



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation  
5th Floor, Hunt Library  
Carnegie Mellon University  
4909 Frew Street  
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890  
Telephone: 412-268-2434  
Email: [huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu](mailto:huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu)  
Web site: [www.huntbotanical.org](http://www.huntbotanical.org)

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#### *About the Institute*

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Reid Moran's narrative and  
notes of his adventures in Yugo-  
slavia -- WWII -- Feb.-Apr. 1945

FF18

Moran correspondence  
"Moranizes" at its best.

Copied from personal papers  
left at the herbarium when he  
resigned - fall 1982. Mewent.

THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.  
TRUMAN G. YUNCKER, *Treasurer*  
DEPAUW UNIVERSITY  
GREENCASTLE, INDIANA

August 3, 1952

Mr. Reid V. Moran  
516 E. Buffalo Street  
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Moran:

I have your note together with application blank covering membership in our Society.

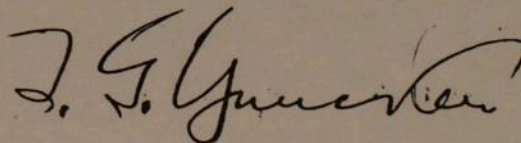
Apparently my original suggestion that you might be interested in becoming a member was misunderstood. When I received your check for \$7.50, I explained that only members of the Society could obtain the Journal of Botany at that price. The regular subscription price is \$10.00.

Your comment that we are "paying people \$2.50 to join our club" is scarcely the correct interpretation. I was interested in the fact that you "do not particularly object to joining". Many of our members consider it a privilege to be a member.

To become a member, we ask that the applicant have three members of the Society sponsor his application. I note that you did not secure such sponsors of whom we have many in Ithaca and should be easily obtained under normal conditions. Also, under qualifications for membership your listing of "having the \$7.50" and "like petunias" would scarcely qualify you, I am afraid.

Under the circumstances, I am assuming that you would not be happy as a membership of our "Club" and am taking the liberty of returning your check herewith. If you wish to secure the Journal you may do so by sending \$10.00 to Dr. Wm. Drew, Dept. of Botany, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan, who is Business Manager of the Journal. He requires no sponsors, does not care whether you like petunias or not and is interested only in the one qualification, i.e. a check for \$10.00.

Sincerely yours,



Tthaca, N. Y.  
August 9, 1952

Dear Mr. Yuncker:

Treasurer of Bot. Soc. of America

Thank you very much for your letter of August 3, in which you returned my check almost as good as new.

I am at a loss to understand the attitude of your club on sponsors for new members. It seems to me that a truly scientific organization, such as I have assumed yours to be, should welcome the membership of anyone interested in the science, whether or not he happens to know three people who already belong. What is to be gained by such snobbery?

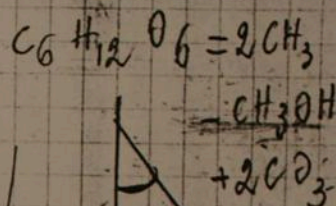
Am I to infer that you don't like Petunias? Even if this is the case, don't you think it unfair to condemn a prospective member for liking them? After all, Petunias are plants. On this point almost all authorities agree. I feel that botanists should like plants; otherwise they should be in some other business. It is even conceivable that your journal might be interested in publishing my projected revision of Petunia, assuming, of course, that the editor does not share your (it seems to me) rather peculiar prejudices.

I am sorry to hear that you will not accept my check. Your journal is rather good, or at least it has fairly good articles in it from time to time. But if \$7.50 is too much, \$10.00 is much too much. I guess I can read it at the library in the future as in the past. It really isn't worth paying \$2.50 for the privilege of not belonging to your club, especially since I already enjoy that privilege at no cost whatever.

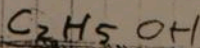
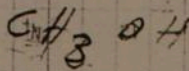
Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

Sincerely yours,

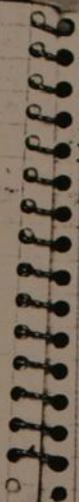
PS. Can one join the club without subscribing to the journal? If so, please send me \$2.50 in change.



~~address~~  
address  
letter him  
was ok  
SONGS  
give



M 28  
A 12 14



Wed Feb 23

Arrived ground 1320  
town LA, 1500

26th Anniv Red Army  
meeting 1900 - will speak  
Thursday 24  
Others five arrived

Friday 25 store  
of town - wine -  
downed to Jake back

Sat 26 money changed  
globe repaired & out zone  
again - 5-630 downed  
Went to political meeting  
John Sympser - They sang  
song about us - we sang  
for them

On these pages is a diary kept by Reid Moran, Ph.D.,  
ex curator of the herbarium, San Diego Museum of Nat.  
History covering a period between 23 Feb & 2 April 19~~44~~45,  
about his experiences in Yugoslavia. He and his group  
parachuted to earth after their flying fortress was  
disabled on returning from a bombing run over Germany  
(Austria). See also his story of the events preceding  
the diary ~~parts~~ - attached / enclosed / included herewith.

