

RECORD UPDATE

306th Bomb Group Association

(Please complete as much of this form as you wish, and return to  
Russ Strong at the reunion, or mail to Russ Strong, 5323 Cheval  
Place, Charlotte, NC 28205) Little Rock 1989

Date complete 13 JAN 1990

LAST NAME: ANDREWS FIRST NAME: MARTIN TITLE:  
Street address: 2 GRAMERCY PLACE Telephone: (516) 549-0682  
City, state, zip: HUNTINGTON, NY  
11743

Date of Birth: 16 OCT 1918 Wife's name: JEAN  
College(s) attended: ST. JOHN'S Degree(s): Year(s): 1939-1941  
ANNAPOLIS, MD.  
Last employment and job title:

ANDREWS FILMS - PRESIDENT

Reunions attended: (by year or location)

—

Serial #: 0-789039 Squadron: 423 Speciality: PILOT  
Date joined 306th: 31 MAY 1943 If combat, what crew: ANDREWS  
Special duties or assignments w/306th:  
Number of missions flown: 13 Date of last mission: 6 SEPT 1943  
Date left 306th: 6 SEPT 1943 Highest rank/grade with 306th: 1st LT  
Other 8th AF units served with:

Top service assignments after 306th:

USAF retirement date: 16 OCT 1945 Rank/grade: CAPT

Copies of old 306th orders, either from the Group or Station 111, or any of the squadrons or other units, will be welcomed by the secretary.

If you know of other 306th people who do not appear in the directory, please add their names and current or former addresses to this sheet so that we may search further for them.

COMBAT CREW INFORMATION - 306th Bomb Group, 1942-45

Name of Respondent *MARTIN ANDREWS*

Date: *13 JAN 1990*

Date of Arrival at 306th: *31 May 1943*

Combat Crew by position:

Name	Position	Present Status
<i>ANDREWS, MARTIN</i>	<i>Pilot</i>	<i>Huntington, N. Y.</i>
<i>* RICH, KEITH</i>	<i>Co-Pilot</i>	<i>Unknown</i>
<i>BOWERS, C. GORDON</i>	<i>Navigator</i>	<i>Baltimore, Md</i>
<i>HUISINGA, ROBERT</i>	<i>Bombardier</i>	<i>TUCSON, AR</i>
<i>LIEWER, LEO</i>	<i>Engineer</i>	<i>Unknown</i>
<i>SCOTT, RICHARD</i>	<i>Radio Opr.</i>	<i>"</i>
<i>ROOD, KENNETH</i>	<i>Ball Turret</i>	<i>KIA</i>
<i>KOZLOWSKI, WALTER</i>	<i>Waist</i>	<i>Unknown</i>
<i>SIMPSON, E. C.</i>	<i>Waist</i>	<i>"</i>
<i>HUCKER, GORDON</i>	<i>Tail Gunner</i>	<i>"</i>

Your date of departure from 306th: *6 SEPT 1943*

Number of missions flown: *13*

If regular, USAF retirement date and rank:

Other information:

*\* Kramer, Lester was my co-pilot when we came to the 306<sup>th</sup> BG; but he got checked out later as a pilot on his own. Keith Rich was my co-pilot when we made our last mission on 6 Sept 1943.*

# Pilot Survey

Name MARTIN ANDREWS

Cadet Class 42-D

Adv. Trng. Location MOODY FLD, VALDOSTA, GA

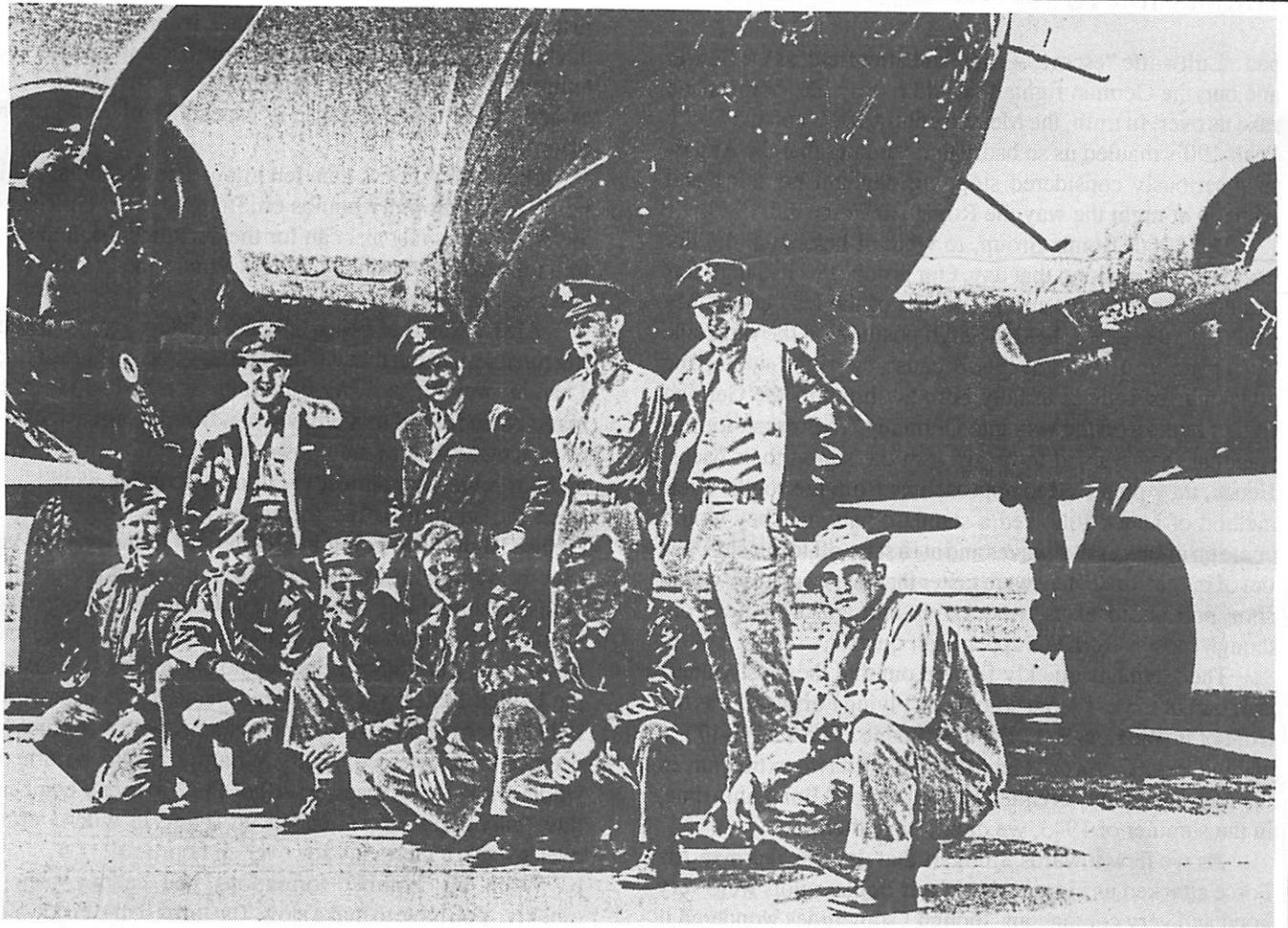
# Combat Missions 13

Date leaving 306th 6 SEPT 43

Rank on leaving 306th 1 LT

Did you fly with the Casey Jones  
Project in 1945-46? NO

Send to Russell A. Strong  
5323 Cheval Place  
Charlotte, NC 28205



# The Mission to Stuttgart

by Martin Andrews  
2 Gramercy Place, Huntington, NY 11743

Except for scattered low cumulus clouds, the day of September 6, 1943, brought generally clear weather to the continent of Europe. On the night before, the U.S. 8th Air Force had alerted all its heavy bomber groups in England to prepare for a "maximum effort" mission. The group commanders passed the word on down the line. Flight crews could expect to be awakened at 2 a.m., a miserable time to get out of bed, even if you're going on a picnic.

I would usually read a book the night before bombing missions, but it seemed I would never fall asleep until midnight. When the corporal came around to shake my shoulder and say, "Wake up, lieutenant! Wake up!" I felt as if I hadn't any sleep at all. And it would be at least sixteen hours before everything was over and we got back to England. *If* we got back. It was important to eat a good breakfast because you'd be going a long time without food and flying at the high altitudes we did, in open, unpressurized airplanes, increased your hunger.

EX-POW BULLETIN, NOVEMBER 1993

After an early breakfast we went to the Briefing Room where we suddenly learned what target they'd selected as our mission that day. (They always did this the same way. Two curtains would part, showing a large map of Europe in front of you. When the string of red yarn showing our route went deep into Germany, the audience usually groaned.) "Today we will bomb Stuttgart." I seem to recall that the specific target was the Bosch Magneto works.

