This account of my military history was begun in 1995. It was written in short drafts, in part, in preparation for talks that I gave to various organizations and schools, as well as for Memorial and Veterans Day observances. Most of the history was written from personal memory and a newspaper article that was published shortly after I returned home. This was supplemented with visits to other POWs, many of whom were also shot down, captured and confined in the same camp and were on the same forced march from Feb. 6 to May 2. In addition, there have been numerous accounts (some of which have been published) that have stimulated my memory and have filled in the events and incidents that had been forgotten.

I am grateful to the numerous people who have contributed information for this narrative, but can't recall all of them. The one person to whom I am most indebted is Don Kremper of Ocala, FL. To begin with, it was a rare coincidence how I met Don several years ago. We were both at an Ex-POW chapter meeting in Ft. Meyers, FL when out of the "clear blue" he approached me and said, "I remember you—you were in Stalag Luft IV". I was shocked that he remembered me but it didn't take long before we began sharing the same experiences.

Don was among those rare individuals who had the presence of mind to keep a daily diary during the forced march from Feb. 6th to May 2nd. He also did a lot of research from various authentic sources. He was gracious enough to share them with me. He originally lived in Cape Coral, but now resides in Ocala. We have had several visits with him and his wife, Cathy, as well as phone conversations and letters.

My two bunk-mates in prison camp and "fellow travelers" on the forced march—Jim Richardson of South Bend, IN and Hugh Remp of Yerington NV have both passed on, but I did keep in close contact with Hugh for many years. He struggled from Parkinson's disease for a long time and was confined to a VA nursing home in Reno in his later years. We still keep in touch with his widow in Yerington.

Since the three of us shared such a close relationship during the most critical times in our lives, both Hugh and Jim will always be a major part of the memories of my POW experience.
This account of my military service began in 1945. I was writing in short 
chapters in English to pay attention to detail, and I grew to appreciate that 
many of the events I described were significant. My letter the president 
was written from personal memory and a number of articles that were published 
specifically for this purpose. I am sure your experience with it is not the same.

In addition, there were some articles that I think are significant. I am not 
prepared to go into detail about them, but I will say that the experiences of 
my time in World War II were profound and influenced my later years.