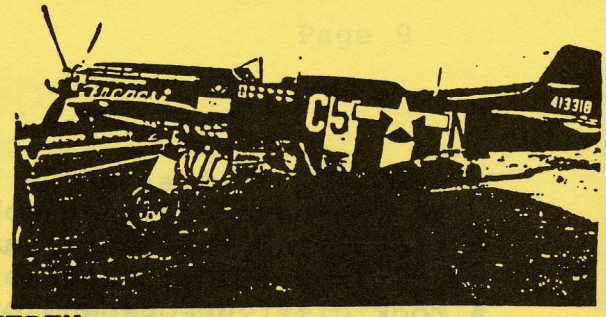
8th AF



DETACHED SERVICE IN SWEDEN
By: Robert L. Krull
Former Staff Sergeant & Crew Chief
364th Ftr. Sqd., 357th Ftr. Grp.
8th Air Force

I was a Crew Chief in the 364th Ftr. Sqd. and my pilot was our Squadron Commander Lt. Col. Thomas Hayes. When he was about finished with his tour of combat duty, he told me he had put my name in for some detached service. A few months after Hayes left Maj. John Storch called me in and told me he had some detached service if I wanted it. I had complete trust in Tom Hayes so I told him I would take it.

Soon after I was told to pack everything I wanted to keep because I might not come back to my squadron. I was sent to a transport base near our base. There were nine other Air Force people there. Three Crew Chief's, one Armorer, one Radio Man, one Instrument Man, one Propellor Man and two Line Chiefs. All were from different squadrons in the Eighth Air Force.

Soon new P-51-D's began to arrive for a total of fifty. We had no idea where we were going but we decided that we were going with the new P-51's. We decided to inspect and pre-flight the planes so we got some tools and got them ready to fly.

Soon after we were called in and had our money changed to Swedish Krona. The night after we were told to report to the flight line and were loaded into a B-24 Liberator. It had no guns, was painted black and had extra fuel tanks in the bombay. We took off and headed for Sweden. They told us if there was enough cloud cover, we would sneak into Sweden from the south. No such luck! The sky was clear so we headed north. The Crew Chief took off his parachute and I asked him if it was safe to do that. He said we are now over the Artic Circle and even if we crash in sight of a boat, we would die of exposure before they could save us. We flew north to the very top end of Sweden, across the tip of Norway and all the way down to Stockholm. Twelve hours in the air, no food and very cold.

Upon arrival in Stockholm, we went to the American Legation for briefing. They told us we were the only Americans in Sweden in uniform and to be sure to make a good impression. They also told us we would be getting eight dollars per day per-diem which was a fortune for us. From Stockholm, we went by train to Uppsala, Sweden where we were met by a Swedish Air Force General who was to be our leader. We were sent to a hotel which was to be our headquarters.

The first night, they had a big round table all set up for us loaded down with food. We started right in and when we got full, they cleared off the table and brought the main course. We picked at that and then came the dessert course. This was our introduction to Smorgasbord. The only thing that saved us was it took about three hours to eat and they served drinks between each course.

The next day, we took a bus to the airport. It was in a large valley. They had metal matting for the runways but the grass grew up so it looked just like a big field. For hangars they blasted into a rock cliff at one end of the field and when the camouflage doors were down, you could see nothing.

There were three squadrons at the field. Each Crew Chief was assigned to a squadron and the others rotated between the squadrons to teach their specialty. We had brought T.O.'s for the P-51's which the Swedes translated into Swedish so they really did not need us very much. We gave lectures and demonstrations but the Swedes were all qualified mechanics so they needed very little instruction.

The reason Sweden had bought the P-51's was they thought Germany might make a last stand in Norway which they had occupied. In that case, the Swedes were going to break their one hundred year peace record and help kick the Germans out of Norway.

