



# SWEDEN AFTER THE FLAK



## The Story of Georgia Rebel

(Conclusion)

By Pär Henningsson

### Fifty-five Years Later

This is the story of the mission to Herøya, Norway, that brought the first ten Americans to Sweden. In the fall of 1997 I happened to borrow a book from my local library. It was called "Kurirflyg", (Blockade Runners), and was written by Captain Lars Axel Nilsson (ret.) and Leif A. Sandberg. Captain Nilsson had been on the crews that flew Swedish courier transports to Scotland during the war. The Swedes used among other types of aircraft, re-built B-17s in 1944 and later. Aircraft that had diverted to Sweden and been re-built for civilian transport flights.

In this book there was a picture of Georgia Rebel, the first USAAF bomber to divert to Sweden. I showed the picture to my father as I thought he might be interested. He is a retired historian and was born not far from Vännacka where the Georgia Rebel crashed. My father now told me an amazing story.

After a brief career in the Swedish Army he was hospitalized with

tuberculosis. In the bed next to him was a man from Vännacka. This man, Essaias Dahlin, told my father back in 1944 how he had witnessed the crash-landing of a big American bomber.

This information made me very keen to further investigate the fate of the men from the Georgia Rebel.

### The Research

I have been interested in WWII aviation history since my childhood. It began with building plastic model kits of aircraft and in the recent years has resulted in some articles and academic essays on the strategic bombings during the war. Having access to the Internet made my research much easier. Soon I was in contact with some very nice people of the 381st Bomb Group Memorial Association. I got invaluable information from them about the records of the crew members that were still on their rosters.

Through the help of a former P-47 Pilot, Rip Collins, of Houston,

TX, I got confirmation of where to find one of the crew members, George McIntosh. At a scheduled time, I called Mr. McIntosh on the phone and we spent the next thirty or forty-five minutes in pleasant conversation. Mr. McIntosh has helped me very much with my research and during the first year, we had many nice and interesting conversations.

Through Mr. McIntosh and other helpful people, I have learned the following about the crew of the Georgia Rebel:

The crew was interned in Falun at the guest house Humlebacken. 1st Lt. Jones and 2nd Lt. McIntosh were repatriated late in 1943 and returned to the Ridgewell base on January 10th, 1944.

Charles Nevius, the Bombardier, was KIA late in the war.

Arthur Guertin, the Navigator, was KIA on April 28th, 1944, as his aircraft, The Georgia Rebel II was shot down over St. Avord, France. The pilot on this mission was Jones who ended up in a POW camp. Major Osce Jones, (ret.), died in October 1998 in Albany, GA.

George McIntosh continued to fly a total of fourteen missions. He was decorated with a DFC after piloting a damaged aircraft to safety. On March 20th, 1944, McIntosh had to crash in the Atlantic off the coast of France. His crew is saved by Germans and they go to POW camps. George McIntosh is today 78 years old and lives in Texas.

Joseph Nicatra died in 1979. His daughter, from a second marriage, and her husband have been in contact with me, and are members of this organization.

Haugen died in Sept. 1986 in Hennepin, MA



The Author standing between two of the townsfolk who witnessed the landing in 1943

I have found no records of what happened to the rest of the crew.

### **Walking on Historic Ground**

During the summer of 1998, I contacted an old friend of my Father's, Essaias Dahlin, from Vännacka. We decided to meet at his house and just a couple of days before the 55-year anniversary of the crash, my Father and I drove to Vännacka. We visited the bog where the aircraft had crashed, and were amazed that signs from the crash were still visible. The locals showed me how the pines that had been snapped off by the huge plane's wings, still showed marks from this! With a bit of imagination I could still see the big furrow in the

bog made by the plane! I cut a branch from a small pine and sent it to Mr. McIntosh in Texas. It survived the trip, but did not survive the hot Texas weather.

One of the locals who went with us that day wrote a note to Mr. McIntosh:

"Dear Friends,

55 years ago my father and I saw your big aircraft coming over our heads. Two engines were not working. My father ran away-he was afraid you should land on our field, but you landed about 20km from our house. Now we have visited that place again together with your friends from Uppsala."

(Parts of this article are from the research work the author has done about the Georgia Rebel. We hope the full research will be published in some form within this year.)

