

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



My name is Bert Cole. I have been asked by Mr. Onions to give a short talk about my experiences in World War Two as a bomb aimer on Lancaster Bomber ED 719, which operated from Fiskerton 49 Squadron, a satellite of 617 Squadron (The Dam Busters) commanded by Guy Gibson.

At the ripe old age of fourteen I started my working career as an apprentice carpenter in 1936 at J. Robbins & Sons, old-fashioned family builders based at Weston-under-Penyard near Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire.

On 3<sup>rd</sup> September 1939 the war started and all my friends enlisted or went to building sites to do war work. As I was in a reserved occupation I could only join the R.A.F. as a member of aircrew, so in May 1941 I signed up in Gloucester for a pilot's course.

In the immediate aftermath of this my employers wrote to the Air Ministry to try and prevent me joining up. However the Air Ministry said

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



that they had no choice but to accept me because the category "air crew" allowed me to join. I was called up on 20<sup>th</sup> October 1941, intake 17/17, to the air crew Receiving Centre in Viceroy Close, St. John's Wood, London. We were in civilian clothes and fed at Regent's Park Zoo at seven o'clock in the morning,



carrying an old-fashioned hurricane lamp each end of the column so that we did not get run over by motorists in the dark!

I spent about two weeks in London, and then went to Eight Initial Training Wing (8ITW) for elementary training. I had originally failed the maths exam run by Oxford Attestation Board and I was sent to Ross-on-Wye A.T.C. to gen up on this.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



Flight- Lieutenant Yorke, the local grammar school teacher, coached me at his home for two evenings a week after work, in my dirty overalls. He taught me maths as well as how to hold a knife and fork!

After two months he applied for me to the R.A.F. for the relevant maths papers, and one evening, as invigilating officer, he sat me opposite him in a corner of his room to do the exam. At the end he gave me a nod of approval and the papers went off to the R.A.F. I was so concerned about failing the exam that I had worked very hard and achieved 100%. As a result of passing the exam I went on to Newquay 8ITW in Cornwall in late October 1941, and found that my score was actually the highest of anyone on the course.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



We were billeted at Beaconsfield Hotel, a most lovely building on the sea front.



There was a curfew there and we had to be in by ten in the evening or face a charge, but we devised a system to climb over the roof, our friends pulled the blackouts down and let us in. Unfortunately I was caught several times and punished accordingly.

We left Newquay in March 1942. Because I'd had all my teeth removed there, I had missed postings to South Africa, Canada and America. In the end I was given a full set of teeth in March 1942, courtesy of the R.A.F.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



and was posted to 7 EFTS (Elementary Flying Training School) Desford near Leicester, flying Tiger Moths.



We were to do fifteen hours. Unfortunately I landed very heavily on several occasions. It was decided that I was not quite fit to be in charge of very expensive aircraft!

From Desford I went for three weeks to Heaton Park in Manchester, a Distribution Centre. It rained for most of the time!



*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



My first posting, on 10<sup>th</sup> August 1942, was to R.A.F. Bobbington, also in The Midlands, on a bomb aimer's course, flying Avro Ansons. On several occasions the Americans, who were stationed at Bobbington, tried to land their B17's on our little grass track, so it was decided to re-name the airfield Halfpenny Green, which it is still called today.

R.A.F. Bobbington



It was at Bobbington that I first met my dear friend Len Bradfield. We were together in Bomber Command for the rest of the war, and also as P.O.W.'s in Germany.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



We had a flight-sergeant, a nasty type, who had a down on us, and in particular on Corporal Ewing, who was an original R.A.F. ground-staff chap. The flight-sergeant went out every night to the local pub and did not return until midnight, so Ewing, I and some of the other bods moved the old barrels of flowers from the side of the road into the middle. The flight-sergeant came back the wrong side of midnight, half-drunk, ran into the barrels, and smashed his car up. We were confined to camp for two weeks; no-one would own up.

I left R.A.F. Bobbington on 27<sup>th</sup> October 1942. After leave I was posted to R.A.F. Upper Heyford Number 16, an Operational Training Unit (O.T.U.) in Oxfordshire for Wellingtons.



*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



I started flying there on 29<sup>th</sup> December 1942 and was crewed with: Pilot Flight-Sergeant L.E. Watson, Navigator Flight-Sergeant C.T. Green, Wireless Operator/Gunner McGarva, Rear-Gunner Flight-Sergeant Maurice E. Scarfe and myself, Bomb-Aimer Flight-Sergeant Bert Cole.

Three of us were billeted at a lovely old hall, Fritwell Manor



but our pilot and wireless operator were billeted at Upper Heyford. Food in the 'Pupil' Sergeants' Mess was terrible.

On the first night of our crewing our pilot said that he was coming over to Fritwell with us, by R.A.F. transport. On arrival, he went straight into the little coach house, which had been converted into a canteen. What a sight!

There were mountains of food, including trifles, and iced fruit cakes. We hadn't had food like this for years, so we piled in! As we finished the skipper said, "Oh my God!" A notice above the counter read, "This is the

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



birthday of the canteen, everything is free tonight." We didn't know where to put ourselves.

