

## Account of 14 October 1943 Mission and its Aftermath

By [S/Sgt. Francis R. Sylvia](#)

Flexible Gunner

547th Bomb Squadron, 384th Bomb Group

This first-person account of the experiences of the author during and following his final combat mission was contributed by his daughter Susan, by way of Justin Young in the UK. Here is how we first became aware of it:

Message: Hello, I've just come into possession of a quite amazing account by Sgt. Francis R Sylvia, flexible gunner on 'Patches II', shot down on 14th October 1943 - your website

The hand-written account by Sgt. Sylvia is 23 A4 pages, passed onto my by his daughter and gives a hugely detailed and vivid account of his last mission. He talks in great detail of the events leading up to and during the attack/escape of himself and crew from the burning aircraft and his subsequent escape to Switzerland. It's something that really should be shared and would mean a great deal to Sgt. Sylvia's daughter, as only her and myself have read it. If this is of interest to use on your website, let me know and I will scan and email copies.

### Erratum

- Official records identify the aircraft flown by the Ogilvie crew on 14 October 1943 as 42-31059, no known name, rather than 42-3441, "PATCHES II," as stated in this account.

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Francis R. Sylvia - R. Waist-Ogilvie's Crew (73) - "PATCHES II"

Recollections of the last mission of Patches II on October 14, 1943, on the return leg of our mission to Schweinfurt, Germany - and subsequent events - It was my thirteenth mission, as a replacement right waist gunner, with this B-17 bomber crew of the 547<sup>th</sup> Squadron, 384<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, 8<sup>th</sup> USAF

It had been a long day of successive attacks by German fighter aircraft, and several intense barrages of anti aircraft fire, particularly over the target. The fatal attack occurred as we were proceeding along a northerly course from German airspace in northeastern France between Nancy and Verdun. At that point I saw approximately 18 <sup>enemy</sup> fighters assembling for an attack. I fired a couple of rounds into that formation as they were moving ahead to commence the run, but they were beyond effective range. We were all low on ammunition and it was necessary to reserve it for attackers making a direct firing run on us.

The attack came in from an elevated 10 o'clock <sup>direction</sup> position. I was unable to fire on the leading aircraft for fear of hitting the propeller or wing of our own ship. It appeared to be a spear-point attack,

with a succession of enemy fighters approaching in-line, firing and breaking off, followed in turn by the others. I believe that we were hit by 20 mm cannon shells from the second or third enemy fighter. I saw fire spreading along the trailing edge of the right wing from behind our No. 3 engine, and moving rapidly toward the wing tip. At that point the flames trailed to a depth of approximately two feet.

A surge of activity behind me caught my attention. It was the movement of Jimmy McKee coming up out of the ball turret. Jimmy rushed past Bill Martin and me to the waist door, where he pulled the emergency release handle while trying to kick the door open. The wire to the lower hinge pin broke and neither pin pulled out. While this was going on, I reached down below the floor stand board to find my parachute pack. It had bounced away from the place I had stored it, but I quickly found it among the pile of spent 50 mm shell casings littering the floor near the waist gun positions and cinched it onto the harness hooks. When I resumed my firing position, the flames were now trailing past and nearly blocking the waist window like a huge blow-torch. At that point, McKee had given up attempts to ~~open~~<sup>salvo</sup> the waist door and headed for the tail escape hatch. Louis Ratzewicz

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had already opened the hatch door and remained near his gun position evidently waiting to see what the rest of us were going to do.

I turned to face Bill Martin. He gestured that he would go forward to the radio room to check on Jim Murray. I motioned that I would try also to open the waist door. I grabbed the wires to both hinge pins and pulled while trying to kick the door open, just as McKoon had tried to do. But the pins would not come out; the door remained shut. I then moved quickly toward the tail escape hatch, with Bill Martin right behind me. It appeared that "Murph" had already jumped out through the bomb bay.

McKoon reached the tail hatch and went past Ratkiewicz and jumped; Louis jumped right behind him. I arrived at the hatch next and jumped out headfirst without breaking stride. Bill Martin came out last, the same way. We jumped through flames that now extended <sup>under</sup> ~~beyond~~ the horizontal stabilizer. In retrospect it was fortunate for us that the waist door ~~jammed~~ emergency release <sup>had</sup> ~~mechanism~~ jammed. We would probably have jumped through that huge blow-torch instead of the lesser flames at the tail, with possible tragic results.