The author wishes to thank the following for their help and support:

All at the 381<sup>st</sup> BGMA,

Rip Collins, TX

George McIntosh, TX

Steve Rode, TX

Essaias Dahlin, Tor Enarsson and Eskil Jansson, Sweden

A special Thank You to Lloyd Sunderland of the 532<sup>nd</sup> BS, 381<sup>st</sup> BG for invaluable help!

## **Memories from Sweden**

By Lennart Westergård

September 1st, 60 years ago the Second World War broke out. I remember that day very clearly. I had just begun Senior High School in August. My parents and I had recently moved into a larger and more comfortable apartment in Malmö City. My father had been promoted and got a position of independent President of his farming products company (storage, import and export). So our family situation was bright. It was a Friday. Suddenly we heard the church bells toll a mighty song over the city, and it kept on for long, and as a matter of fact the same happened all over the country. Schoolwork was interrupted, we gathered in front of radio sets, flash news placards were set up in the streets.

The German 'Oberkommando der Wehrmacht' had announced that Polish army units had violated and crossed the border, attacking targets in Germany. Responding to this insidious attack die Wehrmacht had resolutely and with full power struck back and was now advancing into Polish territory to neutralize the enemy's freedom of further action. The truth was different. The Germans had organized a "Polish" task group with their own people, men who could be disposed of and were sacrificed, adventurers, con-

victs and even mentally retarded. When they were dressed up in Polish uniforms, they were probably told they were to perform a smart and heroic operation for the Fatherland. Later they were photographed dead or taken prisoners as evidence of "the Polish attack".

I have many small pieces of personal experience from that day, like sharp snaps in my memory, pictures of my father and mother and many other people, all of them looking very grave, and how we discussed the situation in the family, listened to the news etc. I had heard the elders talk about WW I, stories I could hardly believe, and of course I had learned history at school. Would this be another great slaughter or only a limited war? No, later England and France declared war and it seemed to be another great war! How little we all knew then, but now we know. Sixty years from the outbreak of the war is forever to be remembered with sorrow and sadness. V Day in 1945 and later the surrender on board USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay, are sure to be remembered with gratefulness and reflection and celebrated, as we did four years ago after 50 years. Still, I think we do need to recall that day of greatest tragedy, September 1, 1939. My age group has had the favor of having a

long life, so we can look back through these 60 years - what a turbulent period we have experienced! The most violent era in human history! But I have seen good things too; there has also been a fantastic time of development, thank God.

When I enjoyed touring in the US in 1981, I visited Tacoma and Seattle, WA. My old friend Maj. (Ret.) Leonard Thewlis took me to Bremerton and we went on board the USS Missouri. I felt very strongly the wing-beats of history, when I stood on the starboard main deck, watching the spot above which the surrender had been signed. I watched the film in the command tower and I was asked to write my name in the guest book. As I did then, I am also doing now. I think of all those who gave all, even their lives, to defeat the Axis Powers. Now being made a member of the 452nd BG Association, I think especially of all the men and women of the 8<sup>th</sup> AF.

This story was written by Lennart Westergård as a letter to Hank North and the 452nd BG. In 1944, Lennart was cadet sergeant, age 20, and served in 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion A 23 (Field Regiment set up by the Royal Wendes Arty.). When Lennart Westergaard retired in 1984 from Swedish Military Command South, he was CO Ops. Intelligence. In his duties he has often worked with the Air Force.

## THIS IS SWEDEN? By Joe Sirotnak

In our last episode entitled "Is This Sweden?" we had arrived in this neutral country after a hectic flight from Germany, fleeing from a lot of angry guys after destroying their last remaining oil refinery at Harburg. (See Summer/Fall 1999 issue)

The beginning of our six months confinement in this rugged country began on January 17, 1945. Most of us had bailed out of our Liberator just after we crossed the Swedish coast. We were soon rounded up. Our "captors" incarcerated us for the first night in the Grand Hotel at Falkenberg. But first, before retiring, we had a substantial dinner at which the writer discovered how tasty fish could really be. In the morning we consumed a miniscule breakfast of cereal, eggs, cheese, toast, milk and coffee. Then we were dragged away to be put onto a train bound for a destination unknown.

"RÄTTVIK"-the sign at the train station read as we disembarked. We were met by a tall, handsome, mean-looking Swedish Army officer. He was most certainly a very distinguished looking individual, and he presented himself in a uniform, which was, at the very least, impeccable. This very impressive looking officer was Lt. T.E. Tistrand. "Jimmy", as he became known to his friends and other people, escorted us to a group of taxis, which were standing at the front of the station. These vehicles all appeared to have a furnace hanging on the rear, not unlike the one my Mother had in the basement of her home. These "furnaces" were stoked with charcoal, and then the damn taxis drove off in a cloud of smoke.

