

Volume 1, Issue 3

SWEDEN AFTER THE FLAK



Summer/Fall 1999

The Story of Georgia Rebel By Pär Henningson

Army Air Force Station No: 167
Awakens

On July 24, 1943 the American base at Ridgewell, England, awakened at dawn. The base was the home of the 381st Bomb Group of the 8th Army Air Force. Officers and men woke up at around 0600 in their sleeping-quarters, barracks called "Nissen-huts". The barracks looked like giant water-pipes, dug halfway into the ground. Thirty-two enlisted men shared one hut, while the officers only had to sleep sixteen in theirs.

Everybody knew that this day there was a mission, but only a few knew where to. As always speculations started over today's destination. They all wanted an easy target, a "milk-run", but they also knew the dangers and difficulties if a target in the German Ruhr-area was to be the place to go. This was the 11th mission for the 381st BG. The 8th AF had been in England for about thirteen months, but the 381st only a couple of months. The crews that already had five or six missions credited to them, were considered veterans. The group had had its share of lost planes during the first missions, so everybody knew both the feeling of losing friends as well as the joy of a successful mission.

Out by the runway, the ground-crews had started preparing the aircraft for the mission. 500-pound bombs were loaded into the bomb-bays, cartridge-belts were put into place and the engines were being started. In the canteen, the kitchen-staff prepared breakfast. The crews dressed in their flight-gear, some had electric-heated suits to prevent them from freezing in the cold airstreams that always came through open hatches and gun-windows. Fliers prepared in different ways. Someone polished a medallion, another pocketed a picture of his family or girlfriend, many smoked and everyone went to the bathroom. Breakfast was served in the mess-hall, and those who had stomachs for it ate as much as possible. Afterwards the officers rushed to the mornings briefing.

Briefing Before a Mission

The room where the briefing was held was much the same as the mess-hall. There was a small podium at one end and the officers sat in folding-chairs in neat rows just like kids in a school-auditorium. They had pens and paper ready to take down important information regarding today's mission. The Commanding Officer of the 381st BG was

Colonel Joseph Nazarro. He entered the podium and greeted the men:

"Gentlemen, today we have an important mission. The target is Norway!"

The fliers made remarks in low voices, as the Colonel continued to give them the facts for this mission. Maps were shown and high-altitude photos of the target. The information given to the officers this morning was that the group would fly into the area of Oslo, the Capital of Norway, to bomb a factory held and maintained by the German occupants. Nine bomb groups would fly this mission, 180 airplanes in all. Simultaneously two other raids would be conducted by other groups, making the total number of planes going to Norway 309. The protective anti-aircraft installations, also called FLAK, in the area were estimated to be few. Flight-time was to be four hours one-way, or 1100 km (approximately 700 miles), up to this time the longest mission for the group. After this somewhat overwhelming information, the fliers were sent on their ways. They left the building to go out to the aircraft, to meet with their crews.

The Georgia Rebel

Aircraft no. 42-3217 was a Boeing B-17 F "Flying Fortress". It had the code-letters MS-T and the nickname "Georgia Rebel". She (with a name a plane was always a she) probably got the name from the fact that her pilot was from Georgia. He was a southerner and wanted the name of the plane to connect with his background.

She was a very slim and nearly shark-like airplane with her pointed nose and streamlined shape. Many consider this to be one of the most beautiful airplanes ever built. She was dark-green with a light-gray under-surface and had the markings of the USAAF with a white star on dark-blue surface. Her lettercodes and number were painted in gray and yellow respectively. On the upper-half of the tail sat the letter "L" in a white triangle, the identification-mark of the 381st BG.



The Georgia Rebel was an airplane with chastity in the sense that she did not sport a picture of a lightly dressed girl, as did so many others. She did however, have five red bombs painted on the nose, signifying that she was ready for her sixth mission.

