

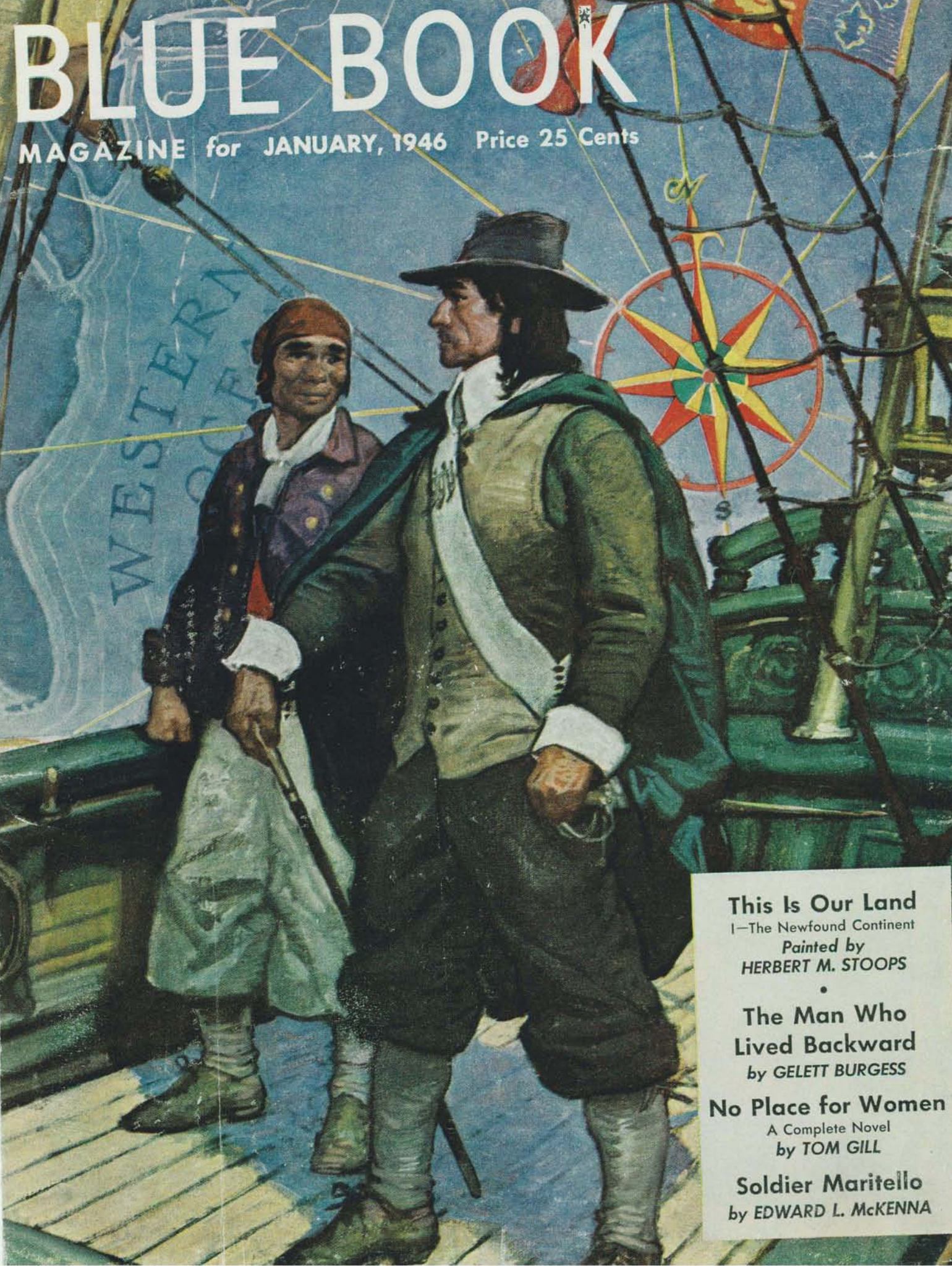
Blue Book men's adventure magazine published an authorized series of articles on OSS between 1946 and 1949. The series editor and main author was Lt. Commander Richard M. Kelly. Kelly was Commanding Officer of the OSS Maritime Unit in the Adriatic during 1943-45. He wrote a series of articles on American exploits behind enemy lines for *Bluebook* during 1946-47 based on insider information and personal interviews with the participants. Mr. Walter Pforzheimer, former Chief Counsel of the CIA, claims that the Kelly series contains the most accurate writing on OSS operations published prior to the *War Report of the OSS*.

**The series, "Behind the Enemy Lines" by Lt.-Com. Richard M. Kelly, ran in Blue Book Magazine as follows:**

1. \*"Behind the Enemy Lines", January 1946
2. "One Against a Thousand", Feb 1946
3. \*"The Chance Island Job", Mar 1946
4. \*"The Gulliver Mission", Apr 1946 by Alfred C. Ulmer
5. "Operation Aztec", May 1946
6. "Torture Preferred!", June 1946
7. "Jedburgh Mission Hamish", July 1946
8. \*"The Halyard Mission", August 1946
9. "He Never Stopped Trying", Sept 1946 (*this issue also has an editorial feature on the OSS series*)
10. "Operation Dormouse", Oct 1946
11. "Mission to Greece", Nov 1946
12. "Mission to Bangkok", Dec 1946
13. \*"Guarding Patton's Flank", Jan 1947
14. "The Norso Mission", Feb 1947
15. "Behind the Gothic Line", April 1947
16. "The Bionda Mission", May 1947
17. "The Burma Mission", June 1947
18. \*"With the Greek Underground", July 1947
19. \*"Spy Work Ahead", August 1947
20. \*"Secret Agent in Brussels", Sept 1947
21. "Secret Agents in Munich", Oct 1947
22. \*"The Fabulous Five", Sept 1948
23. . "Secret Agents at Anzio", Dec 1948
24. "Secret Warfare", May 1949

# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE for JANUARY, 1946 Price 25 Cents



## **This Is Our Land**

I—The Newfoundland Continent

*Painted by*

**HERBERT M. STOOPS**

## **The Man Who Lived Backward**

by **GELETT BURGESS**

## **No Place for Women**

A Complete Novel

by **TOM GILL**

## **Soldier Maritello**

by **EDWARD L. MCKENNA**

## Readers' Comment\*

### A Veteran's Page—or Pages?

**A**S a wounded member of the infantry on Okinawa, I would like to make a suggestion.

Why not have a veterans' page in your magazine? I'm sure it would meet with interest from the start. Especially as your magazine is one that is and will be read principally by men who see, in the stories in your magazine, themselves and their own experiences.

Pfc. Harold Power

### Homer Nodded—and So Did We

**T**HE October BLUE BOOK contains the usual finely balanced selection of stories. My choice for the best fiction of the month is Philip Wylie's novel, "The Paradise Crater."

For although he was twenty years late in developing the atomic bomb, his pictures of life and living of that future date might well be an accurate one. BLUE BOOK deserves credit for bringing this burning topic to the attention of its readers in such a palatable form.

As a Californian I'm just a bit nettled about Wylie's grandiose visions of Miami's future. And he must've been in a hurry to go fishing when he got near the end, for he wrote: "It was Leap Year. Just—1965." The calendar schedules Leap Year for 1964.

Carl C. Nielsen.

### Posies for Bedford-Jones

**J**UST a line or two to express my appreciation of the enjoyment BLUE BOOK has afforded me during my three years overseas.

I read my last issue in the States in November '42 just before shipping over, and did not see this old friend again till I bumped into a piece of shrapnel at Anzio. While in the hospital, I became reacquainted with BLUE BOOK and wrote my mother to send a batch of back issues and also the latest ones.

Incidentally, a whole load of posies should go to H. Bedford-Jones for his stories "Grotto of the Nymphs" and "Wing of the Lion." These tales really have authenticity, as do all of your stories. Having been to most of the places mentioned in them, I should know.

It will be like old times again to walk to the corner newsstand and say "BLUE BOOK, please!"

Pvt. Murray T. Pringle.

# BLUE BOOK

January, 1946

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Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.



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# Behind *the* Enemy

**T**HE camouflaged C-47 circled above Nazi-occupied Greece and slowly started its run. Below in the night small pinpoints of light twinkled in a special pattern. The top-secret recognition signal was blinked from the plane. Seconds later, the correct response flashed back from below.

"This is it, men!" Captain Andy Rogers, thirty-year-old American paratrooper and former University of Arizona football and track champion, poised himself in the wind-lashed opening. Behind him, with their static lines carefully attached to the overhead cable, were eleven other American paratroopers of the Office of Strategic Services, jumping into Greece for what was probably the biggest and most daring behind-the-lines demolition job of the war.

As he admitted later, Rogers was "scared as hell myself, but couldn't show it to my men."

"Good luck, Skipper!"

"Thumbs up, men! I'll see you on the ground!"

A split second of waiting. . . . The jump-signal light on the wall gleamed a warning red. Suddenly it flashed green—"Go!" And as the dispatcher's fist struck his rump, Rogers hurtled through the door and down into the night.

The wind rushed against him; the pinpoints of light danced crazily; and then, with a convulsive jerk, the parachute opened and Rogers found himself dropping rapidly through a vacuum of blackness. Only seconds later he hit; his body fell heavily forward, and he sprawled full-length in the soft fresh wonderful dirt.

For a moment he lay there, stunned by the realization that they had jumped too low. He had told the pilot to drop them at seven hundred feet; it must have been close to four hundred. Another one hundred feet less, and his chute would never have opened. . . . Would the rest of his section be as lucky?

The silence was shattered suddenly by the sound of running feet. There was someone coming toward him! In

a flash he was out of his harness, his pistol clenched in his hand. Looming up before him was a great bearded figure; then he felt himself enveloped by huge arms.

"*Americani! Americani!*" came an excited voice between garlic-scented kisses. All around, glistening white chutes were hitting the ground and collapsing. They had done it! The first American troops had parachuted safely into Greece. "Staircase Mission" was on its way. It was May 14, 1944.

The incredible task before them was to blow up the main coastal road and railroad which supplied all the German garrisons guarding the Adriatic coast of Greece. These parallel arteries were of vital importance to the Hun, because he had no other land-route either to supply his garrisons or withdraw them, should events in another theater require it. The only alternative means was by small craft; and the RAF, working closely with the Royal Navy, was giving enemy shipping such a thorough going-over that this method had proved so costly as to be almost prohibitive. Because of its critical importance, the Germans patrolled their vital road and railway twenty-four hours a day and numerous garrisons were located in the mountain towns along its entire length.

This first of a remarkable fact series dealing with the exploits of the OSS men describes the daring demolition job done in Greece by twelve paratroopers under Captain Andy Rogers.

by

LT. COM. RICHARD  
M. KELLY

The secondary objective of the OSS mission was to organize, arm and train Greek guerrilla forces and lead them in harassing attacks against the invader.

Although this was the first combat jump for Rogers and his eleven volunteers, it was their fourth attempt at a behind-the-lines invasion of Greece. The initial effort, conducted from an Italian destroyer sailing from Taranto in Italy, had been unsuccessful when the signal lights from the shore had warned that the Germans were patrolling the beach. On the second try, the men had been ready to jump when they discovered that the ground-flashes were from German rifles which had put several holes in the plane.

The third venture had failed when there had been no sign of the secret welcoming signals on the ground.

**O**N this fourth try the group had been dropped to a field about two hundred miles from their target, since the landing-grounds farther up in the mountains were not safe for personnel.

Another reason for the choice was to deceive the enemy as to their real objective when he detected their presence—a development Rogers knew would surely occur within a few hours after their landing.

There was no time to lose. Quickly the Americans filed after the excited Greek to the center of the dropping-ground, where the officer in charge of the reception committee was waiting for them. At sight of him, Rogers stared in amazement—six feet four of striking Scotsman, with a tartan tam, a long red mustache and a bedraggled British Army raincoat. So this was Major "Mac"! His orders were brisk and efficient; the forty containers of supplies were assembled, packed onto fifteen mules and sent off into the night to the camp; Rogers was settled by a small fire opposite the Major having his first drink of ozo, the native whisky, to celebrate their safe arrival, and getting his first quick briefing on the situation.

# Lines

"Y'know," the Major burred casually, "we've got some Krauts three miles up the road!"

"Three miles!" choked Rogers incredulously. "My God, we'd better start getting the hell out of here!" Their plane had circled six times over the field in order to drop the men and supplies, which meant that they had flown directly over the German garrison. The nightly German patrols, on the prowl for the Greek guerrillas, had probably even now flashed word to the garrison; a patrol in force could be expected in minutes.

Major Mac's guffaw broke into his thoughts. "I know what you're thinking, old boy," he said, "but what do you think I've got a grapevine for? Ten to one we'll have no trouble with those so-and-so's tonight—they're in the middle of a drunken brawl. And," he added, his eyes twinkling under his bushy eyebrows, "with a damn' sight better stuff than this ozo!"

He put his cup down, and his face suddenly tightened. "They always throw a party after they shoot up a town, torture the old men and women and burn down their houses. They've been particularly dirty with their reprisals around here because they know we've got something big doing. These brawls must be to make the men forget the bloody business—but we aren't forgetting, nor are the Greeks!"

Rogers, watching him as he spoke, realized the grim terror that lay over the land. The Major was standing now. "You'd better get moving," he said. "I'll get your guides."

**Q**UICKLY the Americans gathered. At Rogers' order they cocked their guns for instant firing against an ambush. The field about them was now clear. Fires had been buried, the ground completely cleared, so when the first fuzzy-brained German patrol should arrive at daybreak they would find nothing but a peaceful Greek field drowsing in the sunrise.

"From now on, men, we're on our own," Rogers warned. And on their own they were—twelve uniformed Americans with only a tiny radio to



*The jump-signal light flashed . . . . Rogers hurtled through the door.*



They shouted in Greek: "That's what we think of the Germans!"

link them to the outside world. If things went right, that radio could summon planes with additional supplies; it could, with luck and a weather-break, get them out of a tight spot by summoning a boat for an evacuation by sea. But other than that remote chance, they were strictly dependent on their own resources, alone in a strange country crawling with German troops.

If they were caught, they knew that the Gestapo torture-chamber and

death awaited them. Fifteen of their buddies had been captured and summarily shot by the Nazis on a similar mission in Italy some weeks before. The German radio had boasted of it. Their American uniforms would be no safeguard against their death. They knew that the Gestapo had never heard of the Geneva Convention, and in every man's heart, as he started through the darkness over the hills that night, there was a determination never to be taken alive.

They were all strong, eager young Americans, experts in weapons, demolition, scouting, patrolling. They had been trained in ruthless knife-fighting, and they knew the ways to kill silently in the darkness. They were proud to be members of "Operational Groups," the super-elite fighting force specially recruited by OSS for behind-the-lines work. They felt that they belonged to these Greeks, for most of them were of Greek ancestry, selected from thousands of Greek-speaking GI's to undertake the great mission.

Rogers himself was a bona-fide outdoor man from California and Arizona. In civilian life he was a power-line constructor, and previous to joining OSS had been a demolitions expert in the Corps of Engineers at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. At college he had played varsity halfback for two years, and starred at the one-hundred and two-hundred-twenty, in which he was Border Conference champion. His great-granddad had been a Texas Ranger; his ancestry included a strain of American Indian.

His second in command, Lt. "Smiley" Darr, another Westerner, was a veteran of the Forest Service and a superb woodsman. In the "O.G.'s," as the Operational Groups of OSS were known, there was a standing joke about Darr's eyesight; he could, they claimed, "spot a fly at five miles."

In the temporary camp on the wooded slope of a near-by mountain, Rogers took stock. The supplies were in perfect shape, the men in good spirits and ready to go. So far, so good; but by noon that day came word of the first danger: German patrols were scouting the countryside, warned by their radar stations that American "planes" had flown over that night. They were looking for "two hundred well-armed American parachutists." The news was out; and from now on, the danger of ambush would be ever-present.

**F**OR a few days Rogers lay low. The patrols continued in strength; the strictest control for the entire region was enforced by the Germans. Proclamations were posted in every surrounding village forbidding any movement on the roads in groups larger than two persons. Anyone caught going to or from the mountains or anywhere after dark would be shot on sight. Light German "Stork" planes flew constantly overhead, prowling over the forest, and swooping low over the narrow Greek roads.

The natives in the near-by villages watched in terror as the Nazi patrols marched past; they crept into their houses at the first sign of twilight, walked in fear through their streets.

To lift the morale of the people, two of the Greek-speaking OSS men risked a run into town on the heels of the German patrol one sunny May morning. At first sight of them, the square became alive; American flags appeared; the natives thronged to them with presents of fruit and food, including their precious coffee and sugar. They were joyous at the sight of these American friends who, wonder of wonders, spoke Greek; but they were afraid for their safety—excitedly they pointed at the German edicts posted on the walls.

The Americans grinned at the natives, then walked over to the posters and tore them from the walls. Turning to the shocked group, they shouted in Greek: "That's what *we* think of the damn' Germans!"

For a moment, the Greeks stood in stunned silence. Then up went a mighty shout, a cheer for these fearless "*Americani*." That night twenty new recruits from that Greek village walked into the guerrilla camp in the hills.

The word spread fast; the guerrilla forces swelled with new volunteers. Beautiful young girls and small boys, still too young to be drafted into the German labor gangs, came to offer their services as a part of Captain

Rogers' "Underground." Under his guidance, they would walk boldly into the German garrison towns, linger among the soldiers and then stealthily creep through the hills the following night to report to the Americans.

Several days passed in an organized routine, broken by several alerts when the ever-searching Hun patrols were spotted near their camp. Each time they were forced to flee deeper into the mountains. Nights were shrouded in silence except for the secret visits of the guerrilla leaders, and the staccato click of the little radio set that was Rogers' only contact with outside.

They were awaiting the new men now—another section of "OG's" who were to be dropped within a few days. Headquarters had considered it too risky to drop the whole group at one time. The first section had been sent ahead to pave the way—if the Germans caught them, only twelve would be lost. Now, after talking to Major "Mac," Rogers had wired for the rest.

**I**T was two A.M. that chilly May night when the radio spurted into sudden activity—a message for Rogers: "Sorry. . . . *Expect no men. . . . Plans for your reinforcements canceled. . . . Proceed on 'Staircase' with forces on hand.*"

This was a blow; and recalling his bitter disappointment, Rogers admitted he had at first serious doubts as to their ability to go it alone. The "forces at hand"—a round dozen of men, some Garand rifles, submachine-guns, mortars, one Bren gun and one Browning automatic rifle. Then he realized that fewer men had done even greater things than the job that faced his tiny force, simply because they had had the will to do and the courage to go forward.

"I knew my men were not lacking in either. It was a challenge to every one of us. We naturally felt terribly let down, but in a way it made us even more determined to accomplish the job."

The next day they were ready to start.

Men and ammunition were checked; two Greek guerrillas, lithe, hard-muscled mountain men, were to guide. The trail led over rocky brush-strewn mountains; and as they plodded ahead day by day, this tiny American invasion force presented a strange picture in this historic country. They were traveling over a land that for centuries had watched men march to war—the valiant Greek warriors of Athens; the Roman legions; the hordes of Huns; and now, for the first time, American



*In a flash he was out of his harness, his pistol clenched in his hand.*

GI's in their OD shirts, paratroop boots and green Army field jackets with the tiny American-flag shoulder patches.

The wooded hills were shrouded in silence except for the *clump-clump* of paratroop boots, the carefully placed steps of the rugged little mules and the low whispers of the men. The German patrols were heavy in the area; once settled in their night's bivouac, usually a clump of trees several hundred yards off the trail, Rogers was never sure but that his scouts would spot a patrol and camp would have to be moved in seconds. The men slept in pairs well separated from each other, so that an ambush would never catch the whole group. They were hunted men, and they knew it; but day by day "Staircase" crept closer to its mountain target.

They lived off the land, buying sheep and cornbread and goat's milk. They ate lamb roasted on the spit by the squad cook, who had worked in a Greek restaurant in America. They made their way doggedly through the little Greek villages, patiently answering the questions of excited natives: "Do you know Joe Papalogos in St. Louis? . . . Spiro Zevates in Chicago? . . . Pete Antonopolis in Boston? . . . Nick Pappas in New York?" They met that fabulous woman whose name was a byword in Greece—the "Mother of the Andartes," the forty-five-year-old Red Cross worker who, in a long black dress and heavy British army boots, moved constantly with the front-line soldiers, cheering them, singing for them, drinking with them and binding up their wounds. Through it all Rogers and his men moved quietly, determinedly, mile by mile, fighting their way across a barren country toward the hide-away of Captain Jones, the British officer who awaited them in the target area.

It took ten long back-breaking days to cover that two hundred miles from the dropping-ground to their destination; then suddenly one afternoon the mountains opened before them; and there below, glistening blue in the sunlight, lay the Bay of Corinth. To their right, winding perilously along the sides of the towering gray-green cliffs of the sea were two winding ribbons—the railroad and the highway.

They were facing their target, the job for which they had spent long weary months of training. Would that training be sufficient to bring these few men to success? Both Rogers and Darr, looking at the men's eager faces, felt a quiet conviction that it would.

Chosen for the demolition were two critically vulnerable points on the line: The major blow was to be at a



*A streak of flame shot skyward. . . . a deafening crack followed. The two bridges! They had done it!*

curve where both the rail and road were cut into the side of a cliff that dropped straight down to the sea below. The second vital spot was where two small bridges—one for the road, the other for the rail, spanned a small river about three-fourths of a mile above the chosen curve.

His first step, Rogers knew, was to contact "Captain Jones." Their meeting took place in a tiny guerrilla hide-out deep in the hills. Rogers found himself face to face with a husky Englishman, in a worn British uniform, his face taut with worry, his voice tense but hopeful. For six long months now, this officer had been risking his life to get this job done. Bad luck and bitter disappointments had thwarted him at every turn. His first supply of explosives had been captured on the landing-field fifteen minutes after it had been dropped; several of his best Greek guerrillas had been

killed in the ensuing skirmish, and he himself had just escaped with his life.

The second drop had been successfully accomplished and the explosives stored, when a German patrol, acting on a traitor's tip, had ambushed the camp and seized the whole supply, Jones and his men just managing to get away.

The third supply-drop had taken place just a few days before Rogers' arrival. As Captain Jones stood there, quietly explaining how they had stored the explosive at a spot many miles away from the real target in order to confuse the Germans should they again discover it, the American paratrooper marveled at the man's patience, his determination and his will to get the job done, whatever the cost. It was men like this who kept hope from dying among a conquered people; it was of stuff like this that victory was made.



The Britisher's voice grew more intense as he told the Americans now of what the Germans had done to the people of the village close by. Aware that a major sabotage job was at hand, they had in some way satisfied their blood-lust by committing atrocities upon an innocent people. Just two days ago, searching for information, they had taken an old man and woman, beat them, and then, as they lay moaning in the road, had set fire to their bodies and, jeering, watched them die. Hundreds of houses had been burned and their people tortured; but still the Greeks, defiant and brave, were ready to help their allies in every way they could.

After giving them more information on the area, Jones dropped a bombshell for Rogers and his tired unit.

"I've a message for you," he said briskly. "It looks as though we're going to have to work fast, old chap!"

**T**HE directions over Jones' radio were from headquarters in Cairo, terse and to the point: the operation must take place within three days.

Rogers' first reaction was one of amazement. He said as much to Jones.

"That's impossible! We'll have only a few hours to get ready and do the job. My men are worn out from a ten-day march, and we'll be on the run for God knows how long afterwards. The men can't stand it. How can they rush us like this!"

"Look, old boy, I know how it strikes you," said the Captain wearily. "But that's the way it is. They must have a damn' good reason—maybe they're planning to have the air force take a crack at the traffic that will pile up. It should make some good hunting, at that!"

Andy Rogers' "Okay!" was resigned. "We'll try to do it the way they want it, but I don't like doing it this way. We should have more time—a hell of a lot more. More men, too—but try and tell that to the guys outside!"

Headquarters could not tell them, because they ran the daily risk of capture and torture; but within these cryptic orders was hidden a tremendous secret. Similar commands had crackled out over hidden radios to hundreds of other saboteur groups deep within Hitler's Fortress Europa: "Strike with everything you have—within the next three days!"

That night was long in coming for Rogers, waiting restlessly for the hour when he and Jones would study the target. It was long after midnight when the two men cautiously crept down the mountain path to the railroad and parallel highway.

For months Jones had planned how the tremendous job would be done. He showed Rogers a trail which led down from the mountains to the road



several hundred yards below the curve. A second trail, nothing but a steep rocky slope, had been discovered a hundred yards above the curve, leading from the road down to the sea.

They plotted the maneuver, talking in whispers, alert for any movement in the thick brush or on the road that might mean a German patrol was approaching. Together they planned how the explosive-laden mules would be led in pairs down from the mountain to the road, be galloped up the road and then led carefully down the

second trail to where the charges would be placed.

It was at this point that the British officer revealed something to Rogers that was for him the first encouraging development in the whole project. The Italians who had built the highway and the railroad several years before when they had invaded the area, had thoughtfully tunneled demolition chambers deep in the cliff under the road and railway at just the point where the Allied party intended to blow it. These chambers confirmed the desirability of the place, but they also meant that the Germans would patrol this vulnerable point with special vigilance.

The two men stood staring at the chambers. Then Jones said: "Do you think we can drop the road and railroad into the sea, Rogers?"

"How much ammonal have you?"

"Thirty-three hundred pounds, if you need it."

"Cripes! With that we could drop the Golden Gate bridge into San Francisco Bay! If I need it—by God, we'll use it all. We'll give 'em the works!"

"You're okay, Yank," Jones said with a chuckle. "And what's more—" He stopped suddenly. From the road overhead came the sound of guttural voices. A patrol! Had they been seen—would they be discovered? They froze in their places, every muscle rigid. A dog howled dismally near by, his sleep broken by this sudden commotion on the road. Gradually the sounds diminished; the night became still. Relieved, the two men continued their reconnaissance.

To deal with their secondary targets—the road and rail bridges about twelve hundred yards east of the main demolition, it was decided to send a separate group of three men. They were to approach the bridges by a different trail, set their cutting charges and then take off for the first rendezvous. The charges were to be set to go off a few minutes after it was estimated the main blast would take place.

**S**TANDING before his men the next day, Rogers found himself wondering how he could brief them competently and yet keep from betraying the secret fear he felt at thought of what they had to do.

To him and his men had fallen the task of supplying a security force for the blow. They were to be stationed along the cliff overlooking the curve where their fire could effectively deal with any interruption for at least a couple of minutes. This would give the demolition party, if attacked, a chance to drop down the cliff to the sea and escape. As for the Americans—well, they might have to retreat up the mountains in the face of strong enemy fire. Rogers was worried, but

as he stood there before the eager men, he kept his voice confident, his orders crisp and matter-of-fact.

Excitement ran high in the hide-out that day. Feverishly the men worked, stacking the ammunition, cleaning their guns, studying the routes of escape for the hundredth time, blacking their faces, rehearsing the signals, studying the plan. Finally when darkness fell, the twenty mules were loaded with the packages of explosives, watches were synchronized and all was ready. At midnight the twelve men, with Rogers at their head, moved quietly down the mountain.

THE first step was to set up the machine-gun. Rogers placed it, with Lt. Darr in command, about five hundred yards below the curve in the road, in such a position that it could sweep both approaches. The other men, armed with automatics and grenades, were deployed along the hill to either side of the curve.

Rogers himself established his command post on a small bluff immediately over the place where the main charges were to be set. His job was the coordination of the whole operation, in addition to supplying direct cover for Captain Jones, who was to set the charges below.

Rogers' own description of the next hour vividly recalls the drama of the moment. "We were all in position. There was no sound in the darkness. I looked at my watch—one-two A.M. That meant that if everything had gone well, the three men who were to take care of the two bridges were already on their way. It meant that two minutes before, the first pair of loaded mules had been led down the trail from the camp toward the target.

"The pay-off part of Staircase Mission was under way. I felt cold with excitement. We had prepared everything down to the last detail; we'd planned this job for months; and now, with the help of God, within one hour it would be done.

"That hour was the longest one in my life. The clattering of that first pair of mules as they passed down the road beneath me sounded like sharp explosions, it was so still. How the hell could the Germans help but hear that, I thought. I felt sweat trickling down my neck; it prickled against the wool of my jacket. Nothing happened. The mules left the road, and for a few minutes it was quiet again—then they were back.

"Bending down, I picked up a handful of small stones and counted out ten—ten round trips for each pair of mules. I slipped one stone from my left to my right hand—one trip completed.

"The minutes dragged; then I heard them coming again. Down and back;

and down and back; and down and back—and three more stones were in my right hand. Off in the darkness, the same dog we'd heard the night before began to bark again. I figured we'd had it—another patrol, and we're caught right in the middle of everything. Damn the luck!

"I told my runner to get his flare ready to give the signal for opening fire. We waited, and then nothing more happened. I relaxed a little, but it made me nervous as hell, because any Jerry hearing the dog would surely be suspicious. To silence him might cause more commotion. I decided to sit still and hope.

"Another pair of mules started down the road. Then I heard someone running toward me from off to the right. The bushes crackled, and I grabbed my Thompson and waited. Whoever it was stopped about ten feet from me. I lay perfectly still, my gun pointed straight at him. Then he whispered the password. It was no German—only the runner from the guys who had set the bridge charges. They had finished their job and were pulling out. That much was done. In another half hour, with luck, we should be on our way out too.

"The dog started to howl some more, but I didn't worry about him so much now. If only those mules would hurry! I kept thinking about what a laugh I would have given anyone in the States who had told me you could move this amount of explosive down a mountain on twenty mules, and lay it under a patrolled road and railroad six hundred miles behind enemy lines. But here it was happening right in front of me, and I was directing it. Wouldn't the Huns be surprised!

"One more trip, and then back came the last pair of mules, galloping like hell down the road to the trail. 'It won't be long now,' I whispered to my sergeant, and told the runner to get ready to go.

"Two men came running up the road. The second one whistled as he passed under me. He was the second last; only Jones was down there now, lighting the fuses.

"I sent the runner to Darr to have him pull all the men out. I waited for Jones. Finally I saw him and started running like hell after him as we took off to get away from the blast."

Rogers didn't remember much of that dash to safety. He is sure that the Border Conference never saw a faster sprint. Finally he caught up with Jones, and panting, asked him: "Is everything okay?"

"You bet," came the reply.

"Sure the fuses are lit?"

"Lit 'em both with a match, and waited till I could see the powder

burning." He looked at his watch: "Two minutes—"

They stood tensely staring through the darkness at the target, the only sound their harsh breathing. The dog howled again, and again; and then it came—a mammoth "Boom" that left no other sound in the world except its deafening, shattering roar. A massive eruption of black smoke mushroomed skyward.

"God save the King!" shouted Jones, pounding Andy on the back.

Rogers was startled by this ceremonial outburst. Recalling it now, he chuckles: "I felt it was up to me to say something. I yelled the first thing I could think of—

"'Hurrah for Roosevelt!'"

Together they celebrated like two schoolboys, as dirt and stones rained down on them, though they were three hundred yards from the blast. Then another earth-shattering "Boom!" stunned them into silence. It was the reverberation of the blast rocketing back from cañon to cañon across the narrow bay. A brilliant streak of yellow flame shot suddenly skyward to their right. A deafening sharp crack followed—the two bridges. They had done it!

The ear-splitting thunderings of the two blasts burst through the air for almost ten minutes. People in Athens thirty miles away rushed to the streets; German garrisons for miles around were called out. On the hill the two successful saboteurs congratulated each other. But there was just one more job to be done and not much time to do it. Jerry was due any minute. They must go down the hill to the site of the explosion and leave something for the Germans to see.

They found a crater seventy feet wide which extended all the way to the sea sixty feet below where the curve had been. The road and rail had disappeared; their remnants lay now in the churning sea beneath. The ground was smoking, the dirt heaped up in piles. Into one of these they planted their previously prepared message: "*To Colonel—: This job was done by officers and men of the American and British forces. If any Greeks are held as hostages for this act, your name will be submitted to our High Command as a war criminal.*"

STAIRCASE MISSION was complete; it was just breaking dawn—the fateful morning of June 6, 1944. Base was contacted, the victorious message coded and sent: "*Mission Successful.*" And then they heard the tremendous news—D-Day in Normandy. Now they knew of the transcending importance of their dangerous task. Now they knew why they had been ordered to do it that night. While this tiny Allied force was planting explosives on

a rugged Greek hillside, other American paratroopers fifteen hundred miles away were winging across the channel to spearhead the mighty invasion. Face-blackened American rangers, bent on the same deadly task, were creeping onto French beaches to blast their way through the Atlantic Wall. Other OSS paratroopers were blowing up critical bridges and laying ambushes all over France. North Italy and the Balkans were aflame in the German rear.

And part of the most gigantic coordinated assault ever staged had been Captain Rogers and his men. Their daring job gave the German commander in Greece "invasion jitters," too. The road and rail bridges were effectively cut; and this, plus the huge gap at the curve where the main demolitions had occurred, took the Germans over a month to repair in spite of feverish efforts to reopen their critical supply line.

That morning Eisenhower's legions opened their great drive to the Nazi heart. Aiding his mighty smash were hundreds of dauntless little groups of the OSS and its British counterpart whose yet untold accomplishments afford history's most dramatic pages of victory in World War II.

FOR several days Rogers and his little group, finding new strength in their glorious success, beat their way through the mountains to shake off the German pursuit which they knew to be searching for them. Then came wonderful news from base: They were to race to the seashore and supply the covering party for a large-scale evacuation of a British mission, some deserters from the German army, some Greek refugee families, and best of all—the job completed—they were to evacuate themselves.

By forced marches they headed for the hidden beach pinpoint. While on the way, runners from the Greek underground warned them that a column of eleven hundred Germans were heading for the same seashore rendezvous. It was a race against time, and fortunately the Italian destroyer arrived promptly. The rest of the shore party were taken off in rubber boats, and at last Rogers and his men shoved off. It was none too soon, for the destroyer had just weighed anchor when the first German patrols raced onto the now-abandoned beach. Several days later Captain Rogers and his men were back at base, planning new operations.

Next Month: How one American Marine in the OSS outwitted the Nazis in a series of daring Italian operations—another of these Behind-the-Enemy-Lines stories.

# What Does Victory Mean?

by BOOTH TARKINGTON

LAST spring Americans dug into their attics and closets, and many of us literally took the "shirts off our backs," in order to help clothe the wretched people in liberated Europe. By this Christmastime twenty-five million children, men and women will actually have received the American clothes given last April. Yet now many, many more unhappy beings need clothes with a desperation impossible for even the poorest home-living American to understand.

An unclothed man is not only a miserable man; he is a useless, a helpless man. Without clothes he cannot begin to get on his feet at all, and, setting aside simple humanity and decent kindness, it is to the self-interest of every one of us that helpless people everywhere be helped to take care of themselves.

Let us give every scrap of clothing and shoes and bedding and material that can be made into clothes to the Victory Clothing Collection, and with our gifts let us send letters of friendship and encouragement to the strangers we wish to help, so that they will know that the garments come not from a vast impersonal country but from sympathetic fellow-sojourners on this precarious planet.

Victory is a strange word. What does it mean? A wild night of celebration; then the determination to forget what preceded our painful, heroic entry into the Atomic Age? If Victory cannot be made to mean a more sensible world and a friendlier world, then the Atomic Age might be of a too-conclusive brevity.



# Who's Who *in this* Issue



*Tom Gill*

**T**OM GILL has spent many years in the tropical countries he writes about. As a forester, he lived in South and Central America, and made the first airplane survey of mahogany forests in Mexico. He has been shipwrecked on the Orinoco, and explored jungles never before penetrated by white men. The little colony of Americans described in this latest Tom Gill story exists in actual fact; and Tom Gill lived there some years ago.

Gathering material for his stories, he has traveled from north of Hudson's Bay to south of the Equator. He has used every means of transportation, from airplanes and *cayucas* to dog-sleds and Haitian mules.



Lt. Elihu Robinson

## *Lt. Comdr. Richard McShane Kelly, U.S.N.R.*

**B**ORN Boston, Massachusetts, 2/22/16.

Graduated Boston College 1937. Hearst Newspapers in Boston—1934-1937. *Advertising Almanac*—Editor, 1937. . . . Stern Brothers Department Store, 1937-1941. . . . Ass't Buyer,



Ass't Advertising Manager. . . . Commissioned Ensign U. S. Naval Reserve, Oct. 1, 1941. Naval Public Relations, two years; Incentive Division, eight months; Office of Strategic Services twenty-two months.

Italian theater, May 1944 to May 1945. Commanded Maritime Detachment, OSS, Italian theater. . . . Unit consisted of Italian San Marco Marines with American and Italian officers. Conducted seventy-nine operations behind enemy lines in support of British 8th Army and Royal Navy. Sabotage, intelligence and partisan supply missions.

Awarded Bronze Star, and Military Division of Order of British of Empire. Also American defense ribbon, American theater ribbon, Victory Ribbon and European-African theater ribbon with three battle stars.



*Gilbert Wright*

**B**ORN in Pittsburgh, Kansas, 1901.

Came to California in 1904 under the supervision of parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bell Wright. Lived mostly in the deserts—Imperial Valley and in Arizona. Graduated as a Physics major in 1925 from U.C.L.A. Taught school for a year and thereafter got by as a short-story and picture writer. Took a couple of years off to invent a gadget that makes sound talk—Sonovox. Like to make archery tackle and hunt with a bow. Also like any kind of fishing and almost anything else that cannot be done in a city.

## *Lt. Elihu Robinson*

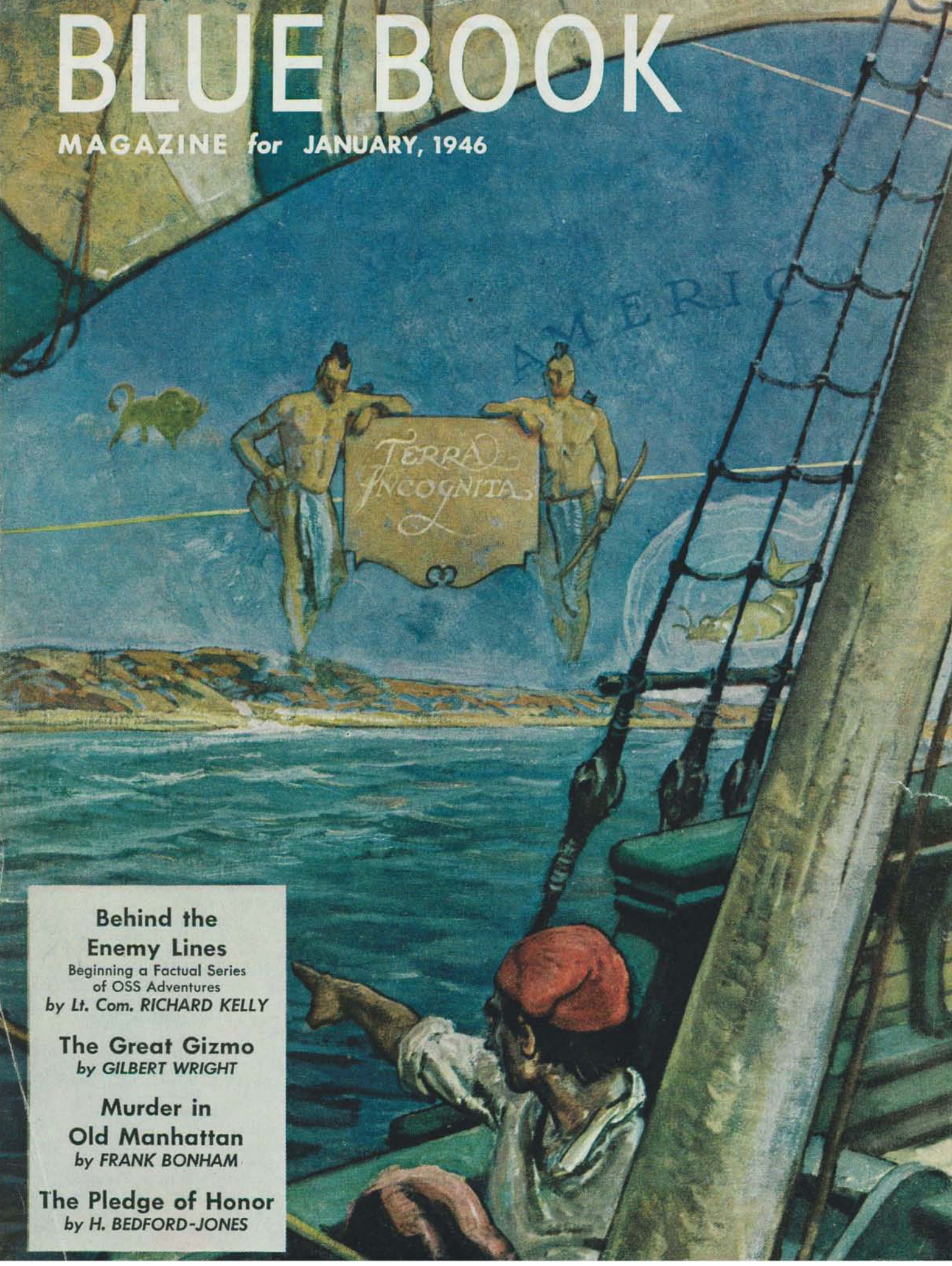
**H**E was born in New York City, December, 1914, but was educated and received his B.A. in New Jersey. Has been married since 1938.

Before entering the service, he was variously engaged in writing advertising copy and in operating his own business.

He has been in uniform since February, 1943, received his basic training at Parris Island, S. C., and was commissioned at Quantico, Va., May, 1944. Until recently the bulk of his writing was in dramatic form, but since his second trip to the Pacific he has shifted to short stories. At present writing he is serving as a 1st Lieutenant of Marines in the Pacific area.

# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE for JANUARY, 1946



## Behind the Enemy Lines

Beginning a Factual Series  
of OSS Adventures

by Lt. Com. RICHARD KELLY

## The Great Gizmo

by GILBERT WRIGHT

## Murder in Old Manhattan

by FRANK BONHAM

## The Pledge of Honor

by H. BEDFORD-JONES

# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ MARCH 25 c



## **This Is Our Land**

III—The Birth of a Nation

Painted by **HERBERT MORTON STOOPS**

## **High Iron** by **FRANK BONHAM**

A Complete Novel

## **Boy with a Left** by **JOEL REEVE**

## **The Nobleman and the Ugly Barmaid**

by **H. BEDFORD-JONES**

## Readers' Comment

### From a Coast Guardsman

**A**s a constant and faithful reader of your magazine for the past five years, I want to mention that now the reading matter is fully appreciated—that is, since my entry into this hospital. Although I'll admit the war stories in your magazine are very good, I think that more stories of other types of adventure would be appreciated by all.

I consider BLUE BOOK a most outstanding magazine because of its lack of advertisements, and doing without the familiar phrase "continued on page—" This has proved a helpful matter while reading, for a story is enjoyed much more, and there is less confusion.

Joseph Rydell, RM 3/C U.S.C.G.

### The First to Ask for Advertisements

**T**HE clearness of expression attained by the writers of the stories and features in BLUE BOOK has long been a source of great pleasure to me. The large clear type faces and the excellent typographical work has, no doubt, contributed much to this effect.

Therefore I was not surprised when I learned that many other people had had the same experience. In fact, I found some of them always referred to BLUE BOOK as "The Easy-reading Magazine." I further learned that this was the only magazine they read regularly.

In view of this it seems to me that if a limited amount of advertising were carried, its insertion would be a real service to these people, as well as a source of additional income for the publishers.

J. A. Litherland.

### Gelett Burgess Has Fun with us— and is Caught in the Act

**Y**OUR readers and Mr. Gelett Burgess should enjoy this letter. His story "The Man Who Lived Backward" was written in supposedly serious vein but Burgess gave the lie to it all the way through by his use of names. He admitted anagramming with the name *Levi*, but left the detection of other names to the reader. In the order of their appearance:

Dr. Kojer: *Joker*. Mrs. Keaf: *Fake*. Levi Wicet: *Live Twice*, and he did. Dr. Santa: *Satan*; also known as *Elvid*: *Devil*. Phyno Wicet: *Phony Twice*. Rial Keaf: *Fake Liar*. Monsieur Dirth Salia: *Third Alias*. Eli Busgo: *Bogus Lie*. Count Lei Felsa: *False Lie*. Eli Drauf: *Lie Fraud*. That's all for the story.

Now for the author, Gelett Burgess. *Buggs-e Letters*.

And I defy you to do it to me.

Jack Luzzatto.

# BLUE BOOK

March, 1946

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This Is our Land No. 3—The Birth of the Nation

Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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# The Chance Island

This third true story of adventure behind the enemy lines deals with the hazardous exploits of Lt. William Horrigan in establishing an observation post on a tiny island off the Malay Peninsula in Japanese-controlled waters.

by LT. COM. RICHARD KELLY

THE tall English Wing Commander stared incredulously at the two young American naval officers. It was stifling hot in the coconut palm *basha* air-operations room at the huge Allied naval base of Trincomalee in Ceylon. The date—September 5, 1944.

Slowly he shook his head. "I couldn't let you fly up there in daylight," he said. "That's over a thousand miles behind Jap lines. Might be a pretty bad show, actually."

Lt. Bill Horrigan of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lt. Comdr. Ken Pier of Hollywood, California, the two OSS officers, glanced at each other. It was Pier's cue to try another tack:

"We've had no information on that area for nearly three years. It's too far for a photo reconnaissance. We know there used to be a small wolfram mine on the island, and the Japs might be working it. We'd like to have a couple of hours of daylight at least to look over the place before we try to land our team."

The Wing Commander stroked his mustache without comment. Horrigan, a former New York lawyer, took up the plea. "But everything depends on the success of this mission, sir! No one has a clue as to what's going on up there—except that it's plenty. If we get set up there, we can also help rescuing airmen. We know the mission was approved as a night op., but to land these fellows completely blind at night would be murder—they wouldn't have a chance. None of us would, for that matter!"

Horrigan paused and glanced at the young RAF pilots and navigators who were present to help plan the mission. They would fly the Catalinas. He had watched them when the proposal had first been made and had seen that they were surprised. Now every face was alive with interest. It was evident that they had been itching for a job like this.

The Wing Commander sighed. It was hard to refuse these Americans. "It's never been tried, chums, but come back at tea-time, and I'll let you know."

Driving back to their OSS Maritime Base at Dead Man's Cove, Horrigan and Pier discussed their prospects. It was significant that they hadn't been turned down immediately. They knew that the most serious objection to their proposal was that it meant flying through the dreaded "Hole" in broad daylight.

The Hole was a narrow passage between the Andaman and Nicobar islands. The Japs had radar on both sides of the passage, and ready planes at near-by airfields. Once spotted in the Hole, the ninety-knot Catalinas wouldn't have a chance with the shore-based Jap fighters.

Well, they'd have the verdict in a few hours. Meanwhile, they could complete final preparations for their mission, the first of an exciting series which would be among the most daring ever accomplished by the Office of Strategic Services in Southeast Asia.

The objective of the projected daytime flight was to land a reconnaissance party on Davis Island, one of a small group that skirted the western coast of Thailand\* in the Andaman Sea at the extreme eastern approaches of the Indian Ocean. The recon party of two jungle-trained OSS paratroopers, with a native interpreter radio operator, was to explore the possibilities of Davis or some other island for the establishment of a secret OSS base.

High-speed surface craft would then be secretly infiltrated, and the Allies would have an invaluable clandestine organization over one thousand miles in the Jap rear. Prime function of the base would be to gather intelligence on Jap air and shipping movements in the area. Another highly

\*Correct for 1944. On September 9th, 1945, the name was officially changed back to Siam.

important project was to set up a convenient point of contact with the growing Thai underground movement sponsored by OSS. Weather information for the Allied air forces, the rescue of downed Allied air crews, and sabotage of near-by Jap installations were among the projected developments.

In addition to the previously stated perils of the long flight to Davis, there was the threat from Victoria Point. This was the major Jap sea and air base on the entire coast and it was just a few miles from the projected base. At Victoria the Japs had airfields, seaplane bases and a naval base. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander in the theater, was particularly interested in knowing something of Jap activities around Victoria Point, and had given most enthusiastic approval to the project. Horrigan and Pier knew they were shooting for big stakes, and if only the Wing Commander would let them try it by daylight, they felt their chance of initial success would be greatly increased.

PROMPTLY at four that afternoon the two hopeful officers were standing before the Wingco in the *basha*. The Britisher smiled at them. "What chance do I have with both you and my pilots against me? They've convinced me it's a worth-while bet. We'll give it a whirl—but remember, we can't be taking chances like this all the time. I've got to have a few planes for our regular patrol operations. You can take off at 0800 tomorrow. That will give you nearly three hours of daylight to look over the islands before you land your men. Cheerio—and good luck!"

The next morning two big Catalinas took off. "Cats" were the only available planes with sufficient range

STORIES of FACT



# Job

*Illustrated by*

*Sgt. John McDermott*

for such a mission. As was customary, two planes made the trip, one with the landing-party with Horrigan in command, the other with Pier aboard as escort, for should any mishap occur, the crew of a single plane forced down so far from base would not have the remotest chance of getting back.

The first few hours were uneventful, but on toward noon when they were due to hit the Hole, the two big planes let down to where it seemed they must surely hit the surface.

As Horrigan remembers it: "We were flying so low that we were leaving a wake. The sea was fairly rough with the usual swells and it took some mighty fine flying to keep above them. The idea was to fly as close as possible to the 'deck,' in the hope that the Jap radar wouldn't pick us up. We were about halfway through, and I was watching the mountain peaks on one side when I heard over the intercom: 'Port blister to Pilot—ships sighted dead ahead!'"

"We were ten or twenty feet above the water and quickly changed course, coming lower if that could be possible. We had some tense moments as we went by that convoy. There were nine ships in it. We couldn't tell whether or not they had spotted us, and we sure didn't wait around to find out. I guess they didn't, because we just kept going and nothing else happened.

"That was a pretty big convoy for these parts, and we had some discussion as to how we'd like to send back news of it to headquarters, but it would have been sticude to break radio silence. Furthermore, our primary mission was to land our men and get away without compromising the area. We all felt pretty bad about letting such a target get away, but we also felt pretty lucky that we had seen them first.



*"We crept along . . . the vines kept tangling around my arms. Everyone was a little jumpy."*

and EXPERIENCE

"Four hours later we were approaching Davis. It gave me a funny feeling to think that we were the first white men to see it in nearly three years—maybe longer. As we slowly circled, my first impression was that it would never do for our purposes. It was volcanic in origin, and it looked like the two humps of a camel jutting straight up from the sea. Seconds later my first impression was reinforced as I caught sight of a junk lying on a small beach in the southeast corner of the island. There was a crowd of about forty people standing around the junk, all waving up at us—probably thought we were Japs. There was nothing secret about this

for concealing small boats. The whole island was covered by dense green jungle. This would be it.

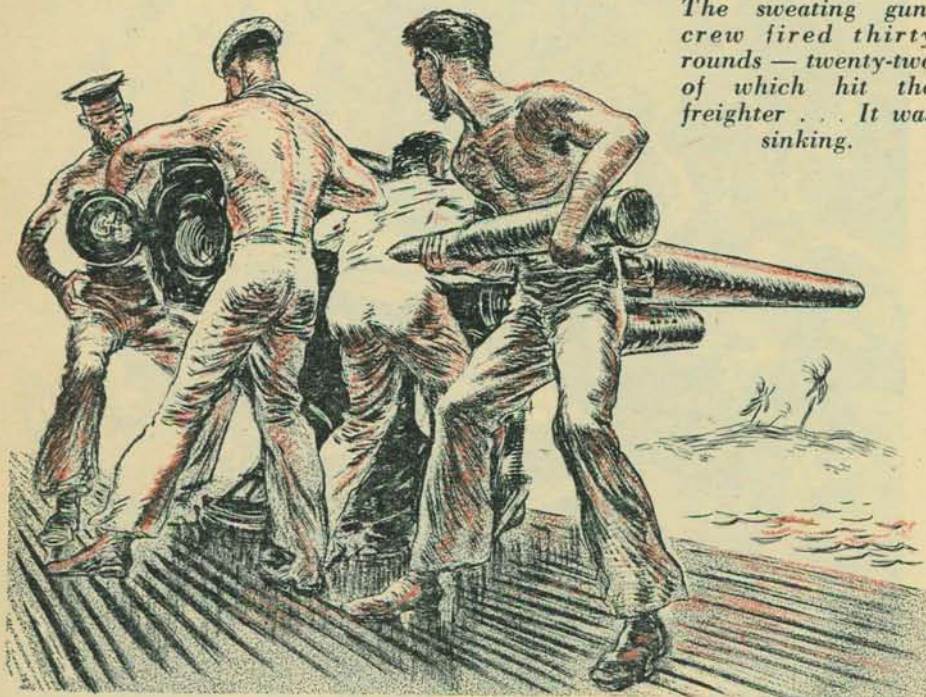
First one plane, and then the other set down gracefully in the deep blue of the Indian Ocean. The island lay drowsing in the twilight, a hazy backdrop to the instant activity that turned the two planes into fortresses gently riding the swells. On the wings were crouched RAF men with tommy-guns readied; the black mouths of the manned machine-guns pointed toward the island.

A large rubber boat was quickly inflated and lowered into the water. The men who were to make the reconnaissance assembled—Lt Gregory

plan whereby Horrigan, generally known as "Horrible," was to pick them up by submarine six days later.

It was beginning to grow dark now, and the pilots were anxious to take off while there was still some light. Horrigan knew that night take-offs on the ocean were most dangerous—in the darkness the plane might hit a sudden swell that would send them to the bottom in seconds. With crossed fingers he watched anxiously as the boat neared the beach. Then he saw the three small figures land, pick up the boat and dash with it into the underbrush of the dark jungle.

A few minutes later a blinking flashlight sent the "Okay," and with a deafening roar the two big planes taxied seaward into the twilight. Stretching out gratefully on the floor of the plane, Horrigan relaxed at last—the first phase of the operation was under way.



*The sweating gun-crew fired thirty rounds — twenty-two of which hit the freighter . . . It was sinking.*

place, I thought, and thanked God that the Wingco had permitted us to see it in the daylight. Had we landed our recon party here blind, they would almost certainly have been caught!"

Realizing that Davis was completely unsatisfactory, Horrigan ordered his signalman to flash his decision to Pier in the other plane. Blinker was used because at the time they were less than forty miles from the Jap airfields at Victoria Point, and a radio contact would have summoned Jap planes within minutes.

"Island unsuitable," blinked the signalman. "Same here. Let's try Chance," came the reply, and the two slow-moving Catalinas wheeled around and headed south. Chance Island was the alternate that had been selected, should Davis prove impossible.

An hour later they were circling Chance. It looked perfect—there was no sign of native craft or huts. About three miles long and half a mile wide, it was split in the center by a small inlet that from the air looked perfect

Coutoupis of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lt. James Fine of Pennsylvania, and "Chee Chee," a native Chinese Malayan who spoke several dialects of the area.

A slim five-foot boy of about twenty, Chee Chee was considered pretty reliable, but he had one maddening eccentricity. In spite of everything that could be done, he would never keep his shoes laced. Immune to all threats, he would invariably be seen padding around with the laces trailing after him. When called to account, he never knew how it had happened. Horrigan noticed now with surprise that for his first mission Chee Chee's shoes were laced.

The men and their gear were helped aboard. "Good luck!" called Horrigan. "See you in a few days, 'Horrible,'" they replied, "and don't be late!"

In a few seconds the soft swish of the paddles grew fainter as they headed through the shark-infested water toward the shore. Their parting remark had referred to the prearranged

**A** DISCUSSION was going on in the nose of the plane. Now that the job had been accomplished, would they dare break radio silence to report the convoy they had sighted on the way down? Horrigan listened carefully—he'd be willing to bet these pilots would chance it and make the report. He was right—the skipper's voice over the intercom was saying now: "Pilot to crew: I've decided to report those babies we saw going through the Hole. Keep a sharp lookout. The Japs may come after us."

But the two planes flew that night without incident; and at base the next morning they learned that the pilot's message had been immediately relayed to a ready sub, and that a goodly part of the Jap convoy was by now at the bottom of the ocean.

There was only one day to wait now until Horrigan should return to Chance by sub to pick up the recon group. He spent it checking his supplies and preparing for the trip. No word had come from Chance, but there was nothing to do but to go ahead to the rendezvous on the twelfth as had been agreed. . . .

On the morning of the eighth, he left from Trincomalee on a large British sub. They were a strange assortment, and Horrigan grinned to himself as he imagined what his law-office clients might think if they saw him now. Like the rest, he was dressed for the stifling atmosphere of the sub in a native sarong made from red-flowered calico, his Navy cap on the back of his head, and soft straw sandals on his feet.

For a skipper they had Black Jack Hoskins, a fabulous figure credited with having "the most colorful vocabulary in the entire British Navy." The trip in the slow-moving sub would take about four days; the highlight of it for Horrigan was the

As a result he spent what he recalls today as, "the toughest night of my life. We landed in rubber boats about six-thirty P.M. All of us carried mosquito bars, wore long trousers and were well rubbed with mosquito-repellent. That didn't make a bit of difference. After a few minutes we were pouring the stuff over our heads and drenching our clothes. Those mosquitoes seemed to take it as a relish with good American white meat as the main course. Talk about your Jersey mosquitoes! I'd take a



message that came from the men on Chance that they had completed a successful reconnaissance, and would keep the appointed rendezvous.

It was noontime of the fourth day when the submerged sub arrived off Chance. Horrigan was at the periscope as Black Jack gave orders to circle the island in an effort to spot the signal panels of the recce party. The rocky shore was bare of any signals; Horrigan kept swinging the periscope.

Suddenly dead ahead he saw a strange black object floating just below the surface. He turned to Hoskins:

"Take a look at this, Skipper! What in hell is it?"

Hoskins' answer was a long curse. "A mine—British at that—fifteen degrees starboard." With a shout he signaled the helmsman, and the big sub swung to the right as Horrigan watched the floating death slowly drift by them. A few more yards, and they would have had it!

Constant watch was kept that day for the signals, but it was not until late at night that lights were seen flashing from the shore. With Bosun Harlan Lufkin of Hollywood, California, Horrigan made for the beach in the rubber boat with its OSS-developed silent electric motor. The landing party was a sorry sight. Incessant rains and voracious mosquitoes and dense jungle had reduced them to a miserable group with tattered clothing and red-blotched skins. But the reconnaissance had been successful—they reported the island uninhabited, but completely without possibilities for basing small craft. For personnel alone—"rough but secure" was their verdict.

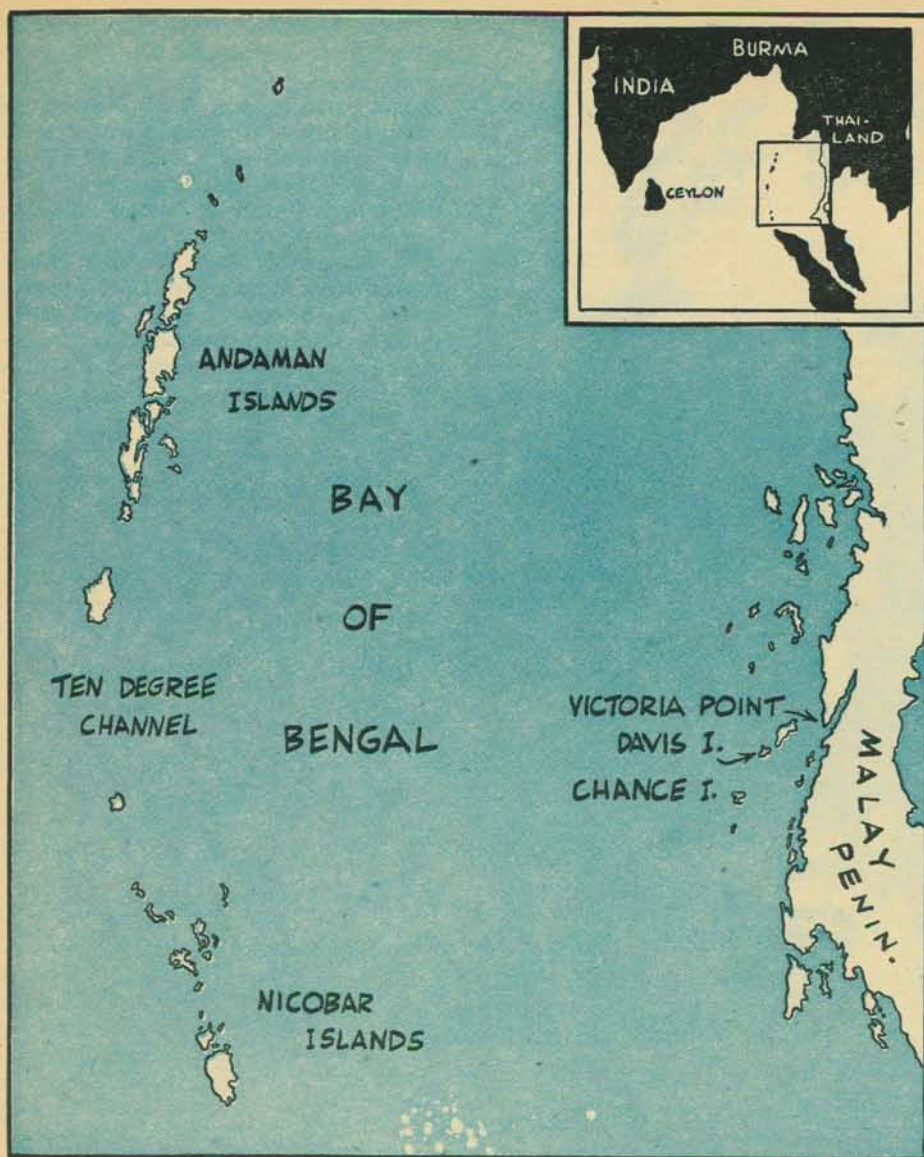
**H**ERE was Horrigan's chance to get a complete survey of the islands in the area. He cabled base for permission to spend a few more days checking, and the next day he and several of his men went ashore on Auriel, a small island near-by.

hundred of them any day to one of those man-eaters. They bit us right through our dungarees, trousers and underwear, and by morning we were in sad shape."

Reconnaissance of Auriel Island showed that it was unsuitable for small craft but that it would have great utility as a cache base, for which it was later used.

With Black Jack Hoskins' help, Horrigan now devised a bold plan. They needed much more specific information on the area if their later infiltration was to be successful; there was only one way to get it—interrogating natives. The area was filled with native junks ferrying up and down the coast; they would board them and question the native crews.

Next morning they started out submerged, with Horrigan as lookout at the periscope. After about two hours' cruising, he spotted his first quarry—its sails gleaming in the sun about a half-mile away. With a quick order, they headed toward it and then sur-



faced directly behind it. At first sight of them, the deck became a mass of screaming natives. Flash after flash of color hit the ocean as the saronged Thais, like so many frightened monkeys, jumped over the side. Horrigan and Black Jack stood on the deck of the sub, grinning. The jabbering in the water slowly ceased—the natives were discovering that these men meant them no harm. Sheepishly, one by one, they swam back to their boat and clambered aboard.

Boarding the junk, Horrigan and his men began their questioning. When they realized they would be unharmed, the natives were eager to talk; they hated the Japs, and were only too ready to give the Americans any information they possessed.

The junk's papers were a source of valuable information. In the next few days Horrigan accumulated identification papers, native money, sailing instructions and extremely useful data on the Jap supply situation.

There was another job to be done—the sub had a combat patrol mission. Since there was a shortage of available

submarines in the theater, Horrigan had to tie in his landing operations with the British Navy's offensive patrols against Japanese shipping, an operation that was anything but OSS business.

Their first destination was Koedbia, which was an important Jap port at the tip of Sumatra.

**S**IZING up the situation through the periscope, Hoskins decided on a bold attack. There was a large Jap freighter tied up at the wharf. Rather than chance a difficult shot with a torpedo, he planned to sink it with his deck gun. He figured that he would be able to outrun the Jap subchasers on the surface, and get out of the harbor after making his kill.

Quietly they crept into the harbor, then surfaced. Seconds later the gun-crew was out of the hatch pumping shells into the freighter, which broke into flame.

The plan was working perfectly, but Black Jack hadn't counted on one additional factor that almost cost him his ship. Jap shore batteries opened

up on the sub, their shells coming closer with every salvo.

By this time the sweating gun-crew had fired thirty rounds—twenty-two of which had hit the freighter. It was beginning to sink.

Black Jack's shout was sprinkled with epithets: "Take her down!" And with the shells bursting about them, the sub dived. As they rushed down, Horrigan, hanging to the bulkhead, could hear the boom of the shells breaking directly over them—the shore batteries had finally got their range. A few more seconds and they would have been dead ducks.

At 250 feet they leveled off. Within the sub the men stood quietly at their stations or sprawled on the deck. Above them came the sound of propellers; the subchasers were right over them. The deadly game was about to begin.

They waited tensely, and then with a roar the first depth-charge exploded on the port side.

To Horrigan, hunched against the wall, it sounded as though it had gone off beside him.

"For the next two hours I just sat there. I don't know what I thought about. The charges kept exploding all around us; the subchasers sounded like express trains rushing over a tunnel. The whole sub shuddered. I looked at the other fellows—they looked very white, probably because they knew what this was all about, I figured. This was my first trip on a sub, and for a while I thought it was going to be my last.

"The worst part was that you couldn't do anything. You just had to sit there and wait for it. I kept watching the cork matting above. It began to drop off, piece by piece, with each explosion. I kept thinking to myself: 'When the water starts coming in we'll be finished.' But still the hull held.

"One time I was sure they had got us—there was a terrible roar; the glass in the instrument dials smashed on the floor, and some of the lights flickered out. I just sat there waiting—praying as I knew mighty well all those other guys were, although there wasn't a word spoken. But the hull held.

"It was hot as hell; all air-cooling machinery was cut, and the temperature went over 120. The water was trickling down my back, and my throat was dry. The one thing in the world I wanted was to walk around, but none of us dared move an inch for fear we might make a sound that would give away our position to the Japs.

"There was nothing, absolutely nothing I could do. I don't know now whether those two hours seemed long or short. All I remember is that I saw this book—it was 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.' I picked it up and

started to read. At least, I thought then I was reading. I turned two hundred pages, but afterward I didn't have any idea of what I'd read—if I did read!

"The crew had been counting the charges. We had spotted four subchasers in the harbor, the type that usually carried at least eight charges apiece. When I heard the guy next to me whisper 'Thirty!' I drew my first easy breath. That meant we had a chance—they should run out of charges soon. The count went up to thirty-six; then there was silence. We just sat and waited, hoping against hope. Pretty soon we heard the Jap motors fading—and my Lord, what a moment that was! Everyone just started to grin like fools.

"After a half-hour passed, Black Jack worked his way out of the harbor, just creeping along. He raised the periscope inch by inch. We were all watching him. We knew it was okay when we saw his grin. 'The nearest one's half a mile away. I think the rats have lost us.'"

**A**FTER that depth-charge attack, the rest of the patrol seemed relatively uneventful to Horrigan. It was the second week in October when he found himself back at base again, his reports ready for Allied headquarters. Since the war had begun, there had been no ground reports for the area, and this first intelligence was received with marked interest by Lord Mountbatten's staff. The campaign in Burma was now pushing ahead slowly against fanatical Jap resistance, and plans were being drawn up at headquarters for a series of bold amphibious operations along the western coast of Burma and Thailand. These operations were to be launched so far from Allied air bases in India that

airfields must be set up in the invasion area. Carrier air cover would suffice to start, but land bases were considered essential.

OSS was brought into the picture; and Horrigan, in addition to preparing his permanent landing-party for Chance, was given the job of training two British officers whom he was to take ashore on St. Luke's Island, about forty miles north of Chance. He was to assist them in making a survey of the island's possibilities for the speedy construction of airfields; this reconnaissance would be combined with his mission of infiltrating the OSS group on Chance.

For several weeks Horrigan worked with the two British officers—one from the Air Force and the other from the Royal Engineers. He taught them the rudiments of jungle craft and small-boating through the surf so vital in all landing operations in this theater. They were both of slight build, and Horrigan had some doubts as to how they would take the rugged life of the jungle. They had plenty of guts, however, were highly skilled at their specialties, and very keen for the operation.

As for the American party chosen to command the base at Chance Island—there were Lt. John Calhoun, a redheaded Harvard Law student from Boston; Captain David Blee, a young California lawyer and demolitions expert; and Lt. Cleveland Autry, a big powerful Texan who was the weatherman, but whose real preference was blowing things up.

They were all sound men; their training had been excellent; what was more, Horrigan knew that each of them could be relied upon to furnish the light touch of humor that might save them from a crack-up through those long days and nights

that they would have to spend in the jungle. He had seen what months of jungle life could do to a man—the intense heat, relieved occasionally by a very slight breeze which would mean only rain to come—a steaming rain that brought even more mosquitoes; the wet vines and brush, so dense that it might take a man several hours to hack his way even a few yards; the snakes, and rats almost cat-size; the ever-present threat of malaria, typhus and septic sores; the endless slime underfoot; and worst of all, the eternal depressing stillness of the jungle itself.

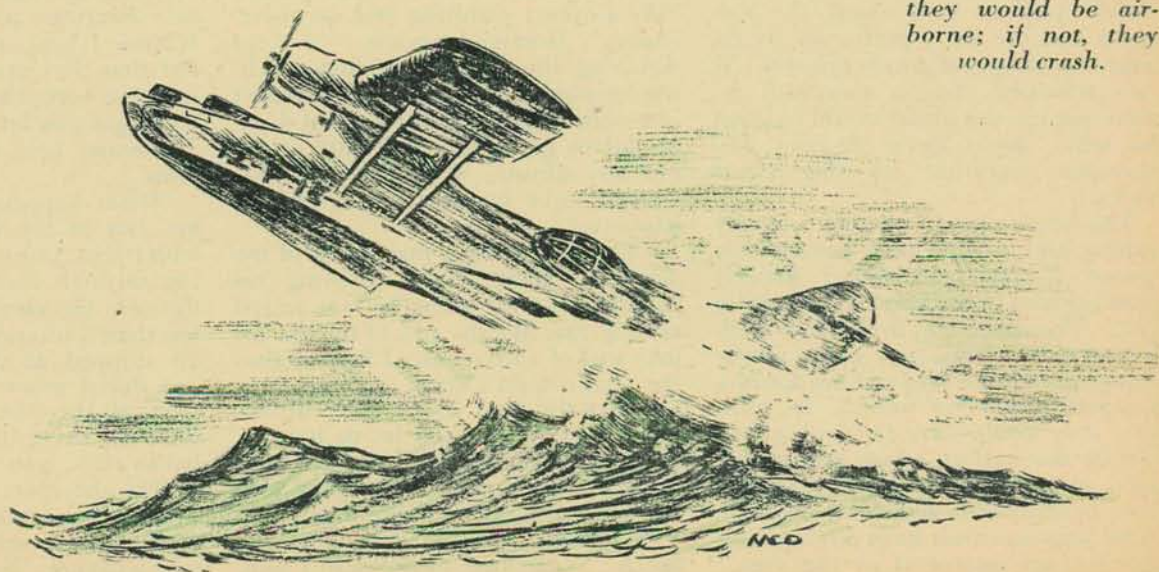
**T**HE first week in November found everything ready. The trip was to be made aboard the H.M.S. *Clyde*, the largest submarine in the British Navy, skippered by a young Britisher whose name, appropriately enough, was Johnny Bull. It was a smooth trip, unmarked by any incident, and within five days they sighted St. Luke's. With Horrigan at his observation post before the periscope, they cautiously circled the island. That the Japs were on St. Luke's they had known. Hastings Harbor on the leeward side was considered the major Jap naval base in this area.

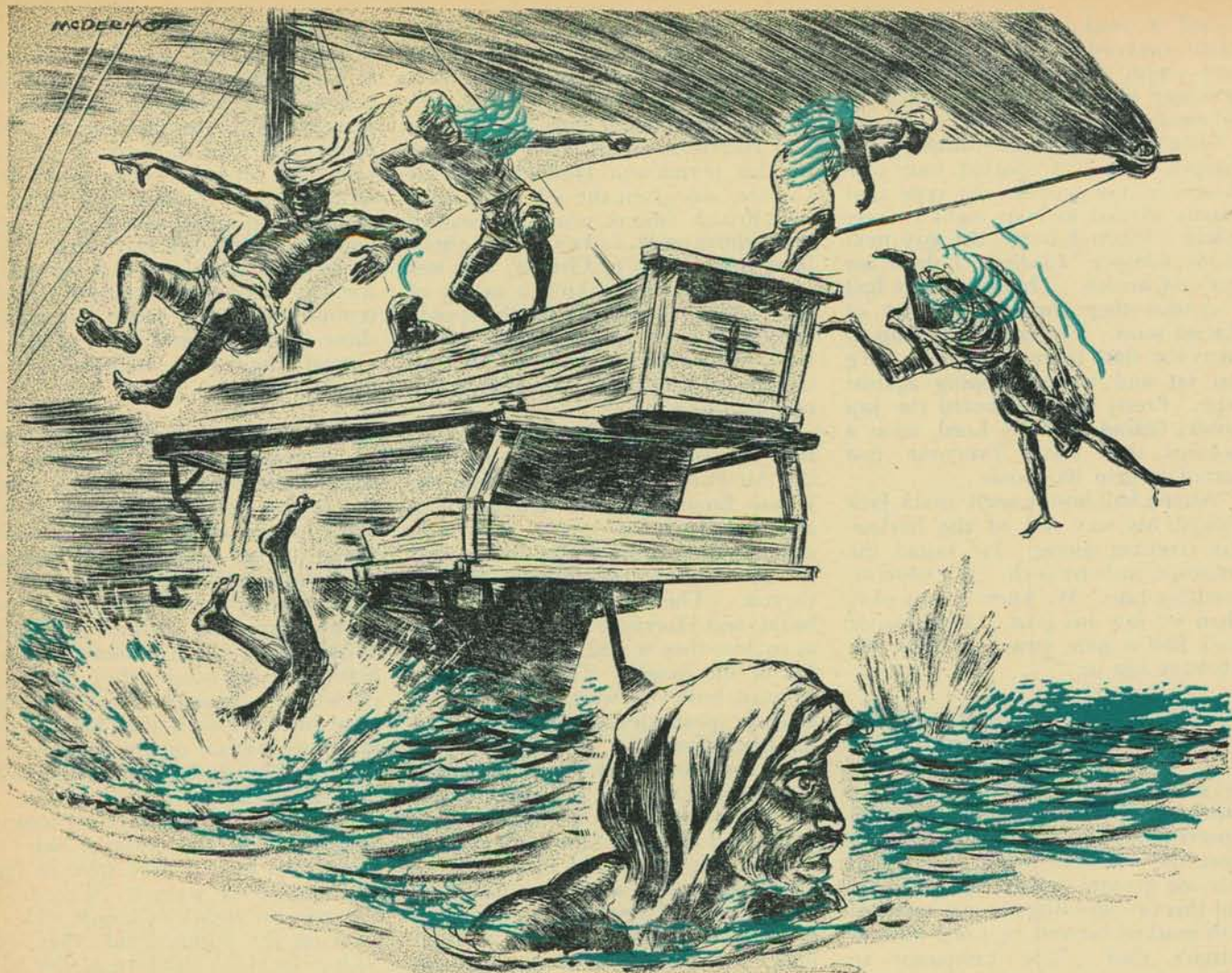
Consequently their landing must be attempted on the seaward side opposite this base if they were to have any chance of success. The island was only an eighth of a mile wide—so even on the opposite side they were within speaking distance of the base.

The tide would be highest at two A.M. He chose to attempt the landing then because the coral reefs which surrounded most of these islands might sink or ground their boat at lower water.

A little after midnight Horrigan stood topside while the men brought

*If the engine caught,  
they would be air-  
borne; if not, they  
would crash.*





*They surfaced directly behind the junk. The saronged Thais, like frightened monkeys, jumped over the side.*

up the special rubber boat and inflated it with compressed air from the sub, and set it on the casing forward of the conning tower. The two Britishers, Horrigan, and his OSS men, Lt. Coutoupis and Lt. Leo Nover of Montclair, N. J., took their positions. Slowly Johnny Bull eased the sub down and the little party was waterborne on their dangerous mission. If they returned after a successful reconnaissance, the island would be open for what might be a decisive amphibious operation for the Allied forces.

The beach ahead was only a murky outline and as they moved noiselessly toward it Horrigan found himself thinking that their chances were pretty slim. The island was evidently a well-defended Jap base; how many of the enemy were there they did not know—and probably never would. In addition, they would have to be on guard against the natives whose sympathies were an unknown quantity. Orders from headquarters had been explicit: "The Japanese must have no suspicion that we are interested in the area."

This was the paramount principle. They must get the Britishers in unobserved, guide them secretly about the island and get them safely back to the sub.

The utter stillness was sharply broken by a burst of machine-gun bullets. "We stopped paddling and sat there, frozen," Horrigan recalls. "I kept watching through the darkness waiting for something to happen. I wasn't just sure what it would be, but I expected to get a spotlight full in my face any minute. We waited for what seemed to be hours and still nothing happened.