For us, this meant a long flight and a deep penetration of Germany. In those days, the American heavy bombing planes did not have the extra fuel tanks they would be fitted with later on. Sometimes, when we flew into the interior of Germany, we would run dangerously low on gasoline. On at least one occasion, I had to cut our outboard engines and make a power glide to get us back to England.

The American and British fighter planes didn't have the range that they later had, either. They could accompany us only a short way past the coast of France before having to turn back. In the months to come they would get extra drop tanks that permitted some of them to fly all the way to Poland and back. But we were not so lucky in the summer of 1943. We

## THE MISSION TO STUTTGART, cont'd...

had a Luftwaffe "escort." From field after field, as we flew in and out, the German fighters would rise up like hornets and rake us over. In truth, the Messerschmitt 109's and the Focke Wulf 190's mauled us so badly that summer that the Americans seriously considered stopping daylight bombing and going in at night the way the Royal Air Force did.

The 306th Bomb Group, to which I belonged, did not have the lead position that day. Our group flew in a high box formation to the right and to the rear of the lead group. My squadron, the 423rd, held the high position on the right side of our group. I mention this because the right side of the attacking formations usually bore the brunt of the German fighter attacks on the way into Germany. The reason for this was that they wanted to hit us with the sun at their backs. Hence, they preferred to approach us from the south. Their method of attack followed a standard pattern. They would come up in successive waves and at first fly off to our side, just out of range. Since they were faster than we were, they would soon pull ahead of us, wheel over and attack us head on, though mostly from the upper right quarter.

The Germans quickly figured out that the most vulnerable part of the B-17, our so-called "Flying Fortress," was the front of it. We flew B-17 E and F models. The later B-17 F's and the B-17 G's would be fitted out with two extra guns in the nose, in what was called a "chin turret." But at this time, in the summer of 1943, we didn't have them.

As we flew towards Stuttgart that day, the German Air Force attacked us vigorously. (Their fighter pilots were very good and very courageous, though I sometimes wondered if they were as scared as we were. They would come so close you could see their faces. One time the plane flying off my wing had to move out so the German fighter could go between us.) I don't recall the number of attacks that occurred, but during one of them an ME-109 knocked out my number two engine (that's the inboard engine on the left side).

Either a bullet or a shell fragment had punctured an oil line. It caused an immediate drop in oil pressure, so I had to stop the engine and feather the propellor to keep it from spinning out of control. Losing power in an airplane is always serious business, but losing power on a combat mission carries added worries. Worst of all, you start falling behind and become easier prey for enemy fighters.

Being thus suddenly crippled, I could no longer keep up with the rest of the planes in my squadron. Looking back on it now, I might have fared better, even though we were deep inside Germany, by turning around then and there and flying back to England. However, the loss of number two engine happened only ten minutes before we were scheduled to start our bombing run. Instead of turning back, I decided to fly on and drop my bombs on the target.

I had one advantage. Because I was flying in the high squadron of the high group, I could stay within the general mass of the American planes by slowly losing altitude. A measure of safety existed inside a formation because of its covering fire power. Within a formation you may have been

just another schooling fish; but all by yourself in broad daylight, especially as a cripple, you became an extremely tempting morsel. German fighter pilots were naturally eager to add to their list of kills — especially of four-motored planes.

On we flew. Less than ten minutes to the initial aiming point! I will drop my bombs on Stuttgart's Bosch Magneto Works, dive as fast as I can for the deck, then skim over the tree tops across Germany, across France, across the water, and back to England!

Alas. Instead of being only ten minutes from the bombing run it turned out that it would take us over an hour. Though I had no way of knowing it initially, someone up front had made some fearful misjudgements. Bombing missions were always planned as meticulously as possible. We would spend an hour reviewing almost every maneuver we would make, from the staging of the formations above England to the precise flight lines going in and out of Germany. You knew exactly where you were supposed to be every minute of the raid. But something went wrong with that lead group on that mission to Stuttgart and it became a nightmare. I believe that a new man, a brigadier general who had just reported in from the United States, sat in the lead plane. I don't know if he failed to see the target clearly or whether he got confused and decided to make a second pass. Whatever he did, he turned the whole show into a disaster. All of the American bombers in this "maximum effort" ended up flying in wild confusion over southern Germany for over an hour.

With big bomber formations you cannot maneuver quickly. You have to make slow, flat turns so the inside planes won't lose too much speed and stall out. The Americans must have lost at least 60 planes that day, each with ten men aboard. One of my friends in the 306th Bomb Group drowned on the way back from the Stuttgart mission when he ditched in the English Channel.

When we finally did drop our bombs on Stuttgart, I faced another problem. I now knew we didn't have enough gasoline with which to get home. In fact, we didn't have enough to reach the coast of France, much less the coast of England. For over an hour my three remaining engines had been going at full manifold pressure and full RPM in order to stay up with that load of bombs. And this had done us in.

With no longer any hope of getting home to England, I had two options. One was to keep on flying until we ran out of fuel. Hopefully, we'd be out of Germany by then and over France so we could all bail out and maybe escape. The other option was to turn south and fly to Switzerland, which lay less than an hour's flight away. I decided not to go to Switzerland. To me that seemed like quitting. I felt we should go as far as we could before giving up.

Then, just after I made that decision, the tail gunner called me over the intercom in great excitement to tell me that number four engine was on fire. (That's the outboard engine on the right side.) I looked out past the co-pilot to check it out. It wasn't really on fire, it just looked that way. The engine had simply overheated. There was preignition in the cylinders and

General Travis

Net 50  
New dropped our bombs on Stuttgart

## THE MISSION TO STUTTGART, cont'd...

black smoke was coming out of the cowl flaps. There was nothing to do but to throttle back on it.

Now I had come down to only two fully-functioning engines and the American bomber formation had begun to fly rapidly away from me. We had become a two-engine cripple flying all by ourselves over Germany. This made me change my mind. I decided to try to get to Switzerland while I still had a chance to do so. I turned the plane around and headed directly south.

Just after we did this we had one quick, head-on fighter attack. There were only four of them, all of them Focke Wulfs. Happily, the rate of closure was very fast and they made only one pass. They didn't come back to play with us. I have often wondered about those four planes. Those pilots maybe didn't know that they had an easy kill. Maybe they were student pilots or maybe they were headed for the formation we'd just left.

Flying south, I began rapidly to lose altitude and we approached the area of Friedrichshafen at about 10,000 feet. We carried no maps of Switzerland, for we'd never even thought of going there. But each member of the crew had a little "escape kit" in his flight suit pocket. Besides such things as a knife, some foreign currency, a small compass and some concentrated chocolate, it included a handkerchief. On this handkerchief was printed a map of Europe. This was our "map." Since it included all of Europe, Switzerland made up only a small part of it.

Looking down past Friedrichshafen, I could see what I presumed was the Lake of Constance and, remembering my grade school geography, I figured Switzerland lay on its south shore. However, as we passed over the Friedrichshafen region, the Germans pumped up a mess of flak. While anti-aircraft fire didn't present as much danger to us as the German fighter planes did, the number of explosions going on around us started me thinking, "What if some little pocket south of that lake is part of Germany?"

I called my navigator over the intercom and said, "I think we should make a right turn south of that lake. I think that the most level part of Switzerland lies in the north or northwest part of the country, over to our right." (I was right, but I was only guessing.) My navigator disagreed. He thought that if we made a right turn we'd be over Germany again or occupied France and still in trouble.

We continued on a southerly course with the Alps right ahead of us. For a few moments I had the wild idea that maybe we could get to Sicily, which the Allies had just invaded. But I just as quickly put that notion out of my head, for I realized that we didn't have enough fuel to go that far. I continued to lose altitude and we were soon skimming above the peaks of the mountains.

We blew up our (then secret) Norden bombsight, which had an internal device for doing so, and I believe our two waist-gunners dropped their 50-caliber machine guns into the wildest parts of the Alps, seeking to lighten the airplane. Evidently, some of my crew were becoming greatly worried

about the state of our airplane, thinking we were in more danger than I had let on. One of the gunners called up to ask if they should prepare to bail out. This I forbade absolutely. "There's no need to jump," I told the crew. "You could kill yourselves trying to parachute into those mountains. Besides, there's no need to worry about this airplane. We've still got two perfectly good engines and I assure you I'm going to land this airplane safely somewhere...and very soon."