Pilot of the aircraft was 1st Lieutenant Osce Vernon Jones, 27. At this time he was one of the most experienced pilots in the group. Navigator was 2nd Lieutenant Arthur Lawrence Guertin, also a veteran. Others making up the crew were a flight-engineer/gunner, a radio-operator and four ordinary gunners. Two replacement-members flew this day. The bombardier, 2nd Lieutenant Charles Wesley Nevius, 24, and the co-pilot, 1st Lieutenant George Burnett McIntosh, 22. The latter was the operations-officer of the 535th Squadron and as such he occasionally filled an empty seat when needed. McIntosh had been in the first "model-crew" of the 535th Squadron when the group was being put together in Pyote, TX.

When everything was checked and everyone had readied their battle-stations, there was an order to start the engines. One after another the planes taxied out towards the runway. Like two rows of waddling geese the planes slowly made their way to the start of the runway, turned around and took off with twenty-five seconds between them. Take-off was one of the most critical moments of a flight. Heavily loaded with bombs and fuel, the planes were as heavy as they ever would be. The slightest mistake could end in catastrophe. Everything went well this day and the

formation climbed through the clouds on its way to the rally-point off the coast of England.

The Target

The target this day was the nitrate and aluminium plant at Herøya, approximately 60 miles (100 km) southeast of Oslo. The Herøya plant had been built by the Norwegian oil company Norsk Hydro, but had been taken over by the German occupants. The plant was situated on an island just by the small town of Porsgrunn. Just across the fjord outside Porsgrunn was the Swedish town of Strömstad.

The first position the navigators had to find was 58 10 N. and 08 50 E. That is in the middle of the Skagerak, the strait between Norway and Denmark. German fighters were stationed in both countries, and as a precaution the formation descended to low altitude for the flight towards the target. Time was now 1200 GMT, and at the initial point, the formation again climbed to high altitude for the bomb-run.

The attack is reported as successful. Only 13 out of 180 aircraft fail to drop their bombs. Later intelligence-reports show that all primary targets have been hit and destroyed. Only three or four airmen are injured during the attack. There are claims of downed enemy aircraft, Fw 190's and Me 109's. No American aircraft is shot-down.

The Georgia Rebel however, flying as lead-plane for the 535th Squadron is hit by FLAK over the target. One engine is badly damaged by splinters from a

nearby exploding shell and the propeller is feathered. One of the cables to the magneto-ignition has been cut. A B-17 manages well on three engines, so the crew sets course for the return trip to England.

Mission Aborted

After having flown only a short while on the return-path to England, something that will change the outcome of this mission occurs. Yet another of Georgia Rebel's engines starts to fail. The engine sounds as it may have been hit by FLAK and the idle purring sound is replaced by coughing and spitting. The Pilot, Lt. Jones, will have to make a quick decision about what will be done. He discusses the new problem with his crew. Flying on two engines, the aircraft will not be able to keep up with the rest of the formation. Nearly four hours over the North Sea all alone is not an encouraging thought. The plane would be a "sitting duck" to any attacking German fighter. The alternative to make an emergency-landing in Norway or Denmark is not such a good idea either. On the other hand they have neutral Sweden just an hours flight away. The decision to try and "limp" to Sweden is made. No American aircraft has yet tried this, but it seems to be the best alternative.

In the Missing Air Crew Report (MACR), No: 132, a nearby aircraft reports that both inboard engines of the Georgia Rebel are stopped and fuel is leaking through a hole in one of the wings. The time is 1418 and the position 57 20 N. and 07 30 E. south of Norway.



Georgia Rebel surrounded by crew and Swedish Guards

Photo from the collection of Torbjörn Olausson

Arrival in Sweden

The last hour of this mission is now underway. The flight to Sweden is relatively undramatic. Flying so close to Norway and later passing over enemy territory makes everybody afraid to be placed under attack from German fighters. Over the Oslo-bay (Oslofjorden) items of classified nature are thrown overboard. Parts of the bomb-sight and maps go "down-the-hatch", but the Swedes will later find documents forgotten by Nevius and Guertin.

The aircraft passes over the southernmost part of Norway as the country borders with Sweden and passes over Fredriksstad and Sarpsborg without being fired upon. The maps are not that detailed to allow the crew to determine exactly when Swedish airspace is entered, but according to speed and heading an educated guess can be made. The crew members worry about being short on fuel and start to look for a suitable place to make an emergency landing.

