

thought no one had survived the crash, but I told them I got out but no one else and they said it may have been possible because the farmer who first picked me up confirmed it. I was then taken on a sight-seeing tour where I was terrified because I thought every German soldier was watching me but they were busy sight-seeing too. We went to a photo shop and had my picture taken so they could make me the False Identification Card as a 15 year old male. Next they got us ready to move again and told us we were to follow the leader out of the apartment one at a time. The leader would go out first down the stairs, out the door, left to the end of the block would go out first down the stairs, out the door, left to the end of the block and wait. We all had a ticket for the subway so I was to go next and the other two would follow in order. The leader left and I following him out the door. When he turned the corner I walked to that corner and he was waiting at the next corner but I threw up my hands to indicate to him the other two were not behind me so he motioned me to follow anyway.. After the war was over in Germany, I met these two gunners in Amarillo, TX and they told me the Gestapo picked them up as they came out of the door and they were prisoners of war until released by our troops when the war in Europe was over. They told about the poor food and conditions. Also, when they were moved they had to march on the outside of the column so if they were attacked by our planes they would protect the Germans on the inside.

We would always wait until the subway train was about to leave and then run and get on. My escort got on one end of a car then I would get on the other end and when he got off, then I got off. This day, there were no seats available so I had to stand next to a Gestapo officer who had a brief case handcuffed to his wrist and a guard with a machine gun standing next to him. When the train started to move the guard banged into me and I gave him a dirty look and the officer said something to him and he turned around and said "Merci Beaucoup" to me and then turned around again but I thought he could see how scared I was because I know I turned white with fright. We traveled all day and when it was almost dark, we stopped at the station which I later found out from Ken William, a P-47 Fighter Pilot was the town of Morlaix on the Brittany Peninsula on the English Channel with a big bay inlet. I then was put in the back of a truck with hay and barrels piled up with me in the middle alone. We were stopped twice and checked by the guards at the roadblocks. Sometime later, I was taken out of the truck and my escort and I walked to a deserted farm house with only a table and three or four chairs in it. A while later, Ken Williams, the Fighter Pilot, and his escort was a woman showed up. Then a woman and her daughter plus another man who were all just broken out of a prisoner of war camp came in with a British Captain of the intelligence service. Three or four other underground men showed up with a batch of guns and cold meat, bread, and wine. We ate then because no one had eaten all day. We waited until well after midnight then the four Frenchmen went out with guns to watch the German machine gun post to kill them if they spotted us but not to do anything if we were not spotted because they could use to route again. (This is the night of April 15, 1944 got to England the next day April 16, 1944 which made it twenty-nine days behind the German lines with the French Underground. At this time, the German's controlled all of the French territory and before the invasion of France which was June 6, 1944.