Reveal

6 March 1983.

note: the village is Delnice, Yugoslavia

#4 Engine hit by flak ca 10  
min before target & burning  
couldn't feather prop because  
oil hydraulic system shot  
Managed to get into another  
formation as turned into target  
the getting protection from fighters  
After target lost formation  
Trouble 2 controls & still 2  
engine - windmilled to 4500  
RPM when redlined at 2700  
Fighters coming after us  
as formation pulled away  
But fortunately P38s arrived  
diving off Germans &  
accompanied us, circling as  
we bailed out

Sun 27 borrowed Italian book &  
studied. - share at home - church  
danced at Joe's home afternoon  
& evening w/ life = combat is  
rough

Mon 28 studied It & German pt key  
got promise of soup from Gordon  
ordered hot from tailor. Went  
to Joe's - started teaching Eng  
got German, It Chav book - visited  
Slav to study Eng

Tues 29 studied. After lunch  
got hot and a share then to  
Sl to study Eng. - Back after supper

Wed Mar 1 studied. Frank  
came before lunch & we went  
with him to his house. Was  
not impressed by the frau

After lunch stuck around &  
talked - got stamps - visited  
sewing shop to pick up a table  
from Zora - found them ripping  
up parachutes so got a  
sewerer handkerchief from  
the pilot chick - Found SI  
out so went to visit  
Matt & Steve's office then  
to Joe's - Back to SI &  
worked on Eng. ~~then~~  
After supper went to  
meeting, after speeches  
singing, plays, danced til  
12 - danced one with nearly  
every girl I knew, missing  
a few, ~~then~~ 4 times w/ SI  
who is really a good dancer  
Offered to take her home  
but she went w/ other  
girls

Thurs Mar 2 At noon went to  
Joe's for dinner. He had just  
killed a pig and was well supplied  
Had a marvelous dinner <sup>cap</sup> in park  
sourkraut, potatoes, blutsausage,  
pickles, wine, cheese striddle  
all well cooked & all excellent  
Sat around & talked & sang - many  
with accordion came & we danced.  
As we were leaving, SI came &  
I made a date for the evening. After  
supper sat & talked w/ Sr. Then  
talked w/ SI. at 10:30 went to obs  
and worked here with the others

Friday Mar 3 Got stove & heater  
then to commandant's. Each of us  
was given bomb & cigarette lighter  
learned we traveled with men from  
here - rumor leave Monday.  
Banned jugost gram in it at  
home but let chat take it home

when I expected to go walking.  
Hansen went to SI. Talked  
all afternoon - she offered to  
get me kitchen hanging. - After  
supper went home - chit & shat  
to kill time - Walked to 197 in  
face of snow storm - found It Dr  
who stay all evening but I sneaked  
him out and left about 10 min  
after him

Sat Mar 4 Have about a foot  
more snow and still going  
strong - studied - they brought  
us radio. After lunch went to  
Matti's then to sewing shop  
where waited 2 hrs while made  
silk scarf. Found Slavica gone  
to doc, met her half way and  
went back to Joe's, sat in kitchen  
Went to SI after supper & stayed til  
11:30

Sun Mar 5 Went to Matti's till lunch  
& fixed my zipper - Stayed after  
lunch & played cards. Came home  
& was invited to living room  
where read It 3rd reader and  
looked at Juke, Vern in It &  
Sven Medin in German. At 4  
went to SI but found her at  
Joe's as she had said. Went  
back after supper and stayed  
til 11 - Still snowing and  
really getting deep

Mon Mar 6 Studied a little.  
Went to Matti's to get undershirt  
for washing - then to lunch - Went  
to Joe's store then to SI - talked  
about Partisani & about gossip  
concerning us. Retired after  
dinner and stayed till 11. Slept  
by wits to get baseball & shirt

Tues Mar 7 Studied it before and again after lunch, to SI before & after dinner. She has a kitchen hanging for me

Wed Mar 8 Studied before & after lunch but went to SI - early. This was lady's day. After supper went to Matt's to wait for the meeting. Women had parade, singing - lanterns. Meeting hall packed beyond capacity. I stand in back, speeches, plays, singing, food, for 2 hrs. Then Sadie Hawkins dance - first time here copied from Russia. Had enough girl friends to make it pretty well danced till 2 AM. Told Si that no girl had offered to see me home

Thurs. Mar 9 <sup>Sept 10 to 2</sup> Studied before lunch. After lunch stayed & talked til 3:30. They have ~~found~~ some family work which they will dig at for me to see Potomac here & studied. Looked for barber without success. Then worked at Matt's till supper. Went home to Myers & visited "his" family. Went to SI at 10:45 but found front door locked and did not want to disturb

Friday Mar 10 Studied and went to Barber. Found white sick, & after lunch got him aspirin. Went early to SI & stayed all afternoon. Went to Jack's after supper. Had further read in cards. Stayed around till about midnight.

