

It was a thrill of a life falling through the air but I had the presence of mind to fall about 3,000 feet. I did this because I was tumbling over and over endways in the air so I remembered to spread my legs and hold out one arm to stop it and it worked. I then pulled the ripcord and it really gave me a jerk when the chute opened but there I was floating through the air all peaceful like - that is, until I saw the airplane coming back my way and I was wondering if it was going to hit me there in the chute. It was coming too close for comfort but not as close as I thought. It went below me and crashed and blew up.

Then I looked down and saw that I was coming down among a bunch of trees, a forest. I was really thinking. About that time I remembered to pull on the shroud lines to guide my way down. I guess it did some good because I lit in a small clearing about 10 feet from a tree and right by a fallen tree. Lucky Lackey again. But I have never had such a jar in my life. I really hit the ground and couldn't get up for a few seconds.

But there was someone there waiting for me to help me escape. I told them I was American and they motioned for me to come along and to run, and I guess I ran for a mile in the hills (small mountains). I was tired, and sure enough I had fallen into the hands of partisans*, our allies, and since then they are guiding me to escape.

*Partisans - members of a guerrilla band operating within enemy lines.