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(Updated on 11 August 2012 - only layout)

Dear Anders,

I wonder if you have time to read all this? Much of it, if not all, you may already know. I thought that some of it might give you an insight into my mind as a young man, full of enthusiasm for life & mildly adventurous.

Yesterday, 8th May was the anniversary of the end of war with Germany & my return from Germany, in 1945 after 3 1/2 years as a POW. It is now a long time ago!
I'm not as well as I would like to be so please forgive me if I do not write further.

Kind regards
& blessings,
Hamish.

The attack on U-boat pens, Rostock 11/12 September 1941

Handley Page Hampden, AE300
RAF Coningsby. Lincolnshire, England.

Pilot Sgt J Bannister (RAFVR)

Navigator/ Bomb-aimer Sgt Rae Dunn (RCAF)

Wireless Operator/Upper Air gunner Sgt J A S Philson (RAFVR)

Wireless Operator/Under Air gunner Sgt F W Davies (RAFVR)

This was the first time I had flown with these men.

[I had, in fact, already completed my first tour of operations, (200 hours) & on the invitation of my Wing Commander, Bob Allen, I volunteered to fly this additional flight.

I had recently returned from an advanced course of gunnery at the Central Gunnery School at RAF Warmwell, from where I emerged as top-equal with Trevor-Roper (who was posted in to take my place, after I was posted "Missing in action".]

We took off from RAF Coningsby at about 21.30 hrs & set course for Denmark on 11th September 1941. Our track took us north of the Frisian Islands, toward Jutland. The weather was fair & the journey uneventful.

On the way, I gave the navigator a 'Running Fix', from the Reichsender, Hamburg & Bremen, which confirmed that we were on track. Strange to say: The Germans (unlike the British) did nothing to prevent us using their broadcasting stations for D/F purposes.

(A 'Running Fix' consists of a series of bearings - on a steady course, at precisely timed intervals, say 150 mph = 2 1/2 miles per minute, thus, at 2 minute intervals = 5 miles, advancing each with a parallel rule – in radio silence! Thus not revealing our position)

We crossed Jutland north of Sylt (to avoid flak) & turned south, over the Baltic Sea, toward Rostock. We were flying at 16,000 ft which was the highest I had ever flown on an operational flight (This being my 36th operational flight) The moon was bright, & at that height thin layers of cloud were far below us. It was a perfect night for night fighters, so we were alert.

As we approached Rostock, making our run in, about 10-15 miles from the target, Jack, suddenly, anxiously asked me to report on the flak. "There is nothing to report. It is all far below us. Nothing is coming up to our altitude!" I said. The bombs were dropped. I did not see them burst, as I was watching the sky, which was bright with moonlight.

We turned & resumed our journey in a northerly direction over the Baltic to retrace our course for home. After flying for a few minutes, probably between 10 to 15 minutes, I observed something unusual.

From my position, looking out over the tailplane, my field of vision stretched from the starboard engine, on one side, through an enormous arc, to the engine on the port wing.

I was searching the sky for any moving object, when something strange caught my attention! On the port side I could see a yellow circle, described by the tips of the propellers, which were painted yellow but none on the starboard side! I could hardly believe my eyes & my reasoning!

I called the pilot, "Jack, is your port landing light on?" "Yes!" He replied, "But where's the ### switch?"

Here a word of explanation.

Jack Bannister had flown Handley Page Hampdens on 106 Sqdn. & had been transferred, across the airfield, to our sister squadron, 97 Sqdn flying Manchesters. He had, only recently, returned to 106, in order to complete his tour on Hampdens.

The landing light switches (on our aircraft) were two, insignificant, toggle switches, located beside the R/T Switch, near his left elbow.

I offered, "I'll come & fix it." He agreed. This involved unplugging my intercom & oxygen, opening the bulkhead door, reaching over the wing-root & flicking off the switch. In a moment (20-30 seconds, at most) I was back in my position, in time to hear the under gunner, Frank Davies, report, "An unidentified aircraft on a converging course, below." The significance of this information was seemingly lost on us.

Jack took moderate evasive action by losing 500 ft & changing course a few degrees.

*An attack by a *Schräge Musik*-equipped fighter (Vertically firing guns) was typically a complete surprise to the bomber crew, who would only realize that a fighter was close by when they came under fire. This was a new tactic, of which we were completely unaware, in 1941.*

Too little, too late! Shortly afterwards, there was a loud explosion under the starboard wing! This time we dived 10,000 ft., from 16,000 ft to 6,000 ft (in order to escape the night fighter & re-start the engine) & flew at great speed westward. The starboard engine was dead. Fortunately, there was no fire, now nor at any time!