The hotel we were staying at was old and did not have separate baths. When you wanted to take a bath, you made arrangements with the maid. She would have your bath all ready with a robe and towels. On the wall side of the tub was a call button. We looked at that for several days and finally one of the guys said he was going to push it. He did and in came the maid to wash his back. The morals in Sweden were much different than ours. We were invited out to parties every night and one night, one of our guys met a girl and she invited him to spend the night with her. Of course he accepted and in the morning in came a big Swede about six four and two fifty pounds. Our man thought for sure he was going to really get beat up. That was not the case! This was the girls brother. He had spent the night with his girl friend and he just wanted to meet the American before he went to work. When our man got up, he had breakfast with the girls family and nothing was said about it????

The biggest University in Sweden was in Uppsala and the students just took us over. We were invited to several parties every night. This was spring and Sweden is located in the land of the midnight sun. We would be out to a party and start home about midnight. We would be feeling a little wobbly but the sun would be out bright and the birds would be singing and not a person on the street. It made you think the world had come to an end and you were the only person left.

One day, the P.A. system on the air field began to speak and the Swedes all just went crazy. In fact they were so excited and they could not speak English. Finally I got one calmed down enough to tell me the Germans had surrendered.

The celebration started at the N.C.O. Club on the base and finally we got the bus back to town. We thought we were going back to our hotel but that was not the case. Large groups of students just picked us up and carried us down the street to a party. I was getting used up so I tried sneaking out through the kitchen. That worked but as soon as I turned a corner, there came another group of students and

off I went again. Finally after about a day and a half, I got back to my hotel. When I woke up the next day, I did not have a single American Medal left on my uniform. I had Swedish Medals of all kinds, Air Force, Navy and Army. I even had pilots wings. Sharpshooters medals and even the brass buttons on my uniform were gone but in their place were buttons from the Swedish Air Force, Navy and Army.

Soon after the war was over, the three American pilots who were with us were up flying around and they decided to fly near Norway. Nothing happened so they got a little braver and flew into Norway. Soon they came to a large German controlled air field. They circled it and nothing happened so they decided to land. Out came a big German Command Car and out of it came a German General with his polished black boots and full uniform. He walked up to them and drew his sword. They thought they were really in trouble but he tried to give them his sword which meant he was trying to surrender the air field to them. They were so scared, they jumped back into their planes and took off. I told them they made a big mistake. They could have lived like kings at the air field for a while.

I am sure you have heard about (Whispers in the Wind). That was about American Airmen who had landed in Sweden. We met several but none of them admitted they were just trying to get out of the war. Most of them were interned at a resort and had the time of their lives. Some of them were working for the Swedish Air Force and one of them was at Uppsala.

At that time in Sweden, they had compulsory service for all men. They could join the branch of service of their choice at eighteen years old but if they put it off, at age 25 they were automatically drafted and assigned to whatever branch of service they were needed. After two years of active service, they were in the active reserve for 15 years and after that, in the inactive reserve for twenty yrs.

Another good rule they had was that you could only order so many drinks and then you had to order some food. You did not have to eat it but most people would pick at it. Then you could order more drinks. This kept you from getting drunk.

Also the idea that all Swedes are blond is not true. Most had dark hair but there were more redheads than in America.

A few weeks after V.E. Day, we were sent back to England. Only two and one half hours in the air this time. When I arrived back at my squadron, the boys had my points all figured out. I had 85 which was enough to be sent back to the states in the next group. The squadron was going to Munich, Germany for occupation duty and if I wanted to go, I would have to sign up for six more months. I was married and had a little daughter I had never seen so I wanted to go home. We were sent to the air field where we were when we first arrived in England. We were there for several months. Those rascals were sending their men with fewer points than we had home and leaving us there. We talked to the commanding officer and we were on the next list. I got home and was discharged on Sept. tenth 1945. My

good friend Paul Slentz went to Munich, Germany and he got home in October.

Going from war time England to peace time Sweden was a real shock. From England where you could buy almost nothing to Sweden where everything was available was great. Most of the cars in Sweden burned charcoal for fuel. They had a bag of charcoal on the roof and a burner in back of the car. The fumes from the burning charcoal were used to operate the car. No pep but the car would run and Sweden at that time had no oil production.

This assignment was a real experience!