It had been long agreed that if we were

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even forced to bail out, we would delay pulling the ripcord until we had fallen well clear of the battle area. It was later determined that we had dropped about 10,000 feet before opening our parachutes.

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I had been issued a new chest-type chute for the mission; my own parachute had been taken by someone else. I didn't have time to get the harness of ~~the new chute~~ adjusted to fit me properly. It evidently had belonged to someone much taller than me. The parachute rigger took up the slack in the straps with thread. When I jumped, the leader chute opened and ripped the thread apart. The large <sup>quick</sup> ~~early~~-release buckle (for getting out of the harness easily when landing in water) hung loosely away from me momentarily. When the main canopy opened, the buckle slammed into my mid-section, knocking me out. I revived quickly because of ~~changing~~ changing ear pressure & I could hear before I could see, and ~~for that~~ <sup>for a</sup> brief period I could hear the sound of a single engine aircraft nearby. When finally I could see, there was nothing in view ~~except the outer edges of my parachute,~~ <sup>front</sup> ~~that I could see~~ as I swung back and forth ~~on~~ ~~my way down~~. My "belly" was very sore, I thought I had been wounded, but couldn't see any blood. Since our parachutes had been spotted <sup>by</sup> the German aircraft, I expected

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to be captured quickly, and hopefully get medical attention soon. ~~As~~

As I floated down, I could smell smoke. Initially I was not alarmed, but soon realized that I had fallen far below the battle area, and I could see no trail of smoke nearby. I thought at first that my parachute canopy might be on fire. But I was unable to see anything more than the outer edges of it as I swung back and forth. ~~(The~~ harness straps held my head <sup>very</sup> tightly <sup>at ear level</sup> instead of holding me at ~~the~~ shoulder level as a properly fitted harness would do. I realized very quickly however that any such smoke would be above me and rising whereas I was falling rapidly. I <sup>then</sup> became aware that the smoke had to be coming from behind <sup>or below</sup> me, undoubtedly the back-paddling or straps were on fire. While I was conjecturing those possibilities, the ground was fast approaching and I was forced to focus on how and where I would land.

I came down in an open field in the hamlet of Courcelles-Sur-Aise, little more than a kilometer or so from the town of Chaumont-Sur-Aise. A small group of farmers, men and women, came running up to me as I landed. The first thing I did was to vomit. I had had motion sickness from swinging back and forth on my way down in the parachute; I was nauseous from the punch in my mid-section from the quick release buckle; and it had been quite a frightful day up to that point, with the prospects that things <sup>would probably</sup> ~~might even~~ get worse.

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But I recovered my ~~ap~~<sup>composure</sup> quickly and, in my best high-school French, identified myself and asked if there were any German soldiers nearby. The people hugged and kissed me in spite of my distress, and told me that there were no soldiers in the immediate area. I was reassured that I wasn't wounded in the mid-section, so I decided to high-tail it out of the field. I gathered my chute

canopy and harness and covered them with dirt and twigs, and started to run toward a patch of thickets nearby. One of the farmers caught up with me and took my arm, telling me to follow him to a hiding place. He led me to a small hay storage barn along side a dirt road and left me saying that he would return after dark. He returned several hours later and guided me to his farm home where I met up with Bill Martin. He had landed safely in the small fenced herb garden directly behind this farmer's home.

The farmer offered to have us stay that night in his home. But we were certain that there would be German patrols out looking for us, and it was likely that they would search that area thoroughly. So we asked if there was a wooded area nearby; they told us that there was one a couple of kilometers down a dirt road leading through the fields. The farmer gave us bread, cigarettes, wine and a horse blanket as we left for the hiding place.

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We found the woods, a rather small clump of them, along side of the <sup>dirt</sup> road, between two low hills. It occurred to us that if a search party arrived we could only run up the hill - and be silhouetted against the night haze. So we decided to hide out instead in a thicket of rose bushes and other scrub at a site half way up the hill across the ~~road~~ road ~~from the woods~~ and overlooking the woods. During the night, a truck full of men carrying ~~flash~~ <sup>flash</sup> lights did arrive and the woods were searched for <sup>about</sup> 20 minutes or so. We couldn't make out if ~~they~~ were who they were or what language they were ~~speaking~~. I thought that they were Frenchmen, but I wasn't sure. They <sup>finally</sup> ~~headed~~ back toward Chaumont; we remained hidden in the brush which was the intersect point of 4 fields bounded by sparse lines of ~~stones~~ boulders.