By now we'd crossed the Alpine Divide and, as I continued to let down, I could see airfields on the southerly plain ahead of us, lots of airfields and lots of planes parked on them. But they were German airplanes! There were swastikas everywhere. Clearly we were now over northern Italy, which was not where I wanted to be.

I now asked the navigator to come up to the cockpit and let me look at that little pocket handkerchief map. Navigators are better than pilots at figuring radio fixes or shooting the sun with a sextant; but pilots are better than navigators in looking at maps and equating what they see on a map with what they see on the ground. Luckily, our little handkerchief map included a lake that I could identify over to our right. This was Lago Maggiore and the map showed that the northern tip of it lay in Switzerland.

I flew at once over to the Swiss side of this lake. I noted a river that seemed to be flowing into it from the north and thought I saw what might be a landing strip by the shore of that river a few miles upstream. Suddenly a single-engined Swiss plane appeared at our side, readily recognized by its white cross on a red field. (Its pilot, I later learned, was Captain von Meiss.)

He swung in close to me and, by pointing down, directed my attention to something on the ground below. He seemed to be telling us to land directly below him. Sure enough, I could see a little grass airfield at the edge of Lago Maggiore. (I learned later that it was called "Magadino.") While I had never landed a four-engined bomber on grass before and the field didn't look very large, I figured it would work out all right. For one thing, I could come in low over the water to use every bit of the field and we were very light. We had long since gotten rid of our bombs and we were practically out of gasoline.

It seems strange in retrospect, but we had been told more than once that, if we ever landed in Switzerland or in Sweden, we should be sure to destroy the airplane. We carried on our plane, for that purpose, four incendiary bombs. They were slightly larger but the same shape as a soft drink can. They were filled with thermite. When you struck a cap at one end of them, the contents would start burning fiercely after a time delay of seven or eight seconds. They were made for the R.A.F., and I had seen one demonstrated once.

Before we landed I instructed the bombardier to set one off in the nose of the plane, the radio-operator to set one off just behind the bomb bay and the co-pilot to set one off in the cockpit. I intended to take the fourth one myself. From the pilot's side window I could crawl out on the fuselage as soon as I'd stopped the plane and make my way to the left wing. There I would set it off just above the empty gas tank behind

## THE MISSION TO STUTTGART, cont'd...

the number two engine. When the thermite burned through the plane's aluminum skin and got to that tank the plane would be gone.

As I swung the plane low across the lake to start my final approach I noted that the Swiss seemed to have ringed the entire airfield with soldiers. They seemed to be everywhere I looked and everyone of them appeared to be carrying a gun. Accordingly, my last words to the members of my crew as I came in for the landing were: "We are landing in Switzerland. Go out of this plane with your hands in the air! I see soldiers everywhere I look and they all have guns. I don't want anyone hurt. We are landing in Switzerland, but go out of this plane with your hands in the air!"

The Swiss had indeed ringed the airfield with soldiers, almost to their peril, for if I hadn't been able to stop I might have rolled over some of them. I seem to recall that two armored cars raced next to us as I came in for the landing; but they might have been ambulances or open cars with more soldiers. At any rate, I used up every bit of that grass field to get the airplane it. It is my recollection that I rolled right up to the edge of the field where several armed soldiers stood their ground.

Everyone in the crew did as he was instructed. As the copilot struck the cap of his incendiary on the control column in the cockpit, I started to work my way out of the side window with mine. One of the Swiss soldiers standing just below shouted something at me in a Teutonic tongue. Since I understood neither German nor the Swiss-German dialect, I didn't know what he was trying to tell me. But I realized that I would look silly trying to set off a bomb on the wing while he was pointing a gun in my direction. I decided I would do better to set my incendiary off in the cockpit, too. When I did so, I exited the plane by way of the bottom escape hatch. As it turned out, none of those R.A.F. incendiary bombs worked. They were all duds. But then, as it turned out, the U.S. Army didn't want the planes destroyed after all.

It was at this time that I personally met Captain von Meiss. He took us to the officers club where they gave us coffee and sandwiches. A very pleasant and urbane man, von Meiss's name and his friendly reception have remained in my mind through all the years since I landed in Magadino in 1943. But there was one aspect of my relations with the first Swiss officers whom I met that caused me some dismay. It had nothing to do with them. It had to do with me.

During my Army training we had been told many, many times to say nothing of a military nature to an enemy or to any stranger. I followed these instructions to the letter, but I sometimes hated to do it. All of the Swiss officers whom I initially met were most genial and interesting, but duty dictated that I could tell them nothing about our plane nor our mission until I'd spoken to U.S. military attaches in Switzerland. At Magadino they must have thought it humorous when we called ourselves "tourists."

From Magadino's airfield we were taken to Bellinzona, where my crew and I spent the night on the third floor of an

empty school. The next morning we were taken by train to Zurich. There I met several more Swiss military pilots. They, like Captain von Meiss, were very friendly and I spent an evening talking with one of them about everything under the sun, except my military missions with the U.S. 8th Air Force.

The only untoward incident that I experienced in my first days in Switzerland occurred when we were taken from Zurich to Berne. There, in one of the government buildings, I was taken into the office of a Swiss Army colonel who headed, I was informed, their office of military intelligence. I don't remember his name, but I do remember he was tall and very austere. He said nothing to me when I entered his office, but simply motioned me to a chair in front of his desk. He then proceeded to ask me to describe to him my mission of 6 September. Once more I started my usual demurral, "I'm sorry, sir, but until I meet a superior American military officer here in Switzerland, I can tell you nothing about...." At this he surprised me and flew into a rage. Picking up a sheaf of Swiss newspapers from his desk, he began shouting at me. "What do you mean, you can't tell the Swiss military intelligence anything about your mission." Then, gesturing with the newspapers, "It seems you people are perfectly willing to talk to newspaper reporters!" (On 6 September other American planes had landed in Switzerland. Three had set down in Zurich, one had landed on a farmer's field in northern Switzerland, one had ditched in the Lake of Constance where several of the crew had drowned, and I had landed in Magadino.) I looked at the Swiss newspapers the colonel was holding. Besides numerous pictures of American B-17's, they carried long written texts. Obviously some of the American crew members had talked freely with newsmen in Zurich.

"I'm very sorry, Colonel. I cannot answer for the actions of those Americans. I can only tell you that I am not yet at liberty to discuss anything connected with the U.S. Army Air Force." With that, he summarily dismissed me. Just as I was about to go out of the door, he said one more thing. "Let me give you a bit of advice, Lt. Andrews. I advise you and your crew not to try to escape from Switzerland. All of our soldiers have guns and they are very good shots."

"Yes, sir," I said and left. Actually, I couldn't blame him for his anger. I began wondering about myself being such a stickler for orders when many others had been talking so freely. In one incident, though, the second day I was in Switzerland, this adherence to orders worked in my favor. Just after my crew and I left Bellinzona by train to Zurich, a middle-aged civilian came into our compartment and asked if he could speak to "the pilot of the U.S. plane that landed yesterday in Magadino." He identified himself as an American, named Allen Dulles. (As you probably know, Allen Dulles was then the head of the American spy network in Europe. After the war, President Eisenhower made him chief of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.) I agreed to go back to his compartment and talk with him; but I told him before I did so, "Look, Mr. Dulles, I'm sure you're for real. And I've heard of your brother (John Foster Dulles was than a well-known U.S. advisor on foreign affairs), but until I meet a

## THE MISSION TO STUTTGART, cont'd...

military attache here in Switzerland, I can tell you nothing about what I was doing yesterday. I'm perfectly willing to talk about my boyhood in Wisconsin or about my days in college. But about what I did yesterday, nothing."

Dulles like that. (Maybe he felt spies should be silent types.) At any rate, we had a long and pleasant conversation in his train compartment in which he proceeded to tell me about *his* boyhood in Auburn, New York, and about his student days at Princeton University. He also told me a little bit about his work in Switzerland. (He was headed back to Berne from a clandestine meeting in Locarno when he ran into me.) As it happened, this chance encounter with Allen Dulles led to my departure from Switzerland six months later when he arranged for me to be exchanged in order to carry certain information back to the United States.

In mid-February Dulles summoned me to Berne, where I learned I would take part in a most unusual wartime happening. I was to be exchanged, along with six other American officers, for seven Germans interned in Switzerland. Dulles had selected me for something else. I spent a week in his office memorizing pages and pages of information that he wanted transmitted back to Washington. The amount of information that he and his people had gathered astonished me. (This was roughly three months before the Allied invasion of Europe.)

When I got to the United States, I was taken to OSS headquarters near Washington where I regurgitated all I had memorized. Of the seven American officers figuring in the exchange, six were pilots and one was a navigator. Though none of us knew it at the time, that navigator had memorized the same information I had memorized. And, since the OSS interrogators spoke to him and to me separately, they could check our accounts for accuracy.