"The Englishman just ahead of me drawled, 'Some chap's cleaning his barrel.' We all knew he was scared as hell, just like the rest of us, but his joke sort of relaxed us. I figured that the Japs couldn't know we were there—if they did they would have illuminated long before and let us have it. So we started in again. I was still kind of shaky and it was a darn' good feeling when the boat hit the beach.

"I jumped out and started up the beach. Somewhere to the right I spot-

ted a stream and we all used it to reach the jungle without leaving footprints. We were lucky—we were in the cover of the jungle within a couple of minutes, and thank God, we found paths.

"We crept along, trying to get in a bit. Everyone was still a little jumpy. I know I kept trying to reassure myself that the Japs just couldn't know we were here—they would never have let us get this far. It was pitch-black. The vines kept tangling around my arms.

"What happened next still puzzles me, but at the time stiffened us all with fright: one minute we were creeping through complete darkness, and the next we were facing a blazing fire less than a hundred yards ahead! We all stopped at the same time. No one dared move or say anything. I knew all the other guys were thinking the same thing—those damn' Japs had led us right into a trap!

"For the moment I couldn't think whether we should try to make it back to the sub or stick it out there and take a chance. Nothing happened for

a few minutes, so I thought, what the hell, we've come this far, we might as well see what's going to happen.

"We set up camp of a sort, and took turns on the watches. At about four A.M. the fire suddenly disappeared. The next morning we looked around for fire traces, but couldn't find a thing—and to this day we don't know what that was.

"On our first look around we spotted three large fishing boats about four hundred yards from us. We kept watching, and pretty soon there were about fifty people busy around the boats, with a fair sprinkling of Jap military men evidently bossing them. You can bet we never relaxed a minute during our two days' survey. We looked the island over pretty well—we were lucky, and by keeping careful watch, we didn't run into any Jap trouble.

"The going was rough, though. In some places we had to hack our way through those thick vines inch by inch. The bugs were fierce, and on the second day we all began to show the strain. The constant tension made it doubly hard, and our nerves were pretty shot since we all knew we were working in a beehive of Japs. One false move, and the whole bunch would be at us.

"The Britishers stood up pretty well, but naturally we had had more jungle experience than they, and by the time that we had our stuff all packed and were ready to beat it for the sub, I could see that they were beginning to go under. We got into the boat and shoved off. There was a slight wind but not enough to bother us.

"WE headed out toward the surf-line, saw our chance and began to plunge through. Midway a giant comber caught us squarely, tossing the two Britishers into the breakers. They were so exhausted they disappeared immediately. The first thought that flashed into my mind was—"There go our two prize packages!" On the safe return of these experts our whole mission depended. We were all paddling our damndest to keep the boat headed into the waves, and at the same time trying to spot the poor devils. I saw them when they first came up. We had a tough time trying to reach them, but finally managed to haul them aboard. Both of them were gasping and in pretty bad shape—the older chap collapsed into the bottom of the boat—out like a light.

"By this time, also, the wind had strengthened and the current was much stronger. It was a tight spot. The swells were getting bigger; the *Clyde* was nowhere to be seen. We tried to contact with the walkie-talkie, but no luck. We knew that we would

have to keep our position against the current and the wind, and that meant strenuous paddling. For two and a half hours we worked like hell and still no sign of the sub. The walkie-talkie was still out of commission.

"It was almost dawn, and I knew if we didn't locate them soon, I would have to head back to the island and take our chances with the Japs. If we were ever spotted at sea in the daylight, our capture was sure.

"The Britisher in the bottom of the boat began to stir. He sat up groggily. I knew he wouldn't be able to help us with the paddling, so I asked him to keep trying with the walkie-talkie. By some miracle it worked immediately. He made contact with the *Clyde*, and it was only a few minutes before we saw the big sub looming up ahead of us. That was the most welcome sight I'd ever seen!"

Next day, as the *Clyde* cruised toward Chance, the men had time to recuperate, and by the time the outline of the island appeared through the periscope, Horrigan was ready for the second phase of his mission.

This time they had no trouble. Their plans were well laid; the five men and the five tons of supplies were landed on Chance without a hitch. As the sub shoved off for Ceylon, Horrigan stretched out full length in his bunk, relaxed for the first time in months. He had completed the first part of his job—a secret base was now in operation on Chance. OSS now had men over one thousand miles behind the Jap lines. For the first time since Pearl Harbor, Jap air and sea movements in that vital Victoria Point area would be known to the Allies. Best of all, to Horrigan, in spite of all the risks and the near-dangers, no lives had been sacrificed. That was a good feeling.

The news that the Chance base was finally in operation was greeted most enthusiastically by headquarters in Ceylon. The Allied ground and air campaign in Burma was now gaining momentum. Should the projected push against the Victoria Point materialize, Mountbatten would now have a lookout right in the Japs' front yard.

To Horrigan and his detachment at Dead Man's Cove fell the responsibility of keeping the island party well manned and supplied. His first task was to train two natives who had been sent up to him from headquarters to act as scouts on Chance.

This was a job he relished. He'd worked with the Thai Legation in Washington before coming overseas, and he'd got to know these small brown-skinned men very well. He respected their high degree of intelligence, was aware that they combined eager minds with a physical dexterity that would make them invaluable as intelligence agents.

He was getting to be quite a yards-goods connoisseur, he thought contentedly, as he stood in the supply depot with a requisition for a hundred yards of "gaudy calico" in his hand. This was their chief stock-in-trade—bright-flowered cottons that would become bribes to the natives in the Chance area. Cloth was scarce in the islands; and it held the same value to the impoverished fishermen of Thai that sugar and coffee had to the starving peoples in the European theater.

The training of the natives was thorough. They must be taught how to secure their intelligence; what to do if, what to do when. . . . But the men were quick, and their hatred of the Japs so intense that the period seemed to go by quickly.

HE was to bring them to Chance at the next moon period. By coincidence Calhoun now radioed him from Chance—he had already recruited some native fishermen and set up an intelligence network so fruitful that he was ready to bring back a report to the base. "*Come and get me by Catalina early this coming moon period.*" read the message. So at ten A.M. on the morning of the 23rd of December, Horrigan, with his two scouts, took off from Madras.

They carried some extra-special gear this time—bottles of whisky, sacks of mail and many packages that had recently arrived from the States. This was Christmas—and there was going to be some sort of a celebration for those guys on Chance if Horrigan could manage it!

"This second Catalina trip to Chance had its interesting moments," says Horrigan. "First thing that happened was that going through the Hole we got separated from our escort aircraft, and we had to go the rest of the way alone. We sighted Chance about ten-thirty that night. I was on the lookout for the signals, but there were none to be seen. We began circling—and kept it up for an hour and a half. By that time I was getting a little worried, wondering what in the devil had happened to Calhoun.

"Our fuel supply was dwindling, and the pilot finally told me we had to turn back. That was the one thing I hated to do—give up and leave Calhoun with all the good dope behind. I suggested instead that we risk it and try signaling from the plane. Thank God for those RAF's—they're game any time; I'll say that! This chap said go ahead, and I started blinking with my flash. On the last trip around we caught the proper identification signal blinking up at us from the jungle.

"We wasted no time, set down immediately and the two natives and I paddled in to the shore. What a welcome we got! The whole darn' garri-

son was lined up to meet us—and when they saw what we had with us—well, my shoulders were still sore the next day from the pounding they got!

"We opened one of the bottles pronto and had a Christmas drink—with the sweat pouring down our faces and slapping at mosquitoes as we drank. That was some toast, but I'll always remember it. The mail and Christmas presents made a big hit—no one had expected them.

"Calhoun and I then made a dash back to the plane in the boat. The moon had gone down, and we knew that we'd have to get out of there quick. As it was, we were in a fairly bad fix. That pilot had a job in front of him—getting that big Cat up in the dark. But we were banking on him—he was Squadron Leader Pete McKeand, DFC with bar, one of the best in the theater.

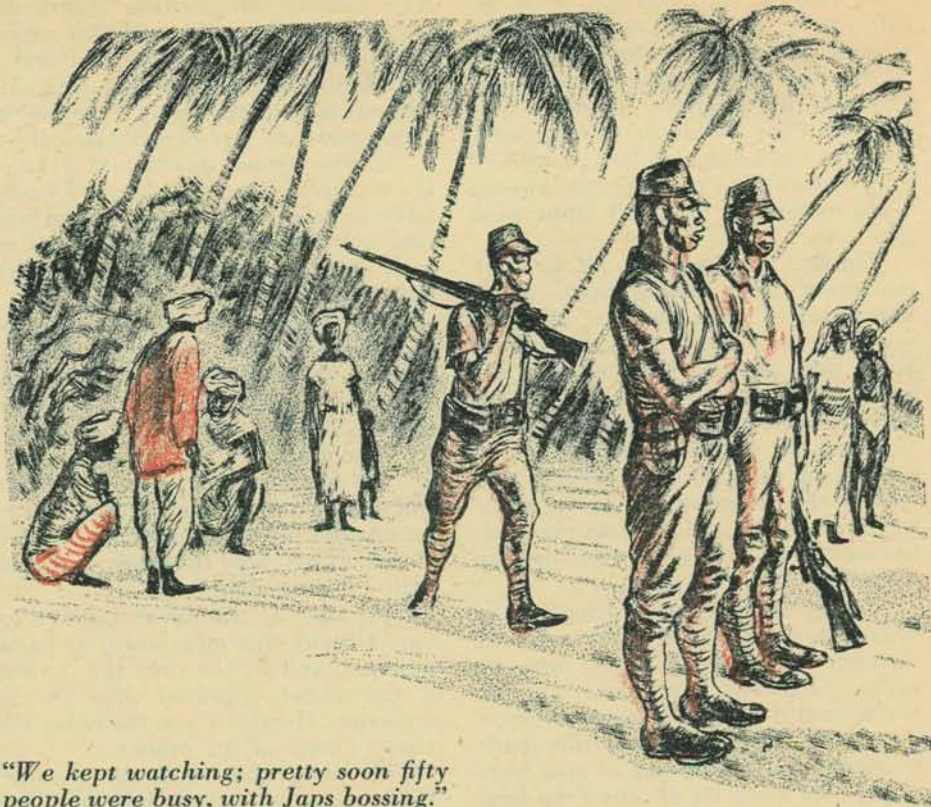
"We started the run slowly. We were going along at about half the speed required for the take-off when suddenly we hit a huge swell. It threw the plane up into the air and shook us all up plenty. The pilot gunned the engines. We just sat there holding our breath. If the motors caught, we'd be airborne; if not, we had seconds to live. I heard the motors cough—then roar. Were we—yes, we were up in the air! When after our return to base, I saw the two full-length furrows in the hull from the shock of that swell, I figured we'd had angels riding with us.

"WHEN I took a good look at Calhoun on the deck, I figured he'd had luck too—to get out of there alive. His G.I. fatigues were in rags where the rats had eaten them; his parachute boots were gnawed almost to pieces and the laces completely gone. He had a stubble of beard; his eyes were bloodshot, and he was one pretty picture with his ragged trousers—one eaten off at the knee and the other even shorter. I grabbed a camera to take his picture—one for the books!

"That was some beginning for a Christmas celebration, but celebrate we did. Calhoun and I reached the OSS base at Kandy, Ceylon, just in time for cocktails before Christmas dinner. The party was pretty merry when we blew in, but our unexpected arrival from one thousand miles inside Jap territory turned it into a real celebration.

"They had just about everything—from old-fashioned made with American bourbon right through to turkey and nuts. But best of all were the real American girls from the OSS office, all dressed up, polish on their nails—the works! They looked better than anything else—and were too."

The day after Christmas, Calhoun and Horrigan reported on develop-



*"We kept watching; pretty soon fifty people were busy, with Japs bossing."*

ments at Chance to Lord Mountbatten's headquarters. During his first six weeks at the secret base, Calhoun and his party had made an extensive intelligence coverage of the zone and brought back extremely valuable information on enemy activities in this previously unpenetrated area. The high command was tremendously impressed, and elaborate plans were made to exploit the daring OSS establishment to the fullest. For the first time in the entire Southeast Asia campaign, the Allies had regular accurate reports on Jap movements in the Victoria Point area. Probably the most fascinating possibility opened up by the establishment at Chance was the opportunity it offered for a point of contact with the growing Thai underground movement.

This intrigue, among the most extensive in all history, was organized by the Office of Strategic Services with the United States State Department, and was one of the outstanding achievements in secret diplomacy and espionage in World War II. In all this, Chance Island was to play a vital part.

Back in 1942 Horrigan had worked with other OSS officers in the initial development with the Thai legation in Washington. Thai students who were studying in the United States were recruited by OSS to be smuggled into their native land, now completely overrun by the Japs. Their mission was to establish contact with freedom-loving Thais, and assist them in organizing an underground movement

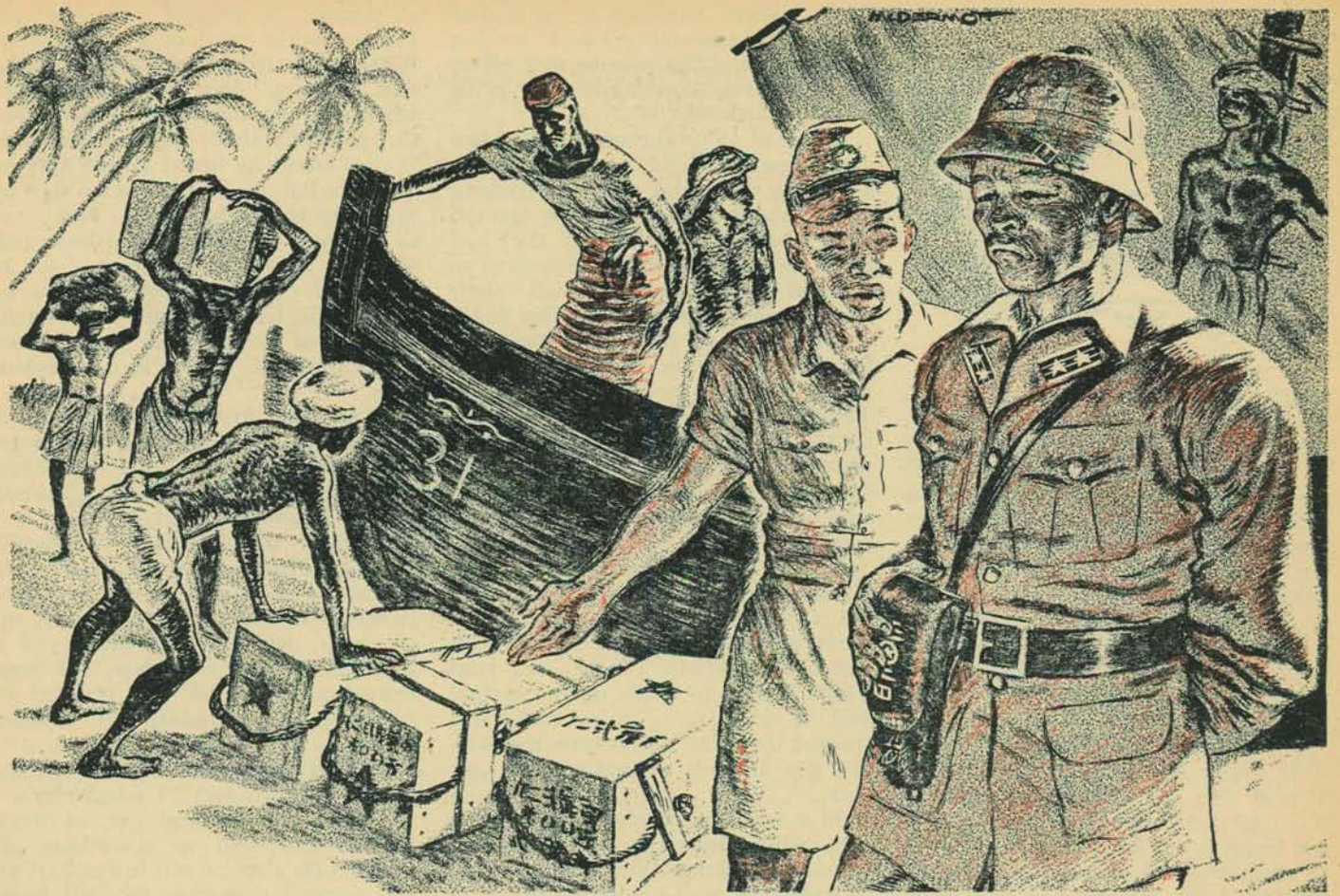
against the Japanese. All this was rendered the more difficult because the Japs had forced the Thai government into an alliance, and also extracted a declaration of war against both Great Britain and the United States.

BY December, 1944, when Chance Island, twenty miles off the coast of Thailand, was activated by OSS, the intrigue against the Japanese had increased to nationwide proportions. The Thai premier and hundreds of ranking officials, while officially allied with the Japs, were working closely with OSS in supplying vital military information on the Japanese and preparing their forces for an uprising.

Major difficulty in the exploitation of the secret contacts inside Thailand was the tremendous distances involved (from one thousand to fifteen hundred miles from the nearest Allied bases) and the fact that the Japs completely dominated not only Thailand itself but all approaches to it. Because of this fact, Chance Island represented a tremendous step forward in Allied progress with the Thais.

Early in January, Calhoun returned to Chance by Catalina, bringing with him seven additional men to assist him in his expanded program. It wasn't long before the tiny base became a pretty busy place. Horrigan, whose principal responsibilities were to recruit and train additional personnel and assist Comdr. Pier and other OSS officials in organizing the dangerous trips to service the base, has expressed





the highest praise for the men at the base.

"Those fellows lived under the most trying conditions you can imagine. They were always completely surrounded by strong Jap forces, subjected to constant air and sea patrols, and living in the knowledge that should the enemy discover them, they were practically defenseless, and we back at base one thousand miles away could do nothing to help them.

"They organized an extensive ship-watching network on the surrounding islands, with numerous lookout posts manned both by native scouts and by American personnel. The reports from these activities were immediately relayed to Allied air and naval forces, who carried out numerous successful attacks on Jap shipping.

"Their boldest and most important activity, however, was with the Thai underground. By plane and submarine we delivered Thai agents, arms and supplies to Chance for redelivery to the mainland. A Thai coast-guard launch would then run out from the mainland and pick up the agents and supplies and return to the mainland. At the same time important Thai personages, and pouches with highly important intelligence, would be delivered at Chance to be picked up by our planes or subs. . . . All this went on right under the noses of the Japs."

Radio messages from all over Thailand were also coming to the Chance Island radio for transmission to our base at Ceylon. This was very important, because many of our secret radios in the interior had insufficient range to reach across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon or India.

"Living conditions on these jungle islands were difficult in the extreme. The men were forced to subsist largely on dry rations, with an occasional gift of fresh bread or vegetables from a visiting submarine.

"TO relieve the monotony of daily spying on Japs, some of the boys undertook sabotage operations against near-by enemy installations. One of these nearly cost the lives of Lt. Autry and Private Glenn. This mission was to blow up a fuel and ammunition dump on a Jap island some twenty miles away. Kayaks were used to transport the demolition party to the target. All went well, and the charges were laid with a one-hour delay. But when Autry and Glenn were only a few hundred yards away from the island, the cable that held their kayak together broke and stranded them there when the explosion took place. It took them ten hours of back-breaking paddling to make the rendezvous, which they reached after daylight. When the OSS authorities heard of

that episode, they put an end to all further sabotage attempts for fear of compromising the more important uses of the base."

For five months Chance continued to operate with spectacular success. Unbelievably the Japs hadn't caught on to all the activity in the heart of their South East Asiatic defenses. Taking spectacular chances, OSS men were now ranging far and wide to keep Allied headquarters posted on every Jap movement. But at last it happened—they were compromised. Oddly enough, it was one of those small things that seem foolproof, but wasn't—a routine night airdrop of supplies. Two upper chutes were lost in the jungle. Next day the usual Jap air-patrol spotted the chutes, and while the OSS men crouched in the dense green foliage, numerous Jap planes circled the island. Such undue attention meant only one thing—the Japs knew something was happening below. It wouldn't be long before they would send a landing-party to come and investigate.

Calhoun flashed an emergency message to Ceylon.

Receipt of that message shocked headquarters into prompt action. Horrigan and Johnny Bull, skipper of the *Clyde*, were alerted for immediate departure. It was to be the last operational trip for the *Clyde*,



which was battle-worn and weary. Within hours of Calhoun's summons, they were on their way with orders to take off the entire party, and if possible to reconnoiter another island near the shore where another secret base might be set up. The Thai coast-guard launch had been having difficulties making the round trip to Chance because of Jap suspicions and poor engines. Go Kam Look, a tiny island, only a half a mile off the coast, was the alternate choice.

ALL the way out Horrigan worried about his buddies at Chance. Would they get there in time? On noon of the fourth day, while just a few hours from camp, they were forced to crash-dive, when some Jap aircraft spotted them. It was hardly a good omen. They reached Chance about an hour before last light and saw nothing. Half an hour later they surfaced. For fifteen anxious minutes, they scanned the darkened beach, and then, to everyone's immense relief, two kayaks put out from the shore and headed toward them.

When the tiny craft came close aboard, Horrigan, standing on the foredeck, was greeted with a welcome low hail:

"How are you, Horrible, what's been keeping you?"

It was Blee and Autry

Quickly Horrigan learned that the whole party was O.K. As yet the Japs had not made a landing. Their air-patrols, however, were active, but there might still be time to survey Go Kam Look. After briefing Autry with the plan for the pick-up, Horrigan sent him ashore with four other OSS men who were to assist in the departure. Every trace of the island's occupancy must be removed. Blee stayed aboard the sub with his kayak to accompany Horrigan on the reconnaissance of the other island. Less than an hour after they had surfaced, they were on their way with Autry's final admonition: "See you tomorrow night, kid! Don't be late."

It was nearly daylight when they reached Go Kam Look. Horrigan had devised a bold plan for the recce trip. Both he and Blee were as brown as natives and dressed in native sa-

ronges. They would take a chance and circle the island by kayak, making occasional landings, passing themselves off as natives should any Japs come prowling around.

A typical monsoon storm had blown up during the night, accompanied by a driving torrential rain. Getting in to the island was a dangerous enough stunt by itself, but plus that, they had the rough sea left by the monsoon to contend with. It took all their strength and skill to keep the flimsy kayak afloat in the heavy breakers, but the recce was finally completed without mishap or enemy challenge. They found the island completely uninhabited and ideal for setting up a secret personnel station. But it was two rather weather-worn "natives" who were hauled aboard the sub about six P.M.

Johnny Bull had bad news for them. He had damaged his after planes, and the *Clyde* couldn't submerge. The party at Chance was to be ready at midnight. Because of the long runs which had to be made on the surface and the thick Jap air patrol which had spotted them the day before, the skipper was anxious to make a fast getaway.

So it was just barely ten P.M. when they pulled into the tiny harbor at Chance. Horrigan was anxious as he scanned the well-known shores with night glasses. He saw nothing.

As he recalls it today, the next hour ranked for suspense with his ordeal during the depth-charging. "I knew they'd always have a guard on the beach, and was doubly certain there would be one there with the added danger from the Japs. Blee and I talked it over, and we just couldn't understand it.

"Johnny Bull was anxious to finish the job as quickly as possible, and decided to take a chance and blow his tanks. This made a big racket, but still there was no response from the shore. I began to get really worried. Had the Japs picked them up at the last minute after six months of getting away with murder? It seemed too terrible to consider, but how could we account for their silence?

"We had been there for half an hour by now, and were fast getting



desperate. I decided to throw all caution to the winds and proceeded to break every rule for making clandestine pick-ups. First I asked the British bosun to sound his pipes. He did, and the shrill notes sounded as if they could be heard all the way to Victoria Point. There was no sign of anything from the shore. Next, six of us went forward to the bow and shouted 'Ahoy!' in unison as loud as we could. The signalmen began to flash their lamps toward the beach. There was no response for another thirty minutes. I was in a complete stew.

"And then finally when it seemed that the deck-gun or a torpedo must be our last resort, we saw a light flickering ashore and someone paddled out to us. It was good old Autry.

"Where the hell have you been?" I asked. He was all smiles, and in his Texas drawl: 'Well, you see, Horrible, it was like this: we were packing up our gear, and someone discovered a little old jug of rum that had been buried away, so we just decided to celebrate the wind-up of Chance Island.'

"Didn't you have a guard on the beach, you silly jerk?" I asked him.

"Sure, but he was one of those natives and told us something all screwed up about a sub in the harbor. We weren't expecting you till later, so we thought he was just talking about the sub that was to come.'

"I relaxed after a particularly bad hour, and we started to get everyone aboard. They were awfully glad to leave, and before long we were pulling away from Chance Island for the last time. It was almost eight months to the day since I had landed my first party there. I felt mighty good to be taking them off, knowing that in spite of all the risks, by some miracle no one had been lost."

THE trip back was uneventful, save for a protracted celebration, which seriously taxed the *Clyde's* rum supply. And as they eased into the dock at Trincomalee, high-ranking officers from the Southeast Asia Command came down to greet the returning heroes: Calhoun, Blee, Autry and Horrigan all received the Legion of Merit for the operations. . . .

Go Kam Look was activated for a few weeks, but the Japs packed in before the long-prepared Thai uprising took place. Chance Island had more than paid off, and had certainly brought victory closer on SEAC.

Asked if he ever wanted to go back to the Adamans again, Horrigan replied: "Well, for the magnificent job Calhoun and his men did there, they ought to rename it for them. As for me, the only reminder I ever want of the place I'm getting right here, where sarongs are obviously in fashion."

# Who's Who in this Issue

## Laurence Kirk

**HIS** real name is Eric Andrew Simson, and he was born in Edinburgh, 1895, of Scottish parents. Educated Wellington College. Won classical scholarship Magdalen College Oxford, 1914, but never went into residence, owing to First World War. Served in France and Belgium 1914-1916 as lieutenant of artillery, then transferred to Flying Corps and was trained as pilot. Served as pilot 1917-1918, mainly as instructor. Awarded Air Force Cross.

Served in Colonial Office, Middle East Department, 1920-1923, then started to travel and write. First English publication was a short story in *The English Review*, in 1925. First American short story appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, 1931. Published eight novels, two of which have been filmed.

Rejoined RAF as Pilot Officer in May 1939, reached the rank of Wing Commander in fifteen months and served in that rank until June 1945. Did no writing during this period: there was not time. "The Rocket and the Ricochet" is the first short story written since starting again. "Know nothing about rockets from the departure end," he says, "but well acquainted with them from the arrival end. Dislike rockets."

Married 1929 Stella, actress, sister of F. Tennyson Jesse, author. Wife died in 1942. (Since the above was written Eric Simson has been made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire, in recognition of his services with the RAF.)

## John McDermott

**BORN** in Pueblo, Colorado, twenty-six years ago; have lived mostly in Los Angeles, Calif.

Started drawing at the age of three (they tell me); have been at it ever since with some small improvement.

Went to work at Walt Disney's out of high school, then one year at Columbia studio while debating whether to join the Marine Corps.

Enlisted September, '42; went overseas the following February and got back thirty months later. During that time I did duty as a Marine Combat artist and saw the Guam and Okinawa campaigns.

Now working as a free lance artist in New York—and friend wife and I are considered geniuses because we have found an apartment to live in.



Photo by Harris & Ewing

Thomas M. Johnson



Lt. William J. Horrigan



Sgt. John McDermott—from a snapshot taken during the battle for Naha. Damage to film obscures shell-burst in background.

## Thomas M. Johnson

**BORN** June 20, 1889, Buffalo, N. Y. Hobart College, A.B., 1913. Editorial staff, New York *Sun*, 1914-'21. Accredited Correspondent, A.E.F., France from beginning to Rhine, covering all engagements. Peace Conference, Paris, 1919. Foreign Editor, N. Y. *Sun*, then public relations work, 1922-'25.

From 1925, writer—newspapers, magazines, books. For NEA Service, articles on various subjects, though mainly foreign and military affairs; covered Army maneuvers before and during World War II; War and Navy Depts., Washington; Panama and other Latin-American points. Since 1939, Military Writer for NEA and for various magazines, including *Reader's Digest*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *This Week*, *American Mercury*, *American Legion Magazine*.

Author or co-author of following books: "Without Censor: New Light on Our Greatest World War Battles, 1928"; "Our Secret War; True American Spy Stories"—published also in England, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, 1929; "Unlocking Adventure," 1942. Co-author, "Red War" (Judson P. Philips) 1936; "The Lost Battalion," (Fletcher Pratt) 1938; "What You Should Know About Spies and Saboteurs" (Will Irwin) 1943.

Member Authors' League of America, Academy of Political Science, Overseas Press Club of America (Board of Directors); National Press Club (Washn.); Military Intelligence Reserve Society; American Military Institute, Society of the First Division, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Americans United for World Organization, United Nations Association.

## William J. Horrigan

**LIEUTENANT**, U.S.N.R., and New York attorney. Served in North Africa, Italy, India, Burma, Thailand. Only naval officer qualified as British and American parachutist and awarded submarine combat insignia. Holds combat Legion of Merit.

# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ ★ MARCH, 1946



Thirteen Short Stories, Including

## The Way of the Wilderness

by MICHAEL OBLINGER

## The Feud at White Point

by RAY NAFZIGER

## Rocket and Ricochet

by LAWRENCE KIRK

## The Chance Island Job

by LT. COM. RICHARD KELLY

## Bright New World

by PHIL MAGEE

# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ APRIL ★ 25 Cents



**PIONEERS TO THE PACIFIC:** *This is Our Land—IV*, Painted by *Herbert Morton Stoops*  
**THE GULLIVER MISSION**, an amazing true O.S.S. story by *Lt. Alfred C. Ulmer, Jr.*

## Readers' Comment\*

### To Avoid Mental "Bends"

**T**O avoid the dreaded "bends," divers and all others who have had to work under conditions of atmospheric pressure must go through a transition chamber in which the air-pressure is gradually lowered until the normal is reached.

America and all the world is going through a transition period now, between the intense pressure of World War II and human normality. Will America and the world get the "bends" in the process?

I do believe that such magazines as BLUE BOOK, with their keen interest and entertainment value, are of primary importance now in taking harassed humanity's thoughts away from its woes—and thus of lowering the mental pressure gradually and easily.

Keep up the good work!

S. L. Brevit

### Discovered on Tarawa!

**F**IRST read a copy of BLUE BOOK which I found tattered and worn on a beach at Tarawa. Now that I'm back to civilization I read it first because it has universal appeal to those who crave adventure and thrills as well as serious reading.

To me, BLUE BOOK is the pioneer magazine of America, always on the frontier of writing with its tensely-knit stories and challenging articles. Suspense, powerful writing, humor and stirring action seem to be the keynote struck by all its writers. BLUE BOOK is the only true man's magazine.

L. V. Everly

### "Will It Happen?"

**I**PICKED up a copy of the November BLUE BOOK on my return home from the European theater of war a couple of weeks ago. In the course of my reading I came to the story by Lawrence Watkin entitled "Will It Happen?" As I read through the account of the history professor's meeting with Hitler's Von Krug and his later tangle with him in the guise of "Dr. Keller," I could hardly control my mounting excitement. This is a faithful portrait of the duplicity of our recent enemies and their efforts to beguile us and confuse us.

I am grateful for this story.

Burton Strashun

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# BLUE BOOK

April, 1946

MAGAZINE

Vol. 82, No. 6

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Painted by Herbert Morton Stoops

*Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.*

DONALD KENNICOTT, Editor

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# The Gulliver Mission

FROM the hitherto secret records of the O.S.S. comes this amazing story of two loyal German-Americans who parachuted to a pinpoint landing on a little frozen mountain lake, set up a secret radio in the snow, and sent from Innsbruck information of vital importance to the Allied advance.

by LT. ALFRED C. ULMER, JR., U.S.N.R.

THE Western front had collapsed, and the Third and Seventh Armies were racing eastward across Germany and south into Austria. Stricken and stunned, the remnants of the Wehrmacht sought to retreat into the Alpine *reduit* in Western Austria, where provisions and arms had been hidden in the mountain fastnesses. The aggressive 103rd U.S. Division had cut through Bavaria and south toward Innsbruck, capital of the Nazi redoubt. While it was clear that the Wehrmacht had not had time to complete arrangements for a last-ditch defense in the Alpenstellung, the 103rd had no illusions about the war being over. It appeared that the Tyrol would have to be fought and bled for. The area

was full of Wehrmacht and SS troops, and Gauleiter Hofer of Tyrol was known to be a fanatic Nazi.

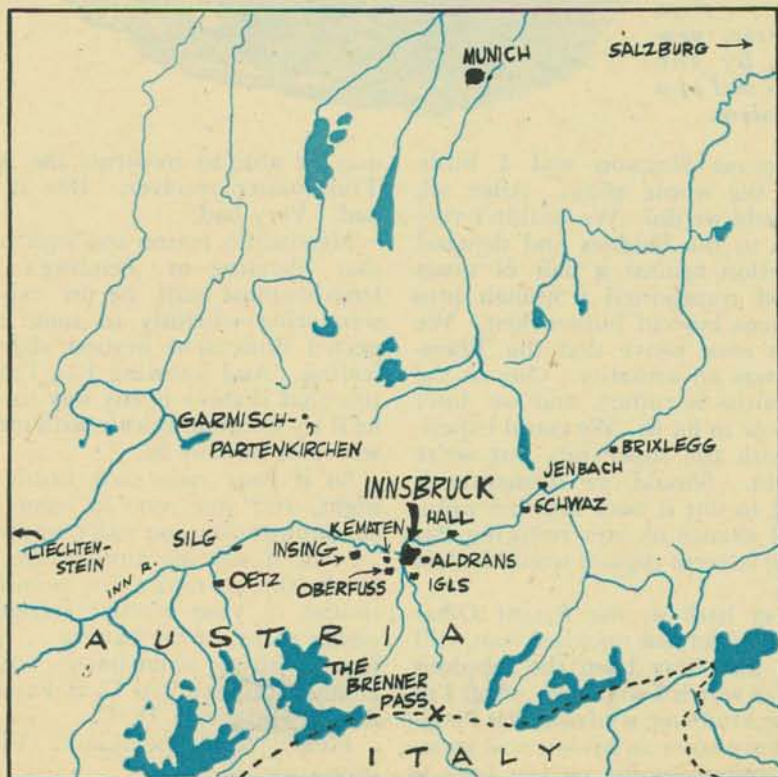
It was with surprise and caution that on the afternoon of May 3, Major Bland West, G-2 of the 103rd Division, saw a civilian car, apparently driven by an American officer, come through the German lines while the U.S. troops were still twenty miles outside of Innsbruck. The American officer stepped out of the car, saluted smartly and said: "Lieutenant Fred Mayer, sir, of OSS. Would you care to go through the lines with me to arrange for the unconditional surrender of Innsbruck and the Tyrol?"

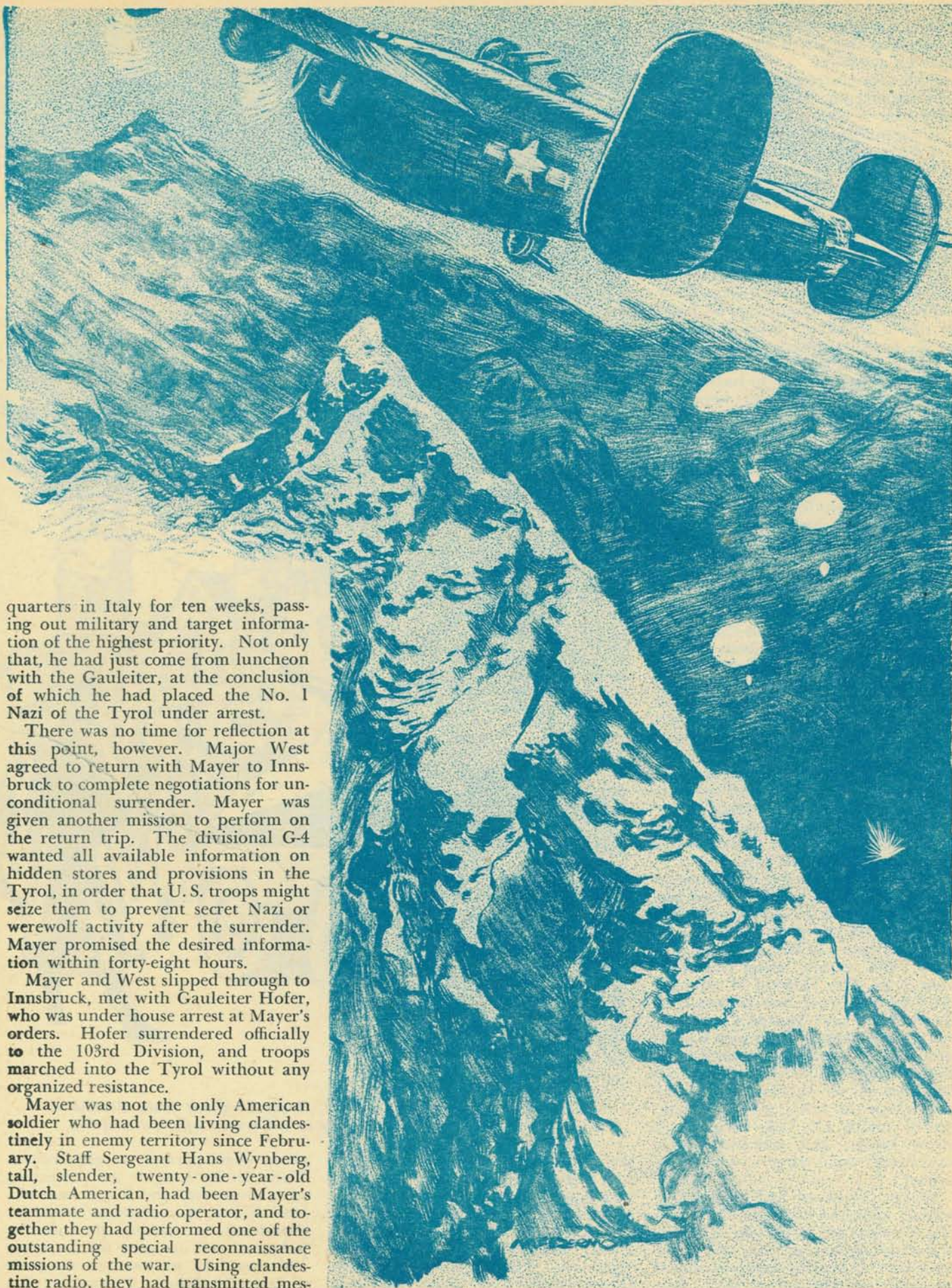
Mayer had come from the heart of the *reduit*. Major West and his staff knew of no American officer or U.S.

units ahead of the 103rd's spearheads. Moreover, it seemed impossible that any American soldier could be running around free in such heavily defended enemy territory, to say nothing of the improbability that he could be arranging for the surrender of the last Nazi bastion in Austria. But stranger things than this had been known to happen in this war.

Major West surveyed the arrival critically. Mayer was short and stocky, dark-complexioned and with short-cropped black hair. His face and left ear were swollen as though he had taken a severe pummeling, and his eyes were almost shut from the swelling. His clothes were half civilian and half military, but clean. He looked like a Swabian German, and spoke English with a German accent. He had obviously undergone severe treatment and exposure, but his manner was confident, his head erect and his smile was so contagious that it infected the group of officers who had been called to listen to his story.

Major West must have shown in his face that the proposal appeared dubious. Mayer then began to unfold his story, humorously but persuasively. He seemed to be enjoying himself immensely, and as he talked, officers noted mentally that he could have learned to speak English in only one place in the world—Brooklyn. When the story was complete, the 103rd Division knew it was the first American unit to greet one of the most spectacular individual soldiers of this war—Freddy Mayer, a U.S. Army sergeant, son of a German colonel, and one of the carefully trained, highly qualified German-Americans selected by Maj. Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan's Office of Strategic Services for hazardous duties behind enemy lines in Germany and Austria. Few were selected and not all survived, but here was one who had not only survived, but had been in secret contact with Allied head-





quarters in Italy for ten weeks, passing out military and target information of the highest priority. Not only that, he had just come from luncheon with the Gauleiter, at the conclusion of which he had placed the No. 1 Nazi of the Tyrol under arrest.

There was no time for reflection at this point, however. Major West agreed to return with Mayer to Innsbruck to complete negotiations for unconditional surrender. Mayer was given another mission to perform on the return trip. The divisional G-4 wanted all available information on hidden stores and provisions in the Tyrol, in order that U. S. troops might seize them to prevent secret Nazi or werewolf activity after the surrender. Mayer promised the desired information within forty-eight hours.

Mayer and West slipped through to Innsbruck, met with Gauleiter Hofer, who was under house arrest at Mayer's orders. Hofer surrendered officially to the 103rd Division, and troops marched into the Tyrol without any organized resistance.

Mayer was not the only American soldier who had been living clandestinely in enemy territory since February. Staff Sergeant Hans Wynberg, tall, slender, twenty-one-year-old Dutch American, had been Mayer's teammate and radio operator, and together they had performed one of the outstanding special reconnaissance missions of the war. Using clandestine radio, they had transmitted messages that had destroyed German train concentrations, exposed their war

*"We saw the 'all okay' signal from them after they landed."*



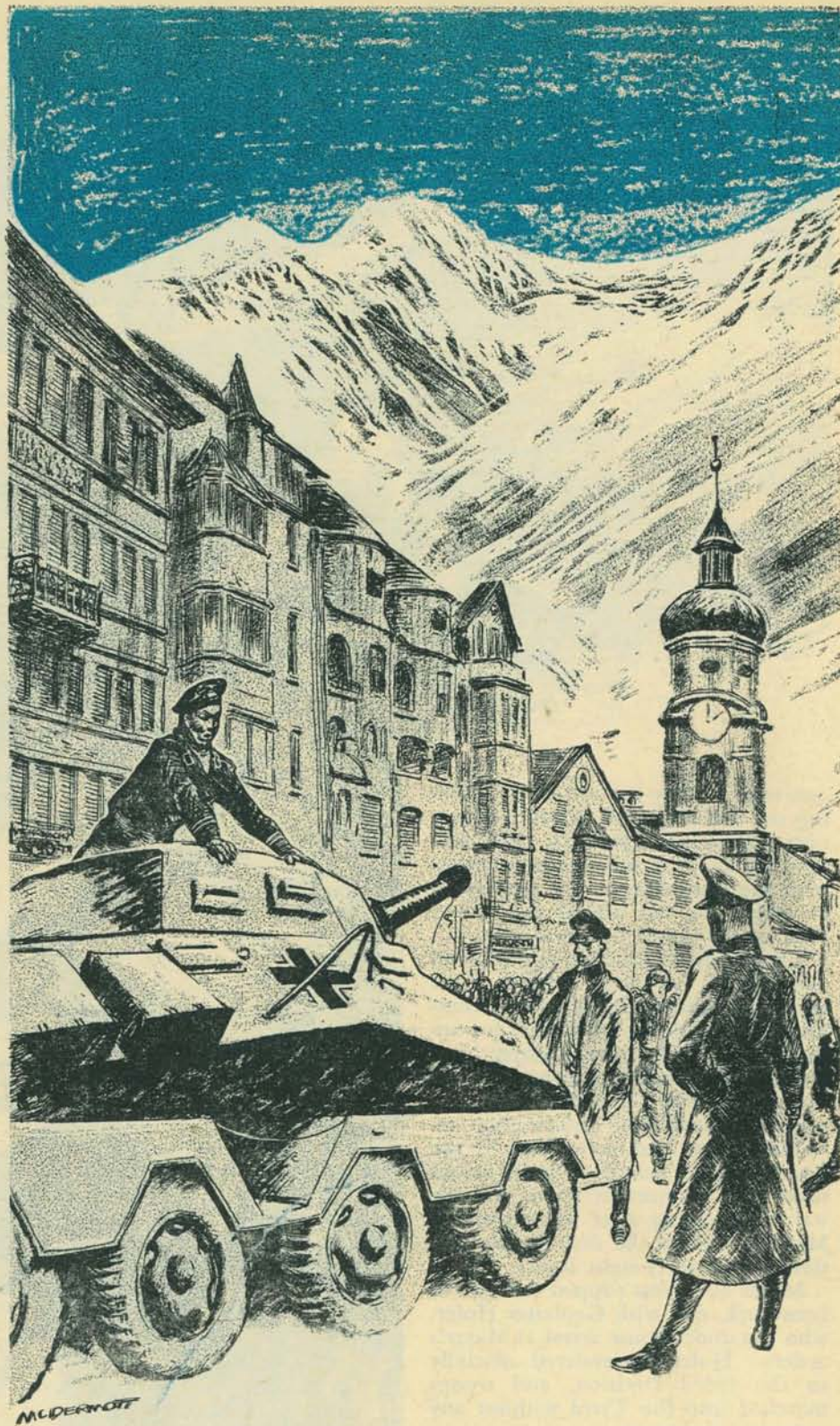
plants, revealed their troop movements, and uncovered their preparations for a redoubt.

Both men had organized resistance elements among civilians and soldiers over a wide area. A concrete and comprehensive sabotage program had been worked out, with supplies to be delivered by air from Italy. It is one of those strange paradoxes of modern war that although the G-2 and CIC of the 103rd Division did not know Mayer and Wynberg were ahead of them in Austria, the presence of the two OSS agents in Innsbruck was known to virtually every General at Allied Force Headquarters in Italy. It was a well-kept secret for three highly exciting months.

The story of the mission of Mayer and Wynberg goes back to Italy in the fall of 1943. Both men were sergeants in a reconnaissance battalion for which they had volunteered because the work was reported to be extra-hazardous and to involve knowledge of European languages. Both men were physically fit, trained parachutists. Both had been born and reared in Europe, coming to America just prior to the war and taking out American citizenship. Freddy spoke fluent German, French and Spanish; and Hans spoke Dutch, German and French. They had met in the service and had become fast friends. After nearly a year of training with the reconnaissance battalion, they had seen no combat; and together with three other young soldiers, George Gerbner, Alfred Rosenthal and Bernie Steinitz, with much the same European background, they were "browned off." Orally and in writing, they made it known to their commanding officer that they had had enough training and conditioning; since no action was in sight, they wanted a transfer.

The case of these five men came to the attention of a newly formed section of the Office of Strategic Services charged with the procurement of secret intelligence in Germany and Austria. This section, under the direction of Lt. Col. Howard M. Chapin, AUS, of New York, was composed of Army, Navy and Marine Corps personnel as well as civilians with a background in languages and foreign affairs. The joint participation of all branches of the service in OSS explains how the writer, a Naval officer, served under Lt. Col. Chapin, an Army officer, and mounted secret operations using largely Army personnel.

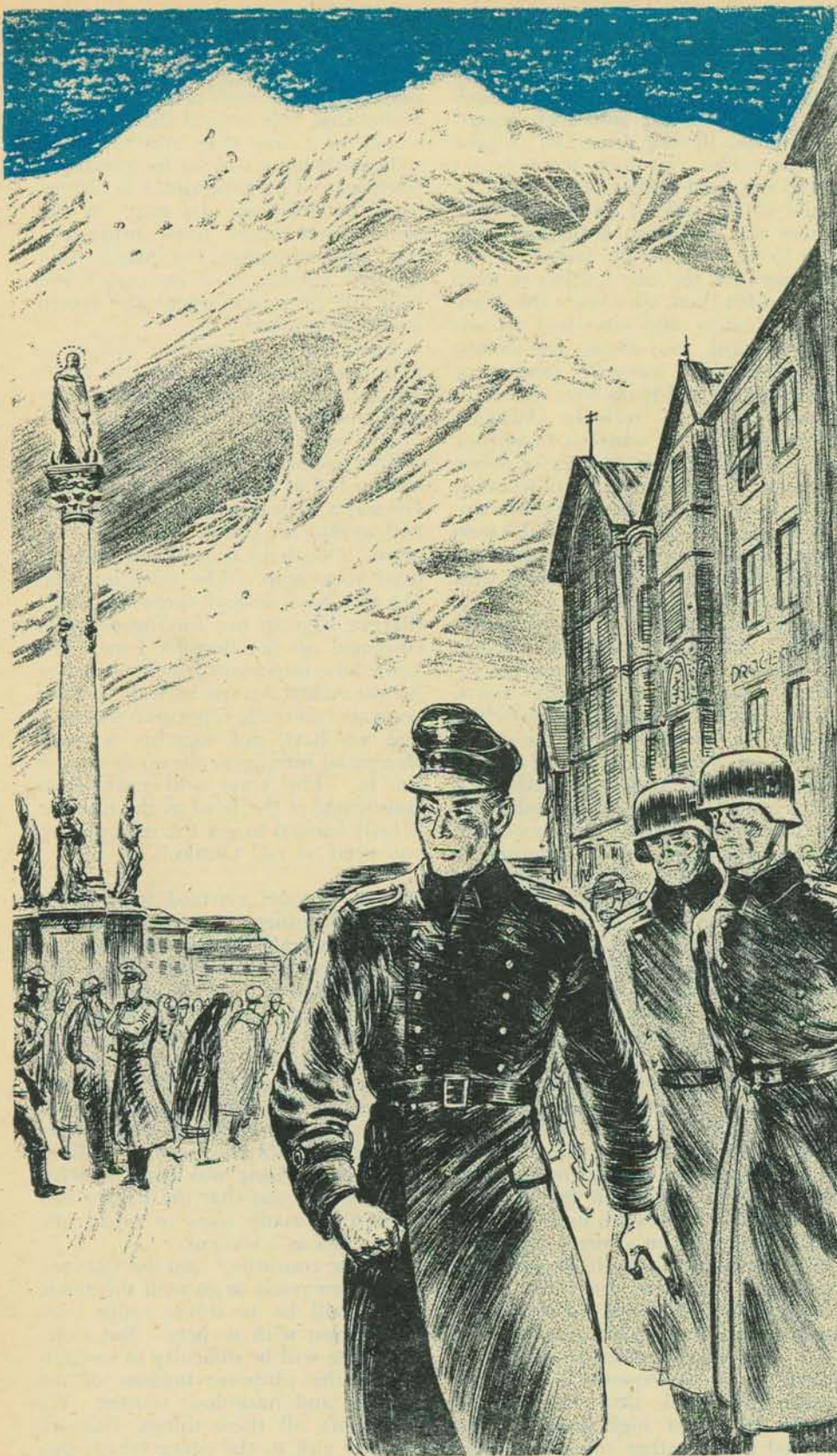
Mayer, Wynberg and their three friends appeared individually before Col. Chapin and other officers of the German-Austrian section and gave brief sketches of their background and geographical familiarity with Germany and Austria. The five were accepted and transferred to a secret



*Meanwhile Freddy Mayer, U. S. Army Sergeant from Brooklyn, N. Y., began to circulate freely in a German officer's uniform.*

training base in south Italy, where we had a small technical staff preparing and mounting air operations. For the next two months the new men would be given special training to equip themselves for their future assignments. They were instructed that they must live a life apart from their friends and the rest of the Army. They were in no way to inform or

alarm their parents or girl friends. Their letters were to be subject to strict censorship and if any man violated security violations, he would be considered as lacking in sufficient judgment and maturity for the work, and would be returned to an Army replacement depot. The nature and location of their respective missions would be divulged to them after they



ceive the men who parachuted in and would spirit them and their supplies to hidden "safe houses." These arrangements had been possible and successful in France, where perhaps ninety per cent of the people had been anti-Nazi. However, the five were told, it was not possible to provide any help from "inside" for teams parachuting into Germany or Austria. The staff officers explained that in these countries the ratio was reversed; perhaps ninety per cent of the populace were pro-Nazi. Certainly controls were far more rigid, and only one person in several thousand would have the courage to harbor enemy parachutists in the heart of the Reich.

In brief, each man was being asked if he had the peculiar, almost superhuman courage to parachute in the middle of the night into a strongly fortified enemy land where he would be expected to take cover, live off the land, make contacts and provide the Allies with certain vital strategic information which could be obtained no other way. The chances of survival were extremely slim, the men were told, but the opportunities for valuable contributions to the Allied war effort were boundless. Each man had impressed on him the fact that once he jumped from the plane, he was on his own. He could expect no help from headquarters; he must work out his own problems. The men would parachute in uniform, but in view of the magnitude of their assignment, and the grave security danger it would present to the Reich, they need not expect to be treated as prisoners of war if captured. They were told the tragic but heroic story of twelve OSS officers and enlisted men who had served with resistance forces in Slovakia, had been captured by German troops, tortured and put to death a few weeks before. The enemy had wiped out virtually the entire OSS secret organization in Slovakia.

The response to this story was automatic and instinctive. "We know what we're getting into, and we still want to go." We staff members of the German Austrian Section, who had learned the odds of the game by bitter experience, could not help but feel that given a ghost of a chance, these five would succeed.

That evening the five soldiers were called in, and we broke the news to them that they could not go together.

"We know that all of you are the closest of friends," we said, "but we ask your pledge that effective tonight you will no longer discuss future assignments with each other except where you are assigned to the same mission.

"There are several good reasons for this," we continued. "First and paramount is the security of the organization for which you work. If you are

had successfully completed training and after their officers had determined where they might be most useful. . . .

After months of training of all types, the men were called in individually and each was asked the question:

"Would you be willing to parachute blind into Germany or Austria?"

In the jargon of intelligence officers, to parachute "blind" is to jump from

the plane at a given spot over enemy territory without having friends below waiting to receive and harbor the parachutist. In France conditions had permitted the formation in most cases of "reception committees" which, by flashing light-signals previously agreed upon, would guide the plane to the exact pinpoint for the drop. The men on the ground would re-

captured, you may be sure that every effort will be made to force you to tell all you know. This includes torture, and no one can be sure how he can stand up under torture until he has undergone it. If you know where your friends are operating, you may cause them to be captured as well. You may expose to the enemy a clandestine organization within their borders that we have been building for some time. One word uttered under stress or under influence of drugs may undo heartbreaking efforts of other teams to build and maintain a resistance and intelligence organization inside the Reich.

"If we find that any one of you violates this security regulation and makes any attempt to find out where any other team is or will be located in enemy territory, you will be relieved of your assignment immediately and returned to a locality where your curiosity can do others no harm. Do you all understand this?"

The men nodded.

"You will split up into the following units effective tonight: George and Al in Unit A, which will be the first team to go into the field."

George and Al beamed with pleasure, and grimaces crossed the faces of the other three. "Why are you sending them out before us?" Freddy Mayer wanted to know belligerently.

"Because they are particularly qualified for a mission which must be dispatched in three weeks," was the reply. "Freddy and Hans will team up in a second unit, while Bernie will go in a third unit at a later date.

"From this point on, each unit will live in a separate area and will work exclusively on its project. It might be well for all of you to start writing letters to your family and post-date about ten letters for mailing after you go into the field. The office will keep in touch with your families and girl friends and let them know you are alive and well. However, if we should ever be out of contact with you for more than ten days, we will have to discontinue writing your family until such time as contact is restored. If we are out of contact for a considerable length of time, it will be necessary for us to report you as missing in action."

**G**EORGE, Al and Bernie actually went on and successfully completed their missions; but this story is of Freddy and Hans, and from here we go into the details of their mission, which was given a code name. For the purposes of this narrative, let us call it the Gulliver Mission.

"We plan to send you two men into western Austria," Freddy and Hans were told, "with Fred as team captain and Hans as radio man." There was no need to elaborate with a descrip-

tion of the rugged, mountainous terrain. Freddy knew the country, and Hans was lean but strong. Nor was there any need to outline the difficulties in parachuting into such jagged mountains in the heart of Alpine winter. The two men were expert skiers and field soldiers and would be equal to the task, if anybody would. There was, however, a further addition to be made to the team. It was necessary for the two soldiers to have a man with them who knew the country intimately and who had friends in the Tyrol. So, during the following week, which was early January of 1945, Freddy and Hans were placed in contact with a reliable Austrian youth whose home was near Innsbruck but who had not been home for about one year. For the purposes of security, he was introduced as Henry Martin.

Once formed into a group, the men were given private quarters, isolated from all persons not connected with the mission. They read, studied, planned and drew up lists of equipment. Skis were essential. Radio equipment, of course; transmitter, receiver, batteries and spare parts. Heavy winter clothing, and white parkas for invisibility in the snow. Compasses, a few containers of canned heat, a limited supply of rations, a small generator to re-charge radio batteries, special knives with saw-edged blades, small arms and ammunition. Since there was too much equipment to be carried in rucksacks, they decided to drop containers, bury them on landing and to make a sled of skis for those packages which would be immediately needed.

Meanwhile they met several times a week with 1st Lt. Harry Perry, CAC, 2d Lt. Dyno Lowenstein, Inf., Henry Fleisher, our Communications liaison, and myself to evolve plans for the mission. The question of a dropping-ground proved knotty. The Austrian Alps are high and treacherous even in the best of weather; in the dead of winter it would be even more difficult to locate a pinpoint at night and parachute unobserved into its remote fastnesses. The aid of the Fifth Photo Group of the Fifteenth Air Force was sought, and aerial photographs of an area some fifteen miles southwest of Innsbruck were requested. The Fifteenth promised that the request would be given high priority, but warned that weather conditions were difficult for aerial photography in that area, owing to clouds and vapor in the mountains. There was only a slim possibility that the pictures could be taken before the deadline set for the operation.

This news was discouraging to the men of Gulliver Mission, but they made the best of it. They pored over the best available maps of the Tyrol. But search as they might, they found

no suitable flat dropping-ground except in inhabited areas, where it would be suicidal to jump. Finally Fred pointed to two small lakes high in the mountains. He argued that the lakes would be frozen over and would be sufficiently large and flat for parachute landings. The pinpoint was agreed upon by the team and staff. It was some thirty miles from Innsbruck, the target objective, but Martin said he had friends in a mountain inn near the pinpoint, where safe haven would be granted.

Accordingly, a pinpoint and alternate were selected near the two lakes. Their exact locations in degrees, minutes and seconds, and their grid coordinates were noted.

The following day, Lt. Perry paid a call on G-3 at the Fifteenth Air Force. He was a little nervous, but knew he had to win his point. "Colonel," he began, "we have a problem and we need your help. The Fifteenth and MAAF\* have several times requested that we step up our intelligence procurement on the Brenner Line. We know how important it is for you and for the Allied Armies in Italy to have accurate rail-traffic reports on this line, and we have put together a crack three-man intelligence team to go and get it. The team will operate in Innsbruck, at the head of the line. It is fully briefed to get the information you need on rail targets."

**T**HE Colonel warmed up a little. The Brenner Line was the German lifeline in Italy—by far the most important communications system for Marshal Kesselring's armies in Italy. It was patted almost daily by the tactical planes of the Twelfth Air Force in North Italy. Farther north, in Austria, the strategic bombers of the Fifteenth Air Force hammered at marshaling yards where trains were made up for the trip south. Indeed, the Brenner Line was high priority. The trouble was that the Krauts had devised so many ways to repair the line as fast as it was cut.

"Please continue," said the Colonel.

"We are ready to go with this team, which will be in direct radio communication with us here. But Colonel, there will be difficulty in navigating to the pinpoint because of the weather and hazardous terrain. We appreciate all these things, Colonel, and the risk to the plane which flies the operation; but we also feel that this OSS team is taking risks in volunteering to parachute at night into such mountainous hostile territory. We think they are game kids, and we think they should have a shot at it."

The Colonel made a few notes, then asked for the coordinates of the proposed dropping-ground. Two days

\*Mediterranean Allied Air Force.



The two began downing wine, and the captain confided in Mayer that he had just left the Fuhrer's headquarters.

later the Fifteenth Air Force informed us that its special operations group had accepted the pinpoint and would fly the operation.

Meanwhile the Fifth Photo Group had tried unsuccessfully several times to obtain the necessary aerial cover, which was vitally important in order that the team might study the terrain. But the weather had made clear shots impossible. Freddy, as team captain, was not to be stopped. "Very well, we'll jump without pictures," he said.

On 21 February we were advised that the weather was good over Innsbruck and the plane would attempt the drop. The team packed their rucksacks for the last time. Other equipment had previously been placed in packages and containers, well padded to prevent breakage on hitting the ground.

As the men packed, Hans stepped over to the bookcase and withdrew a fairly heavy volume. He placed it in his rucksack. "Hey, wait a minute. What's that?" Henry Fleisher wanted to know.

Hans smiled a big Dutch grin. "That's my chemistry book. After the war I'm going to be a chemist. I figure that as the radio operator of this team, I'm going to have to lie low. There will be a lot of time on my hands. So I'll write my chemistry thesis to keep from getting bored."

The staff officers could hardly repress a grin. In all probability, the three men would be trudging through deep snow in the Austrian Alps in three more hours, sweating and curs-

ing their heavy packs. And in one of those packs would be a heavy chemistry book—so Hans could write his thesis "during his spare time" in enemy country. It gave us a funny feeling inside.

"Inspection, gentlemen," said Lt. Lowenstein. The men went through their pockets carefully, removing all letters and identification of any kind. They had previously been given aliases and papers supporting their assumed names and positions. From this point until the end of the war, Sgts. Fred Mayer and Hans Wynberg and Mr. Frank Martin would officially "disappear." The men had been kept in isolation during the waiting period, so that there would be no commotion or undue interest when they took off.

FINAL briefing was short. "Gentlemen, you are embarking on a hazardous mission of tremendous significance for the Allied forces. You know your intelligence objectives: the Brenner traffic, war production, troop movements and dispositions. And, what SHAEF and AFHQ consider most important of all—Nazi underground preparations for the post-war period. Everything you obtain on the Nazi *reduit* will be of the highest priority. Try to radio it to us even at considerable risk. How often you come on the air is a matter for you to decide, and depends entirely on your local security at the time and the importance of your traffic. You have the best equipment and training the

organization can give. There is no need to tell you, on behalf of the members of this staff, that when you go, our hearts go with you. We know you can do the job. Good luck!"

Firm handclasps all around, and the final admonition of Freddy: "Don't forget to write to our families. Give Dad my best wishes on his birthday next month."

And Hans: "Tell Elly not to worry." Elly was his fiancée, a student at Cornell.

The men climbed into flight suits, assisted by the able Walter Haass, Army corporal and veteran dispatcher. Haass had been a field man himself earlier in the war, but had so severely wrenched his leg that he was unable to accept further combat assignments. His job for the past several months had been that of dispatching special teams which parachuted into Germany and Austria. Cool, level-headed and sturdy as an oak, Haass was a magnificent dispatcher. Our chief worry was that some day he would take one flight too many. These lone-wolf operations over the Reich at night were risky. Sleek, silent night-fighters loved to creep up on the big lumbering B-24s which sought to plant enemy agents in the Fatherland.

Haass was in high spirits, as he always was when he had a dispatching job to do. This meant having unerring judgment in dispatching the men and packages, so that they would all land close together. Many a time containers had been lost, or a team had been separated because they had

not dropped one immediately after another. One second's hesitation in jumping from the plane made a distance of hundreds of feet on the ground below. It was vital to the success of any such clandestine mission that the men assemble on the ground and collect all packages and containers promptly. Planes were known to be tracked by the enemy, and the team had to move from the "hot" area as quickly as possible. Haass knew all this, and knew his job was to give the Gulliver team the best send-off.

**W**ARMLY dressed in flight jackets and trousers, the trio climbed into the belly of the B-24 through the dispatching well. The four engines turned over one after another, and the plane taxied down the runway. The "drop" was scheduled for midnight, Central European time, but one stop would be made in north Italy prior to the final leg of the flight.

Back at the office, after the team had left, we received a telephone call from a lieutenant of the Fifth Photo Group. "We got your pictures today, and we'll try to develop them tonight."

"Tell him it's too late," somebody said.

"No, don't," said someone else. "The drop may not be made tonight and we might have a chance to get the pictures to the team tomorrow."

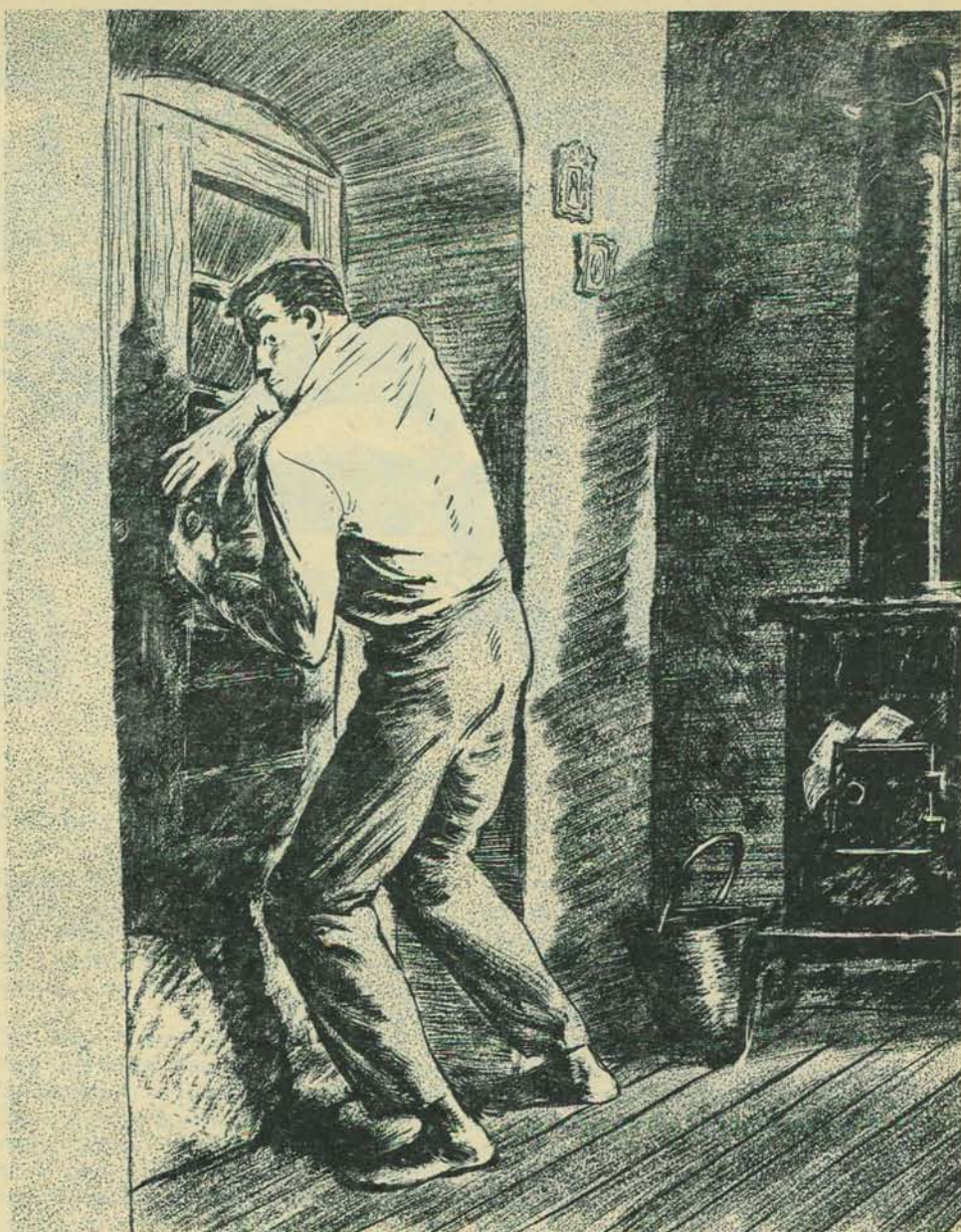
So the photographers were asked to do a rush job, and the following morning the staff examined the prints. As aerial photographs of rugged, jagged mountains, they were breathtaking. But try to find a flat area for a pinpoint! It looked impossible. Finally the two little lakes were located. They were encircled in red crayon. Almost at that moment, a telegram came through from north Italy.

"LAST NIGHT'S FLIGHT UNSUCCESSFUL ACCOUNT OF WEATHER. HAVE PICTURES ARRIVED? LOVE FREDDY."

A screamer was rushed back to Freddy:

"PICTURES COMPLETED. WILL RUSH TO YOU THIS AFTERNOON."

It was necessary to revisit the good-natured Fifteenth Air Force. Several hours later a fast fighter plane with a mail sack flew to north Italy and dropped its mail-pouch on a field there. Freddy and Hans were on the ground to receive it. For the next two hours the team members, the dispatcher and the navigator pored over the prints. That night they tried the flight again. The clouds were once more so thick that there was no possibility of locating the pinpoint. The next night the men slept. Two late nights over enemy territory had exhausted them. On the fourth night, despite reports that the weather up north was only fair, the plane took off again.



*While he was still at the window, the door opened and the*

At midnight the pilot found the area, and as luck would have it, there was a break in the clouds. They circled around, descending into the valley.

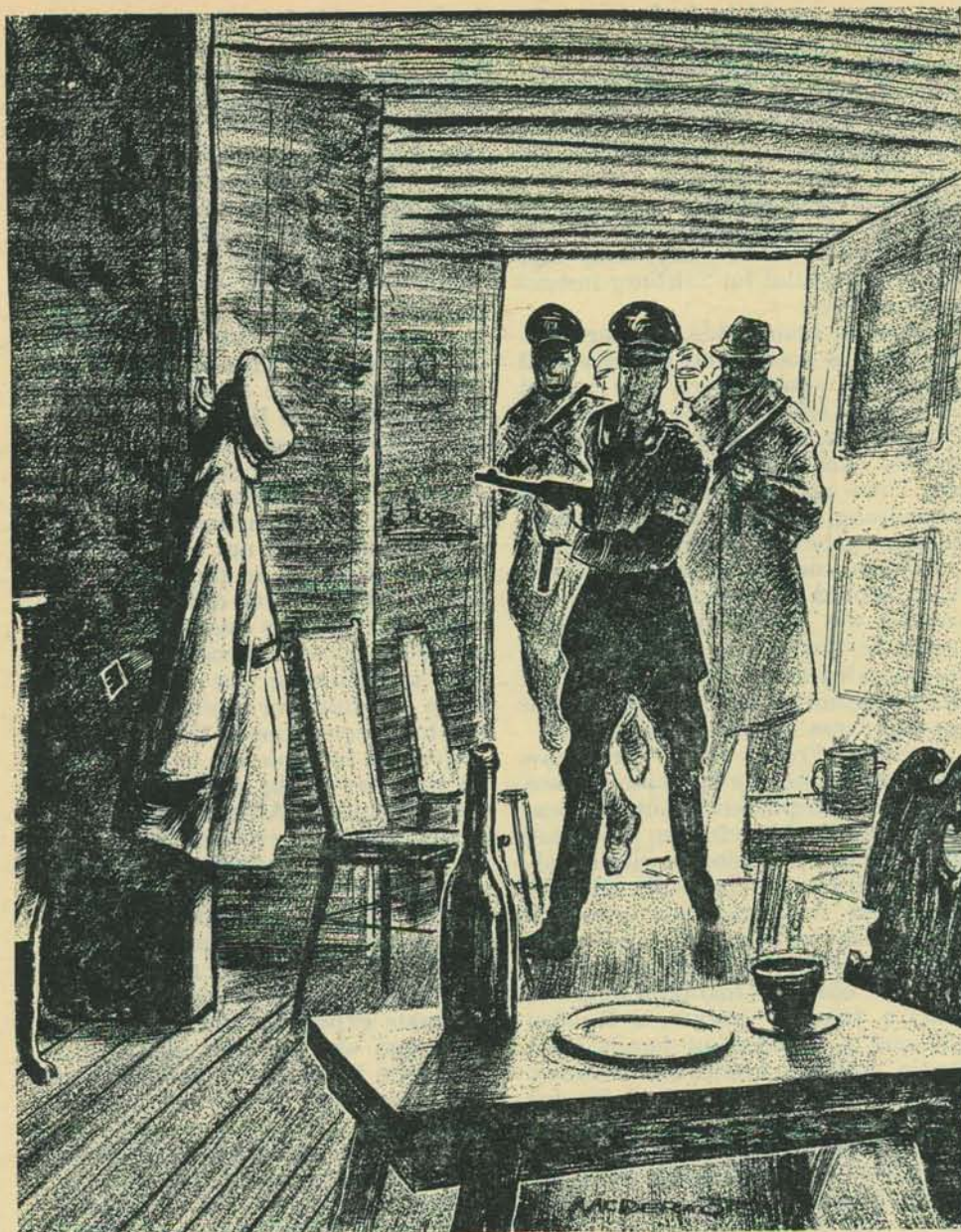
Freddy, Frank and Walter opened the well and peered below at the snow-covered peaks. It looked good enough to them. Bleak, cold enemy country, one thousand feet straight down. They removed their oxygen masks and assembled in one-two-three order. If they were frightened as they looked through the hole, they did not show it, though each knew that they were landing in hostile country some two hundred miles ahead of the nearest Allied lines.

With a heavy bag of equipment strapped to his left leg, Freddy sat down on the edge of the well and swung his legs over the hole. "Here we go," he said cheerily, and plummeted down into the blackness. In a few seconds his 'chute billowed open.

Martin, who was scheduled to follow, "froze" for a moment. This was a crisis, for the delay might force Hans, the last man, to jump into a mountainside. Haass dropped a bundle he was preparing to toss through the hole, and slapped Martin smartly on the back. The man went out like a lump of coal. Hans, who had been yelling frantically "Jump, jump!" did not wait to sit down in the well and adjust himself. He literally stepped out from a standing position. Haass looked down. The other 'chutes had opened, and Freddy's green blinker light could be seen in the distance, giving the ground signal previously agreed upon.

The B-24 circled, dropped its packages over the green light, circled again to gain altitude, and made her way back to base.

Exhausted but jubilant, Corporal Haass reported in to us the next morning after a few hours' sleep. "We



lights flashed on. German soldiers faced him in the doorway.

never dropped a team in worse country," he said. "The pilot did a next-to-impossible job bringing the plane down into the valley, and the boys jumped into snow that must have been thirty feet deep. We saw the 'All okay' signal from them after they landed, and they are probably all right, but will have a rough time for the next several days."

"How about the packages and containers?"

"Every 'chute opened, and they dropped almost on top of Freddy's green ground signal."

So the rear echelon settled back to await the outcome.

**I**N the meantime, things were not going well for the Gulliver team. The men had been dropped on the Sulctaler Ferner glacier, about thirty air miles from Innsbruck and some three thousand four hundred meters above sea-level. They located

each other successfully on landing, but one package of skis could not be found. Only two of the four pairs of skis were on hand, and after four hours of fruitless searching, in snow up to their armpits, the men decided they had to go on. Because of the ski shortage, they could not carry their equipment, and it was necessary to bury it, with a place-marker. Then Fred sent Frank Martin ahead on skis, towing a light bundle tied atop a second pair of skis.

Freddy and Hans literally crawled behind Frank on hands and knees. It was infuriatingly slow work for both of them, wearing heavy Air Force clothing, only head and shoulders above the snow. Digging and crawling with all their strength, they managed to proceed foot by foot. Their general course, as set by Fred, was to proceed down the nearest valley to some small village where skis or snowshoes could be procured.

In three painful hours the men reached the bottom of the glacier, where they buried one radio battery and part of their rations. Then on they inched, down the valley. It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the three men looked like anything but a threat to the internal security of the German Reich. In fact, the odds seemed small that they would emerge alive at all. But on the trio went—ten desperate hours—and finally reached the deserted Amberger Huette, a small ski-lodge for winter sportsmen. They had gone only two and a half kilometers!

As soon as the hut was reached, the men built a fire from the neat stacks of wood stored there. Freddy took out his maps and plotted their exact location. Blankets were found folded on closet shelves. None of the team members needed any urging to remove his wet clothing and curl up in dry blankets for some sleep. . . .

They were completely exhausted from the long trip down, and slept for two full days, waking only at intervals to eat from their dwindling stocks of rations. Freddy's ravenous appetite led him to sample some green tomatoes found in the hut, and he suffered the pangs of the farmer's boy who has eaten green apples. But after forty-eight hours all of them were sufficiently rested to resume the march. Freddy and Frank climbed up the glacier on the two pairs of skis the team still possessed and located the cache of supplies the men had made on the night of the drop. Freddy's ski-stick, which he had left as a marker, was plainly visible. Meanwhile Hans remained at Amberger Huette, where he unpacked his radio and tried twice to contact the base station. His efforts were unsuccessful, but he did send a message "blind," to the effect that they had landed successfully.

(This message was never received.) Hans also succeeded in improvising a pair of snowshoes out of a metal floor-mat. With these he succeeded in meeting Freddy and Frank about an hour's distance from the hut, and helped them carry the equipment down. A snowstorm set in, and the men decided to wait another day before continuing the journey.

On March 2nd the trio left for the little town of Greis, after caching most of their supplies at the hut. The trip down took about six hours, with Freddy and Frank on skis and Hans on his makeshift snowshoes. Since the men had snow-capes on over their American uniforms, they decided on a bold course. A café on the main street of the little town beckoned them invitingly, and they walked in and ordered tea. No time for mistakes now! All conversation must be in German. Freddy and Frank posed as lieutenants, and Hans as a sergeant.

Whenever the waitress was near them, Hans became extremely military and correct. "Ja, Herr Oberleutnant," he would say stiffly to Fred. And their first contact with the Austrian population went off smoothly.

