

parachute shrouds with all your strength. Your hands kept slipping on the shrouds, burning the skin off your fingers. I saw your hands a few days later, and I could see the white of your bones. Your hands were seriously injured.

Falling with only part of a parachute, you hit the ground hard. The impact knocked you out and broke several of your ribs. You had landed on the run-away of the Beauvais-Tille German airfield we had just bombed. The German soldiers picked you up and took you to their base hospital where they administered first aid to you. While at the German hospital, you saw another airman lying on a bed. He appeared to be missing a leg. His color was pale. You told us he appeared to be near death, if not already dead. The Germans would not let you go near to see or identify this person.

The Germans kept us in solitary confinement for two to three days until they put us on a train which took us from Beauvais to Paris.

This was the story you told Harry L. Metzger, our Bombardier, and me. Harry and I could see you were hurt. You had trouble standing up and, while you could walk, it appeared you could do so only with great pain. We both helped you. Harry and I were also bruised and banged up, but not enough to immobilize us or to restrict our ability to stand or walk.

When we arrived at Paris, the Germans transported us by vehicle to another railroad station where we were placed on what appeared to be a luxury passenger train. We were being taken to Dulag Luft, the German interrogation center near Frankfurt, Germany.

All three of us were convinced that if we got to Germany, we would never see home again. Escape was our only hope of survival. We planned our escape using extreme American slang to confuse our two German guards. Our plan was to knock out the two guards and jump off the speeding train before anyone realized we had escaped.

Up to now, the guards had treated us civilly. They fed us and gave us water to drink from the large glass bottles they had purchased in Paris