I don't know whether Dulles or the Swiss government initiated this exchange, although both had good reasons for doing so. As I understood it, there were seven Germans interned at Davos, three were pilots and four were student pilots. Dulles, wanting information to be taken out, may have asked the Swiss to sound out the Germans about a man-for-man exchange. Switzerland, which must have been eager to get rid of extra wartime mouths to feed, did so and the Germans agreed to it. The Germans made one stipulation. They insisted that all of the American exchangees wear civilian clothing. Perhaps they did this to forestall trouble with the French Underground, since, all the time we were in Germany and France, we had German military guards. This might have started trouble had we worn American uniforms. But in civilian clothing, we were probably regarded by strangers as part of the German milieu.

My departure from Switzerland became as dramatic as my arrival. The railroad station in Basel lay half in Switzerland and half in Germany. On the day we left, March 3, 1944, almost no traffic took place in that station. The large main waiting room was deserted. I don't recall seeing anyone in it. The Germans had festooned the walls of their side of the station with banners and swastikas.

When two Swiss diplomatic couriers walked us across that large, empty room, I remember having some initial feelings of uneasiness because the officer to whom we were being handed over wore the black uniform of the sinister SS. I thought to myself, "We are at war with these people. What if they changed their minds about an exchange while they had us in their hands? What if they could now accuse us of being spies in our Swiss civilian clothing? What if one of them learned I had memorized so many things about their army, air force and navy?"

The SS officer was a major. He carried a dagger in place of a sword, which struck me as an odd affectation. Apparently a correct, if not ardent, Nazi, he gave us all a stiff-armed salute with a cry of "Heil, Hitler!" We, as "civilians," emulated the Swiss diplomats and simply nodded our heads. (Our only protection at this point was that we had been told that the Swiss government would not release the German internees for whom we were being exchanged until we reached Madrid, Spain.)

Happily, the SS people did not stay with us long. They simply took us to a German train where a three-man Wehrmacht guard, a captain, a sergeant, and a corporal, took charge of us. Only the sergeant could speak English. The captain spoke French, however, so I could communicate with him. The ten of us, three Germans and seven Americans, occupied two compartments on the train. It was an eerie experience that late afternoon and evening, riding that train north along the Rhine Valley. We seemed to stop at every station. At each of them, more and more officers boarded the train. When we finally crossed the Rhine and headed for Paris, it carried hundreds of them headed for western positions. The train also carried heavy anti-aircraft guns, both front and back; so we sweated out our own fighter pilots, who had taken up shooting at German trains.

Word got around and soon all of the officers on that train learned who we were. Many of them came up to talk to us. I particularly remember one German lieutenant who had gone to Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. What most of the officers wanted was to bum cigarettes. Each of us Americans had taken with us several cartons of Swiss cigarettes. While we regarded these less highly than unobtainable American cigarettes, they were far, far better than anything the Germans had. Our Wehrmacht sergeant chain-smoked all of the days he stayed with us. "Albert," I told him, "you're going to have a sore throat when you leave us."

"Ah, yes," he said, "but it will be the first sore throat I've had from smoking cigarettes in five years."

At the Paris railroad station two German army majors met us to transfer us to a different station. One of them spoke English with a Scottish burr. We learned he'd been a peacetime lawyer in Edinburgh. They used a Dodge station wagon, with German markings on it. What I remember most vividly about the "tour" they gave us from one railroad station to another was the hundreds of Nazi banners that flew along the main thoroughfares and draped the public buildings in Paris.

During the time I was interned in Switzerland, we were never allowed to communicate with anyone outside of Swit-



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# WESTERN UNION

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## THE MISSION TO STUTTGART, cont'd...

zerland. I believe the U.S. authorities, not the Swiss, were responsible for this blackout. We were told not to try to write letters home; and telephone calls from Switzerland to the United States were routinely blocked when you reached a New York operator. (This may have changed later. After I returned to America, I corresponded with several Swiss friends, whose letters to me, and I presume my letters to them, had been opened and marked by German censors.) I mention this because my family was in the dark about my whereabouts for fully three months after receiving the "Missing in Action" telegram several days after my last bombing mission. The American War Office told them nothing else. But the way they learned I was in Switzerland was through a religious organization. It happened that my co-pilot, a young man from Idaho, was a member of the Mormon Church. While we were in Switzerland, he contacted the head of a Mormon mission in Berne and that gentleman sent word to my co-pilot's mother in the United States. She, in turn, wrote to my family and to the families of the other members of our crew.

Because I hadn't heard from any of my family for six months, they were often on my mind during my travel home. That last evening, as we rode in our train out of Paris, south toward Spain, I played a kind of game, wondering what each member of my family might be doing back in the United States. I didn't realize it then, but that very night my only brother was getting married in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Our German Wehrmacht guard escorted us to the end of the line, to Hendaye, on the French border. After saying goodbye to our German escorts, we walked across a small bridge over the Bidasoa River. And here we encountered the

only untoward incident of our trip out of Switzerland. Crossing the bridge the same time we did were some forty members of the Spanish "Blue Division," which had been fighting with the Germans in Russia. They knew who we were, too, and they were violently anti-American and cursed us in their Spanish tongue; but this only came to shouting and nothing else.

In Irun, Spain, a Swiss diplomatic courier joined us, took us to San Sebastian, and then south by train to Madrid. He pointed out to us on the train a Gestapo agent in civilian clothing who also appeared to be accompanying us. In the Spanish capital, our Swiss escort brought us to the American Embassy. Now back in American hands, we rested several days and then motored to Seville and Gibraltar, from whence we flew to Casablanca and then to New York. After reporting to Washington and then getting a home leave, I was assigned to the U.S. Air Transport Command. For the remainder of the war I ferried airplanes from the factories to overseas bases.

Back in Switzerland, my navigator, radio operator and ball turret gunner all went to Berne to work for the U.S. Legation. My bombardier became Assistant Executive Officer to our military attache there, General Legge. They and the rest of my crew returned to America in early 1945.

All of us must consider ourselves lucky — and grateful — that the "neutral island" of Switzerland existed. If not, we most certainly would have spent many months in German prison camps if, indeed we had gotten down to the ground alive. It has been a long time since that last mission of ours in World War II took place. But every sixth of September I take a few minutes to remember, and give thanks for, our fortuitous landing in Magadino

*Keith Rich - Copilot  
 Huisinger - bombardier  
 Biggs - Engineering  
 Scott - radio  
 P. Pietras half turret*

*Dimpsen + Koz Low side - West Gunn  
 Hueren - F.O.L  
 Gordon Bowles - Navigator*

MARTIN ANDREWS  
645 BELLE TERRE ROAD, APT. 47  
PORT JEFFERSON, NY 11777

23 May 2003

Dear Mr. Strong:

The picture of my B-17 in Magadino, Switzerland is one I have not seen. To whom might I write to get a copy?

Your caption states that I left the formation with a new plane to take it to Switzerland. The truth, Mr. Strong, is not that I left the 306th Bomb Group formation, it left me.

By the time we got to drop our bombs at Stuttgart that day, we had lost two engines, had disastrously overspent our fuel supply in trying to keep up and found ourselves alone in the sky.

I believe that you already have a copy of my account, "The Mission to Stuttgart," that explains what happened to my crew members and me on 6 September 1943.

Sincerely yours,

*Martin Andrews*

2 Gramercy Place  
Huntington, N.Y.  
5 March 1986

Dear Mr. Strong:

The copy of 306th Echoes, which just arrived today, bears a typographical error in its labeled address.

My address is not "Gramerly Place"  
It is Gramercy Place. I hope this will reach you in time for your new 1986 directory.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Martin Andrews".

Martin Andrews

P.S. I presume the rest of your information you already have. I was a pilot with the 423rd Squadron, from May to 6 September 1943.

MARTIN ANDREWS  
645 BELLE TERRE ROAD, APT. 47  
PORT JEFFERSON, NY 11777

6 August 2001

Dear Russell Strong:

As you already know, the 8th AF sent its Bomb Groups to various targets in France on 4 July 1943. When we of the 306th bombed a German air base in Nantes on that day I recall that the flak was exceptionally accurate. Am I correct in saying that we lost several planes on that occasion?

If you have the figures in your files I would appreciate knowing what it was, and enclose a SASE for your reply.

Meanwhile, many thanks for all your work in putting out the Group News letters.

