

2.  
recovered rather rapidly.

I removed my Wings and Rank stripes and put them on the rafters in the shed (we were instructed to do that by our Intelligence Officer at briefing because coming down in Germany and wearing an Aircrew Brevet quite often resulted in immediate retaliation, whereas if no brevet, you might get away for awhile or until emotions had subsided somewhat.

My first object was to locate myself. There was a sign post outside the shed on a path, with an indecipherable name.

I decided to take a stock of my escape equipment. I had two Escape Maps sewn into my shoulder pads, two magnetic buttons sewn on my battle dress, a comb with two magnetic needles hidden in the thick part of the main frame of the comb, a knife strapped to my right lower leg under my trousers, a collapseable razor and my Escape Kit (milk tablets, razor blades, matches, concentrated fruit etc., and a condom), Escape money (Kroners and Reich marks) (I was always told that the condom was to be used to put your watch in if you had to swim anywhere, but with the escape money in hand, I wonder how often the watch was put in it.)

I cut the lining of my battle dress and removed the escape map, cut a small slit in the matchbox cover and starting from the top worked my way down and across the map trying to establish my whereabouts. Unfortunately the place must have been too small to be printed on the map.

I removed one of the buttons from my tunic and balanced it on a match. These buttons had a very small white dot on them which rotated to the north and from there one could ascertain where was north and other main points. It was naturally only general, but I soon found where East was and orientated myself, which after baling out in the dark the only direction you know is down.

At daylight I stood outside the shed as I thought with no-one around looking north and trying to work out a plan of action when a boy came along. Conversation was impossible but he located me on the map and went away and came back with some sandwiches which were very welcome (my survival kit could keep me going for at least five days without too much hardship, and then I had the knife etc. for the odd chicken, rodent etc.)

That night I went out looking for a boat. I walked along a track but my efforts were unsuccessful. I returned to the shed, deciding I would go by the shore next night, I thought if I could get a boat I would "island hop" to Sweden (the idea seemed alright then, but in retrospect I would have been lucky to make it)

The next day the boy arrived and much to my annoyance and astonishment had a policeman with him.

The policeman took me to what I think was the Rudkobing Town Hall or Police Station and I was put in a cell. Just prior to going into the cell there was quite a collection of people and I had the pleasure of throwing the escape money to them, together with the condom! So instead of cruising the beautiful Baltic I had to reluctantly and forcibly accept the hospitality of the Third Reich.

I was taken that night to Svenborg and then to Odense and from there to Dulag Luft at Frankfurt-en-Main. Up to this time I had not been searched and still had my knife, razor, comb and remaining button and escape map. On being searched before interrogation they took my watch, knife and collapsable razor, they rest they didn't find.

After interrogation I was transferred to Stalag Luft 111, North Compound. I arrived there a couple of months before the escape which is popularly known as "The Great Escape" occurred. I joined the Escape Organization and handed over the comb, button and map to the Organization, and someone took them out with him on his escape.