A 364th F. S. Loss

Before the days of Associate Members and back when the Chicago 1970 Reunion took place, we had the pleasure of meeting Bea Schmidt, the wife of Crew Chief Henry Schmidt. Just a few years later, Henry died at his hometown of Bay City, Michigan. Bea's cousin has written Bob Dietz to notify him that Bea died in July of 1993. We thought it to be proper to pass this message on to those who knew Henry and Bea.

Foggia, Italy ---- 10 August, 1944 ---- Shuttle mission to Russia
John C. Howell, photo



Standing: Nowlin, Fairweather, Storch, Morris, Robert L. Smith
Kneeling: Stanley, John Howell, Kirby Brown, Frederick

The Valley of the Shadow

by Howard E. Moebius

Part 2 of 3

On the afternoon of the third day while I was sitting in the front living room, I heard the heavy concussion of artillery fire from the south. I could also hear the eerie drone of shells as they passed overhead. About the third volley, the approaching shells built up to such a terrific whine that I was certain that they were not going to pass over and would probably hit close to the house. I dove for the floor. One of the shells struck the house directly across the street and practically blew up a woman. Parts of the shrapnel flew across the street and shattered the living room window. I recall that as I lay there a piece of shrapnel landed about two feet from me. I reached over to pick it up and dropped it immediately. It was red hot. After the firing ceased there was silence except for the screaming coming from what was left of the house across the street.

On the fourth day, I was sitting in the living room when all of a sudden a man in a black uniform entered the room. I immediately concluded that this was a member of the Gestapo or a German officer. I did not look close enough to see that it was Mr. Stevens in his policeman's uniform. He burst into laughter until the tears rolled down his cheeks at the expression of shock on my face.

On September 23rd, my birthday, John Emmerzaal came into the house with a box under his arm. He carefully opened it and took out a cake with chocolate frosting. At this point, I did not realize what chocolate meant to these Dutch people. I did not realize how severe the Nazi oppression had been for nearly five years. John told me how his mother had made the frosting out of the candy bars I had given her. Rather than enjoy this treasure themselves, they decided to make me a very special cake because they knew I would miss the celebration I would have had at home.

The Dutch people consider a birthday as a great occasion. I was given several packs of special cigarettes and we sampled a variety of liqueurs. All the Stevens family and others who visited while I was there looked on me as a hero who had come to liberate them. Although they knew I was no longer able to do much good in the effort, some how or other, I must have symbolized those who they hoped and prayed would come shortly and free them.

In the morning of the 24th of September, Mr. Stevens rushed into the room where I was sitting and told me that the Germans had moved several pieces of artillery into the backyard and that I would have to move upstairs and remain hidden in a small space under the eaves of the roof. There was a good chance that the soldiers would be moving in and out of the lower rooms of the house and it would be too dangerous for me, as well as his family, if I were to remain in the living room.

Mr. Stevens took me up stairs into one of the bedrooms and removed a panel from the wall. At that point the roof was about three feet above the floor and the space was only two feet wide. As I crawled into the dark hole, he told me to remain absolutely quiet and he would open the panel in a few hours. I had considerable difficulty when I wanted to turn around and I thought my bladder would burst by the time Mr. Stevens and his son, Bernhard returned with a small pot. He allowed me just enough time to relieve myself. He then hurried me back under the eve and replaced the panel.

I stayed in there all day and all night with only brief moments outside for hastily cramming down food and taking a drink of water. Mr. Stevens watched the stairway up to the attic area while I relieved myself. He was very frightened.

The next morning, Mr. Stevens thought it was too much of a hardship on me and decided that I could remain in the bedroom. Yet that evening, he became so frightened at a new turn of events that he rushed me outside of the house and placed me in a tobacco patch about fifty yards from rear of the house. It was raining and I did not have a raincoat. The best I could do was to try to find shelter under the tobacco leaves. After about an hour, I heard artillery fire

opening up from the south and again I heard the whining of the approaching shells. Then the whine grew louder and louder and I knew the shells were going to hit near the tobacco patch.