Freddy then went to the burgomeister and announced that the three were Wehrmacht ski troops who had become separated from their unit in a snowstorm. One pair of skis was broken, and they needed a sled. Would Herr Burgomeister oblige the Wehrmacht? Why, of course. Herr Burgomeister could not do too much for them. Within a matter of moments a sled was procured, and the men started down the valley to Langenfeld, using the sled as a toboggan. "And that," says Hans in retrospect, "was the most dangerous part of our entire mission. We must have sped down the slopes at more than sixty miles an hour. Frank, who was an expert, steered for us, while Fred did the braking with ski-sticks. My hair stood on end the entire three and a half hours."

THE burgomeister of Greis had asked them to leave the sled with a family at Langenfeld. Accepting the trio as Alpine troopers who had become lost, the women of the family asked them in and gave them supper and a bed for the night. Their snow-capes covered their American uniforms when they first entered the house, but when supper was placed on the table, it was obvious that they had to remove their outer garments. This the men did, but removed their Army jackets in one and the same motion, which revealed only khaki shirts beneath. They sat down to a hot meal, with an occasional glance at their outer garments to see that no one went over to inspect them.

The next morning there was a local courier truck to the village of Oetz, so away they went. Each of the men had had his fill of battling the elements during the last eight days, and they eagerly accepted Freddy's proposal that they ride the train to Innsbruck. Since the station at Oetz was fairly large, the men walked to the nearby village of Silg, where they bought tickets without being asked to show papers. A two-hour wait ensued, during which the men became increasingly aware that their strange snow-capes were attracting attention on the part of other passengers waiting for the train. Seeing children among the passengers, Freddy, Frank and Hans disarmed the older persons by playing with the youngsters. It was a nervous period, however, and Hans' mind wandered more than once to the radio transmitter in his rucksack.

They had planned to ride only as far as Inzing, one stop before Innsbruck, and they hoped no travel-con-

trol system would be in force on the train. But shortly after they had taken their seats, an inspector came through and asked for identification papers. There was nothing to do but again make use of the story they had used at Greis. The yarn must have been well told, for again it passed inspection. In only one place did the team garnish their story: they said they were bound for Salzburg instead of Innsbruck.

After an hour's ride, the men dismounted at Inzing and found a shed outside of town where they waited until night fell. They then walked to Oberperfuss, where Frank's family and friends lived. Frank suggested that they first get in touch with Alois Abendtung, the burgomeister, whom he knew to be trustworthy. But it was a ticklish contact to make. If old Alois should have visitors when the contact was made, the entire game might be given away. It was therefore decided that Fred would call on the burgomeister first, and give him a message from Frank.

Because Freddy did not know Alois' nickname, the burgomeister was somewhat suspicious. But he was alone, and Freddy left him, promising to return in a few minutes with Frank. When this contact was made, all three men were welcomed and promised they would be given all possible assistance. There were complications, however: old Alois had been forced to billet a Yugoslav worker, a Russian girl and a bombed-out family from Berlin, and his house was crowded. He was able to put up Hans for one night, while Freddy and Frank went to a reliable neighbor's house. There they slept on a bench beside the stove.

The following day Hans was taken in by the Schatz family, in whose home he remained concealed for two weeks. He was seen only by the family and by Alois Abendtung, who brought him food. Hans' antenna was erected between the Schatz and Abendtung homes, and he announced he was ready to transmit messages. On March 7th he heard the base for the first time, but could not break their message or get through to them. Meanwhile, Freddy and Frank had gone to Innsbruck in performance of their mission. From that time on Hans saw Freddy only at occasional intervals, but kept in contact with him through a chain of couriers which they established to transmit information from Innsbruck to Oberperfuss, and thence by radio to the big OSS station in Italy. . . .

Back in Italy, the staff of the Austrian section was "sweating it out." It was now March 7th, ten days after the drop, and there had been no word from the Gulliver team. Rations had been provided only for seven days, because of the team's realization that it

had to travel lightly. Speculation gave rise to any number of possibilities; the team had got lost and perhaps frozen to death; it had been captured or shot, or—at best—its radio was out of order or for some other reason the team was not ready to transmit. An agreement had been made that if the team did not send a signal in the first two weeks, a second radio and supplies would be dropped at the original pinpoint. Ten days were already up, and there was nothing to do but order a re-supply. This we sat down to prepare, when the door of the office opened, and two lieutenant colonels from Headquarters walked in.

All of us on the staff snapped to attention, with a mental note that we had some difficult moments ahead of us. We knew that our superiors had come to check up on the work of the section, and that if all did not go well, our future projects might not be approved. Our section had had a rough time in February; one of our crack teams scheduled for southeastern Austria had been dropped into northern Yugoslavia by a mistake in navigation on the part of the crew which flew the operation. After nine days of anxiety, we had received a message from this team through a British radio stationed with a partisan group in Slovenia stating that the two American members of the team were safe but "on the run" owing to a German offensive. The net result of this unfortunate experience, which was due to factors well beyond our control, had been fairly bad. Now another American team had been dropped into enemy territory in the heart of Alpine winter, and no results had accrued. There was a feeling, we knew, on the part of some that to achieve intelligence penetration of Greater Germany was impossible. Gestapo control was reportedly so strong that within forty-eight hours any suspicious strangers would be picked up.

SO the staff waited for the inspecting colonels to begin to examine its conduct of its clandestine intelligence mission. There was not long to wait. We were asked to recapitulate what we had done and what we expected to do. We learned that higher Headquarters was more than casually interested in our work, and was seriously concerned over the mortality rate of teams going into Austria. The subject finally narrowed down to the Gulliver team.

"Let's see, you sent that team into Austria on February 25th, did you not?" We nodded, and the colonel went on: "And you've had no message from them since they dropped?"

We nodded again.

"Don't you think that if this team is safe, it would send a message so stating?"

This was going to require some careful explaining. "Not necessarily, Colonel. You see, this is an extremely dangerous mission, with the odds perhaps twenty to one against success. Every time the team comes on the air, it will be monitored by German stations and create an additional hazard for itself. We therefore instructed the team explicitly not to come on the air with any messages of greeting, and not to come on the air at all until it had something to report. It is a little difficult to sweat such things out back at base, but the team has a better chance if it takes no unnecessary risks. Within four more days we will probably get a message." It was pure bluff and I swallowed hard after saying it, but it worked, for the time being. The colonels departed shortly, wishing us success in our future ventures. . . .

The next night we were blue and dejected, back at base. Two of us slipped into a movie house to get a change of atmosphere. When the feature was half over, someone was tapping me on the shoulder. It was Ed Mosk, our briefing officer, who motioned me to come outside. Two minutes later, the quietude of the Italian night was rent with war-whoops—for a message from Gulliver had just been received. We picked up Corporal Haass and a treasured bottle of Scotch and went to the message center. There message No. 1 lay:

"ALL WELL. PATIENCE UNTIL MARCH 13TH. HANS."

There was no ceiling on the celebration that night, as the five of us who had staged the operation and waited for thirteen agonizing days gave full vent to our suppressed feelings. Gulliver had proved that an American team could get along in enemy country under the most difficult conditions imaginable. Now a still harder task faced the team: to obtain for the Allies vital intelligence from Austria relating to Brenner rail-traffic, war production in factories, and preparations for a *reduit*.

Freddy did not delay his program long. Once Hans was installed in a small Alpine village as planned, Fred borrowed a German officer's uniform and went to town at night with Frank. He had ignored our advice that he should not try to pose as a German soldier. It was fortunate there were no road controls, for Freddy had no papers. Frank took Freddy to the outskirts of Innsbruck, where his two sisters lived. Almost immediately upon meeting Eva, Frank's younger sister, Freddy realized he had a partner to help him with his work. Frank quickly became quite nervous about being seen around Innsbruck because of his many acquaintances there, and Freddy reshaped the team in his own mind to



*Most sadistic among the questioners was Kommissar Guttner of the Gestapo.*

place himself as the contact man in Innsbruck. He did not, however, relinquish his former functions as team captain and organizer.

Frank and Freddy stayed two days with his sisters, and Eva brought to the house two men whom Freddy immediately put to work. One was a truck-driver who had been disillusioned and was anxious to help. The other was a black-market operator, hereafter known as Leo, who was interested primarily in financial gain. Frank returned to Oberperfuss shortly, but Freddy remained in Innsbruck. One of his first tasks was to set up a courier system to Oberperfuss so that his intelligence messages might get to Hans for dispatch over clandestine radio. For this he established a chain consisting of Alois and two girls.

Meanwhile Freddy Mayer, U.S. Army sergeant from Brooklyn, New York, began to circulate freely in Innsbruck in German officer's uniform. As he had no identity papers of any kind, he wrote himself a statement and signed it. The statement said: "I have lost my Soldbuch. Signed, Fred Mayer." To elaborate on this point, Freddy had cooked up a story of being robbed by Italian partisans on his way back to Innsbruck for hospitalization. He professed to have an injury in his left shoulder, and was able to obtain through friends a hospitalization paper with an official stamp which bolstered his identity papers somewhat. It seems almost incredible, but it worked.

From one of his first contacts, Freddy obtained data on plane production. On March 13th Hans received, coded and transmitted this message to base:

MESSERSCHMITT KEMATEN PRODUCTION ZERO DUE TO LACK OF RE-SUPPLY FOR PAST THREE MONTHS. FORMERLY MADE PARTS FOR ASSEMBLY PLANT IN JENBACH. SOURCE TRUSTWORTHY WORKER.

Back in Italy, receipt of this message was the clincher. The Gulliver team was not only still on its feet: it was in business. Action agencies, such as AFHQ, Mediterranean Allied Air Forces and the Fifteenth Air Force, looked twice when they saw the message. The information was dated less than twenty-four hours before. It meant that intelligence was coming out of Austria by secret radio. The intelligence officers handling the report carefully noted the source, which bore the name *Liberator*. They would receive *Liberator* reports with interest in the future.

In Innsbruck, Freddy was moving swiftly. The Allied armies were making good progress along the Western Front, and it appeared that the war would not last more than two months longer. The truck-driver whom Fred had met through Eva brought in an Austrian who claimed to be leader of a resistance group with five hundred members. His claims appeared suspicious, but Freddy decided to give him a chance to prove his statements. He designated an antiaircraft battery near the town and asked the resistance leader to blow it up. The man agreed, but did not accomplish the mission. Freddy saw little of him from then on. . . .

The invaluable Alois brought Freddy into secret contact with a leader of the Volkssturm in the region. On March 22nd two more messages had come up the mountain to Hans and went out over the air:

OLD DOLOMITEN FRONTIER OF 1917 IS BEING REBUILT AND OCCUPIED BY VOLKSSTURM ALREADY



CALLED UP IN SOUTH TYROL.  
SOURCE VOLKSTURM LEADER.

It appeared that Hitler's "people's army" was not nearly so anxious to fight as the Nazis had hoped.

BARRACKS OF FORMER HEERES-  
HOCHSGEBIRGE SCHOOL AT FULPMES  
ON GRID NINE NINE FOUR THREE

ARE NOW USED AS SCHOOL FOR  
VOLKSTURM COMMANDERS. SOURCE  
SCHOOL MEMBER. MAP BEET.

Freddy had Army maps with him in Innsbruck and was carefully plotting positions, using the military grid system. The particular map on which he plotted the Volkssturm training school had been given the code name

"Beet" for brevity in cables. When the intelligence was received and processed at base, the OSS gave the correct and somewhat lengthier map reference.

On his next rendezvous, the truck-driver brought Freddy an officer of the Kripo (criminal police), who then put Freddy in touch with Alois Kuen, leader of the anti-Nazi element in the Kripo. Kuen had been in the SS many years before, but his conversion to an anti-Nazi had been complete prior to his meeting with Freddy. He and his small group had posted mimeographed propaganda sheets, organized resistance elements which listened to BBC broadcasts, and destroyed files of men who could be locked up for being anti-Nazi. Freddy found Kuen both daring and able, and decided the two could work well together. He did not, however, tell even Kuen about the secret radio station he had up in the mountains. He simply explained that he was interested primarily in gathering intelligence, and could use Kuen in this work.

Kuen entered into the agreement enthusiastically, providing considerable intelligence, passing on names of Gestapo informers, continuing subversion within the Kripo, etc. Once when he was ordered to lock up ten suspicious persons, he locked up ten Nazis in their place. Kuen's assistant was given the task of organizing the area near Schwaz. He personally led a group of fifty Wehrmacht deserters who carried on sabotage on lines of communication in the region. This man also acted as Fred's liaison with four other bands of deserters, ranging in size from ten to one hundred men, who had sent word through to "the American officer" in Innsbruck that they wished to serve under him.

Leo, the black-marketeer, next made himself useful by introducing Freddy to several railroad workers, most of them old-time Social Democrats. It was agreed that Leo would act as intermediary in carrying intelligence messages to Fred, for which service Leo was to receive small sums of money.

On March 24th, Gulliver came on the air with two high priority target messages:

ON BEET IN A RPT A OF HALL  
SIX KM EAST OF HOME UNDER-  
GROUND IN HILL WITH FIVE STEEL  
DOORS GASOLINE AND AMMO DEPOT.  
ONE HALF KM DUE SOUTH HEERES-  
ZEUGAMT MAKING GRENADES AND  
OTHER SMALL EXPLOSIVES IN ELEVEN  
BARRACKS WITH DARK GREEN ROOFS.  
SOURCE AUSTRIAN WORKER.

The staff at base went to work on the message immediately, using map "Beet." What was "A RPT A" in Hall? There was the town of Hall, all right, just east of Innsbruck. For convenience and brevity, the Gulliver



To make their interrogation a little more pointed, they began striking Freddy with a bullwhip.

team had been instructed to use the word "Home" when meaning Innsbruck. We looked at the town of Hall, and it became clear that the message referred to the pinpoint right in the middle of the letter "A" of the word "Hall." The message was quickly teletyped out to the air forces.

Another message rattled in, and a vitally important one at that:

AVERAGE OF FOURTEEN TRAINS ARE ASSEMBLED NIGHTLY BETWEEN TEN THIRTY AND TWELVE IN NEW YARDS RIGHT OUTSIDE OF HALL. LOAD MAINLY TROOPS FROM SPRECKBACHER KASERNE HALL. ALL TRAINS ROUTED BY VORARLBERG TUNNEL. SOURCE RAILROAD EMPLOYEE.

Freddy had purposely gone out to the marshaling-yards and checked the information brought to him through Leo's contacts. He wanted to make doubly sure that the intelligence was accurate. A bold course for a U. S. Army sergeant, but it succeeded, and he escaped capture.

BY April he was operating high, wide and handsome in Innsbruck. He forwarded political reports, such as the information given by a woman from Zuers that Mussolini was living at the Alberg Hotel in Zuers; military intelligence such as the location of gasoline, ammunition and motor convoy depots in the Tyrol; and air targets such as the following:

150 LOCOMOTIVES IN BAHNALS BESSERUNGSWERK WEST STATION BEING REPAIRED BY 500 WORKERS AROUND THE CLOCK. 65 LOCOS ARE READY FOR SERVICE IN BETRIEBSWERK MAIN STATION BOTH BROOKLYN. SOURCE RAILWAY ENGINEER.

"Brooklyn" was another code word which meant "Innsbruck." We did not want even the discreet OSS cipher clerks to have too clear a picture of the region in which Freddy was operating.

A schoolteacher from Brixlegg notified Freddy that Daladier was imprisoned in Schloss Iter near Brixlegg guarded by a company of SS men. Again a Gulliver message crackled over the air.

The first week in April Freddy boldly took a room at the Offiziers Kasino, the German officers' club, near one of the army barracks in the center of Innsbruck. Posing as a lieutenant in the Alpine Troops, who had been wounded in Italy, Freddy spent his evenings at the bar chatting with various officers. On the night of April 3rd he ran into a surprising bit of luck. A Wehrmacht captain of Austrian origin who had left Berlin twelve days before, was at the bar, drinking alone. He spied Freddy and offered to buy him a drink. The two began

downing wine together, and the captain confided in Mayer that he had just left the Führer's headquarters in Berlin.

That was Freddy's cue to order another round of drinks, and within an hour the wheels of conversation were well-oiled. At midnight Freddy bade the captain good-night and quietly left the club. Slipping into the home of a reliable friend, he composed a message. The next morning he gave an envelope to a doctor in town who carried it to the railroad station. There one of Freddy's couriers received the envelope and took the noon train to Oberperfuss. That afternoon a long radio message went on the air to Italy:

FUHRER HAUPT QUARTIER LOCATED ONE AND ONE HALF KM SOUTHEAST OF STATION ZOSSEN LAGER NEAR BERLIN. PAY ATTENTION TO GROUP OF HOUSES FIVE EACH ON PARALLEL FACING EACH OTHER. ONE IS LENGTHWISE IN CENTER OF EAST END. ROOFS VERY STEEP AND CAMOUFLAGED BLACK, WHITE AND GREEN. HOUSES BUILT OF REINFORCED CONCRETE. ALL WALLS ONE METER THICK. 10 ROOMS PER FLOOR. LOWEST 13 METERS UNDERGROUND UNDER FOUR CEILINGS ONE METER EACH. AIR WARNING TOWER IN CENTER OF HOUSE GROUP. LAST ATTACK HIT OFFICERS' CLUB ONLY. FIRST HOUSE IN SOUTHWEST END IS ADOLF. TWO COURIER TRAINS UNDER STEAM AT REHBRUCKE. 24 CARS EACH. ONE WITH SS GUARDS AT BARTH. ADOLF AT PRESENT IN REICHSKANZLEI WHERE EACH NIGHT 2200 GMT GENERALS OF STAFF COME TO VISIT. ADOLF TIRED OF LIVING. WATCHED LAST ATTACK FROM BALCONY. ALTERNATE HEADQUARTERS AT OHRDRUF, THURINGIA. NOT OBERSALZBURG. SOURCE IS AUSTRIAN STAFF OFFICER WHO LEFT HQ MARCH 21.

The Gulliver team had scored a ten-strike with this one. Freddy later confessed he had difficulty in memorizing the data. "It took a lot of wine to make him talk, and I had to match him drink for drink! . . ."

Back in Italy, customer agencies were now fully conscious of the reliability and value of the Gulliver reports. From an "F" source ("untried"), Gulliver had become a "B" source, which means "usually reliable." The G-2's and A-2's were beginning to ask Gulliver to check up on things for them. Was it true that a Panzer army had passed through Innsbruck *en route* from the West to the East Front? No, Freddy replied; the only troop-traffic going east during the past week had been Marshbatalions of Innsbruck and Hall. Some German paratroop units had suddenly disappeared from the Italian front,

and G-2 at Allied Force Headquarters did not know what had happened to them. Freddy happened to be at the west station in Innsbruck and saw three trainloads come in from the Brenner. He shot out a message via the ever-vigilant Hans, and the puzzle was solved.

Things were happening fast in April. The Alpine units which had offered Mayer their services awaited his signal for action. Meanwhile, Kuen of the Kripo offered to free five hundred political prisoners in the area if Freddy would obtain a drop of weapons for them. Out went a message:

IF DESIRED CAN TAKE INNSBRUCK AND AREA AHEAD OF AIRBORNE LANDINGS. POLITICAL PRISONERS WOULD NEED FIVE HUNDRED M 3 PISTOLS. DETAILS AWAIT ANSWER.

A check with AFHQ confirmed that no airborne landings were planned or considered feasible at that time, and Freddy was notified of this fact. Meanwhile Freddy made contact with the loadmaster of Hall and sent out a new rail target:

ASSEMBLED AT HALL AND INNSBRUCK MAIN AND WEST STATIONS TWENTY SIX TRAINS THIRTY TO FORTY CARS EACH LOADED WITH AMMO TRACTORS AKAK GUNS GASOLINE LIGHT EQUIPMENT. LEAVING FOR ITALY VIA BRENNER APRIL THIRD AFTER TWENTY ONE HUNDRED GMT. TRAINS GUARDED. SOURCE LOADMASTER OF HALL.

The Fifteenth Air Force sent out a photo recon plane which confirmed this intelligence. A heavy operation was planned to destroy the trains, but weather caused a last-minute cancellation of the bombing. However, by the time the trains passed through the Brenner, the weather had cleared and the air force virtually destroyed the entire lot.

Another useful bit of information was relayed to the air forces on April 5:

ALL MOVING TARGETS DISPERSED DAILY BETWEEN NINE AND THIRTEEN HUNDRED GMT. SUGGEST CHANGE BOMBING SCHEDULE.

MEANWHILE Kuen of the Kripo had found another field for anti-Nazi activity. Wehrmacht elements in Innsbruck were becoming more and more openly anti-Nazi. Two Feldwebels appeared with Kuen one evening and asked Mayer to meet their officers. Freddy visited with their lieutenants and then with their commanding officer, Major Heine, who had managed to dispose of the Nazi elements within his training command. After a straight-shooting talk, Heine offered to place the men in the various

barracks at Innsbruck as well as those in Alpine training stations in the area under Freddy's command. Before extensive action could be taken, Major Heine stated, his men needed additional weapons to supplement the small number of rifles and pistols on hand.

At the conclusion of the discussion, Freddy composed another of his terse masterpieces to base station:

ONE THOUSAND PARTISANS OF ALL PARTIES UNDER MY COMMAND. A FULL PLANE LOAD OF EXPLOSIVES FOR BRIDGES SABOTAGE AND A QUANTITY OF PROPAGANDA MATERIAL SHOULD BE SENT TO ME AT ONCE. WHITE AND GREEN LIGHT RECEPTION WILL BE USED IN STUBAIER MOUNTAINS.

While the operations staff prepared for the supply drop, Lt. Col. Chapin checked with AFHQ and MAAF. He advised that clearance had been granted the Gulliver Mission to sabotage any targets on the Brenner line, with emphasis on tunnels which would take at least a week to repair.

The story of the supply drop is one of the sad chapters in an otherwise phenomenally successful mission. Within forty-eight hours a B-24 was loaded with seven containers full of weapons, demolition equipment and propaganda. Also there was a rhomboid with a red sash tied around it. This package contained, on Fred's request, "A German camera, film, new receiver and spare tubes, coffee, PX supplies, American money for barter, insulin as a bribe for a sick man, and personal mail."

Into the container also went a long series of coded messages containing new intelligence directives, issued by SHAEF and AFHQ. The orders were to concentrate on intelligence on the Nazi underground and on hidden stores in the *reduit*. Under no circumstances was the Gulliver team to identify itself too closely with any sabotage missions, but was to keep aloof to continue the priceless flow of intelligence.

ON April 16 the B-24 set out for a supply drop scheduled 2300 GMT. A young Air Force lieutenant attached to our staff went along as accompanying officer to insure that the precious package with the red streamer was dropped immediately over the flashing lights below. Should that package be lost, the team would get no funds, coffee, cigarettes, camera, mail or radio receiver to replace one which had gone out of order. Freddy was at the office of the Kripo early in the evening, and through Kuen arranged to drive to the appointed spot in official police cars. He had about fifteen people on hand at the dropping ground, including Kripo offi-

cial, a Gestapo agent who had started work for him, the faithful truck-driver and a big German two-and-a-half-ton truck. For two hours they waited in vain. At one point they heard motors faintly in the distance, but the sound died away. For four nights the reception committee returned to the isolated spot and waited for the supply drop. Nothing happened, and the the mystery was not solved until Hans established contact with base once more. Then he received a message from us which stated:

PILOT FORCED BY MOTOR TROUBLE TO DROP ALL EIGHT PIECES MONDAY NIGHT ON SLOPE WILDSPITZE. CAN GET NEW DROP READY IN FIVE DAYS ON NOTICE FROM YOU.

One of the engines on the B-24 had conked out, and the pilot had decided not to complete his mission when he was almost at the dropping ground. Over the pleas and almost the tears of our dispatcher, he had announced over the interphone that the precious cargo had to be jettisoned. He waited, however, until he was some miles away from Innsbruck, in a remote area before dropping the containers. Freddy later sent a search party out for them, but they were never found. Back to intelligence went Mayer:

FIFTY FIGHTER PLANES EXPECTED AT NEW INNSBRUCK AIRPORT. THIS SHIPMENT BY RAIL. POSITIONS FOR MACHINE GUNS BEING DUG IN AREA. BRAGGING MAJOR IN AIR FORCE IS SOURCE.

Then something special:

ON SATURDAY APRIL 21 YOU SHOULD HAVE PERSON IN VADUZ LIECHTENSTEIN IN ORDER TO GET SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS. WIRE METHOD OF RECOGNITION AND ADDRESS. LET ME KNOW HOW PACKAGE IS TO BE MARKED.

Freddy had accumulated too much intelligence to put it all on the air. He had prepared a pouch, found a courier who could slip through to meet someone from our organization. Within a few days we replied that a man carrying the newspaper *Der Bund* would be at a certain place. Freddy's courier was to follow him to a quiet place and use the password: "*Welche Zeitung lesen Sie?*" (What newspaper are you reading?)

By this time, incredible as it may seem, more than one hundred natives of Innsbruck knew at first hand of the presence of an American officer in the area, and the Gestapo had not yet become actively suspicious. However, another OSS agent *en route* to Munich had been observed, followed, later arrested and brought to Innsbruck, which was becoming the center for last-ditch resistance. He had not

talked, but his identity papers and concealed instructions had thoroughly aroused and alerted the Sicherheitsdienst that there were other American agents in the area. Unaware that things were closing in around him, Freddy continued his messages:

RAILROAD ENGINEER IS SOURCE FOR REPORT THAT WHEN ALARM SOUNDS IN INNSBRUCK, RAILWAY REPAIR TRAIN USUALLY AT MAIN STATION MAKES FOR SONNENBERGER TUNNEL AT GRID SEVEN SEVEN FIVE FIVE.

THE messages were coming into the base station beautifully. Hans had set up an antenna, and at the very moment he tapped out the coded texts, wet wash was hanging from it. A neighbor had taken the radio antenna for a clothesline, since Wynberg had cleverly strung it among genuine clotheslines. One after another, messages went on the air:

THE STREET TO ALDRANS AT GRID EIGHT ONE FIVE SEVEN IS PACKED WITH SIXTY SEVEN FOUR TON TRUCKS WITH TRAILERS LOADED WITH COAST ARTILLERY. ALSO IN SCHLOSS AMROSS COURT YARD. OBSERVED.

In addition to his intelligence messages, Freddy also passed us some "operational traffic."

ARE YOU IN POSITION TO SHOW RECOGNITION OF TYROL PARTISANS AS MORALE BOOSTER BY WAY OF AUSTRIAN BROADCAST? DO NOT MENTION THAT POLICE ARE ON OUR SIDE.

This was the first knowledge back at base that Freddy was working directly with the Austrian police. Then came another crack message:

ABLE TO PASS ONE TEAM TO MUNICH AREA.

And he was preparing for a new supply drop:

HAVE NEW DROP PREPARED BUT HOLD UNTIL WE GIVE NEW PINPOINT. AREA BECAME TOO HOT. OBER KOMMANDO HEER IN SCHLOSS AMRASS.

Kuen brought Freddy into contact with a major in the Wehrmacht message center on 19 April. From this officer, Freddy obtained information of great import, and sent a sizzler on the following day:

ON APRIL 14 TWO SPECIAL TRAINS WITH MEMBERS OF FUHRINGSTAB OBERSTE REICHSBEHORDEN LEFT BERLIN. MEMBERS ARE NOW IN OFF LIMITS AREA IMSTERBERG. 18 MEMBERS OF MINISTERIUM OF INTERIOR IN HOTEL POST. UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE VON BURGSDORF IN GARMISCH PARTENKIRSCHEN. COPY OF SECRET ORDER IS SOURCE.

Kuen's assistant reported to Freddy that Himmler had arrived in Innsbruck several days before, and another cable went out over the ether:

NIGHT OF 17TH HIMMLER ARRIVED WITH STAFF AT IGLS NEAR INNSBRUCK IN HOTEL GRUENWALDERHOF. THREE SS DIVISIONS ARE EXPECTED BUT SO FAR ONLY ONE REGIMENT OF LEIBSTANDARTE IS PRESENT, OF WHICH COMPANY A IS ROUNDING UP ALL POLITICALS WHO MAY BE DANGEROUS. SOURCE IS KRIPPO.

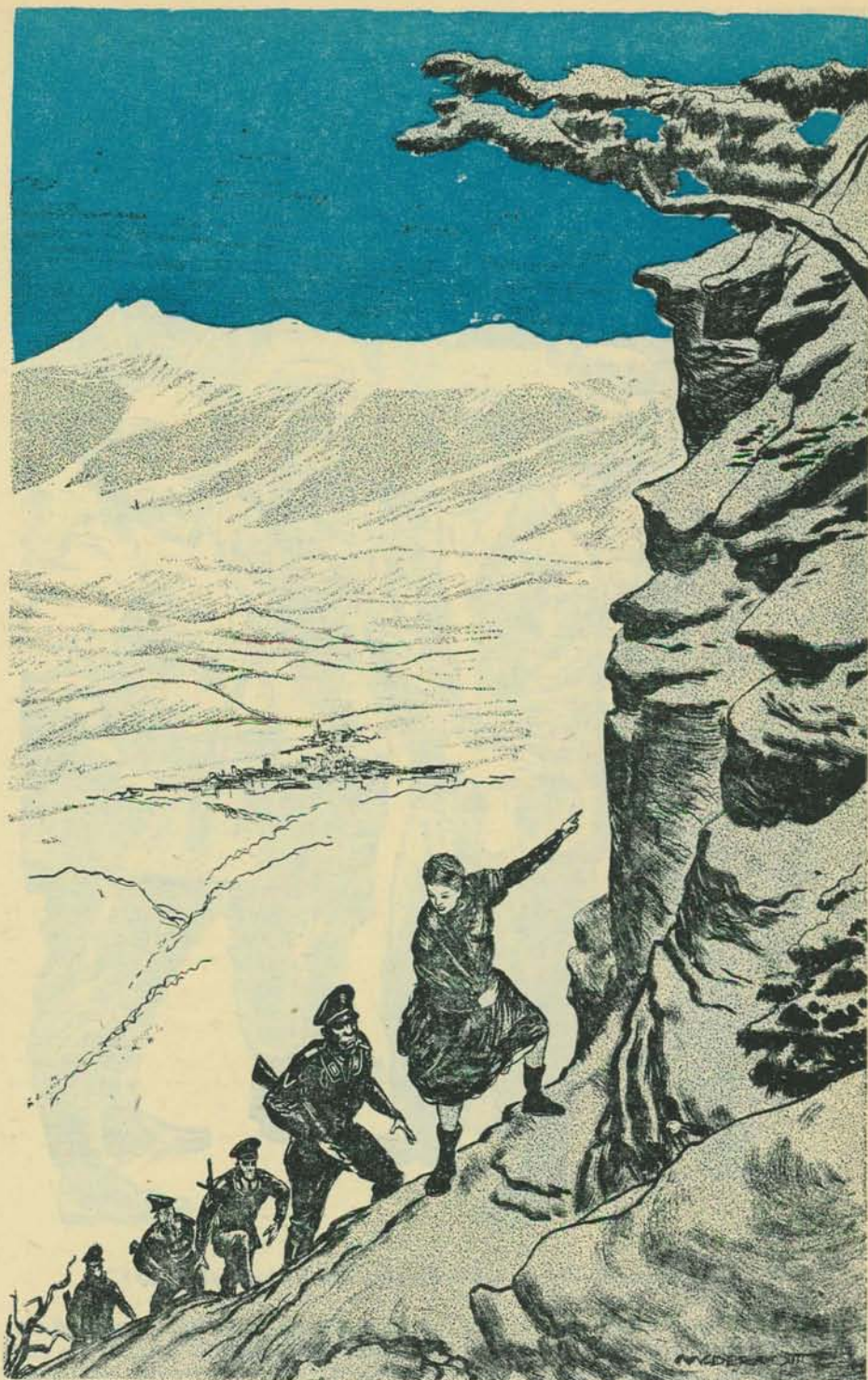
Several weeks before these messages went out, Freddy had changed his cover from German officer to French foreign worker. Robert Moser, a native of Innsbruck, served as a contractor for electrical technicians among foreign workers in Austria. Among the firms he served was the Boehler Werke at St. Marienat. From Moser's nephew Fritz, who was acting as an informant, Fred learned that many workers were pouring into Innsbruck from eastern Austria where the Russians were advancing. The workers had no papers and were reporting in at the Arbeitssamt (labor office). Freddy stood in line with them and obtained identity papers under the name Frederick Mayer. Then he worked as one of Robert Moser's employees, without Moser's knowledge. Fred then obtained a room at Innsstrasse 21 and legalized his status as a French foreign worker by registering with the local police.

On the night of April 20th, just after the message about Himmler's presence in Innsbruck had been sent, Freddy learned that one of his informants had been picked up by the Gestapo. He feared that the man might talk, and did not return to his usual billet on Innsstrasse but went to an emergency address he had reserved for such an occasion. He took off his coat, tie and shoes, sat down at a table and hurriedly began assembling the pouch material he planned to send with the courier to Liechtenstein.

A sharp knock sounded on the door on the floor below. Eva, one of Freddy's workers, went below to answer it. When she failed to return within three minutes, Mayer knew something had gone wrong and that Eva was probably trying to stall for time. Without further hesitation he tossed the entire file of intelligence reports into the stove and burned them. He then made for the double windows, and tried to slip through, but working in darkness, he could not get them open. While he was still at the window, the door opened and the lights flashed on. Eight men with machine-pistols were facing him, three in plain clothes, five in SS uniforms with SD armbands.

"Frederick Mayer?" an interpreter from the Gestapo asked.

"Oui."



*Maria led the Nazis off on a fruitless chase around a nearby mountain. . . .*

"Put on your shoes and come with us," the interpreter said in French.

Freddy had read in the local paper the day before that French workers were no longer allowed to billet in town but must live in workers' camps. He hoped this was the reason for his arrest and determined to go quietly. His hands were tied securely behind his back with rope.

At the police station he discovered that one of his informants had "broken" under pressure and revealed both emergency addresses. Here he was handcuffed and led off to prison. There a selected group of SD and Ges-

tapo officers began to give him "treatment." For four hours they interrogated him on his story, from time to time flatly accusing him of being an American agent. Throughout this period Fred felt there was a reasonable chance that the Germans were bluffing, and he stuck to his story of being a French worker. He was kept standing and slapped in the face from time to time, but gave no information.

The most sadistic among the group of questioners was Kommissar Walter Guttner of the Gestapo. He was not more than five feet four inches tall, rather thin, nervous, shifty-eyed—"just



*"Well, Lieutenant Mayer, what do you think about the war?"*

a little rat," Freddy said later. He vilified Mayer again and again and urged him to confess. Each time Freddy refused, the group which surrounded him began using his face as a punching bag. His face began to swell. At the end of four hours the questioners decided they had been too gentle and must utilize other methods. A command was given, and three men stripped him to the skin. They forced Freddy to kneel with his handcuffed arms clasped around his shins. Then they inserted a rifle-barrel through the triangle formed by Freddy's arms and his bent knees and raised the barrel. The rifle-barrel was laid on two desks about three feet apart, and Freddy's head swung down, while his feet and rear swung up. While he was in this awkward posi-

tion, water was continually poured up his nose and into his ears. One ear had been punctured by the cuffing he had taken in the first stage of the "interrogation," and the pouring of water into this ear was especially painful.

Aching from his punctured eardrum and a badly swollen face, Freddy began to choke on the water poured down his nostrils. His head throbbed heavily, and he tried desperately to "pass out." But he remained conscious, and was left suspended for four hours. To make their interrogation a little more pointed, the questioners began striking Freddy with a bull-whip. Again and again they struck him as he hung over the rifle-barrel, naked and helpless. A small pool of blood began to collect on the floor from the lacerations on his back.

The Germans then brought in the man who had talked. He took one look at Freddy, who gave no inkling that he recognized the man. "It's no use, Fred. All is lost. I have told everything. Why don't you admit everything?"

Freddy remained impassive. "How I wished I hadn't been trussed up so I could have spit in his eye," he said later.

Having accomplished exactly nothing, the Gestapo chief ordered two more hours of "treatment" for Mayer. At the end of this time—six hours on the rack—Freddy was allowed to fall to the floor on his stomach, naked on a cold floor with an icy winter's breeze coming in through open windows. His teeth chattered like a riveting machine, and he could not sleep. He had been questioned and tortured continually the entire night, and now it was daytime outside. More dead than alive, he was taken away to a cell.

For twenty-four hours he was in the cell with no clothing whatsoever. The cell was completely bare except for a straw mattress full of fleas. During this period he got one bowl of soup—so foul he couldn't swallow half of it—and bread so hard he could barely bite into it. To solve this situation Fred put his bread into the soup and soaked it before eating. One of the guards took in the situation and quietly slipped him half a sandwich.

The next day the Gestapo gave him a pair of trousers and a jacket, another bowl of soup and a piece of bread. Again and again Fred lay down on the mattress and tried to sleep, but with his hands tied behind his back, this proved impossible. During the second day a guard tied his hands in front and Freddy was able to get a few hours sleep. In the afternoon of the second day he was taken from his cell and photographed. When Guttner was captured about two weeks after the end of the war, an OSS officer searched him, and in his wallet found the picture of Freddy, face swollen and eyes glazed, taken after his beating by the Gestapo.

Meanwhile the man who had talked had given the Nazis the names of other contacts of Freddy's. During the two days that Freddy was in jail, Gestapo and Sicherheitsdienst agents rounded up a number of the Kripo men who had worked with Mayer, including Kuen. Word had also reached the Nazis that Freddy's radio operator was living in Oberperfuss. Guttner and five others came to the jail and took Freddy with them in a police car up to Oberperfuss, where they began a house-to-house search for Wynberg. Freddy did not recognize anyone in the village, and no one showed any signs of recognition when Freddy was seen in the hands of the police. All went well until the house of one farm-

er was searched and police found spare parts for a radio, extra equipment, gold-pieces, Hans' chemistry-book and three chemistry theses, written by Hans in his spare time.

Hans was not found, because when Freddy was arrested at his rooming-house, he had winked at one of the women there who worked with him. This faithful woman had that very night made the trip up to Oberperfluss and warned Wynberg and Martin, who fled to the mountains. With a two-day start, they were well out of reach, and Freddy was considerably relieved.

Further investigation by the Nazis revealed that Hans had not confined his activities to writing chemistry papers but had published an illegal newspaper with news he had monitored over BBC. Entitled "*Freies Oesterreich*," the paper had featured a daily war-map on its front page to show the Allied advances. Editorials had stressed the uselessness of continual resistance, and a feature column entitled "*Do You Know?*" had described life in the United States. The seditious paper had been passed from hand to hand each morning, reaching a circulation of twenty-five persons.

AS the evidence began to accumulate, a farmer's boy lost his grip on himself and confessed he had seen Hans and Frank slip away with Maria Thomas, a local girl who had been working with the team. Confronted by this testimony, and told that Fred would be killed unless she led the Gestapo to the others, Maria agreed to show where Hans and Frank were hiding. Freddy gave her an unmistakable wink, however, and Maria led the Nazis off on a fruitless chase around a nearby mountain for about five hours. In disgust, the Nazis took Mayer back to prison. The next day a secret mass was held in the little church at Oberperfluss, and some thirty or forty Austrians prayed for the safety of the two Americans, whom they had come to love and admire.

Back in Innsbruck, Dr. Kurt Primbs, the Kreisleiter, had heard of the captured American officer and expressed astonishment that he could undergo so much torture without "breaking." Accordingly on April 24th he arranged to take Mayer to lunch with Franz Hofer, the Gauleiter of the Tyrol, and a close personal friend of Hitler. The lunch was at Hofer's home near Hall.

Freddy found the Gauleiter to be a big fat Tyrolean who loved to eat. In his build and his love for uniforms he seemed much like Hermann Goering. One of his first questions, as Fred entered the big farmhouse, was: "Well, Lieutenant Mayer, what do you think about the war?"

"It's about over," Mayer replied.

They sat down to a big meal of wiener schnitzel, and during the

course of the luncheon Hofer remarked that he might wish to enter negotiations for the surrender of the Tyrol. He would be interested in having Freddy put him in touch with the Americans. Freddy agreed to help arrange the surrender.

At the luncheon was an officer of the Nachrichtendienst, who said he would take a message for Fred. Since Freddy was still protecting Hans, who had not been captured, he decided to use this means to get a message back to OSS. Quickly he composed a note to be given to an OSS agent. The message went through and was radioed back to Italy:

AM AT PRESENT IN HANDS OF GESTAPO, BUT WILL GET OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER SHORTLY. DON'T WORRY. THE BEARER OF THIS LETTER IS A FORMER GERMAN CONSUL GENERAL IN LOS ANGELES AND WILL NEGOTIATE WITH YOU ON SOME SUBJECTS

The Nachrichtendienst officer took the message, gave Mayer some chocolate and salami to take back to jail with him when the lunch was over. Once back in jail, Freddy was kept incommunicado but was not molested for the next three days. He suspected that Hofer had given orders to leave him alone. On April 27th he was transferred to Reichenau, a concentration camp on the outskirts of Innsbruck. To his pleasure, Freddy found that two of the Gestapo men who were escorting him to Reichenau were men who had been working for him formerly through Kuen of the Kripo. Upon his arrival at the camp, Freddy reported in, and then casually walked through an open gate to a waiting automobile. The Gestapo agents hid him for the next two days. . . .

On April 29th Fred received a report that Gauleiter Hofer was about to make an address over the radio exhorting the people of the Tyrol to make a last-ditch stand. Still wearing his shabby prison clothes, Freddy walked right into the Gauhaus, brushed by the secretaries and strode into Hofer's office. At first Hofer was taken aback, but he quickly regained his composure and asked Mayer to sit down. Freddy explained he had come because he had heard a radio announcement to the effect that the Gauleiter would shortly make an address to the people of the Tyrol.

Hofer said that this was true, and proceeded to read his speech to Mayer. It was then eleven-thirty in the morning, and the speech was scheduled for noon. The speech had been prepared as a follow-up to Admiral Doenitz's address in Germany. Doenitz, who had become Führer following the announcement of Hitler's death, had stated that Germany would surrender to Great Britain and the United

States, but would continue to fight Russia. Hofer's address pursued the same theme and urged the people to continue to fight until this proposition was accepted by the western Allies.

It was now ten minutes to twelve. Freddy began to talk fast. "That proposal will never be accepted. The only course for you is to surrender unconditionally, and to tell the people not to destroy installations or to oppose the advance of the Americans."

Hofer listened and finally agreed to depart from his prepared script and to tell his people to surrender when the American troops crossed the Mittenwald Mountains. He made only one condition—that Mayer put him under house arrest and protect him from the Austrian people until American troops arrived. This Mayer agreed to do. The negotiations had delayed the broadcast somewhat, but shortly after noon the Gauleiter went on the air and declared that Innsbruck would be an open city once the Americans got over the mountains.

Fred then went in Dr. Primbs' car to Oberperfluss, where he quickly located Wynberg. Both Mayer and Wynberg donned their American uniforms and proceeded back to the Gauleiter's house at Hall. Through radio connections and direct telephone wires, Hofer was able to keep them constantly abreast of the military situation. Resistance groups, including Major Heine's, had now come out in the open and were roaming the city. Throughout the night Fred and Hans discussed the situation with the men who had come to stick with Hofer to the end. These men, all dyed-in-the-wool Nazis, asked question after question. Why did America have to mix herself in a completely European affair? Why did not America side with Germany in her fight against Bolshevism? What would be done to Germany after the war? The two young American soldiers handled themselves superbly, combating Nazi propaganda with truth and facts.

THE morning of May 3rd Hofer told Mayer and Wynberg he had given the unconditional surrender order to the Gau. He had also instructed the people to save the bridges, public utilities and airfields. Freddy immediately placed the entire group of Nazi officials under arrest and placed trustworthy police around Hofer's home.

He then took a civilian car and drove through Innsbruck to meet the American forces who were stalled thirty kilometers outside the city. American scouts had seen the artillery of a flak battalion and suspected that other defenses protected the city. With an old bed-sheet serving as a white flag and two German soldiers as flag-bearers, Mayer drove past the Nazi ack-ack battalion and on into the

American lines. There he met with Major West, who somewhat amazingly agreed to return to Innsbruck with him and enter into negotiations for the surrender of the city. While the surrender documents were all being signed, Hans took a German major in a car to Reith, outside Innsbruck, to insure that the German flak units which were holding up the 103rd Division spearheads had received Hofer's order to surrender. Had the flak units not followed the order, the 103rd Division would have begun shelling Innsbruck shortly thereafter.

Freddy's army personnel record has in it today the following letter:

**HEADQUARTERS 103D INFANTRY DIVISION**

Office of the AC of S, G-2

6 May 1945

**SUBJECT: Meritorius Service of Lt. Frederick MAYER.**

**TO : Lt Col CHAPIN.**

On the afternoon of 3 May 1945 Lt Fred MAYER performed a very valuable service for the Army as a whole and for the 103rd Infantry Division in their attack in the INNSBRUCK valley. The following recital of facts illustrates the foregoing statement:

At approximately 1630 3 May 1945, advance elements of the Division were moving East from ZIRL to launch an attack on INNSBRUCK. German troops had withdrawn and taken up positions on the Western edge of the city. At this time, Lt MAYER crossed the INN River in a civilian sedan and contacted Major Bland WEST, AC of S, G-2, and Lt Peter RANDON, MIL, and offered to lead them to a farm South of HALL where he was holding Gauleiter Franz HOFER and his staff in custody awaiting the arrival of the American

troops. Lt MAYER led a small party to the Gauleiter and through this contact it was possible (1) to order the German troops on the western edge of the city to cease all resistance and admit the American troops in the city of INNSBRUCK without opposition, (2) to obtain a statement from the Gauleiter HOFER for a radio broadcast exhorting the Standeschutzen of the TYROL-VORARLBERG Area to lay down their arms. In addition, the Gauleiter gave much valuable information on the disposition of troops and non-existence of defenses throughout the area.

s/ Bland West  
BLAND WEST  
Major, GSC  
AC of S, G-2.

Once American troops took over the city and its installations, which were virtually intact, Freddy and Hans, along with two other OSS agents who had been operating independently in the area, and who also had been captured during the last few days of the war, began to feed CIC with detailed information on the location and identity of SS officers, Gestapo and SD agents seeking to go underground.

About two weeks later Guttner was captured and confessed to his torturing of Mayer. Gauleiter Hofer was taken up to a big Interrogation Center in Germany. He managed to escape from the camp and disappeared into the civilian populace. German police captured him posing as a chimney-sweep. He managed to take poison.

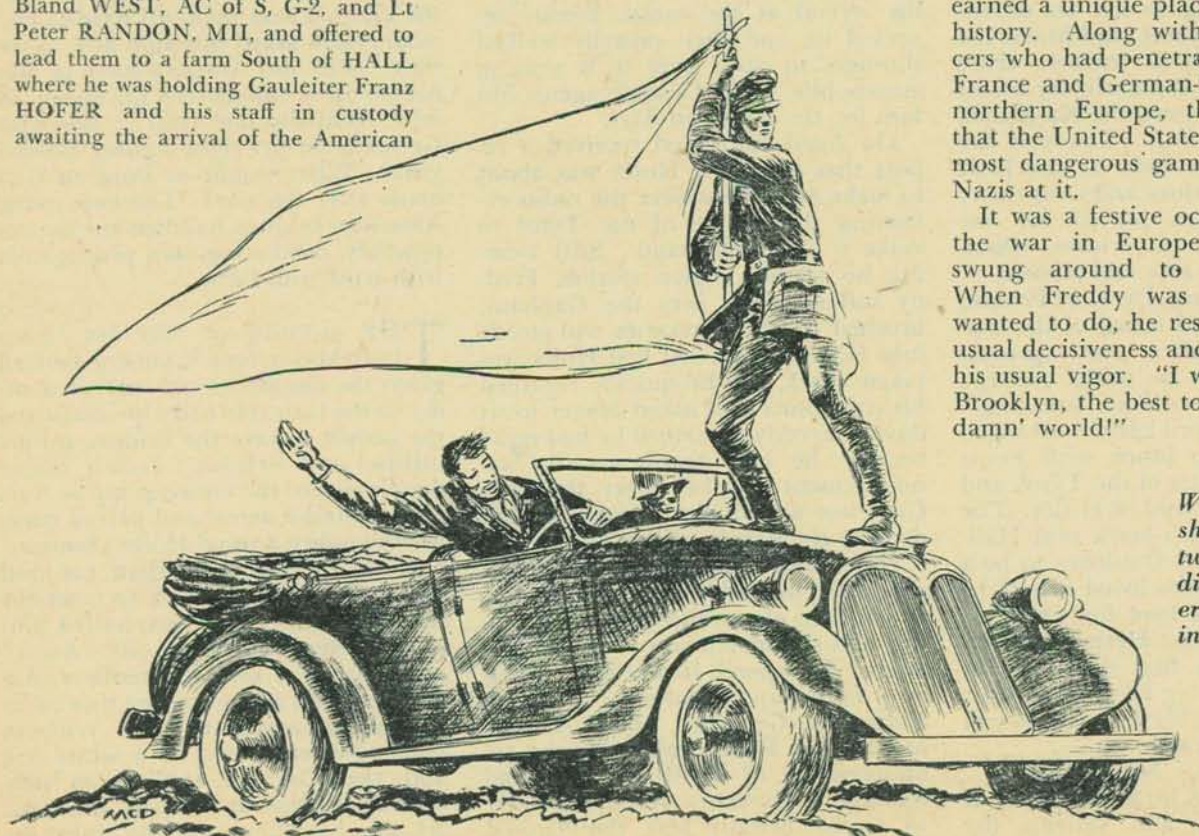
With few exceptions, most of the persons who worked in Lt. Mayer's information service are alive and well today. Frank Martin married one of the girls who had been a trusted courier for the team and is happy to be living once more in a democratic Austria. Freddy and Hans were commissioned at AFHO.

When Mayer and Wynberg drove into Salzburg, where OSS had set up a post-hostilities headquarters, they found all of their friends in the staff ready to give them a royal welcome. Walter Haass was on hand after being missing for two weeks. He had gone on one operation too many as a dispatcher, was shot down over Linz, captured and imprisoned, but had been liberated by Third Army forces. Captain Rudolf (Rip) von Ripper, who had just arrested the Gauleiter of Salzburg high in an Alpine hut, proved his versatility by "liberating" a case of champagne from Goering's private stock for the celebration.

Bernie Steinitz had come up from Carinthia, where he had twice been condemned to death, and George Gerbner and Al Rosenthal had come out of Trieste after five pitched battles alongside the partisans. Men who said good-by to each other in quiet, deadly serious tones on dark airfields in Italy three months before, were now hailing each other with joy and jubilation. Lt. Col. Chapin, Lt. Perry, Lt. Lowenstein and the rest of the staff were on hand to greet the arrivals and hear the full story. The war was over, but these men who had gone into the field for America had earned a unique place in our military history. Along with those OSS officers who had penetrated the Balkans, France and German-held territory in northern Europe, they had proved that the United States could play "the most dangerous game" and beat the Nazis at it.

It was a festive occasion, and with the war in Europe over, the talk swung around to post-war plans. When Freddy was asked what he wanted to do, he responded with his usual decisiveness and with more than his usual vigor. "I wanna go back to Brooklyn, the best town in the whole damn' world!"

*With an old bed-sheet as a flag and two German soldiers as flag-bearers, Mayer drove into the American lines.*



# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ APRIL, 1946



Three Novelettes—*Chalice of the Moon*, by W. Brandon, *Square with the Sea*, by R. H. Watkins and *The Race Is to the Daring*, by Hyatt Downing and Daniel Moore—and many short stories

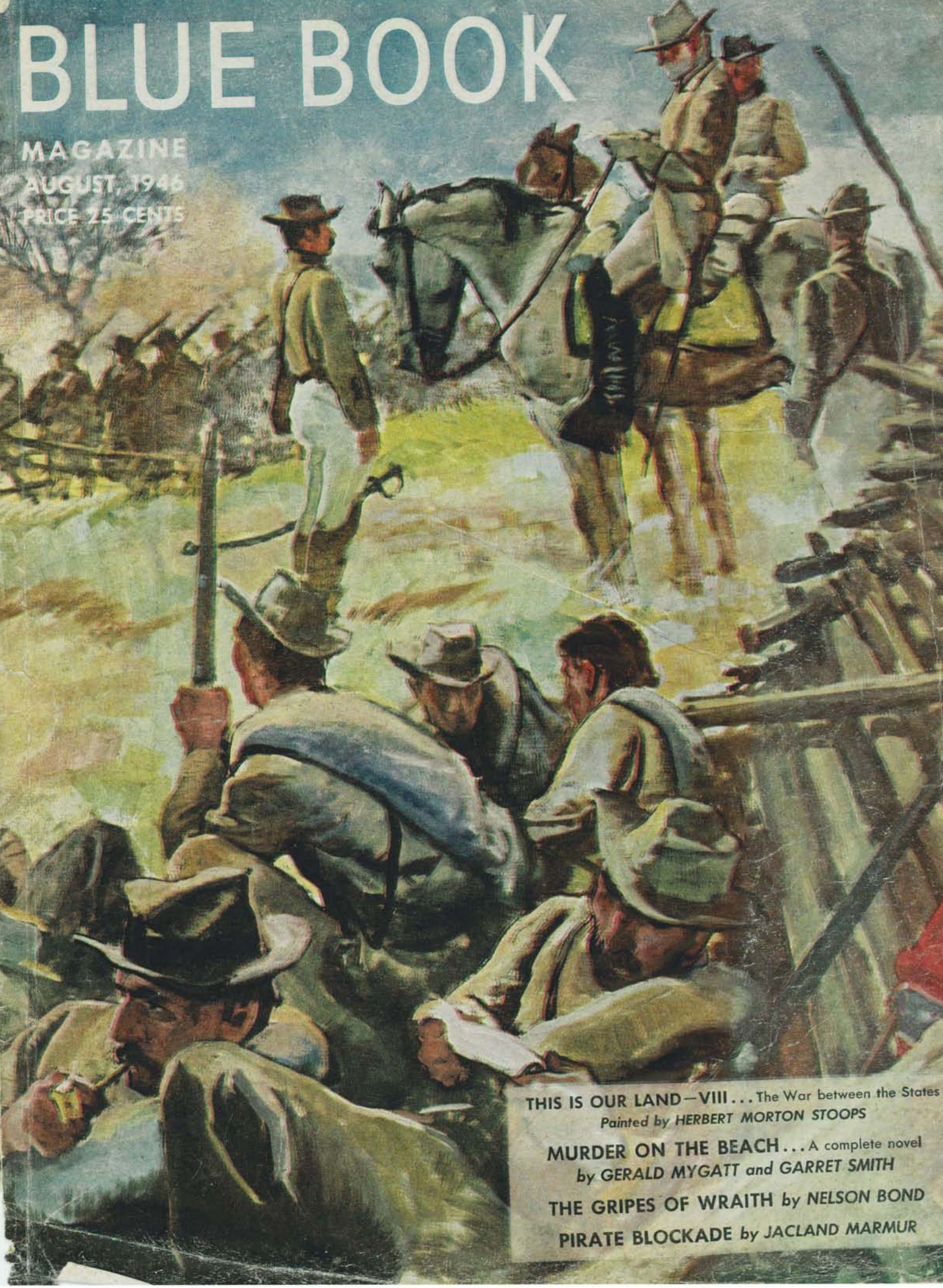


# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1946

PRICE 25 CENTS



**THIS IS OUR LAND—VIII...** The War between the States  
Painted by **HERBERT MORTON STOOPS**

**MURDER ON THE BEACH...** A complete novel  
by **GERALD MYGATT** and **GARRET SMITH**

**THE GRIPES OF WRAITH** by **NELSON BOND**

**PIRATE BLOCKADE** by **JACLAND MARMUR**

# Halyard Mission

*This remarkable story of the OSS and Air Force rescue of over 400 downed Allied air men from Yugoslavia — made possible by the aid of Mikhailovich—begins on page 52*

## *Citation for Legion of Merit:*

George S. Musulin, 0519461, 1st Lieutenant, AUS, Office of Strategic Services, while attached to Company B, 2677th Regiment, OSS (Provisional), for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services. Lt. Musulin's descent by parachute into enemy-occupied territory, (Yugoslavia), where he remained from 2 August 1944 to 27 August 1944, his leadership, his courage in the face of heavy odds, and his resolute conduct in the face of great peril, in the successful accomplishment of an extremely hazardous and difficult mission, exemplified the finest traditions of the armed forces of the United States. Entered service from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



Above: Captain George S. Musulin, Commanding Officer of the Halyard Mission. At left: American airmen in C-47 prior to take-off from airstrip in Serbia. At right: Captain Musulin during his tour of duty in Yugoslavia Oct. 18, 1943 to May 29, 1944.



Above: American airmen awaiting evacuation in mountains of Serbia. At left: Members of the Halyard Mission with General Mikhailovich. Left to right: Master Sergeant Michael Rajacich, General Draja Mikhailovich, Captain Nick A. Lalich, Captain George S. Musulin, and Colonel Robert M. McDowell, Chief of the Intelligence Mission to Mikhailovich. Man in left background unidentified.

## Readers' Comment\*

### Short Shorts for an Appetizer

I WAS intrigued by the full-rigged ship on the cover of the May BLUE BOOK. It brought back memories of sailing; and memories are the bulk of an old man's joys. I again saw those billowing sails filling the whole of Bellingham Bay, that thirty square miles of the landlocked harbor of my youth. Then I quickly thumbed the pages and laid the magazine aside. Why?

I have but few moments at a stretch to be devoted to reading. The shortest story in BLUE BOOK was "The Road Goes On," which covered a full two pages. I read the short shorts and fillers of a dozen magazines before, several days later, I again picked up BLUE BOOK. I might have mislaid it and missed some excellent reading. I wish you would include three or four short shorts, teasers as it were, stand-outs like the cover, to entice me to read the longer stories and articles before I mislay such excellent reading contents.

Alfred L. Black, Jr.

### For Wider Margins

WHEN an old friend grows nearer and dearer year by year one hates to criticize him, whatever faults he may develop. One sees him grow in stature, in wit, wisdom and the ability to entertain and educate. So, in this spirit, I would point out that I have had to almost tear my BLUE BOOK apart to read the inner columns. Please widen the sheet, narrow the columns, or "something."  
George Nesney.

### A Book-Length in Two Parts?

I NEVER miss the "Readers' Comment" in my BLUE BOOK, and was just about burned up by the plea of J. A. Litherland that you mar perfection by plastering BLUE BOOK with advertisements. Three cheers for the Editor who wrote "We don't intend to."

The letter of J. W. Prouty, suggesting "a nickel or dime boost in the ante if more revenue is needed," would, I am sure, meet with unanimous approval of all BLUE BOOK readers. Just a suggestion—how about giving us a couple more short stories—and the complete book-length in two parts to make room for the extra "shorts?"

Robert Winnie

\*The Editors of BLUE BOOK are glad to receive letters of constructive criticism and suggestions; and for the ones we publish each month we will pay the writers ten dollars each.

Letters should not be longer than two hundred words; no letters can be returned; and all will become property of McCall Corporation. They should be addressed: Editor of Letters, Blue Book Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York.

# BLUE BOOK

August, 1946

MAGAZINE

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Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

\*\*\*

DONALD KENNICOTT, Editor

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*Chetniks came running up hauling packages parachuted from the plane and shouting: "Captain George! Captain George!"*

# THE HALYARD

**T**HE two OSS parachute instructors at a secret training camp in Virginia stared in amazement at the huge bulk of a man approaching the plane.

"That big guy isn't going to jump, is he?" asked the first incredulously.

"Well, if he does, I won't take any bets that he'll ever do it again! He must weigh twice as much as those other guys."

The "big guy" who caused this comment—and much more—was George Musulin, who was far heavier than the usual weight accepted for paratrooper duty. The heaviest paratroopers accepted prior to his arrival had been 185 pounds, the official limit for Army paratroopers. Yet the five-foot-eleven former University of Pittsburgh tackle, from 2820 West Liberty Avenue in the Smoky City, had been permitted to take the training entirely on his own responsibility.

Some months later, this same courage and willingness to assume unusual risks was to surprise his superiors and

win him high honors when, in spite of all warnings, he jumped blindly into German-occupied Yugoslavia to organize and execute the greatest mass air evacuation of shot-down Allied airmen from behind enemy lines in the history of warfare.

They didn't think he could do that, either; but doing the difficult and the supposedly impossible was a specialty of this former steelworker and physical education instructor of Major General William J. Donovan's Office of Strategic Services which conducted America's secret and highly successful clandestine operations all over the world in the past war.

Musulin, the son of immigrant Yugoslavian parents, had been inducted into the Army as a private in May, 1941. While on maneuvers in Virginia, he had been approached by an OSS representative and asked if he would volunteer for "dangerous work behind the lines in the European theater." He accepted and soon found himself undergoing the rigorous train-

ing with which the OSS equipped its men for their highly dangerous work.

In addition to his unusual physical attainments, Musulin's mastery of the Serbo-Croat language impressed his instructors with his particular aptness for a mission to Yugoslavia. This was exactly what Musulin had wanted. He had heard a great deal about the country where he had numerous relatives, and for many months had been thrilled by the gallant fight against terrific odds being put up by the fabulous General Draja Mikhailovich who at that time was being hailed in the Allied press as the greatest underground fighter in all of occupied Europe.

Musulin completed his parachute training quickly—training that was punctuated by his instructors' jovial bets, every time he was due to jump, as to how many panels in his chute would break! He outlasted both the chutes and the bets, and was handed his commission, along with his orders for a flight overseas to Cairo, Egypt.



The moving story of the rescue from Yugoslavia of over 400 downed Allied air-men, by the OSS, and Air Forces—aided by Mikhailovich and the Chetniks.

# MISSION

by Lt. Com. RICHARD M. KELLY, USNR

He was four months in North Africa; and then, on October 18, 1943, he took off from Bengasi in Libya, bound for central Serbia. Into the heart of this small country he was dropped at midnight, the third American officer to parachute into Yugoslavia. His assignment—to assist a British team which functioned as Allied liaison with the Chetnik army.

He was to be received by elements of General Mikhailovich's forces; and his first sight of them as he lay waiting in the darkness brought him to his feet with a start. For standing there in the flickering light cast by the ground flares, they had a storybook look—long wild hair, bushy beards, ragged, nondescript clothing, their weapons an odd assortment that varied from modern pistols and rifles to mountaineers' axes and knives.

As they stared at him silently, surprised by his great bulk, Musulin broke quickly into Serbian, introduced himself as an American officer of Serbian parentage, and held out a

tentative hand. The Serbs' reaction was immediate—here was one of their own; they were wild with excitement, and Musulin's one difficulty now was to convince them that his presence would not necessarily bring about the immediate liberation of their country and the end of the war.

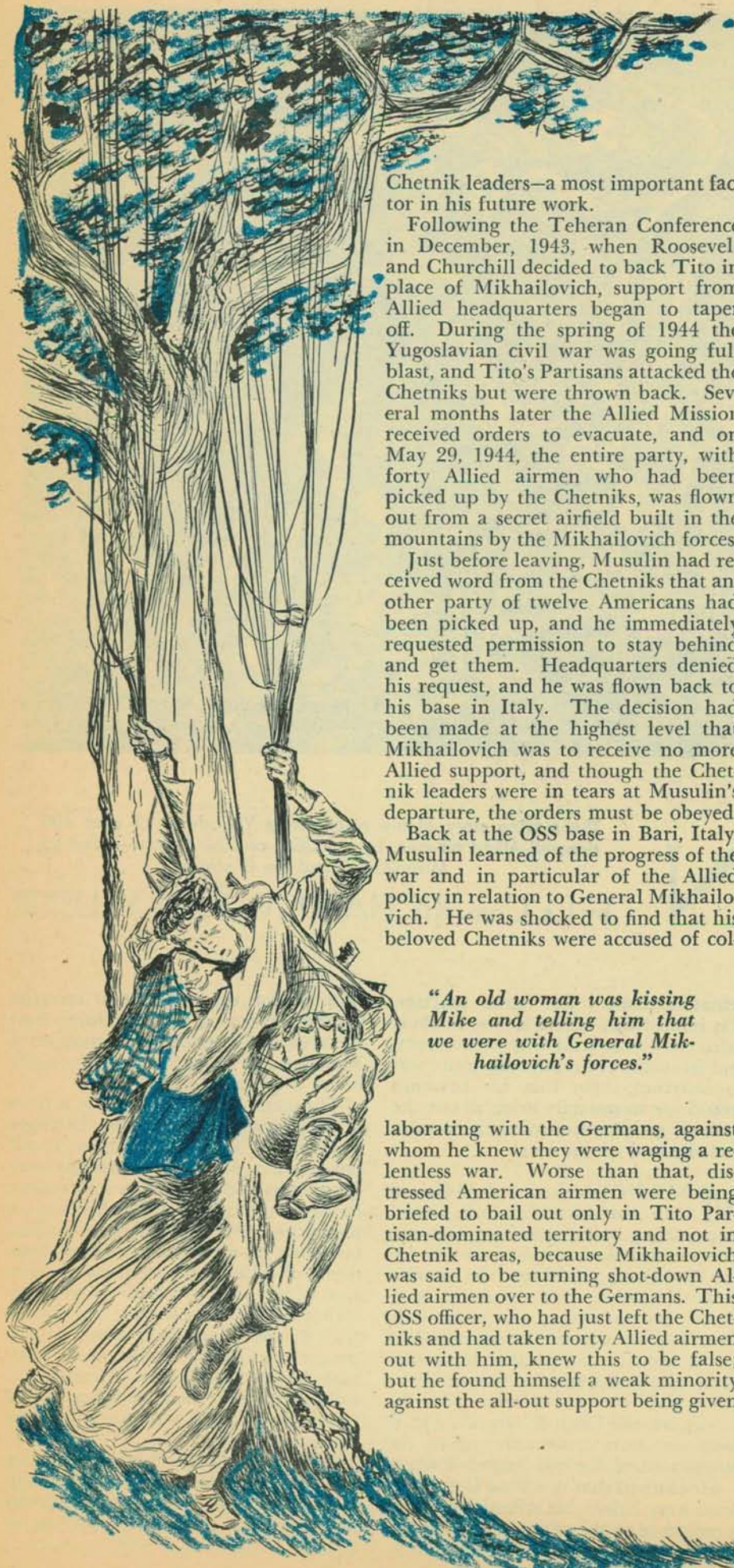
MUSULIN'S duties involved liaison with the First Chetnik Corps, transmitting intelligence on German troop movements, spotting targets for our bombers, training the underground fighters and receiving occasional supply drops. It took only those first few days at the encampment for Musulin to realize that these supply drops, at this stage of the war, were but a pitiful trickle of arms. For the most part, the Chetnik forces' fighting weapons were remnants from the equipment of the old Yugoslav army.

He learned that this First Corps had been busy before his arrival—they had a record of numerous acts of sabotage against the Nazi lines of communica-

tion. It was this record that brought a strong German punitive force into the area and caused the evacuation of Musulin and his corps just forty-eight hours after his arrival. . . .

The next seven months was a time of wandering; for with the Germans continually after them, they could not make a permanent encampment. They traveled over the mountains, living on the land, sharing the people's hardships; and Musulin saw copious evidence of German atrocities—hundreds of villages burnt, their population wiped out. The misery and suffering of the people was far greater than he could have ever imagined any people could take; yet he knew from what he saw that their will to resist was unbroken, and their support of the underground fight was strong and unwavering.

It was during this time that he met and learned to know General Mikhailovich, at whose shifting headquarters he spent considerable time. He was on friendly terms, too, with numerous



Chetnik leaders—a most important factor in his future work.

Following the Teheran Conference in December, 1943, when Roosevelt and Churchill decided to back Tito in place of Mikhailovich, support from Allied headquarters began to taper off. During the spring of 1944 the Yugoslavian civil war was going full blast, and Tito's Partisans attacked the Chetniks but were thrown back. Several months later the Allied Mission received orders to evacuate, and on May 29, 1944, the entire party, with forty Allied airmen who had been picked up by the Chetniks, was flown out from a secret airfield built in the mountains by the Mikhailovich forces.

Just before leaving, Musulin had received word from the Chetniks that another party of twelve Americans had been picked up, and he immediately requested permission to stay behind and get them. Headquarters denied his request, and he was flown back to his base in Italy. The decision had been made at the highest level that Mikhailovich was to receive no more Allied support, and though the Chetnik leaders were in tears at Musulin's departure, the orders must be obeyed.

Back at the OSS base in Bari, Italy, Musulin learned of the progress of the war and in particular of the Allied policy in relation to General Mikhailovich. He was shocked to find that his beloved Chetniks were accused of col-

*"An old woman was kissing Mike and telling him that we were with General Mikhailovich's forces."*

laborating with the Germans, against whom he knew they were waging a relentless war. Worse than that, distressed American airmen were being briefed to bail out only in Tito Partisan-dominated territory and not in Chetnik areas, because Mikhailovich was said to be turning shot-down Allied airmen over to the Germans. This OSS officer, who had just left the Chetniks and had taken forty Allied airmen out with him, knew this to be false; but he found himself a weak minority against the all-out support being given

Tito and his charges against the Chetniks.

On the other hand, he discovered that both the United States and Great Britain had numerous missions attached to Tito's forces. These missions were receiving all-out military support. Airmen who were forced to bail out in Tito areas were promptly aided by these missions and returned to their Italian bases; whereas with the departure of Musulin's mission from Serbia, there existed no comparable machinery to aid American air-crews forced to bail out in Chetnik zones.

And this knowledge made Musulin fighting mad. American Air Corps boys, he argued, were entitled to rescue wherever they were, regardless of American or British political policy with regard to the Yugoslavian civil war. Furthermore, he knew that Mikhailovich was not turning over airmen to the Germans and to prove it, he would parachute blindly into Serbia!

These potent arguments availed little against the tide of Tito feeling and the official policy line laid down by London and Washington, but events in other quarters soon gave unexpected support to Musulin's daring proposals.

AS the summer of 1944 opened up, the American bombing offensive against German oil facilities and communication lines was stepped up to an overwhelming tempo. Balkan targets, particularly the Ploesti oilfields and other rich objectives began receiving special attention from the 15th American Air Force, headquarters for which were at Bari, Italy. The mighty Allied air effort elicited a frantic and costly German reaction. The toll from German fighters, and particularly their massed radar-directed anti-aircraft guns around every target, was heavy. More and more of the returning bombing crews reported seeing plane-loads of their squadron mates bailing out of crippled ships in northern and central Yugoslavia, where the Chetnik underground operated. Major General Nathan Twining, Commanding General of the 15th Air Force, became vitally concerned. He wanted something done to rescue these crews.

Meantime the Yugoslav embassy in the United States picked up a message from General Mikhailovich stating that he had a number of American airmen in various areas under his control, and requesting that American personnel be sent in to organize their evacuation. He agreed to receive the mission and render every assistance.

While this situation was developing, Musulin's OSS chief in Bari, Lt. Nel-

son Deranian, USNR, told him to go ahead and organize a team for the dangerous mission he was pressing to undertake. This was all that "Gov," as the big University of Pittsburgh exactitude was known, needed. Knowing that the chances of a prearranged reception were slight, and that there was no accurate information on recent German moves in the area since the last reliable Allied radio link with the Chetniks had been severed, he decided to select for his team men who had already completed missions to Yugoslavia and had proved themselves in this rugged duty.

His choice fell on Master Sergeant Michael Rajacich of Washington, D. C., as his second in command; and youthful Arthur Jibilian, an expert Navy radio man, also from Washington, D. C., to handle his communications. Both of these men spoke the Yugoslavian language, knew the people and the problems of operating behind the German lines. Together with Musulin, they prepared the necessary supplies and worked out the details for their dangerous project.

The Halyard team finally was organized on July 5, 1944, and placed under the operating supervision of a specially established 15th Air Force section under Colonel George Kraigher, who was assigned by General Twining. Musulin was designated as Commanding Officer of Air Corps Rescue Unit, Team 1, which was known as ACRU. . . .

Direct radio communication with Mikhailovich did not exist, but there was an old roundabout, inadequate and probably insecure radio link which now brought additional confirmation of Musulin's claims that there were large numbers of Americans in Chetnik hands. This communication was suspected on two grounds: First, it came from the Chetnik leader, who had been disavowed by the Allied high command; secondly, it was no longer considered secure from German interception. In spite of these serious implications and the doubts of his superiors, Musulin and his men decided to attempt the drop to a pinpoint designated by this radio. More than once during the ensuing attempts, they had reason to wonder if the doubters were right, or not.

The dangers they faced were extreme. The radio messages were so roundabout and so delayed that the rendezvous had to be set days ahead. Musulin knew very well that the military situation in occupied Yugoslavia was very fluid. An area that might be Chetnik-controlled when they set the rendezvous, might well be overrun by Germans the very next day; and inasmuch as the Germans always lit flares to attract Allied planes, he could never be sure but that torture-bent Nazis would receive him.

Furthermore, the flights were made in unarmed C-47's without escort, which made them sitting ducks for German night fighters based at an airfield only ten minutes' flying time from the pinpoint—fifty miles south of Belgrade. To add to the suspense, several planes had recently been shot down at night in the same general area.

Weather canceled out their first effort on July 8th. Again the long process of setting a rendezvous and the



*"Mikhailovich held a review of his troops in our honor."*

try on July 19th. This time they reached the pinpoint, but no signals were visible. Could it be a trap? They flew about and turned homeward.

They tried again on July 25th. It was a 350-mile trip each way from the American airfield at Brindisi at the foot of Italy. As they crossed into Yugoslavia, they ran into a heavy anti-aircraft barrage and the Halyard team hooked up their chutes ready to bail out. Moments of waiting, the nearness of death, their utter helplessness—and then there was no sound but the peaceful hum of their own motors. They had flown through the barrage safely; now to find the signal. But there was no signal. Again they circled despairingly, then headed east for home and another discouraging report: "Mission unsuccessful."

The tension was telling on everyone's nerves, but the next night they would have one more chance, for this rendezvous had been arranged for successive nights, lest anything should go wrong on either end. This time they

met no barrage. . . . They neared the pinpoint—and there lighting up the countryside were the red glows of the fires. The signals? Quickly they checked—these signals were wrong. Musulin stared downward in desperation. Maybe the code had been confused—should they take a chance? Suddenly a blinding glare illuminated the plane and the anxious faces of the men—German flares bursting about them! From the ground came the flash of heavy small arms. This was either a trap—in which case night fighters and possibly ack-ack could be expected within a few moments; or they were completely off their pinpoint and had almost dropped into a nest of Germans.

Their reaction was instantaneous. In a few seconds the plane was headed back, the anxious pilot straining for every ounce of speed, the men tensely keeping a look-out for the threatened night fighters. Twice they thought they spotted them; and twice they eluded them; and then some hours later they were back at base, a weary and disheartened group. As Musulin jumped from the plane and headed for the OSS dispatching station, he was fighting the bitter thought that Halyard Mission was doomed from the start. . . .

In a little Chetnik encampment far behind the enemy lines a group of discouraged men waited. Many of them were sick and wounded; some wore tattered clothes and were shoeless; all of them were sick at heart, for these men believed themselves abandoned. They were men of the United States Army Air Force, shot down over a Chetnik underground area, awaiting a rescue that they now began to feel would never come. Among them was Lt. Richard L. Felman of New York City. His B-24 "Never a Dull Moment," had been shot down by ME-109's on the way back from a strike at the Ploesti oilfields. He remembers those days sharply now:

**W**E had been briefed by Intelligence that if shot down in Yugoslavia, we were to look for Tito's Partisans and avoid the Chetniks, who were rumored to be turning Allied airmen over to the Germans. I bailed out on the 9th of July and found myself in the hands of these Chetniks whom I had been told to avoid. They said they would take care of me. I was suspicious, but in a few days I was convinced that they were on our side. One incident, in particular, made me feel sure of them and of their sincerity.

"They told me that one of our crew had been killed when the plane had crashed, and that the Germans had stripped his body and buried it. After the Germans had left the immediate area, a band of Chetniks dug up the body and gave him a reverent funeral



*Standing there in the flickering light cast by the ground flares they had a storybook look—*

service. They took pictures of the ceremonies, and then gravely presented them to us with the request that we send them on to my crewmate's family.

"There had been ten of us who had bailed out—we were all located and brought together by the Chetniks. The Germans had seen us hit the silk, and immediately demanded that the local people surrender us. The peasants stood fast: they refused. The reprisal—their village was burned to the ground.

"Within two weeks after I landed, our group of Americans had grown to about seventy-five, all of whom were constantly protected and aided by the Mikhailovich forces. Every day the Chetniks would come to us and tell us how they had tried to arrange for American planes to come in, but when nothing happened, the boys really began to feel low. Some of the fellows had been down for five months, and about that time they felt as though they had had it. We kept on hoping, though we knew that only Tito was receiving Allied support.

"**F**INALLY our senior officer, Lt. T. K. Oliver, a West Point man, and son of Major General E. L. Oliver, went up to Mikhailovich's headquarters and borrowed one of his radios. With it he began to broadcast in the clear on a rare frequency, in the hope that some Allied monitoring station would pick up the message. Day after day he tapped out the words: *'We are 250 American airmen . . . many sick and wounded. Please notify the 15th Air Force to come and get us.'*

"We began to get answers—but they were all questions. Whoever was receiving was suspicious and rightly so, for they not unreasonably feared we were Germans, or Americans operating under German duress. They must be made to realize that this was a legitimate signal from distressed Americans.