Sat Mar 11 Studied before & after  
lunch. Went to SI ca 3 & stayed  
till supper. Learned we leave to-  
morrow. Called on the family and  
made good farewell. Went back to  
Ante's to return books & get clothes,  
sat around till nearly 9. Then to SI  
Didn't say much farewell. Went  
to Mary's for lunch

Sun Mar 12 Reported at 8  
started off by sleigh ca 11  
and reached Matkapu ca 2  
516 Km Stayed with  
woman who spoke little It but  
mostly Croat

Mon Mar 13 rose at 6 dep  
at 8 - 42 km to Dr - collected  
Sedum near fork in rd 12 km  
from Dr & saw 200m road  
Dr. - Talked German & Franz -  
Villagers all seemed Dr 4x  
when arrived at 630 dark  
people building roads etc -  
Hid under bridge for German  
plane - struck German mj  
2 sep & 32 men killed 3P  
Slept on floor in Cracked house  
Drosnice & - ovic

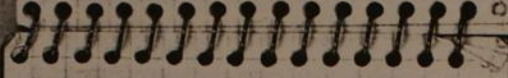
Tues Mar 14 Up at 6 - Ate Dr  
like supper at chunk of wt  
in soup & bread - saw slaughter  
left at 9 - little chitcoat. Rented  
fruit post at 2 <sup>12 km</sup> saw potatoes  
going at - slept on floor, resting  
for night crossing at <sup>Tyzevic</sup>  
Snow at 6 and again at 1  
slept ca 25 on floor B

Vodotei

Wed Mar 15 Waited around all day expecting to leave at 4 but decided to wait over for another party. Had straw to sleep on this time

THURS Mar 16 Waited around again. Left at 4:45 PM. Dan picked up a S. Album who escaped from Italy and was with Partisans - speaks It, Ger & Croat - & 2 Indians mahant who escaped from Africa. 80 miles - crossed road at 11:30. - Man who knew car plans was captured by Ustaichers so nat was changed, they say from 50 to 70 Kilom - saw Juniper & Quercus

KLANAC



Friday Mar 17 took to Mts ca 12:30. Clashed up & down & around. Collected S. of album & S. = one collected before = ~~album~~ same?? KLANAC Dan to Skove collect ~~two~~ very fogged. Walked all over looking for an billet when could hardly walk - received a couple of good meals and slept comfortably on straw on bedroom floor. - Dan was 2 yrs in It prison - was captured by Germans & escaped by knocking man down & running while they shot - 6 m c partisans - Studied It in prison & learned well - Also knows Africans (Dutch) native African & German well and some Jugoslavian



K was a beautiful little town  
with some fine buildings but has  
been destroyed almost completely  
for now we ca 8 miles away  
several kms

Tues March 21 set out ca  
10 & 30km to go. followed  
valley gen S then over a  
small pass and into a  
larger valley. Followed along  
E side just above floor  
Saw 2 rivers pouring into  
grand - Met maj who offered  
encouragement. No lunch  
but a bit of bread. Saw  
destination Ubbina ahead on  
hill top. Thought as I climbed  
hill that I would be able  
to go another stop. Town  
ruined completely. Told to go  
on 3 km started a carrier

soon dark. Miller & Sharby  
very tired cross country  
& sloshed along muddy  
roads. Snow left pretty  
well behind. made ca 10  
more km. Wanted for burgo  
meister. Then to billet. I  
was with 2 partisans. House  
had been burned & one room  
rebuilt. Smelled at stable  
downstairs. Man 16 yrs  
America very nice. Brought  
straw for bed. We had  
bread & up at milk. Bed at 11  
Wake in night too cold to sleep

Wed Mar 22 For best bread  
visit office & a little uncooked  
baked. Partisans dept ca  
10 we wait for us again

Ondic Ondic

Say ca 5000 killed in -  
local area ca 10-15 miles  
Before war. ~~Bl~~ = 45 Diners  
Sugar 14 k salt  
Flour 100 ROK Wine 3 liter

### Dinner 15

Waited till 4 before weapons came  
Then walked behind E chet, Garban  
Dan & Franz - Got to post in  
2 hrs but told to go on, were  
expected at next post. Started  
with carrier at dusk and  
climbed NE into Mts at stiff  
pace for 1 1/2 hrs - Found not  
expected. Conditions very crude  
Kettle over fire on dirt floor in  
smokehilled room. Went back  
& up - ca 15 min to shut up  
horses. Crawled into one for  
1 1/2 hr then received piece of  
very bad factory board and  
divided among 3 houses. Slept

well on good pile clean straw  
These houses all burned & partly  
rebuilt - crude & dirty - Man  
says speaks French but I  
think his is almost as bad as  
mine since we don't understand  
each other - Franz claims 20 km

### Thurs Mar 23 Rested & Ate

Set off about 3 with the patrol  
Reached town & walked hour  
off at 5 up snowy slope into  
mid - soon snow storm which  
stopped when we entered woods  
Ca 7:15 went in house & washed  
hair - when started off overcast  
& dark so could hardly see  
man in front. Crossed Road  
8:45 Then up over mt in 16 snow  
Very slippery & in h or so of snow  
over stones. Stopped 11. Straw  
on floor Boloke?

