TOP RANK N.C.O.'S ON K.P. DUTY
CHRISTMAS DAY 1944
362nd Fighter Squadron

1st Sgt. Henry E. Ramm
M/Sgt. Earl L. Dieter
M/Sgt. John Koymski,
M/Sgt. Philip Lukaskewitz

A thoughtful change of duty on their part. (Names not in sequence as per photo) Photo sent by Ed Ramm -- Enlarged by Merle Olmsted





Left to Right
Bud Anderson
Bill Overstreet
John Vandenberg
Otto Heino

Chico
Planes of Fame
Museum

Long Beach, CA
Reunion
3 April 1993

Photo by
Wally Baldwin

SKY-WRITER
By Jerome Jacobs

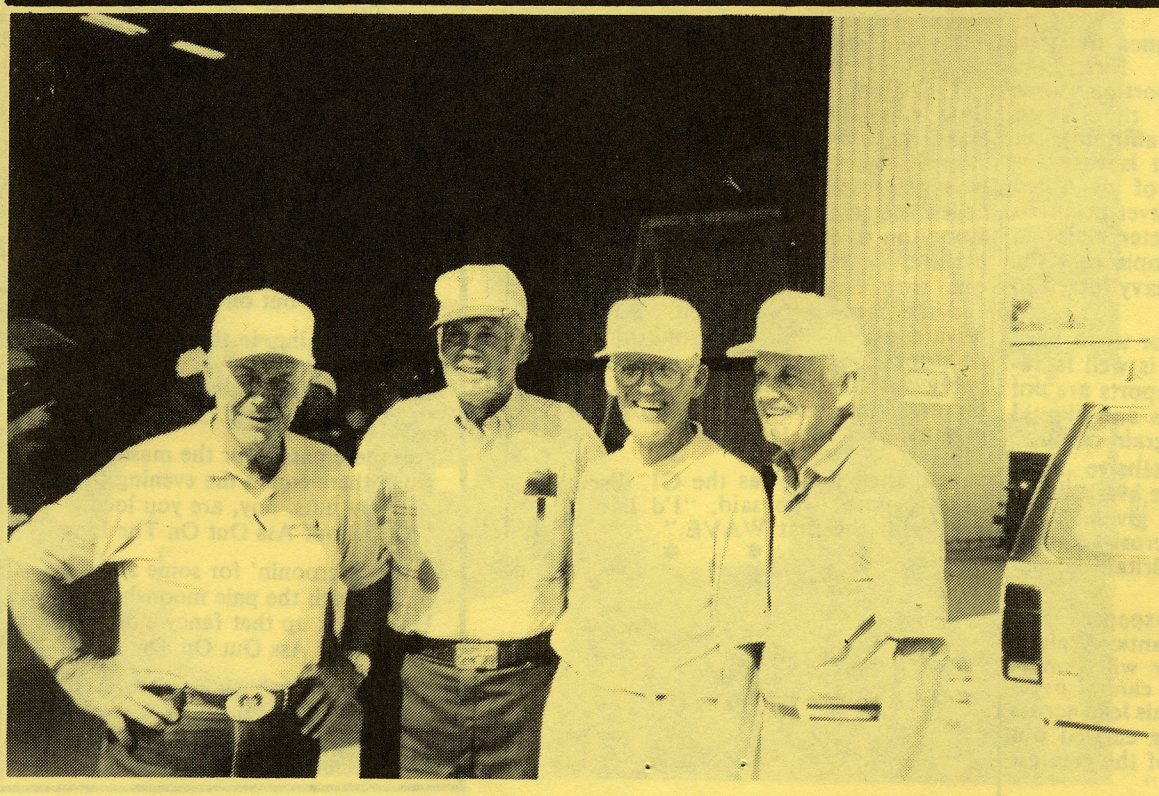
One evening just before dinner, the Engineering Officer who was one of my roommates, asked me if I would mind doing a test flight on a P-51 that had a propeller problem at high altitude. The mechanics had repaired it and it had to be tested to see if the problem had been solved. I was more than happy to fly the plane, particularly since no one would be shooting at me and I could relax and enjoy the flight.

