

## An Italian Farmer

I once visited an Italian farm about two miles from where I was stationed. I naturally wanted to see his entire house. When I wanted to go upstairs the farmer grew very nervous and insisted that I could not go upstairs. This bothered me greatly as I returned to my squadron area.

I encouraged another soldier named Alvin to go back with me to find out what was up there. I took my 30 caliber semi automatic carbine. (In field tests, rapid fire I could get five bull's eyes out of five and was listed as an expert. I still do this as a hobby). The farmer knew I meant business when we arrived at his farm. Once upstairs we found twelve pairs of highly polished G I shoes ready for the black market. Alvin and I had anticipated finding a German radio station and were relieved to find only the shoes.

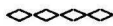
## The Perfect Plane

We had a plane that never needed repair. After each mission nothing was written in the log book. I once overheard the mechanic come out of the plane stating that the plane had made nine missions and there was nothing written in the log book. The crew chief instructed him to at least change the oil.

When this plane returned from the next mission there still was nothing written in the log. The ground personnel couldn't believe this, so they decided to take it up for a ride. Surely they would find something wrong with the plane.

That night in the chow hall, we heard the plane had cracked up near Cerignola. I went up to salvage some parts from the perfect plane.

Happy New Year to you all.  
Ray Surette 826 Squadron



**Editors Note:** The following letter was received by the United States Embassy in Hungary and was forwarded to us. We found the letter of great interest and hope by publishing the story of "Jackie" in the Torretta Flyer, he can be located. From the incomplete discription we are unable to determine if the pilot was assigned to either the 461st or 484th Bomb Groups. We would appreciate hearing from any reader who may know more of this story so that the information can be sent to the author, Dr Peters.

### JACKIE

by Dr Savolyne Alice Peters  
Budapest, Hungary

I am looking for a US pilot by the name of Jackie, the last name I do not remember.

He was shot down about the end of August 1944 over the city of Esztergom, Hungary during a great air battle between the Liberators of the Amercans and the German Airforce. Parachutes were seen falling from the sky.

I was 15 years old at the time attending a Church school. The city of Esztergom was occupied by the Germans, and overrun with terrorist youths belonging to the "Nyilas" or local "Nazis". My brother, myself, and other students helped the Red Cross in hospitals and aided wounded soldiers.

I ran out of the city with my brother following close behind toward the direction of the air battle, I judged it to be about 2 km from Esztergom in a mountain forest. We wanted to find any downed airmen before the authorities arrived.

We found an unconscious pilot hanging from a yellow parachute stuck high in a big tree. It was very difficult to cut him loose from his harness as we were clinging to the branches of the tree ourselves. We worked for a long time easing him down to the ground. We covered him up and I ran back to the hospital where I worked. A Red Cross ambulance came back with me to where we had hidden the pilot. He was taken to the hospital with terrible leg wounds. The staff took little notice of me as I was a familiar sight in the hospital. I was able to visit Jackie often.

Jackie was about 22-24 year old, black hair and light blue eyes and had a kind and quiet personality. I learned that his pilot friend was dead. I was able to visit him every day. In his third day in the hospital Jackie got a world radio (short wave) from the Swiss Red Cross. A Hungarian electrician, a Mr Szabo repaired the set so it would work.

Jackie stayed in the hospital about three to four weeks. I gave him books from the priest "Kanonok Mr. Giegler" with messages from the Swiss Red Cross as I was the contact between Mr Giegler and the pilot. Even though I was 15 years old, I looked 7 or 8 because of the poor war rations so nobody really took much notice of me. One day Jackie did fly away with the help of the Swiss Red Cross in a private airplane.

In Jackie's hospital room an injured Hungarian officer had seen a message from one of the books I had brought and secretly reported me and my brother to the secret police stating that we had saved a US enemy pilot. My brother was arrested by the SS police and was beaten very badly. I was saved by the Church.

After Jackie departed I was in constant fear of being taken by the police. It was not safe to go home. My city was occupied and changed hands between the Germans and the Russians three times. It was a very dangerous time for civilians with the constant identity checks, and search teams. Every one was in constant danger of being reported to the authorities for little or no reason at all. Many of my little friends died in the battles.

Jackie would be about 67 or 68 years old now. The little Alice of today is a happy 61 year old grandmother. My brother Ladislaus is deceased.

I would like to find the pilot Jackie just to say hello from the little Alice of Esztergom. I now live in Budapest.

**Note:** Esztergom is about 50 km Northwest of Budapest. The pilot was shot down in a wooded area about 2 km due east from Esztergom.

#### Notice

The following names were inadvertently omitted from the 1989 New Orleans Reunion Attendance List of Members and Guests: Bess Miller, Johnson S Miller's wife 765 Squadron Robert Doud 765 Squadron Eunice Doud, Robert Doud's wife 765 Squadron