Friday Mar 24 Bought breakfast  
 for Sherwin's basket. Found a real one above  
 a good sized river tributary of Danube  
 descended & crossed ca 25 yds -  
 up road other side. S. - At town  
 where supposed to stay, no food so  
 moved on - Collected sediments at  
 town - where river forks? <sup>Martin Bux</sup> Star-charts.  
 2 hrs down then 3 hrs up the  
 other side to Bobarj uske  
 This town not destroyed - Sat above  
 open fire on dirt floor of outer  
 room. ceiling & rollers black with  
 char hanging over fire. Inner room  
 E loft above - Billed in small  
 village 15 min walk down  
 a steep hill - houses very crude  
 & poor, leaking outside. Where I  
 stayed inner room small but nice  
 Had fine towels &c. <sup>Time dies</sup>  
 had good bed & <sup>stayed on floor</sup>

Then sheets & blankets all house  
 Ate GI Partisan meal - water all  
 boiled in small flat barrels ☐ ○  
 Food can't be brought

Sat Mar 25 GI breakfast at 8  
 then to house above Franz spent  
 Got loaf bread & saw bread for  
 a flying suit - Mud & snow  
 4 1/2 hrs up over mt & down  
 into valley - stopped to meet for  
 partisans then into town together  
 Dnyar - After waiting around  
 partisan hqs & kitchen (5 results)  
 went to Brit mission - received  
 two good meals and got around  
 talking to the Brass - <sup>Major stayed & talked</sup> Russians have  
 mission here & generals ca 20 men  
 Have fanciest uniforms and fancy food  
 Thanks they wanted to run the war  
 for Tito but Tito has other ideas  
 Partisans here in state of confusion  
 at Russia 20 yrs ago

Dont know what to think of Russia  
Coward & Caviar who are past  
the "comrade" stage. Partisans  
in the street think after war they  
will join Russia but Tito prob  
has other idea & Russians prob  
dont want it as they have no  
diplomatic mission but purely  
military - In fact not so much polit  
as British - Russian mission not  
doing much - As soon as Tito's  
present ideas diffuse thru country  
(2 or 3 months) partisans will feel  
closer to England & America -  
Germans know pretty well what  
goes on here - supplies distrib  
according to Tito's orders

Find this major is Randolph Churchill  
Gardner told him how we had to apologize  
to partisans when Russians were  
big advance & we didnt know he  
compared advance across Africa

and said Russians should be 10 miles off  
coast of France. Churchill said we have  
no reason to apologize - got rather worked  
up about it - said "we had a second  
front in France in 1940 Russians  
didn't help then - they are in just for  
their own good - England only one  
(besides Brazil) to go into free will

Sunday Mar 26 We greedily  
cleared up the marmalade at bkfst  
to the discomfort of a British capt  
who happened to arrive late. Set off  
at 10 and reached Petrovic a  
little after 5, walking pretty steadily  
up the long hill and over the pass  
Should have taken RR to top but  
recent snows prevented. - Town of  
ca 4000 much destroyed. 3/f  
Mokobrodus 3 Mosques 1 Gk Orth  
& 1 RC Church - Met other crews  
waiting - had good supper - sent  
early to billets - I done with

Moham farm in small base but good  
Woman alone with small boy - she  
washed my sax & gave me water  
to wash feet - Showed me to the  
one bed in bedroom but I told  
her by signs I was indisposed &  
offered to sleep on floor. Partisan  
came later & slept in bed

Monday Mar 27 up 0730 - The  
girls here; one knows little of  
It here as yet - gave me hot  
milk - then to bkfst of mission  
bread & hot milk. - Went for  
hot shower & disinfection but  
not today. Got shave & he fire  
Good big lunch - Sat around all  
afternoon - We go out in order  
of air entering Jugoslavia. Thus  
we display many signs - I am #17  
First 6 sick than Don Elliott,  
sharif & Metab - A B17 pilot



who arrived with us, the last 3 of  
Kohlstedt's crew, White's crew, 2 B24  
crews shot down on Regensburg  
raid 2 days after us, 8 B24 crew  
which came down a week ago  
but was here before any of us  
Went home soon after supper  
but found lights out & family  
in bed. Sat in kitchen a bit  
then retired to bed on floor

Tuesday Mar 28 Talked to girl  
about buying cloths. - Out of milk  
so got eggs for bkfst. - Got  
shower & clothes deloused and  
just that got pneumonia - After  
lunch sat around & read - Home  
early & to bed in bed. Got  
1000 Lire changed to 5000 kunas

Wednesday Mar 29 Girl said  
she would scout around for cloths  
I return after noon - to be sure  
I have request written to comms

Woman wanted parachute, they  
unreasonable price in Euros. As  
it started to rain, she asked  
for an offer. I made one for  
laugh and was accepted. For  
beautiful curtain I offered \$20  
but girl interpreting made it  
\$14 which was accepted.

so 2000 Euro for small hanging  
7000 for curtain - I don't know  
what I'll do with it now I  
have it. - Planes due  
but Germans bombing RR  
today interrupted telephone  
so couldn't get details -  
All walked towards airfield. I  
was overtaken in bar & told  
to go back - Planes come but  
couldn't find field - Had  
trouble raising people - Partisan  
in my bed - sick in night