I would need to climb to a high altitude and see if the propeller surged. I decided to see how high the airplane would go.

There was still sunlight out and it would be that way until I completed the flight. I spiralled upward directly over the field and when I reached about fifteen thousand feet, I saw a con trail above me. It was so high that I could not see the aircraft that was making it. I received a call from the tower telling me that there was an enemy aircraft flying at a very high altitude in my vicinity and they asked me to see if I could identify it and if it was an enemy to shoot it down.

I continued the climb and when I had reached 42,000 ft., the airplane was still at least ten thousand feet above me. At this point my aircraft was running out of steam. It was climbing very slowly now and when I reached an indicated altitude of 44,000 ft., it was mushing along and I couldn't coax it to climb any higher. It was evident that the unidentified aircraft was probably one of the enemy jets that we had been hearing about.

I noticed that at this altitude I was making a con trail and I decided to write my name. I made a very nice J and a fairly nice A, but when I tried to make the R, I stalled out in the thin air and lost about one thousand feet. I gave up and did a split S to get down in a hurry. I landed and when I got out of the airplane, I noticed that most of the men were looking up at the sky. I looked up and saw that the con trail was still there and it looked as though I had written JOE. They were all wondering who JOE was until I joined them and explained what had happened. That was the end of my career as a sky-writer. The prop was okay!



Left to Right
Chuck Yeager
Jack Martin
Pete Peterson
Bud Anderson
at
Clarksville, IN
Air Show
September 1993

Photo by
Wally Baldwin



The 8th Air Force Archives In Action

The 8th Air Force Archives are located in the Historical Section of the Penn State Libraries (Third Floor, West Pattee Library Building) in State College, PA. Donated material has been flowing in steadily since the Archives were established in February 1992. The photos above show some of the facilities in that large complex: (UL) an archives librarian indexing 8th AF materials in the office dedicated exclusively to the 8th AF collection. Part of our book collection is shown at left. (UR) The main reading room of the Historical Section, which contains indexes of the historical collections (8th incl.). At right is the TV/VCR combination donated to the library by the 8AFMMF for use with our extensive videotape collection. (BL) One of the environmentally controlled rooms where documents are processed and preserved in acid-free envelopes and boxes. (BR) Another work room in the Historical Section. Equipment available includes microfilm readers, computers, library processing equipment of all kinds, copy machines, and complete photographic facilities.

Anyone desiring to donate documentary-type materials to the Archives should send them either to the managing editor or directly to: 8th Air Force Archives, Special Historical Collections Dept., The University Libraries, W-342 Pattee, The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, PA 16802.

Money donations to support the Archives should be sent to: Mr. Ed Creeden, Treasurer, 8AFMMF, RR2, Box 598, Sussex, NJ 07461. Specify that the gift is for the 8th AF Archives.

Our 357th Fighter Group Historian Merle Olmsted has made plans that eventually, his Memoirs pertaining to the 357th Fighter Group will be donated to the above Archives.

Staff

LIEUTENANT COLONEL LANDERS,
Commanding.

MAJOR BROADHEAD,
Deputy Commander.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROMINE,
Executive Officer.

CAPTAIN KRAMER,
Adjutant.

Organizations

357th Fighter Group, H.Q. Squadron.
50th Service Group, H.Q. Squadron.
70th Station Complement.
362nd Fighter Squadron.
363rd Fighter Squadron.
364th Fighter Squadron.
469th Service Squadron.
1076 Signal Company.
1177 Quartermaster Company.
1260 M.P. Company.
1600 Ordnance Company.
2121 Eng.-F.F. Platoon.