I sent out "SOS" on our 'Home' frequency, which was acknowledged by RAF Coningsby & they estimated our position at 50 miles west of Sylt.

W/C Bob Allen confirmed our position in a letter, (which I possess) addressed to my father. I informed RAF Coningsby by radio, in plain language, that our "Star eng" was dead. My signals then failed because of lack of current. (From the generator on the starboard engine.)

Also, the batteries would have been drained by the Landing Light. This was doubly unfortunate because it gave the false impression that we were going down in the sea.

The pilot & navigator discussed the pros & cons of a return flight to base, across 400 miles of sea. A 40 mile per hour headwind & loss of fuel from the starboard, wing tanks made it unlikely that we could make the journey successfully. I suggested that we should attempt to reach Sweden, which was only an additional 10 minutes flying, with a tail wind assisting, but Jack said that if we were to be attacked again, he would not be able to take evasive action. (I could see through the bulk-head door that he had the controls hard over to port.) We returned to Denmark (with a 40 mile-per-hour tail wind & still maintaining height at 6,000 ft).

Here, Jack gave the order to "Abandon aircraft."

The lower escape hatch formed the port side of the under gunner's compartment. It was connected to the aircraft by two spring-loaded bolts, at the top of the door, which swung out & upwards. These bolts were joined by a wire, which, when pulled, withdrew the bolts (of the hinges) & the door was then supported only by the closing handle in the middle of the door. I watched as Frank (the under gunner) jettisoned the door. (He sat at a lower level; his head near my feet.)

The official method was to pull the wire release, - withdraw fingers - then, kick the door out. However, he made the mistake of pulling the wire release, - of course, the slipstream caught the door & the wire sliced off the tips of his fingers. Frank waved to me, before going out into the night.

[He related this to me, some weeks later, when we met in Stalag VIII B, Lamsdorf, that he discovered he was wounded, only when he had landed. Thus he sought help by wandering round the large house of Rohden & eventually finding an elderly groom attending to a horse.

The Hoffjaegermester had Frank placed in his wife's bed, (Ingeborg Lüttichau) because his fingers were bleeding & there was a hand-basin beside her bed. Mr Lüttichau related this to me on my first visit after the war, in 1951 & then he added, that he then broke open his best bottle of port!

Next, Jack called to the navigator, Rae Dunn, but received no reply. We were concerned that he might have been wounded.

[\(Later, in Stalag VIII B, Lamsdorf, Rae Dunn, related to me that he wasted no time but went immediately the skipper gave the order to abandon aircraft; as we were trained to do, only, he should have reported, first.\)](#)

I went forward to investigate; this involved going through the bulkhead door, over the "D" spar, (or wing root) under the pilot's seat, through a very small gap, to the nose of the aircraft, which was empty! You can guess the size of the gap through which I had to squeeze, below the pilot's seat to reach the nose! I was much slimmer & more agile at 21 years of age.

The aircraft, at its widest, was only 36 inches wide & there were lead/acid batteries along the starboard side & oxygen bottles. Rae Dunn had already escaped through the forward escape hatch in the floor of his position, in the nose of the aircraft.

I tore up some charts and threw them out & suggested to Jack that I should go back to my radio compartment, to complete my duties; dispose of the IFF, & bale out. He agreed.

[Here, again, another word of explanation. The I F F \(Identification Friend or Foe\) was a secret radio used to identify our aircraft on approach to & over the British Isles. These precautions were to prevent it falling into enemy hands.](#)

There seemed to be no immediate urgency, there was no panic. However, I quickly crawled back to my station & carried out my duties. The IFF was armed with an explosive charge, triggered by a gravinor switch, also triggered by two covered buttons in my radio compartment, which had to be pressed simultaneously. I was surprised to see a flash from the tail section of my aeroplane when I exploded the charge.

Now, I grabbed my parachute pack, clipped it on & slid down to the under gunner's compartment, said a last "Farewell" & "Good luck" to Jack, took off my flying helmet & out I went into the cool, night air.

Here I must remark, that the ease with which I was able to perform my duties is a tribute to the excellence of the RAF training, which I had received. The adrenalin rush made everything appear to be happening slowly.