The next morning a farmer arrived with a horse and plow to work the field below us that cornered at the thicket where we were hiding. For most of the morning the farmer would plow back and forth, initially coming right up to ~~the~~ our corner thicket. The horse knew we were there, but the farmer didn't. Each time the horse approached that corner it would act up and shie away. The farmer would curse him and try to rein him so as to complete a straight furrow. That went on until the plowing moved gradually down the hill and away from us, and was completed several hours later.

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We remained hidden until late evening, when it was dark enough for us to move about in the open. We searched for the farmhouse where we had hidden originally. As we approached the ~~village~~ <sup>hamlet</sup>, we were challenged by every dog in the area as we inadvertently stepped onto the particular property each was guarding. Farmhouse doors opened and in that light we could see the farmers ~~restraining~~ and quieting their dogs. Fortunately there were few farmhouses in the hamlet and we quickly found the home of M. Pierre. The dogs made a noisy arrival, but it was evident that all the farm families knew that we were in the area and had tied up their dogs - for which we were most grateful.

After being fed and again relating the battle experiences and identifying other crew members and our aircraft, we ~~was~~ asked about the search party ~~shrewdly~~ <sup>shrewdly</sup> looking for us the previous evening. They denied ~~it~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>came</sup> from ~~Charmont~~ <sup>Charmont</sup> and suggested that it ~~probably~~ <sup>probably</sup> was the ~~gendarmerie~~ <sup>gendarmerie</sup> from Charmont or possibly ~~Semane~~ <sup>occupator troops</sup>. I'm still not convinced that it wasn't a group of farmers ~~from Charmont~~ or townspeople probably from Charmont.

We also told them about the farmer and his horse, plowing the field nearby, and the antics of the ~~the~~ horse and evident unawareness of the farmer that we were hidden at that corner. That was a story that they really enjoyed, and it surely got back to that particular farmer with a horse smarter than he.

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For the next couple of days we stayed at the home of M. Pierre, his pregnant wife, teenage son and younger daughter. The family occupied one half of the structure; the other half was the barn containing a half dozen cows, a few free range chickens, and a hay loft. We stayed in the loft most of the time, grateful to be there among friends, and thankful that we had survived thus far in quite good shape. We thought about the rest of the crew, wondering how they made out. We did hear that there were other Americans in the region, but had no idea who they might be, or where they were.

On the fourth day, a physician making a house call to examine Madam Pierre, questioned us at length - in French. It was quite a stretch for me to comprehend and respond in an understandable way. No one there could speak English, and my French was very limited. But things worked out very well in spite of that problem. We were outfitted in well-worn civilian clothes and had our picture taken in the backyard. That evening a group of people from Chaumont and Curalles came to the farmhouse to meet us. We had rabbit stew and wine, and an outpouring of welcome. They asked when the invasion would take place, and I said prophetically that it would take place in late spring or early summer of 1944. I don't know how much credence they gave to that pronouncement but they had such enormous

confidence in the Americans. I explained that my father had served in France in WWI - at the fronts of Toul, Amiens and Verdun + for seventeen months. He served with the field artillery - Battery D, 102<sup>nd</sup> F.A., 26<sup>th</sup> "Yankee" Division. He had told me about the town of Chaumont where his unit camped when off the line. To my great surprise, the people there told me that the hamlet of Courcelles was the artillery park of the 26<sup>th</sup> Div. I had walked the very ground my father had before me in the Great War. General Pershing had his head quarters on the outskirts of Chaumont. They knew the Americans very well and ~~were~~ had very high regard for them. It was like old home week, they gave us cigarettes, brandy and a jar of honey.

Earlier that day, when I spoke to the physician I said that our orders were to go to Spain. He explained that it was extremely difficult for an Evadee to travel diagonally across France. That would jeopardize many Resistance helpers who would have to accompany us, <sup>and</sup> provide food and shelter along the way. We were told that there were many Germans along that way also, as well as many pro-Vichy Gendarmes. With winter coming on, it would be impossible to cross the Pyrenees until late spring. On the other hand, they could get us to Switzerland in a few days. From there we could make contact with Maquis operating secret airfields in <sup>French Alps</sup> the mountains.