Celebration Committees

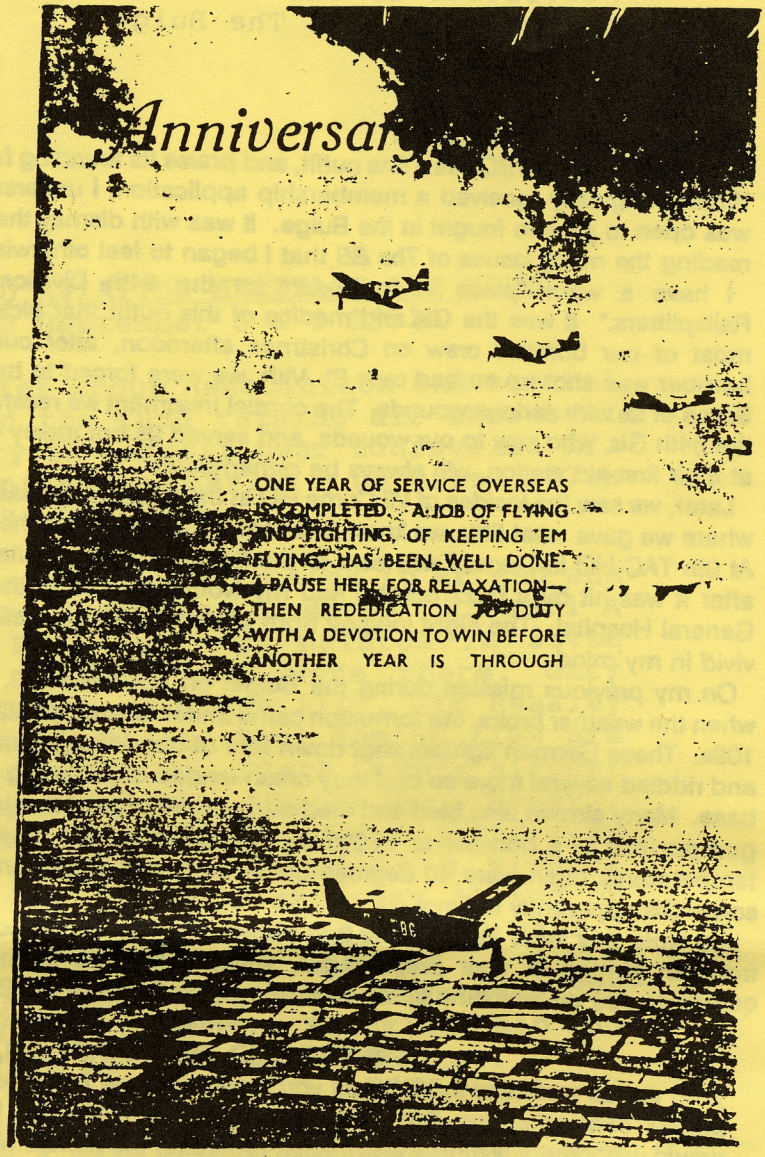
Detail Committee:—Major Phillips, Lt. Nelson, 1st Sgt. George Creighton, S Sgt. Don McClean.

Transportation:—Captain Cohen, Lt. Hayes.

Program and Publicity:—Lt. M. C. Laine, Lt. Kaufman, C.W.O. Broxton, S Sgt. Edgerton, S Sgt. Rainone.

Athletic:—Capt. Moldea, Cpl. George Nelson, Cpl. Carbonaro.

Entertainment:—Capt. Powell, Lt. Staley, T Sgt. Devereaux, Pfc. Robert Henley.



THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE 357TH FIGHTER GROUP BEING OVERSEAS----------

While we were preparing these two pages for the newsletter, we received another copy of the above program from Edgar Quillen (50th Air Service Sqdn).The program had been sent to Edgar by Richard A. Parkhurst. The following note was written on the bottom of the paper:

"A copy of a Program Pamphlet celebrating our 1st year at Leiston, England." "If my memory serves me right, the above listed committee members T/Sgt. Devereaux, 1st/Sgt. George Creighton of the M.P. Company and another N.C.O. (supply) by the name of Kruchten or something like that, volunteered for the 8 week quickie O.C.S. Training at Litchfield Barracks (?) at about the time of the Battle of the Bulge and were commissioned 2nd Lt.'s."