The western parts of the Swedish county of Värmland are covered with vast forests. The terrain is very hilly and rocky with big pines and firs. When the Georgia Rebel reaches the railroad going north-south between the towns of Arvika and Årjäng, the pilots head north along the railroad-tracks. They keep at low level, 600 feet (200 metres). In the village Blomskog just outside Årjäng, farmers are busy bringing in the harvest. The pilots cannot dare to land there because of the haystacks in the field. 20 miles (30 km) further north they find a long field just by the tracks. The big aircraft passes over the field, makes a long westbound turn and comes in for landing from the south.

The crewmembers have carefully studied the ground before the decision to touch down there is made. Now they prepare for a crash-landing. The exact conditions of the field are unknown, but it looks OK. The pilot decides to belly-land as a wheels-down landing could be dangerous if the field is not flat enough. The crew members from the aft part of the aircraft gather in the radio-compartment, sitting on the floor, bracing themselves before touch-down. The plane comes down over the treetops with a roar. At least half the length of the field is covered before the plane touches the ground. They suddenly see that small pine trees grow all over the field. They snap like matches as the big aircraft plows down on them. The speed slows very fast, because this is a bog, not

an ordinary field and the wet and soggy ground stops the plane effectively. The ball-turret plows a furrow in the ground and eventually the plane comes to a halt. Less than a yard from one of the wings is what looks like a utility-pole. The crew believes that had the aircraft tumbled the pole, the high-current line could have fallen over it. Photos taken at the crash-site shows however, that the pole held telephone-wires.

The forward hatch is towards the ground, so exit is made through the waist-door. The summer of '43 had been relatively dry, and the bog is quite easy to walk on, although wet and soggy. The crew members file out of the plane, relieved the landing has gone well. Soon they are joined by a young man from a nearby farm. He speaks English, and they learn that they are in Sweden.

So close to the Norwegian border, these parts are literally crowded with border-troops. Very soon military personnel reach the crash-site and seal it off from the interested civilians who have gathered. The Swedes are informed that live ammunition is in the guns, but that there are no bombs on board. The military tries to confiscate film rolls from the civilians, but some manage to hide their films. Curious Värmländers mingle with the military personnel and the ten Americans who proudly show their big aircraft.

The crew is taken by car to a courthouse in nearby Långelanda, where they are given coffee and sandwiches. Soon they will be joined by Swedish Air Force Officers from the base F7 at Sätenäs.

A day later they are interviewed by Captain Löwkrantz from F7. Later they will be taken to the town of Falun for internment. Georgia Rebel is the first American bomber to crash in Sweden, but she will be followed by many, many more...

(to be continued in
the Fall/Winter 1999 issue)

The story of the Georgia Rebel, the first American plane and crew to be interned in Sweden, was written by Pär Henningsson, who lives in Uppsala Sweden.

(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 381st 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 532nd BS, 381st BG for invaluable help!



Georgia Rebel sitting in the bog at Vännacka, stripped of armament & radio equipment.
Photo sent by Pär Henningsson from the Swedish Army Files



The crew of the Georgia Rebel
Photo from the collection of Torbjörn Olausson

Front row, left to right:
1st Lt. Osce Jones, Pilot,
S/Sgt. Charles Newcomb, Ball turret gunner
S/Sgt. Maurice Kelleher, Tail gunner

Middle row:
2nd Lt. Charles Nevius, Bombardier
1st Lt. George McIntosh, co-pilot
S/Sgt. James Haynie, Top turret gunner
S/Sgt. Alfred Haugen, Right waist gunner

Top row:
T/Sgt. Joseph Nicatra, Radio operator
S/Sgt. Bruce Early, Left waist gunner
2nd Lt. Arthur Guertin, Navigator



Thanksgiving Day at Humlebacken
Photo from the collection of Torbjörn Olausson



Interior of Humlebacken.
Picture is from a postcard given to Torbjörn Olausson by Russell Harriman