That was the first time I realized what the infantry soldier had to go through. I lay flat on the ground and I clawed at it and tried to dig into it hoping that in some fantastic way I could pull myself into it. I knew the shells were hitting nearby and the shrapnel was zinging over my head and landing near me. I pressed myself down as flat as I could and prayed.

Suddenly it stopped and all I could hear was the rain as it fell on the tobacco leaves. I was wet and shaking and unable to sleep at all. I could only wait for dawn and the rain to stop. I knew I could not move until Mr. Stevens would come to get me.

Just after it started to get light, he came out to me with a blanket. He motioned me to follow him and we took off in a direction away from the house. We had gone about three hundred yards, and he stopped at a fairly large ditch. He told me to get into the bottom of the ditch under the bushes. He then handed me a package of cigarettes and some matches and said he would come back later with food. That is all he said and then he disappeared.

I lay on my stomach, rolled up in the blanket in the bottom of the ditch. I was fairly well screened by a thick growth of bushes that lined both sides. I had just finished my second cigarette went I heard I faint swishing sound. The sound grew louder and then there was a muffled explosion and then there was silence. I stood up and tried to see what had happened. I could see nothing and had dropped to my hands and knees when I heard someone running towards me. I froze in that position. The footsteps came closer and I realized that somebody was running along the ditch. I could hear my heart pounding in my eardrums as the person running stopped with his foot not eighteen inches from my right hand. Out of the corner of my eye I had seen the hobnails on the bottom of his left boot as his last footstep came down. He had stopped directly next to me and I assumed that he had seen me.

He said nothing, but then I heard another soldier on my left shout "nach hinden" which meant "back farther". Then the soldier standing over me moved off to the south, never knowing how close he had just been to one of his enemies. This was the first of many encounters I was to have with German soldiers during my stay in Holland.

About four o'clock that afternoon Mr. Stevens came with a dish of food and told me that if he could he would return that evening. If not, he would see me in the morning. I ate the meal slowly so that I could relish every taste. I lay in the ditch without moving other than to turn from one side to the other. Mr. Stevens did not return that night and the Allied shelling continued. However, their target was not as close as it was my first night in the tobacco patch.

In the morning, Mr. Stevens came out with Bernard and motioned to me to follow him. Bernard explained as we walked that his father had decided that even though it would be very risky he could not stand to think what I was going through lying out in the ditch. He felt I should come and stay with them in the house and that his family was willing to take the chance that I would not be noticed. The German field pieces had been moved out as they did not stay in one position longer than twenty four hours. Allied photo-recon planes would pick them up and that would invite immediate counter shelling.

So, I again moved into the Stevens house. Only this time I slept with the family in the cellar. This only lasted for two days.

On the twenty eighth of September an ultimatum was given to the residents of Angeren by the Germans. They were told that they must move out within forty eight hours. Because of their closeness to the front lines, the Germans feared sabotage and, of course, they could then freely loot their houses and butcher their livestock.

The Valley of the Shadow

Mr. Stevens family first moved about eight hundred yards to the east to the farmhouse of a friend from whom he knew he could borrow a sizable wagon and a horse. The two families had decided they would move out together in the morning and cross the Rhine River. Gijs was to go with them since his family had moved out several days earlier because Germans had taken over their farmhouse.

I made up my mind to stay there hoping that the Allies would move forward just those five or six miles that separated me from freedom. Gijs told me of a small barn in the orchard about three hundred meters further to the east. He told me that he had housed two Belgium boys there for several days. They had escaped from a German work camp and were trying to get back home.

The following morning Mr. Stevens and Gijs took me out to the barn. Gijs went out a short distance with a pail and milked one of the cows that was roaming in the orchard. In the meantime, Mr. Stevens, before saying goodbye, gave me two packs of cigarettes and handed me two identification documents.