I believe Creighton was in charge of an M.P. Detachment guarding the Nazi War Criminals at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials.

Richard A. Parkhurst

First Day

1300. **Organizational Parties.** Here's the chance to get together and talk over the old times at Tonopah, Hamilton Field, Dyersburg, Camp Campbell.

If your outfit isn't having a party you can have a private party at the P.X. Tavern. It's open from 1300 to 2200.

Maybe you would like to have a little bite to eat? If so, drop in the Aero Club Snack Bar. Also open at 1300 hours.

1330 and 1530. **Movies.** The top-notch murder picture of this, or any other year. **Double Indemnity,** featuring Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck and Edward G. Robinson.

1930. **Boxing Show** in the Aero Club Snack Bar. A swell card has been lined-up and it will feature some of the fanciest beak-busters in the E.T.O. Your old favourites, Tommy and Hutch, will be there so let's all give them a big hand.

2000. **Officers' Dance.** The "Buzz Boys" will give out with their rhythms both sweet and hot, and—'nuff said.

Second Day

0700. **Breakfast.** (For chow-hounds only).

0838. **Sun Rise.** (Wanta bet on it?).

0930. **Catholic Mass.**

1030. **Protestant Worship Service.**

1300. **"IT'S ALL YOURS, BUDDY"**—a G.I. show with a cast of 22, including some of the loveliest W.A.C.s in the E.T.O. You cawn't miss it, chum. Aero Club Snack Bar.

1515. **More of the above.**

1800. **Officers' Buffet Supper and Stag Party.**

2000. **G.I. Dance** in the beautiful Green and White Room of the E.M. Mess. Music by the always popular "Buzz Boys." Before, during and after the dance drop in at the exclusive Aero Club for snacks and relaxation.

THAT'S ALL—YOU'VE HAD IT. SEE YOU NEXT YEAR ? ? ?

AUTOGRAPHS.

(Keep this souvenir program, and the signatures of your friends).

November 25th 1944 *November 26th*

----THE CELEBRATION TOOK PLACE AT THE LEISTON AIR BASE, ENGLAND

On 25 November, 59 aircraft made a bomber escort mission to Meresberg.

On 26 November, 49 aircraft made a bomber escort mission to Hamm.

For the two days of this celebration, the war did not stop for many of us. Duty stations had to be manned as usual. Aircraft had to be cared for. Paperwork had to be processed and the sick and injured cared for.

The committee and their program gave the tired and war weary men on the airbase a change from the daily war effort. The entertainment was the best that could be provided under the circumstances and was enjoyed by those who could attend. Many of the men could only attend a small part of the program due to their duty assignment but at least there was a brief atmosphere of celebrating during those short cold and damp days of a second winter in the European Theater of Operations.

Thoughtfulness on someones part brought a bit of pleasure to 373 Leiston Airbase when it was most needed!

Joe De Shay

A STORY RECEIVED FROM HAROLD S. VARTANIAN (362nd)

During the Leiston Airbase combat days of WW II, I served as a "Weather Man". We did our part preparing the pilots at their briefing for their mission. On this particular day, Lt. Col. Thomas Hayes was Deputy Group Commander and was to lead the mission.

A J A X stated the forecast was a thick overcast of 10,000 to 12,000 feet instructing us to set course and climb up through it. It was a "Crappy" Capt. Harris forecast from 8th Fighter Command Headquarters.

We were in conference with Group Commander Donald W. Graham while he was still in his "bunk". Don said "What do you think Vartanian"? I said "We would probably lose 5 or 6 aircraft due to the heavy overcast". Don told Hayes to keep them on the ground. The 357th Fighter Group was the only Group that didn't take off as scheduled. Other Fighter and Bomber aircraft were scattered all over Southern England for about two days as they couldn't locate their bases once they had become airborne due to the heavy overcast.

I almost s____ my pants as that day wore on but I never got any other recognition except we most likely saved several pilots and aircraft. Of course Col. Hayes deserved credit for believing in me.