Respectfully  
17 Aug 01

Sincerely yours  
Martin Andrews  
423 rd Sq

645 Belle Terre Road, Apt 47  
Port Jefferson, N.Y. 11777  
21 November 1996

Dear Mr. Strong:

Thank you for sending me the update of the 306<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group records. It's current information about me is correct.

Back in 1987 a Swiss aviation writer who was preparing a book about Allied planes that had landed in Switzerlnd in WWII asked me to send him an account of my last mission on which my crew and I ended up in his country.

Copies of that account were made for members of my family and for a few friends. Enclosed, here with, is a copy for you.

Under no circumstances do I want it published, but it may be placed in the 306<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group archives as a reference for future historians.

Sincerely yours,

Walter Andrews

# Andrews Films

2 GRAMERCY PLACE  
P.O. BOX 544  
HUNTINGTON, N.Y. 11743  
(516) 427-9810  
(516) 549-0682

6 May 1987

Mr. Hans-Heiri Stapfer  
Bergstrasse 35  
8810 Horgen  
Switzerland

Dear Mr. Stapfer:

For sending me the photo of my old B-17 under guard by Swiss soldiers in Magadino and giving me the address of Gottfried von Meiss, the fighter pilot who led me to its landing field, I am most grateful to you.

As you requested, I enclose an account of my final combat mission over Germany - my 13th mission as it turned out - which caused me to end up in Switzerland. It also includes some information about my internment in your country and my ultimate repatriation. Please return this folder, however, because some of the pictures are originals, the only ones that I have.

Meantime, good luck with your book. Let me know when you publish it.

Sincerely yours,



Martin Andrews

MA/eg  
enc

P.S. Regarding your inquiry about a Latin inscription that I had had stencilled on my plane, it read EST NULLA VIA INVIA VIRTUTI, which translates into English as, "No way is impassable to courage."

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CAPT ANDREW ANDREWS

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## THE MISSION TO STUTTGART

Except for scattered low cumulus clouds, the day of 6 September 1943 promised generally good weather for the continent of Europe. On the night before, the U.S. 8th Air Force had alerted its heavy bomber groups in England to prepare for a "Maximum Effort" mission and Group Commanders passed the word on down the line. Flight crews could expect to be awakened at 2 A.M., a miserable time to get out of bed, even if one was going on a picnic. On nights before bombing missions I would usually read a book, but it seemed I would never fall asleep until midnight. When the corporal came around to shake my shoulder and say, "Wake up, Lieutenant! Wake up!" it felt as if I'd never slept at all, and it would be a long, long day before everything was over and we got back to England. If we got back.

*Concerns* It was always important to eat a good breakfast before missions because you would be going for many hours without eating; and flying at the high altitudes we did, in open, unpressurized planes, increased one's hunger. At the briefing room that morning we learned that our target for the day was Stuttgart. I seem to recall that our specific goal was the Bosch Magneto Works. At least the word "Bosch" has stuck in my mind. Stuttgart meant a long flight and a deep penetration of Germany, a matter of some concern to us in those days because our American heavy bombers did not have the extra fuel capacity that they would all have later in the war. Sometimes, when our group flew into the interior of Germany, we would run so low on gasoline that we would have to cut our outboard engines and make a power glide to get us back to England.

The American and British fighter planes didn't have the range that they later had, either. Their pilots could escort us for only limited distances past the coast of France before having to turn back for home. In the months to come they would get the drop tanks - and the P-51's - that enabled some of them to fly all the way to Poland and back. But, in 1943, we had to do without them. We had almost a constant "Luftwaffe Escort." From field after field as we flew in and out of Germany their fighters would come up like hornets and attack us. In fact, the Messerschmitt 109's and the Focke-Wulf 190's were mauling <sup>us</sup> so badly that summer, the Americans briefly considered, at least, going in and out at night the way the Royal Air Force did.

Adding to my flight crew's stress that morning of the Stuttgart mission before we even left the ground was a violent accident that nearly killed two of our crew members. Our Engineer and Top Turret Gunner, Leo Liewer, and our Ball-Turret Gunner, Kenneth Rood, fell from a Jeep on their way out to the plane and were seriously injured. Since both men were extremely well-liked and since both had to be replaced at the last moment, it cast an ominous gloom on the occasion. Several of us still had blood on our flight clothes from caring for our crew-mates before the ambulance came. The two replacements, Sgts Ralph Biggs and Guido DiPietro, were good men but they were total strangers, at least to me and our other officers, as we took off together for Germany.

The 306th Bomb Group, to which we belonged, did not have the lead position that day. We flew in a high box formation to the right and to the rear of the leaders. In those days, German fighter attacks often followed a standard pattern. On our way into Germany they seemed to attack more from the right, perhaps because this gave them the sun at their backs. Their procedure was to come up along side of us, but out of range. Since they were faster than we were, they would soon pull ahead of us, wheel over and hit us head on. The Luftwaffe had quickly figured out that the most vulnerable part of the B-17 was the front of it. We flew the B-17 E and F models. The later B-17 F's and the B-17 G's would be fitted out with two extra guns in the nose in what was called a "chin turret." But at that time, in 1943, we didn't have them.

The German fighter pilots whom we encountered were well-trained and courageous, although I sometimes wondered if some of them, on occasions, were as scared as we were. Frequently they flew close enough for us to see their faces. On one of our earlier missions, the plane flying off my wing had to move out so that the on-coming German fighter, whose pilot may have been dead by that time, could go between us. As we flew to Stuttgart that day the Luftwaffe came up to greet us, as usual. I don't recall the number of attacks they made but, during one of them, an ME-109 knocked out our number two engine, the inboard engine on the left side. A bullet had punctured an oil line, dropping the oil pressure to zero and forcing me to stop the engine and to feather the propellor to keep it from spinning out of control.

Losing power in an airplane is always serious business but losing power on a bombing mission really grabs your attention because you start falling behind and become easier prey for enemy fighters. Thus suddenly crippled, we could no longer keep up with the planes in our squadron. Looking back on it now, after all these years, we might have fared better if I had turned back at once and flown back to England. But, because the target seemed within our range and because of the on-coming bomber groups behind us, I decided to fly on to Stuttgart. There was also the memory of an earlier mission that summer when, after losing two engines over the Ruhr, we'd had to fly back alone and nearly got our heads shot off. A measure of safety existed inside a formation. Within it you may have been just another schooling fish but, outside of it, especially as a cripple in broad daylight, you offered German fighter pilots, eager to add to their list of bomber kills, an irresistible target.

On we flew. I kept telling myself, "It's not long to Stuttgart. As soon as we drop our bombs I will dive for the deck and skim at tree-top level across Germany, across France and across the water to England." This was wishful thinking for we kept losing ground. After falling behind our own group, we joined the next one and the next. We had become a straggler, struggling to stay up with that stream of bombers. It would be nearly an hour from the time we lost our engine to when we finally salvaged our bombs. Although we had no way of knowing it, someone up front had made a fateful misjudgement.

We learned later that a Brigadier General sat in the lead plane and that, when he couldn't see the target under cover of clouds and a smoke screen, he elected to make a second pass. This could be considered a brave and determined act but, unfortunately, it triggered a disaster for the bomb groups coming behind him. It upset the meticulous flight plans that had been decided upon back in England, and the inability of the on-coming air crews to see alternate target objectives compounded the confusion. Big bomber formations move ponderously. They have to make relatively slow turns in order that the inside planes of the inside ~~groups~~ won't lose too much speed and stall out. This added to the problems.

It seemed to us, as just a lone cipher in that great mass of orbiting airplanes, that we had all been sucked into a kind of giant maelstrom flying aimlessly over southern Germany. All this was wasting time and burning up fuel. The 8th Air Force was to lose 45 bombers that day, more than half of which went down from a lack of gasoline. In our own plane, our co-pilot, Keith Rich, who was monitoring our fuel gauges, kept giving me ominous reports. We were getting into deeper trouble as time went by and we both knew it.

Even before our Bombardier, Robert Huisinga, dropped our bombs on a target of opportunity, Rich and I were aware that we could no longer get home. We didn't have enough gasoline left to reach the coast of France, much less the coast of England. With our three remaining engines going at full manifold pressure and high RPMs to stay up with that load of bombs, we had gone way over estimated fuel consumption. Now, with no chance of getting home, we had two options. One was to keep flying until we ran completely out of gas. There was no longer any thought of diving down to tree-top level because one could not parachute so low to the ground. But we believed we could get as far as France where we could all bail out with some hope of escape. The other option was to go to Switzerland which lay a half-hour's flight away. Yet, because that seemed like quitting, I decided not to go to Switzerland. Rich and I agreed we would fly as far as we could before we were forced to abandon the plane.