"Lt. Oliver devised an ingenious and unique system of encoding and decoding. Using the Army serial numbers of various airmen, nicknames, intimate Air Corps slang which his West Point roommate back at the base knew that Oliver had used, items of wearing apparel effected by individual

officers (a certain colored scarf for example), the painted insignia on various planes, details of officer clubs at his air base and other similar data which could be known only to a very few people, he managed to establish working communication. This improvised code, though sent in clear language, accomplished two things—it completely shrouded the meaning from the listening Germans, and it convinced the monitoring station who was picking us up that we were probably legitimate.

"Finally a message came that made even the sick men look up and smile: 'Prepare reception for July 31st and subsequent nights.' That was all we needed—I'll never forget that feeling of relief. We got busy preparing that reception and then sat back to wait. The 31st finally came. General Mikhailovich himself and about one thousand of his ragged troops came to visit us at our encampment near the tiny air-strip from which we expected to be evacuated. He held a review of his troops in our honor, and then talked to us through an interpreter. He told



us how much he loved America and how sorry he was that he had not been able to do more for us, though his people had given us the best of everything they had. He also assured us that he had eight thousand troops deployed over a twenty-mile area around our air-strip with orders to hold off the Germans at all costs until we were evacuated.

"That night at ten P.M. we were all down at the field. We waited for forty minutes silently. Exactly at 10:40 came the sound of motors, but we were afraid that coming so late it might be a German plane, so we decided not to light up the flares, since that might give away the whole show. Nothing happened the rest of that long night—nor on the next. Our spirits hit rock bottom.

"Then on August 2nd we were all down at the field again. At 10:10 P.M. we heard plane engines in the distance. We couldn't be certain that it was an American plane, but at that point we were willing to risk anything, so we lit up the flares and the wind tee. About thirty seconds afterward we could hear the plane turning to head back over our strip. Were we going to get a strafing from the Germans, or would this be a rescue from our own boys? We all crouched in the bushes, watching.

"The plane circled for about ten minutes, then came in very low over our strip. As it zoomed over our heads, we could see the big white star of the Air Force under the wings. With one voice the men let out a yell—the most terrific cheer I have ever heard went up in those Yugoslavian mountains. It was just like Ruth hitting a homer with the bases loaded in the World Series. The sight of that American plane was the first tangible evidence of rescue that we had seen since landing, and the boys nearly went crazy.

"Next thing we knew, Chetniks came running up, hauling packages which had been parachuted from the plane. Then I heard a tremendous commotion in the darkness, a whole crowd of Chetniks—men, women and children were shouting and cheering: 'Captain George, Captain George!' A few seconds later three men came up to us. The one who was in the lead was the center of a mob of Chetniks—they were kissing him and cheering him with tears in their eyes. He was in an American uniform, and he was one of the biggest chaps I'd ever seen. He walked over to us and put out his hand. 'I'm Lt. George Musulin,' he said."

For Musulin, the sight of the gratitude on the faces of these pathetically eager American airmen was enough. He had been right in begging for this mission; all the discouragement of the five previous attempts was now wiped

away in this moment of initial success. He thought of the new hope he'd felt when T. K. Oliver's messages had begun to come through.

"Those messages," he says, "gave me new faith in Halyard Mission, especially when the location of his signals was plotted as coming from the same area south of Belgrade to which I had been planning to jump. It seemed to confirm what I had been saying all along. It also confirmed our roundabout messages from Mikhailovich.

"I had been pretty disturbed when the first rendezvous we'd set up with Oliver on July 31 failed. As a matter of fact, I had been prepared that night to jump in without a reception and take my chances with the Germans. By that time the three of us on the team were nervous wrecks. I was very worried about getting our mission off and about the morale of the team. I kept thinking about the plight of those airmen, and I knew that their danger would increase with every flight we made to the area. The terrific tension of those long dangerous flights, the strain of being constantly alerted at the airfield, the unnerving knowledge that each successive flight might mean being shot down, or a jump to death, had us all pretty groggy. We had nearly had it a dozen times, and we weren't even inside yet. I haven't enough praise for Mike and Jibby, who kept taking it and were still game for another trip on August 2.

"This time when we thought we had reached the pinpoint area, fires broke out below us. After so many disappointments it was hard to believe it when they seemed to be in the right pattern. But that was all we needed. We circled a few times, dropped our

package, and then I found myself diving through the air. As usual I had a terrific shock when the chute opened and caught my weight. I remember thinking that no matter what lay ahead, thank God we were at least on our way.

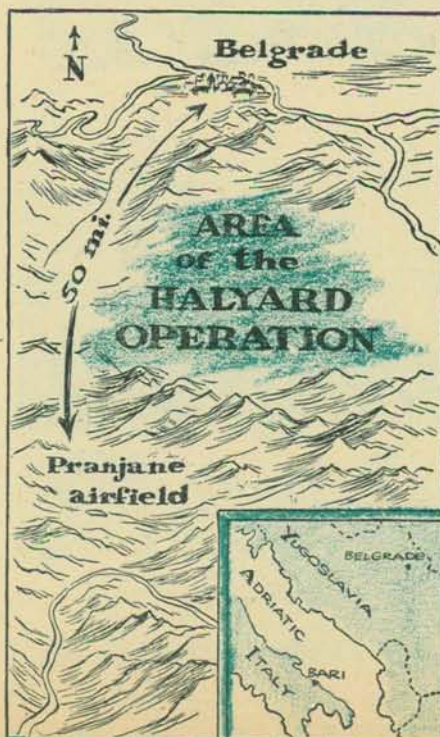
"Our drop was not too good, in that we landed two miles away from our pinpoint, due to an error in dispatching. Fortunately, all of us were uninjured. I landed in a cornfield, Mike in a tree and Jibby in a mud-bank. I picked myself up and ran over, to find Mike hanging by his shrouds a few feet off the ground. An old woman was kissing him and telling him that we were with General Mikhailovich's forces.

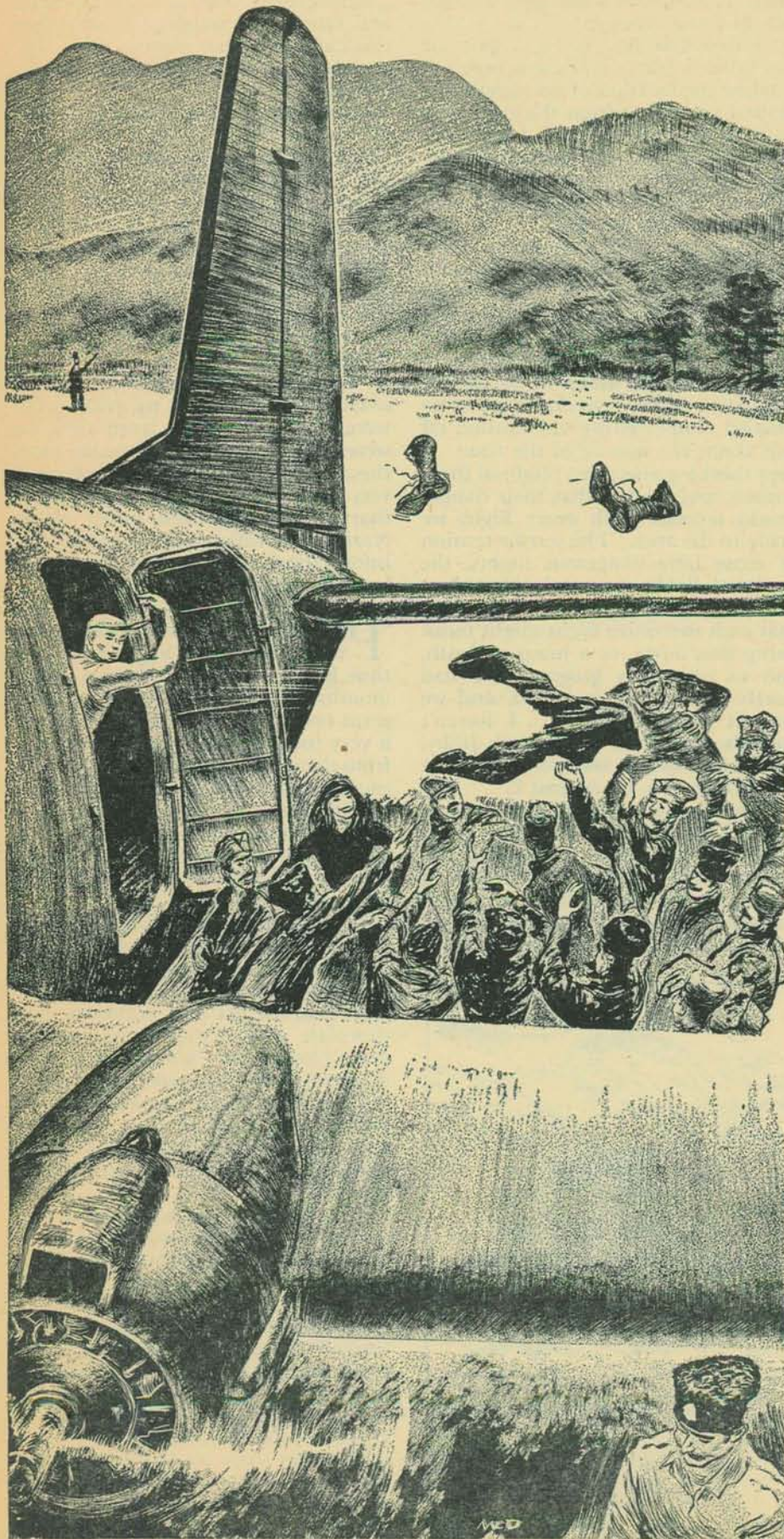
"I cut him down quickly, and then some peasants brought up Jibby. We were very relieved to learn that we were with the Chetniks, because even though T. K. Oliver's messages seemed very authentic, we had no certainty that he had not been under clever Nazi torture which had elicited all that information, and that we might be headed for the same treatment.

"PRANJANE, where we landed, was where I'd spent a great deal of time in my previous seven and a half months with the Chetniks, so I knew a great many people there, and received a very touching and sincere reception from them. They quickly led us to the small clearing where the airmen were waiting. We received a tremendous ovation from them, and their unrestrained joy in meeting us made all the trouble and risk we had had getting there well worth while.

"The Americans were like kids when they saw us. I introduced myself to them and assured them we'd soon have them back at their bases. They were sure glad to get the cigarettes and chocolate we'd brought—their first in many long weeks. Some of them were in pretty bad shape, and before sending them back to their quarters for the night I told them that we had some medical supplies which would be distributed to the worst cases in the morning.

"Shortly after dawn, I held a conference with the senior American officers—Captain L. C. Brooks, Lt. T. K. Oliver, Lt. R. J. Hefling, Lt. K. A. Pfister, FO J. W. Barrett, Lt. W. J. Kilpatrick and Lt. J. E. Buchler. I learned that there were approximately 250 airmen in the vicinity, divided into six groups with an officer in charge of each. They were quartered in small groups at the homes of various Chetniks in an area of about ten miles around the strip. There were about twenty-six wounded and injured in the lot. They were being treated by an Italian doctor who had escaped from a German prison camp in Belgrade and was working with the Chetniks.





*"The airmen going aboard . . . would peel off their shoes and most of their clothing and toss it to the cheering Chetniks."*

"With the medical supplies that I had brought in with us, we set up a small hospital and gave them the best treatment we could under the circumstances. A large number of the airmen were barefoot and inadequately clad in fragments of Air Corps uniforms and peasant attire of all sizes and description. Many had long hair and beards and except for a few incongruous items of G.I. clothing, looked very much like the weatherbeaten, tattered Chetniks who had been looking after them.

"Jibilian managed to make radio contact with our base in Bari the first day, and I reported our safe reception and the presence of over two hundred airmen, many in need of food, clothing and medical supplies. In response we received a promise of an immediate supply drop, and a commendation from Major General Twining for the 'fine work' so far.

"As soon as I had the airmen straightened out as well as I could with our limited means, I held a conference with my old friend Captain Zvonko Vuchkovich then of the First Chetnik Corps, who was in charge of the Mikhailovich troops in the area. It was just two months since I had left the zone, and I was anxious to check on the German strength, for I realized how precarious our situation was. What I learned from the Chetnik leader was far from reassuring. Only twelve and a half miles away in the town of Chachak was a garrison of forty-five hundred Germans. Just five miles from our clearing was another garrison of two hundred and fifty. Our principal security lay in our mountain location, the guarding Chetnik troops, and the wonderful support of the Serbian population.

"I knew very well, however, that we would stand little chance if the Germans ever got wind of our presence and the projected evacuation. Should they attack us in strength with their superior armament and planes, the Chetniks would be forced to retreat through the mountains, and I knew that very few of our airmen could survive such a retreat. We would have to get these men out, and get them out fast!

"After conferring with Captain Vuchkovich on the German dispositions, I went over the security arrangements of his own troops, on whose protection the whole operation depended. He explained to me that on General Mikhailovich's orders he had set up an outer and inner ring of defenses in the mountains around our air-strip. In addition, his men had roadblocks set up on the side of every road the Germans would have to use to interfere with the evacuation. His plans were that when the actual operation took place, these roadblocks were to be quickly set up and manned by troops,

who were under orders to hold at all costs until the job was completed. These plans seemed very good to me; and knowing the Chetniks, I felt sure that they would be carried out. But just to reassure myself as to the probable strength of these outer and inner perimeter defenses, I sent Sgt. Rajacich to check them.

**T**HE thing that impressed me most about the set-up was the truly amazing security of the Chetnik soldiers and peasants. The American airmen had been assembled from an area covering many thousands of square miles. Thousands of people knew of their presence in the area. They had been brought together at great risk and at a high cost by the Chetniks. Men had been tortured to death, and villages destroyed, by the Germans in an effort to locate them. These poor suffering people, who had been deserted by the American and British governments, and who were under merciless attack from both the Germans and Tito's Partisans, would have received more money than they could ever dream of earning in their entire lives by tipping off the Germans to the presence of the Americans. But in spite of all that, not one American was betrayed. Their sense of honor and secrecy for the welfare of their beloved Americans was so great that they never even discussed their presence among themselves. Without this heart-shaking loyalty, our entire mission would have been fruitless, and not one airman would have had a chance to escape.

After assuring myself as to our defense situation, I next applied myself to the air-strip, which was by long odds our biggest problem. This strip—if you could call it that—was a small narrow plateau well up in the mountains. It certainly didn't look as if a plane could ever land and take off from it. The strip was only one hundred and fifty feet wide and approximately eighteen hundred long. There were woods on one side, and a sheer drop on the other. At one end of the strip were some large trees; at the opposite, a huge depression. Added to these nearly prohibitive limitations, was the fact that high mountain peaks were all around the strip at varying distances of a mile and a half to two miles.

I discussed the strip with the Air Corps officers and they were very skeptical of any planes being able to use it. By considerable work we could improve it and lengthen it by about seventy-five yards, which would give us the absolute minimum for C-47 operations. Immediately I asked the Chetniks for assistance, and three hundred laborers and sixty oxcarts were assigned to work on extending the strip. Stones and dirt were hauled from some

nearby streams, and with every man pitching in, the strip was gradually improved.

I was still afraid that the 15th Air Force would not approve the strip, even with these improvements, so I dispatched Captain Brooks and Lt. Oliver to search for other possible fields. Another party made up of Lt. Kilpatrick and FO Barrett took off on a similar mission in another direction. Several days later both parties returned with reports of other fields, both better than our strip at Pranjane, but they were fourteen hours' walking distance from our present location, and would also involve shifting our defenses very considerably. Because we did not think it practical to attempt to move our sick and wounded over such a distance, we decided to use the Pranjane strip.

On the night of August 5th our first supply drop came in. With it we received a large number of shoes, food, clothing and additional medical supplies. The arrival of these supplies improved our situation immensely. Many of the men had been barefoot for months, and their long walks through the mountains had their feet in terrible shape. Many of the Chetniks were in the same or worse condition, yet they wouldn't take any of the clothing themselves. That's the way they were about everything. Our hospital was able to help them, however, and it was pitiful to see their appreciation for the smallest kindness when they were risking everything they had for us.

I was pushing the work on the airfield as fast as I could, because I realized that every hour's delay made the danger of discovery by the Germans more likely. Finally, by the eighth of the month it looked as if the job would be finished the next day, so I had Jibby radio that we would start the evacuation the next night. Confirmation of my plans came through from base, and it looked as if the next night would be the big test.

Fortunately the weather on the ninth was perfect. It looked as if our luck was running good. I had requested six planes, and given orders for seventy-two airmen to be ready at the air strip at ten P.M. We had issued numbers to everyone. The sick and wounded received the lowest numbers, and after that the priority was established on the length of time each man had been behind the lines. Some had been in Yugoslavia for over five months. We made no distinction between officers and enlisted men.

The number per plane was kept down to twelve because of the danger of taking off from such a short runway. Before I left, it had been settled that the incoming planes would be stripped down of all excess material and would carry half a gasload, little

more than enough to complete the round trip. Even with these precautions and as anxious as they were to get back to Italy, many of the pilots doubted that it could be done.

Everything seemed in readiness late in the afternoon. Mike and Jibby were out at the airstrip completing the laying out of the flare pots which would mark the air-strip and the wind direction. At about six P.M. I was riding a horse out to the strip to make a final check on all arrangements when I heard plane engines.

The second I heard them, I knew they were German. I dived off my horse and took cover in a ditch by the side of the road, expecting to be strafed. But they paid no attention to me—they headed instead for our strip. There were three of them, flying in a loose formation—one a Stuka, one a JU-52 and the third marked with a Red Cross. My heart was in my mouth; I watched them approach the strip; then, to my horror, they buzzed it, circled around and headed back off in the direction of their own airfield.

Bitterly I got back on my horse and galloped out to the field. There were Mike and Jibby, and when I saw the look on their faces I knew that they shared my worst fears. The job must have been blown. Somehow the Germans had found out, and all our precarious preparations had come to naught at the very last minute.

**W**ORST of all, in Italy the planes were probably already taking off, because they were due in about four hours. Even had we been able to contact our base by radio immediately, it would be impossible to stop them because the message would never get to the airfield in time. There was nothing we could do but sit and wait for everything to blow up in our faces.

I looked over the field. Sheep and cattle were peacefully grazing over the air-strip—I had figured that would be a good cover for our activity. It was a lush pastoral scene that in a few hours might be the center of war. Some sign of our plans must have been visible to those planes. Had anyone tipped off the Germans? There was absolutely no way we could tell.

Jibby was afraid that the Germans had detected his radio, which had been in frequent communication with base arranging all the details of the evacuation. If they had made a fix on his set, maybe these planes had flown over to investigate the area. It seemed too coincidental that they had just happened to fly across our strip. Would the German night fighters be waiting for our unarmed and helpless C-47's when they came within a few hours? Were the nearby German troops getting set for an attack which would frustrate all our plans and lead to the capture or death of so many of

these airmen who had been through so much, and were now so confident that I could get them out safely?

"I was nearly sick with frustration. To think that this had to happen at almost the last minute! More than my own personal feelings of disappointment, my tremendous responsibility for the lives of the two hundred fifty airmen and the crews of the incoming planes weighed heavily upon me. If our worst fears were realized, I would be to blame. From the beginning I had been largely responsible for the organization of Halyard Mission. It was the toughest spot I ever hope to be in, and I don't mind telling you we started to pray—and boy, I mean we prayed!

"There didn't seem to be another thing we could do. Fortunately, none of the airmen had been anywhere near the air-strip when the German planes buzzed it. At least they didn't know about our fears, and the three of us decided not to tell them. There didn't seem to be any point in getting them all in a sweat at the last minute, when there was nothing we could do about it; and if by some miracle things went off as planned, so much the better.

"One check that I was able to make was on the nearest German garrison. Maybe if our plans were known to the enemy, there would be some sort of unusual activity in Gorni Milanovac.

I knew that the Chetniks had a secret telephone line into that town to warn them if the Germans were sending patrols out after them. Immediately I asked for the latest report from this source. Word came back after some delay that the German situation in the town was normal. It was now getting on toward nine o'clock, and this slight assurance gave the three of us some encouragement, but we didn't stop our praying.

"BY ten o'clock the designated first seventy-two airmen assembled at the strip. I had a Chetnik soldier stationed at each flare, ready to light them up at my signal. The airmen were all in top spirits, but unfortunately we of the Halyard Mission were not able to share in their exuberance. We waited there in the darkness for another hour and then in the distance we heard airplane engines. Everyone strained his ears and then the airmen began to cheer—they sounded like American planes.

"Jibby was standing by me with an Aldis lamp to blink the proper identification signal. As they circled over for the first time he blinked 'Nan' and to our great joy received the correct reply, 'Xray.' So far, so good—at least they had found us, and there had been no German interference. Now to get them down and off again. I gave the

order to light up the ground fires and then shot up a green flare, our signal that the landings were to commence.

"The first plane started down with his landing lights on and headed toward our strip. The airmen were cheering and shouting, but as that plane came in the noise died down. Everyone was holding his breath and more than a few praying. Down and down he came, and then just before he put down his wheels, he gave it the gun and roared off, having overshot the field. The next plane, however, made a perfect landing and pulled up at the end of the strip. The rest of them were supposed to stay aloft until I had the strip cleared, but they disregarded our signals and kept coming right in. I was afraid that there would be a pile-up at the end of the strip, and had some Chetniks and airmen wheel the first plane down into a sloping depression off to one side at the end. This was done just in time, because the wings of the next plane just passed over the top of this first one as it wheeled about to taxi to one side. It missed by inches, and I could see that these night landings were too dangerous. The slightest mix-up, and the whole show might be ruined.

"Two of the planes brought additional medical supplies and equipment. In one of these was Captain J. Mitrani, a Fifteenth Air Force medical

*"My heart was in my mouth; I watched the German planes buzz our air-strip and circle around—"*



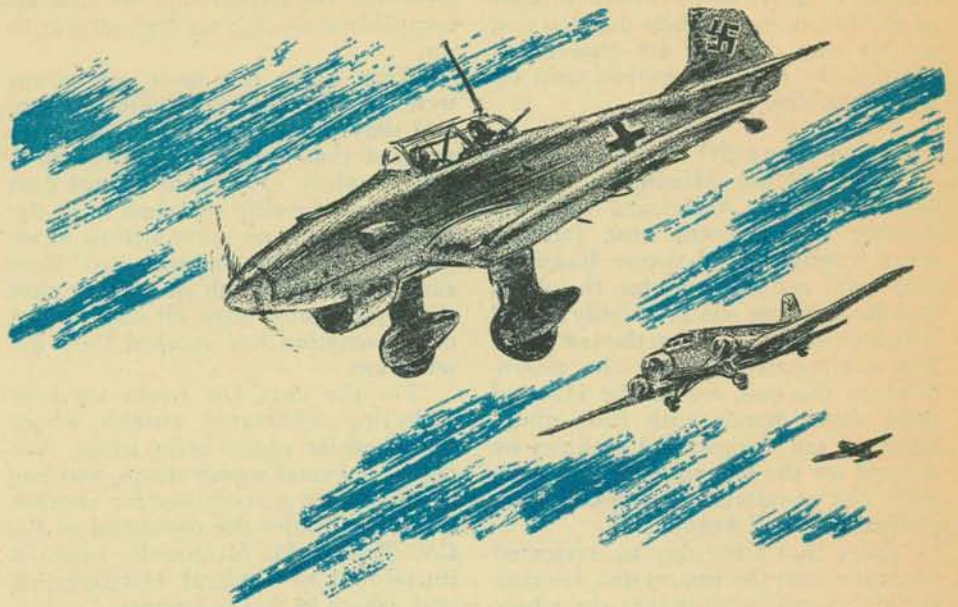
officer, and two medical technicians. In another plane was Lt. Nick A. Lalich of the OSS, who had come in to lend me a hand with the evacuation work. When Nick landed, he told me that there were only four planes instead of the six we had expected—two of the planes had developed engine trouble and had been forced to turn back. This was a great disappointment to twenty-four of the men, but I promised them that I would get them out the next morning.

"Quickly we loaded up the planes, and it did my heart good to see the happiness of those men as they went aboard. Most of them stripped off their shoes and clothing and tossed them to the Chetniks. The pilots of the C-47's, who were the best in the 60th Troop Carrier Command, were pretty worried about the take-off, but there was nothing for them to do but try it, as they couldn't stay where they were. Naturally, I didn't tell them my fears about German night fighters, but I did give them complete lists of all the airmen who were to be evacuated, and told them that I wanted the rest of the planes to come in the very first thing the next morning. My fear of German intervention and the many evident dangers of attempting further night evacuations led me to this decision, which I also put in writing for Colonel Kraigher.

"All this took but a few minutes, and I soon had the planes loaded and set to take off. One pilot wanted to fill up his plane with a lot more, but I finally persuaded him that he would have his troubles getting off with the twelve men he already had aboard.

"About twenty minutes after they landed the first plane started down the strip to take off with its precious cargo. We were all pretty tense, but she took off nicely without a hitch. The rest followed, one of them brushing a tree in the process, but all got away safely. It was just about forty minutes after we heard the motors that we heard them die away in the distance as they headed back to Italy. The first part of our job had come off successfully. There had been no accident—no German interference. We all thanked God and prayed that the rest would go off as well.

"Immediately I sent couriers to all the rest of the airmen ordering them to be at the air-strip no later than eight o'clock the next morning. All the rest of that night Jibby kept busy at his radio trying to contact base to get confirmation for the arrival of the planes with fighter cover in the morning. His efforts were unsuccessful, but we went ahead with all the plans anyway, and just before 0800 on the morning of the tenth we heard a tremendous roar of engines in the distance. Our first thought was that it was another huge bombing mission to the routine



Balkan targets, but as the planes came closer, a shout went up from some of the assembled airmen. They had recognized the unmistakable lines of six lovely C-47's in the center of a swarm of fighters. Could this mighty show of air strength be the answer to our hurried plea of a few hours before?

"The planes headed directly toward us, and the advance waves of the P-51's began stunting overhead. Now there could be no doubt about it—the whole show was just for us. To team Halyard, to the airmen, to the Chetnik soldiers and the Yugoslav peasants, it was the most inspiring sight we had ever experienced. The cheers were tremendous, and the show that those boys put on was deserving of the acclaim with which it was received.

"Most of the twenty-five P-51's broke off from the protective umbrella formation with which they had been covering the six transports and started a strafing sweep of all roads and German installations which we had pinpointed in the area. Another section gave the German airfield at Kraljevo, about twenty-five miles away, a thorough going-over, to give the impression that it was a normal air strike.

"THE C-47's began to come in at five-minute intervals. As each plane put down, we of the Halyard team sweated out every landing. The minute each plane taxied to a stop, it was surrounded by screaming women and girls, who showered the planes, their crews and the embarking Americans with garlands of flowers. The airmen going aboard were shouting boisterously, and as each group of twenty entered their designated plane, they would peel off their shoes and most of their clothing, and toss it to the cheering Chetniks.

"The pilots and crews of the evacuating planes were caught up with the excitement of the occasion. All of

them wanted souvenirs—daggers, guns, Chetnik caps and *opankas*, the Serbian sandals made out of goatskin. None of them was in any hurry to leave, and I had trouble getting them to take off to clear the strip for other planes. Those pilots of the 60th Troop Carrier Command who took those planes in and out were the hottest flyers I have ever seen. Some of them even ground-looped in landing, to slow up and stop before they reached the end of the strip. It seemed to me that most of them had 'more guts than brains,' and I certainly hand it to them for the job they did.

"While all this was happening on the ground, the P-51's were putting on a breath-taking exhibition overhead. None of us on the Halyard team had much time to watch this demonstration, as we were directing the landings, loadings and take-offs—every one of which had us holding our breath; but in a few minutes we had the six planes off again and circling slowly to gain altitude. Slowly they formed into a clumsy V formation, and then with their roaring fighter escort sweeping all around them, they dipped their wings in a final salute to their Chetnik friends and headed back to base and safety.

"Just before nine o'clock a second wave of twenty-five P-51's came over with another six transports. The whole happy performance was repeated—with one exception. One of the last planes disobeyed the instructions of Lt. Nick Lalich, who was acting as ground-control officer, and got his left wheel stuck in some mud at one side of the strip. This could have been critical, for I knew that the fighters would have to leave in a very few minutes because of their limited gas-supply. If the plane were left behind, it would surely be spotted by the Germans. While the rest of the planes circled overhead, I hastily selected a ground crew of one

hundred Serbs, and in twenty minutes of hard work we had him dug out and on his way. Except for that slight mishap, the entire operation went off without a slip.

**I**N two hours 241 Americans were taken off the 'Missing in Action' list. With the Americans went six British, four French, nine Italians, seven Yugoslavs and twelve Russians. Our total achievement for the night and the morning was 289 highly skilled Allied personnel. When the last plane had disappeared behind the mountains to the east, we of the Halyard team shook hands with each other. After all our danger and trouble, we relaxed for the first time in five weeks with that wonderful feeling of an important job well finished.

"Later that same day we retreated ten miles into the mountains, because it didn't seem possible that the whole operation could have escaped the attention of the Germans on the other side of the mountain only five miles away. Our OSS base wired us congratulations, as did the 15th Air Force; and we were particularly pleased to receive a unit citation from Lt. General Ira Eaker, ranking American airman in the Mediterranean theater. Our greatest satisfaction, however, came

from the realization that we had accomplished the job we had set out to do.

"That night five more Americans were brought into our mountain camp, and they were plenty mad when they realized that they had just missed a ride to safety. We spent several days away from the strip and then when the Germans made no move against it, we decided that the fighters had done such an effective job of strafing that the enemy must have all dug in and our evacuation had escaped their observation.

"For the next few weeks we kept collecting additional airmen whom the Chetniks would bring to us. We received several supply drops, and one night laid on a reception for another OSS team under the command of Lt. Col. Robert H. McDowell, whom I introduced to General Mikhailovich with whom he was to operate.

"By the end of August we had accumulated another large group of airmen, and on the nights of the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh we evacuated fifty-eight more Americans—and two British officers who had been 'captured' by the Chetniks in an engagement with some Partisans. On this second flight, I was evacuated under orders from OSS headquarters to work

with the Air Force in preparing new escape maps and proper briefing for American airmen who might be forced down in Chetnik territory. Jibilian, Rajacich and Lt. Lalich stayed behind to carry on the evacuation work of the Halyard Mission.

"Our total for the whole month of August amounted to 383 Americans, and the work in the subsequent months carried out under Lt. Lalich's direction brought the grand total to 432 Americans and eighty Allied personnel. This work was considerably hampered by Tito's forces, which finally drove the Chetniks from the Pranjane air-strip while they were awaiting another evacuation."

**L**T. MUSULIN received the Legion of Merit for his leadership on Halyard Mission. Just before this issue of *Blue Book* went to press, statements of several hundred American Air Force officers and men who were rescued from the Germans by General Mikhailovich's Chetniks, and most of whom were evacuated by Musulin, have been submitted to the United States State Department as testimony in behalf of the Chetnik leader, who was then on trial for his life in Belgrade for having collaborated with the Germans.

## Do You Know Who Said This?

by Dow Richardson

**M**AYBE you know who said "Don't give up the ship," "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes," and all that, but how good are you remembering the picturesque or catchy phrases of our own era? Here are fifteen colorful sayings of recent vintages, some of them perhaps memorable. Can you tell who said them?

1. "There is no absenteeism in foxholes."
2. "Your show's slipping."
3. "Nuts!"
4. "A quart of milk for every citizen of the globe."
5. "An up-to-date Halley's comet."
6. "A rapacious, predatory, Park Avenue patent attorney."
7. "A temporary expediency."
8. "I happen to have been left a great deal of money. I don't know what is going to happen to it, and I don't give a damn."
9. "Take the peace out of politics and the politics out of peace."
10. "Does the country-club still exist?"
11. "The four-year locusts."
12. "I have returned."
13. "The moronic little king."

1. Eddie Rickenbacker said this in an address before the New York State Legislature, February 22, 1943.

2. Walter Winchell claims credit for it.  
3. Brigadier General Anthony C. McAuliffe, commander of the American forces defending Bastogne in the German counter-offensive of December, 1944, is reputed to have given this one-word rejection of a Nazi demand that he surrender his men.

4. Former Vice-President Henry A. Wallace says this was a facetious remark he made to Mrs. Maxim Litvinov, wife of the former Russian ambassador to the United States. Wallace said he didn't make a speech to the effect that American taxpayers should provide a quart of milk for each of the Hottentots, but simply observed to Madame Litvinov that "What wars are all about is whether everybody could have a quart of milk a day." Wallace said he meant that "people are desirous of getting enough to live on and that is what causes wars."

5. Senator Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky, in his speech of February 23, 1944, when he resigned as Senate majority leader, thus referred to Wendell Willkie.

6. These were John L. Lewis' words for William H. Davis, of the War Labor Board.

7. The late President Roosevelt's phrase for the Allied toleration of Vichy men in the French-African government.

8. Marshall Field said this in a speech before the American Welfare Administration, emphasizing that he would not encourage or tolerate Fascism in the hope of keeping his fortune.

9. This was Herbert Bayard Swope's line.

10. This was reported to have been President Roosevelt's comment when asked for a statement on the judgment of a New York Federal court against the Associated Press, which the Government sued as a monopoly.

11. Governor William H. Wills, of Vermont, in a broadcast January 8, 1944, called the forces hostile to a second nomination for Wendell Willkie "the four-year locusts of the Republican party."

12. General Douglas MacArthur, landing with his troops at Leyte Island in the Philippines last October, made this historic statement.

13. This appellation was fastened on King Victor Emmanuel of Italy by Samuel Grafton, New York *Post* columnist. The O.W.I. once used the term in a foreign broadcast, and was rebuked by the President.

# Who's Who in this Issue



## Jacland Marmur

THE appearance of "Pirate Blockade" in BLUE BOOK Magazine, after an absence of almost three years, is like coming back among old friends. The absence, though, wasn't all my own doing. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, I went into the Office of War Information on a special assignment for the Overseas Division of the Pacific Bureau. On completion of that, I was privileged to be at sea a number of times in various combat units of the Pacific Battle Fleet as an observer. Storywise, the results of my "observations" turned out to be my book of stories of naval actions in the Pacific War, "Sea Duty," published late in 1944.

By that time, I was holed up in the Marin County hills of California, at work on a new novel, but was called East for consultation on a proposed documentary talking motion picture dealing with the U. S. merchant marine and was commissioned to do the original story for the film "The Ship of State." Presumably, the picture is scheduled for Hollywood production, though I can guarantee nothing productionwise out of such a fantastic place as Hollywood. The novel, too, got finished and is scheduled for publication this September. The book, "Andromeda," will be my sixth.

The central idea in the story "Pirate Blockade," by the way, is almost in the nature of a classical myth. I've heard it referred to at sea in a jocular way only once, though.

But when I came across a casual mention of it in one of Mahan's naval works, I thought something should be done about so fine a notion. And "Pirate Blockade" is the result. A happy one—I hope.

## Gerald Mygatt

GERALD MYGATT was born in New York, and is a graduate of Williams College. He has been successively a reporter for the New York Sun, Circulation Manager for *The Outlook*, Sales Promotion Manager for *Good Housekeeping*, Managing Editor and Editor of *Cosmopolitan*, Managing Editor of *This Week*, and Editor of *Liberty*. Since 1943 he has been Copy Chief in the



Advertising Department of Columbia Broadcasting System. He has to his credit a novel called "Nightmare" and many short stories and magazine serials—also the fact that he served as a Captain in the 75th Field Artillery, U.S.A., 1917 to '19.

## Rodney Greenley

THE young man who writes under the name of Rodney Greenley volunteered for the Air Corps when he was a senior in college, where he was a member of the football team. He was called early in 1943, and received his wings early in 1944. He requested and got twin-engine fighters.

He was shipped overseas in the summer of 1944 to join his fighter group. He received the Air Medal

with two Oak Leaf Clusters before he crashed in December. Early in 1945 he was back in the states. He was permitted to return to college that summer, and in the fall he graduated with a B.S. in Industrial Administration and Engineering.

He has taken to playing tennis and golf with his left hand, and hopes to become quite proficient. He became interested in writing when he was asked to give a talk as one of the first handicapped veterans to return to his college. He wrote out that speech, and decided to write an account of his crash, which is what appears on page 48.

## L. H. Hamilton

BORN in Victoria, British Columbia, June 6, 1907. When the family's ranch-house in Alberta burned down one winter, they moved to Southern California. On getting out of high school had the choice of going to work, or art school. As the later seemed the least of the two evils (at the time) started to draw and paint. Five years at art school in Los Angeles.

Enlisted 1943 in the Canadian army—spent two years on the Manitoba plains as a Bombardier in the Royal Artillery, pushing around a "twenty-five-pounder," sometimes at twenty degrees below zero!

1945 was a big year—out of the Canadian Army and got married and came to New York. His charming wife is the inspiration for those beautiful feminine adornments in his illustrations, and usually the model also. L. H. H. is a typical Westerner, a six-footer, likes the outdoors, the rugged life, but likes New York too!



# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE for AUGUST, 1946 ★ 25 CENTS



**HALYARD MISSION**...The O.S.S.  
rescue of 400 Allied airmen from Yugoslavia  
by **RICHARD M. KELLY**

**KNAVE'S PROGRESS**... A Villon novelette  
by **WILBUR S. PEACOCK**

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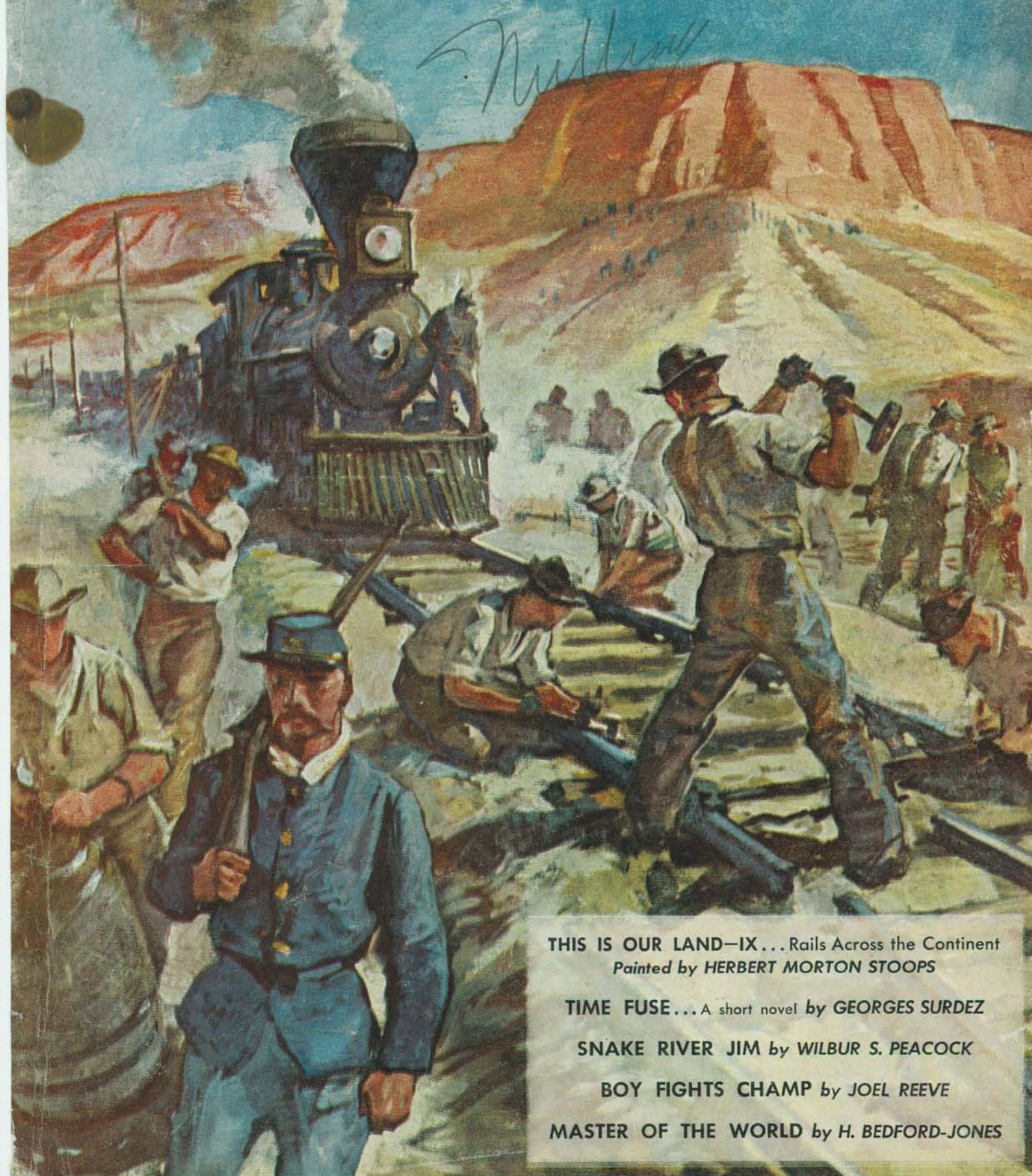
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And many others



# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ SEPTEMBER ★ 25 Cents



**THIS IS OUR LAND—IX...** Rails Across the Continent  
*Painted by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS*

**TIME FUSE...** A short novel by **GEORGES SURDEZ**

**SNAKE RIVER JIM** by **WILBUR S. PEACOCK**

**BOY FIGHTS CHAMP** by **JOEL REEVE**

**MASTER OF THE WORLD** by **H. BEDFORD-JONES**

# About Our Stories of the OSS

## *Major Jerry Sage*

**I**N 1941, at twenty-five, Jerry Sage was one of Major General William J. Donovan's earliest and best recruits in the Office of Strategic Services. A six-foot-two, two-hundred-pound native of Spokane, Washington, he had had an outstanding career at Washington State, where he not only achieved fame as a football-player, but made Phi Beta Kappa and won his reserve officer's commission and presidency of his senior class. After a few years in sales promotion for Procter & Gamble, he was called to active duty in 1941, and shortly thereafter was recruited for America's famous secret service—the OSS. Months of training and instructing in the U. S. and England, and finally in January '43 he landed in Africa in command of a special OSS unit. The story of the extraordinary adventures that followed begins on page 42 under the title "He Never Stopped Trying," by Lt. Comdr. Richard M. Kelly.

## *Sumner Welles writes:*

(With reference to "Halyard Mission," Lt. Comdr. Kelly's article in our August issue, on the rescue, with the late General Mikhailovich's help, of over 400 allied airmen.) "The publication of the article constitutes, in my judgment, a signal service in the enlightenment of American public opinion."

## C I T A T I O N

### *Lt. Richard M. Kelly, U. S. N. R.*

*Honorary member of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire*

**L**IEUTENANT (now Lieutenant Commander) Kelly commanded a Maritime Unit, which consisted of Italian Commando Troops controlled by American officers. His unit carried out many successful sabotage operations for the Eighth Army behind the enemy's lines, and established wireless communication with partisans operating in the Ravenna area, and supplied them with arms and equipment.

It is a tribute to this Officer's ability that on all the very hazardous operations undertaken by his unit, many of which he accompanied and directed personally, no casualties were suffered.



Major Sage, from a drawing made by a fellow-prisoner at Stalag Luft III



At an Embassy ceremony on July 11, in Washington, the British Ambassador, Lord Inverchapel, congratulates Lt. Commander Richard M. Kelly of Montclair, N. J., after presenting him with the medal of an Honorary Member of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

## Readers' Comment\*

From Okinawa

FOR the past several years I have received a tremendous amount of relaxation and enjoyment from stories in BLUE BOOK. The magazine has followed me—with varying success—around the Pacific for the last three years. Now on the occasion of my return to the States I am taking this opportunity to say "Thank you."

As a dilettante student of history I have followed with interest the series (by H. Bedford-Jones) concerning the development of arms and of ships. Sometimes I have wondered whether or not it was possible for one man to do all the research necessary to write so prolifically. Sometimes I have been inclined to challenge some of your incidents but always my suspicions have been lulled by the ring of authenticity even in those stories where the basis must have been only imagination. Whether the author is one man or a syndicate I salute him and extend to you this token of appreciation from one who after thirty years feels entitled to speak as "an old soldier."

Francis O. Wood, Colonel

### A Service Men's Humor Page?

THE following short item does not agree with C. T. R., who wrote "Teacher of Heroes" (July).

Humor did invade foxholes in the past war as well as in the First World War. All men (generally speaking) do love to cite their funny experiences, rather than the dreadful ones that happened to them. Any place that former service men gather you will hear incidents brought forth that will invoke laughter from all that are present. I have served in the Army Air Force, and when discharged I enlisted in the Marine Corps, for the duration of the war. I can look back and laugh at a number of things.

My suggestion would be to have a page for ex-service men to swap yarns, all branches welcome. I would like to wager that you will get better results, not just in the so-called yarns but in your circulation. I have been reading BLUE BOOK for twelve years and this is the first suggestion I thought worthy of offering to you.

Joseph B. Todd

\*The Editors of BLUE BOOK are glad to receive letters of constructive criticism and suggestions; and for the ones we publish each month we will pay the writers ten dollars each.

Letters should not be longer than two hundred words; no letters can be returned; and all will become property of McCall Corporation. They should be addressed: Editor of Letters, Blue Book Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York.

# BLUE BOOK

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*Painted by Herbert Morton Stoops*

Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

\*\*\*

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*"The leader ordered me to stop. I just shouted 'Auf Wiedersehen,' and kept on going."*

# He Never Stopped

**T**HE G-3 pointed at the map on the wall of his field caravan. "We think we have the Hun on the run. We expect he'll start to pull out. We want you to get in behind him and raise hell."

The recipient of these terse orders—a tall blond young giant in mixed British and American uniform with a major's leaves on his battle dress—smiled eagerly. Here was the kind of job he had been waiting for. His reply was a soldier's simple, direct "Yes sir."

This was "Dagger" speaking—Jerry Sage, better known in Africa by that nickname, the code designation of his OSS unit. The performance of those brief orders was to win the former Washington State football star and Phi Beta Kappa a Purple Heart, carry him fifteen hundred miles into the heart of Germany on a twenty-three-month thrill-packed adventure of escapes and captures.

Sage had won a reserve officer's com-

mission at Washington State, and was called to active duty in 1941. Months of training followed, and finally in January, 1943, he landed in Africa in command of a special OSS unit.

With an eagerness and skill which immediately started things popping—behind the German lines—he had whipped his unit into action. Using Arabs and Spanish refugees who knew the terrain, he had organized numerous infiltrations through the thinly held Allied lines to sabotage German communications, railroads, fuel-dumps and other strategic targets.

A favorite trick, developed by the famous Harvard anthropologist and OSS leader, Carl Coon, was one that caused the Germans plenty of trouble. Camels, horses, burros and oxen were the principal native methods of transportation. The usual condition of the Tunisian roads and a skill with explosives gave the OSS men their idea. Manure was gathered, packed with ex-

plosives and pressure detonators and then spread in the path of German transport. The results were so gratifying that the Germans were finally forced to organize "supermen" into street-cleaners before they could safely move their convoys.

The next morning Sage reported to the Colonel of the Derbyshire Yeomanry, an armored reconnaissance outfit on the extreme right flank of the Americans. He was in search of the latest information necessary for his plan to sneak his unit through the German lines and then cut communications, mine roads, blow tanks and fuel depots to harass the expected German withdrawal.

The Colonel immediately offered to go forward with Sage to get the information firsthand. Leaving the balance of the unit at Regimental CP, Sage with his four American sergeants—Irv Goff, Vin Lossowski, Milt Felsen and Steve Byzek—his exec-

**STORIES of FACT**



MCD

These O.S.S. stories have dealt mostly with our triumphs. But we could not always be successful—the hazards were too great; and some of the best stories will never be told, because their heroes lost their lives. . . . Here follows the heroic story of Major Jerry Sage, who was captured in Africa—and fought his captors until he escaped to Russia two years later.

# Trying

by Lt. Comdr. Richard M. Kelly, U.S.N.R.

utive officer British Captain MacIntosh, and the Colonel, drove forward to the advance outpost. Here he had his first glimpse of the sector he hoped to penetrate. It was far from reassuring. Rommel's Afrika Korps were holding the high ground on either side of a small pass in the mountains just forward of the town of Feriana. The report of the outpost was disturbing. He had spotted some Germans working at the entrance to the pass. The British unit had planned to attempt a break-through of the pass on the next night; and this German activity, suspected to be mine-laying, galvanized the Colonel into immediate action.

He looked at Sage. "Understand you're pretty good at this infiltration stuff, Major. Can you get up there and find out what the Jerries are doing for us?"

Sage looked across to the German position. Two wadis, dry river-beds,

bisected the bare sandy plain. "I think I could use those wadis for an approach, sir, but if I get up there and their tanks come out, what kind of a diversion could we count on to give us a chance to get back?"

"A couple of 75's on half-tracks that Jerry doesn't know about!" the Colonel said; and flicking on his portable radio, he immediately ordered them up.

SAGE, taking Sergeants Goff and Felsen, headed for one wadi, after dispatching Captain MacIntosh and another sergeant to approach the suspected mine-field by way of the other.

Sage's party advanced in a triangle point formation with the Major in the lead.

About halfway to the pass, the deathly stillness of the hot afternoon was suddenly disturbed by the mournful wail of an unseen Arab, which

was immediately picked up and repeated by still other Arabs from the direction of the German lines. It was the Arab underground, warning the Germans of an approaching enemy—an eerie echo that Sage had heard before, but never when he himself was the "enemy."

He felt chilly in the hot desert sun, but he kept his mind rigidly away from what that wail might bring. Step by step they went forward over the hot sand; and then, after an endless half-hour, they were at the end of the wadi. Before them, outlined sharply on the plain, were German tank and vehicle tracks and definite signs of a minefield. The Colonel's suspicions had been justified.

But the evidence of a minefield was not enough. As a trained intelligence officer he must find out just where the mines were. There was only one way to do this—leave the cover of the wadi, walk boldly onto the plain and locate the mines at close range.

and EXPERIENCE



*The mournful wail . . . was the Arab underground warning to the Germans of an approaching enemy.*

What happened in the next few minutes is best told in Sage's own words, because he relived those minutes hundreds of times in the terrible months that were to follow:

"I led the way out of the wadi, walking slowly because we had to pick our steps carefully. I felt very alone out there, and more conspicuous than I ever had in my life. Nothing happened for the first minute, and then we heard a familiar whistle, followed immediately by two booms. We all hit the deck at once, and I looked over at Goff, laughed and said: 'Well, here we go again!'

"We had spent so much time in the middle of artillery exchanges that we felt safe whenever we could hear the whistle. Immediately, however, we heard the grinding roar of tanks winding down the pass toward us. We were caught about a hundred and fifty yards from the wadi without the slightest cover. Our weapons were knives and pistols—the bazooka was not yet in use. The only chance was to run for it. 'Let's go!' and then we all lit out for the wadi. This time there was

no warning whistle—two shells exploded right on us. Fragments filled the air. One of the first two hit Felsen, who was thirty feet ahead of me. He staggered, grabbed at his head, half turned toward me as he shrieked: 'They've got me, Major!'

"I THOUGHT, 'My God, I've got to keep him running!' I rushed up to him. 'Keep going!' I shouted, but as I grabbed his right arm to help him along, the next one hit just to his left and knocked us both down. I landed on my head and shoulders. At first I was stunned. Then I found myself shaking my head and realized that I wasn't seriously hurt. I heard Felsen moaning, and turned to see him lying almost out on the ground beside me. I called to Goff, then started to crawl toward Felsen. Goff, who had nearly reached the wadi, ran back toward us in a low crouch. He and I ripped out our first-aid kits and wrapped up Felsen's leg and head, both of which were streaming blood.

"I was still pretty groggy but kept thinking doggedly: 'I've never lost a

man.' I yelled at Felsen to try to crawl, trying to pull him along the ground. He couldn't make it, and said: 'Leave me and run.'

"While this was going on, stuff was exploding all around us. I knew I couldn't move him, so I told him we'd be back at dark, which was about a half-hour off, ordered Goff to run and started to crawl forward myself. As I moved, I realized my leg was hurt, but I could hear those tanks roaring behind us. It seemed as though they were coming right up my back.

"I had crawled only about thirty feet from Felsen when I heard a British voice which I knew to be Captain MacIntosh's call out: 'Lie still, Major, they won't see you!'

"I figured that Mac must have been on slightly higher ground, and could see I was in some sort of a depression. I covered my face and hands and tried to become a grain of sand.

"The roar of the tanks stopped suddenly. The stillness felt queer. Then behind me I heard German voices. They had found Felsen.

"I lay there like a stone. Everything was quiet for a minute, and then I heard feet padding over the sand behind me. I expected almost anything to happen; and then I heard a voice asking me in broken English: 'Are you wounded? Get up.' I pulled myself to my feet to face them—several sharp-faced Germans with ugly machine-pistols trained directly on me.

"Where are your comrades?" was his immediate question. "There were only two of us," I told him shortly; and then to divert him from further investigation immediately limped toward Felsen. There were about ten more Germans, two tanks and two armored cars around him. They were evidently in a hurry to get out of there themselves. They quickly picked up Felsen, put us both on a tank which lost no time heading back into the pass.

"As soon as they were out of sight of our lines they stopped again and started interrogating. They weren't wasting any time on that—Felsen could be dying for all they cared. I began to raise hell and shouted for a doctor for Felsen, and they finally produced one.

"While the medic was getting Felsen into shape, they started in again on me. When they found out I was a major, they all began to jabber and seemed very excited. They thought they'd made a good catch! That was enough to make me see red—if I could have got any madder. Right then and there I swore they'd never take me out of Africa!

"They were getting ready to put Felsen into the ambulance, and his stretcher was lying near me. I felt I just had to tell him we'd make a break for it. I leaned over him and pretended to fix his collar. 'Milt,' I whispered, 'they won't keep us long. When will you be ready to try for it?' But he was in such bad shape he didn't even answer, and I knew I'd have to go it alone.

"The doctor fixed up my leg and shoulder, which by now had bled quite a bit—and then they took me by truck to Gafsa. I was determined to watch carefully and take the first slim chance they gave me to make a break. I felt pretty low at that point, but tried to keep thinking that since Goff had got away with the information, our risk and capture had not been entirely pointless.

**A**FTER a night in Gafsa, where the Germans let me sleep in a colonel's bed, I was taken to Gabes in a small convoy consisting of two cars and a truck with eight Germans. At noon that day came my first chance. I had pretended to be very weak—to such a degree that the Germans finally didn't pay much attention to me. While they were having their lunch on

the tailboard of the truck, I wandered up toward the cab and looked over the controls. I saw that the ignition key had two directions, one marked 'Ein,' the other 'Auf.'

"This is easy, I figured: 'Ein' is On; 'Auf' is Off! With one leap I was in the cab. I turned the switch to 'Ein' and pressed the starter. There was a mechanical grinding noise, but not a thing happened.

"I sat there swearing at my fool luck. So it was just the other way around—I should have turned to 'Auf.' Those Germans were furious—mad at themselves as much as me, I suppose, to think they'd been taken in. That's one thing Jerry can't stomach!

**T**HEY watched me continuously for the next few days and nights, but I still kept trying for it every chance I got. One of those times the Germans got plenty excited when they found I had a German cap in my possession. I was rapidly building myself a reputation with the guards at the Gabes POW cage, and was glad when orders came to move us north in boxcars.

"In this first cage I met two pilots, Lt. Charley Southard, a South African, and Lt. Dick Kimball, an American. Both were as keen to escape as I. The long trip north in the boxcars offered us an opportunity.

"I had kept a demolition-knife secreted inside my paratroop boot. The boxcars had a metal covering over the window, which was fastened by a bar bolted and wired to the side of the car. After measuring the position of the bolt that held the bar, I decided to cut through the wall of the car to break the fastening. There were guards in the car next to us, and an anti-aircraft battery on a flatcar immediately following. The guards could watch us, but one side was less easily observed than the other, and there we started work. We had lots of French and American soldiers in the car with us, and I got them all singing the 'Marseillaise' and 'I've Been Working on the Railroad' to lull the suspicions of the guards and drown out the noise of our activities.

"After twelve hours' work we managed to cut through and remove the fastening. Everyone in the boxcar was by that time offering prayers for our success. One soldier had a New Testament with him, and thumping through it, I hit upon the text of the Prodigal Son. Believe me, I prayed that I would be one who would return home.

"When it was good and dark I climbed up to the window, loosened one of the three bars on the inside of the window and then bent it back. This left a hole about one foot wide, two feet long and a head high in the side of the boxcar. They boosted me

up. I started to push through—and stuck halfway. First I thought I'd never get through, but then with the help of a few shoves, I managed to thrust myself clear. I pulled myself out, holding on to the top outside rim of the car. Then I moved hand over hand away from the opening to make room for the others. Being slimmer, they had less trouble getting through, and within a minute all three of us were clinging to the side of the train.

"We could see the Germans around the anti-aircraft battery behind us very plainly. They were lounging around on the flatcar, smoking cigarettes and talking quietly. If we could see them that clearly, we knew that they might spot us at any second. My arms were almost bursting; we'd have to drop right away.

"The train began to slow up, and looking ahead, I saw the engine rounding a curve. This was luck! I gave the signal, 'Let's go!' and we all dropped together.

"Fortunately, no one was hurt. We lay there watching the train puff harmlessly away into the distance. That was some feeling. . . . We'd made it!

"I immediately set course due west by the stars. The going was tough, but by morning, after about a twelve-mile hike, we had reached the edge of the desert. There was no good cover, so we hid up in a cactus patch to await darkness. The only food we had that day was a discarded orange peel which we split three ways. We had one canteen of water—and that didn't last very long. Our hunger and the heat made us all pretty weak.

**W**HEN it was dark, we took off again. We were making fairly good time, and each of us figured every step was bringing us nearer our lines. When I saw that white figure, I thought the moonlight was playing tricks, but when I heard the long wail go up, I just cursed. We had run right into a nest of Arabs! Those birds just appear out of nowhere in the desert. The wail was immediately picked up in every direction. Next we heard dogs and burros heading towards us, and saw lights begin to flicker from hut to hut ahead, alerted by the desert grapevine.

"We started to run for it. Ten minutes before, I never would have thought I'd be able to sprint, but we knew it was our only chance. We ran for two hours, and then, exhausted, threw ourselves down on the ground. We had managed to elude the Arabs, but something else was closing in on us that might mean tragedy—a desert overcast. Within fifteen minutes not a star could be seen; we had no way of telling in what direction we were moving.

"We lay down and all of us started to pray. My voice sounded strange to my own ears, but when I realized what I was saying, I got something of a shock. I was just panting over and over again: 'Please, God, damn it, give us a star to see by!'"

"But there was to be no miracle for us in the desert that night. Instead it started to rain. We held our mouths open trying to catch a few drops. Earlier, while we had been running, we'd heard some artillery fire, so we knew we didn't have too far to go to our lines. It was heart-breaking. Then we stumbled across a lake. At least we could drink! We walked right out into the middle of it, scooped up handfuls—and all our hands were trembling—only to find it was alkaline!

"By this time we were all badly shot. There was no place to hide from the Arabs in the daylight, so we decided we might just as well push ahead. There were plenty of German vehicles around and plenty of those treacherous Arabs.

"We were moving very cautiously through an olive grove on a sort of an oasis, when two of them spotted us. One ran toward us and the other headed in the opposite direction, shouting loudly. There was nothing we could do; there was no place to run to, no place to hide; and we couldn't catch the fellow who was running off. We figured we'd try to brazen it out. First we told him we were Germans, which he didn't believe. Then Southard showed him his Arabian script escape message which promised a high reward for rescuing aviators, and the Arab showed a little interest. He was just playing with us, however, because in a couple of minutes, a whole near-by village of several hundred people rushed towards us—men, women and children in their filthy white robes, carrying guns, knives, scythes and clubs of every variety.

"We'd had it and knew it. Facing back to back, we managed to hold off this mob by threatening them. An armored car drew up, evidently from some camp near-by that had been alerted by the uproar. They were Italians bent on taking us; but before they could manage it, the Germans came in. . . . As we drove off, I noticed a road sign—we were just thirty-six kilometers from Kairouan, to which we were taken and from there to Tunis.

"Kimball and Southard had told the Germans I was their CO, so it was assumed that I too was an aviator. This suited us all, as we were determined to make another break when the Germans flew us to Italy. They were to take us over in a JU 52. We had our plans all set. I was to knock out the guards in the rear of the plane, they were to handle the crew and then

fly the plane to our lines. But the cards were against us—we were separated before taking off. I'm sure the plan would have worked on my plane, because it would have been very easy to have eliminated the guards—they slept most of the way. But I couldn't fly the plane myself, so I had to let the opportunity go."

**L**ANDING in Naples, the OSS officer, who had managed to deceive the Nazis as to the real nature of his work for the Allies, was placed in solitary confinement, where his treatment was rough and the food not only poor but very scarce.

From Naples he was sent to Rome; here, however, his condition grew so bad that he managed to be admitted to a hospital. Here he used an old trick of his—singing. It proved its worth again. Both Italian and German nurses were treating the patients. For the Italian nurse Sage sang "*O Sole Mio*." Within an hour he had soup and solid food, his first in weeks. For the German nurse he rendered, "*Du, du, liegst Mir im Herzen*." That night his infected shoulder was given special care.

But the next morning a Nazi doctor put an end to his brief respite. He was shipped by rail to Frankfurt, Germany, where he arrived on March 12, 1943. It was just seventeen days after he had received those orders, "Get behind them and raise hell." He was now over fifteen hundred miles behind, a lot farther than he had planned. His raising hell had consisted of one briefly successful escape and several attempts. His reputation with the Germans was growing, as was testified when he arrived at the Air Corps Interrogation Compound, the famous Dulag Luft.

He was immediately thrown into solitary for sixteen days.

**T**HROUGHOUT numerous interrogations both before and after his escape, Sage had replied to all German queries with a simple name, rank, serial number. As far as he knew, the Germans now considered him to be an Air Corps Major and did not connect him with the Major who had been captured at Feriana. But the interrogators at Dulag Luft were of a different character. For three weeks a German paratrooper officer who spoke perfect English practically lived with Sage and tried to trip him up. His paratroop boots were damning evidence of his real occupation with OSS, but though they tried every trick of interrogation, Sage never cracked.

The closest he came to giving away the whole show was one day when in the midst of a conversation the German suddenly shot the question: "Where did you see Colonel ——— last?" It was the name of the head of

a famous British secret unit with whom Sage had worked. He caught himself in time and replied casually that he had never heard the name.

Throughout this ordeal he was strengthened by the knowledge which OSS headquarters had given him when he took command of his "Dagger" unit. The Germans had broadcast from Berlin that they knew all about General Donovan and the OSS. Any member of it that they captured would be immediately shot.

Finally the Germans gave up, and Sage was sent to the huge RAF camp Stalag Luft III at Sagan, midway between Berlin and Breslau in the heart of Germany on April 4, 1943. Here he immediately plunged into escape activities and began to prepare himself for another break. While the great majority of prisoners were British, practically all nations were represented, and Sage made the most of his opportunities to learn other languages and particularly more national songs.

From the Poles, Czechs, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, Dutch, Belgians and other nationalities he rapidly learned scraps of most European languages, with particular emphasis on German, in which latter the ever-present German guards proved most helpful.

Shortly after his arrival he was made a block commander. The Germans permitted the Allied officers to run their own internal administration of the camp. He also became an instructor in judo and silent killing. This instruction, of course, was done secretly, usually on the recreation field or in a prisoner-guarded classroom.

Because of his eagerness, training and experience, Sage was immediately given a prominent part in the camp's continuous escape activity. He worked on the now-famous "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry" tunnels. His particular responsibility was the dispersal of sand from these tunnels which were being laboriously dug from inside the camp to outside the double-barbed wire enclosures.

In the midst of all this activity, one of the men in Sage's barracks gave him an idea for a solitary break. This particular soldier, an American, was receiving medical care at a near-by hospital operated by deported French doctors for the care of Allied prisoners. Permission to visit the hospital could come only from the German doctor at the camp. Once that was secured, the patients were transported to the hospital, about a mile and a half away, in a small ambulance. The American soldier suggested to Sage that a man who knew what he was doing, was in good enough shape and willing to take the chance, might be able to open the small window in the rear of the ambulance, break open the iron grill covering the window and



make an escape just after the ambulance left the camp enclosure.

To Sage it seemed like as good a chance as he could ask for. He checked with the escape committee, who gave him the okay if he cared to take the chance, but they were also very dubious about his success.

The escape committee supplied him with maps and an ingeniously made small compass. The case of this compass had been constructed from melted phonograph records, the glass from broken windows, and the needle from sewing needles rubbed with a magnet.

To get into the hospital presented a bit of a problem, one which Sage promptly solved on the soccer field. Entering into the game with heedless abandon, he managed to expose himself and get two of his ribs broken in a scrimmage. Immediately he reported to the German camp doctor with his injury, and said that he was worried about his lungs and wanted an X-ray. The doctor agreed and gave him permission to go to the hospital next day.

**D**URING the rest of that day and a good part of the night Sage perfected his plans and got ready.

He had his ribs taped very tightly so that they would not give him any more trouble. For clothing he had his blue RAF trousers, an RAF sweater and an RAF overcoat with a razor in his pocket to shave off his beard. All of these clothes had been received through the British Red Cross. In them, without distinctive markings or insignia, he hoped to be able to pass himself off as a foreign worker. For food he carried some D-ration bars. Also in his pocket was a piece of paper with a note written in Czech asking for help.

The actual escape required split-second timing and perfect coordination. To manage it, he had to be seated in the right rear of the ambulance next to the window. After the patients were aboard, the ambulance had to pass through both an inside and outside gate. Then it followed a small road along the north side of the camp, skirting a guard tower where a machine-gun was constantly manned. About twenty yards from this tower the road passed through a small woods, about three hundred feet wide at this point, then crossed a parade-ground where German soldiers were usually drilling. The hospital was just beyond the parade-ground. The only chance for escape was at the point where the ambulance passed the small strip of woods. Sage figured he had less than two minutes after entering the ambulance to distract the guards, open the window, break the iron grill, reach down, open the rear door and make good his escape.

*Illustrated by  
John McDermott*



*"The Colonel was trembling with fury; mine had been the first escape since the Gestapo had clamped down on him."*

As the husky young Lt. Col. now relates it: "I was feeling pretty tense that morning as I joined the little group at the waiting room. Only two of them, both American boys who were in on my plans, knew what was going to happen.

"When the guard stepped outside to open the ambulance door, without raising my voice I said to the other patients: 'Don't look surprised, but I want to get the right rear seat.' There was no time for anyone to reply, and we all started to move toward the ambulance. An English officer with his leg in a plaster cast evidently hadn't understood me and took the seat I wanted. While one of my American soldiers diverted the guards' attention by stepping to one side, I picked this fellow up, slid him back into the ambulance and jumped into the seat myself.

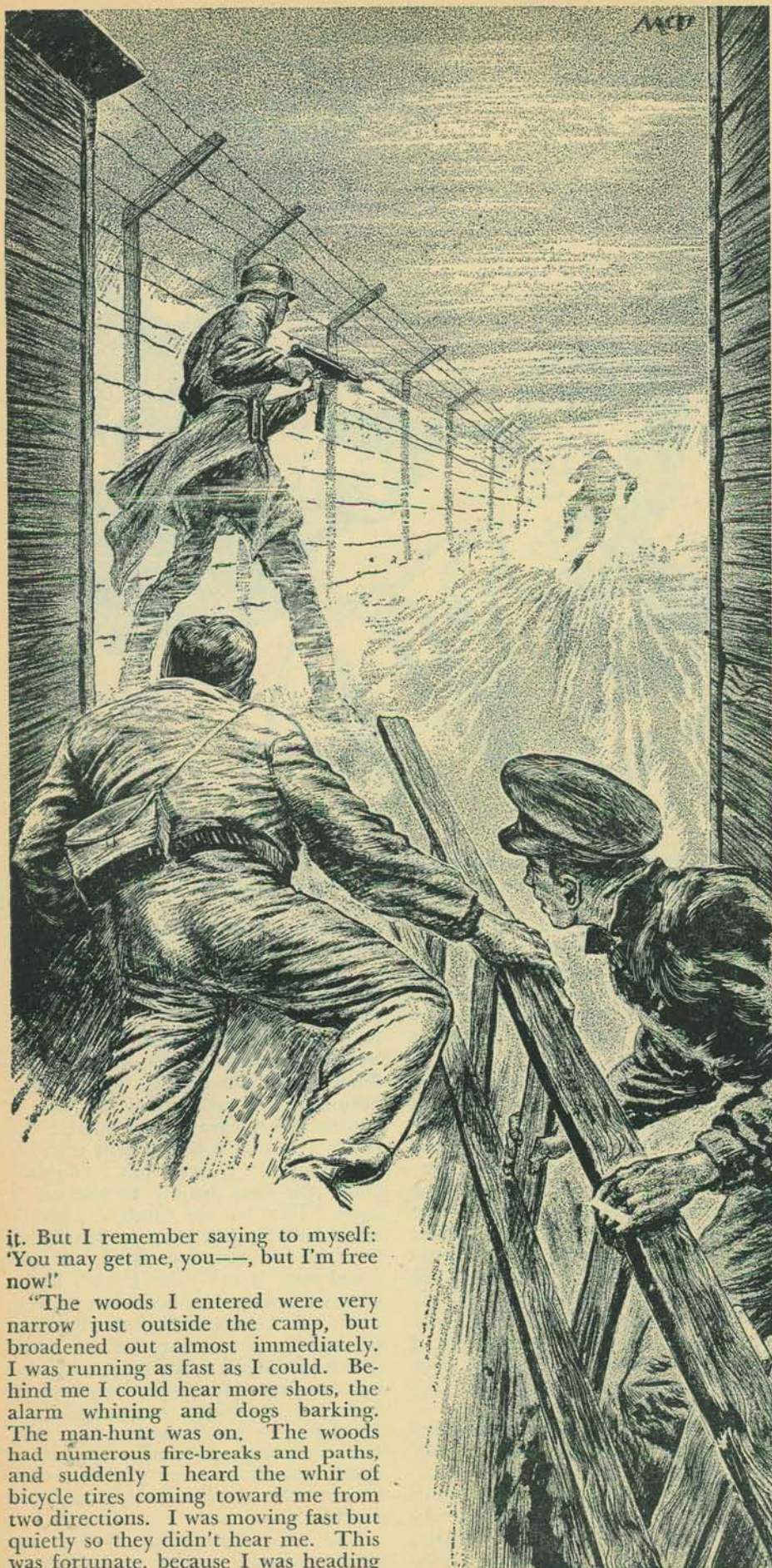
"The driver and one guard seated themselves in the front of the ambulance after locking the rear door. There was an opening between them and us prisoners so that they could easily hear any noise. By looking around, they could also see what we were doing.

"To screen my movements, the two Americans squatted in front of the

opening to obscure partially the sight of the guards.

"As soon as the rear door was locked and we moved out of the inside gate, I started working on the window. I had it all the way down by the time we passed through the second gate. Fortunately the guards there didn't notice it. As we turned the corner and started down the road outside the camp, I tore at the iron grill with all my strength. It gave, but I couldn't reach the door handle to wrench it open. That left the window, a pretty small hole for one my size, but I had no time to stop and think. I just dived out. To this day I don't know whether I went out head first or feet first. All I remember is landing on the road and reaching for my coat, which one of the fellows was to throw out after me. It caught for a second and then came free in my hands. I dived for the woods, and at that very second the alarm went off at the corner guard-box about seventy yards away, and someone started firing at me with a rifle.

"As I hit those woods, I had the most wonderful feeling of exultation. I knew I was about one thousand miles from friendly territory and the cards were stacked against my making



it. But I remember saying to myself: 'You may get me, you—, but I'm free now!'

"The woods I entered were very narrow just outside the camp, but broadened out almost immediately. I was running as fast as I could. Behind me I could hear more shots, the alarm whining and dogs barking. The man-hunt was on. The woods had numerous fire-breaks and paths, and suddenly I heard the whir of bicycle tires coming toward me from two directions. I was moving fast but quietly so they didn't hear me. This was fortunate, because I was heading right for an intersection of two paths, and two German home guards on bikes were converging toward the

*"Just as he passed the spot selected for the job, I let out a yell. The guard ran toward me."*

same intersection. I dropped flat on my stomach, crawled back and then across one of the paths.

"The two men parked their bikes and started beating through the woods a few feet from me but never saw me. I could have taken their bikes but decided against it and hit off into the woods, crawling on my belly for about a mile as there was little cover. I felt like a wolf and hearing the dogs baying in my rear I recalled Paul Muni in 'I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.'

"After that first mile I got to my feet and started running. An hour and a half of steady going brought me to thicker woods, and for the first time I felt that I had at least made it away from the camp. By this time all sounds of pursuit had died down. My feet were beginning to blister and I flopped down for a few minutes beside a slimy green forest puddle.

"Here I shaved off my beard and drank some of the water. Then I bathed my feet, which were my chief concern. All that night I kept walking.

"During the night I heard many people in the woods, but I always heard them first and managed to avoid them. When morning came I found myself heading down a small winding road through a rolling, hilly country. The woods had thinned out considerably. Suddenly I saw a German woodcutter. He saw me at the same time. I couldn't avoid him, so merely said, 'Good morning' in German and kept on going. Nothing happened.

"People worried me. I was so big that the guards at camp had always referred to me as 'Giant.' In addition, there were no young strong men around out of uniform; and if my size, which was so unusual, didn't raise questions, then my age and health certainly would. To account for this I walked with a slight limp and carried my left arm as if it were twisted.

"Shortly after passing this woodcutter, I rounded a bend in the road and ran into several hundred people on their way to pick blueberries. I had no choice but to keep right on walking. To those who looked friendly, I said good morning. One old lady insisted on stopping me and asking me questions. My German was very poor, so I said, 'I am very sorry I cannot hear you . . . Boom, Boom!' And I pointed to my ears. She was sympathetic and let me go my way.

"By now the woods had disappeared entirely. Turning another bend in the road, I was shocked to hear a voice call out in English, 'Hello, are you English?'

"'Nein,' I replied and then in Hungarian said: 'I am a Hungarian worker.' I knew that very few Germans spoke Hungarian. I got away with it.

"Another group of workers stopped me a little later and asked: 'Are you Russian?'"

"No, are you?"

"They were, and told me that all the workers hereabouts were Russian slave laborers. I decided to take a chance and told them who I was. They were very excited and advised me to return to the woods and in particular to avoid the towns.

ON my way back to the woods I met a German on a wagon, with two Hitler Youths and a woman. I couldn't avoid them, so I walked off to the side of the road and lay down. The whole group approached me threateningly and demanded who I was, where were my papers, why was I lying in the bushes. I said, 'Because I am tired. *Was ist los?*'

"The German, who was fairly husky and carried a club, demanded my papers. I replied belligerently: 'Not for you.' He kept yelling, 'Who are you?' and 'Come with me to the police.' I kept lying on the ground, pretending not to understand him, which only exasperated them more. Finally I told them I was a Hungarian worker. They registered great disbelief and pointed to the wool in my RAF Red Cross clothing—far better than even any German possessed. I rolled over and started to sing a very long German folk-song I'd learned in camp, paying them no further attention. The German sent one of the Hitler Youth for the police and kept glaring at me.

"I figured I had to make a break for it and take my chances. While singing, I kept eying the surrounding woods to determine which direction offered the best chance for a get-away. Finally I made up my mind and calmly started to stride toward the woods. This caused an uproar from the group of Germans, and the leader started after me with his club aloft. He ordered me to stop and said he would get the police and the dogs after me. I just looked over my shoulder, waved at him, shouted '*Auf Wiedersehen,*' and kept going. He evidently thought better of coming to grips with me unarmed, and after following me for about a hundred yards, he went back towards the wagon, probably to await the police.

"As soon as I reached the trees, I began to run like hell. I found a small stream and walked in it for several hundred yards to throw off the dogs. Then I came to a small culvert into which I crawled. I hid there the rest of that day.

"That night I took to the woods again. I kept forcing myself to keep going, although I was terribly weary. I found I couldn't eat the D-ration because it was too sweet. My only food since leaving the camp had been

some wheat-stalks, some berries and spinach leaves. Toward morning I dropped and had a cat-nap. My feet were now giving me a lot of trouble. I was afraid to take off my boots because I knew I could never get them on again.

"At first light I was on my way again. I didn't have to fake the limp now. The forest was thinning out again, and I seemed to be coming to a small Strassendorf or street village. This consisted of a single road with houses on each side. I could see more forests on the hills beyond this plain, and I decided to try and push on through the village before the inhabitants began moving about. What I didn't know at the time was that instead of a small village, I was actually entering the suburbs of a fairly large town.

"The first Germans to spot me that day were a milkman on his rounds and one or two early risers. I paid them no heed beyond a nodded good morning and kept on going. For some reason I began to feel tense. Suddenly ahead of me about a hundred yards on my right came a bicycle, and on it a green-uniformed Gestapo man. He rode toward me, stopped and got off his bike with a big Luger in his hand. He started to circle me about fifteen feet away.

"With a calmness I was far from feeling I looked at him, shrugged my shoulders, asked, '*Was ist los?*' and kept walking.

"His answer was swift and to the point—a bullet whizzed by my head. I had been caught again!