The lady behind the counter, who turned out to be the lady of the manor, said that she understood, and, to put us at our ease, told our fortunes. Mine was that I would survive several crashes but come through safely. Everything that she said came true.

I had a lucky first escape there. On operations we bomb-aimers went in initially in batches, to drop bombs and photo flashes over the bombing range. One particular night I was due to fly at 1030 but had gone out with two chums and we were never going to get back in time. I swapped with my dear friend, Pilot Officer 'Nobby' Clark, who went up at 0330, and was killed. The Flight Office was closed but a corporal said to me, "Sergeant Cole, flying scrubbed, bad crash." Next morning, arriving for breakfast, Len Bradfield said, "Nobby (which was my R.A.F. nickname), I thought you were dead!" That was the first of several escapes for me.



## *Thank you, Lady Fritwell!*

I left Upper Heyford O.T.U. on 28<sup>th</sup> February 1943, and joined 1654 Conversion Unit at Wigsley, a few miles west of Lincoln. This Unit had the job of familiarising Wellington bomber pilots and wireless operators to the newer Avro Manchester planes.



and I was on the last trip, I believe, of Manchester L7280, which involved circuits and landings, mainly for pilots and wireless operators. We had done several hours and I told Watson, our pilot, that we had had enough and that we should pack it up. He said no, so we had a vote, resulting in three for and three against. I bribed the rear-gunner with the offer of a free meal of egg and chips at the Saxilby Bridge Hotel.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



We landed, and waited about thirty minutes for the truck to pick us up from Dispersal. As we drove away from the aircraft, the skipper said that the wing was on fire. The engine manifolds had burnt through. If we'd gone up again we would have been goners.

***Thank you, Lady Fritwell!***

The remainder was fairly uneventful, except that I went with a crew from Langar, Nottinghamshire on 13<sup>th</sup> April 1943 on a bombing operation to Spezia, Italy, taking ten hours. We got lost, the poor navigator and I nearly missing England! Our skipper said that we were almost out of juice. We called "Mayday" on the emergency frequency but there was no reply. Suddenly the runway lights at Perranporth, Cornwall (I think it was) came

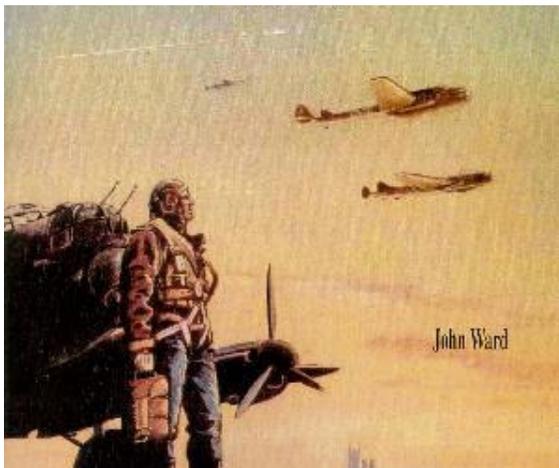
*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



on, we went straight in and landed safely. As we turned to taxi, all the engines cut out of fuel. Had we circled 'round the curtain' we would have crashed!

***Thank you, Lady Fritwell!***

I was posted to 49 Squadron at Fiskerton, Lincolnshire on 28<sup>th</sup> April 1943, and on 22<sup>nd</sup> May we went on a "Wings for Victory" Lancaster bomber flight over Nottingham, lasting one hour fifteen minutes. The



*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



SQUAD, DISMOUNTED, MADE E.A. FISKERTON, Lincs.  
(20. SEPTEMBER, 1942) \* Xp 1545

skipper had allowed a ground engineer to fly with us. No parachute. We made a terrible landing at Fiskerton.





I remained in the nose, contrary to all procedures. When we bounced I shot through the engineer's legs and he moaned, "You have ruined me!" We went down the runway on the bomb doors and undercarriage, finally coming to a standstill. We said, "Skipper, it's on fire, quick, look at the smoke!" The practice smoke bombs had gone off, luckily no-one got hurt. We all got out smartish. Only seven of us should have crewed but there were eight because of an odd bod.

***Thank you, Lady Fritwell!***

By co-incidence, sixty years or so later, at a Fiskerton 49 Squadron Reunion Dinner, a chap sitting opposite to me said, "I wish I could meet that bomb-aimer who nearly ruined me!" I burst out laughing and said that it was me. Small world!

A few facts and figures. 7,377 Lancaster bombers were made in the war. They each carried a crew of seven. The full load of petrol was 2,154 gallons. Depending on the speed of the aircraft, the take-off runway had

RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE



to be between 1,200 and 1,500 yards long. Cruising speed was about 200 m.p.h at a height of 15,000 feet; landing speed was 90 m.p.h. Maximum bomb load (petrol load adjusted) was 22,000 pounds and the Lancaster range was 1,550 miles with maximum bomb load.