Thurs Mar 30 Interesting that

these Mohammedans don't fit my  
idea, being apparently otherwise  
same as other inhabitants.  
Women may wear full pantaloons  
(but girls may wear skirts) and  
sit crosslegged on floor. In  
main room (kitchen sitting room)  
where I stay 2 chairs &  
long low bench - very clean  
& well fixed. People very friendly  
and nice. Women don't wear  
nails in house and not much else  
- Thought we go to airport  
again if flight not previously  
cancelled from Bari - however  
doubtful if weather permits  
Friday - Seven more arrived yesterday  
six days in the country - B-17 Steyr  
mid-air collision 6 from one plane which  
cut in half one from plane which went on  
I was offered rug today but have no

money -  $\pm$  like Navajo but more  
regular - pattern more complicated &  
not so pretty - Walked to airport  
& waited by fire but no plane -  
eggs of mission - girls in my bed

Friday Mar 31 Sat around & read  
share - Hear Maj Rogers leaving  
for Italy - so POW coming soon  
overcast so no trip tonight  
sick in night

Saturday April 1 Kicked out of  
day room so moved to barracks  
Mesta - ordered to take shower  
& maj annoyed that we didn't - so  
we did

Sun April 2 Back to KM  
weather good - ca 10 transports  
& fighter escort dropped supplies

Excerpts from Reid

Moran's notebook

probably written while he  
was in Yugoslavia after  
bailing out over Slovenia  
after a bombing mission  
to Steyr, Austria. - ~~1945~~

Feb 3, 1945.

For from the wedding chords. gentle stir  
Their star wishes never learned to stray  
Along the sad sequenced way of life  
They kept the ~~words~~ tenor of their way  
Yet can these bars from usult to protest  
Some frail memorial still erected a light  
With uncouth rhyme & shapeless sculpture  
Implore the passing tribute of a sigh  
Their name their years spell by thimble  
The place of fame & elegy supply  
And many a ~~verse~~ verse around the street  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey  
This pleasing anxious beinge resign'd  
Left the world preincinct to cheerful day  
Nor cast an anxious looking back behind

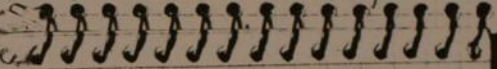
He seemed so low that I couldn't say no and he  
said with a kind of a sob  
It's the blasted cold that has got right hold  
till I'm frozen clean to the bone  
It's not been' dead, it's the awful dread  
of the icy grave that pains  
So I want you to swear that foul or fair  
you'll create any last remains  
Now a friend's last need is a thing to heed  
and I swear that I would not fail  
So we started on at the streak of dawn  
over the Dawson trail  
He crawled on the sleigh and he moaned all day  
of his home in Tennessee  
And by nightfall a corpse was all  
that was left of Sam Magee  
There wasn't a breath in that load of death  
as I turned horror driven  
With a corpse half dead that I couldn't get red  
because of a promise given  
It was lashed to the sleigh but it seemed to say  
You may take your brain & brain  
Mr. Magee

But you promised five and its up to you  
to provide: My last remains

A promise made is a debt unpaid  
and the trail has its own stern code  
In days to come, though my lips were  
fit in my heart, how I cursed that God  
Thru the long long night by the lone fire light  
While the husky dogs round in a ring  
Howled out their woe to the howling stars

Oh my God, how I loathed that thing  
Day by day that quiet day  
seemed to heavy & heavier grow  
As on I went though the dogs were  
and the grub was getting low  
The trail was bad and I felt half mad  
but I swore I would not give in  
And I used to say to the watchful thing  
And it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the range of Lake Lebarge  
And a dorelet there lay  
It was jammed in the ice but I saw in a tree  
It was named the Alice May



I looked at it and I thought a bit  
And I looked at my frozen chum  
Then here said I with a sudden cry  
Is my crematorium

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor  
and I lit the boiler fire  
Some coal I found that was lying round  
and I heaped the fuel higher  
The furnace roared and the flames just  
savored; such a blaze you'll seldom see  
So I scraped a hole in the glaucous seal  
and I shared in Sam McGee

I took a hike cause I didn't like to  
hear him sizzle so  
The huskies howled the heavens scowled  
and the winds began to blow  
It was very cold but the hot sweat rolled  
down my cheeks and I don't know why  
And the grossy smoke like an oily cloth  
went streaking down the sky

I do not know how long in the snow  
I struggled with grizzly fear  
But the stars were out and they danced  
about ere again I ventured near  
I was sick with dread but at last I said  
E I'll just take a look inside  
I guess he's asleep & its time I looked  
So the door I opened wide  
There sat Sam looking cool & calm  
In the heart of the furnace room  
He wore a smile you could see a mile  
As he said please close the door  
His fire is here and I greatly fear  
You'll get on the cold & storm  
Since I left Plumtree down in Tennessee  
Its the first time I've been warm  
There are strange things here

Microfilm tells the tale of parting day  
The laving head works slowly on the sea  
The plumeon homeward plots his way  
And leaves the world to darkness & to me  
Now fades the splenny landscape outside  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds  
I've chive the beetle wheels his droning flight  
And muffled tinkings - led the distant folds  
Save that now you my painted tower  
The moping owl doth to the moon complain  
As such as wandring near her secret tower  
Molest her ancient solitary reign  
Beneath these rugged elms, that o'berdrike  
Whose heaves the turf in vying a million hay  
Each in his narrow cell secure laid  
The idle forefathers of the village sleep  
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn  
The swallows twittering from the straw-bill ditch  
The cock's shrill clarion & the echoing horn  
No more shall wake them from their lowly bed  
No more, for then the blazing hearth shall burn  
Or busy housewife ply her daily care

