Awards: Mention in Despatches

WOOLLATT, Hugh

Rank: Captain

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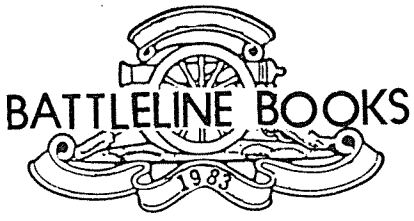
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