

Until this time, I did not know where in France I was but I thought I went down somewhere near Dieppe but I was not too sure. I heard Amiens mentioned several times and thought that was where I was headed. We took off with me on the back of the motorcycle. On the way, we had a flat tire. The Germans and the French must not have understood each others language because no body spoke while we fixed the tire and then we were on our way again.

Sometime after dark we got to a house in the country where I stayed the night. From my first night, I had no identification because my pant leg had been ripped off while getting out and I was in civilian clothes and all I had was my army dog tags. The next morning, I got on the motorcycle and we went to a railroad station where my escort bought a ticket and magazine and then we got on the train. I watched him in one end of the car and I at the other end. All travel was like this because when he got off, I followed at some distance.

I sat down and placed the magazine up to my face as if I were reading. The magazine was in French and I was too scared to move much. (I still have the magazine which I used on every move.)

The station where we left the train had a sign, Neufachate'. My escort got off the train and I met him. We walked to another house where I stayed for a few days. Here they tried to teach me French, but finally gave up because I had the wrong accent. They told me as best as they could to keep my mouth shut and act dumb as if I could not understand. This was not a problem because I really could not understand. Here was where they asked me where I had hidden my parachute and gun. They all had an English-French dictionary and they would point out the French words and I then English Words. Finally, one woman got the bright idea and showed me womens' underclothes so I got the idea why they wanted the silk parachute. The men wanted the gun to use on their raids.

The next move was to a farm where there was a woman, he young son, and two other gunners which had been shot down. We were at this farm for about a week. This was the woman who wrote the letter to me after the war who thought I may be a spy because of what happened in Paris my next move.

I forgot to mention that on my motorcycle ride we stopped at a café to get something to eat and the place was full of German soldiers and the street around the church. The escort later explained that the town was full because it was Easter Sunday.

Next the three of us went by truck to an apartment in Paris. I was taken to meet a captain with the British intelligence who asked me many questions: What group and squadron I was assigned to, What the military police in London wore. I told him I had never been to London and thought they wore what they did at my base. This was the wrong answer because the M.P.'s wore white helmets and leggings in London. They got on the radio and later found out I was missing from the 100th Bomb Group. They told the captain they