

He does not speak Danish - the long story about how Flight Sergeant [Walter F. Morice](#) reached Sweden from Anders Bjørnvad: **De fandt en vej** (They found a way) about help to allied airmen who crashed in Denmark (DFEV p. 90-94) translated by Kirsten Klitgård.

As we know, the Polish airman was abducted from Ringsted hospital on November 7 and transferred to Sweden a few days afterwards, probably on November 9.

On that very day the Reverend K. Hanghøj, Frederikshavn, arrived by the small private railway line from Ålborg to Biersted railway station late in the afternoon.

He was fetched by the vicar, the Rev. Münster, who some time before had asked Hanghøj to hold the evening service in Biersted church the same evening. On the way from the station to the vicarage Münster told Hanghøj that he had received a British pilot the day before. Was it possible for Mr. Hanghøj to have him transferred from Frederikshavn to Sweden? It was.

The service passed off according to plan. And when things in the vicarage had calmed down, Münster fetched the pilot. The vicar's wife and a boarder, Ingvald Petersen, the engineer, were also present. The latter had illegal connections in Ålborg and later became the leader of the Kaas-Fjerritslev district.

They discussed the matter until long past midnight. There was much to consider. First and foremost the pilot was to have an identity card. The Germans stopped all traffic on the roads. A photo of the pilot had also been taken in the last faint daylight, but when the film was developed in Ålborg the photographing proved a total failure.

They agreed that Ingvald Petersen was to go by the first train to Ålborg in order to find a reliable taxicab owner.

Later the Reverend Hanghøj was to go to Ålborg to fetch his little three-year-old daughter who was staying with his parents. The taxi was to be at their address by 3 pm and then drive to Frederikshavn by way of Biersted.

Morice, the airman who was to be transported, was the pilot of one of the two bombers which had crashed south of Thisted on November 4. Falck had taken him to Thisted hospital. But he disappeared from there before the Germans got an opportunity to arrest him.

The German colonel in Thisted was absolutely furious. He thought that it was the duty of the Danish police to watch in situations like this. The police declared that they couldn't take part in the search for the airman. And by the way they thought that neither the police nor the hospital had done anything wrong.

The colonel got even more furious.

He requested that for the sake of the town, the hospital, the doctors, and the relations on the whole the police should appeal to the inhabitants not to support the escaped airman in any way.

After negotiating with the Commissioner of Police the Chief Constable agreed to insert an announcement in 5 papers in the north of Jutland.

Among other things the announcement, which appeared on Nov.8, contained a description of the airman. From this we know the following about him: "21 years old, about 180 cm tall, medium of stature, pronounced features, medium fair hair and a short moustache, wears a blue-grey shirt, greyish trousers, a bluish tunic without badges of rank, white knitted socks and long boots. He doesn't speak Danish."

Besides the announcement contained a forceful warning against helping the airman in any way. "Such actions may have the gravest consequences not alone for the perpetrator, but also for the population as a whole," the announcement from the police concluded.

Rud. Münster had just read the warning about helping the the escaped airman when a man who lived west of Biersted brought the airman to him.

As we have heard, the Reverend Hanghøj was informed of the matter, and on November 10, the day after the religious service in Biersted, the taxi pulled up at the appointed address in Ålborg.

The Reverend Hanghøj tells the following about what happened next: "The taxi arrived as agreed upon. We stopped in Løkkegade, and the identity card was handed over to me at the given address with the message that the pilot was to be taken to Frederikshavn immediately, no matter whether there were other persons for a transport.

The identity card, however, was most imperfect. One thing was that the man was said to be deaf-and-dumb, there was no other possibility, but the photo! The likeness was minimal. They had had to put in a picture of another person who according to a description over the telephone was thought to resemble the pilot, which was far from being the case.

Hanghøj continues: "When we drew near Biersted church and the vicarage, the first thing I saw was German observation guards in the church tower. But what was worse, a whole company of German soldiers was deployed on the road between the churchyard and the vicarage garden and they were apparently very interested in the taxi which was coming along. We turned into the vicarage drive and pulled up on the yard. The Reverend Münster came out at once. I won't deny that I was afraid, and I suggested to Münster that we should bide our time and perhaps wait for the soldiers to withdraw. But Münster explained that it was only an exercise. They were used to having German soldiers around, and as he was eager to see the pilot leave the house, we decided to set out. The pilot slipped into the taxi and lay down on the floor in front of the back seat where I was sitting with my little girl. And then we drove out with the precious cargo past the soldiers who didn't observe anything extraordinary although there were only a few metres between us.