Our new home was called the Hotel Turisthemmet. It was a small hotel with about 35 rooms. Roger Hicks and I were assigned to a comfortable room on the third, the top, floor - our new home for the next three months. Other rooms in the building were occupied by the other members of our crew, and the men from a B-17, which had landed on the same day. A total of 21 souls, all wondering what was in store for

them and especially, where they would get their next beer. The most crushing blow of all; discovery that Sweden had some type of prohibition. No booze!

Beer was available, but it contained no alcohol. Now, at last we know why they have been so nice to us up to this time. The immediate question came to everybody's lips. Where are the bootleggers?

Rättvik is a small resort type town which had a population of about 900 in 1945. It is on the eastern shore of Lake Siljan, a rather large body of water in the middle of the country. It is both a summer and a winter resort, although at that time there were not yet any ski lifts. The town's activities were centered on the main street. We soon took off in the direction of the action.

Klingberg's Konditori, a coffee shop and bakery of the first order, was the target. We homed in on those pastries like guided missiles, and once again all was right with the world. Martin Klingberg and his family were delighted to see us, and we were delighted to see his baked goodies. We had found our foster home.

As internees in a neutral country, we were required to wear civilian clothing. This required extensive shopping in the town's only men's wear store. I bought a cocoa brown, double-breasted suit with tan stripes, and a grass green, single-breasted suit with a black plaid design. I ought to say that I was being conservative compared to some of my fellow Americans. I have a theory that the high altitude flying gave us all some kind of brain condition which made it impossible for us to be aware of the fact that our selections were, at best, ludicrous, and even worse-we all thought we looked great!

Now, what does a group of healthy, red-blooded Americans do with their time in Sweden in the middle of the winter? Well, how about skiing? You got it. So let us trudge to the local sporting goods shop. The proprietor was ecstatic.

We had to buy skis, poles, boots, pants, jackets, hats and gloves for 21 confident and eager skiers. We should also now have to take into consideration the consequences of 19 of these having no measurable experience. Well, it turned out that we were to avoid a plague of broken bones. However, the replacement of broken skis and poles gave a great lift to the local business environment.

Then there was "Slug", the toughest tail gunner ever to come out of Cicero, Illinois. What we would consider to be excruciating pain was no more than an itch to Slug. He looked like he could run at the wall of a brick building and make his own door. Underneath it all, he was the kindest, sweetest person you would ever be likely to meet. This is all leading up to a description of Slug's skiing technique. He had a singular method of getting down the hill. He would make his way to the top on his skis like the rest of us. He would turn around to face the slope standing ramrod straight. He would push off, travel about 40 feet, and then tumble to the snow. He would clamber back to his feet, once again assume the position of attention, and shove off. After another short distance he would go down again. He would continue this routine until he reached the bottom of the slope. His progress was similar to that of a bouncing ball. He skied daily, and we had to admire his perseverance. He never changed his technique!

Slug's indifference to pain made him the ideal tail gunner for the bobsled. This vehicle was a home made device constructed from miscellaneous debris located around the town. The main body was a heavy plank about 8 feet in length. To this were attached wooden runners with metal on their edges, stolen from the local blacksmith shop. The entire contraption weighed a considerable amount. It was steered with the use of two ropes attached to the somewhat movable front runners.

Our ski slope was mostly a straight hill that crossed some rail-

road tracks and then made a bend on to the main street leading through the center of the town. The skiers generally slowed down after the tracks and then made their way into town. The bobsled, however, was just about reaching top speed at the rail crossing, so it was common for it to clatter through the main street at 40 or 50 miles per hour, which was at least twice the legal speed limit.

At the spot where the run crossed the tracks, the ground leveled off and then suddenly dropped away. This resulted in the sled leaving the ground for a bit and then crashing down. Invariably, the last man on the sled was thrown off. Needless to say, it was very difficult to recruit people to fly in this position. Slug loved it!

Sad to say, the reign of the bobsled was short-lived. There were some problems involving the local constabulary having to do with reckless endangerment, a broken plate glass window, and a few other minor difficulties, including disrespect and insults involving a police officer. (This is about the time we discovered that most Swedes speak and understand English very well.)