Hal Vartanian

P.S. We were the only Group that was ready to go on a combat mission the next day.



LEISTON

1944

Photo
Quillen

364th F.S.

Bud R. Nowlin, Mark H. Stepelton, Richard A. Peterson, Louis A. Fecher

Valley of the Shadow

Yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil

"This is a brief story of my stay in Holland during World War II"

By First Lieutenant Howard E. Moebius
Single Engine Pilot. U. S. Army Aircorps
364th Fighter Squadron
357th Fighter Group
8th Airforce
Stationed at Leiston, England

Dates: September 19, 1944
to
February 12, 1945

Tape recorded in 1957
Typewritten direct from tape in 1959
Edited in 1991-1992

The Valley of the Shadow

This is a story that I recorded in 1957 when I could still recall much that had happened in my last six months in Europe from the Fall of 1944 until the beginning of March 1945. I had graduated from flight school in January of 1944 in Eagle Pass, Texas as Second Lieutenant in the Class of 44A. This was an Advanced Single Engine Army Air Corps Base where I had trained in North American AT 6's. The last two weeks, I flew P 40's since P 51's were not available for Advance Training at that time. We were required to get at least 20 hours of transitional fighter training. P 40's were being phased out of combat and replaced by P 47's, P 38's and P 51's.

I also had had additional P-40 time at Pinealas Airfield in St. Petersburg, Florida prior to being shipped over seas. We sailed to England in an unescorted round bottom troop ship that went just slightly faster than the German U boats that were constantly being picked up on the ship's sonar. We arrived in Liverpool on D Day and I was sent to get additional transitional training in P 51's which I would eventually fly in combat.

After twenty hours instruction in a P 51, I was assigned as a replacement pilot to the 364th Squadron of the 357th Fighter Group stationed in Leiston, England. Our Base was located the farthest east of any of the fighter bases in the 8th Air Force and because of that location we were most often assigned to escort the bombers at the further most sector of their penetration which usually was on their bomb run into their target. My first mission was to Stettin which was north of Berlin. It was a long mission which took over four hours.

I have told this story several times since the war and was also asked to tell the story at airbases in England after my return to Allied Territory in order to brief pilots who were still flying combat missions in early 1945. It was thought that my experiences behind enemy lines might help combat pilots should they find themselves in similar circumstances.

Shortly after I was assigned to the 357th, I had heard a very interesting story by a Lieutenant Charles E. Yeager who had just returned to our Group after being shot down behind enemy lines. He had evaded capture and had the walked through France and escaped into Spain. Little did I know that several things he said then were to flash into my mind later just at the right time and save my life. At the time of his talk, I was confident that none of what he said was going to apply to me, but it must have embedded itself in my subconscious and I have thanked God ever since that it did.

On September 19, 1944 we took off to again fly protective cover for the transport planes and gliders that were dropping airborne troops into Holland near the city of Arnhem. We had completed a very successful mission similar to this one the day before, on September 18th. On that day our Squadron had intercepted a group of German planes which we estimated to be between forty and fifty ME 109's and FW 190's. We were able to down at least twenty six of their planes without the loss of a single P 51 due to enemy action. Had this group of enemy aircraft made contact with our transports, they would had added to the slaughter that was already taking place. As it was, the whole "Market Basket" mission was a disaster. Several thousand British troops were

The Valley of the Shadow

left stranded north of the Rhine near Arnhem where "The Bridge Too Far" was destroyed.

During the mission on September 18th, I had experienced my first contact with enemy aircraft. Previously I had flown seventeen missions of escorti B17's, B 24's, B 26's, ground strafing convoys and skip bombing troop trains but with no contact with the enemy other than flak.

On the mission of the eighteenth, on takeoff I had advanced about halfway down the runway when my engine balked and just about cut out. I had lost all power so I throttled back and just managed to pull the plane into the air enough to clear the trees at end of the runway. At normal climbing RPM's and manifold pressure my Rolls Royce Packard engine ran smoothly and after climbing slowly, we finally leveled off at 25,000 feet.