One, he explained, was what the Germans called an "Ausweis" for a "H. B. Jansen" and the other was a card declaring that the same "H. B. Jansen" was declared to be deaf and dumb by an institute in Maastricht, Holland which was already in Allied hands and therefore that document could not be disputed The "Ausweis" or identification folder was a document that all Dutch people had to carry on their person and present upon demand to any German who asked for it. Mr. Stevens went to great lengths to instruct me on how to act deaf and dumb. He had retrieved one of the photos that I had handed out the first night in Emmerzaal's farmhouse. He had found an artist in town who had hand drawn very skillfully the document declaring that I, H. B. Jansen, was deaf and dumb and he had also refurbished a previously issued "Ausweis" and had changed it to now contain the identity of the same H. B. Jansen (me) by carefully placing my photo were the real H. B. Jansen's photo had been removed. The artist then re-drew in purple ink on my photo the portion of the official German stamp that had originally been placed half on Jansen's photo so that it again fit perfectly with the other half that had remained on the document. Mr. Stevens explained that one page in the false document could not be repaired and he hoped that no one would examine that page to closely and discover the error.

I will never forget when he gave me the documents. He went through all sorts of antics and muttered gibberish and moaned to show how he thought one who was deaf and dumb would try to communicate. At the time, I thought it all to be very silly. Little did I know that within twenty four hours I would be putting on the same act. Only then it would be before a very critical German audience and I would have to be convincing.

After Mr. Stevens and Gijs had left, I was alone, totally alone and the fear of what might lie ahead for me made me pray for help and strength to be able to get back home safely. Here in the barn I was to spend the next eight days without food or water. I could find cows to milk every day but because of their not having been milked regularly twice a day, the milk had formed a large ball that remained in the cows udders and all I got was a nothing more than a very thin liquid -- not milk. However, it must have had some food value and it quenched my thirst. Of course, I was in an orchard containing several varieties of apples and pears still on the trees. But, thin milk and fruit did not begin to replace a warm meal. This diet started me on a weight loss program of thirty five pounds over the next three weeks.

On the first afternoon of my stay in the barn, I looked around the premises and found a small room in a back corner of the barn in which there was a hole leading to a short tunnel. This, no doubt, was where the two Belgium boys went when they wanted to avoid detection by an intruder. I also climbed a ladder to a loft and found a small German trench shovel and a canister containing a discarded chemical warfare kit. In looking through the kit, I found a small case sealed by adhesive tape. I carefully removed the tape and used it to seal the open end of a plastic envelope in which I placed the good side of the

identification with my photo facing out and my deaf and dumb document on the other side. Now the important part of both documents could be examined with less danger of the mutilated page being seen unless the examiner took time to peel back the tape and take both documents out of the plastic enclosure.

The first night, I decided to sleep in the tunnel. I crawled down into hole and found a candle in the tunnel. I wasn't down there more than ten minutes before I was overcome by the closeness of the walls and damp musty smell. I felt I would be better off sleeping up on the floor of the barn where I could breath and not feel that the walls were closing in on me. I reasoned that the soldiers would not be wandering around at night examining deserted barns. They would be too fearful of the chance of running into an Allied patrol. Perhaps in the daytime, I could make a hasty retreat to the safety of the tunnel should someone approach the barn.

So, I lay down and stretched out on the straw on the floor. Within five minutes I heard a lot of rustling and scratching all around me. The rats too, evidently, were hiding from the Germans. I ended up sleeping a short time and then flailing my arms out so the rats would know that I did not intend to be their evening warm meal. This would cause them to retreat far enough to give me time to catch a few winks and then I'd repeat the process.

The next morning I went out and milked two cows that were within fifty yards of the barn. I also picked several apples and then returned to my "mansion". I had drunk all the milk and after finishing an apple I placed the remaining apples under the pail in the small room. I was looking out into the orchard through one of the cracks between the siding on the barn when all of a sudden the door swung open and two German soldiers walked into the barn.

For a moment, they looked as surprised as I am sure I did. Right then I realized that this was my first curtain call. My fear must have made me put on a convincing performance -- one that would have made Mr. Stevens proud of me. The two soldiers were impressed or at least convinced that I was deaf and dumb and hungry. I could translate just enough of what they were saying in German to each other to detect that they wanted to take me to their field kitchen for a warm meal.