As I mentioned above, there was no legal booze available. The beer was tasty, but the alcoholic content was nil. However, faint heart never conquered, etc. so in our minds there was the vague hope that perhaps there existed in this beer some small remnants of alcohol which could be gleaned by drinking a case at a time. This theory was tested again and again with each one at the party bringing his own case of foamy brew. It was all very scientific. We can report that it did not generate any mellow feelings, nor did it generate any carousing, nor did it generate any hangovers. It did definitely generate a lot of trips to the bathroom.

As the weather became warmer, we knew it was only a matter of time until we would have to be moving on. The war news was good, and we became increasingly aware that our days in Stalag 000 would not be many more. The skiing was still not

bad, but each day more and more of the snow melted, and we went up to the hill less and less. Finally, when April arrived, we received the word. We would all be moving down to Vasteräs.

At Vasteräs there was a Swedish Air Force installation. It was a rather crude accommodation with one paved runway and several grassy ones. The Operations Hut was exactly that, a hut, which seemed to have been put together in a rather hurried and even haphazard fashion. However, the hotel in town was pleasant, and there was one other redeeming feature about the location. It was only about 35 miles from Stockholm. This made it easy for weekend excursions to that Scandinavian metropolis. We had discovered that wine was available in many of the restaurants.

The reason for Vasteräs was that it was being used as a staging area to get the repairable Libs and Forts into flyable condition. Many of the ships which had survived their landings in Sweden were eventually brought to this field where they were worked on by American and Swedish personnel, and test flown by American pilots. We actually ended up with about two dozen aircraft in slightly better than marginal condition. With a long running start they could even get off the ground. I had a couple of these short test flights. I would rather have been back in the flack over Hamburg.

Our life in Vasteräs was different. We had a job to go to during the day now, so playing was mostly restricted to the nighttime hours. The spring weather was delightful. There were dances in the city park on the weekends, and there was bicycling in the town and countryside. Then the war ended.

VE DAY in Stockholm! We had a party at a restaurant where we were joined by some Danish refugees, a couple of Norwegians, and assorted other people whom we never got to identify. Champagne! It flowed like water as we drank one toast after another. Why not? It meant that we would be soon going home. The uncertainty of not knowing how long

we would have to remain in this rugged country far from home was now obliterated. It was all over! Let's cut the orders and get going. But wait! It was not to be.

The leading question remains. What is to be done with the detachment of aircraft lined up in not very neat rows at Vasteräs?

"Well, men, that there bunch of aircraft has to be repatriated. That means, men, that they have to be gotten out of the country. In fact, men, those Libs and Forts, they have to be gotten back to England, and the only way that can happen is if somebody flies 'em back. Now, we're real sorry about this, but if we get real eager we ought to be able to get the job done before the summer is over."

Well, all told it didn't turn out too bad. Our crew made two trips, and by the middle of June it was all done.

We had no uniforms, of course, so we flew the ferry trips in our Swedish made civilian clothes. On the very first trip, after we landed at the base in England, our patched up Lib with peeling paint and leaking oil taxied off the runway to the hardstand. The engines were shut down, and after a few moments, out of the open bomb bay doors erupted this handful of "civilians" dressed in an assortment of clothes, which by any standards reflected only very poor taste. This sight caused a bit of a flap at operations. However, it all calmed down, and the welcoming crowd dispersed, and now there were photographers shooting our pictures - the crew of the first aircraft to be returned from Sweden.

In 1972, I made plans for my first visit to Europe since the war. Of course, I had to include in my itinerary a visit to Sweden, and with my wife and daughter, I arrived in Stockholm on a bright and sunny September day. We had arranged for a rental car to be available for us at Arlanda Airport, and after a night in this pretty city we made our way north.

We arrived in Rättvik late in the afternoon, and checked into a local hotel. The Turisthemmet

where we had stayed years before was still in operation, but it was closed now until the ski season began. After settling into our rooms, we went into town and up the main street, where I commenced to search for Klingberg's Konditori. It was nowhere to be found although I was positive that I was standing directly in front of the building where it should have been. I discovered that the premises were now being used as a gift shop, so I made my way inside. The proprietor assured me that the premises had once housed the Konditori. He informed me that the Klingbergs still lived upstairs where they had always lived. I asked him if he would be kind enough to go upstairs and ask Martin Klingberg to please come down to see me. I also asked him not to tell Martin who was there waiting to see him. After a few minutes this kindly gentleman whom I had not seen in 27 years appeared and from across the room said to me, "Hi, Joe. You got a little fat, didn't you."

