

When taking a plane load of patients to the States while we were stationed in France, we would go to Prestwick, Scotland to board the plane with our patients. I had been assigned to take a plane load of patients out, but at the last minute my dearest friend, Katy Price, was chosen to take my place. We would fly to Rykjavik, Iceland to refuel and then go to Newfoundland with our patients, offload them and then fly to the Azores, and then back to France. When I got back to France I learned that when Katy's plane had started to fly out of Iceland the plane had been shot down by a UBoat. All aboard crashed and were lost at sea.

How ironic and sad to have lost all those wonderful young people. There are many stories that can be told about WW11. I was sitting in Marseilles after the war was over in Europe, waiting to go to the South Pacific when the atomic bomb was dropped in Japan. So, here I am at 91 still going on.

Thanks for keeping our Newsletter going.

Sincerely – Edna Statman