With many hand signals and considerable muttering, I finally convinced them that I wanted to stay in the barn. One had just taken a bite out of an apple and he felt so sorry for me that he handed it to me hoping it would help. After they had waved goodbye and left, I fell on floor and laughed aloud at my success. This gave me some confidence in the documents and my acting ability, thanks to the explicit tutoring of Mr. Stevens.

By this time something was building inside of me. It was the positive thought that I would get home. Little by little the sequence of what was happening -- the perfect timing of the "right prior input" and then the subsequent "call-to-action of that input" seemed more than coincidental. Somebody -- not just the Dutch -- was helping me. And, as this scenario kept repeating itself, little doubt was left in my mind that that "Somebody" was hearing my prayers and that He was not just building up my hopes only to have something go wrong later that would prevent me from ever reaching freedom.

Each day I was able to locate the herd of cows in the orchard and managed to get sufficient milk and along with a few apples or pears I was able to sustain myself -- keep up my energy level. However, I could see that I was losing weight everyday.

On my third day in the barn, I ran out of tobacco and no longer could roll cigarettes. Smoking was vital to my life or, at least, I thought so. I remember how I could hardly wait to get down below ten thousand feet when returning from a high altitude escort mission so that I could take off my oxygen mask and light up a cigarette. Since I knew where the last farmer's house was, the one where Mr. Stevens had picked up the wagon, I decided to make my way there and search the buildings. In order to avoid being seen, I crawled the two block distance up a shallow ditch.

The soldier thought for a minute and then made signs to me that I should get my belongings and join them. I packed up my carvings and what little tobacco I had left in an extra pair of overalls. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when I left my home in the orchard.

I was frightened to be in the hands of a German soldier but felt some comfort with the presence of the Dutch boys and that my papers and my "presentation" seemed to have again passed the test.

The balance of the afternoon I spent as an assistant to one of the boys who skinned and dressed out pigs. Another group caught and killed them. Later the Germans came around with a light truck, picked up the carcasses and hauled them back to their field kitchen.

After we had done this for about four hours, we all sat down in a small wooded grove to rest. The soldier sat down and leaned back against a tree to make himself comfortable. Somehow I sensed that he was not quite satisfied with just the brief examination of my identification cards and that he would soon search me more thoroughly. I moved a short distance away and kneeled down behind a tree in the pretense of relieving myself. I quickly took my silver identification bracelet, my flight watch and my dog tags and slipped them in a crack between the trunk of the tree and the surrounding sod. It wasn't ten minutes later before he called me over by motioning with his arm when he saw I was looking in his direction. After quite a thorough search he called one of the Dutch boys to him. After giving him some brief instructions, the boy left us and I wondered at the time whether this all had something to do with me. I slowly moved back to the tree and again pretended to relieve myself. Instead, I retrieved my watch. That, I could possibly indicate, I had found. The other two items would be dead giveaways, so I left them there.

A short time later, the boy returned with another Dutch boy who was about twelve years old. The soldier indicated that I was to go with this Dutch boy and that I would be taken care of and fed. We left and went some distance before we came to a large nice looking house. We entered and I was surprised to find a large group of people staying on after the order had been issued that all Dutch people in Angeren had to leave that area. There was Mrs. Kok, the owner of the house and the mother of Ludwig, the boy who had brought me there. There was her other son, Dicki and two daughters, Dini and Cori, all of whom were younger than Ludwig. There was Mrs. Kok's mother and her father. There also were two additional families -- eighteen in all.

They all treated me very kindly. No doubt because I was deaf and dumb. I was haggard looking because I was thin and had a fairly long beard. I never revealed to any of them that I was an American pilot. There were too many people -- too many children, and too many German soldiers continually walking in and out of the house or coming in after dark to visit and eat treats that Mrs. Kok gave them or to play the piano and sing. It just would have been too risky to trust that neither an adult nor a child would not mistakenly give away my identity. Plus, if I were to be discovered by the Germans, how could they ever explain my being there without endangering their own lives.