Oh yes, before we end this story we should address those of you who would be asking, "What about the girls in Sweden?" I can only say, as I have told my wife many times, we were much too busy skiing, bob sledding, playing cards, etc. to really bother very much with the girls.

Amen.

*Editor's note-As this issue was going to print, I received a copy of a video tape made by Roger Hicks during his trip back to Sweden in August of 1999. Roger was able to go back and visit many of the places he "visited" on Jan, 17, 1945, including the farm house where the crew was interrogated. I truly appreciate Roger sharing this tape with me and Joe for making the copy.*

Left to Right:  
Roger Hicks  
Bill Haslauer  
John Berdar  
Joe Sirotnak  
Eddie Quarford

## A Trip back to Sweden

By Bob Birmingham

In July of 1997, we were invited to visit Sweden, by the city of Vasteräs, for a reunion of American internees who had spent time in their city during their internment 1943-1945. For a variety of reasons, not the least of which was very short notice, only seven internees with spouses, offspring, and other relatives were able to be there. Nevertheless, the city of Vasteräs wined and dined us for four days in a remarkable fashion.

We were treated to an air show at the airfield where we had been assigned as internees and were honored as special guests. We were given guided bus tours of the city and other tourist attractions of the area. We had lunch at the city hall with the city manager and other councilmen and they presented the ladies with a brass angel produced in the area. We were treated to an evening at the winery and a dinner in a hanger with an aeronautical association. We were given an opportunity to have a two hour ride in the "Concorde" and Marie and I took advantage of that. We were bussed to Stockholm where we visited their original airfield. We visited old town and the VASA, which is a 17th century restored Swedish "Man of War". This ship, which was under

water for 300 years, is certainly one of the wonders of the world. A visit to Stockholm would not be complete without seeing this marvel. The highlight of the trip, however, was a full blown official reception for us at the American embassy which was attended by the American delegation, their wives, and the representatives of several countries, such as Poland, Finland and China. It was a remarkable demonstration of respect for all Americans who had been interned.

The officials of the city of Vasteräs and the friends of American internees who planned and carried out this reunion spared no expense to make us feel welcome and honored.

At the end of the reunion, Marie and I headed for Rättvik. It was a beautiful drive through green forests, past clear lakes and the typical red houses of the area. Not much had changed in this countryside. There were no new housing developments or industrial parks. We stayed at the hotel Lerdalshojden, which is located on the mountain where we once skied. The hotel overlooks the town and Lake Siljan. The landmark church on the banks of the lake was clearly visible. The town is much larger than it was in 1945 and a major highway has been



This picture of a few from the Hicks crew was taken when they arrived in England after their first ferry flight from Sweden. Can you imagine the surprise on the faces of the ground crew when the "civilians" jumped out of the bomb bay of the B-24?



built right through the center of the downtown area, past the railroad station and around the northern end of the lake. The railroad station is now a tourist center. We found the main street where we had spent many hours in Klingberg's coffee shop as internees. The town has certainly maintained its charm.

After spending two days in Rättvik, we drove to Falkenberg, on the west coast of Sweden, where we had crashed on January 17, 1945. There we checked into the Grand Hotel where our crew had spent our first night in Sweden. The hotel had been enlarged to accommodate a night-club but not much else had changed.

The next morning we were met by our friends Jan-Olof Nilsson (a free lance writer) and Bengt-Arne Karlsson (who works at the Falkenberg Museum). We had been corresponding with these men for several months because they were writing a book about our mission. For the next four days they took us on a whirlwind tour of Falkenberg and the area. We visited the museum where they had a display of things relating to our crash some 52 years earlier. They took us to the crash site some 25 miles outside of Falkenberg. Nothing had changed! It was still open farm country and three of the farms we visited were still occupied by people who had been there in 1945. At the first farm, Gosta Nilsson brought out a life vest which he had picked up on his property right after the crash. I felt that it was my vest since I had landed in a large

tree and discarded the vest with my parachute. Gosta agreed to have his picture taken with me holding the vest - but he hung on to it for dear life. It was obvious that it was a valued possession.