Humlebacken in the winter
Photo from the collection of Torbjörn Olausson



A Swedish Romance

By Roy Whitman

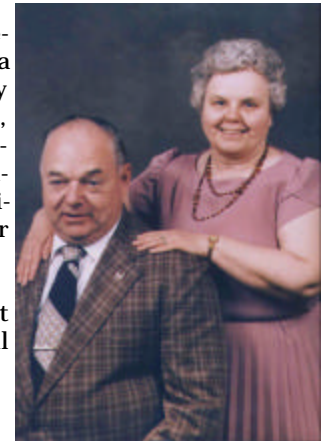
My parents, Edward and Barbro Hedvall, met each other for the first time in the summer of 1944 in Rättvik, Sweden. Three years later, they were married in the church in Falun. Edward was an USAAF Sergeant who had made an emergency landing in Rinkaby, Sweden with the rest of his crew during a failed bombing raid over Berlin on March 6, 1944. The crew members were transported from Rinkaby to Rättvik, Sweden, where they were kept at the Lerdalshöjden Hotel until they were returned to England on September 30, 1944.



Barbro, Edward, her parents
and brother, Tommy

Maj Barbro Hedvall was a young girl of seventeen years in 1944 when a handsome American AAF Sergeant suddenly appeared on the pier in Lake Siljan sporting his very noticeable crew cut. One can only imagine the giggles that must have erupted from Barbro and her best friend as the American airman and his friends passed by on their way down the pier that summer in Rättvik. Soon Edward and Barbro were taking regular walks together down the pier and Edward began to think of the two of them sharing a life together. There was a language barrier, of course, but Edward purchased a small Swedish-English dictionary and promised to write to Barbro when he returned to the States and his hometown of Scranton, Pennsylvania. By the time Edward had been honorably discharged from service to his country, another two years would go by before he could return to Rättvik to finally marry his Swedish bride. They were married on August 31, 1947 and returned to Scranton shortly thereafter.

Edward, sadly, is no longer with us. He passed away on December 16, 1998 after 51 years of marriage to Barbro. He had a nickname for Barbro, "Sweet Pea", and the two of them stood by each other like two peas in a pod. They raised three children, Robert (47), Gail Whitman Rohland (34) and me (35). They managed to return to Rättvik with their children on at least two occasions. In 1977, Barbro applied for and became a naturalized citizen of the United States of America. Although Barbro no longer has Edward, she does have her children, one granddaughter, Theresa Maj Rohland and another grandchild on the way.



Ed & Barbro on their
50th Anniversary

I am extremely proud to say I am the younger son of Edward and Barbro Whitman, not only because of what my father did for his country, but for the extraordinary woman he met all those years ago in Rättvik and the everlasting love they shared for each other.

A Good Ship & Happy Ship

USAAF 388BG 562BS



Front row Left to right : Ball Turret- David Bacot; Pilot -Charles Wallace; Tail Gunner-Harrison Davis; Navigator- Dick Kuhn
Back row Left to right: Engineer-Ray Cortez; Waist Gunner Ed Whitman; Co-Pilot- Edwin Gilroy ; Waist Gunner -Bill Amos; Radio Operator-Don Fumagalli; Bombardier- Marvin Horn



Some of the Wallace crew enjoying the fine food being served by Maj-Britt at the Konditori in Rättvik.

IS THIS SWEDEN?

By Joe Sirotnak

On January 17th, 1945, the 458th Bomb Group participated in an attack on one of Nazi Germany's last remaining oil refinery facilities at Harburg just south of Hamburg. Our Liberator was in formation position with the 752nd squadron flying in the lower slot.

I was flying in the co-pilot's seat on our fifth mission. We were briefed that we would be facing about 1000 flak guns coming over and leaving the target. Yet, nothing, not even our previous missions, had prepared us for the sight of hundreds of black bursts all around us filling the sky.