I had a fleeting glimpse of the fuselage in the darkness, then, no sensation of falling; all was dark down at this height (probably about 4,000 ft.). I pulled the ripcord & was rewarded by a long, white column of silk & by a sudden deceleration. I controlled the pendulum swing & marvelled, in my semi-state-of-excitement, at the tranquillity of the night.

All was dark & indistinguishable, then suddenly there was a fire down below & I realised that the plane must have crashed. I was trying to prepare myself for the landing but when it came, it was rather sudden.

In the last few feet I thought I saw wires (fortunately telephone, I think) but I landed, in what seemed to be, a ploughed field, for I bruised my left knee rather badly, which has caused me some trouble ever since.

However, I had landed safely. There was a farm house nearby but the occupants remained quiet. I heard some of the lads going home, above me & wished them luck. I quickly ran down to the other end of the field from the house, carrying my parachute, which, with my harness & Mae West, I tried to conceal under a hedge.

I remembered that the parachute packers had not required me to sign for it. They were so confident that I would return, as usual, with it in the morning! (Well! Up until now, I had always come home.)

One thing I had forgotten; two, dear, little carrier pigeons. I don't know if I could have held on to them, when the 'chute opened & their basket might have become entangled in the shroud lines. That would have been fowl! (pun)

My Boy Scout training came to the fore & I looked for the "Plough & the North Star". The time was about 02.30. Actually, it was probably a few minutes later as my last message, (according to a letter from my Commanding Officer, to my father) was received by RAF Coningsby at 02.20.

My first priority was to flee the scene as quickly & as quietly as possible. I passed from one field to another, picking up a Swede turnip on the way & keeping on as straight a course as possible. As day was about to dawn I came to a sea shore. There was little cover in which to hide but the very sparseness encouraged me. No one would give it a second glance.

I spent the whole day lying under a few scrawny bushes; from time to time watching fishermen tending, what seemed to be, shore nets.

It was hard to realise what had happened. The grass was the same, the flies, spiders & smell of the sea, all reminded me of home. I knew 'they' would be looking for me & as far as I was concerned, everyone was against me! I must be patient & avoid being seen; in this way I would retain the initiative & 'they' would of necessity look in every direction! At this stage there was no need to hurry; I must be patient!

I had time to think. My plan was to make my way in a north-easterly direction until I reached the east coast or a railway which I knew ran down the eastern side of Jutland & find out exactly where I was. That was my first aim. I did not intend to risk hitching a ride, but hoped to make my way to a point where I might be able to cross to Sweden.

It was a long day, which taxed my patience, but I resisted the temptation to move, before darkness veiled the landscape.

When it was quite dark I turned my attention to the hill behind me & turning my back on the water, I began to creep up, through the long grass, which fringed the shore. Gradually, I felt my way in the darkness, when suddenly I was startled by the sound of horses. They, too, were startled, by my presence; some stamping their hooves while others were running & snorting. In the dim light it appeared to me that they were in groups of three or four horses; tethered together by a head-harness. I may be mistaken but I guessed that they were military horses. I have never seen farm animals tethered in this manner. Warily, for they were skittish, I tried to skirt round them, on the left side but came to a little brook & as I did not want to get wet at this stage of the night, I ruled that out.

Gradually I worked my way passed them on the right side; up the hill, until I could see the outline of the crest of the hill, against a darkened sky. There were what appeared to be trees & bushes & I could see a guard's head & shoulders, with his fixed bayonet sticking up, by his head. For about twenty minutes I watched this apparition, looking one way, then the other, until, eventually, I realised, that *he* was merely a figment of my imagination & did not exist. So much for my state of mind! I made a mental note to be careful but also not to waste so much time!

When I reached the crest of the hill, I discovered a path, or rarely used road & looking to my right, I saw, what appeared to be, glowing embers of a fire. On investigation I found, for the first time in my life, "Glow Worms."

Years later, after the war was over & I was back home in Scotland, in correspondence; I mentioned this interesting observation to Palle Hoybye, who asked his policemen if anyone had heard of "St John's Worms." Following the directions given by one man, Palle & family sallied forth & found the very place, which corroborated my find; possibly the only place in Denmark with such a phenomenon.

I hid in the hay loft of a farm on Saturday. While I don't wish to bore you with unnecessary detail I must mention that I moved very quietly in the farm-yard; surprised that there was no sign of a dog!