On that day our squadron was not leading the Group and somehow we became separated from the 362nd and the 363rd. We had contact with radar control from England and had asked them for a vector on which we could rejoin our group. We were told that a large gaggle of planes were within their scope near us and they directed us on a collision course with what we thought were the rest of our P 51's. So naturally when we closed on them, we just pulled along side of them and momentarily ended up flying formation with about forty enemy aircraft.

I was flying the wing of our Squadron Leader, and it wasn't until we had pulled into the enemy that I noticed the German crosses. My Squadron Leader moved immediately in behind a 109. I stayed some distance off of his right wing but even with him so I could protect him. He opened fire just as I saw two 190's coming directly in on his tail. I called this information to him, and he rolled his ship over to his right directly towards me. I had to roll to the right likewise to avoid him and in so doing my left wing blocked him out. I continued to roll and pull back on the stick until I was in a 500 mile per hour dive straight for the ground.

I dropped my diving flaps and hauled back on the stick. I had no idea how many G's I pulled, but I was wearing a G suit and I could feel the air pockets forcing themselves against my legs. All of a sudden a 109 came into my sights at about a seventy degree angle. I pulled back harder until my Nydar Sight was on his canopy and squeezed the trigger. This was a Navy self-compensating sight that automatically took into consideration the necessary lead. White flashes soon appeared all over his canopy and I managed to roll out next to the 109. I was so tight into his left side that I could see the flames in his cockpit and the blood oozing from his mouth -- a ghastly sight -- one that I saw many times later in my dreams.

Then his left wing slowly came up as his plane rolled over and he plunged straight down about 8000 feet into the ground. I looked around and could not see any of their planes or ours. I thought that the action had been so brief that perhaps my gun cameras had not picked up enough to confirm a "kill". I turned my gun switch off, flew down to where the 109 had gone in and made several passes at the wreckage with my camera on.

The Valley of the Shadow

I had just pulled up from my last pass when I looked back and saw the big hub of a 190 right on my tail. I threw the throttle wide open for immediate extra power and my engine again balked forcing me to pull back to 30 inches of mercury. I knew then that in no way could I climb or maneuver into position. I had just one chance -- one thing I could do -- fly as slow as I could in tight turns to the right and stay as close to the ground as I dare go. I had heard the the FW 190 tends to snap under when attempting to do this maneuver. So I proceeded to go around-and-around about 50 feet off the ground. The 190 hung on my tail with his guns blazing but he just couldn't pull up tight enough to get the proper lead on me.

Several farmers and women were running around on the ground directly under us. They were waving and no doubt did not realize the danger they were in. At one point, I put hand on my head expecting a shell to blast through my canopy at any moment. I also did some fast praying. After several turns, I looked back and he was gone. I was alone. Slowly I climbed up to 10,000 feet and called England. They vectored me into Brussels with instructions to land there.

By the time I reached Brussels, I was at 32,000 feet and figured that I could make it back over the Channel to my base. However, when I came in I did not do a "victory roll" as I buzzed the landing strip on my first approach because of the condition of my engine.

Our normal landing procedure was to come in as low as possible on our initial approach directly over the landing strip, chop back completely on the throttle and pull back on the stick in a tight climbing turn to the left. As our speed came down, we would continue to climb and turn until we were on our downwind leg. Then we would still continue to turn but start to dive so that we could roll out just as we were about twenty feet above the beginning of the runway without having to use the throttle. Then it was just a matter of setting her down. Anybody who missed judged and had to go around a second time or chickened out and used some throttle, caught a lot of flak from any observers.

This time I took wide gentle turns to make sure that I would be able to set down on my first attempt and not have to gun the engine. After I cut the engine in my revetment, my crewchief hurriedly climbed up to the cockpit because he had seen that the tape was blown off the gun ports. I told him what had happened and he said "Nice going, Lieutenant. I'll check out what's wrong". He actually worked all night and the next morning he reported to me that he could not see how I had ever kept the plane in the air. The plugs were that bad.