No children run to kiss their sire's rod  
Or clasp his knees the envied kiss to share  
Oft did the harvest to their scythe yield  
Their frown off the stubborn globe harbor  
Ere joyous did they drive their team afield  
Ere bowed the heads beneath their sturdy stroke  
Let not ambition mock their useful toil  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure  
Nor Grandeur hear a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor  
The path of ease      The path of power  
And all that beauty all that wealth or grace  
Await alike the inevitable hour  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave  
Not yeate proud impute to them the fault  
It memory on their banks no trophies set  
Where thro' the long drawn aisle & side aisle  
The column anthen swells the note of praise  
Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath  
Can honors voice provoke the silent dust  
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre  
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with spouts of time did never unroll  
Still penury repressed their noble rage  
And froze the genial current of the soul  
Some village Hampden who's down-trodden breast  
The little tyrants of his field withstood  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood  
The applause of listening senates to attend  
To scatter plenty on a smiling land  
And read their history in a nation's eyes  
Their lot forbad, nor circumscrib'd aim  
Their growing virtues but their arms contain'd  
Forebade to us their slaughter to a throne  
And close the gates of mercy on mankind

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| dobro jutro     | good day       |
| ne, da          | no, yes        |
| molim           | please         |
| hvala           | thank ya       |
| ja, ti, on, ona | I, ya, he, she |
| mi, vi, oni     | we, you, they  |
| dobro, slabo    | good, bad      |
| kako se zoveš?  | what's yr name |
| kako            | (what) how     |
| pada kiša       | it rains       |
| zboгом          | goodbye        |
| zdravo          |                |
| laku noć!       | good night     |

M

Dear Folks

In case the War Dept has misinformed ya, I am writing this note to be mailed as soon as possible after my return to Italy. I trust, however that ya have been informed correctly and that ya have not worried unduly.

I have had a marvellously interesting vacation in the Mts of Jugoslavia. I cannot give details now but will write again as soon as possible.

I expect to spend the night at the A.R.C Club run by Tuna. It will be good to get back.

Love  
Reid

1/18/45

Today in the course of interviewing returned combat navigators I talked to a Capt. who had 78 missions over enemy territory in the Mediterranean in a C47. After the invasion of Italy he was based <sup>at</sup> Thessalonika and flew supplies into Yugoslavia at night <sup>and</sup> dropped them; ~~and~~ also landed sometimes to bring out evaders, etc. He used DR and night pilotage to locate the target. On the expiration of ETA they flashed code signal which was answered from the ground if they were over the right place; flares were then lit <sup>on the ground</sup> to guide landing or dropping. If they failed to find the target he would fly a square search or if gas were available he might fly to the coast where it was always possible to pinpoint self on islands.

His first landing in Yugoslavia was at Petrovac on April 2. <sup>This was the first field opened up.</sup> They had been told there were a lot of American airmen sweating out a ride and figuring they hadn't had any cigarettes etc for some time took a couple of cartons. Said when they started passing them out they were practically mobbed. Said the men were a motley looking crew wearing all sorts of odds & ends

About a month later it was known that Germans were massing gliders nearby. One night after the 47's were in, the Germans dropped paratroopers on the field. The partisans beat them off for the next day. Next night the 47's came back and picked up Tito's staff taking them to Bari. Tito himself went with a Russian crew.

The Russians had been making some trips from Russia, dropping from ca 10000 feet so it was often hard to find the stuff. ie didn't have gas time to come low and make a run. Later Russians in Italy. Italians in 3 instead of planes flew daylight in fighter support but many lost (?). British ~~but~~ did dropping. Americans lost only 10 planes in all the time he was there. Two known to be shot down. He saw a few obsolete German fighters, but they managed to lose them in the mountains. Did dropping from 3000-5000 feet using obs. altimeter. 4 or 5 runs usually before could get stuff out. Took longer when parachutes. Kept record of AS, time, heading, & winds when dropping more something lost.



Even the Adriatic we began passing <sup>along</sup> islands as our course gradually converged with the Yugoslavian; then the many large islands, far to the right we saw the German-held harbor of Split, which we were avoiding because of flak. Then we were over the mainland, passing just east of

the city of Fiume. How frightening to be ever penetrating deeper & deeper into enemy territory, ~~out of the solid undercast~~ which covered <sup>ahead</sup> the snowy peaks of the Alps ~~could be~~ projecting through the solid undercast, gave us landmarks checkpoints.

The main mass of the Alps was far to our left with a line of <sup>lesser</sup> peaks ahead and to the right. Past these peaks and

the undercast we saw the valley of the Enns River and could pinpoint ourselves again. Here we could see enemy fighters taking off from a field far below.