It was quite possible that we could be back in England in a couple of weeks or so. They could arrange that, but a trip to Spain was quite another matter. So we readily agreed to go to Switzerland.

On the night of Oct. 19, Martin and I were provided bicycles and guided to Verdun by a teen-age Resistance member named Raymond Laurent. We avoided places known to have pro-Vichy Gendarmes and hid from military and police vehicles that we encountered along the way. We ~~entirely~~ entered Verdun on foot, ~~at late~~ <sup>at</sup> night, through an outlying neighborhood, away from the main streets. We went first to the Glorieux Roman Catholic church in Verdun; from there we were moved to the home of M. & MME Marius Pochier at 5 Ave. Jean Jaures. That street lead directly to the front gate of the military camp of the German occupation forces for the Verdun region, a couple of hundred yards up the hill.

Earlier that day, the four survivors from the aircraft on our right wing, also shot down in the same attack that got us, left for Switzerland. They had arrived in Verdun first; McKlean, Hood, and Ratkiewicz and Murray arrived next; Martin and I got there last. The six of us were together there for a day and a half. Ratkiewicz had forgotten to take his escape kit with him on the mission; he didn't have a photograph for his identity card - provided by the French

(Combat crews had a photograph taken in civilian clothes at the base in Engendeter) <sup>and carried it with them in an "escape kit" when they flew</sup>  
 Resistance, so he had to go to a photographer's shop in Verdun to have his picture taken. The next day, Murray, McKeon and Rathkewicz made the journey to Switzerland. On the 22nd, Martin, Hood and I were on our way also. Like the others before us, we walked to the train station in Verdun, accompanied by Madam Portier, "The Countess", and young Raymond Laurent. Each of us bought a ticket and waited for the train to arrive; there was a fair amount of civilian and German military traffic for the garrison city. We rode 3rd class to Nancy, among French civilians, with newspapers to prop up to our faces to avoid conversations. The Countess and Raymond were out of view. We had been thoroughly instructed not to look at them - to look to the ground at our feet - in the event we were stopped by the Gendarmes or other civilian or military police. That would give our helpers, and the rest of us, a chance to get away. Whom ever we would look to - in an instinctive eye search for help at a time of crisis - would probably be arrested also. That could be fatal for them.

At Nancy, we had to wait on the platform between the railroad tracks for nearly two hours until the train for Belfort arrived. I had had <sup>severe</sup> gastro-intestinal problems ever since the parachuting injury to my mid-section. I ~~was~~ had constant ~~stomach~~ diarrhea and was unable to eat much or hold down what I could eat. It was very stressful standing on the "quai" between approaching and departing trains full of German soldiers

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and sailors looking at me, as well as many German military personnel coming and going on the platform. I was very weak and had to sit down before I fell down or passed out. I went over to a large station tool box with a spring hinged lid, and half leaned/sat on it. The Countess could see that I was having trouble, so she ~~hurriedly~~ hurriedly walked by ~~me~~ and handed me a newspaper so I could pretend to be reading. Shortly after, a railroad worker came ~~by~~ over to get a tool. He asked me to move away from the tool box, but I didn't understand him at first, and hesitated. He reached over and took my arm and gently moved me to the side while he got a large wrench out of the box. He then gently moved me back to my previous position. There was absolutely no doubt that he knew that I was an evadée. The railroad station was full of German soldiers and French Gendarmes, and he could have gotten a large reward for turning me over to the authorities.

When the train arrived to take us to Belfort, we all went into the same 2<sup>nd</sup> class compartment - the Countess, Raymond ~~and~~ ~~and~~ the three of us. The other compartments appeared to be occupied by German officers. When the conductor came to take our tickets, we had to show our identity papers & he asked if we were carrying any guns - the Countess said "Non" and I said "Non". <sup>when</sup> ~~to~~ we were on our way to Belfort, Raymond Laurent insisted that I go out in the corridor with him; he wanted to show something to me. The corridor was full of German officers talking and smoking. Raymond told me in half-French and half-English that we were passing a German airport and we should come back here in our <sup>airplanes</sup> ~~airplanes~~ and bomb it.