We made it over the IP and then headed down the chute on our bomb run. The bomb bay doors were opened and we prepared to pull the trigger upon the release of the head ship. The drop came and we let go "bombs away." Immediately, just ahead of us, and at the same level, there was a black burst. Then another, so close that we flew through the smoke. But then the ship shuddered, and we knew that we had been hit. Roger Hicks had the stick while I tried to raise someone on the intercom. There was no answer. The intercom was dead. After a few moments, the engineer, Eddie Quarford, arrived on the flight deck. He advised that we have taken a direct hit in the bomb bay. The shell en-

tered the still-open bomb bay doors on the right side severing the electrical, communication, and hydraulic lines. It then went on through the fuel tank leaving a gaping hole through which poured a stream of 100 octane gasoline. Eddie reported that the waist areas are completely saturated with fuel. He pointed to the legs of his flying suit which were soaked in gasoline almost to his knees. Our radio operator, John Bedar came into the cockpit and we told him and Eddie to go back into the waist to warn all hands of the tremendous fire hazard.

In the meantime, we noticed a severe loss of power in the No.4 engine. It was putting out about half of the normal inches. While we were tinkering with this problem, the oil pressure on the No. 3 engine began dropping, and we were forced to feather. Eddie returned and advised that he could see flak damage on the No. 4 engine and that the supercharger assembly appeared to have been knocked off. This explained the loss of power.

We were now rapidly falling behind our element so we got on the radio.

"Lincoln Green Leader, this is Q for Queen. We have a direct hit in the bomb bay. We have No. 3 engine feathered, and we are drawing about half power from No.4. We are falling behind the

formation. Request fighter cover until we can study our situation."

"Roger, Q for Queen, we are calling in a couple of Mustangs to baby sit."

In a short time, a flight of three P-51's appeared, and kept us in sight off to our left. We had lost some altitude, and it was just about sure that we would lose more. We sent Eddie into the back of the ship again to have the crew start jettisoning equipment to see if we could maintain altitude. Since, obviously, we could not fire the guns anyway, they were the first things to go over the side. They were followed by anything that could be dismantled or torn loose. We continued to lose altitude, and the distance between us and the group lengthened to the point where we could hardly see them anymore.

"Q for Queen, this is Lincoln Green Leader. Your escort will have to leave because of fuel considerations. What is your situation?"

"Roger, Lincoln Green Leader, we are continuing to lose altitude slowly. We estimate that we have lost half our fuel. The cross feed system is working, and we are able to keep three engines turning."

We decided it was time for a meeting with our navigator, Bill Haslauer. He reminded us that we were briefed for extremely heavy headwinds for the return trip-possibly up to 100 mph at the higher altitudes. He did some calculations and estimated that we had about 45 minutes of fuel left. Certainly, it would not be possible to make it back to England. We were aware that a dunk in the North Sea in January would be fatal. We decided to make a try for Sweden.

Unfortunately, Bill's maps did not go beyond the northern part of Germany. Roger Hicks thought the heading ought to be about 15°. I voted for a heading of 35°. Bill suggested a compromise so we turned to a heading of 25°.

"Lincoln Green Leader, this is Q for Queen. We do not have sufficient fuel to make it back to base. We are going to head north and hope for the best."

"Roger, Q for Queen. We read you. Good luck!

We turned into a 25° heading while we struggled to keep our loss of altitude to a minimum. We told Eddie to continue his efforts to lighten the ship. This meant throwing over any radio equipment that could be detached, dropping



Front L-R John Bedar-RO; Bob Birmingham-Gunner; Bob Schauseil-Gunner; Bob Betz-Gunner; Ed Quarford-Engineer

Back L-R: Bob Blum (removed from Crew before arriving in the UK), Bill Haslauer-Navigator; Joe Sirotnak-Co-pilot; Roger Hicks-Pilot

the ball turret, getting rid of flak suits, and anything else that did not have an immediate essential use. We were now able to slow our descent to about 200 feet per minute. However, this required all the extra power we could give the No. 1 and No. 2 engines since No. 3 was feathered and No. 4 was only giving us half our money's worth. This was making the port engines run hot.

