

They and the Germans had a fight about the position I fell. In 5 minutes I would have been in German hands. The other boys weren't so fortunate because 8 were captured and one was killed in trying to escape. I don't know which. A partisan lady saw it happen and told us.

After I had gotten to safety, they stopped at a farmhouse and fed me, milk and eggs. I drank the milk even though I don't like it.

The way I got to understand them there was a young girl who went to school in the U.S. for 7 years and could speak English. So she and two guards accompanied or guided me to an office. I gave them my boots and parachute.

Then I went to another office where I slept all night. I had been running and walking for 6 hours. I had to sleep with some Partisan officer in a narrow bed so I didn't sleep well. There was a couple of old men who could speak a little English so I got by.

These natives really love Americans and English and hate Germans and Italians. They looked at me like I was God. I had to stop several times just to stand and let them look at me, no kidding. I had made a hit with them and they fed me well on eggs, dark bread, milk and whatever they had.