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Fortunately none of the German ~~officers~~ standing right along side of us did not ~~listen to~~ understand what he was saying.

<sup>when we arrived at Belfort we delayed leaving the carriage until the officers had left and to avoid as many other people as possible, but nevertheless,</sup>

~~just then~~

we stepped off the train into what appeared to be a company of German infantry, carrying rifles and packs, etc.

We walked off the station platform with them, down through the underpass, and out to the street. They

turned left; we turned right and walked a couple of blocks over to a waiting delivery truck; it was a

charcoal burning vehicle. The Countess left us at that point, Raymond <sup>had</sup> moved away from us in the station. We rode

to a rural area south of Belfort where we met two teenage boys. They were smugglers who agreed to guide us to Switzer-

land for payment of 2000 francs. They had bicycles for us; we pedaled to a small village near the border. We stopped

briefly  
restaurant

at a restaurant where we handed ~~over~~ the bicycles over to the owner. The smugglers went on ahead through the small

village; we followed after an interval. We could see two Gendarmes as we approached the center of the village.

They came forward to intercept us. One of them looked behind us and elbowed the other, motioning him to

look behind us also. As we reached them, they said "Bon jour" and I said "Bon jour" and we continued to

walk on <sup>Evidently, the gendarmes were given a signal to let us pass.</sup> through and beyond the village. We rejoined the <sup>smugglers</sup> and continued ~~on~~ our journey <sup>to the nearby</sup>

on foot.

I was thoroughly exhausted and unable to continue. I ~~had had constant diarrhea from the parachuting injury and~~ ~~been unable to eat much food or to retain fluids.~~ I told Marlin

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and Hood to go on without me - ~~I couldn't go on any further,~~  
 but they ~~didn't~~ wouldn't ~~leave~~ ~~me~~. I felt that if I could get  
~~something to eat~~ ~~some food~~ perhaps that would help me to ~~keep going,~~  
~~continue~~. We were in  
 a remote farm area, ~~and there was a farmhouse nearby.~~

so I walked up to the <sup>of a nearby farmhouse</sup> front door and knocked - ~~hoping~~ to get some  
 food. But no one answered the door even though <sup>from the front window</sup> ~~the door~~  
 could see the family seated around the dinner table. So I walked  
 in to the house, ~~and~~ ~~not~~ identified myself, and asked for  
 some food. I told them that the house was surrounded by  
 French Resistance people who wanted them to help me. The  
 teenage son asked for money in exchange for some soup.  
 I told him that I had none, but I did have a map from  
 my escape kit. He accepted the map in exchange for a  
 large bowl of soup and a piece of bread. He asked me to  
 write my name and military affiliation on the map,  
~~saying~~ ~~that~~ he would show it to the American troops when  
 that area was liberated ~~after the coming invasion~~ - ~~to~~ to get  
 compensated for his help. I thanked him, telling him ~~that~~ he  
 was a true patriot - a soldier of France. Also, "La Resistance"  
 would remember his cooperation with them. In a few minutes  
 I rejoined ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> group and we continued on our way to the  
 nearby border; ~~I felt much better~~ I felt restored by the meal.

We proceeded to a thicket near the border and  
~~waited for the appropriate bid there,~~ waiting for the appropriate  
 time to cross. Off to a distance, we could see that there were

three barbed wire fences set about 6 feet apart that marked the border. We would make the border crossing during the time it took for the guard going off duty to return to the guard post, and for his replacement to return where we planned to cross. Off to the distance (approx. 150 yards) there was a platform tower with a beacon light arching back and forth to delineate the French/Swiss border. The light did not pen down to the ground level, but it did silhouette moving objects when it arched overhead. When it swung in our direction, we dropped to the ground and remained still until the beacon swung in the opposite direction. At that point we would pull the fence wires apart and slip through. We repeated that process until we had cleared the third fence. The smugglers pointed to a <sup>dirt</sup> road a few feet ahead, the other side of which was Switzerland. We paid them the 2000 francs and walked to a Swiss farmhouse a half mile or so away. The farmer allowed us to sleep in his barn until ~~daybreak~~ <sup>morning</sup>, at which time we were taken into custody by a Swiss military border police officer. We were taken to the town of Porrentruy and quartered in a small 3<sup>rd</sup> class hotel, and given freedom of to walk around town on condition that we behave properly and return to the hotel at meal time.