I stayed with these people for seven days. I slept on the second floor and they all slept in the basement. Almost every night we could hear the shelling coming from the Allied troops in the south towards Nijmegen. Several night the shells landed near the house. One blew part of the roof off of the cowbarn. During the shelling, I would have to wait until someone would have the courage to crawl up the stairs and wake me to tell me to follow them down to the cellar because of the danger. Little did they know that each time I was already quite awake and shaking in bed until they got there.

Every day German soldiers would come onto the house and Mrs. Kok would give them milk from the six cows she kept in the barn. She evidently was allowed to remain there so the soldiers could have the fresh milk.

The food that was prepared was very meager and consisted primarily of

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potatoes. I had noticed on the day that I was butchering with the Dutch boys that some of the fields still had a crop of Brussels sprouts or other vegetables in the them. I often wondered why they didn't prepare something else to go along with all the potatoes.

One day three German soldiers brought over some pork kidneys and livers. Evidently it was part of the pig that they did not care for and after eating it for two days I could see why. The Dutch people ate it with great relish but I was sure that I would never be able to eat liver again.

One night six very young German soldiers came in after dark and sat around the large table in the living room. The room contained several more chairs, a piano and a fireplace. The fireplace was used to do all the cooking since there was no electricity to operate the stove. One of the soldiers played the piano and the others sang. There was one sullen looking dark-haired soldier that wanted to see my "Ausweis". I handed it over to him, but I could not take my eyes off of him for fear that he would look inside. He looked it all over carefully and started to pick the tape with his fingernail so he could pull it off. Just then Mrs. Kok brought came in with a jar of cherry preserves as a treat and he handed the envelope back to me. What timing! How lucky could I be!

The soldier who was playing the piano started up a lively tune and I got up and walked over and put my head against the side of the piano. I smiled and they all smiled thinking it remarkable that I could hear or feel the vibrations. What a ham!

All in all, they seemed like a nice bunch of fellows. They were trying to have fun and I am sure they were reminded of the fun they used to have at home. Three of them admitted in answer to Mrs. Kok's questioning that they still had their religious beliefs despite the Nazi doctrine they recently had been taught. There were moments that I almost forgot that they were my enemies.

I had to be extremely cautious so as not to become noticeably startled by any distracting sound. One afternoon, when I was in a field at the back of the house, I heard a single rifle shot. I whipped my head around just when one of the farmers happened to be looking at me. He smiled a little and we went back in the house. I never could figure out just what had gone through his mind. He knew that I was not deaf. He didn't know that I was an American. Perhaps he thought that I was just a Dutchman trying to avoid being hauled off to Germany to work in a labor camp. Since I noticed no change in the attitude of the others I suspected that he had told no one of what he had seen that afternoon.

At the time I had gone on the pig skinning expedition, my right index finger had been deeply cut when the knife of the skinner slipped as he was separating the skin that I was pulling on from the flesh. I also had received several cuts on my face when one of the farmers tried to shave me with a dull rusty open razor. I stopped him because of the damage he was doing and it came to me that I needed the beard to help hide my age. I was twenty seven at the time. These wounds became infected and soon I had a rapidly spreading case of impetigo on my face and my hand and wrist. I forgot to mention that when I had bailed out of my airplane, I had ripped a chunk out of my wrist somehow. It must have caught on something. It never really closed up and the infection from my finger had also found its way to the sore on my wrist.

At this point I had lost about thirty pounds and the beard gave me a gaunt look which made the Dutch people refer to me as the "Old man".

In the morning of the seventh day of my stay with the Koks while I was sitting in the living room, two officers entered the room and the one with the most braid on his cap started shouting at Mrs. Kok, asking why she was still there and that she should pack up and get out by nine o'clock the next morning or they would all be shot. After they had stomped out, everybody started to pack on Mrs. Kok's instructions.

362d FIGHTER

LINEAGE. Constituted 362d Fighter Squadron, and activated, on 1 Dec 1942. Inactivated on 20 Aug 1946. Redesignated 162d Fighter Squadron, and allotted to ANG, on 21 Aug 1946.

ASSIGNMENTS. 357th Fighter Group, 1 Dec 1942–20 Aug 1946.