THE first thing I did was to whip out my dog-tag and POW card and demand to be taken back to Stalag Luft III—I wanted no part of any Gestapo.

"By this time a crowd had begun to gather. I could tell they were getting excited, and a few churlish-looking farmers began to shout, evidently making suggestions as to my treatment. I was glad when my captor hailed a cart and took me into the local Gestapo headquarters. My feet were completely done for by now; and looking back on it I realize it was only my intense desire to escape that kept me going as long as I did. In two and a half days I had covered about eighty-five miles. Part of that I had crawled on my stomach; most of it had been through woods—so I had really been moving.

"At the Gestapo office, the leader's wife was preparing breakfast. I started my singing routine, and she warmed up right away. I asked her if she had any children, and she said two. I told her of my two and asked for something to eat. She came back with a steaming dish but her husband growled at her: 'No, not for him!'

I never felt so like murder in my life—unless it was a few hours later when he and a couple of his men began to slap me around while pointing revolvers at me. I yelled at them and swung out with my fists; to my surprise the bluff worked and they finally called quits.

"About noon I was turned over to the Army authorities and a doctor fixed my feet. But they still wouldn't give me any food. Finally I was turned back to the Luftwaffe guards. These guards, surprisingly enough, were very nice to me, and on the way back to the camp they actually told me that they thought my break had been a very good show. On the train ride I talked with a number of German civilians and passed my time telling them of the millions of soldiers and tanks and planes that America was sending to fight them. They were very impressed; as a matter of fact, they listened to me open-mouthed for hours.

"Back at Stalag Luft III, I was immediately thrown into solitary, better known as the cooler. I still had no food, but a Britisher in the next cell managed to pass me a little chow—the first I had had in three pretty rugged days. That was a bad time. My feet were giving me a lot of trouble; the food, when it finally did appear, was very slim. The janitor was a Russian officer, and he began to teach me Russian. I figured it would be helpful some day—and it was.

"One night, as I was singing in the cooler, the guard got nasty and turned off my light, which was supposed to be on till ten P.M. This burned me. So I retaliated by getting the whole cooler and even some of the fellows in an adjoining block to join with me in singing, 'Pack Up Your Troubles.' Naturally, this infuriated the guards. They pulled me out of my cell and began to threaten me. All of them were armed, but I yelled at them: 'If one of you touches me, I'll break your ——— back!' They had seen me wrestling and kidding around in the yard and probably figured I would, too, so they just backed off and left me alone.

ABOUT four next morning I was awakened in my cell by a flashlight shining in my face and a loud scream of rage. As I sat up sleepily, I recognized the German commandant of the camp, Col. Von Lindeiner and his staff. The Colonel was shouting at me and trembling with fury. Mine had been the first escape from his camp since the Gestapo had clamped down on him a month before for previous escape activities. Still screaming like a madman, he pulled out his pistol, pulled back the slide and pointed it straight at my head. I thought he was going to let me have

at. His hand was shaking so much that I was afraid the gun was going to go off anyway. I just sat there on my bunk and talked quietly to him. After about five minutes, every one of which I thought would be my last, he finally calmed down a bit and stamped out with the threat: "We'll teach you discipline!"

SAGE was finally let out of the cooler in August, 1943; immediately he started working again with the escape organization. Four months later, without warning or any legal formality, he was suddenly given solitary again—victim of one of the most unusual sentences that the Germans had ever handed out. The charge read that he had been "Charged, investigated, tried and sentenced by a military court-martial with having threatened three armed guards in the solitary block." These proceedings of German justice had taken place with no knowledge of the defendant. It was a significant tribute to the young American's reputation among the Germans that they couldn't see the irony of punishing one unarmed American for threatening to harm three armed German guards.

Sage's principal duties with the escape committee at Stalag Luft III were sand-dispersal. Work was continuing on the three tunnels—"Tom," "Dick" and "Harry," and tons of sand had to be hidden. Hundreds of prisoners called Penguins, were organized to dispose of the bright yellow sand, very different from the dark surface of the camp area.

Every Penguin prepared two small sacks which he fastened to his trouser legs. Then he would wander over to the playing-field and in the midst of the games would pull a string in his pocket which released a pin in the sack and permitted the sand to trickle out.

The general milling-around soon worked this sand in with the surface soil where Sage's specialists would camouflage it perfectly and the Germans were none the wiser. Sage estimates that several hundred thousand pounds of sand were handled in this way and many other ingenious methods.

The escape committee received news in late summer, 1943, that the Americans were soon to be moved to a new compound. Because Sage and some other Americans had played a big part in the tunneling it was decided then to concentrate on one tunnel, "Tom," and make the break before the Americans were moved. Work speeded up. But—by accident, ironically enough—a German guard stumbled upon the trapdoor leading to "Tom" and the jig was up.

Shortly after this Sage and the other Americans were moved to the new

American compound. As a result, he was unable to participate in the famous mass break made from "Harry" in March 1944. At the time of this transfer from the RAF compound he was brokenhearted at missing this opportunity, but as it later proved, it might have cost him his life. Of the seventy-six British officers who made the escape, most were rounded up and fifty of them were shot in one of the most infamous German atrocities of the war.

At the new American compound in Stalag Luft III, Sage, Major Davey Jones of Texas, a veteran of Doolittle's Tokyo raid, and Col. A. P. Clark, another Texan, formed the escape committee. Their particular specialty was "wire work." Sage describes a typical operation of a type that they were continually staging.

IT was a two-man wire job. The German rules were that anyone stepping over a 'warning rail' thirty feet inside of the barbed wire in daylight would be shot without warning. Guardhouses with machine-guns were located every few hundred feet around the outside of the camp. At dusk we were locked in our barracks. If we moved outside at all, it was 'shooting time.'

"For this particular job, we had constructed two ladders from slats ripped from the wall of our barracks. One ladder was to reach the top of the wire and other to lay across the double barrier to enable the men to drop free on the other side. In addition to the Germans in the guardhouses, they had strolling night guards who patrolled between each guardhouse. Obviously, we needed a major diversion.

"The night was foggy. We sneaked out of our barracks' windows and headed for our respective positions, Major Jones and Col. Clark, each with a specially trained diversion team, were to go to the extreme right and left of the escape point. I was to draw the attention of the strolling guards at the point, and at my signal the two diversion teams were to get into action. Then the two lieutenants would tackle the wire.

"We could use no visual signals in the fog, so my yell was to serve as the signal. Moving noiselessly so as not to draw fire, the two lieutenants and I approached the wire and watched the strolling guard. Just as he passed the point I had selected for the job, I ran to the right and let out a yell. The guard immediately opened fire at me and ran in my direction. Far to the right and left, Clark and Jones slung hooks fastened to long lines across the wires and tugged on them. This drew guards to each of these diversion points. While all this was happening the two lieutenants raced to the wire,

raised the first ladder and then one scrambled up it and laid the second ladder across the top. In split seconds the first officer crossed the wire and dropped free on the other side. The second fellow was not so lucky. The ladder broke when he was midway between the two rows of fire, and he fell to the ground between them, where he was caught a few minutes later.

"After drawing the attention of the guards, Clark, Jones and I all raced for our barracks, where we were found happily 'sleeping' a few minutes later when the Germans routed us all out to see who was missing."

By 1944 the Allied air raids on Germany were reaching such a peak of destruction and the German bitterness against "air gangsters" was so intense that Col. C. G. Goodrich, senior American commander in the camp, became concerned over the possibility of a massacre of the prisoners, all airmen. To be ready for this, he asked Sage to train a group of especially rugged prisoners who would be able to eliminate the guards should they attempt a liquidation. Sage immediately recruited thirty athletically inclined men and started giving instructions in silent killing, an old OSS specialty. His group was known as "Sage's Storm Troopers," and his new nickname of "Silent Death" became widespread.

One day while Sage was demonstrating how to break a man's back in a class (the class had been assembled for quite another purpose) a German guard spied on the demonstration. A few days later Sage was told to get his belongings together.

THIS was news that might portend an execution. Gloom spread over the camp.

Sage's friends organized a farewell party for him and their carefully hoarded sweets, cigars and tiny bottles of laboriously distilled liquor were brought out from secret hiding-places. It was a demonstration of respect and affection such as comes to few men, and when almost the entire camp lined up to shake his hand as he headed toward the gate, Sage was so choked up that he could hardly speak. Col. Goodrich's parting words were a somber warning, "If they don't shoot you now, Jerry, for God's sake, take it easy. You're hotter than a firecracker as it is." Sage just nodded, but recovering himself as he passed through the gate, he turned around to his friends, waved and shouted: "Look me up when you get home. I'll be there first."

Laughs and cheers greeted these prophetic words. Six months later, however, the indomitable OSS officer had made good his promise.

His first destination was Oflag 7 in Bavaria. When he arrived, the com-

mandant looked at his prison record and remarked: "Major Sage, I see by your record that you have had four serious arrests. We don't want you here."

"Well, I don't want to be here," replied the irrepressible Sage. "Why don't you send me back home?"

This bit of levity didn't go over very well with the camp commandant, and two weeks later Sage was shipped out again to Oflag 64, at Schubin in the Polish corridor.

**H**ERE his enthusiasm for escaping received a sharp check. Orders from Allied Headquarters were not to attempt an escape. Liberation was thought to be close at hand. Several days later was the fateful July 20th, 1944, when Hitler nearly lost his life in the bomb plot, but the revolt that followed in Germany was short-lived, and life in the prison camps went on.

Unable to occupy himself with escape activities, Sage turned to sports. He was elected to the captaincy of prison league football, soccer, baseball and soft-ball teams. One of his most spectacular sport feats was pitching a perfect game which was reported in the camp newspaper as "an epic-making no hit, no run, no errors seventh-inning victory—21 up and 21 down."

These were the hardest months of Sage's long captivity. Under Allied pressure the German economy was collapsing and the food for the prisoners was reduced to a starvation level. A typical day's rations included three thin slices of black bread, a small potato, some ersatz coffee made of acorns and rye, a half teaspoon of sugar and a dab of margarine. Had it not been for the Red Cross packages, many wounded would have died. As it was Sage sank from his normal 205 to less than 150 pounds.

Early in January, 1945, the German officials at the camp became panicky at the inexorable advance of the Russian armies. Without warning, on the night of January 20th, the senior American officers were summoned by the camp commandant and told that everyone would move out the next morning.

On the 21st Sage and the others lined up and headed west by forced marches—their few possessions on their backs. It was bitterly cold, and the rapid pace soon began to tell on the weakened men. Sage's old leg injury began to pain him severely. In all his twenty-three months of captivity he had never had such an opportunity to escape, yet he had never been in worse shape to attempt it.

To one of his experience and ability, slipping away now offered no problems—but getting through the German lines to the Russian was something else again. Many in the ragged col-

umn were against making a break for fear of being shot by the German SS troops when they retreated through the area. Deserters and escaped POW's had little chance with these murderers.

As usual, Sage was eager.

That night they were billeted in a Polish farmhouse and Sage saw his chance. Some of the prisoners were in such bad shape that the guards, not wanting to be held up, gave them permission to stay behind. Many of those who pushed on thought that these cripples would surely be shot by the SS. Sage and Col. Charley Kouns decided to take the risk and hid in the farmhouse until the column had moved out.

The next night they heard tanks in the area, and wonder of wonders, they weren't panzers. The cheer of the Polish peasantry confirmed it. Liberation was near. The first Russian tanks were Zukoff's spearheads and hardly paused, but the next day Sage and Col. Kouns started east and saw the Russians. They were roaring down the road in a tank toward the two Americans. Sage waved madly—shouting "*Americanski—Americanski.*" The tank ground to a stop and its ugly muzzles trained on them. After much persuasion he convinced the tank crew, who cautiously emerged, that they were not Germans. Just twenty-three months to the day after his capture, Sage, at long last, was free. It was hard to realize, particularly since it had been so easy—they had fortunately hit a blind spot in the front and had missed the SS troops entirely.

The next six weeks took Sage and Kouns deep into Poland and Russia. By foot, sleigh and truck they went to Lublin, where Sage assumed liaison duties with the new Polish government, and sent a radiogram to General Donovan to advise that he was back in operation.

A boxcar took the pair to Odessa and then by boat through the Black Sea to Port Said, where they were met by OSS representatives from Cairo. After a brief time in Italy, where he assisted OSS medical authorities with advice on needed items for prisoner-of-war camps, he was flown to the States, arriving at La Guardia Field, March 23, 1945.

**W**HEN this fabulous young officer reached home in Spokane, to be met at the airport by his beautiful wife, his two young sons and his family, the first thing he told them of all his adventures was that of which he was proudest—not his four escapes, not his sabotage exploits, not his "Silent Death" career, not his clashes with the Gestapo and days in the cooler. It was: "I pitched a perfect ball game—21 up and 21 down."

# To Keep Our Contract

by HERVEY  
ALLEN

The area and the kind of service rendered at this crucial time makes the support of the USO in connection with the Community Chest a matter of your recognizing intelligently the necessity rather than the advisability of contributing all that you can. Not to contribute is to fail to keep your contract with those who are still to be returned after having offered and, in many cases given, everything they had.

This is a paramount appeal.



# Who's Who in this Issue



Ben T. Young

## Ben T. Young

AFTER studying architecture in college, I served as an infantry lieutenant in France in 1918-19, then got busy at a drawing-board in Chicago; spending spare time and money playing with horses, guns and fly-rods, and poking around most of the old forts and battlefields between the two coasts. Finding this more to my taste than catching the 8:15 each morning, I prevailed upon my wife (who does her shooting with a Graflex) to pull stakes for a log cabin in Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains. There we acquired a collie pup called Jerry, had a high-heeled time, and wrote about it for the sporting magazines. Now we three live in a 'dobe house of my own making near Santa Fe; and the fact articles have given way to fiction, mostly historical, which has sold to Collier's, Country Gentleman, and others.

## C. Donald Wire

THE author of "Pilot, You're Hot!" was born in Victoria, Canada, February 11, 1919—a war baby. Migrated at the age of 2 into Southern California. Educated in Los Angeles. Happily married, with two beautiful young misses around the house to tantalize me. Became a journeyman carpenter and worked at that and writing until the war. Then went in for a pair of silver wings. Sweated out eleven months in cadets and various clunkers called airplanes, finally graduated from Marfa Army Air Base on October 1, 1943.

Assigned to the Troop Carrier Com-

mand, spent four months operational training dropping paratroopers in trees down in North Carolina. We flew the magnificent Goose, the imperishable Douglas C-47. I've yet to see what can't be done with the airplane.

Hit Britain in March of 1944. Did combined maneuvers with British airborne until D-day. Normandy was my first combat mission. Was shot down over the English Channel on my second, D plus one. Got out of that and into a few more scrapes for the next eighteen months. Finally won the war and came home. A civilian now, and still writing. Be writing tomorrow too.

## Robert F. Germann

THE author of "The Enchanted Jeep" was born in New York in 1913. He went to Lafayette College,



Robert F. Germann

got an M.A. at Pennsylvania, and continued his studies at N. Y. U.

His first novel, "Jitter Run," was written while he was still teaching at Brooklyn Technical High School. He was inducted into the U. S. Army in May, 1942, went to Officers Candidate School, was shipped to Italy as a Second Lieutenant with the Medical Administrative Corps, and as a First Lieutenant found himself on the way to the Pacific; but on V-J Day his ship was re-routed to the United States.

He's had short stories published in Good Housekeeping, Saturday Evening Post and other magazines, and has just finished his second novel.

## W. M. MacLane

HE is twenty years old—joined the Marine Corps when he was seventeen after graduating from Roosevelt High School in Seattle. Comes from a military family: His father is a captain in the Coast Guard and served in Alaska. His older brother was a Lieutenant (s. g.) in the Coast Guard. He attended Culver Military Academy for one summer, and took two years of high school R.O.T.C. Joined Marine Corps April 10, 1944, and after boot training studied at Dartmouth University for a semester under the V-12 program. Was transferred to the Third Marine Division and later to the First Marine Division in China. He is still in China, and is painting at 49 Taku Road, Tientsin.

## Harry F. Tepker

STUDIED three and one-half years at Cincinnati Art Academy and Colorado Springs Fine Art Center, where he held scholarships. Joined Marine Corps January 23, 1943. Served as combat artist with Third Marine Division, and in China with First Marine Division. Has had his pictures in Marine Art Exhibits in National Gallery of Art, Washington, and in Metropolitan Museum, New York. Age 23. Discharged May 7, 1946.



C. Donald Wire

# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ SEPTEMBER, 1946



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by GILBERT WRIGHT

**BADGER BUSINESS**  
by BIGELOW NEAL

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# BLUE BOOK

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THESE UNITED STATES: I—Massachusetts  
Painted by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

## THE MIDDLE OF MIDNIGHT

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by WILLIAM G. BEYMER

KNIGHTS MUST FALL  
by NELSON BOND

THE DIAMOND DEATH  
by GORDON KEYNE



## Readers' Comment

### Our New Cover Series

**B**LUE BOOK represents great reading value with your many gifted writers and fine stories and I have spent enjoyable hours reading it.

Nothing pleases me more than the historical paintings by your gifted artist Herbert Morton Stoops, and I am especially taken with "Rails Across the Continent" on the cover for September issue, as I have read everything obtainable on the subject, and this painting is my idea of an actual scene in the great work of building the transcontinental lines.

I think it would be very nice if you would publish inside the cover, or elsewhere, a short sketch telling about the paintings. While most of your readers may know what the paintings are, most all would like to have their memories refreshed, which I hope you will do in the future.

Ralph Emerson Woods.

(Many other readers besides Mr. Woods have written of their pleasure in our cover series "This Is Our Land." Beginning with this issue, we are starting a new series, "These United States," each devoted to a specially colorful or noteworthy episode in the history of some particular State. And while this first one, the Landing of the Pilgrims, requires no explanation, some of the others will be less obvious; and if it meets with your approval, we shall each month elaborate the idea with an interpretive page like the one opposite.

—The Editor)

### Biographies Too?

**I**BELIEVE it will enhance the prestige and entertainment value of BLUE BOOK if you would give us the biographies of our national figures of the present or past generation. Men instinctively like to read of the struggles and accomplishments of their heroes, such as Knute Rockne in football, Babe Ruth in baseball, Eddie Rickenbacker in aviation, Wendell Willkie in politics, etc. Great living men leave living ideals.

This additional feature, I believe, will give BLUE BOOK a better balance and will stimulate keener interest.

Mack Garson.

\*The Editors of BLUE BOOK are glad to receive letters of constructive criticism and suggestions; and for the ones we publish each month we will pay the writers ten dollars each.

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# BLUE BOOK

January, 1947

MAGAZINE

Vol. 84, No. 3

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Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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*"Every day reports would come in from little bands telling of Germans killed and trucks destroyed."*



## GUARDING PATTON'S

**T**HE pilot bent over the maps in the tiny briefing-room of a blacked-out London airfield.

"We're dropping you here, fellows."

Three eager young parachutists—a French captain, an American captain and an American sergeant—bent over the table.

Four times before, these three men had gone through the nerve-shattering strain of preparing for such a departure, only to have their long, dangerous flight with its breathless climatic jump into occupied France aborted at the last minute.

They stared at the spot on the map the pilot had indicated. Then slowly they straightened up, speechless with amazement. The indicated dropping-zone was over sixty miles from the area for which they had so furiously briefed themselves. This zone was completely foreign to them. To German dispositions, the underground leaders or the resistance situation in this area, none of them had the slightest clue. Yet they all knew that should they raise a question, their long-awaited departure would again be postponed. Furtively they exchanged a quick look. And though not one word was spoken, OSS Jedburgh Team Alec had decided to take the chance—one of the most dangerous chances any parachutist could take. They would jump blind-

ly into an area, knowing absolutely nothing about it.

The briefing continued in a routine fashion. Captain George Thomson, team leader, and the others were relieved to learn that there would be a reception committee for the arms drop which was to accompany them. At least, there would be someone to receive them! As for the rest, they would work that out when they arrived. The important thing was to get into France.

Such was the fateful departure of Jed Team Alec. Like many things in war—particularly the split-second, deathly dangerous operations of underground agents—plans seldom went perfectly. Before their mission was to be concluded with a magnificent achievement in support of General Patton's sweeping armies, one of the three was to give his life. But rarely would one Allied casualty be exchanged for so many German lives and such a bag of prisoners.

Commanding the mission was a spirited young American who had already seen a large and bitter part of the War. George G. Thomson, six foot, 170-pound, twenty-three-year-old graduate of St. Marks and Harvard, had left his pre-med studies in 1941 to enlist as a private in the historic King's Royal Rifle Corps of the British Army. After eleven months in the ranks, he had been commissioned a second lieu-

tenant and shipped to North Africa, where he participated in the Tunisian campaign as part of the Eighth Army under General Montgomery.

Still with the Tommies, Thomson had gone into Italy in 1943, and for seven bloody months had fought in the Italian campaign as part of the British 10th Corps, at that time attached to the American Fifth Army under General Mark Clark. As platoon leader of an armored reconnaissance-car unit, he had led rugged seventeen-hour patrols daily for as long as three weeks at a stretch in the thick of the winter campaign.

Then, while his regiment was resting, there came a visit from American Brigadier Theodore Roosevelt, who advised Thomson and his fellow-American, Stuart Alsop, that they could be shipped back to North Africa and transfer to the American Army. Both the young officers had long hoped for such an opportunity; and in February, 1944, they left Italy to report to Algiers for transfer. The combined British and American red tape licked them, however, and they grabbed at the chance to join the crack British behind-the-lines parachute unit, the famed SAS (Special Air Service), whose exploits in Africa and North Italy had already earned it a fabulous reputation. The SAS was moving back to England to prepare for the invasion of



*Illustrated  
by John  
McDermott*

# FLANK

The extraordinary story of the OSS mission led by Captain George Thomson, who parachuted into occupied France, organized Maquis who fought a shooting war of their own, and after Patton's breakthrough, provided a fighting screen for his exposed flank.

by LT. COMDR. RICHARD M. KELLY, U.S.N.R.

the Continent, and with it went Thomson and Alsop.

In London they met an American parachutist friend who was with Major General "Wild Bill" Donovan's Office of Strategic Services; and this American told them of the newly formed Jedburghs—an international unit of British-American-French officers and men being formed to parachute to the aid of the resistance movements of occupied Europe. This sounded interesting. Both Alsop and Thomson promptly joined the Jedburghs, and took up the highly specialized training for the dangerous work ahead.

JED teams usually had a British or American officer, a French officer and an enlisted radioman. Thomson was fortunate in the choice of his partners. His Frenchman was André Bordes, a lieutenant in the Regular French Army who had transferred from North Africa to volunteer for an underground mission. Twenty-three years old, short and husky, he was a tough and well-disciplined officer. For a radioman, Thomson chose twenty-year-old Sergeant John White of Cambridge, Massachusetts. A former student at M.I.T., he was an excellent radio operator and a rugged soldier. The three became good friends—an invaluable asset to their professional teamwork. Each of them knew that

in the months ahead their ability to work together as a team would mean success of their mission—and their lives.

By early May, Jed Team Alec was ready to go. Their first assignment was to jump into Brittany. Feverishly they studied their maps, memorizing every scrap of available information on their area of operations. Then off they went to London for final briefing and the flight to France. At the airfield that first time came the disheartening news that their reception committee had been mopped up by the Germans.

This first disappointment occurred in mid-June. Three more times they went through the same tense procedure—the detailed briefing on their mission, the cramming of information, the hurried trip to London, which was being plastered with buzz bombs, the elaborate security precautions, and finally the bitter frustration at the airport when the final go-ahead from the Maquis failed to come. It was small wonder that the men of Jed Team Alec refused to be deterred even by the fact that they were to be dropped sixty long miles away from their proper pinpoint. By this time any part of France, provided it was behind the German lines, looked good to them!

The trip was to be made in a virtually unarmed Liberator, and at a

twenty-minute interval another plane was to follow with the bulk of the arms. As they boarded, late in July, at nine p.m., the three Jeds realized woefully that they had no maps for the area—they would have to depend entirely on their reception committee. With luck they would eventually be able to make their way to their proper zone.

Their course passed just south of Cherbourg, which was then being assaulted by American troops. A tremendous barrage of anti-aircraft shells greeted them at the coast, but the sturdy plane sailed along without a hitch. Once over France, the men had an added job to do—and this helped take their minds off the very real danger of German night-fighters, which would have made short work of their practically defenseless plane.

This job was the dropping of leaflets over French towns and cities. The leaflets were addressed to both the French, promising them imminent liberation, and to the Germans, who were warned that Allied might would soon crush their armies. This propaganda-distribution was a welcome diversion, save for the fact that ack-ack announced their appearance over every populated dropping-point. More than once it seemed to the Jeds as though they would have to make a premature jump, and it was with incal-

culable relief that they heard the pilot finally announce that they were crossing the Loire River and would soon be at the pinpoint.

Thomson and the others peered out into the bright moonlight. All they could see was thick woods below. With the help of the dispatcher they got into their chutes and carefully checked the static line to which their rip-cords were attached. Everything was made ready, and then they spotted the lights—three flickering fires in a tiny clearing. The supplies were dropped; then the plane circled for another pass. The dispatcher ordered "Action Stations."

They were to jump when the light on the signal panel changed to green.

ALL three lined up facing the open blister hatch. Suddenly the green light flashed, and "Whitey" disappeared through the hole. Seconds later, André went out; then Thomson plunged into the night. The strain of the trip and his apprehensions over what might await them below had left him almost without feeling. His first recognizable sensation was delight at finally being out of the plane; then a sense of relief as he heard the sharp snap of the opening chute and found himself dropping swiftly through the moonlight.

Below him loomed dark and formidable-looking pine trees. Immediately he realized that he was well off from the field, and was heading directly for the dangerous forest. By working his shroud-lines, he managed to avoid the tallest of the trees, but hitting the clearing was hopeless. A few seconds later he crashed into a medium-sized tree, and dropped heavily through the branches. A few yards from the earth his chute caught, and quickly releasing his harness, he dropped deftly to the ground—landing on a bicycle resting against the tree.

Thomson recalls vividly the scene that greeted his first appearance on French soil. "I heard French voices from the direction of the clearing, and started toward the fires. Halfway there, a Frenchman wearing a beret

ran up and embraced me. I told him I was an American, and he greeted me very emotionally. When I reached the center of the clearing, I found that Whitey had landed almost on the middle fire. André had landed safely in the trees on the opposite side of the dropping-zone. It was a fine feeling to know we were all there safely.

"I asked for the leader of the group, and suddenly was approached by one of the most extraordinary characters I have ever met. He was six feet two, very thin; wore civilian clothes with a large revolver in his pocket, and on his head the dashing beret that seemed uniform. His first words were startling, considering the circumstances.

"*'Vous avez abimé ma bicyclette!'* he announced sternly. 'You have wrecked my bicycle.' Later when I came to realize how precious was any kind of transportation to the Maquis, I could better appreciate his concern. Then, speaking in perfect English, he asked us who we were. When he learned of our mission, his welcome was most heartening. Naturally he had not expected us—our arrival and the arms drop was the greatest lift his tiny Underground had ever had.

"The leader's battle name was 'Colombe', which meant *Dove*, but I later learned that he was really Count Armand de Vogüé, a member of one of the most prominent French families. He was the leader of the entire Underground movement in the center of France, though his actual fighting strength consisted only of a few hundred men hiding in the forests. One of the brothers was a top-ranking civilian leader of the French Underground; another, a French judge, had had to go into hiding after he had sentenced two Germans to death. A third brother had been condemned to death by the Germans for Underground activity, but so great had been the outcry in France that the sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment in Germany. For three years the Count had been leading a life on the run. In all that time, he had had only four nights with his family, visiting them secretly at his chateau.

"All the containers of arms were gathered up, and before dawn we headed deep into the forest to the few huts that were the headquarters for this Maquis band. The containers were dumped into a lake, and the arms distributed among the sixty men in the Count's band. These were the first real arms that had come to them since the fall of France. They had received some explosives, which had been put to good use, but arms were what they really wanted. Their joy convinced me that we would have no difficulty in getting them to fight. Their spirit was superb.

"We had landed at just about the dead center of France, seven miles north of the city of Bourges, a key road, rail and air-communication hub, garrisoned by approximately twenty-two thousand Germans. There were another twenty-five to thirty thousand Germans billeted in the small towns around us over an area of about forty square miles. Several units of battalion and brigade strength were within three to five miles of us—altogether too close for comfort, we Jeds felt, considering our feeble forces. But the French seemed unconcerned, and we soon became accustomed to living practically within speaking-distance of the enemy.

"After a long talk with the Count, it seemed to us that it was really a break that we had been dropped near Bourges. Here was the head of the Resistance Movement for the whole central zone, a critically important area to the Germans. We decided that our mission could do more good here than anywhere else, and so the next morning I radioed our decision to London, advising them of our safe arrival, proposed plans and urgent supply needs. That same evening Headquarters approved my decision, and told us to expect four additional plane-loads of arms that very night. We had been in France less than twenty-four hours and were already in business! All of us, particularly the French, were delighted that things were getting under way so fast. The planes came through on schedule, and with these arms we were able to equip another hundred and twenty men.

"When leaving London, I had been told to contact a certain mysterious 'St. Paul,' whom I was told was the chief Allied agent for central France. I asked the Count about him, and he said that he knew him very well and would take me to him. By great good fortune, however, St. Paul himself arrived at our forest hide-out three days after our drop. He proved to be unquestionably the most amazing man I have ever met. He spoke perfect English, perfect German and perfect French. So well did he speak English, and so familiar was he with our Intelligence organization that for sever-



al weeks I thought he was an English agent.

"It was from the Count that I eventually learned St. Paul's background. A forty-five-year-old French tea-planter, he had lived for years in English colonies. His French wife and eight children lived about thirty miles from Bourges. Five times since the fall of France he had been flown secretly back to England on Intelligence missions, and successfully parachuted back into France each time. Once during his three years of fabulous operations he had been captured by the Gestapo; but the Underground had attacked the jail and liberated him.

"On his way to visit our group, St. Paul had had another fantastic escape. He was riding in a French car, dressed as a French civilian; but in an occupied town he had been recognized by some Germans who had known him when he was their prisoner. The Germans immediately opened fire on him and gave chase. He was finally forced to abandon his car, but made good his escape into the forest under a barrage of German bullets.

"We had a stimulating talk with St. Paul. He impressed me as the perfect agent. Of medium size, stocky, well built, he had no distinguishing features other than the quickest, brightest eyes I have ever seen. I turned over to him twelve million francs which Headquarters had given me for him. He was delighted that we had arrived as we were the first Allied team to enter his huge area. He turned over the whole Bourges zone of about 150 square miles to our direction. This left him free to concentrate on other sections, where he had no assistance.

**T**HE situation in our department was surely ripe for development. The German Gestapo, Military Police and the despised Vichy French Milice were all very active against the local population, and particularly vicious in their efforts to crush the Underground. St. Paul had organized several supply drops of explosives, and other demolition equipment had been received from French sources. With this the Count's men had done considerable sabotage—had blown many bridges across the Loire, mined roads and railroads, and harassed the Germans in other ways. The Germans had retaliated with terrifying atrocities against the local population. Peasants had been shot, their houses burned and hostages taken. One of their special tricks was to send armored trains up and down the railroad, blasting all the houses on either side of the tracks!

"All this had the French seething with a grim desire to strike back. Prior to our arrival this had been largely impossible, save for the sabotage activities. When we arrived, the Count



*"You have wrecked my bicycle," he announced sternly.*

had four small groups of Maquis. These varied from ten to fifty men, their size being kept down by the scarcity of weapons. Just before the invasion, and particularly after it, many volunteers had sought to join the bands, but realizing his lack of arms, the Count had been forced to discourage recruits.

"Prior to our unannounced appearance, the Maquis in this section had thought they had been forgotten. It didn't take long for the word to get around, however, that Americans and arms had arrived. Within two days, hundreds of eager Frenchmen had flocked to our secret headquarters. I had impressed London with the important nature of this area, lying across the main German north-south, east-west communication lines; and we began to receive heavy arms drops almost every night the weather permitted. As soon as these arms arrived, we distributed them and started to build up a fighting force.

"Three days after our drop, we decided to pull our first attack on the Germans. I was anxious to get our shooting war under way, and also wanted to try out our Maquis and see just what they could do with their new weapons. Our first target was a garrison of 150 Germans located in a town about four miles from our camp. Our Intelligence had reported that the enemy was billeted in the town hall,

and that only a few sentries guarded the entrances to the village. From the information it seemed that we could easily gain access to their headquarters for our attack. Obviously the Germans would not expect us, as they had never before been bothered. We took sixty men, split up into three groups. The Count and I each had twenty-five men; and André, who was to create a diversion at one end of the town to facilitate our entrance, took the remaining ten.

"We moved into position in the outskirts about midnight. Soon we heard gunfire from the far side of the town—it was André's men opening up on the two sentries, whom they killed. The sentries on our side immediately raced toward the gunfire, making it possible for the rest of us to move quickly on the German headquarters. When we were within forty yards of the building, we opened up with light machine-guns, rifles, tommy-guns and one grenade-launcher.

"The Germans, already aroused by André's firing, had begun to rush out of the building in various stages of undress, but all of them wore helmets and were armed. As they poured out the front door, our fire took them completely by surprise, and we mowed them down. They soon recovered, however, and began to fire back from positions around the building and the windows on the upper floors. Our grenade-launcher was lucky enough to shoot one right through the window, where it exploded inside with gratifying results. After five minutes I gave the order to retire, and we pulled back to a prearranged rendezvous, then hurried off to the woods. Two of our men had been wounded and had to be left behind. That was one of the hardest things about this type of hit-and-run warfare.

"The next day we received word that fifteen Germans had been killed and twice that number wounded. The Maquis and the local population were terribly excited. It was the first open attack on the Germans since they had occupied the area three years before, and the resistance spirit soared. I was glad things had turned out so well, but was apprehensive of the German reaction.

"It wasn't long in coming. German observation planes from the nearby Bourges airport searched our forest carefully, and the surviving troops in the village exacted a horrible vengeance. They took the Mayor, a highly respected old gentleman, and after torturing him severely, hanged him and hacked his body to pieces with bayonets. Then they threw the mangled corpse behind a wall. They also took several other leading citizens as hostages and locked them in the jail. This retaliation was so bloody and harsh that we decided to change our tactics

for a while and avoid the towns. The killing of just a few Germans was not worth such atrocities in reprisal.

"Instead, our men commenced small nightly ambushes on German convoys. These were very effective, and seldom resulted in any casualties for us. Every day reports would come in from little bands telling of a few Germans killed and a few more trucks destroyed. I imagine these pinpricks were all very annoying to the German command.

"**T**WENTY out of every twenty-four hours André and I were busy. We traveled around extensively, visiting Maquis units, arranging for supply drops and the distribution of arms; training squad leaders in the use of new weapons such as bazookas; organizing an Intelligence system and planning additional operations.

"Adequate and coordinated Intelligence, I immediately realized, was our most pressing need. To my dismay, I discovered that the Count had no information on what was going on in the surrounding areas, and no tactical liaison with other Maquis units. It was imperative to have an extensive Intelligence coverage if we were to have advance information on German convoy moves. With the Count, I immediately recruited 150 agent couriers, who soon began to give us daily reports on the enemy situation.

"Just such a report resulted in a typically successful convoy ambush a few nights later. We received word from Bourges that a big German troop convoy was heading north on its way to Orléans. An immediate attack was planned. We split up into five groups of ten men each, and moved into well-hidden positions as close to the road as possible, at intervals of a mile. Then we lay down to wait. I was in command of the fourth group down the road. Our position was behind a bank only twenty yards from the road. We lay there quietly and the French passed around the inevitable bottle of wine which seemed to be as important as the ammunition for all operations. After a short wait we heard heavy gunfire down the road where our first ambush was located. Our instruction had been for them to wait for the last few trucks before opening up. I later learned that they had attacked the tail of the column, after which the German troops had debarked and fired wildly into the dark after our fleeing men.

"The firing stopped after about half an hour, but a few minutes later it broke out sharply again at the ambush below us. There the same performance was repeated. Our men managed to set a truck on fire, and again exacted casualties—the number unknown, for the Germans always took their dead and wounded with them. Soon the shooting died out below us,

and we all grew a little tense as we heard the trucks start up and head toward our position. While they were still a few hundred yards away, I was startled to hear another sound, the tread of boots on the macadam road. The German soldiers had evidently demounted, and were marching along the flanks of the thoroughly aroused convoy to give it added protection.

"We were now faced with quite a different problem than had been anticipated. I knew that these guards along the flanks would have their guns aimed in our direction—ready to let go at the slightest sound. Regardless of that, I didn't like the idea of pulling back. I decided to carry out our original plans, though I knew we would have to make a fast getaway after our first few volleys.

"My men were armed with grenades and automatic weapons. In a few seconds the head of the column was abreast of us—moving slowly, completely blacked out, and with a dangerous-looking file of armed soldiers pacing along on each side. They were so close we could see and hear them all perfectly. They were in an ugly mood. We lay perfectly still and watched them pass. About fifty trucks passed, and then as the last few rolled by, I gave the word, and we opened up on the guards—twenty-five yards away! I saw a few of them drop, then the rest flopped down and went to work on us. Fortunately, one of our grenades exploded right next to a truck and set it on fire, and the glare lighted up our targets perfectly; but we didn't have much time to take advantage of it, for the whole force of Germans started after us, and we were forced to run for our lives. They chased us for a few hundred yards, but when we hit the brush they called a halt. They did not know the terrain; and as always in that case, they were deathly afraid of going into the woods. Our last ambush party never did get a crack at this beat-up convoy. The Germans had had enough, and picking up all their dead and wounded, they put on top speed and raced away.

"On a smaller scale, this type of operation was going on all over our area from a few days after we arrived until the last German unit had either left or been destroyed.

"**O**N the eighth of August the Germans made their first determined effort to crush our growing Maquis force, which by that time was causing them serious trouble. Our first inkling of serious trouble came that morning. I was sitting in our forest when, without warning, shells began to burst all around us. This was followed almost immediately by machine-gun bursts. I knew we were in for it. At once I gave the order to pack up and head deeper into the woods—an

order which had been anticipated by many of the Maquis.

"I had a whole file of highly secret papers which I knew must be burned. It only took me a few minutes, but it seemed like hours, for the Germans were rapidly closing in on us. Our whole party, consisting of two hundred Maquis, twenty British SAS who had parachuted in to us a few nights before, and the three members of our team, started running down an escape trail which led deeper into the forest. Because of my delay in burning the papers, I was the last in the column, and several times I caught sight of the pursuing Germans.

"**I**T was terribly hot, and we were all weighted down with gear. After running at top speed for a mile or so, we slowed down to a trot, but kept going. Finally the Germans gave up the pursuit, though they occupied our previous campsite. Luckily, they did not discover our hidden arsenal where the surplus arms and ammunition were stored. By nightfall the Germans pulled out of the woods; and undismayed, we returned to our camp the next day. We now knew that the enemy knew where we were and had determined to get us. Furthermore, from nearby garrisons, they could throw nearly fifty thousand troops into the effort. The more active we became, the greater would be the German effort to exterminate us. Our only hope lay in our knowledge of the country, the thick forests and our hit-and-run tactics—with the emphasis on 'run.' Fortunately, the rapidly changing German military situation in France saved us from a major mopping-up which we were powerless to prevent.

"Bourges, seven miles south, was not only the key German center of central France, it was also our most important source of information on German moves and intentions. Some of our very best Intelligence operatives were living in this city of fifty thousand, and I decided it would be well for me to visit them.

"I dressed in an old pair of blue slacks, a blue shirt, a pair of French shoes and, of course, a beret. The Maquis supplied a set of false papers; and these, plus a straggling mustache, were my disguise. I must confess I placed very little faith in it, and didn't feel a bit like the French student I was supposed to be. A .32 pistol in a shoulder holster under my shirt gave me some confidence, but I knew very well that should I be discovered in the city, my chances were one thousand to one. The Germans knew of my presence with the Maquis, and would have given almost anything to catch me.

"Three of the Maquis, one with an old cart, made up the party. We casually walked down the road toward the city and approached the German

guards at the entrance. It was my first real undercover experience, and I was pretty nervous. To my surprise and tremendous relief, the Germans ignored us completely, and we entered the city without being challenged. Then my companions showed me the various German Headquarters—the Army command, the Gestapo, the military police. The streets were filled with German soldiers of all ranks and services, but no one paid us the slightest attention. I began to breathe more easily.

"Our destination was a barber-shop, the back room of which was a Maquis hang-out. After carefully checking for possible German customers, we slipped through into the private room. Here I had an unusual experience in meeting the proprietor and his wife. They had once operated a beauty salon in Jordan Marsh Company in Boston, and to prove it, they eagerly brought out an old copy of the Boston *Transcript* which carried their advertisement.

"On this trip I also met Dr. Pierre Malgras, who I was told was the first surgeon of France. He was the doctor for the Maquis, and for the past four years had also secretly been taking care of injured Allied aviators. His was one of the great stories of the French resistance. From all over central France these shot-down airmen would be spirited to Bourges by the Underground. From here, Dr. Malgras would take them to a clandestine hospital which he had established in a secret room in the cloister of the local Carmelite convent. There he and the nuns would nurse them back to health, and then he would radio to England and arrange for them to be picked up and flown back.

"On my return to our camp, I heard most exciting news: Our informants had reported that the Gestapo in the surrounding towns were packing up and planned to leave for Germany very shortly. This we knew to be a most reliable signal that the Boche would soon be pulling out of France, for the Gestapo were always the first to go. To a man, our Maquis were determined that they should never get home alive. These were the most hated of all the Germans. All of them were very well known, and their unspeakable cruelties had made them marked men.

"A sixty-year-old woman, daughter of a former president of France who looked after us at the Maquis headquarters, was typical in her blazing hatred, and for the usual reason. Following the collapse of France, she had started sabotage operations against the Nazis. In spite of her age, she was unbelievably active, and had personally helped to blow bridges, railroads and other daring operations. In all this she had escaped detection; but one



"As a traitor he suffered an even worse fate than the others."



*"General Patton wanted to know what I could do about protecting his exposed right flank."*

day the Gestapo discovered some hidden arms in her cellar. They took her and tried to make her talk. She refused. They placed her in a torture cubicle so small that she could neither stand upright, sit, kneel or move. Still she refused. Finally they tore all the fingernails off her left hand and threw her out. She came to us, and continued to work with the Resistance.

"Immediately we suspended all other operations and concentrated on getting the Gestapo. Orders went out to all our bands to deploy on the roads outside the towns which the Gestapo were preparing to leave. The group I commanded had a typical experience. We had agents inside the town who kept slipping information to us as we lay hidden along the road. We actually received almost constant couriers reporting on the Gestapo movements. Then they came—in eight stolen French cars. Just as the convoy reached us, every man let go with everything he had. Grenades and bullets smashed into the cars and wrecked all but two of them. The vicious hate of the French was appalling but very understandable. Our party killed ten of the Gestapo and took four terrified prisoners, one of whom was a French Milice. As a traitor he suffered an

even worse fate than the others. All of them were promptly executed. Similar actions took place all over our area, and many an old score was settled in a bloody fashion.

"ON the twelfth of August came news of the highest significance. The Germans had suddenly withdrawn their garrisons from most of the outlying towns. Events to the north, where General Patton had made his historic breakthrough at Saint Lô and was now sweeping east across France, were making themselves felt in our zone. This development called for a complete revision of our tactics. Instead of operating at night, we were now able to work right around the clock. Now we could use transportation to a degree, and come out into the open. Many German units were on the move, and their schedule did not allow time for extended mopping-up operations against the Maquis. They also were less inclined to stop after an ambush and retaliate with atrocities against the civilian population. All these factors, plus the increased strength of our forces—now grown to fifteen hundred—enabled us to commence operating on a really large scale.

"It was now that our Intelligence network really began to pay off. We were constantly receiving news of German moves and taking action against their convoys. This went on day and night. One of the most successful that I remember was an attack on a column of seventy-five horse-drawn vehicles. Our men managed to knock out forty-seven of them, and to all effective purposes practically destroyed the convoy. Our major strategic effort, however, was against the Loire bridges, the Number One target of our mission. Many of them had been blown by the Underground prior to my arrival. It was imperative that we knock out the rest to impede the withdrawal to Germany of the several hundred thousand German troops still in central and southern France.

"Within the next few days our men blew six more bridges. By the fourteenth of August there were only two bridges still standing between Orléans, seventy-five miles to the north, and Nevers, due east of Bourges. The bridge at Nevers was guarded by three thousand SS troops, and we were never able to attack it; but I felt we still had a chance to do something about the remaining bridge at San Cerre, guarded by 150 SS men.



"Our hit-and-run attacks had so disrupted German communications that their Intelligence system had broken down badly. Convoys were still being directed to cross the Loire at places where bridges had already been destroyed. I knew that as soon as the Germans discovered there were only two bridges left, they would heavily reinforce the guards. We had to move fast.

"I TOOK sixty of our best men to do the job. When we arrived at the target early in the afternoon, it looked hopeless. The SS, the toughest troops Hitler had, outnumbered us nearly three to one. Fortunately, their positions were all on the opposite side of the river, but they had set up heavy machine-guns which controlled both approaches, and they were well dug in. Here again our liaison system with neighboring Maquis paid off. We were fortunate in making contact with another Maquis of about two hundred men who were located across the river. We sent them details of our plan, and asked them to engage the SS to divert their attention from our side of the bridge. This they did with a well-executed and determined attack. The Germans turned their full strength away from the bridge to meet the attack coming from the opposite direction.

"As soon as this attack was mounted, my men ran out on the massive concrete bridge, and we started rapidly laying our charges. The Germans realized suddenly what we were about, but it was too late. At considerable cost, the other Maquis kept them occupied, and comparatively few shots were fired in our direction. In half an hour we had the explosives placed and wired. Then with one tremendous explosion, the whole arch disappeared into the river. The Germans now had only one exit from the whole Loire pocket.

"By the fifteenth of August, when the Seventh Army invaded Southern France, General Patton's Third Army had reached Orléans across the Loire to the north. He had pushed so far east, so fast that his whole southern flank was unprotected. There were still a couple of hundred thousand Germans south of the Loire. It occurred to me that General Patton must be rather concerned about what was going on south of the Loire and about his exposed flank. My Intelligence sources had given me a pretty clear picture of the German dispositions in the whole area so I decided to take a chance and drive north to make contact with the Third Army.

"We were desperately in need of more arms and gasoline for our rapidly expanding fleet of cars and trucks. If we could do something for Patton, there was a good likelihood that he

would turn over some of the supplies we needed so badly. The proposed trip involved a seventy-five-mile drive through German territory, but I figured that the possible results were well worth the risk.

"Accordingly, on the night of the sixteenth, I took off in my Citroën with one Maquis bodyguard. I gave orders for a civilian truck to follow and wait for me south of the Loire. The two-and-a-half-hour ride that followed was the wildest I ever hope to take. We started out about midnight and kept going at top speed. The roads were crowded with German convoys, and most of the towns we passed through were occupied by German troops. On one ticklish occasion we raced right through a German convoy, nearly crashing into one of their big trucks. I had put on my uniform and captain's bars, and couldn't help thinking how surprised the Germans would have been to know that an American officer was riding past them that night. We reached the Loire at about three in the morning. We crossed on a little French-operated ferry, and hid out in a farmhouse. I was now in American territory—that is, there at least were Americans about.

"Next morning I went out on the road until I saw what I wanted—a jeep jogging along with a good old American private at the wheel. I flagged him, told him who I was and asked him to take me to Patton's headquarters. Since Headquarters was miles back, he offered instead to take me to the 35th Division, the nearest field headquarters. Once there, I went directly to the divisional G-2 and told him my story. I had no identification—I would have to wait a few hours until he could check up on me. This was a disappointment. I had no time to waste, but there was nothing I could do.

"I was sitting there rather disconsolately, when who should arrive but Major General Manton S. Eddy, former 9th Division commander, whom I had known in England some months before. I jumped up, gave him a fast salute and told him my problem. I discovered he was now commanding the 12th Corps of Patton's Third Army of which the 35th Division was a part. In a few seconds he had me straightened out with the G-2. When he heard my story, he said that I was just the man they were looking for—that General Patton was terribly worried about his southern flank, that he had no information about the situation south of the Loire, and that he felt sure the Third Army would be glad to give me all the help they could.

"After lunching with the 35th Division commander, to whom I gave my information, we drove to General Eddy's 12th Corps headquarters. There I met Major General Gaffey, Patton's

Chief of Staff. He took down my request for bazookas, mortars, heavy machine-guns, ammo, gasoline and medical supplies, and arranged for me to see General Patton next morning.

"My visit with the General was very satisfactory. He was very interested in the news I had, and thanked us for the work we had accomplished, particularly in blowing the Loire bridges. He wanted to know what I could do about protecting his right flank. I said bluntly that I could mobilize seven to eight thousand Maquis for the job if he could supply me with the arms to equip them. He readily agreed to this, wished me good luck—then started talking again of his exposed flank. He and his staff were really worried about that. I told them I didn't think there was much likelihood of the Germans' crossing the river in any great strength, as they seemed to be concentrating on getting back to Germany. But there was a very real danger that a strong fighting patrol might cross the river and raise hell with the Third Army's thinly stretched supply lines.

"BEFORE leaving Third Army, I paid a call at the OSS detachment there. Then, the next night, after my precious arms had been transferred to our truck, which was waiting across the river, we started back. Our return trip was uninterrupted, and with these extra weapons we immediately went to work building our strength up to five thousand Maquis. These we deployed to guard all roads that the Germans would have to travel to harass the Third Army flank. Meanwhile we greatly expanded our continuous convoy attacks.

"On the twenty-third of August, we received some very excellent additional reinforcements. Twenty-five daredevil Frenchmen were dropped in to us with five terrific jeeps. These jeeps had the hitting power of a light tank, plus great speed and maneuverability. Each carried a bazooka, two .50-caliber machine-guns and an air-cooled Vickers .30-caliber machine-gun that could fire 1200 rounds of armor-piercing bullets a minute. The French crews of these jeeps were brave to the point of being reckless. It was now no longer a matter of always lying in ambush. Their idea of a good time was to race down the main street of a German-occupied town with all guns firing. So terrific was their firepower, so unexpected their onslaught, that they had surprisingly few casualties, and their toll of German personnel and vehicles was amazing.

"Several days after these wild men arrived, we decided that the time had come for a definitive action against the Germans. Prior to this, our actions had of necessity been limited to the hit-and-run variety. Now with the

Germans in a state of confusion and their forces continually in a state of flux, we determined to capture a key town and hold it. By now we had plenty of German prisoners, taken in ambushes and attacks on isolated garrisons. We took two of these, put them under a white flag and sent them into the town of Les Aix D'Angillon to deliver the following message to the major commanding the garrison of 150 Germans:

*"You are surrounded by five hundred French with a contingent of thirty jeeps, armed with bazookas and automatic armor-piercing weapons. Will you make an honorable surrender and avoid useless bloodshed?"*

"Meanwhile we deployed our force of fifty-five men—thirty on foot and twenty-five in the five jeeps—on a small hill overlooking the road that led into the town. Fifteen minutes later the two prisoners returned with the refusal of the German commander, who did not believe that he was threatened by any such force. With but a few minutes' delay in order to learn the German dispositions from the prisoners, we started our attack. The main strength of the Germans was concentrated in the town hall, which fronted on a large square where their vehicles were parked. There was only one exit from the square, and it was a narrow one. We split our thirty foot-soldiers into two groups of fifteen men each. I commanded one group, and André, my French partner, took the other. As the jeeps started their run toward the town, our two foot parties started to infiltrate, one from the right and the other from the left.

**W**HEN the jeeps reached the entrance to the village, they put on full steam and raced into the town with all guns blazing. The Germans streamed out of the town hall and tried to get away in their vehicles, but all but two of them were trapped by our slugging jeeps. Most of the Boches then started to run out the rear exit of the town. As these disorganized Germans streamed out, our foot parties were able to kill a few and take a good number prisoner. The remainder succeeded in establishing themselves in a farmhouse at the outskirts of the town. When this happened, I took stock of our situation and discovered we had had one man killed and three others seriously wounded. Two of the Frenchmen in one of the jeeps were also badly wounded when a bazooka shell hit a telegraph wire and bounced back onto their jeep.

"Before André and I had any chance to get under cover on the far side of the town, a machine-gun in the farmhouse just occupied by the Germans

opened up on us. I was standing right next to my French partner when the first burst knocked him to the ground. By some miracle the Spandau missed me as I slammed myself down beside him. The rest of our men likewise threw themselves down, but we had absolutely no protection, and I knew we would have to take cover, or be wiped out. There was no chance to do anything for André. The slugs had pierced his arm and shoulder and penetrated his chest. He was very badly wounded, and could do nothing for



*"A machine-gun opened up on us."*

himself—nor, under the circumstances, could we do anything for him. We had to leave him where he fell. The nearest cover was about seventy yards in the rear, and after yelling encouragement to André, I gave the word for the rest of our people to pull back. Fortunately we made it without many more casualties—the bullets kicking up the dust around us for the whole way back.

"We had no sooner got behind some cover when another group of Germans who had set up a mortar in an orchard began to lay down a barrage on us. It was imperative for us to do something quickly, so I organized our remaining men into two groups, one to eliminate the mortars and the other to storm the farmhouse. Meanwhile the Germans came out of the farmhouse and

dragged André back. We were determined to effect his release, and if possible save his life.

"After an hour of stiff fighting, our two task forces, with splendid help from the jeeps, accomplished our two objectives. When we took the farmhouse, we found that the Germans had given André some first aid, but he was in a critical condition. I ordered the Maquis to call out all the men and boys from the surrounding area to garrison the town and hold it, should the Germans attempt to retake it. Then I took André back to our Maquis doctor. During the engagement we had killed fifteen Germans and captured forty, and the balance who had escaped into the fields eventually gave themselves up.

**T**HE organization of the town's defenses occupied me for a few days, but the German situation was deteriorating so rapidly that it was soon evident that they would not try to come back, and we were able to use our men on other offensive operations. Save for André's critical injury and our few other casualties, the operation was a tremendous success. And this victory brought thousands of additional recruits to our forces.

"By the fifth of September the whole area north of Bourges was cleared of Germans. Many of these were made prisoner, and the balance had been severely harassed in their escape by the aroused and armed Maquis. The city of Bourges itself was still filled with enemy troops, however; but on the sixth day they began to pull out in earnest, and we had a field day up and down their escape routes. Then, on the seventh, as their last contingents hastily withdrew, we entered the city in triumph, to the wild cheers of the celebrating populace. It was a truly memorable occasion.

"I asked for volunteers to repair the airport, and two thousand turned out. Twelve hours later we had the principal runway in working order, and a crew of French machinists standing by to assist Allied aircraft. By a stroke of luck we discovered a huge cache of German aviation gasoline hidden at an outlying German airfield. I had flashed the news about the airfield to base, and we soon began to receive a number of fighters and even some Fortresses that were either damaged or out of gas. It gave us a great thrill to be able to fix these planes up and send them on their way back to the bases in northern France and England. In turn, we weren't forgotten, and we presently began to receive special plane-loads of arms and ammunition from the grateful airmen.

"Although the area north of Bourges was cleared of Germans, there was still a force of some twenty thousand farther to the south which was causing

considerable concern. On the fifteenth of the month a Frenchman from this southern area arrived at my headquarters in Bourges, and reported that the Germans were desirous of surrendering, but under no circumstances would they surrender to the Maquis.

"It was decided that I as the only American officer in the whole area, should go down and see if I could effect the surrender. We were guaranteed safe-conduct, and the next day I was driven to the headquarters of the German commander, Major General Elster. This Prussian was precisely correct in his dealings with me, but he was adamant on the point of surrendering to the American Army. He was not satisfied with me, because I was with the Maquis.

"The surrender situation was stalemated because of his uncompromising attitude on this point. He was naturally afraid that his men would fare badly if they surrendered to the Maquis, because they had been under constant attack on their march from the Biarritz area, and they had retaliated ferociously against the Maquis and the populace along their line of march. Some other OSS men had arrived at my headquarters, and one of these returned to the American lines with the German terms of surrender. He made contact with the commander of the American 80th Division, who sent down a platoon to arrange the details.

"The agreement that was finally made was most unsatisfactory to the Maquis and to all of us who had been working with them. The Germans, whose surrender had been forced by the efforts of the Maquis, were to be permitted to retain their arms and march seventy-five miles north to surrender to the American Army. This infuriated the French, but there was nothing that could be done about it. We arranged for safe passage of the Germans, and the French kept their word. The Germans turned the march into a sort of face-saving triumphal journey, and killed a few more French on the way, which didn't help matters any. Actually, however, this arrangement saved a lot of lives, both German and French, as the Germans were very well equipped and full of bitter hatred for the French.

"This surrender wound up Jed Team Alec's mission. Shortly after that I returned to Paris, leaving my French partner at the hospital in Bourges. For a while he seemed to be coming along very well, but at Christmas-time he was ill again as a result of his wounds, and died."

(Captain Thomson received two Bronze Stars and the Croix de Guerre with Palm for his daring achievement as leader of Jedburgh Mission Alec.)

# My Most Amusing Experience

## Sober Today

MANY years ago I joined the crew of an intercoastal lumber schooner. She was an old wooden vessel, battered and leaky, with seamen who were required by her tight-fisted owners to load and discharge cargo whenever she touched port. For obvious reasons the personnel carried were sub-standard and there scarcely floated a craft whose complement bent the elbow at greater frequency.

One afternoon as we put to sea from a large mill town in the Pacific Northwest the captain stamped angrily through the pilot-house to fling open the logbook and scrawl plainly: "*Mate drunk today.*"

Later, when the chief officer appeared bleary-eyed to stand his watch on the bridge he discovered the skipper's entry. As such an offense, officially stated, would cause him to lose his job if not his "ticket," he accosted the master and pleaded to have the record changed—but to no avail.

At last, sensing that his arguments were useless, he stood gazing unhappily at the setting sun. Suddenly, his face lit up and with a nod and half smile to me he brushed through the wheelhouse and stepping over the coaming into the chartroom entered in the log under the day's heading: "*Today the Captain was sober!*"

Geo. F. Burnley.

## It Wouldn't Work Twice

WE had quite a lot of words for Major F—, and "strictly G.I." was among the more flattering. He was a martinet with a terrible temper and a pair of eyes that could spot an unbuttoned button at fifty paces.

One evening I ran afoul of him in the company street. The situation posed a nice problem in military courtesy. I was coming from the supply-room with the barracks' quota of clean linen draped over my left arm; and I was smoking a cigarette. I couldn't transfer the butt to my left hand, and I couldn't throw it away. So I pinched it between my right thumb and forefinger and saluted the Major.

"Corporal Smith," he said, "you've been with us for some time, haven't you?"

"Yes sir."

"And somewhere along the line, you must have received some instruction in the prescribed form of the salute?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, Corporal," he said, "it seems to have been insufficient. You will report—"

At this moment, luckily, a strange figure passed us. He was wearing fatigues, G.I. shoes, a leather belt, no hat. He didn't even glance our way.

"Hey, soldier!" roared the Major.

The strange figure kept going.

"Hey, you!"

The Major took after him on the dead run and caught up with him.

"You!" he bellowed. The man stopped.

"This," boomed the Major, "is the most flagrant exhibition of discourtesy I've seen in my twenty years of service. Even if you've only been a soldier for ten minutes, you should know better. You *are* a soldier, aren't you?" he added with heavy sarcasm.

"No," said the man.

"What!" The Major went scarlet with fury. "Then where did you get those clothes?"

"Bought 'em in an Army-Navy store," said the man. "I'm a civilian employee—in the garage."

For a moment the Major was speechless. He made sounds which indicated a struggle with his vocabulary.

"Look," said the man: "don't yell at me. That brass doesn't scare me. And next time, ask questions before you make a fool of yourself."

I tore myself away from this fascinating spectacle and moved out of range. I didn't want to be the first G.I. the Major met.

Not long afterward I ran across the man in fatigues in the PX. He recognized me, and joined me in a beer.

"That Major of yours is a beaut, isn't he?" he asked.

I admitted it.

"Guess I'd better keep out of your area," he went on. "That's a good gag, but it won't work twice."

My jaw dropped.

"You mean," I gasped, "you really *are*—"

"Sure!" he grinned. "Pfc. Miller, Company D of the —th. If you get over my way, drop in. Good thing this is a big post!"

H. K. S.

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# Who's Who in this Issue



Photo by Art Streib, L.A.

## William Gilmore Beymer

**M**IGHT as well begin at the beginning. Born, 1881, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Educated, public schools Allegheny and Parnassus (it's true—old maps prove there was such a town), and the Chambersburg Academy and Stanford University—two years. Resigned, voluntarily, to go to New York to become a rich and famous illustrator and marry the girl.

Studied at the Chase Art School under the late Robert Henri, a great painter. So, instead of an illustrator I became a painter. Exhibited "on the line" in the National Academy and in London. No eats in Art, and the girl was still waiting.

So, a trifle desperately, wrote a short story, "The Left-Handed House." Bought by Ridgway of *Everybody's Magazine*, but published in the opening number of Ridgway's Weekly—its only short story. Got in on all the national advertising which launched the new venture, and "arrived" in one jump.

Married the girl. (Still married to her, and still glad of it.) The bride and groom got to New York from California just in time for the opening of the 1907 panic. Come spring, and we ate rice one whole week. Then *Harper's* and the *Century* each bought stories of mine on the same day. Haven't been able to eat rice since.

Invited by Harper's to join the staff and write a series of factual stories of spies of the Civil War, so that Howard Pyle would at last have some Civil War stories to illustrate. (After appearing in the magazine, the stories were published in book form: "On Hazardous Service.") Thus I became an involuntary historian.

Many stories and articles in various magazines until World War I put the Civil War and its specialists up in the attic.

Back to California so that young daughters could grow up in Chamber of Commerce sunshine. Clubs, cars, California—wrote little, sold little, but one swell time. And then the Depression . . . .

Lecturer, University of California, Extension Division, scenario and short-story writing, five seasons, averaged two hundred students a week. City Editor, Associated Press. Technical Adviser in motion pictures, all major studios, American period and historical pictures—preferably Civil War, but "anything since Columbus" (sales talk). Such pictures as "Operator 13," "So Red the Rose," "Spawn of the North," "Allegheny Uprising," "The Remarkable Andrew"—many more.

Then World War II, and back to the attic, because American historical pictures were out for the duration.

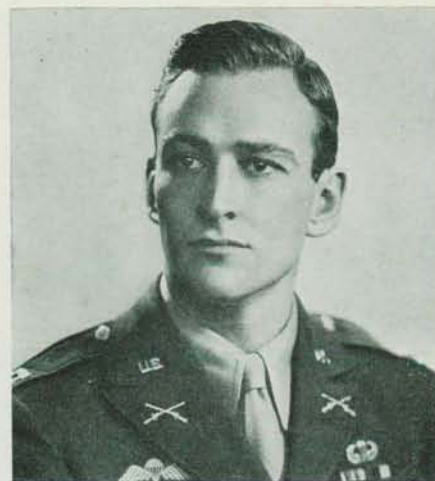
Taught in Army Air Force School until the Government abruptly closed all such civilian-army schools. Then to Lockheed—and all over and under the P38s on the Second Assembly Line—an amazing experience of which I am no end proud.



## William Torode

**B**ORN in Guernsey, Channel Islands, forty-three years ago, I had traveled over most of the globe and held down a variety of jobs before settling down to a writing career.

After three years in the Navy (World War I) and a few more years in the merchant marine as 2nd and 3rd mate of everything from tankers to ocean greyhounds, I wound up in North China as an irrigation engineer. Didn't get much fun, but saved a little money and moved on to Calcutta, with stop-



Captain George Thomson  
(See "Guarding Patton's Flank," p. 62)

overs at Singapore and Rangoon. Tried Mombasa, East Africa, then Lorenzo Marques, where I joined an expedition into Central Madagascar. Five out of twelve white men came out of that mess.

Moved on to South America, and made every dump from Buenos Aires to Rosario on the River Plate, from Valparaiso to Lima on the west coast, as well as a few places up the Amazon. Returned to China, and suddenly discovered I'd passed up the U.S.A. Came in by way of Frisco and hit New York during the noble experiment. Liked the town and decided to hang my hat up. I had learned to play Hawaiian guitar, for my own amusement, and found everyone cr-r-azy about the music. W. G. T. became a musician—of sorts—until the fad wore off.

Met a little girl who decided I should become a writer. Did a little newspaper work, ghost-writing, and hit a big magazine in '42. Played around with radio scripts, did a novel (unpublished), and decided to stay with writing. Couldn't get into the service, so compromised by writing technical instruction books.

Incidentally, I married the girl who wished this writing business on me, and we settled down in Astoria, Long Island. We now have three swell kids, Valerie 9, Barbara 8, Billy 3.

The voyage of the *Marvale* is the result of a trip I made from Calcutta, India, to Dundee, Scotland. I had signed on as quartermaster. My opposite number was a little off the beam. He owned two parrots and would sit for hours conversing with them as if they were people. Used to drive me nuts. I couldn't get the guy out of my system until I'd changed his name to Bowers and bumped him off.

# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1947

MASSACHUSETTS

## GUARDING PATTON'S FLANK

by RICHARD M. KELLY

## SIGNS IN THE SKY

by ANDREW G. CAFFREY

## THE JUSTICE OF AMRU

by H. BEDFORD-JONES

Joel Reeve, Fairfax Downey,  
William Byron Mowery, Georges  
Surdez and many others

# BLUE BOOK

Magazine of Adventure for MEN, by MEN ★ JULY ★ 25 Cents



THESE UNITED STATES...VII—Wisconsin.  
Painted by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Two Complete Novels  
THE LAST LANDING by WILLIAM  
BARRETT... ANOTHER MAN'S  
FACE by WILLIAM BRANDON  
Many short stories; and fact articles  
like WITH THE GREEK UNDERGROUND  
by Richard M. Kelly and THE DOGS OF  
WAR by Fairfax Downey

## Readers' Comment\*

### Keep Alive That Spirit

HAVING read the BLUE BOOK for the first time in the May issue, I can say truthfully that, at last, I have come upon a magazine which has not let the ex-G.I. down. Through your stories, dealing with the exploits of G.I. Joe, you have kept alive that spirit which pervaded during the war years.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I believe that, more than any other magazine, BLUE BOOK is doing a great justice to the ex-servicemen, who are its constant contributors and who make up the greatest majority of its readers.

Fred G. Houle, Jr.

### Let's Not Be Reminded

ABOUT a year ago, while still in the service, I came across a copy of BLUE BOOK for the first time, at a USO.

Since that first introduction I've been a devoted fan.

And there's one important point, I'd like to make. It is one of the few magazines which does not expect its readers to go into contortions to understand the meaning of a sentence. I find no enjoyment in reading if I have to unravel a jungle of verbs, adverbs, and adjectives in every sentence so that they make sense.

I'd like to make two suggestions:

1. Keep the writing as easy to understand as you've done in the past. Keep the sentences short and snappy. Don't burden the poor reader with mile on mile of words that he can understand only after hard study.

2. Stop printing stories of World War II "adventures." Personally, I have and I think many others like me, have seen, felt and heard enough about World War II to last us a lifetime. We can't forget the war—but let's not be reminded of it every time we pick up a magazine for a night of reading.

Harvey Berman

### The Names Are Fiction Too

MR. EDGAR M. WOLCOTT writes that the name of his brother was used for the aeronaut *Professor Wolcott* in Andrew Caffrey's story "High, Wide and Hazardous" in our November, 1946, issue; and that while his brother used crutches and did make balloon ascensions, he most emphatically did not use bad language or chew tobacco.

We are sure that the use of the same name by Mr. Caffrey was an unfortunate inadvertence, and are of course deeply regretful that it should have occurred. As noted elsewhere on this page, the stories and novels in this magazine do not refer to real characters or actual events, but (except for "Stories of Fact and Experience") are fiction and intended as such.

# BLUE BOOK

July, 1947

MAGAZINE

Vol. 85, No. 3

## Two Short Novels

- The Last Landing** By William E. Barrett 114  
*A test pilot takes on a new ship which has already killed two men.*
- Another Man's Face** By William Brandon 130  
*When Sgt. Donohue woke up in a Stateside hospital, everyone called him Colonel Mason—even Mason's fiancée.*

## Eleven Short Stories

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*Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence*

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# With the Greek Underground

THIS FASCINATING RECORD OF OSS ADVENTURE IN 1944 GREECE IS NOT ONLY DEEPLY INTERESTING AS A STORY, BUT MOST TIMELY AND VALUABLE FOR THE LIGHT IT SHEDS ON PRESENT-DAY CONDITIONS IN THAT TROUBLED ANCIENT LAND.

LT. COMDR. RICHARD  
M. KELLY

**C**URRENT American plans to help Greece recall the prominent aid given to the Greek underground during World War II by American missions of the Office of Strategic Services. Such a mission was "Stygia," appropriately named in the best classical tradition. Its principals were two twenty-six-year-old Americans, one a Harvard graduate, the other a Yale man. Throughout the four bloody years of German occupation, Greece was primarily a British area for secret operations; but in 1943 and particularly in 1944, American participation in the Greek Underground through OSS had become more pronounced.

Violent political developments within Greece, where rightist and leftist elements were jockeying for control of the resistance forces, accelerated the OSS influence. British support of the Royalist Government in exile had gained the bitter enmity of the Underground forces in areas which were strongest against the monarchy. Because many of these bands were operating in highly strategic areas, it was essential that Allied missions maintain contact. The tremendous popularity of the Americans who, the Greeks felt, were interested only in operations and intelligence that would speed the liberation and relieve the suffering of the Greek people, made them welcome everywhere.

"Stygia" took place during the decisive year of 1944. Before the danger-



*Taking an Italian hand grenade, he ripped off the tape and jammed it into the stomach of the collaborator. . . . It killed both of them.*

ous, valuable and frequently exciting missions of these two Americans were accomplished, one was to be shot, stripped and left to die by quisling troops; the other was to accompany the first Allied party into Athens on the heels of the retreating Germans.

The name "Stygia" had quite another and thoroughly modern connotation for the members of the team. It was "Situation Tarfu, Yet Going in Anyway." Planned in Cairo, site of Middle East Allied Headquarters, its operational area was the strategic

island of Evvia, known to the ancient Greeks as Eubœa. This long, narrow, sparsely populated island lies close to the eastern coast of central Greece. It was highly important to both the Germans and the Allies. For OSS, its rugged terrain represented an ideal point for the entry of secret agents to central Greece and Thessaly. This aspect made the establishment of a mission there vital to Intelligence operations in a big area of occupied Greece.

For the Germans, Evvia had another and probably more important value.



By 1944, British submarine and air patrols had the Aegean Sea pretty well controlled. Inland, Greek resistance forces made travel by the Athens-Salonika railroad and the few highways extremely hazardous if not impossible. The only "safe" supply and withdrawal route for the Germans was the deep-water channel which separated Evvia from the mainland. This protected passage was very heavily used by the occupying forces. The interruption of this enemy traffic was a major military objective of this new mission.

OSS already had two excellent Greek agents in Athens, one in Volos at the halfway mark on the German "inland waterway;" two at Salonika, the northern terminus. If Stygia could establish itself on Evvia, its radioed reports, coordinated with those of other agents, would enable headquarters to spot the location and speed of enemy convoys along the whole route. With such precise information, British planes from Africa could effectively deal with the German shipping.

**TOM STIX** was chosen by the chief of the OSS Greek desk for the Evvia operation. A graduate of Yale in 1938, and Yale law in 1941, Stix had volunteered for the American Field Service and driven an ambulance for the British Eighth Army in the historic campaigns of the Western Desert. Subsequently he joined the American Army as a private attached to the Middle East command in Cairo. After being promoted to Lieutenant, he tired of his rear-echelon duties and

volunteered for OSS, which accepted him in February of 1944. When the urgent need of an American officer in Evvia was realized at OSS headquarters, Stix was given the assignment.

Some weeks before, a small OSS party headed by Navy Lieutenants John Athens and Dr. Green had made a quick trip through Evvia. Aided by their recommendations, Stix secured shoes and uniforms for one thousand men and loaded up with all the food and medical supplies he could scrounge in Cairo and Alexandria. When he himself saw the acute suffering of the Greek people, he wished those supplies had been multiplied many times over.

The trip to Evvia was to be made in a small motor-driven Greek schooner, one of the fleet of caiques operated by the OSS Maritime Unit that were the principal means of transportation for OSS operations into Greece.

Leaving Alexandria early in May of 1944, Stix headed north to Cyprus. Frequent breakdowns and adverse weather delayed the tiny expedition for several weeks, but they finally arrived at a secret maritime base on the Turkish coast near Smyrna, just across the Aegean from Evvia. Here the OSS lieutenant, though dressed in civilian clothes, nearly met with disaster.

The local Turkish authorities were strictly neutral. The Turkish Army was holding maneuvers in the area, and all roads had been blocked. Ordered to transact some business in Smyrna, Stix went ashore and headed down a country road which he was

told had been cleared for his passage. Out of the darkness came two Turkish soldiers. Since Stix was unable to answer their questions, he was immediately taken into custody at gunpoint, and summarily lodged in the village jail.

**HIS** situation was now serious. He was due to sail for Greece in a few days. Should his presence and suspected identity become known to an unsympathetic Turkish official, grave consequences would certainly result. At the least he would probably be interned, and his important mission aborted before he even reached Greece.

This was a tight spot. He argued with the jailer, busy now jabbering into an ancient telephone. He was getting nowhere; it was obvious that for the most part English fell on deaf ears here. Waving his arms in maddened frustration, he began to shout threats that he would complain to Inonu. At the sound of the name of the Turkish Prime Minister, the jailer wheeled about, startled; and within a few minutes a Lieutenant of the Turkish Army was standing before Stix's cell.

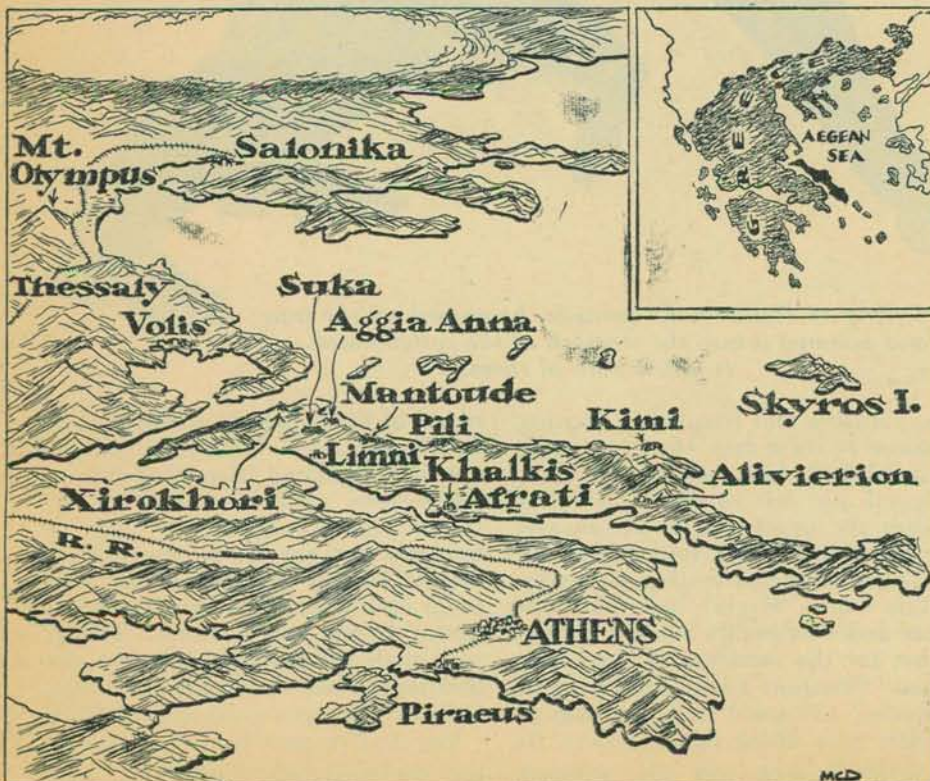
Fortunately the young officer spoke French, and in that language Stix explained his predicament. There followed a few more hours of unintelligible discussions among the Turks, at the end of which the key was turned in the lock and Stix walked out free.

It was now well after midnight. Still sweating at the thought of what he had just escaped, the American started off again in his car for Smyrna. He had gone about five miles when he was forced to pull up by a band of armed Turkish soldiers. "Here we go again," he thought as he climbed from the car, his mind working feverishly for some excuse that would save him from a second imprisonment.

To his intense relief, he soon discovered that this second "arrest" had been ordered by the Chief of Police, who had phoned ahead to express his apologies for the mix-up that had caused the American so much trouble!

Continuing to Smyrna, Stix completed his business, but it was not until he was safely off Turkish soil and back aboard the caique that he could feel completely at ease. After a wait of several days, Stix and his party set sail for Evvia, their only protection from German craft a small machine-gun which was manned throughout the night.