There was a ladder standing against, what appeared to be, a hayloft door. I gently eased it down so that it was not leaning on the door. I quietly climbed up & opened the door, which confirmed my guess; here was a good, dry place to sleep & rest. Once in, I partially closed the doors behind me, reached out with my hand & 'walked' the ladder back to its former position against the doors & allowed its weight to close the doors completely. Hopefully the farmer would not notice if there was a slight difference in its position.

I spread my flying jacket out on the clean floor & rested - I HAD NO WATER!. Fortunately the weather was not too warm so I slept. Some time later, I don't know exactly when, I heard a motor vehicle drive up, out on the road & peering through a slit in the boards of the wall, I saw a man in a dark uniform talking to another man, who, I assumed, was the farmer.

Immediately, alarm bells rang in my head & heart. I had heard of police dogs climbing ladders! Quickly I climbed up on the bales of hay & making a hollow for myself, I pulled & built up a barrier with which to protect myself. I need not have bothered. They chatted for a while & eventually parted. That was all the excitement I needed for one day!

When the time came for me to contemplate my exit from my luxurious quarters, it occurred to me that I would need to exercise extra caution in opening the doors of the hay-loft. If I pushed the ladder over the vertical, it would topple with a resounding crash, on the cobbled farm-yard floor & rouse the somnolent farmer from his peaceful dreams.

Once again, my hands reached through the narrow gap between the hay-loft doors & grasped the ladder firmly. It required only a moment of careful manoeuvring to walk the ladder out & down to a position where it would not interfere with the closing of the doors. The final touch, once I had quietly reached the ground, was to replace the ladder in the exact position in which I had found it.

On emerging I relieved him (the farmer) of a wine bottle from his doorstep & his wife of some sticks of rhubarb from her garden, by the house. There was a little stream crossing their path to the house. One of the sticks I used as a cork for the bottle.

My journey took me in a north easterly direction over a little hill, where I found some skips (small trucks on rails) where someone was road making. On the left side of the road there was a single wire marking the edge of a field, which contained milk cows. In the ignorance of a city dweller, I attempted to swing my leg over the wire, by grasping the wire in my left hand & nearly ended up on my back. I received an electric shock! Yes, it was an electrified fence!

In my displeasure I vented my spite by pushing over two or three posts but soon realised how petty that attitude was. I slowly made my way across the field, downhill in bright moonlight. There was a stream at the bottom of the hill & a wooden hut with what might have been a waterwheel, probably 100-150 metres away. Suddenly, a shaft of light shone out from an opened door & a man stepped out.

I stood perfectly still. I knew that I had the hillside at my back but I could not be sure if he would notice me or not. I was dressed in Royal Air Force uniform, sheepskin flying jacket, trousers tucked into sheepskin flying boots. He appeared to be dressed in trousers, possibly wellington boots or similar type of footwear & shirtsleeves.

He stood, looking in my direction for some minutes, seemingly breathing in the pleasant, night air, and then just as suddenly, as he had appeared, he turned about & closed the door behind him.

I had no way of knowing, whether he had seen me or not but assuming that I was in the clear, I moved slowly & carefully away from his direction & soon I was out of sight. Unfortunately, I had wasted a good deal of time doing nothing but I did not intend to hurry. At this stage, my chief aim was to remain unseen. Thus I hoped that those looking for me might assume that I had cleared the vicinity.

When morning came, I found myself in a very sparse wood, with nowhere to hide, near the railway but fortunately, it rained miserably all Sunday, keeping everyone at home.. I heard the church bell & saw a little pony & trap, in the distance. As I have already said, my primary object was to remain unseen & when the hue & cry had died down to try to travel. If I had been more patient I might have done better. (From the description, which I gave him, Ole Kraul, that tenacious, amateur detective, very cleverly identified my route, from Daugaard back to the field where I landed, & to each place where I spent the day-light hours.)

When I came to the railway I spent a day watching the trains go by. When night time came I ventured along the railway & fully intended following their direction since railways avoid steep ascents and descents. On approaching Daugaard station, I investigated the trucks, which were assembled in a siding, noting their destination. I, even, under the cover of darkness, investigated the station and platform & was taken by surprise by the arrival of a passenger train, which stopped to permit some people to alight. Fortunately, by standing perfectly still, I was not noticed in the darkness; although some people were so close they could have touched me.