On September 19th mission, we again flew over to the Arnhem area. This time I had the misfortune of having my flight becoming separated from the rest of the squadron. Also, one of the wingmen had aborted. The three of us were flying at about 15,000 feet when we were bounced by about forty 109's. It happened so fast that I had no idea where my flight leader or the other wingman disappeared to. I knew immediately that this was going to be rougher than the day before.

About twelve 109's ended up in a tight circle with me. I opened fire as I close in on one ship and noticed parts of his plane coming off and smoke

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pouring out of his wing. I did not see him bail out. However, he slowly nosed over and plunged to the ground. I again tightened my turn and got in behind the second 109 and scored several hits on him. After a few more turns, I was able to pull up tighter on him and after a short burst of my six fifty caliber wing guns, his plane burst into flames.

In the meantime there were two or three 109's who made head-on dives at me and then all of a sudden my left wind seemed to explode. The doors on the magazine racks popped open and the wing was in flames. I had to decide right then and there whether I should roll over and dive for the ground with the possibility of rush of air putting out the fire, or whether I should bail out before the flames got to the wing tanks and blew the plane apart. I decided to bail out.

In a split second the words of Chuck Yeager came to me. "Put the plane in a tight climbing to the right. When you think you're about to stall, release the canopy, unfasten your safety belt, climb up and jump out on the inside of your turn. In that way you will not hit the tail assembly.

It worked! I was safely in the air and was rapidly beginning to gain speed in my fall. I was at about 18,000 feet when I jumped and again Yeager's words came back to me, "Don't by all means pull your ripcord. Your chute will open and the whole German Army will be waiting for you when you get to the ground." Plus, with Allied airborne troops landing in the same area, the Germans ground troops would shoot at anything in a chute.

But, I was spinning -- revolving so fast that I could not see how close the ground was coming up on me. Once more the advice of Chuck popped into my head. "Spread your arms and legs. It will keep you face down so you can see."I gradually stopped spinning and finally there I was in a giant swan dive with my arms and legs outstretched.

At about 1,200 feet I decided to open my chute. First a little chute was released which then pulled out the big chute. There was a strong jerk on my harness when the air filled out the big chute. Then, I just sat there. The sky was blue -- free of clouds. There was a large freshly plowed field directly below me. Everything seemed to be going right until I heard the whir of an inline engine and looked up to see a 109 coming in to strafe me.

How I knew to do it I have no idea, but I quickly reached up and grabbed two shroud lines on one side of the chute and pulled myself up on them. This dumped some of the air out of the chute and I fell at a much more rapid pace. I evidently dropped out of the sights of the 109 and all his shots missed me. (Later I learned that some shot went into my chute.) He didn't make a second pass since I was getting very close to the ground.

When I was about 100 feet off the ground, I realized how fast I was descending. I tried to turn so that I would be facing towards the direction that I was drifting. I was going to land in the center of the field that had just been plowed. The soft dark brown earth cushioned my fall so that I was able to quickly unfasten my chute, gather it up and run to edge of the field. However, my "G" suit, which was very tight fitting, caused a cramp in my legs by time I had run the thirty yards.

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I buried my chute in the loose ground at the edge of the field and then crawled over to a small tobacco patch. I lay underneath the large leaves for what seemed to be a half hour, but it was probably no more than a few minutes.

After a while the cramps left my legs and I got up into a kneeling position and looked around. I saw a small boy not more than forty feet away motioning for me to get down. He was pointing toward the next field where I saw a German soldier walking with his back to me. He had his gun in the ready position and no doubt had been sent out to search for me. I got down immediately and remained motionless.

After I while, I crawled slowly through the large tobacco leaves until I reached a fairly deep narrow trench which was the drainage ditch between two adjacent fields. The trench was no more than two feet wide and yet it was over four feet deep.

The first thing I did was to take off the "G" suit which was no easy operation in such tight quarters. I then light a cigarette and decided to remain there until in became dark. I could hear a considerable amount of rifle and machine gun fire in the distance. There was also the intermittent concussion of exploding artillery and mortar shells.