Now, we spotted two Luftwaffe aircraft, but they were below us. For some reason, they did not climb to meet us. As we passed over various built-up areas, bursts of flak appeared around us.

We were passing over the north German coastline, and we could see the sea below us. The situation looked grim. We had no way of estimating how far we would have to go before reaching a landfall. The ship was saturated with gasoline. There were hundreds of flak holes in the wings and body of the aircraft which added to the drag. We continued to lose altitude. We were out of sight of land over an unfamiliar body of water.

We ran a check on everybody. The ball turret gunner, Bob Betz, and the tail gunner, Bob Birmingham had stayed in their positions after we were hit. There was some difficulty getting them out of the turrets since we had lost our hydraulic and electrical Systems. Eddie Quarford did a superb job saving what fuel was not immediately lost. By using the cross feed system he was able to let us keep three engines turning with the gasoline remaining in one tank.

Bill Haslauer was the first to spot the landmass ahead. Then, we all saw it. But what was it? Denmark? Sweden? What did it matter? The gauges already hovered on the empty mark, so we decided to go in and try for a landing along the beach areas. We crossed the coastline. We were now at about 8000 feet, and we began the descent as we looked for a place to put down. At 4000 feet the engines quit. One by one, they died as the last of the fuel was sucked into their cylinders. Roger immediately ordered us to bail out. I was to go back into the waist to give the command since we had no intercom operating. As I buckled my chute, I struggled through the bomb bay to reach the opening of the waist. When I was sure that all of the crewmembers there had understood my signals and were moving to the floor hatch, I returned to the bomb bay catwalk to make my jump. Eddie, John Berdar, and Bill had gone, and Roger was approaching from the cockpit. I dove out headfirst.

The brief lecture we had several months before was now vividly in my mind.

"After you leave the aircraft, look up to make sure that you are clear of the tail."

I looked up as I tumbled through the air. I was clear of the tail.

"Hold your legs tightly together, then pull the ripcord."

I held my legs tightly together. I pulled the ripcord.

"Now, look down to see how high you are, and look for a landing area."

I looked down to see how high I was. I hit the ground!

Darkness. I had struck the ground so hard it knocked me out. Upon regaining consciousness I was aware of a tugging and realized that it was the billowing chute dragging me across a farmer's plowed field. I was able to grab the lines and spill the chute. Then I took stock of my situation. My flying boots were gone. They had evidently come off when the chute popped. I was covered with mud and dirt from being dragged, and I had blood on my face. I was groggy so I sat for a few minutes. I could see a dirt road not far away, so I forced myself to my feet. Both ankles hurt, but I was able to limp the short distance to the side of the road. I could now see two figures on bicycles about half a mile away coming in my direction. They had uniforms, and they were armed with rifles slung over their backs. Although I could not recognize the uniforms, I did not think they were German. I had a .45 in a shoulder holster, but I decided not to draw it. I waited. The two soldiers approached and dismounted from their bikes. I was happy to see that they did not unsling their weapons. I pointed to the ground and asked if this was Sweden. They

looked at me blankly for a few moments, and then one of them finally nodded his head while speaking in a language which was completely incomprehensible to me. But yet I understood. I was in Sweden!

In about 10 minutes, a small truck arrived and I was taken to a nearby farmhouse where the farmer's wife gave me a hot drink and helped me to clean up. She also put a bandage over the cut on my nose. Shortly, we were back in the truck and drove for about 20 minutes until we arrived in front of the Grand Hotel in Falkenburg. There I found almost all of the crew. Roger Hicks was to turn up later. He had hidden in the forest for some time before giving himself up.

Bob Brittain, our RCM Operator, had landed on a roof and had injured his leg. The others said they had landed hard but they seemed ok. When Roger Hicks finally arrived, he was suffering from a sprained back, but he was able to walk. Bob Betz and Milt Bennett, the waist gunners, were in the best condition. No bruises, sprains, or broken bones. They didn't bail out!