At the next farm we meet Einer Karlsson who showed us parts of the plane that he had taken as souvenirs. He showed us things he had made from the parts of the plane, including a device to open the chute on the manure trough in the barn. It was made from a pulley that may have once helped steer the B-24. Einer was also very proud of his souvenirs. Next we visited the farm of Signe Andersson where we were invited in for coffee and cookies (seven kinds of cookies according to Swedish tradition). This is the farm where the plane actually crashed. Signe described how she was baking in the kitchen when she looked out the window and saw several parachutes coming from the sky and then all of a sudden there was a loud crash. The plane landed in her

field. She said it was an exciting day for everyone. We will always remember the hospitality of Mrs. Andersson.

The next day Jan-Olof had arranged for a friend, Ingvar Johansson, to take me up in his piper Cherokee. Jan-Olof and Bengt-Arne accompanied me on the flight over the area. We flew in from the sea just as we had done 52 years earlier. They pointed out the place where we had crashed and the farms we had visited the day before. What a thrill to see the area just as it was in 1945. Of course I was better able to enjoy the scenery this time.

We spent a wonderful evening at Jan-Olof's home and another at Bengt-Arne's home. As you might suspect, this was a trip that we will never forget. We were treated like the heroes. As a result of our visit, there is a little boy in Falkenberg wearing a Green Bay Packers cap to school.



Left:  
Gosta Nilsson  
and Bob with  
Bob's life-vest



Right: Bob at the  
crash site of  
their B-24



Bengt-Arne Karlsson, Bob & Jan-Olof Nilsson



Marie Birmingham, Signe Andersson, her daughter & Bob

## Memories of Charlie - and Rättvik 1944-1945

My brother's real name was Karl-Erik Jacobsson but after 1944 everybody called him Charlie.

The reason for that was what was happening in Rättvik that spring.

Rättvik was one of the places where American fliers were interned. These men were taking part in the heavy bombardment of German targets and some of their aircraft were hit and damaged in a way that made it impossible for them to get back to England. Many planes crash-landed in southern Sweden.

Rättvik is a small town very beautifully situated on Lake Siljan. This lake was formed about 360 million years ago when a huge meteorite crashed here. The hole was filled with water with high hills formed around it. This beautiful environment was discovered by many and, at the beginning of this century, the first tourists came to the area. Many small hotels were built to serve the tourists who frequently stayed for weeks. In spite of the smallness of the town, there were rooms for more than 300 guests.

The first Americans arrived early in 1944. By that time Charlie was 19 and all of a sudden a new world was revealed to him. Very soon he knew the names of many of the Americans and he made a lot of friends. His school English was brushed up and he acquired an American accent. Now he did not have any problem filling his free time.

From March and forward, new groups of airmen were arriving and they really gave a new touch to the streets. As a watcher, I remember how easily you could see who had just arrived. They seemed to be struck with astonishment. It was also easy to understand that the change of scenery from the war to this pastoral environment had to take time. After a few days however came a new phase, they started to play. These men were well paid compared to the local

people and now came good days for those who were selling bicycles, canoes, and other equipment for playing games. Most of the airmen were young. The pilots were a little bit older but most of them were around 20-25 years.

They could move around in an area three miles around Rättvik but they had to get permission to go to Stockholm or other areas in Sweden.

In 1944 we had a warm summer and canoeing and sailing were popular. One man had a little sailboat that he named Miss America. When he left Sweden, he gave the boat to Charlie. During the summer of 1945, Charlie sailed it on Lake Siljan and one day a strong wind rolled it over. It sank like a stone and Charlie had to swim quite a distance. On the day after, you could read in the local paper that he was very exhausted when he was picked up.

Our mother was always a generous and hospitable person. It often happened that Charlie brought his new friends to our house and they were invited to have coffee or some snacks. After a while they named our home Mama's boardinghouse.

On a dark and rainy morning in October 1944, we were all feeling sad. Most of the airmen had left and

we knew that there was still a war going on out there. We all missed our new friends.

Some new fliers arrived during the early weeks of 1945 and Charlie started concentrating on whole crews. "Lucky Sucky" was a name I still remember. There seemed to me to be a special relationship within the crews. The pilots, who were more experienced, seemed to care a lot about their men. We got to know the whole crew of "Lucky Sucky" from the pilot to the tail gunner. One of the crew was from Wisconsin. He liked cross-country skiing and was good at it but most of them had never tried cross-country skiing before.