Then, just after we made that decision, our Tail Gunner, Henry Hucker, called over the intercom in great excitement to say that number four engine was on fire. (That's the outboard engine on the right side.) I looked out past Rich to help him check it out. It wasn't really on fire, although from Hucker's point of view it must have looked that way. The engine had simply overheated, causing pre-ignition in the cylinders and causing black smoke to pour out of the cowl flaps. There was nothing to do but to throttle back on it. Alone in the sky, with the last of the American bombers flying fast away from us, we were reduced to only two functioning engines. This led Rich and me to change our minds. We told the crew we were going to try to get to Switzerland while we still had a chance to do so. Our Navigator, Gordon Bowers, gave us a heading and we turned toward the south.

Just after doing this, we faced one more, head-on fighter attack. There were only four of them, all of them Focke-Wulfs, but the rate of closure was fast and they didn't do any serious damage. Moreover, they made only one pass. They didn't come back to play with us. I've often wondered about the pilots of those four planes. Maybe they didn't realize that they had such an easy kill. Maybe they were just beginners. Or maybe they were headed for the American bombers behind us and were saving their ammunition for a bigger shoot.

We began rapidly to lose altitude flying south and approached the area of Friedrichshafen at about 10,000 feet. We carried no maps of Switzerland, but Bowers had found a substitute. Each member of the crew had a little escape kit in the pocket of his flight suit. It contained, beside such things as a knife, a small compass, some concentrated chocolate and some foreign currency, a handkerchief. On this handkerchief was printed a map of Europe. Since it included all of Europe, Switzerland made up only a small part of it. Still, this was something, and was all that Bowers had to go by.

Looking down past Friedrichshafen I could see what I presumed was the Lake of Constance and, remembering my grade school geography, I figured Switzerland lay on its south shore. However, as we passed over the Friedrichshafen region, the Germans pumped up a mess of flak. Although anti-aircraft fire didn't worry us as much as the German fighters did, the numerous explosions going on around us started me thinking, "What if some pocket south of that lake is part of Germany?"

I called Bowers over the intercom to say, "I think we should make a right turn south of that lake. I think that the most level part of Switzerland lies over to our right." (I happened to be right, but I was only guessing.) Gordon disagreed. He pointed out that if we made a right turn we might be over Germany again or Occupied France, and therefore still in trouble. So we stayed on our southerly course with the gleaming, snowy Alps right ahead of us.

Continuing to lose altitude, we were soon skimming above the peaks of the mountains. By now, Bob Huisinga had rendered our Norden bombsight inoperative and our two Waist Gunners, Walter Kozlowski and Elmo Simpson, seeking to lighten the plane, had dropped their 50-caliber machine guns into the wildest parts of the Alps. Perhaps because we were flying so close to the high peaks, some of the crew became worried about our chances of staying up. Our Radio Operator, Venton Scott, called up to ask if the crew should prepare to bail out. "There's no need to jump," I told everyone. "You could kill yourselves trying to parachute into those mountains; but don't worry about this airplane. We've still got two good engines and we should be landing somewhere very soon."

By now we had crossed the Alpine divide and, as we continued to let down, we could see airfields on the piedmont ahead of us. But the planes parked on them were German planes! There were swastikas everywhere.! Clearly, we had reached northern Italy, which was not where we wanted to be. I asked Bowers to come up to the cockpit in order that we could look at that little handkerchief map together. Luckily for us, it showed a lake that we could identify over to our right, and most important, that the northern tip of this lake lay in Switzerland. This was Lago Maggiore.

We flew at once over to the Swiss end of that lake, noted a river that flowed into it from the north and looked for what might serve as a landing strip. Suddenly, a single-engined Swiss fighter plane appeared at our side, readily recognized by its white cross on a red field. (Its pilot, we learned later was Captain Gottfried von Meiss.) He swung in close to us and, by pointing down, directed our attention to something on the ground. He seemed to be telling us where to land. Sure enough, we could see a small grass field at the edge of Lago Maggiore. While I had never landed a B-17 on grass before and the field didn't look very large, I figured it would work out all right because I could come in from very low over the water to use every bit of space. Also, our plane was very light. We had gotten rid of our bombs and had almost empty gas tanks.

It seems strange in retrospect, but we had been told that, if we ever landed in Switzerland or Sweden, we should try to destroy the airplane. For that purpose we had with us four incendiary bombs. Filled with thermite, they were about the same size and shape of a soft-drink can. When you struck a cap at one end, the contents would start burning fiercely after a time delay of a few seconds. They'd been made for the R.A.F. and I had once seen one demonstrated. I told Bowers to set one of these off in the nose compartment of the plane after we landed, Scott to set one off just behind the bomb-bay and Rich to set one off in the cockpit. I intended to set the fourth one off myself. From the pilot's side window, as soon as I stopped the plane, I could crawl out on the fuselage and make my way back to the wing. There I would set the bomb just above one of the empty gas tanks. Once the thermite burned through the wing's aluminum skin and got to the tank, the plane would surely blow up.

As I swung the plane low across the lake on our base leg to start our final approach, I noted that the Swiss had ringed the entire field with soldiers. They appeared to be everywhere I looked and everyone of them carried a gun. Therefore, my last words to my crew as I came in for the landing were, "We are landing in Switzerland, but go out of this plane with your hands in the air! I see soldiers all around and they all have guns. I don't want anyone hurt. We are landing in Switzerland, but go out of this plane with your hands in the air!"

The Swiss had indeed ringed the airfield with soldiers, almost to their peril, for, if we hadn't been able to stop, we would have rolled over some of them. It is my recollection that two armored cars raced next to us as we came in for the landing, but they may have just been ambulances or open cars with more soldiers. At any rate, I used up every bit of that grass field to get the plane down and we rolled right up to its far edge where armed Swiss soldiers stood their ground.

Everyone in our crew did as he was instructed. As Keith Rich struck the cap of his incendiary bomb on the control column, I opened the side window of the cockpit and began to work my way out with mine. As I did this, one of the Swiss soldiers standing just below me began shouting something. Since I understood neither German nor the German-Swiss dialect, I had no idea what he was trying to tell me. But I suddenly realized I would look silly, if not hostile, trying to set a bomb off on the wing while he was pointing a gun at me from fifteen feet away. I decided I would do better by setting my bomb off in the cockpit, too. After doing this, I exited the plane by way of the bottom escape hatch. As it turned out, none of those RAF incendiaries worked. They all proved to be duds. But, as it also turned out, I was told by a U.S. military attache in Switzerland that the Army had changed policy and didn't want the planes destroyed after all.

It was at this time that we personally met Captain von Meiss and learned that the name of the place where we had landed was Magadino. A very pleasant and urbane man, von Meiss's friendly reception has remained in my mind through all of the years since we landed at Magadino. But there was one aspect of my relations with the first Swiss officers whom I met that caused me some dismay. It had nothing to do with them, but with me. During our Army training, we had been told many times to say nothing of a military nature to an enemy or a stranger. I followed those instructions to the letter in Switzerland, even though I disliked having to do so. All of the Swiss officers whom I initially met were most cordial, but duty dictated that I could tell them nothing about our plane or our mission until I'd spoken to a U.S. military attache. In Magadino the Swiss must have thought in humorous when my crew members and I insisted on calling ourselves "tourists."

From Magadino's airfield we were taken, under guard, to the town of Bellinzona where we spent the night on the third floor of an empty school. The next morning we were taken by train to the military airport of Dubendorf, near Zurich. There I was interrogated by more Swiss pilots. They were friendly, and respected my reluctance to talk about my experiences with the 8th Air Force. The following morning three Swiss flying officers escorted me out to the tarmac where an undamaged B-17 was standing. They had me go inside this plane and asked me to show them how to start it. After I told them I couldn't do that, I felt a little ridiculous when they started the engines themselves without any help from me.

The only untoward incident that I experienced during my first days in Switzerland occurred when we were taken from Zurich to Berne. There, in one of the government buildings, I was taken into the office of a Swiss Army colonel who headed, I was informed, their office of military intelligence. I don't remember his name but I do remember he was exceptionally tall and very austere. He said nothing to me when I entered his office. Then, motioning me to a chair in front of his desk, he asked me to describe to him our mission to Stuttgart. Once more I began my usual demurral, "I'm sorry, sir, but until I meet an American officer here in Switzerland, I can tell you nothing about..." At this he surprised me by flying into a rage. Picking up a sheaf of Swiss newspapers from his desk, he shouted at me, "What do you mean you can't tell our Swiss military intelligence anything about your mission?" Gesturing with the newspapers, he went on, "It seems you people are perfectly willing to talk to all of our journalists!"