As soon as we were out of the danger zone, the pilot sat up on the back seat beside us, and we passed across

the Vildmosen and further through Vendsyssel along secondary roads (even then I had a good local knowledge) and reached Frederikshavn safe and sound around 5 pm. We were not stopped anywhere, not even when we entered Frederikshavn.

But the greatest difficulty remained. The pilot was to be sailed to Sweden as quickly as possible, if feasible the very same night. My wife and I were to go to a dinner party at 6 pm, a sixtieth birthday with good friends, and we could not very well excuse ourselves without attracting attention. Since we didn't dare to take our domestic help into the secret, the pilot had to leave the house in the course of an hour. I therefore immediately went to the then leader of the transports to Sweden, my old school mate from Ålborg katedralskole, Assistant Chief Constable Poul Larsen (later sentenced to death and executed in Ryvangen on March 10, 1945) who promised to do what he could. Arranging a transport at such short notice was out of the question, however.

The pilot had to spend one more night in Denmark. - About 6 pm he was fetched by Poul Larsen and taken to Aasted parsonage 9 km west of Frederikshavn by our most trusted taxi driver while my wife and I quickly donned our finery and arrived at the dinner a little late but with our little ones as a good excuse.

Our good friends, vicar P. Westergaard-Nielsen and his wife, then accommodated the pilot for the next 24 hours, November 10-11, 1943. He couldn't calm down, relates vicar Westergaard-Nielsen, and that wasn't to be wondered at. The vicar's collection of English literature was rather limited, yet he found Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" on his shelf and lent it to the pilot. The latter soon lost interest in literary matters, left the parsonage on his own and went for a walk in the neighbouring hills where he was seen by one of the neighbours of the parsonage, who asked the vicar about the sinister person roaming through the parish.

On the evening of November 11 1943 the pilot was fetched by assistant chief constable Poul Larsen and driven to Sæby where - as far as is known - Ditlev, the late shipbuilder, took care of him. He was taken on board the packet boat which sailed in regular service between Sæby and Copenhagen. It left the following morning. During the trip down the Kattegat the pilot spent much of his time on deck. Suddenly a German inspection vessel appeared, and the pilot quickly had to be hidden in a cupboard made for the purpose in the bottom of the ship. The Germans went on board and searched the ship as well as the ship's papers, but detected nothing. And near Hveen he was fetched by the usual contact boat. The dramatic escape had been successfully accomplished."

In the car on their way to Frederikshavn the airman told the Reverend Hanghøj of his experiences between Thisted and Biersted. At a small holding he had got food and the man's best clothes. On his way from there he often jumped into a ditch when travellers came near. Later he became bolder and walked briskly along the road. In Birkelse he got into contact with a man who thought that vicar Münster had something to do with the resistance movement, and therefore delivered the pilot to him. The two men in the taxi also found out that in a way they had "met" before. The Reverend Hanghøj tells about this: "It was very strange that sometimes he had been among those who dropped mines off the entrance to Frederikshavn harbour. This happened now and then during the nights to Sundays and stopped all traffic in the harbour for several hours. So he was possibly partly to blame when I sometimes had to cancel the service on the Hirtsholmene, which belonged to my office in those years." Some months later the Reverend Hanghøj received a message from the German commander in Frederikshavn that 7 British airmen who had crashed at Kallerup south of Thisted on November 4 1943, had been buried in Frederikshavn churchyard. The 7 names were: W.J. Champion, Leslie Grimwood, L.S. Crawford-Watson, J.G. Burns, W.S. Masters, R.J. Thomas, and James C. Meth.

The Reverend Hanghøj ends his account: "Most of them, perhaps all, were New Zealanders, and one of them was the brother-in-law of our pilot friend, I don't know which of them. But it was with a heavy heart that I entered their names in the church register."