The first stop on the final leg of the long journey was the German-free island of Skyros, which was reached on the afternoon of July 6. Here the party was met by two bearded guerrillas, or "Andartes," as members of the Greek Underground were known. A short time later the official Under-



ground reception committee chugged in aboard a captured motor launch. Heading this group was a spectacular young "Capitano" called Byron. Six feet two, with flowing cape, cartridge bandoleers over each shoulder, and a tommy-gun, he was "political commissar" of the guerrilla regiment on Evvia. Later Stix was to learn that this dashing young man had earned his spurs in the Underground as a member of the assassination unit which liquidated collaborators in Athens. Another official was the "commodore" of the local guerrilla navy. A former worker at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, he now commanded a dozen assorted caiques, and a German patrol boat which had been captured by a group of Andartes who surprised the German crew in swimming and killed them.

STIX'S reaction to their warm greeting is best told in his own words:

"It made me feel good and slightly embarrassed to be so well received, even though I knew it was because I was an American. My whole mission depended on my ability to get along with the ELAS, the military arm of the resistance organization EAM, to which these men belonged. In addition to the two officials, there were ten

other Andartes, all grinning broadly and making gestures of friendship. When I brought out the cigarettes, our welcome was secure. Some of the band were dressed in ragged uniforms, some in civvies. They wore either a fur cap or a beret with the ELAS insignia. Byron had old military boots, but most of their shoes were ragged civilian jobs. Several had rifles, the rest pistols with full cartridge belts around their waists, and one or two extra over their shoulders.

"We all went ashore in a protected little bay where a slaughtered lamb was put on a spit. When it was ready, we sat around on the rocks and gorged ourselves on lamb, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumber and onion. Leafy branches served both as tablecloth and napkins; it was a wonderful meal—especially after the boat.

"We left for the town of Kimassi in Evvia just before midnight and arrived there aboard an Andarte caique at eleven the next day. Here again our reception was very warm, but I was distressed at the poverty of the people, particularly the women and children, most of whom were barefoot and wearing tattered clothes. After a quick meal, we started across the island in an ancient brakeless Ford. I was amazed at the seeming richness of the crops. Byron assured me that this

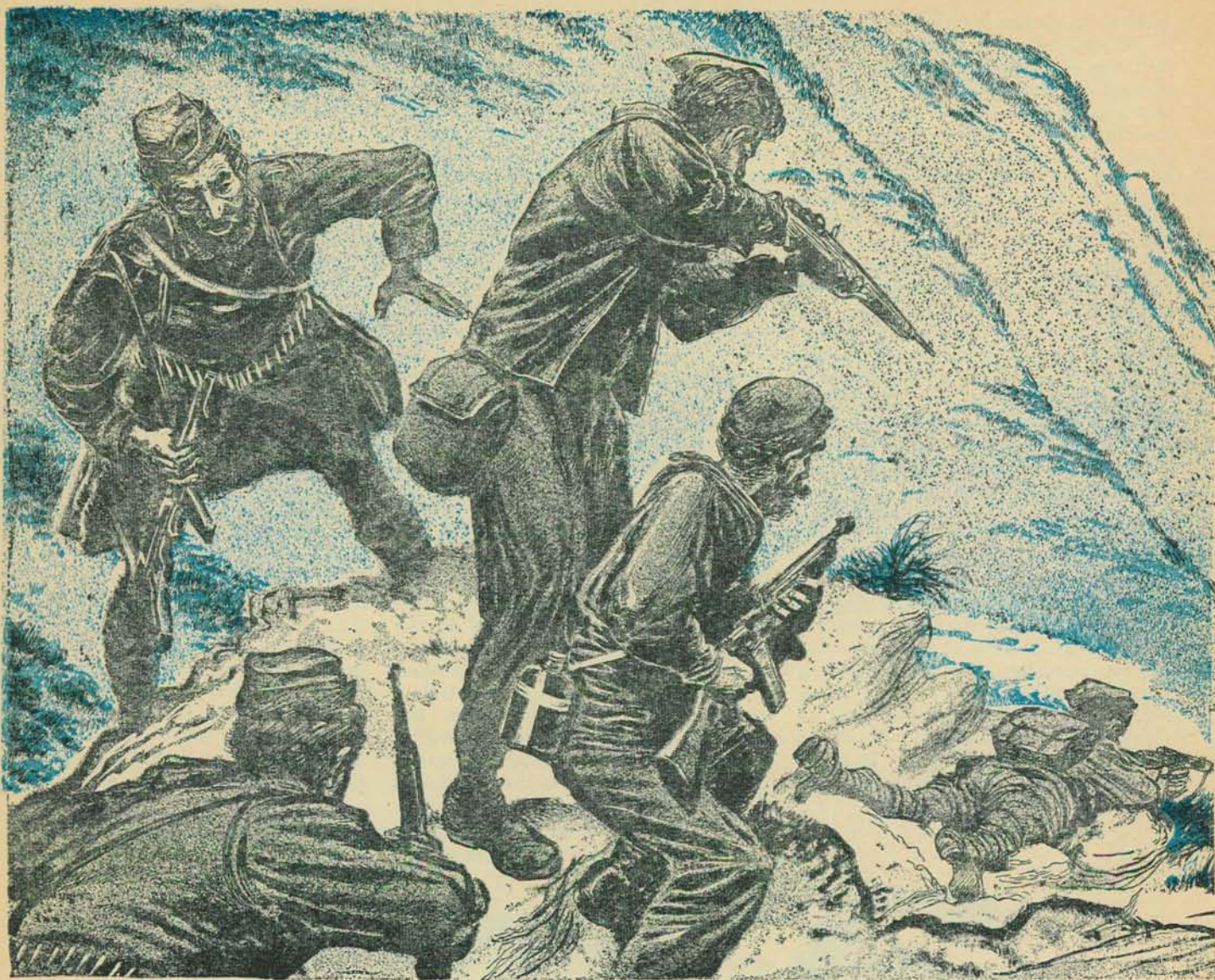
was the most fertile part of the island, and that the harvest was very good. However, they could not count on it, as the Germans usually made a drive at harvest time and took or destroyed almost everything.

"Our first town was Mantoudi; the streets were lined with cheering people who shook my hand and burst into applause as we passed through. Mantoudi was just a warm-up for Limni, a town of about three thousand where the whole population turned out to greet us. American, British, Russian, Greek and EAM flags were prominently displayed. I was hoisted on the shoulders of the crowd, showered with flowers and borne off to the town hall. I was never prouder to be an American, as it was such sincere admiration—but I also felt like a heel at not being able to do more for them.

"About fifty people crowded into the town hall with us, and in the ensuing excitement one Andarte tripped over his rifle and came within inches of eliminating the guest of honor. I met the mayor, the priest and an old duffer who had been in our Navy during the Spanish-American war. After some *ouzo*, their most popular drink, I was led out on the balcony to make a speech. It went over fine, after which they sang their EAM song and yelled for arms. Then I was taken on

*"A burned house is not a pretty sight . . . and when the owner's wife offers you a bunch of flowers, it's pretty hard to take."*





*When the motor column stopped at the obstruction, the Andartes*

a tour of the town to see some German atrocity reprisals. A burned house is not a pretty sight, particularly when the owner explains how he worked for eight years in the U. S. to save up enough to come back and build it. When his wife, standing in the ruins, offers you a small bunch of flowers, it becomes pretty hard to take.

THE next day we left by caique to meet Colonel Lakiotis, the commander of the regiment. We went by sea to avoid German concentrations, and landed in the northern part of the island. After a rough two-hour climb up the mountains, we arrived at the guerrilla headquarters. The Colonel and his staff had been delayed for a day by a skirmish, and now were located in a large field about a quarter of a mile outside a tiny mountain village. He was about forty-five, slightly gray, with a quiet firm manner and a strong intelligent face. His uniform was a simple tunic over an old open shirt with four tattered ribbons. He

wore a cap with a large star, and neither he nor any of his staff carried insignia. Colonel Lakiotis was a regular Greek Army officer and a veteran soldier. He explained that his total strength on the one-hundred-twenty-mile-long island was about fifteen hundred men, who were almost always dispersed in small detachments. His headquarters party and usual tactical unit numbered about a hundred.

"Civilian EAM chief of the island was Zapantis, a former railway union leader who seemed to be very active. He was in charge of the underground administration of the island. The people supported the guerrillas with a small levy on all production. From all I could see, the civilian and military branches worked very well together, and the people seemed solidly behind both.

"Most interesting of the Colonel's party was the doctor, formerly a prominent Athenian obstetrician with his own private hospital. When ELAS was formed, he had given all this up

and escaped to Evvia to help the guerrillas, who were terribly short of doctors. His equipment amounted to a stethoscope, a small medical kit with a few vials of medicine, and an Italian hand grenade. At a town some miles away, the ELAS operated a small forty-bed hospital, where three other doctors and two nurses were stationed. Here they were equipped to give little more than first aid, as they had no instruments, no sulfa, one thermometer, a little iodine and a few ragged bandages. The doctor was pathetically appreciative of the few medical supplies I had begged, borrowed or stolen in Cairo. Immediately he made a special trip to take the bulk of them to his pitiful little hospital. . . .

"German forces on the island were concentrated in a half-dozen main towns, principally in Khalkis, the chief port which was separated from the mainland by a narrow thirty-meter channel. Here there were five to seven hundred Germans and about twelve hundred quisling Greek troops



*Illustrated by  
John McDermott*

*opened fire. . . . Sixty of the enemy were killed, thirty taken prisoners.*

who worked with the Germans. Other garrison detachments were strategically located around the island, mostly in the middle. Total German strength was estimated at close to two thousand, and the combined enemy forces roughly about 4,500. The greater part of the rugged countryside and most of the smaller towns were in guerrilla control most of the time, but the Germans with their better armed and well-trained troops, could pretty much move about at will. I gathered that there was considerable guerrilla anxiety of an imminent German mop-up to seize the harvest.

"To help set up my mission, the regiment supplied me with five guerrillas to act as guards and headquarters personnel. They were an amazing and colorful lot. In charge was a wiry five-foot corporal named Stathi. He was quite a hero among the people, because during the Italian war he had, according to legend, disarmed five hundred Eyties with only a revolver and a bluff. In marked contrast was

Elatos, a full-bearded giant of over six feet. The others were George, an ex-tailor; Vassili, an ex-telephone lineman; Rigas, another bearded tough guy who became our official cook.

"My summary impressions of the situation on the island after two weeks of traveling about were that the morale of the people, and particularly of the guerrillas, was excellent. Death and suffering had become so commonplace that it didn't seem to affect them very much. The food supply seemed adequate to avoid starvation, particularly if they could keep the harvest from the Germans. But of course country people always eat better in the summer when the crops are ripening. Everyone seemed to be down to his last suit or dress. It didn't matter so much in the summer, but in the winter, it must have been terrible. Shoes were the greatest need, and I was very glad I had managed to bring a thousand pair with me. This made a tremendous impression on the people. Most of the women and children

were barefoot and the leading shoe style for those who wore anything on their feet was a piece of an old rubber tire with a goatskin upper. Medicine had disappeared, but the people seemed healthy enough except for a skin disease which had afflicted about a third of the population; the lack of soap was responsible for this. Everyone hoped for a better break after the liberation, and they looked to their great Allies, the people of the United States, to see that they got it.

"July 24, Stathi and I went down to Pili to meet an Andarte caïque which was bringing in a guerrilla general who had come over from the mainland on a survey trip. We had a party that night, and after listening to Greek songs for two hours, I retaliated by teaching the General and his party 'Boola Boola.' (What Harvard song is capable of such international applications?) The next morning the whole camp was singing it like good Yale men, and I was christened 'Lt. Boola.'

"MY talk with General Orestes was most interesting. He was full of stories about Lincoln and his favorite current U. S. authors Upton Sinclair and Pearl Buck (because they write 'about the land and the common people'). Later, during the civil war which broke out in Athens, this same General Orestes commanded the EAM

forces which fought the British and Government troops.

"That night after the party I slept on the dock at Pili. We heard some firing from the direction of Limni, but dismissed it as nothing—probably a routine clash of German and Andarte caïques. The next day the caïque from Smyrna with my interpreter, Spiro, arrived, and we moved back to our base at Prokopion, about six miles inland. The very next night the Germans shelled the Pili dock where we had been sleeping. This attack was completely without warning. The next night we saw rockets and heard shellfire from both Pili and Limni. Pili was six miles from Prokopion on the east side of the island, and Limni was fifteen miles away on the western coast, facing the mainland. When we awoke the next morning the sky was covered with a pall of smoke from forest fires which the shelling had started north of Pili.

"Almost immediately a message arrived from the Andarte regiment instructing our guards to move to a safer place. They were sure now that the Germans had learned the location of the mission and were coming after us. As we had up to this time received no confirmation of German landings along the coast, and we knew the guerrillas had blocked the main road up from Khalkis, I felt we were in no immediate danger, and persuaded Stathi to await developments.

**O**UR headquarters in Prokopion was a summer cottage owned by a British cabinet member, Noel-Baker. It was a very nice place, and had been used by the Italians as a radio station during the Greek-Italian war.

"Later in the morning we received confirmation that the enemy had landed in six places along the coast, among them Pili, Limni and Kimassi. It looked like a pincer movement to cut off the northern part of the island where we were located. Pili was only fifteen minutes by car from Prokopion, and Limni not more than twenty-five. Personally I thought the Germans were much more likely to move north, where there were more crops; but the Andartes were very concerned about our being trapped, and when another urgent message came in from the regiment ordering us to move, Stathi rushed off to organize our escape into the woods.

"We marched all night through the hilly woods and turned in exhausted at dawn. That morning at ten o'clock, one of the most tragic-looking women I had ever seen rushed up to tell us that a detachment of Greek quisling and German troops had just taken away her three children. That was bad enough, but what alarmed us even more was that it had happened less than an hour ago about two miles

from us. This meant that the enemy had fanned out from the Limni-Prokopion-Pili road, and was beating through the woods in our direction.

"Immediately we hid all our heavy equipment in the underbrush and started off on a run toward Pili. With a slight lead, we hoped we could cut across the valley at Pili and escape up the mountain on the other side before the advancing enemy could reach Pili and cut us off.

"Running at top speed, we reached the outskirts of Pili and crossed the quarter-mile valley between it and the sea around eleven A.M. The people were streaming out of the town, carrying everything portable with them. We made it with only a few minutes' margin. Just after entering the underbrush on the far side of the town, we heard machine-gun fire which announced the German entry into Pili.

"For secrecy, the Andartes decided to avoid the paths and head straight up the mountain. This was common practice for goats but a new one for me, and for the first time in my life I didn't think I was going to get there. I started out carrying a musette bag, two dispatch-cases, a gun and some other gear; but before long I was forced to abandon all but the barest essentials. We climbed straight up for five grueling hours. At four in the afternoon, exhausted, we crawled into a small cave and flopped down.

"Our food for eleven (three boys had joined us along the way) consisted of four individual cans of 'C' ration, two herring and a half-loaf of bread. Split eleven ways, it didn't go very far—but water was a much more serious problem than food. Our three canteens were all we had, and it was a broiling hot day. We sent one of the boys back to a spring to fill the canteens, but he got popped at by the Germans for his efforts, and drank one on the way back, so the two had to last us until the next afternoon.

"Early the next morning we started off again to go over the mountain to reach another spring. Although I'd have sworn it was higher than Everest, we finally made it. All that day we passed little knots of townspeople squatting with their children, their goats and what few possessions they could carry. It was just like the movies—except that you couldn't walk out afterward and dismiss it. Late that afternoon we reached the spring. By that time we were all in pretty bad shape. We drank and washed to our hearts' content, and felt so good that the two tiny herring, divided by then fifteen ways, seemed like a meal. Afterward we reclinced the mountain part way to spend the night. It was an eerie one—a nightmare of smoke and hot glow from the forest fire, which by now was completely out of control and well on its way through the woods to

where we'd left all our valuable radio gear and supplies.

"The enemy had stayed in Pili only for a day; but since rumor had it that they knew we were in the vicinity, we had to stay put. The people were taking their plight philosophically. One woman had just learned that her house had been burned. 'It doesn't matter so much now,' she shrugged. 'It's warm, and we can live in the open.' Spiro asked: 'What about next winter?' 'Oh, that's still a long way off,' she replied, 'and lots can happen before then.'

**S**TATHI had been busy, returning the second day after our escape with bread, cheese, corn and wine—our first real food since leaving Prokopion three days before. Late that afternoon the boys rounded up some mules so that we could rescue our belongings before the fire got them (it was less than a quarter of a mile away when we got there), and at nightfall we skirted Pili and followed the mules up the path of 'Everest' until about two A.M. We finally reached a clearing which we decided to make our home until the raid was finished. It was about an hour and a half from Pili, overlooking the sea; and while it was a bit difficult to get accustomed to living at a forty-five-degree angle, we were mighty glad to be there.

"The next day I went down into Pili to inspect the damage. The town was still smoking, and the people were drifting back with a stunned look on their faces—in most cases to find their belongings pillaged or just torn up and destroyed. From what we could gather, there had been about 250 troops that had swept across the island from Limni to Pili. Forty per cent were German, and the rest Greek quislings. The latter had done all the burning and looting and executed two men. The people hated these quislings much more than the Germans—and with good reason, as they seemed to be responsible for the dirtiest work. All told, six houses in the town had been completely burned—only a few roof-tiles and twisted cooking utensils showing that they had ever been lived in. The inhabitants were shoveling up the rubble as if they were cleaning a grate.

"The Andarte regiment had been fooled completely by this German drive. They had concentrated their forces farther south, where they anticipated the main German effort. The Germans had moved both by sea and through the mountains, avoiding the Khalkis road-block, to mop up the island in a coordinated attack. The Andartes had been too weak to stand up to any one German force, but had harried their flanks and isolated detachments. These tactics, though insufficient to save the harvest or pre-



*"He delighted in putting the gas pedal to the floor, then turning excitedly to talk with both hands."*

vent the pillaging, had killed a few of the enemy.

"The German drive petered out after a bad week, and the Andartes asked me to take a trip around to assess the damage. It was a pretty harrowing experience, not only to look at pile after pile of rubble, or seemingly intact houses with nothing but a few shattered sticks of furniture left, but with the whole village following at my heels, men groveling in the burned wheat, which they had just harvested; women stoically showing me a charred family relic, and a few getting hysterical—it was all pretty tough.

"The people all looked to me for help, but there was absolutely nothing that I or anyone else could do for them at the time. On my week's trip around northern Evvia, I personally saw 150 houses that had been completely burned. About half of the remaining houses and all the stores had been thoroughly looted. The village of Suka was ninety-five per cent destroyed, and Rovies ninety per cent. This was a typical example of the ruthless way that the Germans and quisling Greeks warred on the resistance forces."

As soon as the excitement of the enemy attacks had quieted down, Stix was able to concentrate on building up his intelligence operations. Near

Kastaniotissa, on a commanding hill which overlooked the Bay of Volo, he set up a ship-watching station and sent daily reports on the German traffic streaming north. This was tiresome work, with only occasional confirmation of its effectiveness, because air attacks against ships he reported took place farther north. One very satisfying piece of news came through from Cairo after Stix had spotted a good-sized German gunboat: Referring to this message, base advised that the ship had been sunk by British bombers.

He also received several OSS and British missions that were en route to central Greece; he briefed these parties on the latest information he had received from the mainland and supplied them with Andarte escorts to see them safely on their way. No intelligence teams came out of Greece during this period, but a number of pouches full of Intelligence material reached him and were forwarded by caïque to Smyrna and thence to Cairo.

Back at OSS headquarters in Egypt the second American member of "Stygia" was preparing to come in to help Stix. This was twenty-six-year-old John L. Calvocoressi, a civilian from New York who had been serving as intelligence reports officer for Greece. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Harvard, Calvocoressi had been re-

cruited for OSS from the marine insurance business in 1943, and sent overseas for a special mission into Turkey. When this mission fell through, he was transferred to the Greek desk, where he acquired an excellent picture of the situation in the land of his ancestors. Given a chance to get away from desk work, he volunteered to assist Stix and arrived by caïque in Evvia late in August.

Although a civilian, he was ordered to wear the uniform of a first lieutenant for the purpose of his mission. And while of remote Greek origin, he had only a smattering of Greek when he set out for Evvia.

Stix received him with a large Andarte detachment on the coast near Pili and was mighty glad to see him, as his interpreter had deserted without warning a few days before, and the newcomer's slight Greek was a great asset. The interpreter, a doctrinaire Communist, took off without telling anyone, and for a while the Andartes were very upset, suspecting that he might have gone over to the Germans. However, word was later received that he had merely gone to Communist party headquarters.

With the arrival of Calvocoressi, and several new radiomen, the ship-watching work expanded immediately. A former Greek navy radioman



"Not many Americans could write a sign in Greek without far worse errors. . . . The enthusiasm was so catching we were almost as happy as they."

took over the station near Kastaniotissa, and the two Americans moved to central Evvia, where they attached themselves to the Andarte regiment, the major Intelligence source on the island. There was now every indication that the Germans would soon pull out of Greece; the Andartes increased raids and ambushes on guard posts and small patrols with good results.

A major Andarte operation against the Greek quisling troops had taken place just before the Stygia mission was inaugurated. One Liakos, a quisling leader, had set up his headquarters in the town of Xirokhor, which was suddenly attacked by the guerrillas in the night. During the bitter street fighting which followed, one of the Andartes worked his way up to Liakos, and taking an Italian hand grenade, ripped off the tape and jammed it into the stomach of the collaborator. When the grenade detonated, it killed both of them. In recognition of this feat, which forced the withdrawal of the quisling force, the townspeople changed the name of the main square to "Square of April 1."

Toward the end of September the guerrillas received a tip that a German garrison of a hundred men were planning to move by motor convoy down the road from Kimi to Aliveri. Immediately they set up an ambush in a defile, after creating a road-block by felling two trees. When the German column stopped at the obstruction, the Andartes opened up with grenades, tommy-guns, rifles and pistols. In a fierce brief fight, sixty of the enemy were killed and thirty were taken prisoner. Calvocoressi saw the prisoners later. They were billeted in a schoolhouse, and their commanding officer, who spoke English, complained to the American that he and his men were entitled to blankets under the Geneva conventions. Calvo knew that German troops from this same detachment had recently burned and looted this particular town, taking all the blankets and other valuables with them. It gave him great pleasure to assure the German that he was lucky to be still alive, and inasmuch as he, an American, was leaving town immediately, he had his doubts as to whether the Greeks would let the Germans live much longer. He never did learn what happened to this particular lot of the enemy. . . .

Three weeks after Calvo arrived, the chief of the OSS Greek intelligence desk reached Evvia, anxious to take off at the earliest possible moment for Athens, the evacuation of which was considered imminent. An indication that things were due to break soon came when the Germans suddenly pulled out of southern Evvia. Stix and the OSS official bade good-bye to Calvocoressi, leaving him to take over the ship-spotting and general intelli-

gence work of Stygia Mission, and left for southern Evvia. Here they participated in the tumultuous liberation of several evacuated towns and gathered intelligence on relief needs as they awaited the chance for the dash to the Greek capital. On October eleventh, acting on information that the opposite shore of central Greece had been cleared of Germans, they took off at midnight in an Andarte caïque, landed on the mainland about twenty miles east of Athens, and made their way to a "safe" monastery, where they were put up for the night.

THE exciting events that followed are vividly described by Stix: "The next morning we awoke in the spick-and-span little monastery perched on a lonely mountainside, to find ourselves surrounded by a cheering throng of about five hundred yelling for 'The Americans.' God alone knows where they came from or how they got there, but by this time we'd become accustomed to being public figures, and even though it was before breakfast, we took it in our stride. As we opened the door, we were mobbed, lifted onto the shoulders of the crowd, pelted with flowers, kissed, cheered and sung to—and finally crowned with laurel. What a thrill it was! When the Germans left, the people were so shell-shocked from four years of terror and hunger that they could hardly believe it was over. Our arrival was tangible evidence of their liberation and the signal to let off steam. The cheers and laughter came from the heart, and the broadest smiles were usually accompanied by tear-filled eyes. We too were happy—and a bit choked up.

"After a brief respite our chariot drove up—a 1934 Chevy touring car embellished with American flags, and with a 'Jimmy Durante' at the helm. He delighted in putting the gas pedal down to the floor and then turning around excitedly to talk to us with one or both hands. The telephone wires were down, but the grapevine was working—and the road was lined with people cheering and throwing flowers, grapes, olive branches and anything else they could lay their hands on. We were literally buried in flowers, and had to stop to clear off the hood so we could see—being welcomed with a pomegranate at 30 m.p.h. was no fun; one poor old woman, seeing us coming, and not having time to get anything to give us, whisked off her apron and spread it on the road, à la Sir Walter Raleigh, so that we would drive over it. The towns were bedlam. In one the crowd ripped off the top; in another the gang on the car broke a spring—but nobody cared.

"Around noon we reached a German road-block and check-point at a gasoline station in the outskirts of Athens. We came to a stop at the block

which had a zigzag opening for a single car. A Greek came out of the gas station, and we asked him if the city was clear of the enemy. He replied that it was, but that there was a German detachment in the building across the street. Immediately we gave our car the gas and raced through the block into the city. We learned how lucky we had been when our jeeps arrived the next day. As they approached the same check-point, they were warned by some Greeks that the Germans had heard of our going through twenty hours earlier and had set up a machine-gun which narrowly missed getting our jeep party. They just had sufficient warning to wheel about and take a detour which brought them into Athens by a different and safer route.

"One of our party had lived in Athens before, and guided us to the house of an elderly American who had lived through the occupation. He was tickled pink to see us, and soon made us at home. He had a large, stately house, full of books and pictures, and all the little material comforts I'd been longing for all summer. That night we were too exhausted physically and emotionally to do much more than hit the hay, but early the next morning we clambered up on the roof to see the city—and a beautiful one it is, with ancient and the ultra-modern blending into mountains and sea.

"To our surprise, we discovered we were the first Allied 'troops' to arrive; and as a matter of fact, the British didn't turn up for another thirty-six hours. We knew if we stuck our noses out in uniform we'd be mobbed, so we borrowed some ill-fitting 'civvies' and sneaked out the back door. What a sight the city was! There were local and Allied flags everywhere—with triumphal arches at every other corner, and signs painted on every building, many of them in English, 'WELCOME our Allice,' 'Hoorah Brothers,' 'The Jitterbugs of Athens give welcome to the Yankees,' 'Well, you came,' but our favorite was the large one: 'Welcome Worlts Savvers.' Not many Americans could write a sign in Greek without far worse errors.

"Downtown tens of thousands of people were milling around, yelling their party slogans, singing songs and starting impromptu parades. Impartially, and unobtrusively, we joined them all, and the enthusiasm was so catching that we were almost as happy as they were. That afternoon we took a walk—I couldn't wait—to the Acropolis. It is one of the few pieces of history that has lost none of its beauty—and we saw it just at sunset, its white columns tinted orange, and the hills surrounding it turning a dull purple.

"Sleep was practically impossible. The church-bells rang all night, and every hour a megaphoned town-crier

would bellow the latest news. The next day, the 'left' organized a monster parade. It was impossible to get anywhere near the square, but when I discreetly told the cop I was an American, he whisked me off to the balcony of a Government building and a perfect view!

"It was more of the same when some truckloads of British troops arrived—and in a flash were torn off their cars and borne away by the crowd. Lacking our preliminary experiences, they looked incredulous while, from safety, we roared and spurred the crowd on. But our anonymity wasn't to last long. We were quietly eating lunch when all hell broke loose outside our door. Our jeeps had arrived, trailed by half the city. Finally we had to make balcony appearances and speeches until we were hoarse, and the crowd began to melt away from sheer exhaustion. The celebration went on continuously for four days and nights—and God knows, the people certainly had it coming to them! It wasn't only hunger, cold, lack of clothing, or even physical tortures, of which I saw gruesome evidences at S.S. Headquarters, but the mental torture of not knowing when your family left in the morning how many would return that night, which had driven people almost insane.

"The city, like most newly liberated ones, presented enormous contrasts. The first night a couple of us walked into the bar of a big hotel. Kiddingly I said, 'I'll have a Scotch and soda, and a ham and Swiss,' and I almost fell over when the bartender said, 'Yes sir,' and produced! Next day we went out for lunch and washed down *hors d'oeuvres*, steak and trimmings, with Lowenbrau Münchner (the real thing!) and our bill was \$24. But that's only one very small side of the picture.

"Try to imagine New York with no light, gas or water, no telephones or streetcars; nine out of ten shops closed and empty; and the dollar bill worth about three for a penny. In addition, all railroads, shipping and factories at a standstill. Within a few days the essential services were working in various degrees, but as the Germans looted everything from kitchenware to rolling stock, it clearly was going to be a superhuman job to get the wheels turning again."

FOLLOWING Stix's departure with the OSS party for Athens, Calvo-coressi found himself still fighting the war in central Evvia. As the Germans and quisling troops pulled in from their northern and southern outposts to concentrate their activities at Khalkis, and the Germans in southern Greece began to move north in earnest, his Intelligence work increased tremendously. As he recalls it: "I was anxious to get closer to the



scene of action, so I moved my radio base to a small mountain village about seven miles inland from Khalkis. This location gave me perfect observation of all German ship movements, as the channel at Khalkis was only thirty meters wide. So rapid was the tide at this point that vessels could only pass through at certain hours. Every day now there would be ships anchored waiting for the tide, and every radio schedule carried juicy targets.

"One morning we sent an urgent message that a large concentration of twenty ships was anchored at Khalkis awaiting a favorable tide to head north. We repeated this target at our noon contact, and waited anxiously for something to happen. About two o'clock the German anti-aircraft guns opened up—Cairo was on the ball, and the Air Force had arrived. The bombing on this particular afternoon sank twelve German vessels, all of which were loaded down with either troops or supplies. It was the biggest single military success of Stygia Mission, and gave us all a tremendous thrill.

ON October 13th I received news that Athens, about a hundred miles to the south, had been evacuated by the Germans. Our own situation on Evvia was rapidly reaching a climax, as the Andartes mobilized every available man and shifted over to open warfare. Several detachments of quisling troops, deserted by the Germans, had been surrounded. I realized that Khalkis would soon be evacuated, and felt that, as an American, I might be able to effect the surrender of the surrounded quisling units without further bloodshed. To achieve this, and for general Intelligence purposes, I wanted to move as close as possible to Khalkis; but the Andartes, who seemed to have their own ideas on dealing with the quisling Greeks, wanted to keep me back.

"My plan was to set up a lookout in an old Venetian watchtower located on the coast midway between Khalkis and Aliveri, a town six miles to the south. The Andartes had the quisling detachments in both of these towns surrounded, and felt that the place I had picked would be too dangerous. They urged me to locate at the abandoned magnesite mine near Afrati, about five miles inland from Khalkis. Reluctantly I agreed, and moved my party of two radio operators and three guerrillas into the mine manager's house, and continued to operate from our radio station there. On the morning of October 17th, I started out with one guerrilla for Aliveri, as I was anxious to check up on the developments on that front, and if possible persuade the surrounded quislings to surrender.

"I was wearing my usual disguise—a first lieutenant's uniform with an

American flag shoulder patch on my field jacket. I had a carbine slung over my shoulder; and Christos, the guerrilla who accompanied me, carried a rifle. We had barely gone twenty-five yards from our door when I heard a lot of shooting, and immediately afterward a straggling band of about two hundred men came running over the crest of a ridge one hundred and fifty yards ahead of us. At first sight we could not tell from their ragged appearance whether or not they were Andartes. As they caught sight of us, several of them began to fire in our direction, and Christos yelled to me that they were the Greek quisling troops.

"By now we were too far out in the open to make a run for it, as they were coming rapidly toward us. Hoping to divert their attention from our radio, and if possible to persuade them to surrender, I called out to them in Greek saying that I was an American officer and wished to parley with them. They stopped firing at us, and some one called out ordering us to advance. I continued walking slowly toward them, with Christos anxiously following a little to the rear.

"When I was about fifty yards from them, I heard a single shot and at the same instant I was conscious of a terrific blow on my left side and was knocked off my feet. As I hit the ground, I noticed a shallow hole a little to the left, and immediately I rolled myself over into it. The sides of this hole were only about eight inches high, but it was the only available cover and looked mighty good at the time. I saw no more of Christos, and later learned he got away safely.

"Lying on my back, I opened my shirt and discovered a small hole in my left side just below the heart, and a somewhat larger hole where the bullet came out through my right chest. There was very little blood, and my first reaction was that I couldn't be so badly off with such small holes, but immediately I began to feel very weak and my mouth filled with blood.

"I had barely finished this quick inspection of my wounds when about twenty of the quislings crowded around me, shouting and screaming threats and curses. Several of them began to beat me about the head with their rifle-butts, and at the same time others roughly ripped off my clothes. They stripped me of everything except my shorts and wedding band. From the skill and speed with which they despoiled me, it was obvious that most of them had had years of experience rolling victims in dark alleys.

"The officer who seemed to be in charge kept shrieking that I was a ——— Bulgarian. The official position of the quisling 'Security Battalions' was that, although organized

by the Germans, they were patriots, not collaborators, with the sole mission of fighting Communists and Bulgarians. They also claimed to love the Allies—particularly at this time. I tried to explain that I was an American officer, and pointed to my dog-tag, but I couldn't convince him. This made me mad as hell, and weak as I was, I yelled that I damn' well was an American. After a while he began to have his doubts, and I sensed that he figured maybe they had made a mistake in shooting me. He decided to take me to Khalkis and ordered his men to get a mule. Several of them rushed off, but I knew there were no mules within miles, and a few minutes later came back and tried to make me get up and walk. I was too weak even to sit up, let alone walk five miles, and told them so. They dragged me along the ground for a bit, which didn't help matters any, and then threw me down in some heather and took off. I surmised that they were the quisling troops who had been surrounded in Aliveri and had broken through the Andarte lines.

"I lay there alone in the heather for about half an hour. It was hot—flies kept buzzing around my wounds, and I kept getting weaker and weaker. Finally a couple of women passed near me on their way to inspect the houses. I called out weakly to them, and they walked over and looked at me. The younger of the two said: 'Let's not get mixed up in this!' But her companion said: '*Inai Christiano*—he's a fellow human—we should help him.'

"They tried to pick me up and walk me toward one of the houses, but I was too weak to move and told them to get some of their menfolk to carry me. About ten minutes later two men came, carrying a bed. They took me to a small house. When they put me down and washed my face, the people crowded around and several recognized me. They began to curse. 'Those ——— have killed our Lt. John!'—which didn't make me feel any better. By now I was in very great pain. Terrific spasms racked my back. I tried to take sulfa pills with water, but threw it up. I could breathe in but not out, and it was very painful.

I LAY in the little house for six hours. After a while my radiomen and Andartes arrived. I was glad to know that none of them had been captured and that for some lucky reason, probably the excitement of my shooting, none of our radio equipment had been discovered by the quislings: My crew had jumped out the rear window of our house. One big slow-moving fellow had tripped on the window sill and knocked himself cold. He came to two hours later, having lain unconscious in the back yard during the whole uproar.



*"Seconds later I was surrounded by quisling troops, who began to yell at me and beat me."*

"The Andartes managed to round up a doctor after six hours. He was a capable fellow whom I knew very well. Fortunately, he still had some sulfa drugs, plasma and glucose which I had given him when I arrived in Evvia. He gave me both plasma and glucose and two hours later he rounded up some morphine which I needed very badly.

"This Dr. Karlatiras had had his house burned for having been host to Athens and Green; and after liberation he was imprisoned by the Greek Government because of his connection with EAM.

"Sometime that evening an old distinguished-looking doctor arrived from Khalkis. The quisling leader had evidently decided to cover up as best he could and sent the town's best physician. He came into the room, looked at me for a minute, then looked at my guerrilla doctor and shook his head most expressively. Then he leaned over and rolled up my eyelids. I had only seen this done before in the movies just before some one died, so I began to feel as if my own time had come. Then after once again shaking his head very gravely, to top it all off, he leaned over, kissed me on the forehead, and left without saying a word. To say the very least, he certainly added no boost to my morale.

"My radiomen had meantime got a message through to base which was picked up by the Stix party in Athens. They rushed up—John Fatseas, a New York Greek-American, another doctor, a nurse, all kinds of supplies. For two weeks I was too ill to be moved from the little house in Afrati. Meantime Fatseas parleyed with the quisling troops in Khalkis and obtained their surrender. Possibly as part of the terms of surrender, the quisling chief sent me back all the clothing and other property which had been taken from me when I was shot.

"Vassili, one of my guerrillas from Evvia, who later visited me while I was in hospital, assured me that they had caught the fellow who shot me and taken 'proper' care of him.

"I was then taken by British ambulance to Khalkis, and the next day they drove me to Athens, where I spent a month in the Evangelismos hospital. The Germans had stripped this hospital so thoroughly that there wasn't even a patch of gauze to change the dressings on my wounds.

"I was discharged from this hospital a day before the tragic civil war broke out in December 1944. A week after I left, bloody battles were raging through the wards.

"Three days after the civil war broke out, I left by plane for home.

Bullets were flying all around the city and, being by now very gun-shy myself, I was glad to get out.

**L**T. STIX was in Athens throughout the civil war and the difficult period that immediately followed. Later he received the Combat Bronze Star for achievements on Stygia Mission. Calvocoressi returned to the United States, and was given sick leave and a flattering commendation from General Donovan's Intelligence Chief. The Chief Surgeon of OSS advised him that his health was so bad he had better go out to Arizona and take life easy if he expected to recover fully. Because he was still a civilian and we were still at war, Calvocoressi was advised to volunteer for the Army with the assurance that he would certainly be declared 4F because of his wounds. Three months later he was going through basic training as an infantryman. Paradoxically enough, while a trainee he was awarded the Purple Heart for his civilian exploits. Later, he went to OCS and was commissioned in the Transportation Corps.

On being separated from the Army in 1946, he entered the theater business, and, after spending some months at the Rivoli on Broadway, now manages the Jackson Theater in Jackson Heights, Long Island.

# Who's Who *in this* Issue



*Norman A. Fox*

I WAS born in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, on May 26, 1911. In 1917 my Canadian parents set out for Alberta to make a million dollars at wheat-farming, drifted into Montana, fell short of the million dollars by about six digits, and eventually settled in Great Falls, which I claim as my home town.

The summers of my boyhood were always spent on the N-Bar-X cattle-ranch of an uncle, the late Harry Longman, another transplanted Ontario man; and on this ranch, close up under the Alberta border, I accumulated a few saddle sores, ate the dust of the drag when cattle were moved to market, smelled the stench of the branding corral, and found a fund of Western lore which has stood me in good stead since.

After finding myself a square peg in various round holes, finally turned to fiction-writing, and began making print appearances in 1937. Ten books published in the United States and Great Britain, and short-story appearances in over thirty fiction magazines.

My hobby is traveling, and this I share with my wife, another transplanted Canuck whose grandpappy shouldered a rifle in the Riel Rebellion, and still has the rifle to prove it.

## *John MacDonald*

AGE thirty, born in Sharon, Pennsylvania, attended public schools, Univ. of Pennsylvania and Syracuse University. Went to Harvard Graduate School of Business with idea of eventually becoming a BTO in the business world. Couple of years later, in Aug. of '40, the Army hooked me and kept me in until January of '46. Better than two years overseas with Ordnance and OSS. Lost me a lot of time. Decided to try a life *sans* work, and began writing, basing hopes on a story my wife sold for me while I was away.

Four months—no sales. Discovered I had undervalued the amount of effort I had to put in. Finally began to click in a small way, and the venture has now supported us and our eight-year-old for a year or so.

Dorothy says it is like being married to a pro gambler. We keep a tin cup in reserve, and an option on a good street-corner.

Hitting this here now book ("The Pendans Box," page 36) is one of the targets aimed at during the last year. Note: I am not, repeat, *not* working on a great American novel.



*Russell L. Harris*

AS it must to all men, life came to Russell Harris—at Little Rock, in the State of Arkansas on the 15th of February in the year 1919. There he spent his infancy, childhood and adolescence in the routine manner, his only distinction being that he wore shorts instead of knickers. This involved him in a number of unavoidable fights.

Came college age, and he journeyed north to South Bend, Indiana, where he attended the University of Notre Dame, studying engineering. After two years, Europe beckoned, and Harris enjoyed a year of study and travel in Italy, France and Germany.

In June of 1941 Harris took his degree in English at Notre Dame. Two weeks later he entered Midshipman's School at Northwestern University. That fall he went to Panama, a polished reserve ensign. After sixteen months of patrol work, he was returned to the States, given command of a submarine-chaser, and operated in the Atlantic until the end of the war. Lt. Comdr. Harris is currently at the Navy Department in Washington, collaborating on a historical series "Battle Report"—the story of the Navy's part in World War II.



OSS officers of "With the 1944 Greek Underground" (see page 91) At right: John Calvocoressi (3rd from left, rear) with his headquarters staff of OSS mission. At left: Lt. Stix with Greek girl guerrillas.



# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE for JULY, 1947

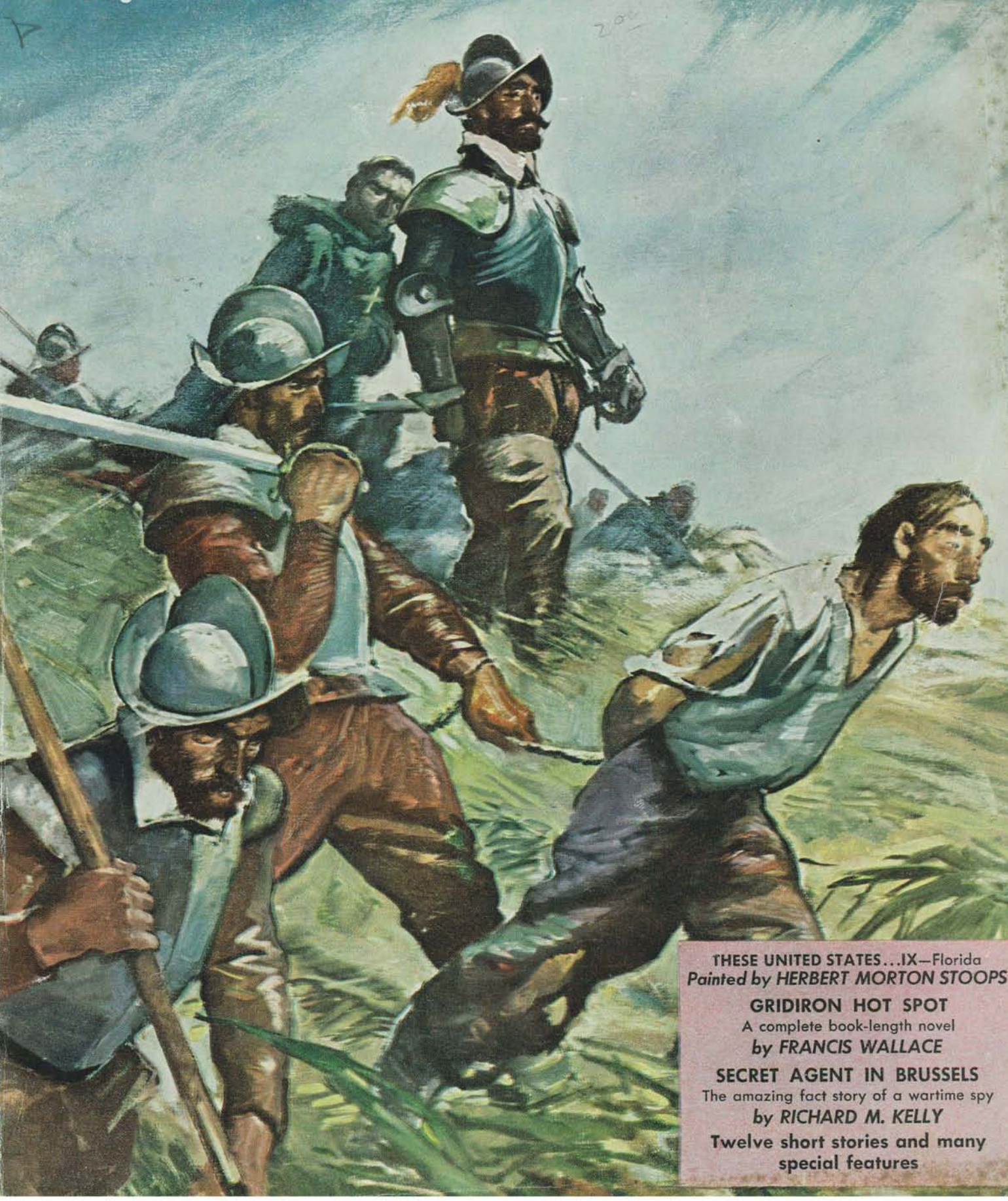


ELEVEN SHORT STORIES, INCLUDING:

WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN,  
by JOEL REEVE... AN OUNCE OF  
PREVENTION, by GEORGES SURDEZ  
... RICHELIEU RAIDS A TOMB, by  
H. BEDFORD-JONES... and others by  
WILBUR PEACOCK, NORMAN FOX  
BILL ADAMS, RAYMOND SPEARS and  
ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

# BLUE BOOK

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The amazing fact story of a wartime spy  
by RICHARD M. KELLY

Twelve short stories and many  
special features

## Readers' Comment\*

### About War Stories

IN regard to the letter about World War II stories, I have a suggestion to make: that the writer should read and scrutinize the front page of BLUE BOOK better. "Magazine of Adventure for men, by men."

I don't know where he was nor how long he was in the service that he had rather forget the war; but I served three years in the Pacific in submarine duty, kinda hazardous; and I am proud of what I did and also of what others did, and want to remember; and I believe that the majority of the guys feel just as I do. I like reading of the exploits of other submariners, sailors, infantrymen and especially the OSS stories by Commander Kelly.

I lost plenty of my buddies in different services, and had some narrow ones myself; but to say that we should forget the guys that died and the experiences we went through would be egotistical and full of self-pity.

Here's hoping you will have more and just as good stories in the future. How about slipping in more stories of submarines? I'd like to know what happened to some of my buddies.

Gerald N. Merwin.

### From an Eye Specialist

I WANT to compliment you upon having intelligence enough not to print the good stories of the BLUE BOOK on the highly glazed, irritating, blinding paper used by most so-called high-class magazines. The paper you use is soft, restful, and soothing to the organ of vision. When reading the BLUE BOOK one can enjoy its contents fully without having his attention diverted to his eyes.

Probably if one evaluates his literature by the amount of glare given off by the paper—well, for him that is as good a way as any.

J. J. Horton, M.D.

### From a Western Clergyman

A FEW nights ago, a young man rooming in the parsonage presented me with my first issue of BLUE BOOK. I believe it to be the finest magazine of its class I have had the pleasure of reading.

I am sure that I would never have bothered to read the magazine had not my eye caught your special feature—"These United States." It was a fine piece of work and well handled.

It is my belief that the continued use of such material will not only give BLUE BOOK a fine balance but will assure it of a type of reader of which it can justly be proud.

Louis B. Gerhardt.

# BLUE BOOK

September, 1947

MAGAZINE

Vol. 85, No. 5

## A Complete Book-Length Novel

- Gridiron Hot Spot** by Francis Wallace 114  
*Three brothers on rival teams, a night-club singer, and a crowd of crooked gamblers all combine to build up a deeply interesting drama.*

## Twelve Short Stories

- Return to the Valley** by Richard Gordon 2  
*This brilliant story bridges the gulf of time back to the day of the Mound Builders.*
- Two Hundred Grand** by Joel Reeve 8  
*The reporter Little Gooney deals with a murder in the Old Neighborhood.*
- The Devil's Disciple** by Wilbur S. Peacock 16  
*A colorful adventure of that famous poet and arrant knave François Villon.*
- Double Redouble** by Richard Dermody 36  
*A race-horse answers a lady's whistle on an important occasion.*
- Be Her Master** by Richard Howells Watkins 56  
*Wherein an officer learns to control his ship and her crew.*
- The Way of the Valiant** by Norman Fox 62  
*Out of fuel on the Missouri when the Sioux are on the warpath.*
- Printer with a Gun** by Raymond Spears 69  
*When an editor had to back up his opinions with firearms.*
- The Right Must Triumph** by Robert Pinkerton 78  
*Lumberjacks stride high, wide and handsome when the law shows bad judgment.*
- The Bookshop Mystery** by Allan Vaughan Elston 85  
*Folding money left in an old book proves a clue to murder.*
- Lady in Chain Mail** by H. Bedford-Jones 90  
*The Sphinx Emerald plays a tragic rôle after the battle of the Pyramids.*
- The Shootin' Fool** by Wessel Smitter 101  
*A blazing oil-well is only another challenge to a nitroglycerin expert.*
- No Time to Waste** by Zachary Ball 106  
*Hunting for an albino buffalo, he and the girl had to fight for their lives.*

## Stories of Fact and Experience

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*The war dogs watched well and fought well on many Pacific islands.*
- Secret Agent in Brussels** by Richard M. Kelly 42  
*The amazing story of an Allied spy within the enemy lines.*
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*How the C-47's flew to the rescue of surrounded Americans in France.*

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*Painted by Herbert Morton Stoops*
- Who's Who in This Issue** Inside Back Cover

*Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence*

\*\*\*

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Printed in U.S.A.

# Secret Agent in Brussels

*The amazing adventures of a famous Allied spy in World War II.... As told to —*

LT. COMDR. RICHARD M. KELLY, USNR

**T**HE young man whose story is told exclusively in this article is in the United States today. He has recently arrived from Belgium to marry the American WAC he met while serving as a secret agent for the Office of Strategic Services. Should you see his stocky well-dressed figure and eager smiling face, or listen to him tell you why he has applied for American citizenship, you would never imagine the life of violence, intrigue, murder and incredible steel-nerved adventure that lies behind him.

For security reasons even today his real name cannot be told. But had the reader been present in the office of a four-star American general one afternoon this spring, he would have heard a glowing citation which accompanied the presentation of the Silver Star to our agent. Thus did the United States follow the British and Belgian Governments in recognizing the daring achievements recorded in this story.

Our future secret agent, whom we will know only as "Jan," one of his many aliases, was born in Belgium, the youngest of six children, in 1919. The scars of one German invasion were painfully evident during his boyhood. In January, 1939, at the age of twenty, his studies to become a teacher were interrupted by the grim call to military service. As an officer cadet, his career in the infantry was uneventful until Hitler treacherously attacked his little country on May 10, 1940. The superlatively equipped Nazi hordes quickly crushed the heroic Belgian resistance; and on May 27, Jan was made prisoner with tens of thousands of other Allied troops. From the first minute of his captivity, the same

spirit that was to carry him through to success as a secret agent manifested itself—a burning determination to get back into the fight against the Nazis.

The story he tells of his escape from the Germans, his recapture and long captivity in Spain, his training in England and his spectacular life as an Allied spy begins that hot May afternoon on a dusty Belgian road:

**T**HE Germans lined us all up and started to march us to their prisoner-of-war camps in Germany. Our route was down the Brussels-Antwerp highway, which passed a few miles from my home. Three of us decided to make a break for it. Twice we darted into the crowds of weeping people who lined the road. Each time armed German guards spotted us; and each time we were lucky to get off with kicks and rifle-clubbings.

By four in the afternoon the exhausted prisoners were slowing down, making it more difficult for the guards to watch us. We were approaching a familiar place where the highway was elevated to cross a railroad line, just the spot for the one chance I had in mind. I whispered quickly to my friends as we marched along—then just before we came to the bridge itself, I gave a signal. The three of us dived off the road and rolled down the forty-foot embankment. We crashed into the underbrush, where we lay still, holding our breaths, waiting for the bullets to start coming at us. A minute passed, then two—and we knew we had made it. Evidently in the disorganized line, the guards had missed that quick dive. Now all we had to do was lie there waiting for the column to pass above us.



*What I saw made my*

It took about an hour. When everything was quiet on the road, we got up cautiously, brushed ourselves off and started through the fields. If I were to make it home, civilian clothes and a bicycle were my first needs. I bought them from the first farmer I met, and thus disguised, pedaled home through the dusk. . . .

My family was safe, and after two quiet weeks, I knew I was safe too—safe enough to start fighting again, this time in a different way. The underground we organized was the first resistance activity in our area, and we limited ourselves to minor sabotage of German transport. We used to cut tires, put sugar in gasoline tanks to ruin the engine, slip sand into bearings and write threatening letters to Belgian collaborators. After three months of this, I realized the area was getting too hot for me. The Germans were making strenuous efforts to round up all escaped POW's. Being very well known, I was in real danger of being denounced by someone who sought to curry favor with the Nazis. And finally the proclamation of a forced-labor draft in Germany for all young men between twenty and thirty made the need for escape immediate.

Fortunately I had just met Louis, a Belgian officer who had recently come



*blood run cold. Had I been a minute earlier, I should have been captured with them.*

from France, where the Belgian underground organization was already established. I volunteered to return with him to the unoccupied part of France to work for the organization, and if possible to make my way through Spain to England, where our Belgian Government was directing its fight against the Nazis.

Early one morning Louis and I took the train for France; and we had no difficulty with the Germans until we neared the border of Free France. No one was permitted within forty miles of the demarcation line without special papers. By luck we reached Besançon, fifteen miles from the border, where we were to meet a guide from the organization. But the man never appeared.

It was a tough situation—we knew no one in the town; and the Germans were on the alert, patrolling the countryside with big dogs. Since it was just a few minutes before the curfew, we sought refuge at a Catholic hospital. The nuns were wonderful. They asked no questions, fed us well and put us in a ward as very sick people. There we passed the night in perfect safety.

The next morning we set off across country, attempting to follow the instructions of an old priest. Four times we narrowly escaped capture by

mounted German patrols; the fifth brush with the enemy was our closest. We almost walked into them—but fortunately we saw them first and managed to duck into a house that was under construction. The French workmen looked at us silently as the patrol rode by. It was only after the echo of their horses had died away that the foreman spoke: "You are trying to cross the border?"

Louis and I glanced at each other—this could be a trap. After a second's hesitation, Louis chanced it. "Yes."

The foreman motioned us to follow him, and we discovered he was taking us to his home. Within a half-hour an old man appeared, looked at us steadily for a moment and then said: "Let's go!"

We hiked through the hills for hours. By dark we were in heavily wooded mountains; and at ten o'clock our guide told us we were only a few hundred yards from the line. The boundary ran through a very dense forest. A wide swath had been cut through the trees, and was regularly patrolled by the Germans with their huge police dogs. At a signal from our guide, we spread out and made a dash across the clearing. The Germans saw us; they opened rapid fire, and immediately a pack of dogs gave chase. A few hundred yards inside

Free France one of their dogs caught up with us. Louis, who was nearest, turned to meet his charge, and as the animal sprang at him, drove his knife through the brute's throat, killing him instantly. The Germans gave up the chase, and after two hours we were safe in a small village. Here, in the midst of gay lights—in contrast to the deep blackout in the German zone—we celebrated our escape with a couple of bottles of wine.

Next day we headed for Toulouse by train. We were successful in avoiding the French gendarmes, but were nearly arrested by some French secret police searching for two men who had murdered a German officer in Paris. They refused to believe our story, and were about to take us in when luckily I remembered two recent Brussels theater stubs I had in my pocket. This convinced them; and they let us proceed to Toulouse.

The Belgian escape organization which we joined was very well planned. In a short time eight of my countrymen and I were on a train bound for the Spanish border. We traveled separately, with false papers to authorize our movements in the restricted zone.

The escape plan worked smoothly at first. The train stopped at an isolated station near the Pyrenées, and



as we had been instructed, the nine of us jumped out on the opposite side of the station and hid in a ditch. Forty minutes later, we were picked up by two guides. Our route now lay across the rugged Pyrenées. It was mid-February, and the going was terrific. After climbing steadily for a day and a half, we reached the snow and ice. It was bitter cold; none of us had proper clothing or food; and our only water was the snow. Because all the passes were guarded by Franco's police, we were forced to cross over the mountain peaks. We climbed in single file, hanging onto a rope, with the blizzard making it impossible at times to see the man ahead. Occasionally we rested for a few hours in some shepherd's hut, but even with this, one of our party couldn't take it. He was left behind—never to be heard of again.

**F**INALLY, after five nights in the mountains, the storms abated, temperature rose and green hillsides came into view. We were in Spain! It was a dirty, ragged and exhausted group that arrived two days later at the rendezvous—a little railroad station near Figueras. Here we were to be picked up by a Barcelona police captain hired by the organization to take us to a safe house in Barcelona. From there the organization was to arrange further shipment to England.

The policeman was not there; and as the hours went by, our guides, growing apprehensive, deserted us. It was just before traintime that the Spaniard appeared. Once aboard the train, he queried us in great detail as to who we were, where we had been and where we were going. Briefed for this, we assured him we were all French-Canadians.

As the train pulled into Barcelona four hours later, our guide disappeared. We jerked into the station—and there on the platform, rapidly surrounding our coach, was a large detachment of Spanish police. It was complete betrayal. Handcuffed, we were taken to the secret police headquarters, stripped of all our valuables and kept standing without food or water for six hours. Then, herded into vans with twenty prostitutes, we were taken to a jail and packed into tiny cells with thirty-five common criminals. These cells were so small there wasn't even room to sit down. It was our first experience with Franco's prison system, and our opinion of it grew progressively worse. After four miserable days here, lightened only by food we received from the British embassy, we were taken out one by one for further interrogation. For four hours a nasty harelipped Spaniard tried to break down my story, but I stuck to it in spite of repeated beatings over the head with a rubber hose. I was not to forget this

character; I hope that some day I will meet him again!

At the huge prison, Carcel Modello, to which we were finally transferred, one of our group died nameless. Our treatment here was very severe, but it was nothing to the torture and shootings which were nightly meted out to the wretched Spanish Republican prisoners here. After two bitter months we were moved to the infamous concentration camp Miranda d'Ebero. Here, with two thousand other refugees of all nationalities, I spent twelve and a half months of indescribable misery. The food was of the poorest; in protest we finally staged a hunger strike—for 159 hours, we took only a few sips of water. For the last two days I was so weak that I just lay motionless on the ground. This demonstration caused a slight improvement in the food and sanitary arrangements, but during my fifteen months as a prisoner, I never had a bath and was always ridden with lice.

My biggest heartbreak during all these months was the last-minute failure of a three-month escape project in which I participated. Working mostly at night, we dug a tunnel 180 feet from one of the barracks to outside the barbed wire. And just ten minutes before the first man was to start through the tunnel a Spanish guard stepped on the outside exit and discovered the whole plot!

Just a month and a half after this, I was freed and turned over to an Allied embassy. These wonderful people took us to Madrid, where I had my first bath and decent food in what seemed like years. Only someone who has been a "guest" of Franco for so long can appreciate my feelings at being liberated.

From Madrid we went to Gibraltar, and from there by American ship to England, where we arrived July 6, 1942. It was almost twenty-five months to the day since I had first escaped from the German army. Throughout the long bitter months I had been sustained by an intense desire to get back into the fight. At last it seemed as if that chance might come soon, and I was very, very happy.

**M**Y trip through British security added to my already high opinion of the British in intelligence matters. When I first left Toulouse, my background had been forwarded to England. To double-check my identity, a board of British officers asked me to describe in detail an afternoon's outing I had had in Toulouse twenty months before. I had forgotten the incident completely, but after they gave me the name of one member of the organization who had been present, I was able to recall the details. This security screening was extremely detailed and unbelievably thorough.

It had to be, because the Germans were constantly trying to penetrate England and the Allied underground organization, with agents who posed as refugees. Several of these were detected in the group that came up from Gibraltar with me. During my stay in England I heard of others who were deliberately passed through and allowed to go free. However, they were kept under close surveillance until all their contacts were discovered. Then the whole ring would be simultaneously arrested. The Germans frequently used the same technique—as I was to discover later.

**A**FTER being cleared by the British security, I reported to the Belgian Government in exile, where I was again checked very closely and finally given my old rank as cadet officer in the Belgian Army. After a week's leave, my first vacation since the start of 1939, I volunteered for work as a secret agent. Weeks of the most severe tests followed. The majority of the candidates failed, but to my great happiness I was finally accepted as being mentally, morally and psychologically fitted for the difficult work.

For most of the following year I was given the most intensive and rugged training imaginable. Languages were no particular problem, as I already spoke Flemish, French, German, English and Spanish. At first we were given exhaustive physical tests at a secret training area in Scotland. Next we learned psychological warfare, guerrilla warfare, sabotage and military intelligence. We were required to pass rigid examinations and demonstrations in parachuting, weapons, explosives, silent killing, photographic work, radio communication and codes. We became expert at attacking trucks, armored cars, trains, planes, jails and barracks.

The most fascinating courses were those given by real agents. From them we learned how to lead a double life, and what we could expect from the Gestapo and other Nazi counter-intelligence forces. After that course, none of us had any illusions as to what would happen to us should the enemy catch us. Many of the fellows planned to use the death capsules with which all agents were supplied should they ever be captured. I made no such plan, but worked on the principle that while there's life there's hope.

Had any of us lacked for a profession after the war, and been so disposed, we would have made perfect gangsters. Some of the things in which we had to be proficient were lock-picking, bank-robbing, burglary, bribery, blackmail, poisoning, forgery, knife-fighting, and instinctive pistol-shooting.

Finally my training was completed. Many times in the days ahead I was to

owe my life to its thoroughness. I felt completely confident and red-hot for action. My mission was soon ready: a psychological warfare assignment in the Flemish part of Belgium. My job was to assist in the organization and distribution of an existent underground newspaper; to instruct the underground for their part in the coming invasion; to blackmail high German officers and collaborators; and finally to work on lowering the morale of German troops. It was a big assignment, and much to my liking.

In addition to my own mission, I was given some secret microfilm instructions to deliver to one of the top leaders of the resistance movement. I had two means of contacting this man. One was a password which I was to use at a certain address in Brussels; the other was through an agent, a very clever lawyer, who was to jump in with me.

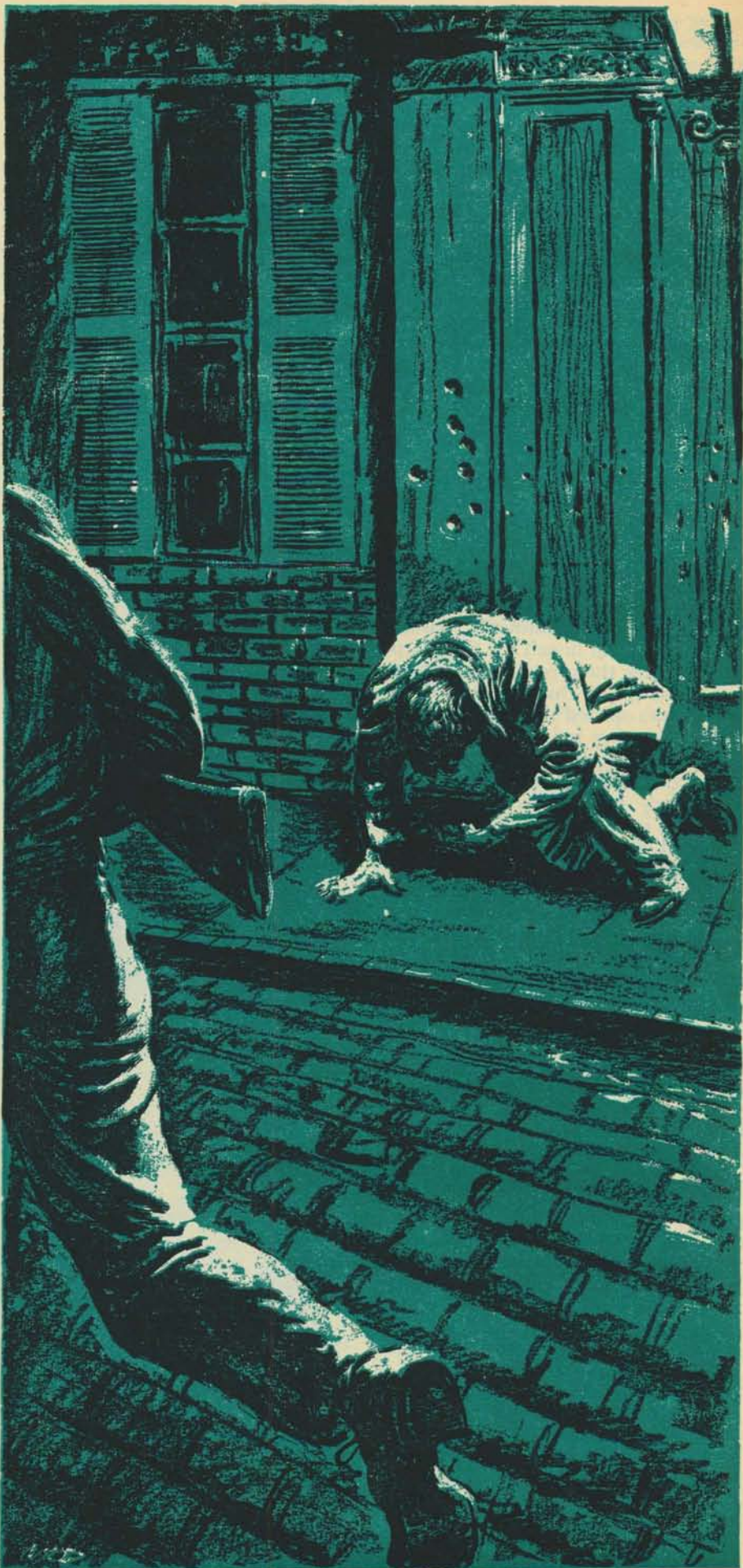
Our final briefing and equipment check were most thorough. The slightest misstep at this stage might well cost our own lives and those of many others. I had to memorize the names, addresses and passwords for an entire escape route which would take me through France and Spain, should I be ordered back to England or be forced to flee.

Accompanying me as my wireless operator was another Belgian, a dentist. He had a most ingenious radio set worked into his dental equipment, as well as several of the ordinary type suitcase radio sets. Each of us carried a pistol, a fighting-knife, a grenade, our codes, spare clothes and plenty of money. In addition we had gold secreted in our shoes, and diamonds in our hairbrushes. The plans called for us to be dropped blindly about forty-five miles south of Brussels on the farm of the lawyer's grandfather, who was to be our first safe contact with the resistance.

**T**HE final hours in England were most memorable. We were given an elaborate dinner, then driven out to the airfield. The first sight of the big four-engined Halifaxes all painted black and lined up on the field for their nightly missions to the underground was one of the most impressive of my life. No agent who has ever seen it will ever forget it.

A good-by kiss from a beautiful girl, a last drink and smoke, a final check of the photographs of our dropping-place, a quick briefing with the British plane crew, and we were off. It was a moment of high excitement and tremendous elation. In a few hours we would be back in Belgium, pitting our wits and training against the brilliant and ruthless German intelligence.

We had scant time to speculate as to our own particular fate, for as we began crossing the European coast,



*Just before curfew, as he came out of his girl's house, the traitor was shot down by Tommy-guns in the best gangster style.*

the big plane was buffeted around by German anti-aircraft shells. We had been warned to expect this, but the violent maneuvers of the plane and the shrapnel pinging off the fuselage was far worse than I expected. Our Halifax was traveling all alone, and the greatest danger until we hit the ground was from the German night fighters. Should one of them catch us, particularly during the drop, we would all be dead ducks.

The five-hour trip to the target was purposely roundabout, to confuse the enemy radar trackers. As we neared the dropping-place, the big plane lost altitude rapidly. We put on our parachute helmets, shook hands all around and prepared to go out. The dispatcher opened the hole, and I, who was to be the first to jump, looked down on Belgium. I could see the roads and houses very clearly in the moonlight. It was the greatest moment of my life. Lower and lower went the big plane, its speed slowing down to only 120 miles an hour. At five hundred feet the pilot leveled off, the red light for "running in" flashed on, and I braced myself for the jump. Seconds later the green light blinked, and I was diving through the air.

My chute opened almost immediately; and looking up, I could see the plane and five other chutes silhouetted against the full moon. I came down very quickly. As I hit the ground, I immediately unbuckled and collapsed my chute, ripped off my jump helmet and whipped out my .38. All was quiet. I slipped off my heavy jump-suit and jump-boots in the darkness, taking special care not to drop anything that would later give away our landing-place. All this took just a few seconds. Then, with my gear in my arms, I crouched low and gave our recognition whistle. The lawyer, who had jumped right after me, answered from about seventy-five yards, and I went forward to meet him. We had landed in a newly plowed field, and as we came together each of us picked up a handful of soil and kissed it, saying, "That's Belgium!" In spite of our tense situation, we were filled with emotion.

Our immediate problem was to locate my radioman and the packages which contained our radios, money and other essential material. Leaving my jump equipment with the lawyer, who began to dig a hole to bury it, I started out to find the missing chutes. After twenty-five minutes I came across my radioman. He was frightened to death and nearly shot me. I helped to get him organized and found the first two packages near him. The third and most important, which contained sixty thousand dollars and his disguised radio, could not be found. Together we rejoined the lawyer, and continued to bury the extra jump gear

while the lawyer made a short reconnaissance. He had just returned with the great news that we were less than two miles from his family's village, when he heard a German patrol coming down the road.

They were talking loudly and carrying chest flashlights. We crouched in the field by the side of the road, guns trained on the three Germans, ready to let them have it at the first hostile move. They passed less than three yards from us. We couldn't see then how they missed seeing us, but later we were to learn they had spotted us instantly. Wisely, they had made no move, as we certainly would have killed them.

As soon as the Germans had disappeared, we hurriedly finished disguising the parachute cache and took off over the countryside to the lawyer's farm. We reached it without incident



*I was awakened by a German voice shouting, "Open up for the police!"*

at four-thirty A. M. After a brief rest in the barn we walked in on the lawyer's astonished family at six A. M. Through them, the lawyer promptly contacted the local resistance organization, which sent some men to search for our missing package. They found it by nine o'clock—on top of a barn—arriving there just ten minutes before a squad of Germans who were searching the countryside for us. That same morning the lawyer left for Brussels, while the dentist and I stayed under cover in the house.

Two days later two young and very pretty girls came down from Brussels to guide us to the city. My escort was "Betty," the sister of a sabotage leader. Each pair traveled separate from the other and had no difficulty, although I was stopped and checked by the Gestapo several times en route. I had perfect confidence in my false papers and supporting cover story of being on my way to the city for a better job. Both the papers and the story—one I had rehearsed many times in England—satisfied the Germans; we arrived safely at an apartment in Brussels. For the first few days I did nothing but wander around the town to get re-acclimated. It had been thirty-eight months since I last visited Brussels on my escape to Free France, so it was most important for me to learn the new German regulations on rationing, curfew, civilian movements, security checks and other activities before I started on my mission.

My first move was to find separate quarters for myself and set up a system of cut-outs or safe couriers to keep contact with my radio operator, who moved to a separate apartment. Purposely I arranged it so the dentist would not know where I lived. He received his messages from me at regularly scheduled rendezvous where he would meet my cut-out in some public place. This routine precaution was to save my life just a few days later. To guard radios, particularly when transmitting, the underground organization had a special protection squad. These men kept track of all the DF cars the Germans used to trap illegal sets. In addition, whenever the radio was in operation, several of these gunmen would loiter around outside to deal with any unforeseen enemy interruption.

As soon as I was established in my own apartment, I made contact with "Hector," the underground chief for whom London had given me the microfilm instructions. I went to his address and gave the password. They had been expecting me, and I was ushered in immediately to a forty-one-year-old Belgian. He was the coordinating leader of five different resistance groups, none of whom knew of the existence of the others. I found him to be most helpful. Right away

he arranged for me to meet the leaders of one of his groups, the Movement National Belgium, known as the MNB, the psychological warfare organization with which I was to work.

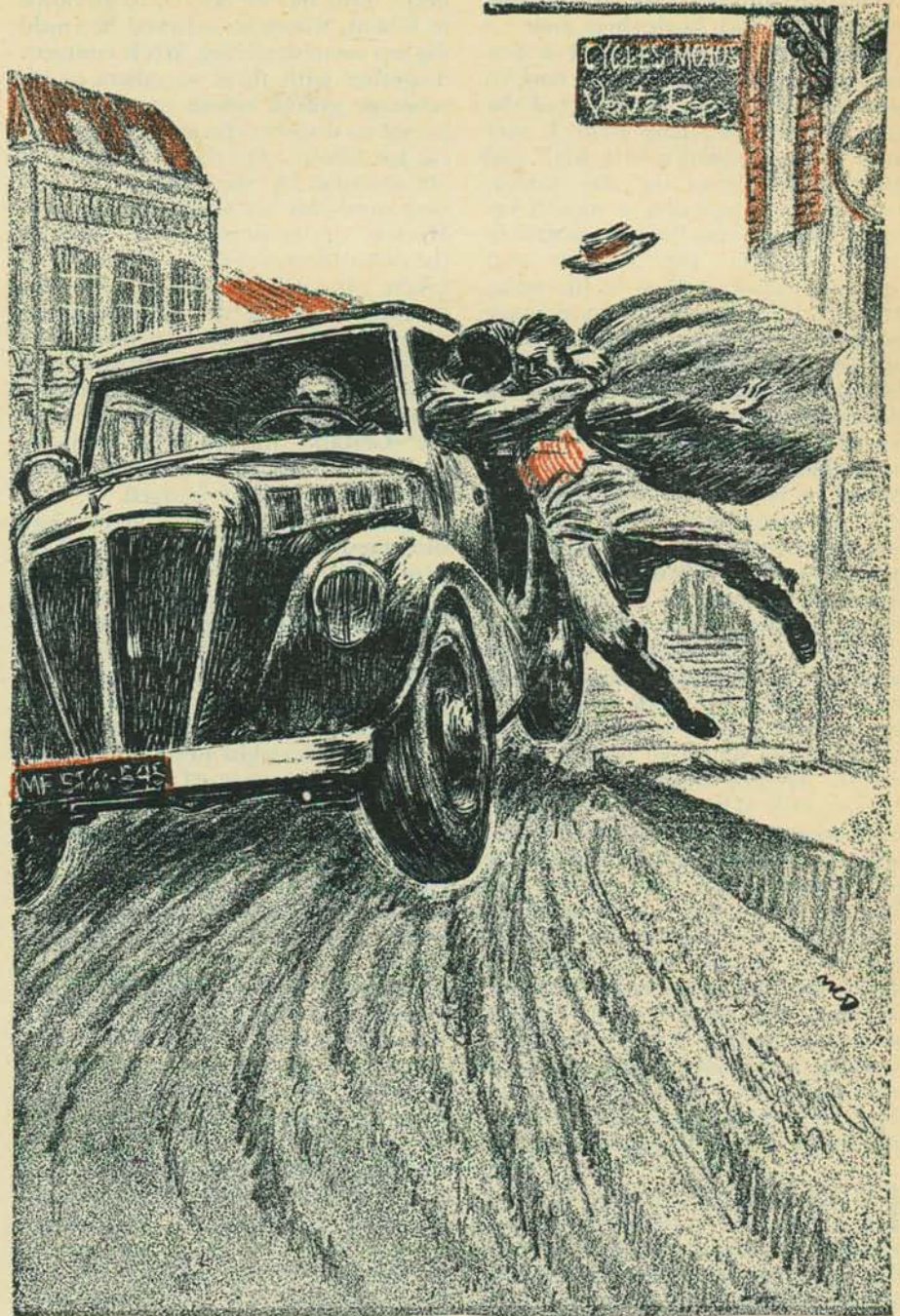
The next evening at seven, Hector brought me to the headquarters of the MNB. There I met the leader and his principal assistants. They requested my security password, which checked against their list; and once I was cleared, we discussed my mission in detail. Then they set up a rendezvous for me with the active workers of their organization, with whom I was to operate very closely. Fortunately for me, they did not inquire as to where I was living; nor did they make any further arrangements for me to meet with them at that time.

As I came away from this conference with the top men of MNB, I could not help but feel that the first five days of my mission had gone very well. Already I was established in a safe apartment; I had delivered my secret microfilms, and was in contact with the proper group to accomplish my mission.

This good feeling was to last but a few hours. Early the next morning I received a frantic call from Betty; her news was disastrous. The Germans had just arrested all the leaders of the MNB, and most of the organization all over Belgium. The men whom I had met the evening before, and all those I was to contact the next day were either in custody or had fled. This called for quick action. Within a few hours I was in a new apartment, trying to figure out my next step. My only hope of reestablishing contact with the resistance was through Hector. It was Betty who found him and brought back to me the name of an MNB member who was still at large. However, Hector could give me only the man's name and address—I had no password or cut-out to vouch for me. It seemed like the best chance, so I decided to try and contact the man myself.

Three times on the same day I went to the address and rang the bell. Each time no one answered. There were a few men loitering around outside, and I suspected that the house was not only occupied but guarded. On the other hand, these men could well be Gestapo. Because of the wave of arrests, any newcomer would be extremely suspect; it was only common sense to keep away from that house.

Once again I got in touch with Betty. She offered a number-two chance—her brother Jean, regional leader of a very active sabotage group known as Group G. Jean was a splendid fellow. He assured me that he had some leads on local cells of the MNB, with whom he could put me in contact in two weeks, by which time the current series of arrests would probably have



*The door swung open; the man was snatched in, and the car roared away.*

quieted down. Two weeks was too long a time to sit doing nothing, so I volunteered to work with Group G.

This new arrangement had barely started operating when disaster struck again. The cut-out who delivered my message to the radio operator reported that the dentist had failed to keep his last two rendezvous. In our business, that usually meant only one thing—he had been taken by the Germans. Confirmation was not long in coming. Several of his protection squad were arrested. It was obvious that the dentist was not only in Gestapo hands, but that he had talked. Fortunately, he did not know where I lived or with whom I was in contact. But he did know something about my mission,

and of course had my description and false name. From now on I could expect that the Gestapo would have me listed and be looking for me.