Slowly darkness fell and in a short while I began to hear someone faintly whistling the code for the letter "V" in the distance. It became louder and louder as the person neared my position in the ditch. I debated whether it was a Dutchman who had come to help me or a German soldier who was cleverly trying to get me to reveal my hiding place. I finally risked raising my head above ground level and saw a young man who was saying softly, "American Pilot, I am your friend." He would then whistle dit-dit-dit-da and repeat, "American Pilot, I am your friend".

I decide that since I had my loaded 45 pistol, I would risk going up to him. He was very calm and pretended not to notice my gun pointed directly at him. Then in very broken English, he told me that he would help me to safety so I followed him. We had not gone too far before we were joined by another young man who walked with us to a farm house. We entered and suddenly I was standing in front of a group of Dutch men, women and several small children. They were all smiling and seemed very glad to see me. At that point I could not help it but I just burst into tears at the sight of these friends. I learned that the first young man's name was Gijs Jansen Ver Beek and that we were at the home of John Emmerzaal, his friend.

On missions, we always carried an escape kit in our fight uniform. It contained maps printed on rubberized silk, photographs for which we had posed in civilian clothes, a packet of water purification tablets and a number of other helpful items such as Dutch, French and German money, a water bag and a needle and thread. I opened the kit and gave Gijs all the money and my photographs. I offered everybody cigarettes and also gave Jan's mother two Hershey chocolate bars which I had tucked into the pocket of my flight suit.

Neither the adults nor the young children could speak English and I could not understand any of the conversation. Occasionally Gijs or John would try to

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relate to me what had been said. After about an hour, Gijs and I left the farm house and proceeded to a church near the center of the little village of Angeren. We crossed fields, climbed over fences and finally entered the church through a back door. We climbed several flights of stairs and finally ended up in the steeple.

I was astounded how calm Gijs had been. His act of helping me was greatly endangering his life, but he acted boldly and without fear. Perhaps his bold action avoided arousing suspicion. I later learned that the knowledge of my whereabouts had to be kept from many of the Dutch neighbors as well as the Germans for fear of betrayal, weakness or the tendency of most Dutch to talk too much. I was the seventh pilot that Gijs had helped including a wounded Canadian pilot that he took almost all the way to the Allied troops in Nijmegen.

When we were lying up in to steeple, Gijs told me that down below that evening there would be several German officers staying in a small house about fifty feet from the church..While we were talking, I occasionally heard the conversation of the Germans down below. All this time, of course, the firing continued, and I thought for sure that I would be unable to sleep. But, as the tension left me, I dozed off.

It must have been about 4:00 a.m. when Gijs awakened me. We went down the way we had gone up, out the back door and started across the fields in a dense fog. I recall one time when we came to a fence he laboriously climbed over and I merely put my hand on the top of the post and vaulted over. Gijs remarked, "Good show" which no doubt was something he had heard on the BBC. He was very proud of his English, although I often had to ask him to repeat himself.

We must have traveled about a half a mile until we came to the back of a house where I was to spend the next few days. Gijs opened the door and we entered the house of Antoon Stevens who, Gijs told me, was the village policeman. At the time I saw him he was not in his uniform. He greeted me heartily, as did his wife, his three sons and his three daughters. He escorted me into the front room and stood there like a small boy who had just been given a new toy.

He was very frustrated since he could not speak English and I understood not one word of Dutch. I was able to speak a little German, as I had had two years of German in high school. This was to be our only way communicating. He had to figure out just what words I knew and try to reply accordingly, although sometimes he merely talked louder when I did not understand. Mr. Steven's sons could speak English about as well as Gijs and I often had to tell one of them and he would then translate to the family.

For the first two or three days. I was given cigarettes and we had very wonderful meals. However, Mr. Stevens asked me to sleep in the hayloft, which was in the rear portion of the house. He had the fear that perhaps at night somebody might unexpectedly enter the house and discover me. He told me that if that happened, he and his family would certainly be promptly marched out of the house and shot.