During the day, I hid under a little plantation of fir trees; whose lowest branches were less than a half metre from the ground. I spread out my sheepskin-lined jacket on the ground & lay on it. From there, at the top of the embankment, directly opposite the siding, where the trucks were standing, I had a fine view of the passing trains.

Eventually a steam engine reversed into the siding & pulled all the trucks away. It appeared to me that the brakes were applied only on the first & last wagons while they were standing in the siding. During the day I watched, with interest, as some more trucks were assembled. To relieve the monotony, an elderly lady, with a little dog, on a lead, walked past, on a path, close to the plantation, parallel to the railway lines. She couldn't see me, because of the low branches but her little dog could! I was grateful that it was only a 'little' dog & when she reprimanded the little tiger, which was barking at me & dragged him off, home, I was even happier.

When night came, after inspecting the bills of lading, I, foolishly, decided to take a chance & get into one of the brake-boxes, on a wagon near the middle of the assembled trucks. I found the brake box was just the right size! I could stretch my legs out straight, with my feet against one side & my back against the door. Having deliberately committed myself to having no means of escape, I, philosophically, settled myself to sleep.

The next thing that I knew, I was awakened, by a sudden jolt, when the engine, with the accompanying shouts, clangs, whistles & hissing of steam, was coupled to the wagons & I prepared myself for a pleasant little train journey. However, it was not to be. Someone was attempting to open the door of my brake compartment. I braced my back against it, in the vain hope that, whoever it was, would go away & not spoil my dream. The window was lowered. An arm came in, followed by a head. There was a shout of alarm. There was no point in running; there were too many of them; about half-a-dozen young men - I had lost the initiative; 'they' no longer needed to search for me! Why does it require so many to couple an engine to a truck?

The trucks were not all going together as one train! Some were going & others were remaining! I had chosen the wrong wagon in which to hide myself. When I climbed down I noticed that I was in the first wagon of those remaining & therefore, the brake had to be applied on that particular truck!

The workers looked more scared of me than I had expected. They should have known that I would do them no harm. We never carried side-arms, when flying; to what purpose? Anyone would be foolish who tried to fight the whole German army, by himself!

I could continue to relate how Palle Hoybye, the benevolent inquisitor, needed reassurance, that I would not betray any Danes who might have helped me. How half-a-dozen policemen accompanied me upstairs to wash & brush up & how the Germans were dismissed, saying that the police had to interrogate me further! The only question Palle asked me was, "Will you honour us by joining us at a meal before the Germans return in two hours?" I replied that I had already eaten & he responded, "Where you are going they are short of food, Germany is starving." Und so weiter.

Dear Anders,

I could go on to describe to you Palle's attempts to interrogate me in order to ensure that I would not cause embarrassment to any Dane, who might have helped me.

(My thinking on that was that I must regard everyone as an enemy & that anyone who might help me would be in great danger from the Nazi's who I knew to be ruthless, despite their civilized veneer.)

While a tall, blond Policeman, sitting beside me, insisted that "all I had to do was eat!" (He had brought me some meat & potato, white bread & butter & coffee.) Finally, after repeated attempts to ask me virtually the same question, "Who has helped you?" I slammed down my knife & fork & declared that, "If anyone had helped me, do you think I would tell you!" The sergeant rose to his feet & came towards me; I thought he was going to strike me. However, he put his arms round me, like a father & assured me that if that was what I intended to tell the Germans, there would be no more questions!

Peter Hansen, I think, was the name of the elderly sergeant, to whom I gave the safety-pin of a bomb & a hazel nut, which I had in my left, breast pocket! (Hazel was the name of my fiancée) However, I think I have furnished you with sufficient for the time being. I hope you find this interesting. I assure you it is etched in my mind & I can remember little details such as while I was being questioned by Palle, men were reporting in. Several of them took the opportunity of asking his permission to get my autograph! One man, who could not find anything suitable, asked me to sign his identity card, quipping that his wife would not know to whom she was married, when he returned home that night.

I was astonished at such liberal behaviour! In the middle of an interrogation! I could not imagine such freedom with our police. However, I would not cast any reflection on Palle for whom I have the highest regard.

It seems that I had satisfied them that I had nothing further to say. Some policemen accompanied me up stairs to permit me to wash & make myself more presentable. We heard a commotion below, with gruff voices & much stamping of feet. The Germans had arrived! After a short time all was quiet again & I was led down stairs again.

