

Dedicated to the Memory of Sgt. Jack Coleman Cook for his Heroism

## **WORLD WAR II**

*by Edward Field*

It was over Target Berlin the flak shot up our plane  
just as we were dumping bombs on the already smoking city  
on signal from the lead bomber in the squadron.  
The plane jumped again and again as the shells burst under us  
sending jagged pieces of steel rattling through our fuselage.  
It was pure chance that none of us got ripped by those fragments.

Then, being hit, we had to drop out of formation right away,  
losing speed and altitude,  
and when I figured out our course with trembling hands on the  
instruments (I was navigator),  
we set out on the long trip home to England  
alone, with two of our four engines gone  
and gas streaming out of holes in the wing tanks.

That morning at briefing  
we had been warned not to go to nearby Poland  
partly liberated then by the Russians,  
although later we learned that another crew in trouble  
had landed there anyway,  
and patching up their plane somehow,  
returned gradually to England  
roundabout by way of Turkey and North Africa.  
But we chose England, and luckily  
the Germans had no fighters to send up after us then  
for this was just before they developed their jet.  
To lighten our load we threw out  
guns and ammunition, my navigation books, all the junk  
and made it over Holland  
with a few goodbye fireworks from the shore guns.

Over the North Sea the third engine gave out  
and we dropped low over the water.  
The gas gauge read empty but by keeping the nose down

a little gas at the bottom of the tank sloshed forward  
and kept our single engine going.

High overhead, the squadrons were flying home in formation --  
the raids had gone on for hours after us.

Did they see us down there in our trouble?  
We radioed our final position for help to come  
but had no idea if anyone  
happened to be tuned in and heard us,  
and we crouched together on the floor  
knees drawn up and head down  
in regulation position for ditching,  
listened as the working engine stopped --  
a terrible silence --  
and we went down into the sea with a crash,  
just like hitting a brick wall,  
jarring bones, teeth, eyeballs panicky.  
Who would ever think water could be so hard?  
You black out, and then come to  
with water rushing in like a sinking- ship movie.

All ten of us started getting out of there fast:  
There was a convenient door in the roof to climb out by,  
one at a time. We stood in line,  
water up to our thighs and rising.  
The plane was supposed to float for twenty minutes  
but with all those flak holes  
who could say how long it really would?  
The two life rafts popped out of the sides into the water  
but one of them only half inflated  
and the other couldn't hold everyone  
although they all piled into it, except the pilot,  
who got into the limp raft that just floated semi-submerged.

The radio operator and I, out last,  
(Did that mean we were least aggressive, least likely to survive?)  
the two of us stood on the wing watching the two rafts  
being swept off by waves in different directions.  
We had to swim for it.  
Later they said the cords holding rafts to plane

broke by themselves, but I wouldn't have blamed them for cutting them loose, for fear that by waiting for us the plane would go down and drag them with it.

I headed for the overcrowded good raft and after a clumsy swim in soaked heavy flying clothes got there and hung onto the side.

The radio operator went for the half--inflated raft where the pilot lay with water sloshing over him, but he couldn't swim, even with his life vest on.

Being from the Great Plains, his strong farmer's body didn't know how to wallow through the water properly and a wild current seemed to sweep him farther off. One minute we saw him on top of a swell and perhaps we glanced away for a minute but when we looked again he was gone -- just as the plane went down sometime around then when nobody was looking.

It was midwinter and the waves were mountains, and the water ice water.

You could live in it twenty-five minutes the Ditching Survival Manual said.

Since most of the crew were crowded onto my raft I had to stay in the water, hanging on.

My raft? It was their raft, they got there first so they would live.

Twenty-five minutes I had.

Live, live, I said to myself. You've got to live.

There looked like plenty of room on the raft

from where I was and I said so --

couldn't they squeeze together more? --

but they said no.

When I figured the twenty-five minutes were about up and anyway I was getting numb,

I said I couldn't hold on anymore,

and a skinny kid from Arkansas, the ball turret gunner,

got out of the raft into the icy water in my place,

and I got on the raft in his.

But first he insisted on taking off his flying clothes  
which was probably his downfall because even wet clothes are  
protection,  
and then worked hard, pulling the raft,  
kicking with his legs, and we all paddled,  
to get to the other raft,  
and we tied them together.  
The gunner got into the flooded raft with the pilot  
and lay in the wet, where shortly after,  
the pilot started gurgling green foam from his mouth --  
maybe he was injured in the crash against the instruments --  
and by the time we were rescued,  
he and the little gunner were both dead.

That boy who took my place in the water  
who died instead of me  
I don't remember his name even.  
It was like those who survived the death camps  
by letting others go into the ovens in their place.  
It was him or me, and I made up my mind to live.  
I'm a good swimmer,  
but I didn't swim off in that scary sea  
looking for the radio operator when he was washed away.  
I suppose, then, once and for all,  
I chose to live rather than be a hero, as I still do today,  
although at that time I believed in being heroic, in saving the world,  
even if, when the opportunity came  
I instinctively chose survival.

As evening fell the waves calmed down  
and we spotted a boat, far off, and signaled with a flare gun,  
hoping it was English not German.  
The only two who cried on being found  
were me and a boy from Boston, another gunner.  
The rest of the crew kept straight faces.

It was a British air-sea rescue boat.  
They hoisted us up on deck,  
dried off the living and gave us whisky and put us to bed,  
and rolled the dead up in blankets,

and delivered us all to a hospital on shore  
for treatment or disposal.

This was a minor accident of war.

Two weeks in a rest camp at Southport on the Irish Sea  
and we were back at Grafton-Underwood, our base,  
ready for combat again,  
the dead crewmen replaced by living ones,  
and went on hauling bombs over the continent of Europe,  
destroying the Germans and their cities.

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