It was now only ten days since I had landed in Belgium. The whole group I had come to work with had been wiped out; the Germans were on the hunt for me; and my radioman had been captured, thus cutting me off from all contact with my London base. Things were definitely not looking very good.

I continued to work with Sabotage Group G, and through its leader Jean I met two other agents from England. One of these, "Francis," was a radio operator for the top echelon of the Brussels resistance, and the other a

truly fabulous English agent whom I can refer to only as "Fred." I became very friendly with both these men.

Francis offered to transmit a few messages for me, which put me back in touch with London. As for Fred—he was the most amazing man I ever knew. He occupied a very high and important position in the underground, traveling twice a month between Brussels and Paris to maintain contact between the Belgian and French resistance. One of his many activities in Brussels was to manage the protection squads and assorted assassins who acted as the gunmen for the underground. I was shortly to see several demonstrations of the effectiveness of Fred's private army. He had many aliases, and in a very short time seemed to be able to change his appearance completely. His principal pose—one by which he was well known to both the elite of Brussels and many Germans—was head of the black market, an identity which he covered by widespread manipulations in scarce items. It was typical of him that on occasions when he needed to carry a gun, he had papers to prove that he was a private detective with a pistol permit. He got away with it, too.

I was still scheming as to how I could do something about my original mission. My first opportunity came when I received a tip on another survivor of the MNB. I immediately visited this man, but lacking the password, I was unable to convince him that I was an agent from London. Knowing the torture and killings which the Gestapo had visited upon so many of his friends and associates in recent weeks, I could hardly blame him. I was getting suspicious of everyone myself, and with good reason.

**T**O establish my identity, I asked this man for a message which I promised to have broadcast over the BBC the next night. Everyone in the underground listened to these broadcasts from London. The message he gave me was, "*The hare is not yet running.*" I rushed this to Francis, who flashed it to London with top priority. The next night—a tense one for me—the message came through as requested, and the MNB man agreed to work with me. I financed him to reorganize the underground newspaper which had been suspended by the recent arrests. He lined up a printshop, paper and printers outside the city; and we were all set to go when American bombers blasted the establishment, killing several of his men and destroying all the equipment! This was the final blow to my original mission. I did manage to organize and instruct a number of local cells to carry on minor work, but from that time on, my major activity was with Sabotage Group G and Fred.

Jean was still trying very hard to help. One day he offered to go down to Ghent, where he believed he could dig up some surviving MNB contacts. Together with three members of his sabotage group, whose names I happened to discover, he started out in a car for Ghent. On the way they were all arrested by the Gestapo. That very same day we received news that Hector, the resistance chief, and all the other leaders of Group G had been taken. It was now March, 1944, the blackest month of the Belgian Resistance. All over the country brave men were being picked up, tortured and either shot or sent to concentration camps. Most of those who survived the Gestapo torture were sent to Buchenwald, where Hector and several other top men were hanged.

This frightful wave of arrests had disrupted the whole underground organization. No one knew whether or not it was safe to keep a scheduled rendezvous. The danger signs were up at all our letter drops where we usually picked up messages. It was now very obvious that we had traitors in our midst, and the strain was terrific, as every hour brought news of fresh arrests. We all wondered who would be next to go, and when our own turns would come. Worse of all, we didn't know who the traitors were. News had come in that the mop-up of MNB had been traced to a woman in Antwerp who had brought Gestapo agents into the organization. These agents had worked with MNB for months, and then had given the word for simultaneous arrests all over Belgium.

Several days after Jean and the other leaders of Group G had been arrested, we received an important clue—one of the three men who had left for Ghent with Jean had been released by the Germans. We checked on who that man knew. Almost all his contacts in the organization had been arrested. He alone had been freed. This, then, was certainly a traitor. Fred ordered several of his gunmen to take care of him. And that night, just before curfew as he came out of his girl's house, the traitor was shot down by tommy-guns in the best gangster style. The assassins reported back to Fred that the fellow was dead. But they were wrong. In spite of the twenty slugs in his body, the man stayed alive long enough to betray another half-dozen resistance men, all of whom were picked up and shot by the Germans.

**A**LONG about this time I had my closest escape: I knew of only one survivor of Sabotage Group G. After a talk together he agreed to set up a meeting with another man, so that I could start rebuilding the group. Our rendezvous was set for two P.M. in a

big Brussels café. Our practice in a situation like this was for the two men who knew each other to meet a few minutes early, and then go to a table so that when the third man arrived (in this case myself) he could inconspicuously go to the table and greet them both as old friends. This technique eliminated excessive moving around from one table to another, which would have been likely to draw unwanted attention to our meeting.

An earlier date that same afternoon had taken longer than I had anticipated, so it was a few minutes after two when I hurried through the side door of the café. Quickly I looked around the room, and what I saw made my blood run cold. At that very second two Gestapo men were escorting my friend and another man out the front door in handcuffs. Had I been a minute earlier, I should have been captured with them.

**W**HENEVER anyone was arrested, we of the resistance had to assume that all he knew would be discovered by the Germans. This was not a reflection on the ability of the men to stand up to Gestapo tortures. We knew that they frequently used drugs and other methods to make people talk in spite of themselves. Because this man knew where I lived, I never went back to my apartment. Fred, the top British agent, took me in to live with him. Significantly, I was the only member of the underground organization who knew where Fred lived. I was to learn that rigid adherence to precautions like this accounted for his charmed life.

Shortly after I moved in with Fred, we received an alarming phone tip from an informer. Several men who knew the location of our last surviving depot for arms and radios had just been captured. Our organization had been badly shattered by the recent wave of arrests. Should this depot be seized, we might be cut off from all contact with England. Although it was terribly risky, Fred decided we would have to take the chance and move these vital supplies ourselves—there was no time to round up what was left of his protection squad to do the job. Together we rushed out in his car to the depot. We found it intact, loaded the radios, guns and ammo into the car and raced back to our apartment. Later we learned that our haste was well justified: the Gestapo arrived five minutes after we left.

Our next problem was what to do with the stuff. As it was late at night, we had to hide it temporarily at our place. Ordinarily we always avoided having anything incriminating in our possession. Our house had three apartments. I lived on the ground floor, Fred on the second and a dancer whom we hardly knew on the third.

We put the material in Fred's room, and turned in, exhausted.

Early next morning I was awakened by a pounding on the outside door. A heavy German voice was shouting: "Open up for the police!" Grabbing the .45 I always kept under my pillow, I quickly cocked it and jumped out of bed. My shuttered front window looked out on the street. There was a police car at the curb. Obviously we were trapped. One chance, as I saw it, would be to beat it out the back window of my apartment and slip into the hospital which adjoined our building. The other and less attractive alternative would be to shoot our way into the street. At any event, my first concern was to warn Fred.

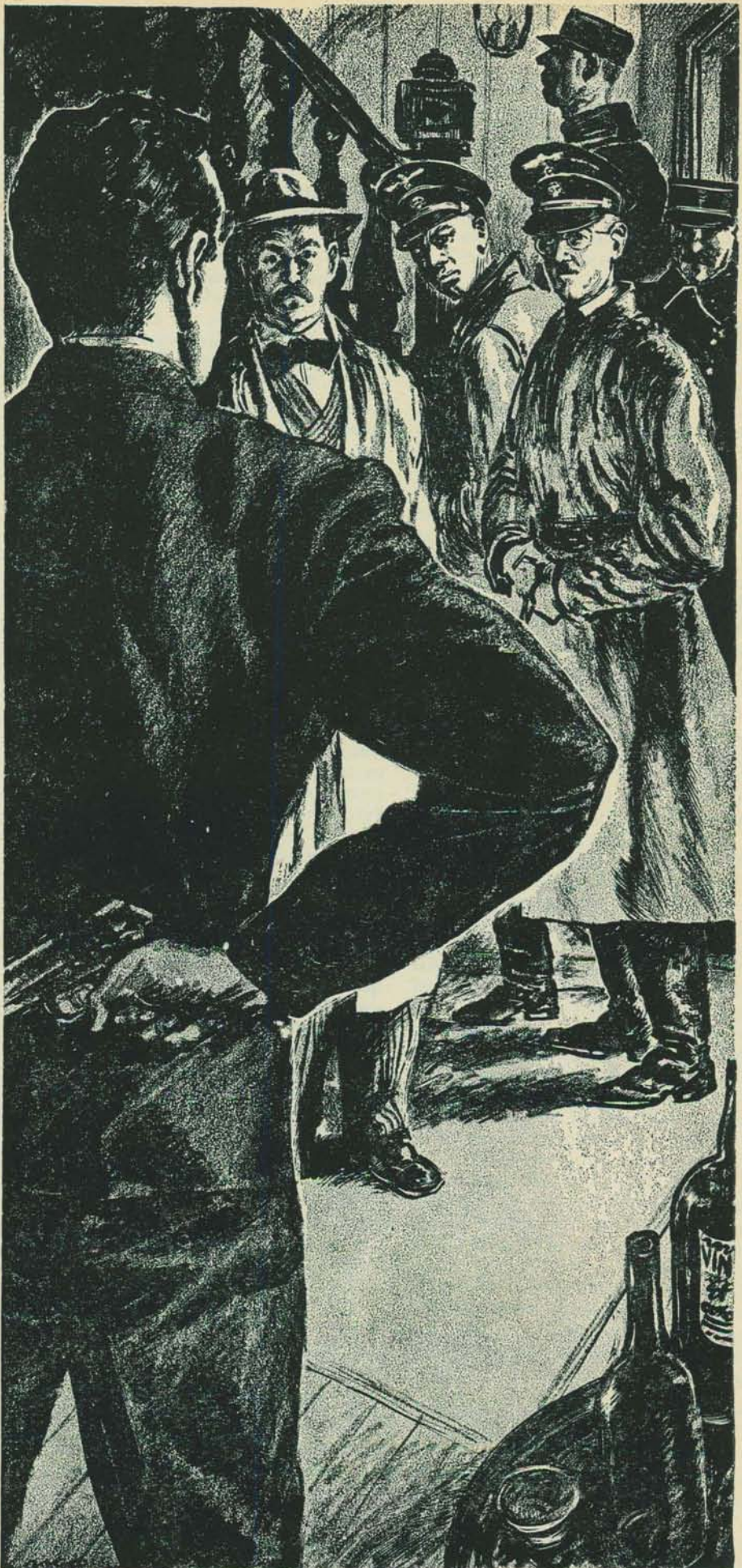
Quietly I opened my apartment door and tiptoed into the hall. The street door, which was still resounding under the fists of the police, had an opaque glass top protected by metal grillwork. I could see the outline of three figures. There was a noise on the stairs above, and I looked up to see Fred coming down, clad only in his pajama pants, a Sten gun in his hand, and two clips of extra cartridges stuck in his waist.

"There's somebody knocking, Jan," he remarked, as casually as if he expected it to be his mother. The fact that we were two of the few surviving agents in Brussels, and that our quarters were packed with radios, guns and ammo, seemed to cause him no concern at all. At the time, I didn't think his British calm was very funny. Suddenly the pounding ceased, and a few moments later we heard the German car drive away. I was pretty excited; I figured our one chance was to get the hell out of the place in a hurry.

I TOLD Fred so. "Impossible," he replied. "I haven't even bathed or shaved yet." Furthermore, he was sure the police wouldn't be back—just a false alarm. Nothing I said could persuade him. He went back upstairs to get his bathrobe and shaving gear. The only bath for the house was in the cellar. When Fred came down, I noticed that in spite of his seeming unconcern, he was carrying his pistol.

While he was downstairs, I crammed my things into bags and then dressed. I had just started for the cellar to hurry Fred along, when I heard the sound of a key turning in the front door. I grabbed my gun and stationed myself at my door so that I could cover the entrance and hold them in the hall until Fred could get upstairs.

The door swung open. Fortunately, some instinct made me hold my fire. The first man in was the owner of the house, whom we knew very well. He made a scarcely perceptible sign to me with his eyes and then, half-turning to conceal me, addressed the police:



*As soon as they saw me, they began firing questions. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"*

"The dancer you want is on the top floor, gentlemen."

I had just enough time to whip my pistol behind my back before two Germans and two Belgian policemen followed the proprietor into the hall. This was my first inkling that they hadn't come specifically for us. However, as soon as they spotted me, they began firing questions. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" I was backed up against the wall with the pistol right behind me but somehow I managed to answer in a normal tone that I was a railway inspector who had rented this apartment. The proprietor nodded his head in confirmation. In the midst of another barrage of questions, I caught a glimpse of Fred, gun in hand, peeking around the entrance to the cellar stairs. Since the police were facing me, they could not see him, but neither could I make any sign to warn him. I glanced at the proprietor—only one look at his blanched face, and I knew that he had seen Fred too.

A false move on Fred's part at this stage might finish us, but he didn't let us down. Quickly he slipped his gun into his bathrobe pocket and came forward—his whole attitude one of bewildered innocence. He was the slightly indignant citizen when he asked the police what all the trouble was about. As they turned to question him, I was able to duck back into my room and slide my .45 under the pillow. What a relief!

Fred's unruffled answers reassured the police; they started up the stairs to the dancer's apartment on the third floor. From their conversation, we had discovered that the dancer's girl was suspected of murdering a German officer, and that they wanted to question the fellow as to her whereabouts. While they were upstairs, Fred and I hid our incriminating material as best we could under his bed. Then, to my horror, Fred invited the police into his room for a couple of drinks. The Germans checked our papers, sat right on top of the radios and had a few glasses with us. After an hour's visit, which didn't help my nerves at all, they left, the best of friends with Fred!

Later that day we moved the weapons and radios to a less compromising place. Fred thought the whole episode very amusing—a sentiment I certainly did not share.

FRED had arranged a meeting to introduce me to a fellow who knew all about the Flanders area. The rendezvous was set for ten A.M. the next day in a secondhand bookshop on a busy square. At ten minutes to ten, Fred and I entered a sidewalk café just across the street from the meeting-place, and ordered a drink. Fred kept his eye on the bookshop,

where a most peculiar situation began speedily to develop. First a couple of young fellows came along and casually stationed themselves on either side of the shop. Then a car with three Germans parked about twenty yards to the right. Finally at ten o'clock Fred's man arrived, followed very closely by a German couple.

Fred understood this at once. Clearly, his agent was cooperating with the Gestapo to trap us. At once he went to the café telephone and called the bookshop. To the clerk who answered, he gave this message: He had a date to meet a friend and was unable to keep it; would the clerk have the man (whom he then described in detail) called to the phone. When the man came to the phone (I am sure with the Germans holding a gun to his back) Fred explained that he couldn't keep the date at the bookshop, but told him to leave the place and walk two blocks to the right. Then he was to turn and slowly walk three more blocks to the left, which would bring him to a corner in the heart of downtown Brussels. He was to wait for us there.

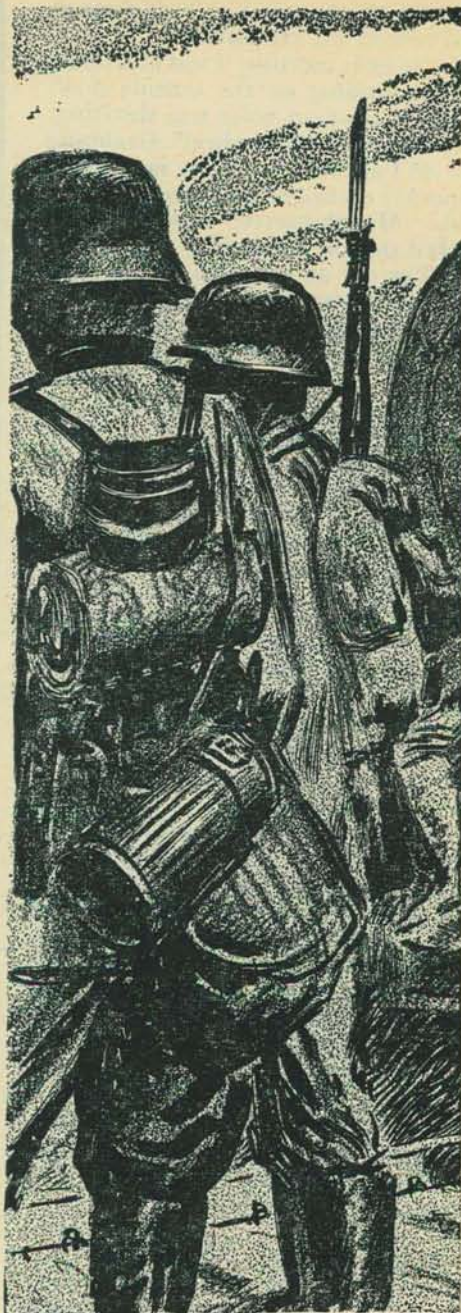
He rang off, then immediately alerted his protection group. That call completed, he asked me, since I was not known to the suspected agent, to trail him to see that he followed instructions. A few minutes later Fred's gunmen arrived in a car, picked him up and headed directly for the intersection where the man was due to arrive at approximately ten-fifteen.

I BEGAN to shadow the man and his German entourage. After his talk with Fred, the traitor had held a quick conference with the Gestapo and then started out with the couple and two other Germans following closely behind. The car with three more Germans trailed along, while I kept them all under observation twenty-five yards back on the opposite side of the street.

Just as the man reached the appointed intersection, the door of Fred's car, which was already at the spot, swung open; the man was snatched into the back, and the car roared away in traffic. I saw the whole thing happen in a flash. The Germans were stunned. One of them fired a couple of shots at the fleeing car, but it quickly disappeared.

When I met Fred an hour later he told me everything had been "taken care of." The next day the man's body was found in the canal. Not only had Fred eluded the elaborate trap, but he had snatched the informer himself from the Germans in fifteen minutes' time.

From that time on, I worked exclusively for Fred. One job that he had me do was the wrecking of a train. He had planned the simul-



*She asked if he would help her with*

taneous blowing of three railroads to paralyze all German rail traffic in the Brussels area. My assignment was a single-track railroad twenty miles outside the city. With one other man I went down to meet two local guides. We had planned our operation to get a German troop-train which was due to pass that night. The most difficult part of the mission was our approach to the tracks, which were very heavily guarded and constantly patrolled. Luckily our guides knew every inch of the way, and cautiously they maneuvered us through the guards to a beautiful position near a curve on a hillside. There we lay quietly, just three yards from the tracks, to await the train.

We couldn't lay the charges in advance, because the Germans checked



*the heavy bag. . . . He gallantly carried the explosives to her hotel. Later that plastic killed a lot of Germans.*

the roadbed just before every train passed. Ten minutes before the troop-train was due, a five-man inspection patrol passed just a few feet away. They didn't see us. Soon afterward the railroad signals changed—very thoughtful of the Germans to warn us that our target was approaching. We waited until we could hear the hum of the train on the rails. Then it took but a few seconds to slap our magnetized charges with their pressure detonators against the rails. One minute later the train roared around the bend. We were only twenty-five yards away when the engine hit the explosive. What followed was most gratifying. The engine and four of the seven troop-packed coaches telescoped like an accordion and crashed down the hill.

The cries of the wounded added to the confusion. It was a perfect job. We naturally didn't stick around to check on the casualties, but we knew that they were very heavy. . . .

My daily routine in Brussels was frequently exciting. By now my papers had been checked hundreds of times, and I was quite used to it. The only time that it really bothered me was when for business reasons I happened to be carrying a gun or other compromising material. Several times I missed detection by the slimmest of margins.

The trolley cars were favorite places for the Germans to stop and check everyone's papers and packages. On one such occasion, I was carrying a revolver. As the Gestapo men came aboard, we were all required to lift

our hands over our heads while they went through our pockets. I was carrying a newspaper. Just before they came to me, I pulled out my pistol, wrapped it in my newspaper and raised it up in the air. No less than six people saw me do this, but no one betrayed me. I was inwardly sweating blood when the Germans searched me, but they never thought to look inside the newspaper.

Another close one was the time I was carrying a package containing three hundred thousand francs, which I was taking to change into smaller bills. No individual was permitted to have over ten thousand francs in his possession without a very special permit, which I didn't have. As the trolley came to a stop, I was really worried. Every package would have



to be opened, and when they came to me, I would have had it. The Germans ordered everyone to march off the car for the inspection.

As I passed the motorman, I noticed that he had his lunch and thermos bottle on the shelf right by his controls. Catching his eye for a second, I placed my package on top of his lunch and stepped off the train.

The Germans never thought to investigate my bundle, although they went through all the rest with their customary thoroughness. After we got back on board, I retrieved my precious package. There was not one word from the motorman during the whole episode, but as I left his car, I gratefully slipped him a large bill.

Betty, the courier, had a close call on another occasion. She had gone out to the country to bring back some plastic explosive for sabotage operations. When she arrived in Brussels with her heavy suitcase, she was shocked to see that all civilians were being stopped at a separate gate for baggage inspection. She also noticed that German military were using a separate exit, and were not checked. Thinking quickly, she smiled prettily at a young German officer and asked if he would help her with the heavy bag. He was charmed at being able to assist such a pretty girl, and gallantly carried the explosives to her hotel. Later that plastic killed a lot of Germans.

ONE night when things looked blackest, Fred, Francis, another agent and myself were sitting in a bar, talking of going back to England for a fresh start, when a Gestapo patrol entered and demanded all our papers. Had the Germans only realized it, at that moment they had within their power most of what was left of the Belgian underground agent network in Brussels. Fred didn't bat an eye. After our papers were checked, he invited the Germans to join us. They agreed readily, and for over an hour the very men who were trying to hunt us down enjoyed our drinks and swapped stories with us. This type of thing used to give Fred a great lift.

In April orders came through from London for me to return to report

on developments and prepare for a new mission. I had been in Belgium nearly four months. The early German mop-up of all the people with whom I was to work had largely doomed my psychological warfare mission from the beginning. Principal accomplishment in this line was my formation of new cells, which were later built up into a new organization to take the place of the liquidated MNB. On the other hand, my sabotage and protection work with Fred had been quite successful.

For the trip back, Fred procured papers for me as an engineer for a German firm. Betty was the fiancée of the lawyer who had jumped in with me. He had completed his mission, and was already back in England. Before leaving, he had made me promise to take her back with me if possible. Even without that promise, I would have wanted to help her out—I owed my life to her. Fred made all arrangements for our trip to Paris, with Betty scheduled as my private secretary. Everything worked perfectly until we reached a point just south of the capital, where I discovered that several links in my escape route to Spain had been wiped out. Unable to proceed, I returned to Paris, where Fred used his black-market connections to get me reorganized. I started out again, building my escape route as I went. Realizing that the trip through the Pyrenées was too rugged for Betty, I made arrangements for her to reach Spain by boat—a longer but far safer route.

At Estajelle, a small French town near the Spanish border, I was nearly captured by the Germans. They came to raid the house where I was spending the night. Actually they were looking for a communist, but I did not know it. The woman of the house did a wonderful job. She stalled the Germans for a minute until her son could put up a ladder to my room. I escaped over the roofs.

My second trip through the Pyrenées with three guides was a cinch compared to my last journey in the winter of 1941. In Barcelona my exit permit was stamped by the same harelipped official who had supervised my brutal interrogation two years before. He did not recognize the South African

"Jack Williams" as the "French-Canadian" who had been a former client. I was then flown back to England. The whole trip from Paris took only sixteen days.

After a wonderful two-week holiday, I was briefed for another mission in Belgium. This was to be a sabotage operation to destroy Gestapo files. Our infiltration was again to be by parachute, but this time we were to be met by a reception committee. Four times we flew the mission without success. Twice we were nearly killed in the attempt. On the third effort we were attacked by a German night fighter. Our plane was badly shot up and we were very lucky to get back to the southern coast of England, where we crash-landed. All of us were badly shaken up, but the next night we tried again in another plane. Again we were unsuccessful.

THIS fourth failure washed out further attempts during that moon period. Before we could get off again, the Americans had taken Brussels. I landed there the first day of the liberation. The population, and particularly my old friends of the resistance, were deliriously happy. But there was plenty of sorrow too, for the thousands of underground workers who had paved the way with their lives.

For three weeks I worked with the Belgian Government tracking down Gestapo agents and the hated collaborators. This work seemed dull after the thrill of being an agent, so I volunteered for and was accepted by the American Office of Strategic Services for another mission as an agent in Germany.

My first assignment with OSS was to interrogate Germans who had been overrun by the American First Army. Through them and other contacts made by passing through the American lines, I helped line up a network of safe houses and reliable anti-Nazis inside Germany.

Then, in December, 1944, I was flown back to London to prepare for a mission to Munich. Francis, my old friend from Brussels, came along as my radio operator. It was while going through training with OSS that I met the American WAC who was later to become my wife.

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# Who's Who in this Issue



## Richard L. Gordon

I'M a stock character—the newspaper reporter who wants to be a novelist. Unlike most such characters, however, I've actually written a novel (while in the Writer's Workshop at the University of Iowa). Now I'm looking for a gullible publisher.

Aspirations change a great deal. When I was growing up, in a little town called Havana on the bank of the Illinois river, I wanted to be a steamboat pilot. But I started writing for a weekly newspaper, and I've been pounding a typewriter ever since.

My life has followed a pretty conventional pattern. I was born thirty years ago, had the usual childhood diseases, played trumpet in the school band and left guard on the football team, and went to the University of Illinois, graduating in 1939.

Then came a series of newspaper and wire service jobs—Peoria, Des Moines, Omaha, Buffalo, Spokane—and finally Cincinnati, where I'm doing general assignment reporting for *The Post*. I've handled most news-room jobs and have done enough city editing to yell "City desk!" over the phone almost as well as they do in the movies. Meanwhile, I've been writing fiction and collecting rejection slips in my spare time for about ten years.

For three years I served without any particular distinction as an enlisted man in AAF intelligence and public relations. I'm married to a girl I met in college, and we hope some day to have a cabin in the hills, 'way out where the air has never been defiled by singing commercials.

## Zachary Ball

I WAS born in Missouri in a log cabin in a grove of blackjack. However, I am of the younger log-cabin Missourians, and the setting in my case was synthetic. My grandfather, finding himself confronted by an acute housing shortage on the home place when three of his boys showed up with brides at the same time, frantically bought additional acreage. My father and his young wife were assigned to a brand-new log cabin which was later to become their smokehouse. So it was that I can claim a log cabin as my birthplace.

There came a day when I wandered out of the hills. I spent twenty-five years doing a number of things, ranging from a riprap job on the Missouri River to Midwest tent repertory shows and dramatic stock companies.

For those twenty-five years the writing bug was always in my hair. Five years ago, I surrendered and turned wholly to magazine fiction, collaborating with Salice O'Brien.

## Wessel Smitter

I WAS born in an Irish neighborhood, of Dutch parents under the officiating care of a doctor who spoke only German. It was all very confusing.

The early hopes of my parents were that I select the ministry as my life's calling, and they sent me to a theological school in Grand Rapids. . . . I was soon running a line of muskrat traps along the banks of the Grand River.

I next attended the State university, where I earned my way by giving blood transfusions to patients in the local hospital. At the end of four years I took only a slight interest in the baccalaureate address, which was concerned as I recall, with red-blooded Americans.

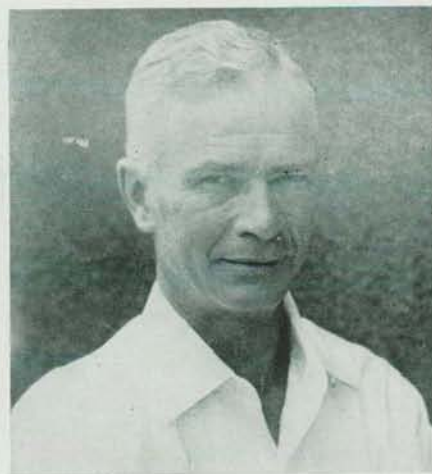


WESSEL SMITTER

While still in my 'teens I was run over by a Ford. In later life this gave me feelings of frustration and inferiority, and friends suggested I be psychoanalyzed. On consulting a blonde psychologist, I was advised to write about Mr. Ford. So I wrote "F.O.B. Detroit," my first book. A second ("Another Morning") dealt with pioneers the U.S. Government sent into Alaska to farm.

I live in the mountains a short distance from Pasadena. My hobby is untaming wild animals. By getting up at four A.M. and barking like a dog, I have succeeded in making the deer leave the sweet-potato patch. Now I am untaming a skunk so it'll no longer come to the kitchen door for tidbits.

P.S. I married the psychologist.



## Richard Dermody

BORN in Connecticut forty-three years ago and spent some twenty years polishing saddles with the seat of my britches and making life a burden for assorted steeplechasers, hunters and polo ponies in various countries, including Ireland, Australia and the Argentine.

Took a quick run at an education at Penn State, but came in a poor second. Labored briefly under the delusion that I was a tough guy. Seventeen fights as a pro, and four KO's in a row, took care of that attitude.

Operated at odd times as a seaman, salesman, cavalryman (11th U.S.), sports-writer and press-agent. Finally broke loose from the horses when I loaned money to an editor about ten years ago. He bought my first fiction try, and since then I've cashed enough copy of one kind and another to keep my typewriter in new ribbons.

Handled radio and press for the OPA in California during the war, and still walk sideways when I smell a bureaucrat.



# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE for  
SEPTEMBER, 1947

TWELVE SHORT STORIES, INCLUDING:

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE  
by WILBUR S. PEACOCK

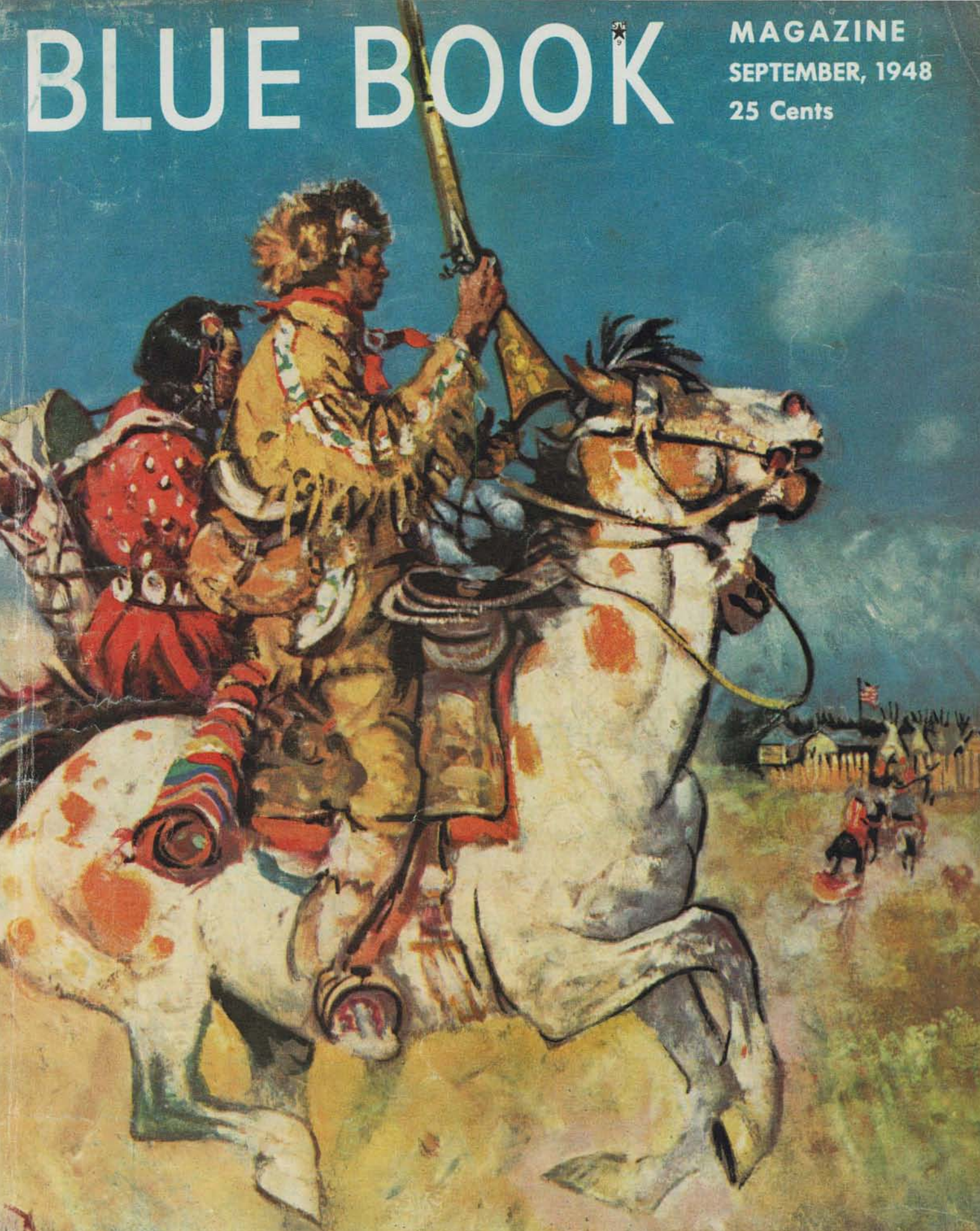
TWO HUNDRED GRAND  
by JOEL REEVE

LADY IN CHAIN MAIL  
by H. BEDFORD-JONES

ROBERT PINKERTON, RICHARD DERMODY  
NORMAN FOX, ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON  
ZACHARY BALL, WESSEL SMITTER

# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE  
SEPTEMBER, 1948  
25 Cents



THESE UNITED STATES... XXI—Idaho... Painted by BENTON CLARK  
SEVENTH CAVALRY STAGHOUND... a Complete Novel by  
FAIRFAX DOWNEY... THE FABULOUS FIVE... a remarkable  
OSS adventure by RICHARD M. KELLY

Benton H. Clark  
1948

## Readers' Comment\*

### Real Brotherhood

This is to thank you for your stirring tales of World War II.

One of the grandest things I have ever experienced in life was that fine spirit of camaraderie—so deep, intense, and thrilling—between young American men, far from home and united in a just and common cause. I never expect to know its like again. That was real brotherhood. Friends were real friends then, with a closeness and a loyalty unmatched in these days.

Give us more of these quickening tales of fact and experience, stories that thrill and recall anew the comradeship and high devotion to duty that ennobled our own lives once, and must now inspire your other readers as well.

They are real American sagas, each an Iliad of courage and undaunted purpose. They reaffirm our flagging faith in the basic nobility of man, and set an example for the coming generations to revere and follow. They contribute to the astonishing epic of still-young America which, please God, will flourish long and some day endow the earth with the full-fledged fulfillment of its mighty—but as yet unrealized—ideals of individual liberty and social equality for all.

WILLIAM B. LOURIM

### From an Old-Timer

It is with pleasure I announce myself as being one of your oldest readers. Started as a young girl—now I am 68—and still reading it.

I am writing this to disagree with the reader who asked you to bring back serials and to print Blue Book on slick paper. I ask you to please not do either. We older people should be given consideration too. Many of us do not have the memories we had when younger, and often it is difficult to recall the last installment of a serial from the month previous.

Also the dull paper is easier on tired old eyes. We who wear glasses sometimes find slick paper glary. Therefore I enjoy the Blue Book for these two reasons particularly.

MRS. CAMILLE TREAT

\*The Editors of BLUE BOOK are glad to receive letters of constructive criticism and suggestions; and for the ones we publish each month we will pay the writers ten dollars each.

Letters should not be longer than two hundred words; no letters can be returned; and all will become property of McCall Corporation. They should be addressed: Editor of Letters, Blue Book Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York.

# BLUE BOOK

September, 1948

MAGAZINE

Vol. 87, No. 5

## A Complete Book-length Novel

- Seventh Cavalry Staghound** By Fairfax Downey 104  
*There was fun and romance in the old Army, as well as hardship and tragedy.*

## A Novelette

- Too Smart for the Sea** By Richard Howells Watkins 92  
*A spirited drama of the Merchant Marine in the West Indies today.*

## Nine Short Stories

- Sid** By Pete Pedersen 2  
*He came from the wrong side of the tracks, but played a poor hand well.*
- The Minos Goes to Battle** By Kenneth Cassens 10  
*The ancient Cretans elected their rulers for nine years, then put them to death.*
- Nicky and the Tin Finger** By John D. MacDonald 26  
*Wherein a marvelous robot takes on a detective's job.*
- Lucky Come Lately** By Joel Reeve 32  
*A college athlete finds pro baseball and football tough going.*
- The Quiet Hour** By William Brandon 46  
*He lured his enemy to him in strange fashion.*
- McQuillan Lends a Hand** By Frank Leon Smith 65  
*A wild strong man rescues the widow Crotty from a quack doctor.*
- Okeechobee** By Zachary Ball 72  
*Prize cattle, a Seminole herdsman, and a Florida hurricane.*
- Only the Brave** By Owen Cameron 78  
*A ranch country comedy by the author of "The Fortune of Grandfather Epp."*
- The Gold Dust Wedding** By H. Bedford-Jones 84  
*Captain Ezra brings a bride and a rich treasure to the Sandwich Islands.*

## Stories of Fact and Experience

- Picket Station** By Rear Admiral Arthur A. Ageton 18  
*About the little ships which screened the Okinawa campaign against the Kamikaze attacks.*
- Oil Scouts at Large** By Harry Botsford 40  
*Exciting times in the days of wildcat drilling in Pennsylvania.*
- Outlaw of the Wild East** By Frank Shannon 50  
*At his own request he was hanged with his boots off.*
- The Fabulous Five** By Richard M. Kelly 56  
*The stirring story of desperate O S S adventure in Italy.*

## Special Features

- The Island of Zipangu** By Marco Polo 9  
*Engrossed and illuminated by Peter Wells.*
- Travel** 24  
*Old prints from THREE LIONS, Schoenfeld Collection.*
- The Gallant Ride** By Harold Helfer 45
- Songs That Made History—III** By Fairfax Downey 55  
*Dixie.*
- Birds Are Like That** By Simpson M. Ritter 102
- Men of No Distinction** By Ben Melnitsky and Doug Anderson 103
- Cover Design** These United States....XXI—Idaho  
*Painted by Benton Clark.*

Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used it is a coincidence.

❖ ❖ ❖

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# The Fabulous

**T**HE khaki-shirted British officer tossed a montage of air photographs on the table. The keen-eyed American officer, alone with him in the stuffy tent, studied them intently. The pictures were stamped SECRET. The sign outside the tent read: GSI (General Staff Intelligence). It was Italy in the fateful summer of 1944; the place—main field headquarters for the British Eighth Army.

"Do you think you can find out something about them for us, Al?"

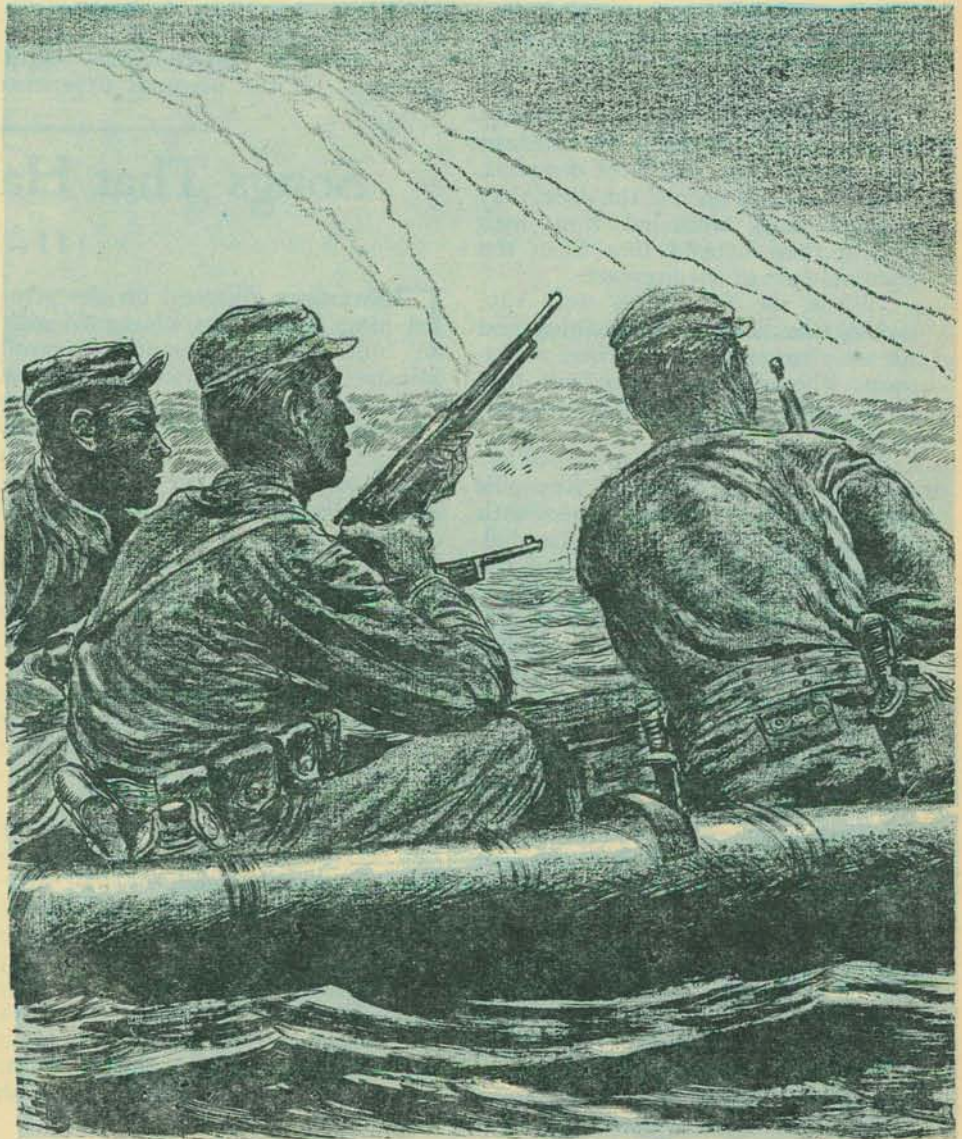
Major Alphonse Thiele of Jersey City, New Jersey, commanding officer of the OSS detachment attached to the famed British fighting force, only smiled quietly. Without replying, he turned to the overlay maps of Tuscany which hung nearby. Threatening red marks—symbols of German defenses and troop concentrations—infested the area covered by the photographs. It was hardly surprising—the plane that had taken those pictures had been flying at top speed over the heart of the formidable Gothic Line defenses.

"I think I've got the boys for the job, Colonel, but it's sure going to be tough. What's all the excitement about these buildings, anyway?"

Quickly the youthful Eighth Army Intelligence chief outlined the problem which had suddenly assumed top priority. It was a mystery of such importance that the lives of five crack Intelligence agents were to be risked in a daring effort to seek its solution.

Object of such top-level curiosity were the three peculiar concrete buildings shown in the photographs. Air reconnaissance had reported considerable suspicious activity around these three extraordinarily substantial structures.

Just at this time, London and the Channel ports were being severely blasted by German V2 buzz-bombs. The dread fear that these fiendish weapons, against which there was no defense, might put in an appearance on the Italian front had the Intelligence brass, big and little, seriously worried. Alert to the slightest hint that the Nazis were preparing such a devastating surprise for them, the British desperately wanted to have these strange buildings checked. Were they even now being readied for V2 rockets? Only a careful observer on the spot could supply the crucial answer. That was the ominous question to which, after a lengthy discussion,



*Cautiously Thiele moved toward a dark silent figure. . . . He called out*

Major Thiele now committed the Fabulous Five.

The story of the almost incredible missions accomplished by this OSS agent team is typical of the fine international coöperation developed during the war in the common cause of crushing the Nazis. Here was a group of young Italians—in the service of the Office of Strategic Services, America's great and already famous wartime agency of Intelligence and underground warfare—willingly risking their lives to help the British Army in its fight to drive the Germans out of Italy.

During the bloody campaign upon history's most battle-scarred peninsula, the OSS, commanded by able

Major General William J. Donovan, recruited hundreds of native Italian agents. None were more colorful nor more daring than the Fabulous Five. Not once but many times their sheer nerve and resourcefulness had cheated Nazi firing squads.

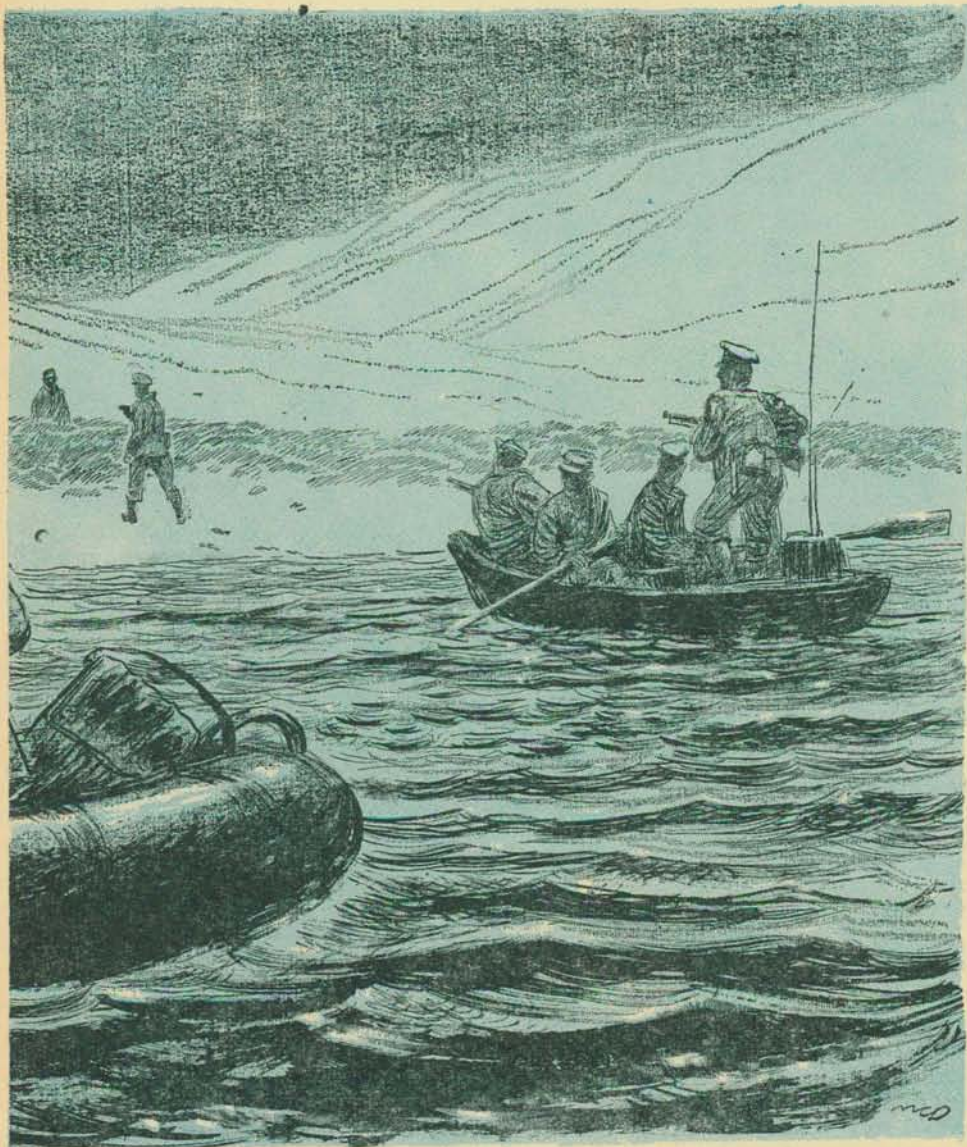
Such daring patriots as these, working under American direction, became the eyes and ears of our forces. Their behind-the-lines operations were a constant threat to the German rear; and the great underground resistance movement they helped to arm and organize played a major rôle in the final German surrender.

The Fabulous Five had been recruited by Major Thiele in Allied-occupied Italy. Ranging from seven-

# Five

FROM BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN ITALY, THIS DARING OSS TEAM RADIOED PRICELESS INFORMATION. . . . TWO OF THEM HAD BEEN STOOD AGAINST A WALL TO BE SHOT WHEN A DIVERSION CAME FROM THE SKIES.

by LT. COMDR. RICHARD M. KELLY, USNR



*in Italian and asked to have the man responsible for the signals appear.*

teen to twenty-two, these five young adventurers, despite widely divergent backgrounds, complemented each other perfectly. Highly intelligent, and amply supplied with the good fortune that comes to the bold, their exploits included the assassination of a German general, a split-second escape from a German execution squad, and the commandeering of a Fascist municipal police force right under the eyes of the Gestapo.

Even today the Fabulous Five can be known to us only by the unusual code names given to them when they served in the OSS. Radioman for the team was "Rolando," a former student; his companions—"Buffalo Bill," a spirited character whose youthful ex-

uberance had earned him a taste of Fascist jails; "Red," another ex-student, who would try anything once; "Stalin," youngest of the lot and a fervent Communist—until he came to work for OSS; and "Potato," adventurous son of a wealthy Italian family.

ALL were intensely loyal to the Allied cause and to each other. With good reason, they also hated the Germans and Fascists. Their intensive OSS training had made them adept with all weapons, and given them a solid background in military intelligence.

Major Thiele's detachment was the principal undercover Intelligence force serving the Eighth Army. With

the help of a small group of American communication and Intelligence experts, his was the job of recruiting, training, briefing, infiltrating, supplying and withdrawing the secret agents who kept the Army staff informed of vital activities behind the German lines. A major part of the detachment's activity included the maintenance and twenty-four-hour operation of a secret radio station which kept daily contact with the various agent teams, and processed their valuable intelligence messages for distribution to the appropriate Allied commanders.

After intensive OSS training, first assignments for the Fabulous Five were highly dangerous short-range missions through the lines to secure intelligence immediately behind the front. This type mission was frequently far more perilous than operations deep in the German rear; the team's execution of such missions would be a rigorous test of their eventual worth to OSS.

The men would be taken to the most forward British outposts late at night. This approach to the front frequently involved coming under enemy artillery and machine-gun fire. About halfway between the British and German positions the escorting officer—either Major Thiele or one of his Italian-speaking sergeants—would leave the agents with last-minute instructions and a whispered, "Good luck!" From then on, the men were on their own. In addition to the natural risk they ran from German front-line troops, they had to be alert to enemy minefields; once they were through the immediate forward area, they had to be watchful of German military police, Gestapo and security forces who kept careful tabs on all Italian civilians.

The desired information was usually gun positions, troop identifications and supply routes. With smooth dispatch, the Pia team, as the five were officially known, successfully completed several touchy jobs.

Major Thiele now realized that he had developed an unusually capable unit. While the Eighth Army Intelligence officer was outlining the importance and hazards of this V2 mission, Major Thiele had been considering his agent resources. He felt confident that this crack unit was ready and eager for such a major mission. He was right.

The Fabulous Five accepted this dangerous assignment with relish. As every day was vital, an air drop was immediately lined up to infiltrate the men to the target area. Fortunately, all five had previously received parachute training. After a thorough briefing, they were ready to take off.

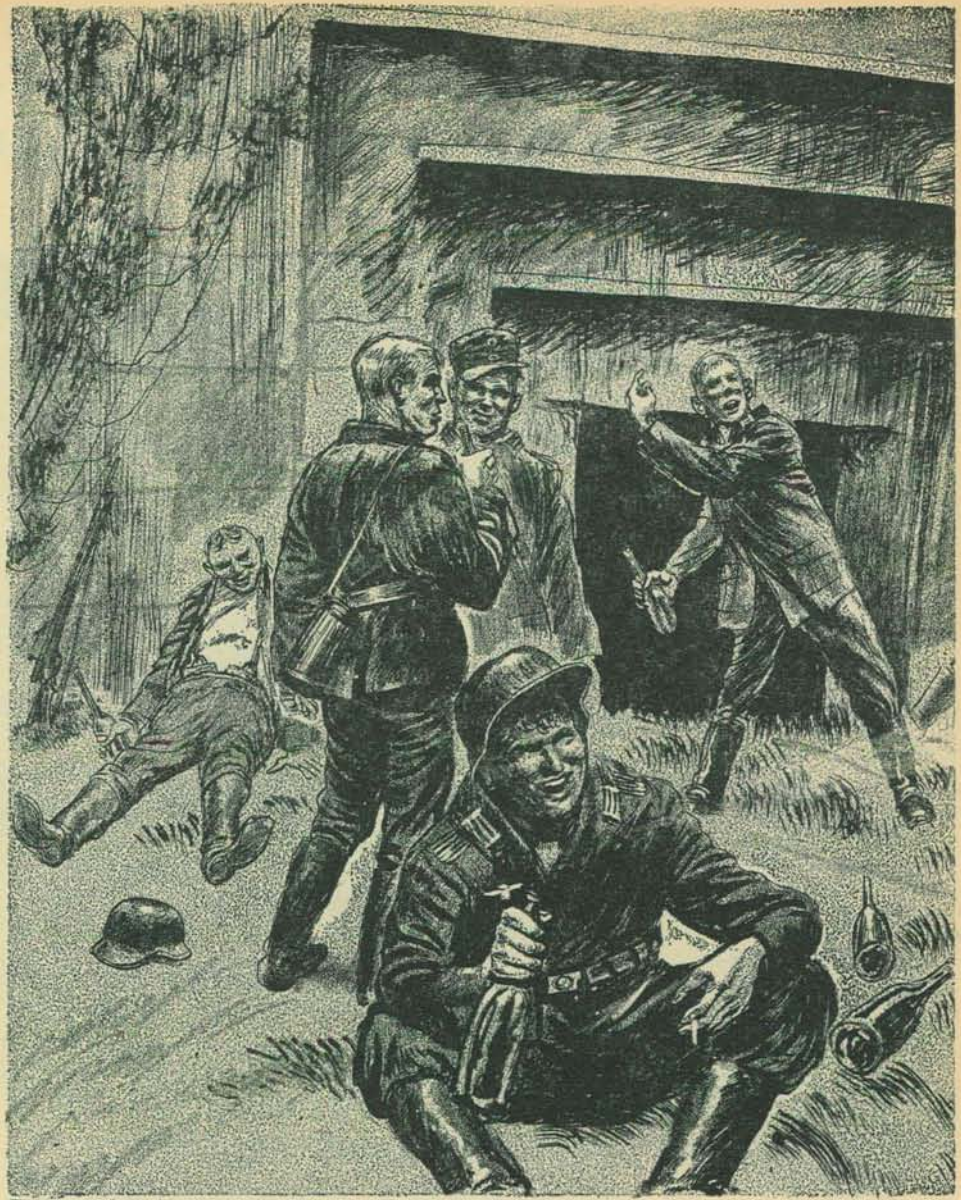
Their pinpoint was an open field about five miles from the suspected buildings. The American and British Intelligence services had very little information on the zone. No active partisan formations were known to exist there, nor was it possible to give the Pia team the names of any safe contacts. From the time they left the low-flying bomber until their return, their only protection would be their own wits.

The departure of an agent team, particularly when they were to drop blind into unknown territory on a dangerous mission, is always a time of great emotion. Major Thiele had grown to like this carefree quintet. As he watched them plummet from the darkened plane toward the blacked-out Italian countryside, he felt a quick apprehension for their safety. His fear was to be justified. Subsequent events, by any normal standards, would have cost the lives of at least two of his agents.

Things were very different in the plowed field below. By contrast, the five young Italians were all smiles—calmly confident and exhilarated by the dangerous work ahead. All five had made a good jump. Landing easily, they had picked up their gear and chosen their hide-out for a sleep until dawn. It was then that their troubles began.

REFRESHED, eager, they crept out carefully to appraise the countryside. A question here and there to an unsuspecting farmer brought distressing intelligence—they had been dropped nearly twenty miles from their pinpoint. This was discouraging enough in itself—for cross-country movement added greatly to their peril; but an even more serious challenge quickly presented itself. Due to some recent sabotage activity against the local German forces, the Nazis were at that very minute conducting a severe "rastrallimento," or mop-up, to terrify the people and destroy a small local resistance group. As a result, the countryside was in an upheaval; the peasants were frightened and suspicious of strangers and such partisan leaders as might ordinarily be counted on for assistance were on the run.

There was one bright spot in all this threatening news. At least there was some sort of organized underground in the area. If this partisan group were not wiped out by the current German drive, they could probably be developed into an Intelli-



gence network, and could also be used to protect the team's all-important radio.

Quickly Pia rallied; at least they could spot German troop movements in this area. Scouting around, they had by dusk some valuable information on these movements which they immediately radioed to base, along with the news of their safe arrival.

That night, making their way cautiously through the fields, they moved safely to within a few miles of the suspected buildings. Now their first objective was to secure a safe hide-out for their radio. Without that, their mission was doomed in advance to failure. Fortunately in this perfect summer weather the precious set could easily be hidden in some woods about a mile from a small town. Rolando, the radioman, immediately set himself up nearby.

The upset local situation and the extreme time urgency on checking the possible V2 emplacements presented a major problem. The safe

way would be to lie low until the German mop-up was over, and then cautiously establish contact with the local resistance forces. With this accomplished, the mission would be relatively easy.

This possibility was discussed and summarily—as well as unanimously—rejected. Bolder action was called for, and the Fabulous Five were equal to the challenge. Inasmuch as they had no time to cultivate resistance friends, they would make contact with the Germans themselves!

This, obviously, was a do-or-die decision. Its greatest chance lay in its very audacity. Buffalo Bill rather fancied himself an expert in preparing Italian dishes, an idea the Germans were soon to share. He knew that German soldiers, like all others, were fond of good food and bored with the monotony of their regular rations. Well, in this case, the way to a man's secrets was going to be through his stomach, and Bill would be the one to prove it.



**"V2 rockets to blast those British and Americans out of Italy!" Ridiculous!**



It was a sunny morning when a fine strong Italian peasant appeared at the door of the German cook tent. He wanted to be a kitchen helper; he was eager, and willing; the German non-com to whom he presented himself offhandedly agreed to give him a try. The sauce that night was a creation; the creator was in. Thus did Buffalo Bill blandly establish himself in the midst of a German detachment, cooking away to his heart's content, picking up the empty plates in the officers' mess, and with them, choice bits of valuable intelligence. Every night he slipped away for a secret meeting with another member of the team, who would promptly relay the news to Rolando at the radio for transmission to base.

Eighth Army was congratulatory at this quick success, but the main object of the mission was still to be achieved—the mystery of the buildings. "Potato" now took the lead, since it was he who spoke fairly good German. To read of his scheme today is to know

only amazement at the odds a brave man will take. His first step was to barter with a peasant for the purchase of a loaded wine-cart—full, of course. His next was to take a few drinks, until he presented a sufficiently rakish and carefree appearance. Then he was off, dragging his cart behind him, along the road to the suspected buildings.

The detachment of Germans billeted there were busy in their routine—but not too busy, it seemed, to take time off and have some fun with this half-drunk Italian who wanted to sell them wine. What's more, he was all for passing out generous samples, and his price was well below the local asking rate—he said he had plenty of wine and needed the money. They gathered around him, glad of the diversion. The *vino* flowed freely; the peasant was a simple-minded fellow, good bait for their jokes, and there was plenty of time to work.

The group was soon in a hilarious mood, the peasant smiling foolishly

and chattering in the midst of them. He was a stupid fellow, filled with stupid ideas. For instance, listen to him now saying in his broken German: "I know what you fellows have inside there—V2 rockets to blast those British and Americans out of Italy!" How ridiculous! The fellow was drunk on the lousy wine he was trying to sell them. Just let him see. "Come in here, lout!" This from a well-oiled German, who half-pushed the now-protesting fellow into the door of one of the emplacements.

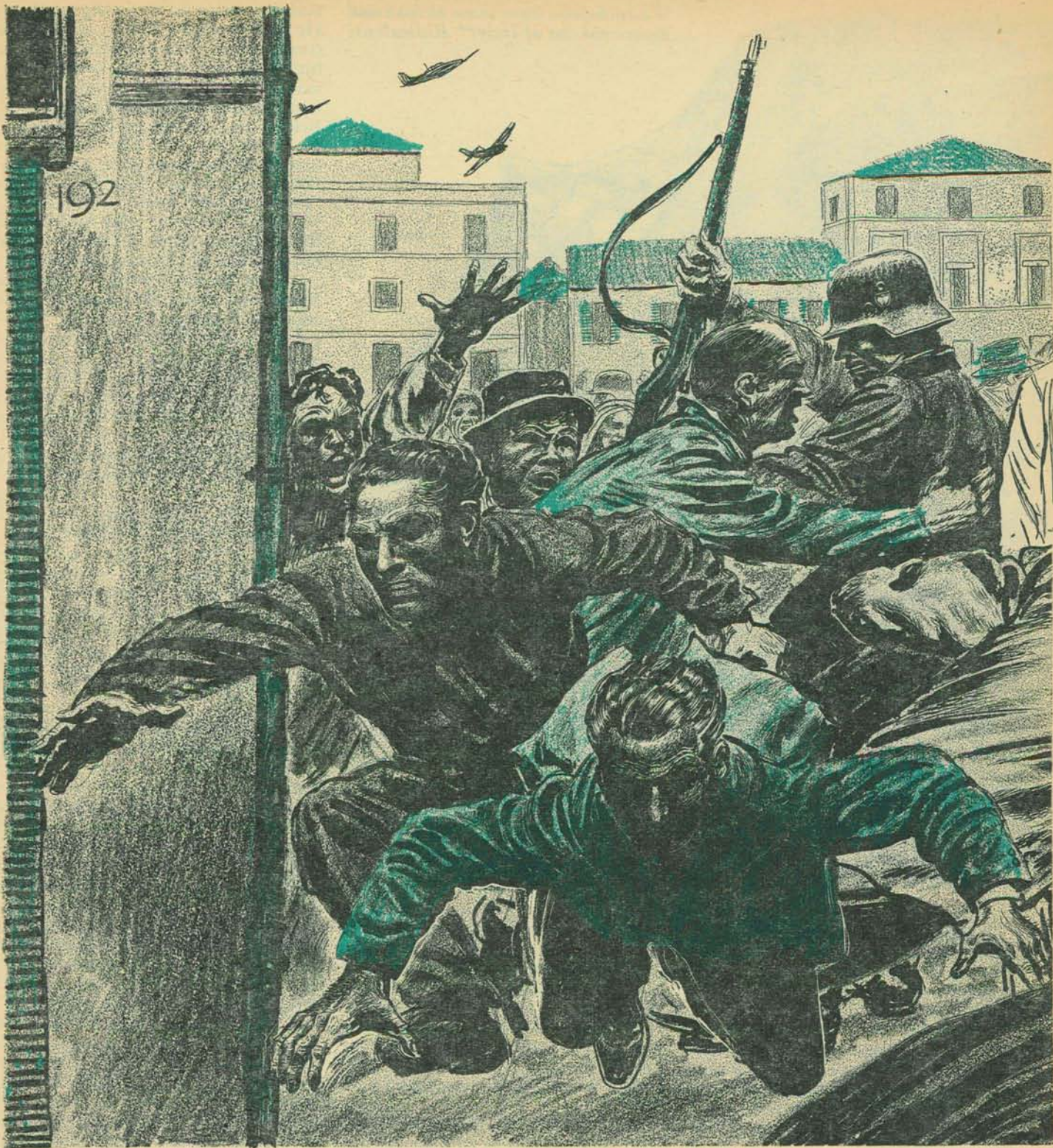
Potato stepped inside. What the British could see only from the air, he was now viewing face-to-face. With a sharp glance, he had the information he wanted; this was but a heavily fortified artillery position. The Germans were roaring among themselves now, pushing him out, shoving him against his cart. "On away, stupid! What oafs are these Italians! Bring us back better wine tomorrow!" The shouts followed Potato's bent figure as he weaved slowly down the road, dragging his wine-cart behind him.

That night the great news was flashed to base. The Fabulous Five had scored again. Just four days after taking off on their mission, their major Intelligence objective had been accomplished. Their achievement was well received at Eighth Army headquarters.

WHILE Bill and Potato had been worming their way into the confidence of the Germans, Red and Stalin had been attempting to establish contact with the local underground, with the purpose of building up an Intelligence network. Discreetly representing themselves as former non-coms in the Italian army and Allied sympathizers, they soon discovered that the main elements of the resistance stemmed from a nearby village. The next step was to set themselves up in this village. Soon they were in touch with members of the underground.

They began to organize a road-watching network along Highway 65 between Bologna and Florence, to report German traffic along this main supply artery. Acting on their information, the RAF made several highly successful attacks. Their plans were progressing famously when, several days later, some underground leaders paid them a visit. Without warning, a German detachment surrounded the town, searched every house and arrested the two agents in their quarters. In searching the room, the Germans discovered a spare radio which had been hidden there.

Red and Stalin were immediately arrested, identified by the Gestapo as Allied agents, quickly tried and sentenced to be shot. Twenty-five of the townspeople, including several women, were sentenced with them. The ex-



cutions were set for the following morning.

News of this tragic development quickly reached Buffalo Bill and Potato. They first determined where their two partners were imprisoned, and then hurried to Rolando, who fortunately had remained in hiding with the other radio. Together the three surviving members of the Pia team discussed possibilities of saving their comrades. There didn't seem to be a chance. Not only had the raid

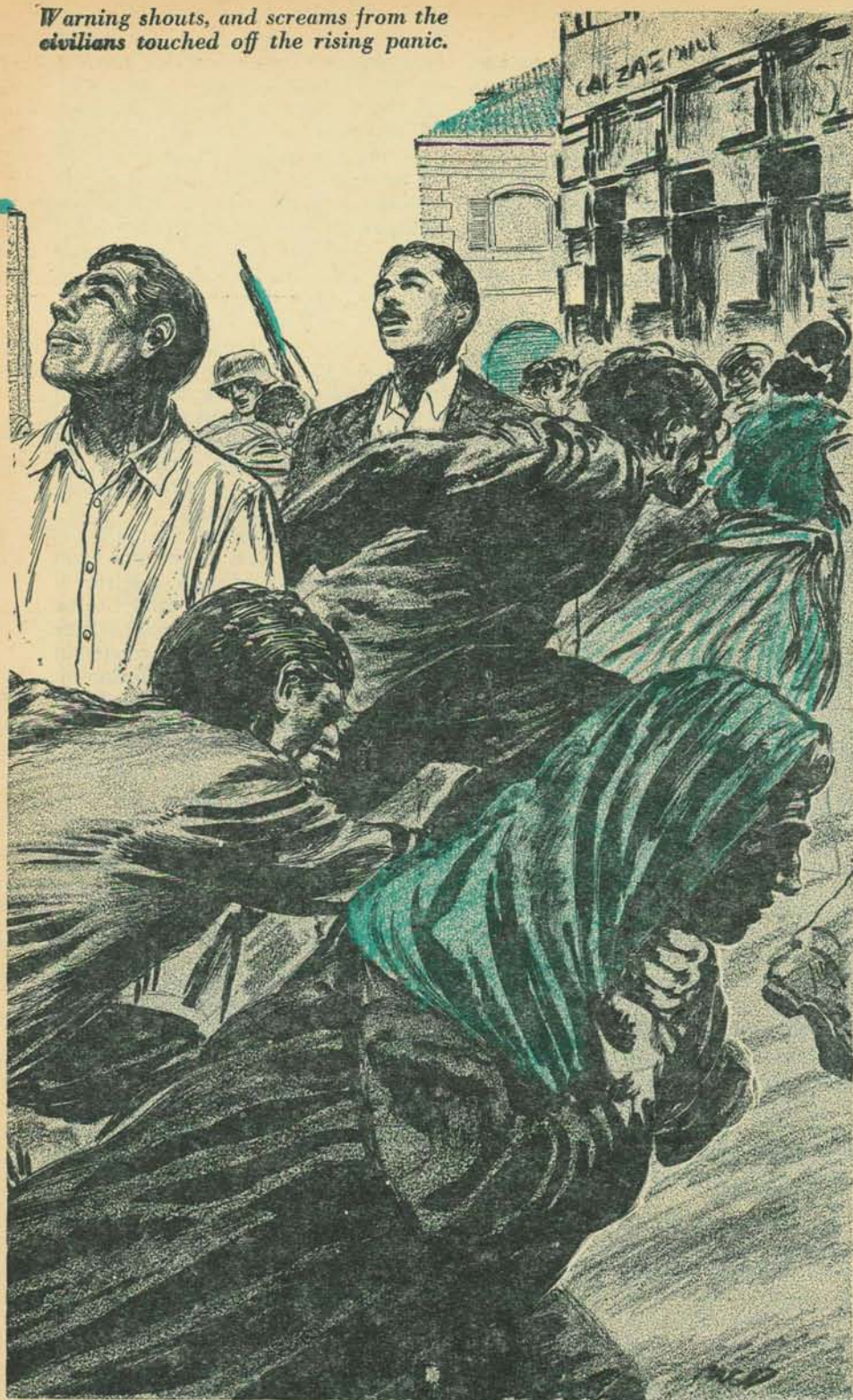
captured all the underground leaders in the town and terrified the rest of the people, but a strong German detachment had moved in to preserve order and guard the doomed prisoners.

Suddenly the three thought of the RAF, which had been responding with such splendid bombing results to their intelligence tips on German road movements. Maybe they could help. It was an outside chance, but they were desperate enough to try anything. Quickly they prepared an ur-

gent message for Major Thiele, sending it immediately on their emergency schedule. In it they outlined the fate of their two comrades, gave the exact location of the town jail where they were held, and urgently requested the intervention of the RAF at dawn.

This message reached OSS Eighth Army late at night. There wasn't a second to lose. The briefing for the dawn sorties by Desert Air Force Spitfires was scheduled to take place in a few minutes. Frantically Major

*Warning shouts, and screams from the civilians touched off the rising panic.*



Thiele contacted DAF headquarters at Eighth Army. In a few terse sentences he outlined the situation and asked for a diversionary strike. The Chief Intelligence Officer for DAF was receptive. He was well aware of the many excellent targets that OSS had supplied, and he also knew of the fine work that the Pia mission had been doing in reporting German movements on Route 65. He remembered, too, that OSS men gave top priority to rescuing shot-down airmen.

Yes, one of their dawn sorties would take a look at the area and see if they could do something to muss up the Germans and help the condemned agents.

There was no time to get a confirming message back to Rolando. There was nothing to do but wait and watch the clock as the minutes crept toward the hour of execution. . . .

Back in the Tuscan hills the situation was if anything more tense than at base. Bill, Potato and Rolando had

done all they could. They had complete confidence that Major Thiele and the rest of the boys at base would do everything possible. But had there been time enough to get word to the Air Force? Would the Air Force divert planes for what was admittedly nothing but a 100-to-1 chance of saving the lives of two Italian agents? They could only wait and watch, pray for the miracle and curse the bad luck that had let the Germans discover the incriminating radio. There was no way they could get a message to their doomed comrades—it would have been fatal to try to go themselves, and no one else in the village dared to visit the convicted men lest the Germans decide to shoot them too.

MEANWHILE in a cell of the filthy jail, the two agents sat talking quietly. Around them they could hear the women and men sobbingly protesting their innocence. In vain at the trial had they assured the Germans that they alone were guilty. But the Gestapo were taking no chances: Innocent and guilty alike had been condemned. Red and Stalin knew that many of these poor people had done nothing against the Germans. They had merely given the OSS men food and shelter, or had been seen talking to them. Most were innocent; yet there was nothing that could be done to help them.

For those trapped people they felt a great sadness; as to themselves, they had no regrets. They knew that this was the chance they had taken when they undertook to become secret agents for the OSS. They were glad that the other three members of the team had not been caught. The Germans had assumed, when they found the extra radio, that just the two of them made up the team. They knew that word of their capture and coming execution must have reached their buddies. The Germans had ordered all the local people to the town square to witness the executions. Had they any chance to escape?

The facts of the matter shook their natural optimism. The jail was sturdy; well-armed German guards covered every exit. They knew that there was no underground force that could possibly attempt their rescue. They agreed they had only one chance—if Rolando had got word to Major Thiele, the Air Force might intervene. It was a glimmer of hope; surely the Air Force would come, for the weather was perfect, and Thiele would organize it. . . . A few bombs, and they'd be free. With mounting excitement they planned their escape. Neither would admit that all their hopes were built on the slimmest of foundations.

Now it was getting light—the little town was coming to life after a sleepless night. The dawn of its saddest

day was at hand. The jail was quieter. All hope was gone from the poor wretches. The shrieks were less frequent now. The guards were stirring themselves. "Let's get this dirty business over with."

At five o'clock the cell doors were opened, and the prisoners were given some bread and a little wine. Then they were led out into the courtyard. Red and Stalin shook hands.

"The planes ought to be here any minute."

"Sure, it won't be long now."

THE Germans marched them toward the square. It was filled with people, and German soldiers seemed to be everywhere. Not a chance to make a break for it! The dreaded swastika hung arrogantly from the prefettura in the early summer morning breeze. There was hardly a face to be recognized in the crowd that now fell back hastily before their Nazi escort. The simple townfolk seemed paralyzed with grief, fear or burning hate. A few tight-lipped faces gave them a glance of encouragement, and some darkly-garbed women, children and not a few men were sobbing openly. Several looked at them with awed surprise, some with pained bewilderment—for everything had been peaceful until these strangers came. The two young Italians couldn't face the emotion of the crowd.

Three sides of the square were packed. The fourth was empty; here a sun-bleached wall was plastered with Fascist recruiting posters and Nazi propaganda sheets—leering American Negroes attacking Italian women, and star-spangled bombs blasting Italian churches and hospitals. Against this lying shameful backdrop they were to die.

Red and Stalin exchanged a furtive glance. They were nearly to the center of the plaza when a voice yelled: "Planes." The hum of motors was louder now. "*Anglesi! Bomba!*" a cry of excitement went through the crowd. All eyes, both German and Italian, glanced upward toward the brilliantly rising sun—none more eagerly than those of the two OSS men at the head of the grim procession. Alone of the entire assemblage did they realize what this dramatic intervention could mean.

It had been but a few seconds since the first shout, but now all activity in the square suddenly ceased. Germans and Italians alike watched with apprehension as the five Spits roared overhead at fifteen hundred feet. The crowd, soldier and civilian together, began to feel dangerously exposed in the open square. A mass movement started toward the surrounding buildings. People began to edge into the streets leading away from the plaza. The prisoners, all save our two friends,

seemed struck dumb by what was happening.

The planes banked sharply, strung themselves out like a thundering snake, and with a terrifying roar commenced their dive at the center of the square. Warning shouts from the Germans and screams from the civilians touched off the rising panic. In an instant the screaming mob sensed what was happening, and rushed madly in every direction for shelter.

Aloft the young squadron leader peered over the side of his cockpit. "This looks like it, boys. Let's break it up down below!"

At five hundred feet the bombs were away and plummeting toward the jail. The planes kept on toward the plaza until it seemed that they must crash right into it; then with a tremendous roar they pulled up and rocketed skyward. Seconds later they were sweeping across the town with cannon blazing at almost housetop level.

Red and Stalin had melted into the dissolving crowd at the height of the confusion. Heedless of the diving planes and falling bombs, they had dashed up the nearest street and headed for the hills. In less than a minute they were out of town and running at top speed across the fields. So quick had been their break, and so complete the frantic rush for shelter, that no one, German or Italian, had given them the slightest heed. Halfway to Rolando's hideout, they met Buffalo Bill, Potato and Rolando on the top of a hill from which they had watched the whole performance.

All five set off at a run for their secret rendezvous. Here they radioed a heartfelt message of thanks to Major Thiele, and holed up to rest. . . . A few days later they learned that after the planes left, the Germans had rounded up most of the condemned townspeople and shot them.

THE FABULOUS FIVE now teamed up with a band of partisans who were operating from the wild Tuscan hills against the German traffic along Route 65. This small group, armed with old Italian weapons and some captured German pieces, staged almost nightly ambushes against enemy truck convoys. The work was exciting and comparatively safe, for the group always took off after the first telling volleys, being content with a few trucks and a few Germans each night.

Daytimes were spent observing the road from well-hidden hilltop positions, and noting unit identifications for transmittal to base. One day while the OSS men and ten of the partisans were lying in the bushes at a vantage point overlooking the road, they spotted a German staff car, flanked by two motorcycles heading toward them. There was no other escort—it was too

good an opportunity to miss. Quickly the group lined up along the side of the road at the top of a hill, where the car would have to slow up, and readied their ambush. One of the men had salvaged a light 20-mm. anti-tank gun; and just as the Germans reached the brow of the hill, he lobbed a shell into the staff car. At the same time everyone else opened up on the motorcyclists and the staff car with small arms. The two cyclists were killed instantly. The staff car careened off the road and turned over. As there was no sign of life near it, the little group ran up, and found to their delight that they had bagged a German major general commanding a division. His dispatch case and personal papers contained top secret German defense plans, as well as a wealth of other highly prized information.

This rich intelligence windfall was so valuable that two of the Pia team started back to Allied lines to deliver it in person. They arrived safely, to be greeted as the heroes they were. The remaining three men were overrun in the Allied advance that soon followed, and returned to Major Thiele for a well-deserved rest.