Soon fighters were buzzing around our formation. Then we began to see bombers go down. To our right one slowly nosed down into an ever steepening dive till it hit the ground and exploded; at the last moment, one chute blossomed out. To our left a B-24 exploded; ~~the~~ wing went hurtling down tumbling one way, the fuselage tumbling ~~to~~ the other both in flames. Miraculously, there were two chutes. Another ship went into a slow spin, brilliant orange flames in the bomb bay; no chutes.

I wondered when our turn would come, and I <sup>snapped</sup> put ~~on~~ chest pack chute onto the harness, which I was already wearing, so I could leave without wasting time. I said to myself, 'You may not get ~~back~~ through this program all night, but fifty missions - not a chance!

About the time that we reached the initial point, our number four engine was hit by flak and burst into flame. Pressure dropped instantly in the hydraulic system, so that the pilot was unable to feather the propeller. By the time the ship was under control, we had lost our formation, but as the formations were turning sharply onto the bomb run, we were able to cut across into same formation and drop our bombs over the target.

The un feathered prop offered such resistance that even with the other three engines at full throttle we could barely maintain air speed and were losing altitude. ~~The~~ ~~formation~~ ~~soon~~ ~~pulling~~ ~~away~~ ~~from~~ ~~us~~, and the fighters began coming in. They slot up our tail pretty well. Our tail gunner was running pretty low on ammunition

when the P-38s arrived and the German planes departed, we saw the black puffs of burning flak about us. One of the waist gunners said an aircraft shell had just gone thru our wing and exploded above.

Meanwhile I was trying to navigate and didn't know too much about what was ~~going on~~ <sup>happening</sup>. I was using my trables trying to see the ground ahead thru a window under the nose turret. I didn't even have time to notice that we were no longer in formation. I was trying to pick up a checkpoint ~~thru~~ thru a hole in the instrument while keeping track of our approximate position by DR. Finally the copilot asked me for a heading to Yugoslavia. I said "We're IN Yugoslavia" since even my navigation was that accurate. I told him we were near Zagreb.

The propeller was windmilling and whirring dangerously at 5000 RPM. The vibration was shaking the ship dangerously. The engine burst into flame again. The pilot barely managed to jump

The pilot asked our troubles were getting worse. The copilot asked me for a heading to Yugoslavia. I said, "We're IN Yugoslavia." ~~It~~ It looked as if we might have to jump. I told the crew, we were near Zagreb. We ~~were~~ ~~unbanded~~ continued on towards Fiume and the head of the Adriatic which could now be made out in ~~the~~ hazy outline. After a little more discussion over the interphone the captain appeared to be that we should jump. I didn't want to be the first and only one to leave, so I asked if we were really going. ~~He~~ "Yeah, let's go." Then I wanted to find opening the nose wheel door. Glancing back to see if the nose gunner was ready, I sat on the forward edge of the door, facing the ~~back~~ of the ship and pushed off with a "Here goes nothing".

Comanda Mjesta

As I hit the slipstream I had a sensation as if going down a bumpy slide. I did not turn over at all, but quite by accident remained in the reclining position which is best when using a chest chute. I did not want ten but pulled the rip cord almost immediately. The pilot chute ~~was~~ <sup>skipped</sup> by my face and then the main chute I had a momentary impression that the chute had just left and that I was quite alone, when I came to a jarring halt, and found myself suspended beneath the umbrell

I ~~turned~~ ~~my~~ ~~head~~ ~~around~~ to see the plane ~~and~~ I ~~was~~ ~~now~~ ~~alone~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~air~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~sure~~ ~~what~~ ~~we~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~told~~ ~~about~~ ~~turning~~ ~~a~~ ~~chute~~ ~~around~~ ~~and~~

looked around the plane was gone ~~larger in scope~~ and only 4 chutes could be seen. This was depressing.

~~I dropped my rip cord~~ Realizing that I still held the rip cord, I dropped it and hooked it tall. Then I unhooked ~~my~~ my oxygen mask and let it go too. The parachute harness which I had borrowed for the day was too small for me, so that I had been able to hook only one leg strap. This made riding uncomfortable; but I was much better off with the harness too tight than I would have been with it too loose when the chute opened. My hands began to feel cold but I did not venture to put on my gloves lest I drop one and lose it. Thinking it might be a long time before I had another chance ~~in a~~ parachute, I tried ~~swinging~~ pulling the shades and swinging, which was fun. But I was too uncomfortable to really get much enjoyment.

I had the impression of being suspended in the middle of nothing but silence. I did not even see or hear the P38's which circled us as we bailed out. While I was just high above the ground I could not see that I was descending at all: I felt suspended permanently in the sky. But as I got lower the earth came up with greater and greater speed.

I had jumped out over a fair sized town. \*  
 For some unknown reason the snow covered nooses  
 made me think of an Army camp. I knew, of course,  
 that the Germans held the ~~principals~~ <sup>& towns</sup> ~~such as~~  
 Fiume <sup>was German and that was close</sup> ~~which as I found later~~ a scout 15 miles away.  
 As I <sup>as I found later,</sup> ~~headed down,~~ drifting westward, ~~I~~ <sup>looked</sup> at the town and <sup>wondered</sup>  
 whether it was German. I looked at the snow in the  
 woods and knew I wouldn't have much of a chance there  
 So I tried to decide whether to take to the woods or  
 to take a chance on trying to make contact with someone.  
 The decision was saved me. ~~I saw that as the~~  
 earth rose faster & faster, I saw I would land  
 near a small group of houses. A spruce tree thrust up  
 and neatly intercepted my skis and found myself  
 resting gently in the branches of a tree practically  
 in someone's front yard.