Yes, the Germans had come for me but the Danish Police had informed them that they had not finished questioning me for their report! Now Palle Hoybye asked that single question, "Will you be our guest at a meal?" I mumbled something about, "I've just eaten." To which he replied, "Where you are going, they are short of food."

I was led into the hall behind the Inn, where all the policemen, who had been hunting me were assembled. I was placed at the place of honour & all sang the Danish National Anthem. Some had tears in their eyes.

It was a very moving experience; totally unexpected! Who would have guessed that I would be treated so well; almost like a hero, although I had done nothing to deserve such attention? In retrospect, I believe that my presence symbolised & focused their longing for freedom from the Nazi regime.

Suddenly, word came that the Germans were about to enter. Quickly, I was ushered out through the kitchen. A young lady pressed some cigarettes into my hand, but the on-coming German saw her gift to me & snatched it from my hand, & threw them on the floor, saying, words to the effect, that Germany could provide all that the prisoner needs.

I was taken to Horsens, where I met some young German Officers. A fat Major entered & cursed me, calling me a "Dammed Englishman!" Also, the king & Mr Churchill, saying we were all "Damned Jews!"

When he had stamped out, I informed them that he was wrong. For a start, I was a Scotsman! & proud of the fact! To my surprise, when he returned, some time later, changed out of uniform & dressed in tweeds, with a little dachshund, on a long lead, it was reported to him what I had said. He then adopted a more conciliatory mood & attempted to speak to me in broken English, saying he had seen Loch Lomond, "Which is so beautiful."

When I spoke with the "Fat Major" he told me that at 6.00 pm a car would come for me to take me to be made into sausage meat, as Germany was starving! A car did arrive with three Luftwaffe men to escort me to Flensburg. (NB, I did NOT spend two nights in Vejle.)

The driver's night vision was abysmal. The combination of driving on the right-hand side of the road, with hardly any light & his inability to see what appeared to me quite obvious - such as a right-angled bend in the road ahead! Scared the wits out of me, so after attempting to converse with the officer, beside me in French (his French was as poor as mine!) I slept for some time.

We drove into a blacked-out town, which they gave me to understand was the last place before the border, where we could have some food, as Germany was starving. (This was the third time, in about 24 hours that I had been told that Germany was starving!)

The car was parked & in pitch-black darkness, we stumbled over cobble stones 50-60 metres until we came to a building where we had to go down some steps to enter a restaurant.

A waiter showed us to a table for four, against the wall, at the far side of the room from the door. The Commandant of Flensburg Aerodrome sat on one side & I opposite facing him, nearest to the wall & the driver & guard occupied the seats next to us. The waiter took the Commanding Officer's order, in German & I speaking English said I would have the same.

The waiter, having taken all the orders, turned to a radiogram just behind the C. O. & switched on some music. Then he departed. After a few minutes he returned & appeared to be re-arranging the table settings & tidying generally, then he returned to the radiogram & retuned the station & I heard the BBC news in English! The C. O. enquired what it was & the waiter spoke to him & he seemed satisfied.

Then the waiter addressed me politely in English & said, "I've told him that you are listening to the German Propaganda broadcast in English."

(The only part of the broadcast that I can remember was that someone in Turkey had resigned or abdicated! - It was 17th September.) I think the waiter was both brave & very smart to have realised that none of them spoke English.

We arrived at Flensburg where I was committed to the care of the guard commander. I spent two nights in Flensburg, before being escorted by Kurt Strobel, Senior Non-Commissioned Officer of Flensburg Flugplatz, on through Hamburg to Dulag Luft, the interrogation centre, near Frankfurt am Main.

I suppose you are aware that Palle Hoybye was possibly the most daring Danish undercover agent in the whole of Denmark; that Mrs Hoybye was arrested by the Germans & sent to Ravensbrück Concentration Camp & was only released in order to act as a bait to lure him to do something foolish that would lead to his capture. He had a price on his head! He was a very brave man.

Dear Anders,

I want you to understand that I have written this to you because of your interest in recording the facts, accurately. I am very conscious of the debt we all owe to those men who did not return & whose resting places are in your country. Mine is a tiny fragment in a wondrous tapestry of history which speaks of their valor. If there is to be a record of these things, for posterity, let us do our best to set them down as accurately as possible.

Thank you for the meticulous care you have taken, on their behalf, in preparing this website.

I believe that I am the last, remaining airman who was involved in this little episode. Please use it as you see fit, with due regard to the honour of all concerned.

With every good wish to you

Hamish