This is what happened. When it was their turn to go through the floor hatch, they decided that the ship was too low for them to jump safely. They assumed Roger and I intended to bring it in for a landing somehow. They chose to stay with us. With no one at the controls, the aircraft was now in a steep glide which enabled it to pick up substantial air speed. It leveled out at some proximity to the ground and made a beautiful belly landing in an open field. It slid along the ground strewing debris along



#41-28963 with Swedish guards after its belly landing.
Photo from the collection of Bob Birmingham

its path, but remaining pretty much in one piece. Bob and Milt jumped out of the waist window as soon as the ship stopped moving. They ran to the front and saw that the cockpit was severely damaged. They clambered up to see if they could help us get out. They looked inside. The cockpit was empty!

We were in Sweden until after VE Day. After that we were involved in fer-

rying flyable Libs back to England.

Perhaps in Germany there is still living a retired ex-munitions worker who in his haste assembled one 105 mm anti-aircraft shell with a defective contact fuse. "Prosit, Mein Herr"

The story was written by Joe Sirotnak in 1980 and published in the 2nd Air Division Association Journal. It is e-

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More stories by Joe, as well as an article & pictures by Bob Birmingham will appear in future issues of this newsletter. Pilot, Roger Hicks, is in Sweden as this newsletter goes to print. Roger hopes to retrace his steps of Jan. 17, 1945.

The Hicks Crew 45 years later



Front L-R: Milton Bennett, Bob Schauseil, Bob Birmingham, Bob Betz
Rear L-R: Bill Haslauer, Joe Sirotnak, Roger Hicks

Photo take in 1990 at Wright-Patterson Field
Sent in by Bob Schauseil

Hello From Sten

In July of this year, my good friend, Ingemar Melin, took his family to Rättvik on holiday. Ingemar told me of his family's plan to stay in a cabin on Lake Siljan. I asked him if it was possible that they would be staying in the same cabins (Vandrarhem) that the Internees used in 1944? It was just a thought, but Ingemar said he did not think so, as their cabins were not that old looking! Ingemar promised to take many pictures while on holiday, so I anxiously awaited his return.

Can you imagine my surprise and delight in finding Ingemar's e-mail message upon his return. THEY WERE THE SAME CABINS!!

The cabins had been moved from their original positions, but they were still painted the same colors as they were in 1973 when I had visited them with my parents and brother. Ingemar said the insides had been modified slightly, but looked basically the same as the pictures from 1944 that I had sent him.



Sten at home

Ingemar had another treat for me. He was able to locate Sten Hagberg. Sten is the former owner of the Hotel Lerdalshöjden. Sten was very eager to talk about his "boys" and share his pictures with Ingemar and me. He graciously allowed Ingemar to borrow his photo albums so that Ingemar could scan the pictures and share them with you. If you recognize anyone, please let me know so that I can publish the identities in future issues.

Sten would love to hear from his "boys" again. If you would like to send a letter directly to Sten, give me a call so I can give you his address. If you would like him to receive it faster, mail or email your letter to me and I will send it to Ingemar via email for prompt delivery to Sten.

I hope you will all enjoy the "Do you Recognize Anyone?" page in this issue and future issues.

Story by Karen Cline
Picture by Ingemar Melin

Do You Recognize Anyone?

Pictures 1-8 from Sten Hagberg



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



Photo by Ingemar Melin

1
9
9
9

Vandrarhem

1
9
4
4



Photo by Warren Branch

Sweden
After the Flak

Karen Branch Cline
813 E. Cawson Street
Hopewell, VA 23860
USA



Address Service Requested

Dear Friends,

I would like to thank all who continue to support the newsletter in so many ways. I would like to acknowledge those who have contributed since the last newsletter was printed in May. A special thank you to everyone who helped so much with this issue, especially Uncle Bill! Please keep your letters and photos coming!!

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Ed Betts | Chuck Wallace |
| Bob Birmingham | Mary Beth Barnard |
| Bill Dixon | Allan Blue |
| Stanley Friedman | Sten Hagberg |
| Marvin Horn | George Sundblad |
| Roger Hicks | Roy Whitman |
| Rod Kellis | |
| Robert Preis | |



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