Several people had come from the houses to see  
 this unusual spectacle (me.) <sup>Grabbing a foot hold</sup> I climbed up till ~~I had~~ the  
 skis slackened and I could unstrap them from my  
 harness. Sitting on a limb I nonchalantly put on my  
 gloves. ~~The~~ The spectators, apparently thinking that  
 I liked it in the tree, began watching me down.  
 I paused a moment more to examine the foliage of the  
 tree just <sup>lest</sup> ~~in case~~ some botanist friend should ~~not~~  
 should ~~be~~ <sup>interested</sup> when I got home.

The people evidently were friendly. I tried Italian and found they knew a little. ~~I tried to~~ They took me into a warm kitchen and when I had removed my ~~coat and~~ ~~staples~~ heavy winter flying clothes made me sit down and brought me food - their best food on them best dishes. They had ham which tasted like Salami, bread, & pickles. All the neighbors crowded into the kitchen to watch me eat. A boy came up who ~~did~~ spoke it pretty well - much better than I did - and talked to me. Someone else tried at his German. And finally a couple of men were brought in who had been in America and ~~know~~ ~~it~~ remembered some English. One of these, Steve, a jolly white-headed old guy stayed. ~~with me~~

Soon they brought in the tail gunner, who had landed near by. I introduced myself and learned that he was Shorty Reese. He was a small rather timid man of about 35. He also was seated at the kitchen table and given food; and they insisted that I eat more. We were told that two more had been found and that the patrols were out looking for the fifties.

Two more men soon joined us, Robinson Linnell and Ball turret gunner Miller. <sup>household</sup> We were loaded on a sleigh and ~~started~~ made the short trip to Delnice the village I had seen from my parachute

I didn't want to make any mistakes, so I asked, "Are we going to bale out?" He said "Yes."

The pilot said in a rather indefinite manner "well, I guess we'd better bail out." I didn't want to make any mistakes, so I asked, "Are we going to bale out?" He said "Yes."

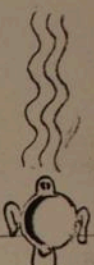
My chute was already on and had been for the last hour. When this definite order came, I ~~wasted no time~~ stooped under the navigator's table and <sup>glancing over my shoulder to see that the nose</sup> pulled the handles to open the nose wheel door. I sat on the front edge of the opening facing the back of the plane, ~~and after glancing over~~ and saying to myself "Here goes nothing" I shaved off into space. Hitting the slip stream I had the impression of going down a bumpy slide.

When I shaved off, my hand was on the rip cord. I had heard that one should count to ten before pulling. I got to <sup>about</sup> one and a half. The pilot chute and then the main chute whipped by my face leaving me with the momentary impression that I was now without a parachute. Then a sudden jolt and I was suspended beneath the canopy. Through no fault of my own I was in just the right position when the chute opened.

Looking back over my shoulder, I saw four more chutes open. The plane continued on, curving around to the left. When next I looked around, it had disappeared.

Looking down I found I still had the ripcord handle in my hand, so I dropped it. Also I pulled off my oxygen mask, dropped it, and watched it grow smaller and disappear. I felt much alone, suspended in the great stillness. There was no sensation of falling but it was as if I hung motionless. The harness was too small to go over all my heavy winter flying clothes, so only one leg strap was buckled. This did not add to my comfort. My hands were cold but I decided not to take my gloves out of my pocket and put them on lest I should drop one and lose it.

The country below me was forested, snow covered mountains <sup>though from my vantage point it looked comparatively flat.</sup> Directly ~~and~~ below was a fair sized town. Something in its appearance made me think of a military camp. I knew the ~~German~~ <sup>nearby</sup> part of Fiume we were close to the German held ~~to~~ <sup>nearby</sup> part of Fiume



down on that town, whether there were Germans in it. I tried to decide what should be my course of action when I reached the ground. Should I try to get in contact with someone and hope he wasn't German. Or should I take to the woods and take the chance of freezing to death in the snow.

When I was high above the ground, my motion towards it was not evident and I felt suspended. But the closer I got <sup>to the ground</sup> the faster I seemed to be moving. Meanwhile the wind had drifted me away from the town. Finally the ground rushed upward and I found myself hanging in the upper branches of a spruce tree, close to the trunk, my chute having caught over the top of the tree. It was a gentle landing. I climbed up a bit to relieve the tension on the risers, then unhooked my chute from the harness. I paused to pull on my gloves and survey the situation before climbing down out of the tree. I had landed about a hundred feet from a <sup>single</sup> group of houses. The inhabitants\* had come out and were staring up at me, talking excitedly. They motioned to me to come down, as if they thought I intended to roost there indefinitely. On the way down I carefully noted the needles of the tree, thinking some botanist would be sure to ask me what kind of a tree I had landed in.

\* of Delnice, Yugoslavia