The next morning we were transported, under armed guard, to Berne and taken to the local jail, - the drunk tank. I had a small amount of English money

- actually worth about  $\frac{5}{16}$  in England but only  $\frac{2-3}{16}$  in Switzerland.  
 A guard bought a bag of hot chestnuts <sup>for us with that money</sup> ~~with it for us~~, since we had arrived too late for the evening meal. We were given an armload of straw and a blanket - and had to sleep on a stone floor - in late October - ; it was cold and uncomfortable and a long night.

The next morning, an aide from the American Military Legation arrived and told us that we would be interrogated by the Swiss military intelligence. He advised us to fabricate a story about being tourists in France when the war broke out, and escaping to take refuge in Switzerland. The story was obviously false, but it met the requirements of the Geneva Convention regarding refugees - we had arrived in that country in civilian clothes, on foot, and unarmed. When we were later interrogated, the young Swiss officer told us all about ourselves, our aircraft, the mission we were on, etc.; our legation had evidently briefed <sup>them</sup> earlier. It was while we were waiting to be interrogated that ~~we~~ met Johnny Butler - in the great hall of the Swiss Federal Building. He was under armed guard and in civilian clothes <sup>just</sup> ~~as we were~~, and it was quite a coincidence that we were from the same squadron, and knew members of ~~his~~ ~~crew~~ our respective crews. Johnny became the first Commanding Officer of the U.S. Evadee Camp. We were then interrogated at the American Military Legation by Allan Dulles and OSS staff. <sup>later</sup> ~~then~~ We were taken to a clothing store in Berne and outfitted in <sup>civilian</sup> better clothes. The OSS officer then returned ~~us~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ <sup>to the custody of</sup> the Swiss military,

We were taken to a hotel at the top of a steep hill overlooking Berne. It was a beautiful place reached by funicular - the Hotel Gurten Kulm. We were quarantined there by the Swiss military police for 21 days, along with RAF evaders, Russian escaped prisoners of war, a Yugoslav guerrilla, Free French Maquis guerrillas, and of course other members of our crew and squadron. The Swiss posted armed guards at the funicular, but several of us skipped out the back door of the hotel and walked down the hill to a waiting taxi. We actually met the commanding officer of the guard detail in a nightclub one night. He was a good sport; we bought drinks for him and his lady friend. It was understood that he officially disapproved of our being AWOL, but privately he did not object to the Americans or British visiting and enjoying the Berne nightlife. ~~But~~ he did vigorously object to the Russians coming into town; they had no significant amount of money and they were usually drunk and caused trouble. After the 21 day quarantine period, we were allowed free access into Berne - quite a beautiful and hospitable city.

The American Evaders were transferred to Klsters, a resort village in the Alps, in November 1943, for a season of drinking, skiing and wenching. That was followed in the Spring of 1944 by a transfer to the southern end of Lake Geneva, to the village of Gliion - Sur-Montreux. It was half-way up a steep mountain and was also reached by funicular. As the name implies, Gliion -

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 Sun-Montreux overlooked the beautiful resort city of Montreux; RAF evadees were also quartered in that village. Soldiers from the British 8<sup>th</sup> Army were quartered at the top of the mountain in the village of Caux. They had been captured in North Africa and sent to P.O.W. camps in Italy; when Italy capitulated, the Italian guards deserted, and these prisoners were able to escape to Switzerland before the Germans could take control of the POW camps.

Most of the American and British Evadees were released to Allied control on Oct 4, 1944 at Annecy, France. (The Americans who landed in Switzerland were kept as Internees in the (resort) village of Adelboden. They wore uniforms and had military discipline, etc., and were held as combatants and interned for the duration.) I was released at Annecy; the rest of the crew had slipped into France earlier to meet up with the American forces advancing from the Mediterranean invasion ports. I was hospitalized for the last 8 or 10 weeks in Switzerland, due to hip and cutting injuries, and was given

direct orders not to leave the hospital (near Ellein) without a written medical release. I was the first member of our crew to return to England. After interrogation and reassignment to stateside, I dropped by Grafton-Underwood on my way to Prestwick, Scotland & I was there for a couple of hours; Pop Nolan was the only person I recognized. Then it was off to Prestwick for the flight back to the Z.I.