

DOWN IN GREECE

by

Bill Drake

TO LARRY,
A FELLOW MANCH U.
— DRAKE

Prologue

The story you are about to read is true. At the time of the precipitating incident, I was a bombardier-navigator in the 68th Tactical Reconnaissance Group, a National Guard Unit out of New Orleans, Louisiana which had been called to active duty some years before. I was a "transfer" from the 310th Bombardment Group to fill a "need".

The 68th TRG was a small part of the overall effort of the Office of Strategic Services to effectively promote behind-the-lines resistance to the German war machine by local populations and guerrillas of any persuasion. I went down in Greece April 6, 1944, on my forty-first combat mission and spent the next six months as an "evadee" in Thrace and Eastern Macedonia, Greece.

I have tried to put on paper a realistic and factual account of my experience. Memory dims after the passage of many years, but the stark reality of this escapade remains very vivid in my mind. Considering my inability to recall the high emotional peaks, as well as the depressing lows of the experience, I truly believe I have understated many of the incidents related.

That the writing was undertaken at all, can be credited to Annie Ray Poth, a friendly persuasive neighbor of mine, both of us residing at the USAA Towers in San Antonio, Texas, who kept saying, "You should write all of that down".

Any errors of commission or omission in the story itself are mine alone. I also take full responsibility for any grammatical, spelling, and punctuation errors yet to be uncovered.



Bill Drake
San Antonio, Texas
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