On 6 September, the same day we had gone down, four other American B-17 crews who had been to Stuttgart had also landed in Switzerland. One had ditched in the Lake of Constance, one had landed in a farmer's field and two had set down in Zurich. I looked at the newspapers the colonel was holding in front of my face. Besides numerous photos of the American bombers, they carried long written texts. Obviously, some of the crew members had talked freely with Swiss news reporters. "I'm very sorry, Colonel," I told him, "but I cannot answer for the actions of those Americans. I can only tell you that I am not yet at liberty to say anything connected with U.S. military matters." With that, he curtly dismissed me. But, as I was about to go out of the door, he said one more thing. "Let me give you one more bit of advice, Lieutenant Andrews. I advise you and your crew members not to try to escape from Switzerland. Our soldiers all have guns and they are very good shots."

"Yes, sir," I said and left. Actually, I couldn't blame him for his frustration and anger, although I later learned that he was one of the very few Swiss officers who was something on an Axis-sympathizer. Still, I began wondering about myself for being so stiff with everybody I met. However, in one incident the second day we were in Switzerland this stolid adherence to orders worked in my favor. Just after my crew and I left Bellinzona by train for Zurich, a middle-aged civilian stepped into our compartment and asked if he could "speak to the pilot of the U.S. plane that landed yesterday in Magadino." He identified himself as an American, named Allen Dulles.

Allen Dulles at that time headed the American OSS spy network in Europe. After the war, President Eisenhower made him chief of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. I agreed to go back to his compartment and speak to him privately, but I told him

before I did so, "Look, Mr. Dulles, I'm sure you're for real, and I've heard of your brother," (John Foster Dulles was already well known as a U.S. foreign advisor) "But until I meet a military attache here in Switzerland I can't tell you anything about what I was doing yesterday. I'm perfectly willing to talk about my boyhood in Wisconsin or about my days in college, but about what I did yesterday, nothing."

Dulles liked that. Maybe he felt spies should be silent types. At any rate, we had a long and pleasant conversation in his train compartment in which he proceeded to tell me about his boyhood in Auburn, New York and about his student days at Princeton University. He also told me a little about his work.

When he ran into me he was headed back from a clandestine meeting in Locarno. As it happened, the chance encounter with Allen Dulles led to my departure from Switzerland just six months later when he arranged for me to be exchanged for a German officer in order to carry home some information he wanted transmitted back to the United States.

My crew and I, along with the other air crews that had come down in Switzerland, were taken to Macolin-sur-Bienne in the Jura mountains, where the Swiss set up our first internment camp. At the beginning of November they moved us to Adelboden, into another camp in the Berner Oberland. At the request of the officer commanding these camps, I set up an educational program for the internees. In doing this I enlisted the aid of several Swiss civilians, especially in the language field. I also sought to get Americans admitted to Swiss schools if they had the educational requisites and desire to do so. Pilots were not allowed to leave the internment camps while I was there. The Swiss authorities had demanded this for reasons of discipline, making each pilot responsible for the conduct of each of his crew.

Sometime in December the Adelboden Ice Hockey Club challenged the American internees to a hockey game. We accepted their challenge but they skated far better than we did and beat us by a lop-sided score. In January, Adelboden began filling up with British internees. Taken as prisoners-of-war in North Africa, they had streamed into Switzerland after Italy capitulated and threw open POW camps. Their ranks included, not only Englishmen, but Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians and Indian Sikhs. I mention them because the Adelboden Ice Hockey Club once more challenged the internees to a match. But this time they faced far better players, Canadian Ex-POW's for whom hockey was their national game. This time Adelboden lost, and by an equally lop-sided score.

In February, Allen Dulles summoned me to Berne where he told me that I would take part in a most unusual wartime happening. I was to be exchanged, along with six other American officers, for seven Germans, also interned in Switzerland. Dulles had picked me for a very special purpose. He wanted



me to contact certain people in Washington, and I spent a week in his office memorizing information. When I got back to the United States I was taken to OSS headquarters near Washington where I regurgitated all I had memorized. This was three months before D-Day in Europe. Of the seven American officers figuring in the exchange, six were pilots and one was a navigator. Although neither of us knew it at the time, that navigator had also memorized secret information and, since interrogators spoke to him and me separately, they could check our accounts for accuracy.

It was Dulles who initiated that exchange and got the Swiss Government to approach the German Government to sound them out about a man-for-man deal. (There were in Switzerland three Luftwaffe pilots and four student pilots) The Swiss, eager to get rid of extra war-time mouths to feed, did so and the Germans agreed. They made just one small stipulation however. They demanded that all of the American officers wear civilian clothing while passing through Germany and occupied countries. They may have done this to forestall any trouble with the French Underground because all of the time we were in Germany and France we were under a close and constant German military guard.

My departure from Switzerland turned out to be as tense and as dramatic as my arrival. The railroad station in Basel, from which we left on 3 March 1944, lay half in Switzerland and half in Germany. There was no traffic taking place except ours. The huge main waiting room was completely deserted. The Germans had festooned the walls of their side of this vast chamber with big banners and swastikas. It gave one the feeling of really coming up close and face-to-face with the Nazi enemy. As two Swiss diplomats walked us across that room to hand us over to the Germans, I remember having strong feelings of uneasiness.

What heightened our common concern was the fact that the particular officer to whom the Swiss were handing us over wore the black uniform of Himmler's sinister SS. I thought to myself, "We are at war with these people, especially with evil looking people like him. What if these Germans change their minds about an exchange when they get us in their hands? What then could prevent them from accusing us, in our Swiss civilian clothing, of being spies? What if some of these SS people found out that I had memorized so many things about their armed forces, including information about certain treasonable people in their midst?"

The SS officer was a major. He carried a dagger at his side in place of a sword, which struck me as an odd affectation. Apparently an ardent Nazi, he gave us a stiff-armed salute as we approached with a loud cry of "Heil, Hitler!" As 'civilians,' we Americans emulated the Swiss diplomats and simply

nodded our heads. As the Swiss diplomats walked away after leaving us in his charge I remember thinking that our only protection now was that we had been told that the Swiss would not release the German airmen for whom we were being exchanged until we reached Madrid, Spain.

Fortunately, the black-uniformed SS men did not stay with us long. Four of them marched us down a platform to a German train where a Wehrmacht guard of three men, a captain, a sergeant and a corporal, accepted charge of us. Only the sergeant could speak English. The captain could speak some French, however, so I could communicate with him. The ten of us, three Germans and seven Americans, occupied two compartments on the train. Thus began one of the eeriest rail journeys I have ever made.

As the train moved north along the Rhine valley that afternoon, it seemed to stop at every station along the route. We were never allowed to leave the train but we could lean out of the windows to find ourselves cheek-by-jowl with all kinds of German people milling along the platform. One young woman was walking along with a basket, pleading for donations to the German Red Cross. I gave her my last Swiss ten-franc note. At each station more and more officers, probably on home leave, came aboard. When we finally crossed the Rhine that night and headed for Paris the train must have carried hundreds of them, each returning to western positions in France. The train also carried anti-aircraft guns, front and back, so we began sweating out our own Allied fighter pilots who'd taken up shooting at every German train that they could.

Word got around and soon many of the German officers aboard learned who we were. Some of them arranged to talk with us. One of them, a lieutenant who told me he served with a German panzer regiment, told me also that he'd gone to Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. A Luftwaffe fighter pilot also accosted me. He was a major and highly decorated with a Knight's Cross at his neck, but he was not very pleasant. He told me that he considered American bomber crews to be terrorists and barbarians and added, gratuitously, that the German people did not at all like our President Roosevelt. When I replied that that was nothing compared to how much the Americans hated Adolf Hitler, he simply shrugged and walked away.

The most interesting conversation that I had was with an infantry colonel and I thought of him often after the Allied invasion of Europe began because he very likely commanded a German unit along the Normandy coast. While giving nothing away about what he was doing or where he was going, he kept assuring me that German defenses in France were impregnable. Moreover, he mirrored the thinking and attitudes of a lot of the other German officers around us. "Look," he told me,

"We Germans cannot defeat you. But neither can you Americans defeat us. Why don't we get together and fight the Russians?"

Some of the Germans who came to talk to us really wanted only to bum cigarettes. Each of us Americans had taken with us several cartons of Swiss cigarettes. We considered these inferior to our own, unobtainable American brands but they were far better than what the Germans had. Our Wehrmacht sergeant chain-smoked almost all the time he was with us. "Albert," I told him, "You're going to have a very sore throat by the time you leave us." "Ah, yes," he said, "But it will be the first sore throat I've had from smoking in five years."