STATIONS. Hamilton Field, Calif, 1 Dec 1942; Tonopah AAFld, Nev, 7 Mar 1943; Hayward, Calif, c. 4 Jun 1943; Pocatello, Idaho, 4 Oct–9 Nov 1943; Raydon, England, 1 Dec 1943; Leiston, England, 31 Jan 1944; Neubiberg, Germany, c. 21 Jul 1945–20 Aug 1946.

AIRCRAFT. P–39, 1943; P–51, 1943–1946.

OPERATIONS. Combat in ETO, 11 Feb 1944–25 Apr 1945.

SERVICE STREAMERS. None.

CAMPAIGNS. Air Offensive, Europe; Normandy; Northern France; Rhineland; Ardennes-Alsace; Central Europe; Air Combat, EAME Theater.

DECORATIONS. Distinguished Unit Citations: Germany, 6 Mar and 29 Jun 1944; Derben, Germany, 14 Jan 1945. French Croix de Guerre with Palm: 11 Feb 1944–15 Jan 1945.

EMBLEM. None.

363d FIGHTER

LINEAGE. Constituted 363d Fighter Squadron, and activated, on 1 Dec 1942. Inactivated on 20 Aug 1946. Redesignated 164th Fighter Squadron, and allotted to ANG, on 21 Aug 1946.

ASSIGNMENTS. 357th Fighter Group, 1 Dec 1942–20 Aug 1946.

STATIONS. Hamilton Field, Calif, 1 Dec 1942; Tonopah AAFld, Nev, 6 Mar 1943; Santa Rosa AAFld, Calif, 3 Jun 1943; Oroville AAFld, Calif, 18 Aug 1943; Casper AAFld, Wyo, 7 Oct–9 Nov 1943; Raydon, England, 1 Dec 1943; Leiston, England, 1 Feb 1944; Neubiberg, Germany, 20 Jul 1945–20 Aug 1946.

AIRCRAFT. P–39, 1943; P–51, 1943–1946.

OPERATIONS. Combat in ETO, 11 Feb 1944–25 Apr 1945.

SERVICE STREAMERS. None.

CAMPAIGNS. Air Offensive, Europe; Normandy; Northern France; Rhineland; Ardennes-Alsace; Central Europe; Air Combat, EAME Theater.

DECORATIONS. Distinguished Unit Citations: Germany, 6 Mar and 29 Jun 1944; Derben, Germany, 14 Jan 1945. French Croix de Guerre with Palm: 11 Feb 1944–15 Jan 1945.

EMBLEM. None.

364th FIGHTER

LINEAGE. Constituted 364th Fighter Squadron, and activated, on 1 Dec 1942. Inactivated on 20 Aug 1946. Redesignated 166th Fighter Squadron, and allotted to ANG, on 21 Aug 1946.

ASSIGNMENTS. 357th Fighter Group, 1 Dec 1942–20 Aug 1946.

STATIONS. Hamilton Field, Calif, 1 Dec 1942; Tonopah AAFld, Nev, 7 Mar 1943; Santa Rosa AAFld, Calif, c. 4 Jun 1943; Marysville AAFld, Calif, 15 Aug 1943; Ainsworth AAFld, Neb, 6 Oct–10 Nov 1943; Raydon, England, 1 Dec 1943; Leiston, England, 2 Feb 1944; Neubiberg, Germany, c. 20 Jul 1945–20 Aug 1946.

AIRCRAFT. P–39, 1943; P–51, 1943–1946.

OPERATIONS. Combat in ETO, 11 Feb 1944–25 Apr 1945.

SERVICE STREAMERS. None.

CAMPAIGNS. Air Offensive, Europe; Normandy; Northern France; Rhineland; Ardennes-Alsace; Central Europe; Air Combat, EAME Theater.

DECORATIONS. Distinguished Unit Citations: Germany, 6 Mar and 29 Jun 1944; Derben, Germany, 14 Jan 1945. French Croix de Guerre with Palm: 11 Feb 1944–15 Jan 1945.

EMBLEM. None.

From Arthur Swanson