When the last American had left, Charlie also left for southern Sweden. He worked in a bookstore until he had to join the military. He became a radio operator and there obtained a new knowledge which would change his life. He moved from sailing on Lake Siljan to sailing on big ships crossing the oceans. That was his job - but he became a very enthusiastic radio amateur for the rest of his life. He lived in Stockholm, studied, and graduated as a first mate. After that he didn't work at sea any more. He still lived in Stockholm and was occupied in various jobs connected to shipping until he retired.

On a beautiful morning in May 1990, a friend of his dropped by to pick him up. They were going to put Charlie's little boat in the sea. Charlie never showed up. He was found dead from a stroke in his flat.

Here in Rättvik people still remember him, and I sometimes introduce myself as Charlie's sister. He was very "special".

Karin Hessel  
Rättvik in October 1999



Swedish Charlie in the fall of 1944  
Photo by Warren Branch

# Do You Recognize Anyone?



1



2



3



4



5



6



7

### Picture credits

1-4 from Torbjörn Olausson

5-from John Fabrizo taken at Vasteräs

6-from Harold Ferrara

7-From Bob Schausail taken at Vasteräs



## Past Photos Identified

### Pictures on page 9 of Volume 1 Issue 3

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Possibly the enlisted crew of Hello Natural .<br/>We still need a positive ID for this picture</p> <p>2 Lt. Kent Dickson-Co-Pilot of SKNAPPY 492 BG</p> <p>3 L-R: Johansen-co-pilot; Mathias-Navigator;<br/>York-Pilot &amp; Lustig-Bombardier<br/>B-24H 41-29191 Hello Natural<br/>448BG 712BS</p> <p>4 Jim Lucia-Princess Konocti<br/>389BG 565BS-Radio operator</p> | <p>5 bottom row, 2nd from right- Nick Kehoe, 492 BG; 3rd<br/>from right (open white shirt) Harry Rawls; 492 BG; 5th<br/>from rt. Sten Hagberg-owner of Lerdalsjoden; 1st from<br/>left Andy Gall-492 BG;</p> <p>6 Ralph Hamar-Princess Konocti<br/>389BG 565BS Ball Turret Gunner</p> <p>7 Left to Right- Rusty Hamar &amp; Jim Lucia</p> <p>8 Elvern Seitzinger-Pilot of SKNAPPY 492 BG/856 Sq</p> |
|---|---|

### Soccer Team Picture from Page 2 of Issue 2

Back row L-R: #1-Samuel Berkowitz- 44 BG navigator #2-Bernardo J. Procopio-390 BG pilot on Short Stuff; #3 Dean Spurgeon-44 BG TG; #8 Jack Killian 44 BG BTG on Princess; #10 Chuck McKeag-452 BG navigator on Cow Town Boogie.

Front row L-R: #4 Shrader Lee Mitchell-390 BG LWG; #6 White (first name not given and there were 2 by that name at Loka Brunn. John F. White & Richard G. White)

### Thanksgiving Day Picture on page 4 of Issue 3

Pilot, Kaylor Whitehead is seated second from left (on the left) at long table. Martin Boone is the first one seated across the table, Frank Thomas is third one from Martin. Russ ? is #6 on left, and other members of Whitehead's Crew are seated in the same area

Dear Friends,

I would like to thank all who continue to support the newsletter in so many ways. This year has been one of the most rewarding. I have met so many new friends. I am trying my best to keep up with all your letters and emails that come in. I would like to acknowledge those who have contributed since the last newsletter was printed in September. Thank you to all who supplied names for the pictures on the "Do you recognize anyone" page and other photos from past newsletters.

I would like to wish you all a very prosperous and Happy New Year!! Please keep your letters and photos coming!!

Francis Baker  
 Bill Dixon  
 Russell Harriman  
 Roger Hicks  
 Marvin Horn  
 John Fabrizio  
 Harold Ferrara  
 Andy Gall  
 Richard Garland  
 Ralph Leslie

Charles McKeag  
 Len Moyer  
 Hank North  
 Daniel Petterzon  
 Robert Schausail  
 Joe Sirotnak  
 Frank Thomas  
 Grady Williams  
 Lennart Westergård  
 Barbro Whitman  
 George Worthington

*Law*



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**\*\*The translation of the card on the back page\*\***  
Have A Prosperous New Year

Editor's note: All articles in the newsletter are printed as submitted by the author. Permission to reprint must be obtained from the author. Permission to reprint photos must be obtained from the owner of the photos.

Sweden  
After the Flak

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