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July 19, 1945  
Alliance, Ohio

Mrs. Baber,

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time. As you know, it would be hard for a boy who has been with your son for a long time to tell his mother that there is not much hope for him.

As you know he was my pilot, and as far as I know he was the cause of us getting out of the plane, he held it under control long enough for at least a few to get out.

It was about 5:00 Aug. 2, we were going over the front line near Caen, France, 20,000 ft. Your Son was on his 27th mission. When we started we were so sure of getting back. Our plane was hit very hard and started to spinn then it flew straight for at least a minute, I was the first one out. I was captured the minute I hit the ground. I ask the German's how many parachutes came out of the ship. They told me three then it blew up. Mrs. Baber I do want you to know what happened to your Son. As you know the Government does not tell you very much. Most of our crew finished up and went home, but I would not fly with any other pilot, and we were going to finish up together.

That is about the end of the story the other two fellows that got out met with me about 10 minutes after it happened. We were in the same prison camp. One of the fellows in our crew that finished up back in August was going to stop and see you, but he must of forgot to because he never stopped to tell my parents anything.

Mrs. Baber if there is anything more I can tell you will you let me know. I sure hate to tell anyone, I do not even talk about the accident anymore. But if there is any thing I can do or tell you, write will you.

Sincerely yours,  
/s/ Don Phillips