

On 6 September, four other American planes, that had gone to Stuttgart, had landed in Switzerland. Two had set down in Zurich, one had landed in a farmer's field and one had ditched in the Lake of Constance where one of the crew had drowned. I looked at the newspapers the colonel was holding in front of my face. Besides numerous photos of American B-17's, they carried long written texts. Obviously, some of the American crew members had talked freely with newsmen. So I told him, "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 thing connected with the U.S. Army Air Force." With that, he curtly dismissed me. Just as I was about to go out of the door, however, he stood up and said one thing. "Let me give you a bit of advice, Lieutenant Andrews. I advise you and your crew members 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, although I learned later that he was one of the very few Swiss officers who was something of a Nazi sympathizer. Still, I began wondering about myself for being so stiff about orders. In one incident, though, the second day we were in Switzerland, this 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 was then the head of 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 to talk with him privately, but I told him before I did so, "Look, Mr. Dulles, I'm sure you're for real and I've heard about 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."

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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 bit about his work. He was headed back from a clandestine meeting in Locarno when he ran into me. As it happened, this chance encounter with Dulles led to my departure from Switzerland when he arranged for me to be exchanged for a German officer in order to carry information back to the United States.

My crew and I, along with the other crews that initially landed 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 Swiss officer commanding these camps, I set up an educational program for all internees who wished to use it. In doing this we 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 the desire to do so. Pilots were not allowed to leave the Internment Camps while I was there. The Swiss authorities demanded this for reasons of discipline, making each pilot responsible for the conduct of each of his crew.

Sometime in December the Ice Hockey Club challenged the American internees to a hockey match. We accepted the challenge but they skated far better than we did and beat us by a lopsided score. In January, Adelboden began filling up with British internees. Taken as prisoners-of-war in North Africa, they streamed into Switzerland when Italy capitulated and threw open P.O.W. 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 another 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 lopsided score.