THE FABULOUS FIVE had now completed two highly successful missions, one series by land and a second by air. On their return from a vacation in the winter of 1944, Major Thiele offered them a chance to penetrate north Italy. This was the prime area of interest now, as plans were well along for an all-out offensive in the spring of 1945. Object of this drive was to crush the German armies in Italy or force their unconditional surrender. Important to its success was an all-out Intelligence offensive to spy out German plans, defenses, and counter moves. Another major objective was the coordination of the growing Italian partisan forces, who could be so useful attacking the German rear during the coming offensive.

These twin objectives and the rescue of shot-down Allied airmen were the next challenge given to the Pia team. Major Thiele consulted with Intelligence officers of Eighth Army, and it was decided that a location near Treviso just north of Venice would be ideal for the team. As there were no good dropping-grounds in the area and it was much too far for overland infiltration, Thiele made plans to deliver the Fabulous Five by sea.

Some weeks previously the OSS Nelson team had made a successful blind landing from a PT boat on the northern coast of the Adriatic about midway between Venice and Trieste, near the small port of Caorle. A radio query to this team brought confirmation that they would receive the Pia mission on the shore.

The long trip from Ancona to the pinpoint involved plenty of hazards. The northern Adriatic was considered by the British Navy to be as heavily mined as any body of water in the world. German patrol vessels were an added threat, and there was always the possibility that an enemy or, as occasionally happened, a friendly plane would cause trouble. Still another constant danger lay in treacherous winter storms which swept down from the north and were fully capable of wrecking the fast little craft.

In spite of all these difficulties, Pia prepared for its final mission, and Major Thiele made arrangements for the trip with the British Navy. On February 20, 1945, the infiltration was first attempted; but halfway to the pinpoint a rising sea forced the PT

east. At this point they spotted three enemy warships dead ahead. Creeping in at slow speed to three thousand yards, the crew of the PT identified them as a corvette, an "R" boat and an "E" boat, all of which were presumably more heavily armed than the small British craft. Apparently the PT was spotted at this point, because the "R" boat increased its speed to catch up with the corvette and exchanged signals with it, after which the German craft reversed their courses.

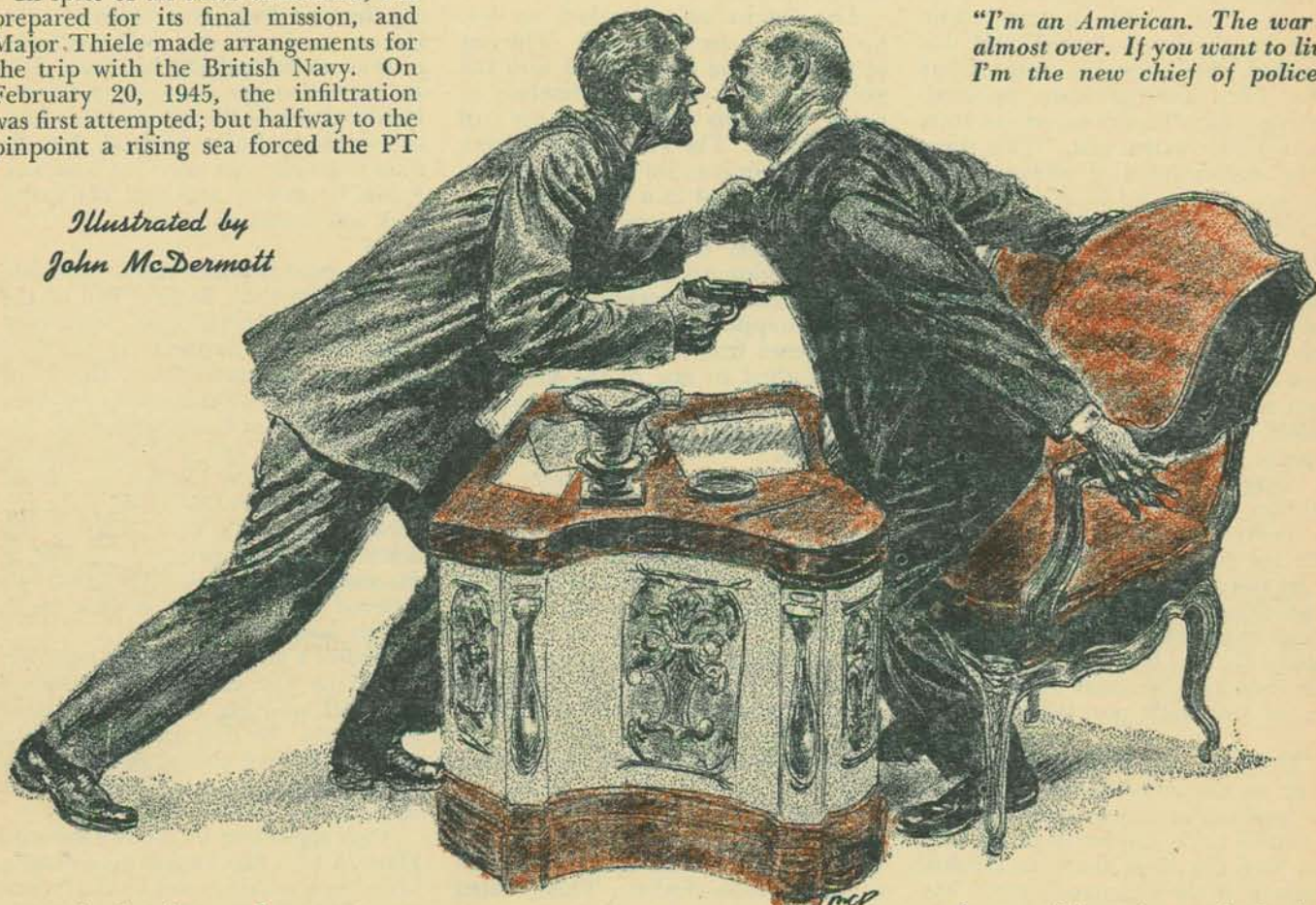
The skipper reversed at full throttle. It was just in time. A fourth torpedo flashed by, missing them by inches.

By now all thought of successfully carrying off a secret landing was gone by the board. After firing off some star shells and letting go with his 20's to give the impression they were merely an offensive patrol, the PT headed back for Ancona—all hands thanking God for their split-second escape.

It wasn't until March the ninth that the moon and weather were right for another attempt, but by this time

*"I'm an American. The war is almost over. If you want to live, I'm the new chief of police!"*

*Illustrated by  
John McDermott*



to turn back. A second attempt was made the next night. Its failure, but without any loss of life, attested once again to the charmed lives of the Fabulous Five as well as the courage and skill of the young lieutenant commanding the PT.

Major Thiele, Staff Sergeant Michielini and Pvt. Devivi of the OSS Eighth Army detachment went along to act as an escort and beach party. In addition to seeing that Pia got ashore properly, Thiele was also anxious to have a conference on future plans with the leaders of his OSS Nelson team, who were to act as the beach reception party.

At six in the evening the stripped-down PT, carrying no torpedoes, nosed out of Ancona harbor and headed north. The sea was calm and hopes of success were high when at 12:55 they changed course at Caorle to head for the rendezvous, seven miles

Unfortunately, this move put the enemy vessels between the PT and the pinpoint where the shore reception party was shortly scheduled to begin flashing the signals. Just after this maneuver, the Nazi "E" boat roared off into the night. Fifteen minutes later, it signaled the corvette from off to the right. Hoping to ease away from the enemy and anxious to avoid any action that would jeopardize the secret landing operation, the PT moved slowly toward the pinpoint. At 0145 they crossed what looked suspiciously like the track of a torpedo. The British skipper, giving it the benefit of the doubt, called it a rip-tide current; but when they crossed a second track three minutes later, it was evident they were under attack. A third torpedo was spotted a minute afterward. Fortunately, it passed ten feet ahead of the bow.

another suspicious element had arisen to becloud the picture. For some time the Nelson radio had been having trouble with transmission. Messages to base were confusing, and to put his mind at ease that the Germans had not captured the set and were operating it, Thiele had asked the team to transmit its prearranged identification signal. The response was not completely satisfactory. There was no valid evidence that the radio was compromised, but the confusion and grave doubts persisted. The torpedo attack on the last attempt might have been an ambush. . . . Thiele was worried.

On the night of the ninth the run to the pinpoint went off perfectly. There on the low-lying shore were the flashing signal lights, one green and one red, blinking the prearranged code. Because of his suspicions, Thiele directed the British dory party to head

for the green light, although the last radio message had told him to head for the red one. About thirty yards off the beach, Thiele ordered the dory to stop, leaped out and with drawn pistol quietly waded ashore. All hands in the tiny dory and accompanying rubber boat, including the Fabulous Five, had their weapons in hand, ready to cover Thiele and open up at the first hostile sign from the beach.

Cautiously Thiele moved toward a dark silent figure. While still a dozen yards away, he called out in Italian and asked to have the man responsible for the signals appear. The figure on the beach agreed, and disappeared. For a tense minute all was still. Then another man appeared, wearing a handkerchief over his face. Again Thiele called out. This time, to the intense relief of everyone, this man was recognized as the leader of the Nelson team.

Quickly now the two boats paddled ashore, and our five friends were landed without further delay. Three shot-down British airmen and three New Zealand ex-prisoners of war were taken aboard in their place—and once again the Pia team was on its own behind enemy lines. After all the suspense and trouble of their several sea voyages, the Fabulous Five agreed that they felt much safer to be on land again—even in German-held territory.

On the way back to Ancona the PT, racing along at more than thirty knots, hit an object in the water which caused a large explosion twenty yards astern. Apparently they had tripped a floating mine, but by some freak of luck, they escaped and made port safely.

AIDED by the Nelson party, the Pia group moved northeast to the Treviso area, where they set themselves up in a small town just north of the city. The first few days there established clearly that the German-directed Fascist police held a firm grip on the town. All activities were closely supervised, and the tight controls were a serious threat to gathering the necessary intelligence. The Fabulous Five held a council of war. With characteristic boldness they conceived a dramatic *coup*—if the police were a threat and ran the town, why not take over the police?

Carefully they laid their plans. Buffalo Bill, the fiercest-looking of the lot, was chosen to play the main part in this all-or-nothing effort. Accompanied by two of his partners, Bill approached the police station. While the others waited outside, casually chatting with some Fascist policemen, Bill walked upstairs and entered the chief's office. Once inside the room, Bill carefully closed the door, then quickly wheeling around, shoved his pistol into the startled official's stomach, announcing:

"I am an American. The war is almost over. If you want to live, I'm the new chief of police!"

The terrified Italian police officer was too stunned to reply. Bill prodded him again with his pistol. The chief recovered himself a bit weakly; nodded, and collapsed into his chair. OSS took over. Bill had correctly gauged the situation: With the tide of the war running against the Germans all over Europe, most Fascists were anxious to get on the winning team. From that moment on, he operated as chief of police.

The Fascist official stayed on, but he took his orders from Bill. The rest of the Pia team now moved into the police station, dressed themselves in police uniforms and enjoyed the run of the town. The Fascist police force was turned into an information service for the OSS, and as a crowning piece of effrontery, the team's secret radio was operated from the security of police headquarters!

This amazing development immediately stepped up the flow of vital intelligence from the Pia mission. It also resulted in one of the most unusual experiences that ever befell a member of the United States Army Air Force:

Captain Hanson, a P-47 fighter pilot of the Twelfth Air Force, was so shot up on a mission to north Italy that he was forced to make an emergency belly landing in the Treviso area. Tall blond twenty-three-year-old Hanson spoke not a word of Italian. Thankful at having escaped death in the crash, the Captain leaped out of his wrecked plane and stood by, waiting to be picked up by the enemy.

The crash had aroused the countryside, and Hanson was quickly surrounded by Italian civilians. Two of these immediately pulled off his Air Corps clothing and dressed him in ragged civilian clothes. Then, seated on the front of a bicycle, he was rapidly pedaled toward the town nearby. *En route* he was amazed at passing several German patrols racing toward his crashed plane. The Nazis hardly glanced at him. By now the young pilot was thinking that his new friends would spirit him to safety, but his high-rising hopes received a rude setback when his bike was stopped in front of a building with the ominous sign, "*Polizei*." Hanson spoke neither Italian nor German, but he knew that in his situation "*Police*" spelled bad news in any language. Suspecting treachery but powerless to help himself, he was pushed inside the building and ushered upstairs into a room occupied by a very dark gangster-type Italian police chief. By now, Hanson was sure that his goose was cooked.

The Fascist police official looked up from his impressive desk, gazed for a moment silently at the blond

young American, and then in broken English said, calmly: "Hello, American, where are you from?"

Convinced that he was being interrogated as a prelude to torture for information, Hanson stiffly replied by giving merely his name, rank and serial number.

The police chief smiled at Hanson's uncompromising attitude and remarked: "I know you're from Cesenatico. I've been there myself. I'm from OSS."

Captain Hanson, like a great majority of men in the armed forces during the war, had never heard of OSS. He was confused, and even more suspicious, as he had left his home base at Cesenatico just a few hours before. He didn't know the game of this English-speaking Italian official, but he wasn't giving out any information. Again he merely repeated his name, rank and serial number.

THE pseudo-police chief, none other of course than Buffalo Bill of the Pia team, realized that additional proof would be necessary to convince this stubborn young flyer. Coolly he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a packet of Camel cigarettes. He offered Hanson one, and then turning around, lifted the blanket on his cot to show the secret OSS radio and code-books. Hanson's face relaxed; his determined look gave way to one of dawning recognition. Tremendously relieved he broke into a wide smile.

"Oh, Intelligence!"

Within a few minutes the two were joined by the rest of the Fabulous Five, all sporting big Fascist police arm-bands. By this time Hanson was ready to believe almost anything, and he joined in the gay celebration which immediately developed.

That night one of the five escorted Hanson to a farmhouse near Caorle, where he was taken over by the Nelson team. For five days he was hidden in a loft of the barn, fed fresh milk, chicken and eggs, and given excellent care. Four nights later he was led down to the shore, where he was introduced to Major Thiele, who had come up on another mission to supply the Nelson team and exfiltrate escaped Allied personnel. It was with some effort that Thiele persuaded Hanson to hold his exciting tale until they were back on board the PT.

The next morning Hanson rang up the control-tower at Cesenatico.

"Who's this?"

"Mike."

"This is Hanson."

"Go on! Hanson had it, a week ago!"

"Mike, this is Hanson! I was picked up by the OSS near Treviso. I've never had it so good. Came back last night on a PT. Those OSS guys are terrific!"

# Who's Who in this Issue



*Rear  
Admiral Ageton*

RETIRED at his own request after twenty-eight years of active service, Rear Admiral Arthur A. Ageton, is best known in Navy circles for his many useful and important contributions to the science of navigation and to thousands of Naval Reserve Officers for "The Naval Officer's Guide" (1943).

A graduate of the Naval Academy in the Class of 1923, Admiral Ageton was chief navigation instructor at the Naval Academy on Pearl Harbor Day.

While on duty at the Naval Academy, Admiral Ageton made his greatest contribution to the teaching of navigation when he designed, wrote many of the scripts, and supervised in detail the production of the long series of Navy training films in surface and air navigation.

To sea duty in July of 1943, he served as Executive Officer of the battleship *Washington* in the Gilbert and Marshall Island campaigns. In August, 1944, still a commander, he assumed command of famous LST Flotilla Three, and directed its activities in command of task groups of assault landing craft throughout the Philippine Campaign from Leyte Beachhead to Lingayen Gulf. For his performance of duty at Leyte, he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal.

Under Admiral Turner and Commodore Knowles, Admiral Ageton commanded an assault landing ship task unit of Task Group 51, landing combat teams of Marines on the Northern Hagushi Beaches. Admiral Ageton

finished the War as Control Officer on Admiral Turner's Pacific Amphibious Forces staff. For all of these amphibious services in combat against the enemy, Admiral Ageton was awarded the Legion of Merit Medal.

## *Kenneth H. Cassens*

ON August 20, 1906, I came to light in Rockland, Maine; and the disgusted look on the stork's beak was purely coincidental.

Did a four-year stretch in Colby College; 1928 found me, matrimony and the depression racing neck and neck. I spent two and a half years in Philadelphia, at the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, but failed to complete the course, for the depression won. Twelve years in the ministry followed, ending in complete failure to get into the armed forces as a chaplain.

But the partial deafness, flat feet and some other twenty defects did not prevent the East Yard of the New England Shipbuilding Company from hiring me as a shipfitter, and I fit the late war there for two and a half years.

Except for sundry poems, letters and newspaper columns and articles, I had never seriously tried my hand at writing. Having a typewriter and a couple of darn' good encyclopedias, I lit out for the postoffice and a book of stamps. "Bull Dance" (June Blue Book) was the first successful fiction to result. This story, by the way, grew out of an interest in the Minoan civilization dating back to college days.

In the course of the years, I have fathered six children, the oldest of whom, now in the Army, will probably read these words in the Philippine Islands, where he is serving as an Army machinist. The other five are at home, all eating heartily beyond their income-tax exemption value.



*Kenneth H. Cassens*



*Pete Pedersen*

I WAS born of respectable parents July 4, 1920, in a healthy community called Rainier Beach, near Seattle.

Am of Danish-Irish descent, and singularly free of the adventurous background which seems to qualify most struggling writers (i.e., never a roustabout, bellhop, dice-game shill, gold miner, or soldier in the Spanish Civil War. I did manage a box-fighter once; it proved unremunerative. Dempsey's Law—when you're close enough to hit the other guy, he's close enough to hit you—was my man's undoing.)

Attended the University of Washington, and was one of those ath-a-letes who "scrimmaged sitting down." A quite ordinary oarsman on some extraordinary crews, my only recollection of the whole thing was that on each day of those four glorious college years I was tired.

Graduated in the school of journalism, and after a stretch as a Navy Air Corps jockey, I went to work handling race-track publicity. This seemed to make as much sense as anything else, and it remains an admirable retreat for any journalism student spawned on an unsuspecting world.

Sold my first story—a boxing yarn—to *Collier's* while an undergraduate. I naturally wondered how long this had been going on, and spent several years finding that the apparent answer was—long enough. I've recently acquired a charming wife, and then two infant sons in rapid succession. All three seem a bit suspicious about this writing business. My most ardent interests—stud poker, Leadbelly's singing, and a paid-up membership in Horseplayers Anonymous.

Ambition: To summon enough courage to turn out a worth-while novel.

# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE FOR ADVENTUROUS READING ★ SEPTEMBER, 1948



**PICKET STATION**  
by REAR ADMIRAL AGETON

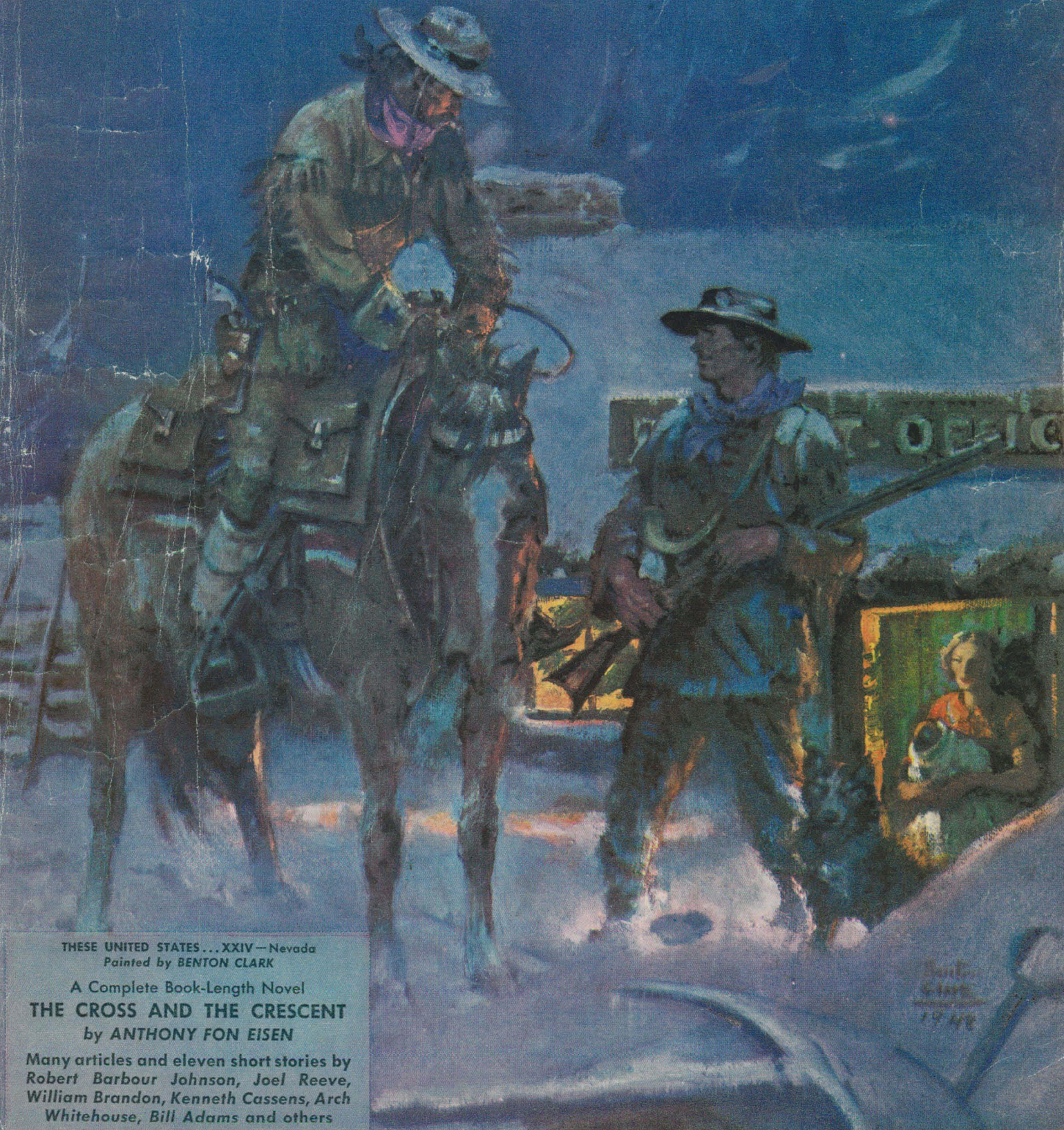
Ten Short Stories, including **ONLY THE BRAVE** by OWEN CAMERON, **LUCKY COME LATELY** by JOEL REEVE, **GOLD-DUST WEDDING** by H. BEDFORD-JONES, **OKEECHOBEE** by ZACHARY BALL, **McQUILLAN LENDS A HAND** by FRANK LEON SMITH



# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE  
25 Cents

Christmas - 1948



THESE UNITED STATES...XXIV—Nevada  
Painted by BENTON CLARK

A Complete Book-Length Novel  
**THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT**  
by ANTHONY FON EISEN

Many articles and eleven short stories by  
Robert Barbour Johnson, Joel Reeve,  
William Brandon, Kenneth Cassens, Arch  
Whitehouse, Bill Adams and others

Benton  
Clark  
1948

# Readers' Comment

## As the Shadows Close In

I AM a British reader, due to die very soon of a mighty painful kidney trouble, and it is not easy to get enthusiastic over anything now. But I feel it would be ungrateful of me to cross that borderland from the living into the dead, if I did not say how much forgetfulness of pain and anxiety copies of BLUE BOOK Magazine have kindly given to me. Forwarded to me on occasion by an understanding American lady, BLUE BOOK has come to mean to myself a never-failing source of interest, of amusement and education. Veteran of 1916-18 and spending much time with the gallant Doughboys—fine fighters and great comrades—I have read "Close Combat" with deep interest, and feel that the G.I.'s are worthy sons of grand fathers. Today, as the shadows close in and the last "fall in" draws near, I find a BLUE BOOK Magazine, a cup of tea and, when lucky, a cigarette means luxury itself.

So thanks a million,

Walter Andrews.

## Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as Amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946

of BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for October 1, 1948.  
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of McCall Corporation, Publisher of Blue Book Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, McCall Corporation, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Donald Kennicott, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, none.

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John D. Hartman, Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948. Frank J. O'Leary, Notary Public, State of New York, Residing in Queens County, Queens Co. Clk's. No. 3034. Reg. No. 192-0-0 N. Y. County Clk's. No. 192, Reg. No. 211-000. (My commission expires March 30, 1950.)

# BLUE BOOK

December, 1948

MAGAZINE

Vol. 88, No. 2

## A Complete Book-Length Novel

**The Cross and the Crescent** By Anthony Fon Eisen 110  
*The storming of an enemy castle is only one of the many exciting events in this colorful story of the war between Spaniards and Moors.*

## Eleven Short Stories

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*Christian Indians helped him handle three bandits on camels in Nevada.*

**Go Ahead, Georgie!** By Joel Reeve 10  
*Professional football is a tough game off the field as well as on it.*

**Point to Point Race** By Liam O'Flaherty 17  
*The horse would obey only two people—and one of them broke his arm.*

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*The Widow Crotty holds out on new equipment for the junkyard.*

**I'll Never Go There Any More** By Frank Bonham 46  
*When insurance was new and fire engines were pumped by hand.*

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**Cover Design** These United States . . . XXIV—Nevada  
*Painted by Benton Clark.*

**Who's Who in This Issue** Inside Back Cover

Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used it is a coincidence

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# Secret Agents

**S**HORTLY after midnight on the fateful morning of January 22, 1944, a United States Navy PT boat heading north through the calm waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea cut its motors, swung sharply toward the blacked-out shore, and on silent engines crept cautiously into Anzio harbor.

Aboard as passengers were Major (then Captain) Steve Rossetti, U. S. Army, Captain Chrusz, three American sergeants and three Italian OSS agents. Although Rossetti and the Germans didn't know it, a few miles seaward of them was a mighty convoy of over two hundred fifty ships carrying the Sixth Corps of General Mark Clark's Fifth Army. Ahead of them on the darkened beach lay 129 days of the fiercest and bloodiest combat, in which Rossetti's OSS detachment was to play a prominent part; and Rossetti himself was to win a generous share of the highest American and British decorations.

A native of Charlestown, Massachusetts, where he lived in the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument, there was little in Rossetti's typical American background to suggest his outstanding OSS career. After graduation from Boston English High School and the Bentley School of Accounting, he had worked for a few years as a salesman for an artist-supply house. In 1941, at the age of twenty-two, he entered the Army as a private. Rising quickly to Staff Sergeant, he next attended OCS and wound up as an infantry company commander in the 80th Infantry Division. At this point he volunteered for "especially hazardous duty with the OSS." Later he was to be all too frequently reminded that in his particular case this qualification was certainly fulfilled!

After a six-weeks OSS introductory course at a secret school near Washington, he was shipped to Algiers, where he underwent further rigorous training in clandestine intelligence work. His first mission, and incidentally the first American ground infiltration of intelligence agents in Italy, came with General Eisenhower's Salerno landing in August of 1943. Up to the fall of Rome some ten months later, Rossetti was personally to make



*"Heavily armed and with charcoal-blackened faces, we moved out just*

eighty-five such dangerous agent infiltrations through the German lines. Most of these were far more perilous than his first effort, but the initial mission was an exciting introduction to the work ahead.

"We landed with three agents just behind the first wave of the Fifth Army assault force," he recalls. "The beaches

in our sector were quiet, and the troops were digging in. We immediately pushed inland ahead of the American patrols and headed toward Naples, the objective of our agents. It was my first time in Italy, as well as the first time behind enemy lines for all of us, and we were naturally a little jumpy. A few miles from the shore we ran

HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IS TOLD THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN STORY OF THE SECRET INTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS UNDER MAJOR ROSSETTI AND CAPTAIN CHRUSZ WHICH AIDED THE 129-DAY DEFENSE OF THIS HISTORIC BEACHHEAD.

# at Anzio

by RICHARD M. KELLY  
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N. R.



*before dawn behind a heavy barrage of artillery and smoke shells."*

into several groups of Fascists, who fired at us. We returned their fire—our first shots of the war against the enemy—and they quickly dispersed.

"Our immediate objective was Avellino, which by a strange coincidence was the birthplace of my father. Here we spotted our first German troops, and because we were dressed in Ameri-

can uniforms, our agents thought they had better strike off for Naples on their own. Accordingly we dispatched them about eighteen miles from Naples, and started back through the fields for the American lines. Our trip to Avellino had taken us only a day and a half; but on the way back, we ran into some serious trouble that

was to keep us traveling four days and nights.

"By now the German ring around the Allied beachhead was drawn tight. Traveling only at night, and hiding out in the fields during the day, we successfully penetrated the German rear areas. Here we were spotted by ten Germans, who opened fire on us. We took off through some woods and managed eventually to shake them. The next morning, after crawling for several hours, we finally penetrated the jittery American outposts.

"At first they were very suspicious of us, having never heard of OSS, but finally we were identified at the Corps level. This was the first American ground infiltration of agents in the Italian campaign. Our men made their way successfully into Naples, where they set up radios and for several weeks sent through much valuable information to the advancing Allied forces."

AFTER the fall of Naples, Rossetti moved north with the OSS Fifth Army detachment, which located itself at General Clark's headquarters in Venafro, just behind the stalemate at the Cassino front. Here for several months he completed a number of dangerous infiltration missions. Then came an order, which to many officers in his perilous duty, would have been a welcome respite. "Return to rear headquarters to take over a transportation job." Rossetti's reaction was typical of his quick-spirited temperament. He offered some outspoken suggestions as to what a superior officer could do with his assorted vehicles—a speech that was rewarded with confinement to quarters for six weeks!

It was against such a background that Captain Rossetti received an order one afternoon at an OSS holding area near Naples. He was to pack all his gear and report at a certain OSS villa in Naples early that evening.

As Rossetti tells it: "I was completely fed up with sitting around, and as I packed my gear, I felt sure that I was being shipped back to Africa for reassignment. The villa to which I reported was something. It was run by Joe Savoldi, the ex-Notre Dame football star and wrestler, and it was

*"Someone started shooting. The enemy returned our fire, but our automatic weapons were too much for them."*

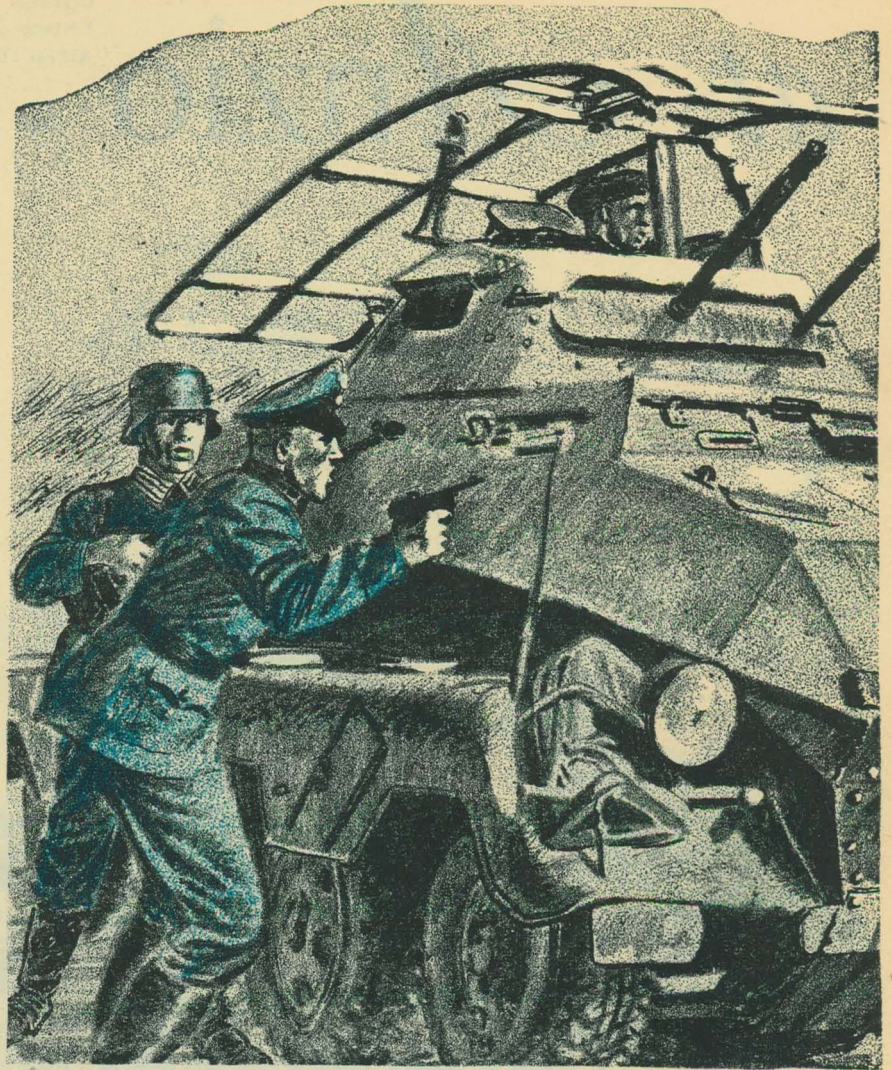
conducted on a very elaborate scale. I arrived just before dinner. First we had cocktails and then sat down to a sumptuous meal. Present were Captain John Chrusz of OSS, three OSS Army sergeants whom I knew, and three Italian agents.

"I noticed that all the OSS personnel were dressed for combat and wearing sidearms. For the first time I picked up the idea that I wasn't going to Africa at all, but was to be part of a mission. From all the attention they gave us, I gathered that it was to be a very important one. There was a distinct 'last supper' idea about the whole thing that was hardly reassuring. At the time, however, I was so disgusted with inaction that the idea of going on any mission appealed to me very strongly.

"I gathered from the conversation that we were to land these agents somewhere up north, and that a Navy PT was to take us behind the lines. Then we were to escort the men as close to Rome as possible. This sounded very interesting, and I ventured to ask how we were to get back. It seemed like a fair question to me, but the only answer I got was that American troops would be at the spot. Captain John Chrusz was to be in charge of the infiltration party, and I was to handle the administrative end of things.

"Not wanting to appear too ignorant, I didn't ask anything more until we boarded the PT at Naples and headed north. Then for the first time Chrusz told me that we were on our way to Anzio. He assured me, 'American troops will be there soon,' which was the first indication I had that something big was in the wind.

"THIS was my first trip on a PT, and the ride was quick, uneventful and pleasant. Once a flight of German bombers did pass close overhead on their way south to blast Naples, and for a few moments we thought that they had spotted us, but nothing happened, and we continued northward. Our actual landing was made at Nettuno. The Navy skipper did a slick job. He cut his motors well offshore, and we glided silently right into the pitch-black harbor and pulled up beside a rocky pier that extended out from the shore. There wasn't a sound from the town, and our party slipped ashore and quickly entered one of the many beautiful but deserted villas on the waterfront. We rested there until two in the morning, when we took off and headed inland. So far we hadn't seen or heard a thing. It was unbelievably quiet.



"However, shortly after we left the coast, sounds of a terrific racket echoed back from the waterfront. It was only then that Chrusz told me that the Navy was blasting the beaches, and that the whole of the Sixth Corps was making a major amphibious landing behind us.

"The five Americans in our party of eight were all dressed in Army uniforms, with helmets and sidearms. Our agents were in civilian clothes, with their radio concealed in a violin case. Around dawn we contacted some Italian farmers, who quite naturally were terribly frightened at the sight of us. We questioned them, and were advised that German patrols used the roads constantly, and so after a brief rest and a little food, we took to the fields. At eight that morning we spotted disorganized German units streaming down the roads toward the beachhead. We kept well off the highways and headed rapidly inland. By noon we were ten miles from Anzio; already the roads were crowded with regular German army units rushing toward the town.

"We spent that second night ashore in the fields, as we were afraid to seek shelter in any of the houses. This whole area had been built up by the Fascists, and we had been warned that the population was in large measure strongly Fascist in their sympathies. It was freezing cold out in the open, and after vainly trying to get a little rest from catnaps, we took off again for Rome about three A.M. Before dawn that day we passed through the outskirts of Cisterna and pushed about six miles beyond it toward Rome.

"All the next day we proceeded very cautiously, as the area was getting thick with German troops. Around four o'clock our agents asked that we let them proceed alone, as they felt that in view of the circumstances they could make out better without an escort of uniformed Americans. We agreed, and dispatched them on their way after taking them more than halfway to Rome.

"For the rest of this second day we lay low in the fields, spotting German troop identifications on the highways. Around nine that night we started



back, trying to keep the road about a hundred yards to our right. Again it was freezing cold and pitch-black. We must have blundered too close to the road, because at one point a truck stopped near us, and a German jumped out shouting a challenge. We made no reply, and I ordered our party of five to spread out and lie on the ground about fifteen yards apart. It was well that I did, for immediately several other German vehicles pulled up, and a detachment of troops disembarked and started toward us. I was anxious to keep our group together for mutual protection, as the area was now crawling with Germans, and our best chance of getting back to the Allied lines seemed to be by sticking together.

"I whispered orders that as soon as the enemy troops came close, everyone was to open up with as much noise as possible to give the impression we were a strong force. For a few seconds we lay there on the frozen soil as the shouting Germans closed in on us. Then someone off to my right started shooting. Immediately all five of us

opened up with automatic weapons and poured a heavy fire at the Germans, who were by this time only twenty-five yards from us. The enemy returned our fire, but our automatic weapons were too much for them. Swearing and shouting, they pulled back to their trucks and quickly drove off down the road. In this brief exchange I shot off three clips with my Thompson, and the rest of the boys were equally busy. None of us had been hit, and just as soon as the German trucks disappeared, we started running as fast as we could—making certain this time that we kept well away from the road.

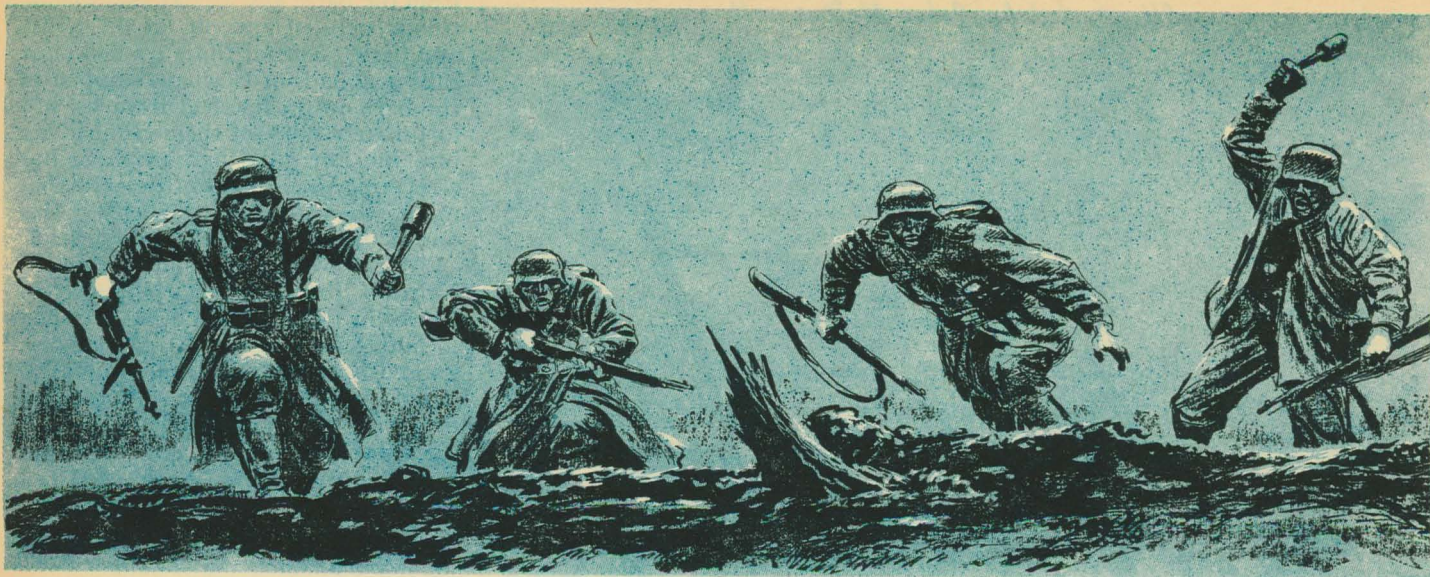
"**W**E ran for about two miles; and then as dawn was approaching, we hid up in a barn about two miles east of Cisterna. All of us were cold, hungry and exhausted after three nights and two days on the move. The hay in the loft of that barn looked pretty good to us. Soon, however, we realized that we had made a stupid mistake. There was a German-occupied farmhouse about twenty-five yards

from the barn, and all day long enemy troops were in and out of the house and barn. Several times we had close calls as squads of Germans stopped in the barn just a few feet from us, but fortunately none of them climbed up into the loft. We had anything but a relaxing time of it until eleven that night, when we finally managed to slip out of the barn into the frozen fields.

"We traveled by compass toward Nettuno, the tiny port right next to Anzio, in front of which we expected to find American troops. As we progressed toward the front lines, we heard more and more evidence of heavy fighting. The artillery on both sides was going strong, and there was lots of air activity. At four A.M. I called a halt, because I knew it would be suicide to try to cross the American lines at night.

"**D**AYLIGHT came; we could see the dust from the beachhead, and all of us realized that the most dangerous part of our mission was at hand. Somehow we had to pass through the German lines and into the American lines without being wiped out. Our infantry training stood us in good stead. Arranging the men in single file, I gave the order to worm our way forward on our bellies. It took us about three hours to cover one mile. On the way we crossed several dirt roads, darting across one at a time. We carefully avoided all farmhouses, as we knew by now that the Germans usually occupied them. Finally around nine o'clock as we edged our way over a slight rise, I spotted some newly turned-over dirt in an open field about a hundred yards ahead of us. From the construction and field of fire, I figured they must be advance American outposts, although there wasn't a sign of a soldier anywhere. From that we knew we were at the front, probably in no man's land. Keeping low, we crept forward very slowly through the bare open field, feeling as conspicuous as giants every inch of the way. About fifty yards from the nearest foxhole, we stopped and called out: 'We're American troops.' There wasn't a sound in reply.

"We waited for five minutes and then pulled ourselves forward another ten yards. Here we stopped again and called out, 'American troops!' Again there was no answer, although by now we felt sure that the occupants of the foxholes must be Americans. Had they been Germans, we wouldn't have been alive. Germans or Americans, though, there was nothing we could do, as they obviously could see us and could easily eliminate us in a second. After another wait of three minutes or so, we moved forward another ten yards, and then a voice suddenly called out—in unmistakable and very welcome English: 'Who are you?'



“‘American troops,’” we yelled. The voice replied immediately: ‘Come ahead.’

“We jumped to our feet, raced toward the American foxholes and dived into them. All five of us made it safely.

“When I rolled over, I found myself looking up the barrel of a Thompson being held by an American sergeant who commanded the squad manning this outpost. He began to question us; and speaking for the group, I tried to tell him who we were. The sergeant wouldn’t believe us. He had never heard of OSS and doubted our whole story. He told us that his position was only 125 yards from the German outposts. What made him particularly hard to convince was the fact that his company had not been able to get a patrol through the German lines at that point for the past twenty-four hours.

“All that day this sergeant kept us under guard at his outpost, and when dark came took us to his platoon leader. This officer and his company commander, to whom he directed us, both refused to accept our story. It was not until we had passed through the battalion and divisional CP’s and reached the Sixth Corps HQ that we found someone who knew of OSS and our mission. The Corps G-2 was very interested in our report, and when we told him that we had planted three agents in Rome, he immediately wanted to know if it would be possible for us to set up a radio at the beachhead to pick up the Rome messages. We assured him we would make every effort to set up a station to service Sixth Corps; then we took off for some badly needed rest.”

**W**HILE Rossetti and his OSS party were infiltrating their agents and dodging Germans behind the enemy lines, the situation on the beachhead was fast developing into a decisive

*“Nights were the worst. All night long wild, tough young Nazis, scream-*

struggle. General (later Marshal) Alexander, commanding the Allied forces in Italy, had decided on the Anzio operation when his American Fifth and British Eighth Armies, after battling their way through the German Winter Line, were stopped by the heavily fortified and naturally formidable Gustav Line guarding the approaches to Rome. Anxious to avoid another difficult and bloody mountain campaign, the Allied commander ordered Fifth Army to take Sixth Corps and make an amphibious landing at Anzio and Nettuno, tiny ports thirty miles southwest of Rome.

This landing was to be preceded by an all-out attack by a reinforced Fifth Army on the Cassino front, to commit all German reserves in defense of the Gustav Line. With the Germans busy on the Cassino front, it was expected that the threat to the enemy’s communication lines would force him to withdraw in the south, thereby permitting the Fifth Army to drive forward, link up with Sixth Corps at Anzio and sweep on to Rome. It was not anticipated that the Germans would be able to deal with the serious threat of Sixth Corps in their rear without committing troops from the Gustav Line. This proved to be one of the major tragic miscalculations of World War II.

Sixth Corps, with an initial striking force made up of the U. S. Third Division, the British First Division, attached armor, two parachute battalions, Commandos, Rangers and other supporting troops, had met almost no German opposition in seizing its initial beachhead the first day. Almost no enemy forces were in the immediate landing area, and most of the troops landed without firing a shot. By the end of D Day, however, the Germans had twenty thousand troops

near by, ready to close in rapidly on the beachhead. Units started toward Anzio from northern Italy, southern France, Austria, Yugoslavia and even Germany itself. By D plus 2 there were forty thousand enemy troops surrounding the Allied forces; and by January 30, when General Lucas, commanding Sixth Corps, opened his main offensive thrust, General Von Mackensen, commanding the Fourteenth German Army opposing him, had numerical superiority. The answer to the strategic success of Anzio is in the poignant fact that none of these Nazi troops had come from the forces battling the Fifth Army to a standstill on the southern front.

During the first week of Anzio, Sixth Corps pushed slowly inland against stiffening German resistance. Meanwhile the U.S. 45th Infantry and 1st Armored Divisions were landed as reinforcements for the Allied offensive of January 30 and February 1. This attack, although it brought the Allied penetration up to fourteen miles from the coast at its high point, fell short of its first objectives—the capture of Cisterna and Campoleone. It was now evident that the Germans had massed a force to drive Sixth Corps into the sea. On urgent orders from General Clark, Sixth Corps attempted to consolidate the positions already won, and went over to the defensive to await the all-out German attack. This onslaught was not long in coming.

**S**EVERAL days before the Germans let go with their drive, under personal orders from Hitler to eliminate the beachhead regardless of the cost, the tiny OSS detachment at Anzio under Captain Rossetti received their precious communication equipment from OSS headquarters at Caserta. This gave them direct receiving contact



*ing and yelling, would come at us in seemingly never-ending waves."*

with the agents who had by this time successfully established themselves in Rome, and opened up a valuable intelligence source at a critical time.

First information received from the agents gave the identification of German units already at the beachhead and of others moving through Rome to take part in the offensive. Then on the second day came a crucial message—the Germans were to attack a certain sector on February 7. On receipt of this message, Corps shifted its troops to meet this assault, which was finally repulsed after heavy losses by both sides.

**R**OSSETTI'S unit was billeted in the medieval Barbarini Castle, unfortunately located right on the beach, which was the favorite target of German artillery and air attacks. In common with everyone else on the beachhead, they were under constant shellfire and subject to frequent bombings. Their position was particularly dangerous, because the enemy was concentrating his efforts on blasting the shipping and supply dumps in the harbor area. Because of the constant bombardment, the upstairs rooms of the castle were seldom used. Most of the time, and always at night, all hands stayed in the cellar for such protection as it offered.

From February 3 to February 12 the Germans battered Sixth Corps, slowly pushing them back and seizing strategic positions from which they could launch their knockout blow. In spite of terrific punishment, the combined British and American force had managed at heroic sacrifice to prevent a breakthrough, and made the Germans pay dearly for every inch of ground. During a comparative lull between this early offensive stage and the all-out attack which came during

February 16 to 20, Rossetti received a radio message of such importance that he rushed to Corps Headquarters, where he found General Lucas and his staff at lunch. As he tells it:

"The message warned us that Hitler had ordered an all-out air attack of one thousand planes to blast us off the beachhead. I knew it was pretty hot stuff, so I insisted on going right into the mess and personally handing it to the G-2. He stopped eating and read it. Then he passed it to General Lucas. All of the officers were right in the middle of their meal, but when the General read our message, he immediately got up from the table, and together with his whole staff left the mess. As a result of this message, the Fifteenth Air Force blasted every German airfield within bombing range to break up preparations for such a mass attack. They must have been successful, because although Nazi planes were over every day and night weather permitted, the one-thousand-plane raid never materialized.

"Meanwhile the tempo of the German attack grew in ferocity. Our lines were being pushed back steadily, and many officers were openly predicting that it was just a matter of hours before the Nazis would crack through and drive us into the sea. Every able-bodied man on the beachhead was thrown into the fight. The Germans were attacking in force all along the line in support of their major drive through our center. In such circumstances it was completely useless to try to infiltrate intelligence agents, so except for monitoring our radio, there wasn't much intelligence work for us to do.

"Like everyone else, we were taking a twenty-four-hour beating from the German artillery and air attacks. There wasn't a square inch of the

whole area that was not under shellfire. We decided at this point to go to Corps and tell them we figured we would go up to the front line and lend a hand. Their attitude was frank—they thought we were just asking for trouble, but when we assured them that a radio operator was staying behind to handle all messages, they gave us their blessing. We reported to the intelligence officer of a British brigade which was being badly chewed up. He informed us we were just plain crazy to volunteer for front-line duty, but he was mighty glad for even half-a-dozen extra men. We were sent to an infantry company headquarters, where we spent several days as combat troops, working in a little intelligence detail by interviewing a few Italian civilians who occasionally came through our lines. The whole time we were under .88 shellfire, and the losses on both sides were terrific.

"**T**HE situation of this unit was typical of that time in the last-ditch battle. The company commander had little control over his men. All communication lines were out, and it was every squad for itself. The only contact the commander had with his troops was when he managed to get a runner through to a platoon commander, or visited his sections himself.

"Nights were the worst. All night long the Germans would attack. Wild, tough young Nazis, screaming and yelling at the top of their voices, would come at us in seemingly never-ending waves. During such attacks, all the company's officers and ourselves would take up positions trying to hold them back. It was pitch-black, and we would fire at every sound.

"During the few days that we stayed up there I developed a tremendous admiration for the fighting qualities of the English. It was during the very worst part of the battle, which reached its peak on February 19 and





*"When I was close enough to touch him, I saw that he had the look of death."*

20, that we were with them, and they certainly proved themselves to be rugged soldiers. The same thing was true of every Allied unit, British and American, in that bloody fight. We were pushed back about a mile in three days, but a break-through never came. Elsewhere on the front, the pressure was even heavier than in our sector but somehow the final Allied defense lines held. Then at just the crucial moment the American First Armored Division made a surprise counterattack which rolled back the Germans for about a mile, and the heaviest German effort to smash the beachhead was finally checked.

"We returned to our headquarters in the castle and kept ourselves busy screening Italian refugees, some of whom had pretty good information. However, most of them were inclined to exaggerate in an effort to be helpful, and the radio remained our most lucrative intelligence source.

"Then suddenly, without warning, the vital Rome messages stopped. We kept on listening at the scheduled hours, but there was no further contact. We did not find out the reason for some weeks. It was a very tough break, but just the kind of thing that

occasionally happens in intelligence work. This team which we had landed had set themselves up very nicely in Rome, and were tapping very profitable enemy sources. But with the Allied forces only thirty miles from Rome, the heartened Italian patriots in the Eternal City became more active. One day some of them threw a grenade at a German unit, causing a few casualties. The German reaction was unbelievably savage. Over three hundred Roman citizens were picked off the streets and massacred. The radio operator of our agent team had the misfortune to be one of the victims selected at random.

"THIS bad break, plus the quieting down of the heavy Anzio fighting, made the use of ground agents imperative to serve Sixth Corps' intelligence needs. Captain Chrusz returned to OSS headquarters in Caserta to line up some agents. He sent me three members of the highly trained Italian San Marco group which had joined the OSS. These men were expert saboteurs as well as excellent soldiers and intelligence agents. They were familiar with military things, and knew the German Army well, having served

with the Nazis, whom they despised, prior to the Italian armistice.

"The three were known as John, Lai and Bennie. Fortunately they needed little additional training, and a few days after their arrival I checked with Corps on intelligence priorities, and received a thorough briefing, complete with maps of the roads in the German rear as well as all known enemy positions. The first mission for these agents was to get behind the front and as close to Rome as possible. On the way they were to spot all German positions, troop activity, large-caliber gun locations and any other military information on the state of the enemy that they could discover.

"Because the right flank of the beachhead, which was manned by the SSF, or Special Service Force—a crack Canadian and American outfit—was fairly quiet, we decided to attempt our first infiltration at that point. It was about the middle of March. We dressed our three agents in civilian clothes purchased from Italian refugees, briefed them carefully, rehearsed their cover stories and moved up to the front the morning before we took them through. All day we studied the terrain we would have to

cross that night, taking special care to select a route well away from the dangerous stone farmhouse which we knew to be occupied at night by the enemy.

"Just after dark we crept out into no-man's land and headed toward the German lines. Twice while passing through the enemy's outposts we must have made too much noise, because they sent up flares. Those who heard the flares going off had time to hit the dirt, but the rest obeyed instructions and froze in their last position, not moving a muscle. Those flares were as bright as daylight and seemed to last an eternity. Fortunately we were not spotted either time, and drew no enemy fire. We left our three agents just in front of the main German positions, and then made our way by compass back to within a hundred yards of the SSF lines, where we lay down to wait for dawn. Several times we heard German patrols but managed to avoid them. The worst of it was the long cold night and the constant tension. Finally morning came, and we slipped through our lines to safety. The SSF had been expecting us, as we came back through the same sector from which we had departed twelve long cold hours before.

"FOUR and a half days later two of these agents returned. With them they brought information which gave Corps a beautiful picture of a large sector behind the German front. Their interrogation, which lasted over eight hours, was the first accurate intelligence Sixth Corps had received on the German position except for what had been picked up from prisoners and the occasional unreliable refugee. Their story was an interesting one. Posing as refugees, they had first contacted troops of the Fascist San Marco Division, who helped them through the forward areas into the rear. Then the three of them had circled around the beachhead and proceeded to Albano, not far from Rome. On the way they made careful note of German gun emplacements along the highways, troop concentration areas, unit identifications and other vital military data. At Albano, Bennie decided to push on to Rome; but John and Lai, believing the information already obtained was too good to hold, had started back. Their return, by the same route they had gone through the lines, went off without a slip. At night they had worked their way well out into no-man's land, and at dawn had identified themselves to the SSF and made it to safety.

"Corps was so pleased with the results of this first mission, which gave them several immediate artillery targets, that they requested another mission as soon as possible. The next job, a solo effort by John, was one he

suggested himself. Confident that many of the Fascist soldiers were fed up with the war and hated the Germans, he wanted to contact these troops and try to effect their surrender. Corps approved this mission, provided that the Italians deserted only in dribs and drabs. They most certainly did not want any large number of the Fascist soldiers to surrender, as then the enemy commander would have replaced the division with German troops. What was now a relatively quiet sector would then become just as hot as the rest of the front.

"I decided to infiltrate John," recalls Rossetti, "during a dawn attack on enemy positions by an SSF Company. The purpose of this attack was to take prisoners. Heavily armed and with charcoal-black faces, we moved out just before dawn behind a heavy barrage of artillery and smoke-shells. Our little force pushed rapidly across no-man's land and penetrated about half a mile into the German lines. Here the SSF killed a number of the enemy and rounded up surprised prisoners in foxholes and farmhouses. During the height of the attack, when all was confusion, I swung to the right with my agent and left him directly in front of the Italian San Marco positions. Then I hurried back to join the SSF in their return.

"German artillery retaliated heavily during our withdrawal but not a single SSF soldier was killed. Both the raid and the infiltration were highly successful. Twenty-eight Germans were bagged. As a matter of fact, Axis Sally came on the radio that night and remarked that something would have to be done about the SSF. Nothing was, and these crack troops continued to strike terror among the Germans with their aggressive patrols and sudden raids.

"John made his way into the Fascist lines without any difficulty, and soon found some ready dissidents among the private soldiers. He steered clear of the non-coms and officers, as these positions were presumably given only to die-hard Fascists. After spending two days spreading discontent, John pushed on to Littoria and Valmontone, two German strong-points. On the way he spotted several tank positions, some supply dumps and an enemy troop rest area. Corps put its artillery and naval gunfire on these excellent targets shortly after his return. The first night John was on this mission, twelve Italians deserted to the SSF, and from then on they trickled through singly and in small groups. Through fear of the Germans, who had an officer with every Fascist company, there was no wholesale move to surrender. However, these Italians gave much valuable information.

"The next mission was undertaken by Lai to spot large-caliber German

guns, which were causing high casualties and making life on the beachhead completely miserable and highly precarious for everyone. We had had our own share of enemy shells. One night, as we were all asleep in the cellar of our castle, we were awakened by a tremendous crash. As I rolled out of my sleeping bag, I began to choke. The air was thick with the dust of centuries-old plaster and a sharp odor of gas. The castle had been hit hundreds of times before, but this was something different. At first we thought it must be a gas shell, and kept clear of the room where the shell had landed. Later the gas cleared away, and we plowed our way inside to see a 160-mm. shell which had come through a window, crashed through two floors and buried itself two and a half feet into the cellar floor. By some miracle this four-foot monster had not exploded. The place where it hit was only three feet from the spot where two of my sergeants had been sleeping. Had this huge shell not been a dud, all of us would have been blasted into eternity, as many were every night.

"This German shelling was by far the worst ordeal of the beachhead. To avoid it, everybody went underground as much as possible. But there was no getting away from a direct hit, and much of the work had to go on in spite of the constant peril. The rear was even more dangerous than the front lines. The shipping in the harbor, the supply dumps, the hospitals were all blasted continually. Our castle, right on the water's edge, received more than its share.

"MY instructions to Lai were very explicit. He was to come back in two days. Most particularly, he was not to try to cross over into our lines until daylight. Corps gave us six suspected locations for large enemy guns, and asked to have Lai check these, and also to report on any other possible targets. We took him out and left him at the Italian outposts without incident. Two days later I went back to the SSF sector to meet him. He didn't show up. I waited all that day, then went back to the castle, planning to return early the next morning.

"At five A.M. just before we shoved off from the castle for the front, I received a phone call from Corps. The message was ominous. The officer told me that there was someone lying out in no-man's land in front of the SSF positions, screaming with pain and calling for Captain Rossetti. We knew it must be Lai, and left immediately.

"Dawn was just breaking when we reached the forward outposts. The SSF soldiers, who had had no information about an agent's coming back at night, had naturally assumed that the

noise they heard was an enemy patrol and fired. They now indicated to the best of their knowledge the direction from which the cries for Captain Rossetti had been coming. Cautiously we peered out into no-man's land, but couldn't see a thing. There hadn't been a sound from the spot for about half an hour, and I was pretty worried. Sergeant Michelini, Sergeant Silva and myself spread out at intervals of about fifteen yards and started out on our bellies. It was ticklish business. The terrain was absolutely flat and offered not the slightest bit of cover. We knew we were well within range of hostile small-arms fire, and could easily be observed by an alert enemy. The only thing in our favor was that both sides knew it was suicide to be caught out in the middle during daylight. The enemy certainly wouldn't expect to see us.

"It took us about thirty minutes to go a hundred yards—and then we spotted him. It was Lai, lying motionless on his side in the center of some matted grass about six inches high. The three of us saw him about the same time and inched our way over to him. When I was close enough to touch him, I noticed that he had the look of death on his face. I spoke to him and told him that we had come

to take care of him, and that he would be okay now. His sunken eyes brightened as he recognized me. Immediately he started to give me intelligence on the location of some big guns. We were all pretty excited because of our completely exposed position, and I told him to shut up until we got back. I asked him where he had been hit. He pointed to his right leg. Then I asked him why he hadn't waited until morning as he had been instructed. He replied that the information he had was too important to wait.

"Michelini and Silva then took him by the shoulders and we started back to our lines. They dragged him a few feet at a time, and every time they moved him he groaned. It seemed as if that trip back took all day. Actually it took us three-quarters of an hour to get to the nearest SSF foxhole. During the time we had been out in no-man's land, nearly two hours, not a shot had been fired at us—why, I'll never know. The foxhole was beside a farmhouse, and we carried Lai through the house and then lifted him into our jeep hidden behind the house. As we put him in the jeep he passed out. We made a quick run to the rear, as for several miles we were under artillery observation, and normally there was no movement in the forward areas during the day.

"We carried Lai into the operating tent of an American evacuation hospital a few miles behind the front lines and laid him on the table. As we put him down, he regained consciousness. I assured him that the American doctors and nurses would take good care of him, and that I would be back to see him soon. When I said this, he became very excited and shaking his head weakly, he said: 'No! No, I must give you my information!' I tried everything I could to get him to rest, but he would have none of it. By now the nurses had cut off his trouser leg and were starting to dress his ugly wound. Three .45 slugs had pierced his leg just above the knee. It was not a pretty sight.

"The nurses seeing that he would not lie still unless I listened to him, told me it would be better if I did what he wanted me to do. So they gave him some opiates, and I took out my maps of the German sector he had visited. Then in a very weak and frequently fading voice, this young Italian soldier began to give me some terrific information. He had spotted the exact location of four batteries of large-caliber enemy artillery. All were beautifully camouflaged, and well hidden from either ground or air observation. They were spread out over a distance of about two and a half miles,



and secreted respectively in a house, a grove of trees, a grain silo and a factory.

"Lai was lying on the field operating table with a small pillow under his head. I had my map out, and putting my head next to his, I held the map up in front of his face. Carefully following his directions, I traced out the course of his travels behind the German lines. With precise accuracy, he outlined the location of each battery, describing it so well that I could picture the exact set-up at each position. Several times during this dramatic recital, Lai fainted away. Each time I packed up my maps and started to leave the tent, but each time he called on some hidden reserve, and coming to again, would call for me and make such a fuss that the nurses would ask me to come back. In spite of his great loss of blood, intense pain and very weak condition, he refused to let them do a thing for him until he had told me his story.

"ALL the nurses and doctors were tremendously impressed by him. They did everything possible to make him comfortable, and were grateful that I kept his attention while they prepared him for the operation. He, in turn, looked at the nurses as if they were angels. They were probably the

first American women he had ever seen.

"Finally he completed his detailed account on the location of the four enemy batteries. Then, too weak to speak further, he consented to my leaving, but only after I had promised to be back soon for some additional information.

"After receiving assurances from the doctors that they would give Lai every possible attention, I jumped into my jeep and raced to Corps headquarters. Lai's information caused a sensation at the G-2 section. His facts were checked immediately against air photographs, and every detail of the terrain as he had outlined it dovetailed perfectly. Corps at once transmitted these fat targets to the U. S. Navy cruiser *Brooklyn* and a British cruiser. (At Anzio the Navy took care of long-range firing.) For several hours that day both blasted these German guns. We never learned whether or not they were all knocked out, but this we did know—there was no more shelling from that particular section of the beachhead.

"The next day I went back to the hospital, but Lai was still unconscious, and I learned that the doctors had been forced to take off his leg. Every day I visited him in the hospital. He would say hello, tell me

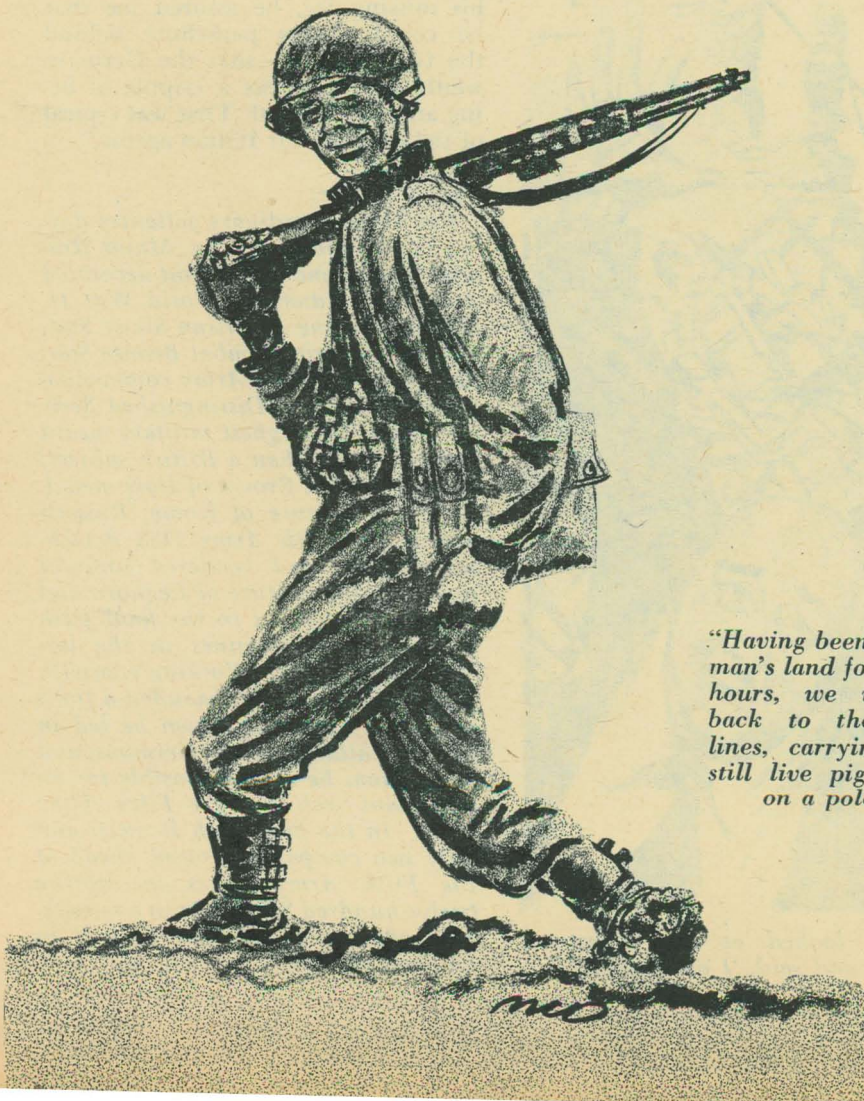
that he felt fine, and then ask me if I had brought my maps. Then he would start poring over the map and give me additional information on enemy troop activity, defensive positions and other valuable data. He was in good spirits, and when I told him the cruisers had knocked out the guns he had spotted, he was overjoyed.

"SIX days later Lai was evacuated from the beachhead and sent to an Italian military hospital near Naples, where he eventually recovered. For his heroic exploit he received the American Silver Star from Sixth Corps. As far as I knew, he was the first Italian national ever to receive this prized award for extraordinary heroism.

"Following Lai's misfortune, we received from OSS rear a group of young Italian boys as agents. I was doubtful of the value of these youngsters, and my doubts were confirmed when three of them fell into the hands of the Germans on their first mission. One managed to get away and informed me that his companions had told the Germans all about us—where we were located and what we were doing. Thanking God for this warning, we immediately moved out of our castle. Within a few hours it was subjected to an intensive shelling and air bombardment which almost demolished it. For three days we lived in caves while Jerry threw everything he had at our headquarters. When the shelling died down, we moved back.

"During the latter part of March and all of April, Anzio was a relatively quiet front, save for the constant shelling. The enemy made a practice of occupying his forward positions during the night, then pulling back during the daytime. One day early in April, after a long lull, Corps agreed to our trying a daylight patrol. Dan De Luce, an AP war correspondent who wanted some excitement, came along. Six of us shoved off from an SSF Company command post at first light. The SSF troops told us they hadn't seen a thing for the past few days. When we reached their advance foxholes, we were surprised to find out they had nearly fired at us. No one had told them we were coming up, and they had taken us for a German patrol on its way back to the enemy's lines. Our steel helmets, which looked so much like the German type, had helped to confuse them. Fortunately they had decided to make us prisoner, and had waited until we came up before shooting.

"Moving out into no-man's land in a cautious crouch, we headed toward a farmhouse about two hundred yards inside the last known German positions. About fifty yards from the farmhouse, Sgt. Silva, who occupied the point in our patrol, called a halt. He had spotted movement in the



*"Having been in no-man's land for eight hours, we walked back to the SSF lines, carrying the still live pig slung on a pole."*

house. We pulled back to avoid an ambush, and circled around the building to come at it from another direction. Again movement was spotted. This time a woman was seen. We called out to her, and after a few minutes she replied, asking us if we were Germans. We told her we were Americans, and asked her to come out and speak to us as we were fearful of a trap.

"SHE finally came out and told us that she hadn't seen any Germans in the area for the past two days. She also related that a number of other farmers had moved back to their houses without interference from the Jerries. We bartered with this woman for some fresh food, which we would pick up later, and then pushed on. This patrol took us a mile and a half beyond the SSF positions without encountering a single enemy soldier although we did come across some positions which had been occupied the night before. We destroyed these and started back, after gathering information from a number of farmers.

"We reached the first farmhouse without incident and purchased a live seventy-five-pound pig, some cheese and vegetables. Then, having been in no-man's land for eight hours, we walked back to the SSF lines, carrying the still live pig slung on a pole. Our bold return caused a sensation among the front-line troops, who had thought the Germans were breathing down their throats day and night. That night we had barbecued pork, and boy, did it taste good! Two days later Corps acted on the information discovered on this patrol, and the SSF moved forward a mile and a half in that sector without opposition. Later we undertook other daytime patrols to spot enemy positions, and similar patrols were activated by other units along the front. That particular patrol, however, remained the beachhead record for both length and depth of penetration.

"Around the middle of May, the Fifth and Eighth Armies, which had resumed their attack on the southern front, finally cracked through the Gustav Line and broke the Cassino stalemate. Meanwhile all was preparation on the beachhead for the offensive to break through and link up with the southern forces for the sweep on Rome. Our part in the break-through was to accompany the forward troops, give them such intelligence assistance as we could, and to pick up various OSS agents heading south from Rome.

"I attached myself to the American Third Division troops, whose immediate objective was Cisterna. That first night of the break-through I came closest to being killed of all my 129 days at Anzio. Dan De Luce and I were following the advance scouts

along the main road toward Cisterna. It was pitch-black, and the thundering of both German and Allied artillery was tremendous. We were about a mile and a half from Cisterna and moving very carefully, when suddenly we were sprayed by a German machine pistol or burp gun. Both Dan and I hit the ground, and I opened up with my Thompson. We knew that the Germans could be no more than twenty-five to fifty yards from us. By a freak turn of luck neither of us had been hit by the hail of bullets. There was no further fire. We pulled back a bit and later learned that the scouts whom we had been following had been swallowed up by the enemy. After that close one, Dan and I decided that we didn't feel like taking Cisterna by ourselves! We waited for the regular troops to come up and do the job, which they did, but only after a bloody and bitter fight.

"We continued to push ahead with the beachhead forces as they joined up with the Fifth Army and raced for Rome. Our little group entered the Italian capital on the morning of June 6th. We were among the first Allied units actually to enter the city. Although there was still scattered firing from enemy troops, we were given a tremendous ovation.



"He looked at the devastation and said, 'I am ruined!'"

"Our reactions on getting back to civilization after living like animals under constant shellfire for over four months are hard to describe. Seeing the comfort and beauty of Rome, we could hardly believe that a war was going on—certainly not war as we had lived it through that winter. One of the things that impressed us most was eating our first meal since January above ground, and without fear of being hit any moment by shrapnel.

"I reported to Fifth Army headquarters and was sent back to Naples for a badly needed rest. As far as I know, I was on Anzio longer than any other American—129 days; and I was also one of the very few who hadn't been given any relief during the whole period. On the way back to Naples I stopped off at Anzio to take another look at the beachhead and our castle. While I was there, the owner of the castle appeared. He looked at the devastation and said: 'I am ruined!' He had spent the winter living in comfort in Rome, and I had little pity for him. I merely said: 'Things were a lot better in Rome this winter.'

"When I reached Naples, one of the first things I did was to look up my boy Lai and see how he was doing. I found him hobbling around on crutches and very anxious to get back into action. When I told him that he had done enough and couldn't do any more work for us because of his missing leg, he assured me that he could always parachute behind the German lines—that the Germans would never suspect a cripple of being an Allied agent! That was typical of the spirit of our Italian agents."

#### Author's Note:

For his extraordinary gallantry during the Italian campaign, Major Rossetti became one of the most decorated American soldiers of World War II. He received the American Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Combat Bronze Star, two Corps and one Army commendations, the British Distinguished Service Order (the highest military award given to other than a British subject) and the Italian Crown of Italy medal. After the capture of Rome, Rossetti joined the Fifth Army OSS detachment again and rendered unusual service in the capture of Leghorn and Florence as well as in the final push through the Apennines in the last campaign of 1945. Working now with the 4th Corps, he commanded a force of Italian Partisans, whom he led in frequent attacks on the Germans, and with whom he was responsible for an important sector of the Fifth Army front. In the final push Rossetti and only two companions raced ahead of the Fifth Army forces to capture twelve hundred S.S. troops in a remarkable adventure that will be told in an early issue.

# Who's Who *in this Issue*



## Benton Clark

I WAS born in Coshocton, Ohio—and studied art in New York and Chicago. In these two cities have spent most of my art life—with the exception of time spent in California working for the movies in the art department of MGM.

Have worked for most of the leading magazines such as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Redbook*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's* and others, when illustrating demanded more of an artist than dress-designing and photography. Now, of course, I am adding BLUE BOOK to my list.

I formerly did my work on my farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Now I have studios in Ohio (in the beautiful Walhonding Valley) and in New York City.

I inherited my love for horses and Western life from my father, Archie Clark, who was a noted horseman from Ohio. My mother was a country school teacher who rode side-saddle to and fro to her school.

Am married and have one son.

## Charles B. Falls

CHARLES B. FALLS was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

He is entirely self-taught, having attended the Chicago Art Institute for one night!

He started his artistic career on the *Chicago Tribune*. After his arrival in New York City he worked in a shop for two years designing book covers. He resigned from this position and became a free-lance artist and has remained a free lance ever since. His studio is now located at his home in Falls Village, Connecticut.

He has made war posters, posters for theaters and billboards, has illustrated many books, magazine stories, and made newspaper and advertising draw-

ings. He has made designs for silks, carpets and furniture, and has made lithographs, etchings and woodcuts.

Also he has painted murals for the American Radiator Building in New York City, the General Electric Exhibit at the Century of Progress in Chicago, the State Office Building in Albany, New York, the Ford Motor Company at the San Diego Exposition in California, for General Mills in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Players Club in New York City and for many private homes. He has also designed stage sets and costumes for Broadway productions.

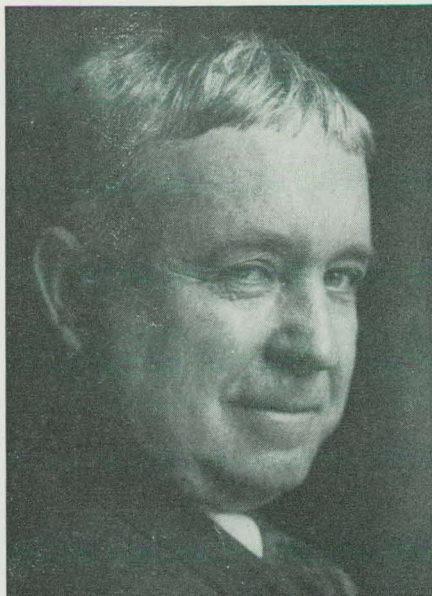


Photo by Robert Davis

Charles B. Falls

## Liam O'Flaherty

LIAM O'FLAHERTY has been described as looking like a refined and virile gangster, for there is something unfettered and lawless about his manner.

He was born in 1896 in the Aran Islands, educated in the Jesuit College, and later at University College, Dublin.

He joined the Irish Guards at the beginning of the first World War. After a year he was shell-shocked and returned to Ireland, where he took part in the Irish Revolution.

When life grew too calm in Ireland, Mr. O'Flaherty shipped to South America, chopped logs in Canada, and engaged himself in some mysterious business in Asia Minor at the time when the Turks were driving out the Greeks. He visited America, where he was always cheerful and utterly penniless, earning his living by working in restaurants and print-shops, or soap-boxing for the Labor party, for he is



Photo by Blackstone Studios

Liam O'Flaherty

an excellent and moving speaker whose voice has the record of reaching six blocks in quiet Dublin. While he was employed in a Hartford tire factory, he began to work out his first short stories.

About 1924 Mr. O'Flaherty went to London and wrote his first novel, "The Neighbor's Wife." Other books, in rapid succession, have won recognition in England, France, Russia, and America.



Major Stephen O. Rossetti, whose story is told in "Secret Agents at Anzio." His citation as Honorary Companion of the Distinguished Service Order reads in part: "For gallant and distinguished services in the presence of the enemy between 27th January 1944 and 20th October 1944, in Italy. . . Major Rossetti's leadership, coolness, and resourcefulness contributed materially to the success of intelligence operations which helped the advance of the Sixth Corps and the Fifth Army across the Italian peninsula."

# BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE FOR ADVENTUROUS READING ★ DECEMBER, 1948



## SECRET AGENTS AT ANZIO

*by Lieutenant Commander Richard Kelly*

## POINT TO POINT RACE

*by Liam O'Flaherty*

## HORSE THIEVES' HOSANNA

*by Kenneth Perkins*

## A MAGNET FOR McQUILLAN

*by Frank Leon Smith*

## LORDS OF THE LAKES AND FORESTS...II

*by Robert Pinkerton*