When we reached Paris, two German Army majors oversaw our transfer from one railroad station to another. Using two Dodge station wagons with swastikas painted on the sides, they gave us a brief sight-seeing tour, but making sure we saw nothing of a military nature, such as anti-aircraft guns. One of these officers spoke English with a Scottish burr and knew a lot of Wordsworth's poetry by heart. He told us he'd been a peacetime lawyer and had a lot of clients in Edinburgh. What I remember most about Paris were the omnipresent swastikas. Hundreds of huge Nazi banners flew on the main thoroughfares of the French capital and draped all of the public buildings.

On our way south we passed through Bordeaux. Our train route took us close to the dockyards where we noted the presence of naval and commercial activity. Our last stop with the German guards was Hendaye, on the French border with Spain, the very place where Hitler had come to have his meeting with Franco in 1940. From here we walked across the Bidasoa River on a small bridge to Irun, where we encountered the only untoward incident on our trip out of Switzerland. Some 40 members of the Spanish "Blue Division," which had been fighting with the Germans in Russia, crossed the bridge the same time we did. They happened to be violently anti-American and yelled and screamed at us. But this came only to shouting, for a Swiss diplomatic courier soon joined us and took us by car to San Sebastian.

On our train ride south to Madrid, our Swiss escort pointed out to us two Gestapo agents in civilian clothes who also accompanied us. In the Spanish capital we were taken to the U.S. Embassy, from where we drove to Gibraltar by way of Seville. We then flew to Casablanca and on to New York. After reporting to Washington, and getting a home leave, I was assigned as a pilot to Air Transport Command for what remained of the war.

Back in Switzerland, my navigator, radio-operator and ball-turret gunner all went to Berne to work for the U.S. Legation. Our bombardier, Bob Huisinga, became Executive Officer for our Military Attache, General Legge. He and the rest of the crew returned to America early in 1945.

All of us must consider ourselves fortunate - and grateful - that the "neutral island" of Switzerland existed. If it had not, we all would have certainly spent many months in German Prisoner-of-War camps if, indeed, we had gotten down to the ground alive. It has been a long time since that 1943 mission to Stuttgart. But every year, on the Sixth of September, I take a few minutes to remember, and give thanks for, that fortuitous landing in Magadino.

OFFICE OF THE MILITARY ATTACHE  
AMERICAN LEGATION  
BERN, SWITZERLAND

Special Orders )

No. 17 )

2 March 1944.

1. The following-named officers who have been designated for exchange against German aviators under agreement between the United States of America and the German Government, through the intermediary of the Protecting Power (Switzerland), will report on March 3, 1944 to the Swiss Political Department:

347th Squadron, 99th Bomb. Group  
1st Lieut. William J. CANTWELL, 01699205

351st Squadron, 100th Bomb. Group  
1st Lieut. Donald K. OAKEN, 0726916

423rd Squadron, 306th Bomb. Group  
1st Lieut. Martin ANDREWS, 0789039

409th Squadron, 93rd Bomb. Group  
1st Lieut. Alva J. GERON, 0668677

351st Squadron, 100th Bomb. Group  
1st Lieut. Sam R. TURNER, 0791521

334th Squadron, 95th Bomb. Group  
2nd Lieut. Robert A. TITUS, 0731344

869th Squadron, 390th Bomb. Group  
2nd Lieut. Stephen P. RAPPOET, Jr., 0521331

Upon leaving Switzerland they will be placed in the custody of a Swiss Courier, under whose guidance they will proceed to Madrid, Spain, reporting upon arrival to the United States Military Attache thereat.

Through agreement with the Swiss authorities, all expenses incident to this transfer will be submitted to the United States Government by the Swiss Government.

By command of Brigadier General LUGER:

OFFICIAL:

ALFRED R. W. de JONGE  
Lt. Colonel, A.U.S.,  
Executive Officer.

*Alfred R. W. de Jonge*  
ALFRED R. W. de JONGE  
Lt. Colonel, A.U.S.,  
Executive Officer.

# SECRET

MILITARY ATTACHE, AMERICAN EMBASSY  
MADRID, SPAIN

SPECIAL ORDERS

6 March, 1944.

NO. 10

Pursuant to authority contained in radiogram No. 180, Office of the Adjutant General, dated 7 February, 1943, the officers named below will proceed on or about 7 March, 1944, from Madrid, Spain, to Gibraltar. Government transportation will be furnished. The travel directed is necessary in the military service. P.S., A., 1942-44 01-28 P 482-C2 A 212/40425. In lieu of reimbursement for actual and necessary expenses a payment of a flat per diem of seven (\$7.00) dollars, exclusive of transportation charges is authorized:

William J. Cantwell, O-1899205, 1st Lt., 347th Bomb. Sq.,  
19th Bomb. Grp.,  
Donald E. Oakes, O-728916, 1st Lt., 351st Sq., 100th  
Bomb. Grp.,  
Martin Andrews, O-789039, 1st Lt., 423rd Bomb. Sq.,  
308th Bomb. Grp.,  
Alva J. Geron, O-685677, 1st Lt., 409th Bomb. Sq.,  
93rd Bomb. Grp.,  
Sam R. Turner, O-791621, 1st Lt., 351st Bomb. Sq.,  
100th Bomb. Grp.,  
Robert A. Titus, O-731844, 2nd Lt., 334th Bomb. Sq.,  
98th Bomb. Grp.,  
Stephen P. Rappert, Jr., O-521831, 2nd Lt., 669th  
Bomb. Sq., 890th Bomb. Grp.

FREDERICK D. SHARP,  
Colonel, U. S. C.,  
Military Attache and  
Military Air Attache

Distributions:

Chief of MIA	3
Each officer	4
File	1

# SECRET

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## Zweiter Weltkrieg: Landungen amerikanischer Flugzeuge in der Schweiz

*Die untenstehende Anfrage wird mit Vergnügen in dieser Leserrubrik veröffentlicht, denn sie weckt Erinnerungen an nicht unwichtige Einsätze der Armee im letzten Aktivdienst. Antworten direkt oder über die Redaktion.* St.

Sehr geehrte Herren

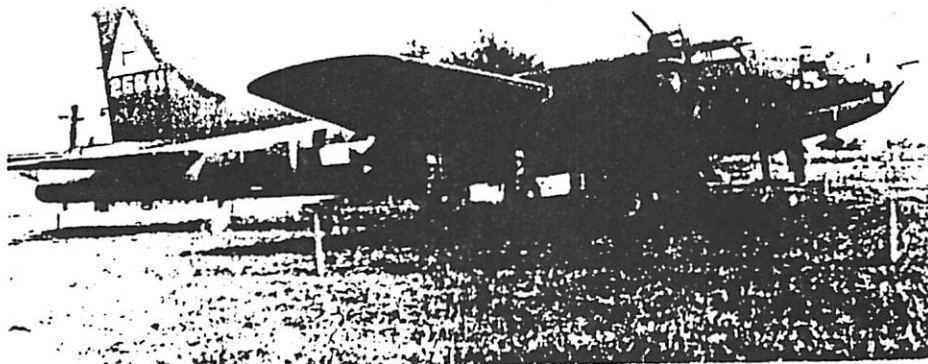
Seit einigen Jahren arbeite ich für den amerikanischen Verlag «Squadron/Signal Publications» an einem Buch über amerikanische Bomberflugzeuge, welche während des 2. Weltkrieges in der Schweiz notlanden mussten. Im Bestreben, noch weitere Unterlagen zu diesem Thema zu erhalten, möchte ich jetzt gerne auch an die Leser der ASMZ gelangen.

Es würde mich sehr freuen, mit Leuten in Kontakt zu treten, welche noch Fotos und

Informationen über diese internierten Bomber besitzen, ebenso mit Piloten, welche die Bomber geflogen oder abgefangen und zur Landung gezwungen haben. Jede Information ist äusserst wertvoll. Die Veröffentlichung der Fotos würde selbstverständlich mit voller Quellenangabe erfolgen. Nach der Reproduktion würden sie an den Eigentümer zurückgesandt.

Es würde mich sehr freuen, wenn Sie meinen Aufruf und das beigefügte Foto in einer der nächsten Ausgaben der ASMZ veröffentlichen könnten. Im voraus herzlichen Dank für Ihre Bemühungen.

Mit freundlichen Grüssen  
Hans-Heiri Stapfer  
Bergstrasse 35, 8810 Horgen  
Telefon 01 725 59 65



Amerikanische Boeing B-17 «Fliegende Festung» nach der Landung in Magadino. Dieser Bomber der 306. Bombergruppe wurde am 6. September 1943 zur Landung gezwungen. ■