*Now on to the serious stuff!*



Our eleven operations as a crew were as follows:-

27 <sup>th</sup> May 1943	Essen	6 hours 5 minutes
29 <sup>th</sup> May 1943	Wuppertal, Ruhr	6 hours 30 minutes
11 <sup>th</sup> June 1943	Düsseldorf	5 hours 15 minutes
22 <sup>nd</sup> June 1943	Mulheim	5 hours 35 minutes

RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE



24 <sup>th</sup> June 1943	Wuppertal, Ruhr	5 hours 40 minutes
28 <sup>th</sup> June 1943	Cologne	5 hours 35 minutes
9 <sup>th</sup> July 1943	Gelsenkirchen	6 hours 50 minutes
12 <sup>th</sup> July 1943	Turin	10 hours fifteen minutes
29 <sup>th</sup> July 1943	Hamburg	5 hours
2 <sup>nd</sup> August 1943	Hamburg	5 hours 25 minutes
9 <sup>th</sup> /10 <sup>th</sup> August 1943	Mannheim	Shot down in Lancaster ED719 over Kaiserslautern, Rhineland

On the night of 9<sup>th</sup>/10<sup>th</sup> August 1943 we took off from Fiskerton at about 10 p.m. in Lancaster bomber ED719 'K' King of Bomber Command '5' Group.



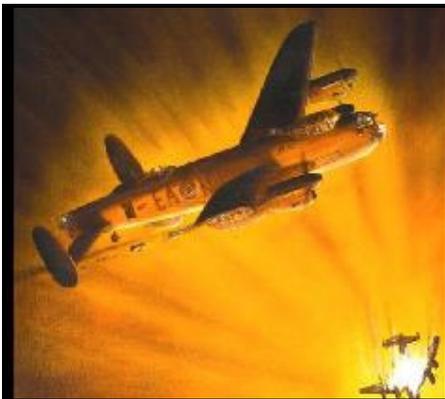
*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



This was to be our final operation. We were carrying about six tons of bombs: a 4,000 pound 'Cookie' large bomb, four 500 pounder bombs and incendiaries. We had a fair wind of 70 m.p.h.

Over mid-France the port-outer engine overheated and had to be stopped with the grosvenor switch, and feathered to reduce the drag. At a crew conference we decided to carry on because we would lose 140 m.p.h. ground speed and be on our own.

We arrived at the target about an hour late, having jettisoned the incendiaries and four 500 pounder bombs over France. We dropped the 'Cookie' on target. Then all hell let loose,



*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



there was bags of flak, we were hit, the inner port engine failed, the starboard outer engine overheated, and we turned for home.

The skipper jettisoned the front hatch bomb and told us to put our parachutes on. We were down to about 3,500 feet, descending fairly quickly. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning. Our pilot decided to wait a few minutes before bailing out in case our bomber crashed on a village below, Erfenbach. Then the order came for us to go and we all bailed out safely at 2,000 feet.

It was very peaceful, floating down in the darkness, but suddenly I fell into the top of a large tree. I was thinking what to do, whether to free-fall and possibly break my legs, when I heard guttural voices coming nearer. Still, I took a chance and fell the short distance to the ground, about two feet. Once out of my harness I jumped over a tall wall nearby, which turned out to be a cemetery at Morlautern, and hid behind a large gravestone.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



**October  
2004  
Return  
to the  
graveyard  
with local  
man  
Herr Armin  
Blenk**

The guttural voices gradually faded and I moved out, with my rations and map.

The plan we'd been given was to travel at night and hide during the day, with the object of contacting the French underground resistance movement. By the third day my water bottle was empty and at midday it was very hot. Because my thirst was acute I ran to a little stream to fill my bottle.



*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



Around the corner of the wood came a crowd of children. We had been told in England about German schools closing at midday, and it was very remiss of me to forget. However the children gave the alarm and I scuttled back into the wood, where I concealed myself under a tree stump with brambles and ferns to hide me.

Soon came the sound of German voices and dogs barking. Then it became quiet. I poked my head out and a big, square head looked at me and said in perfect American-English, "The war for you is over!" Then I was transferred by Luftwaffe officers into a staff car for questioning in Kaiserslautern,



I think, before being taken to Oberursel near Frankfurt am Main, and then twelve miles further on to the Dulag Luft Interrogation Centre,

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



to extract from me what information could be obtained.

I and others were put in solitary confinement in a small bare room. The electric skirting heating was full on, even though the temperature outside was about 70-80 degrees, but there were no washing or toilet facilities.

The interrogators were trying to make us talk but we only supplied name, rank and number. A so-called Red Cross man brought a form to be filled in, with questions about our bomb load, but I just stuck to giving my name, rank and number.

The officer retorted, "We have ways of making you talk!" and went out.

The next thing I knew was that the room heaters were switched full on. I smashed them with my boots, but fortunately there were no repercussions.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



Escorted by two armed guards in the passageway, who should appear but my old friend Len Bradfield, who had been shot down the night after me, over Nuremberg.

After seven days I was moved to Stalag Luft I in Barth, Pomerania, northern Germany.



This was a camp with a lenient commander whose sister was interned back home in Manchester.

While we were at Stalag Luft I we began tunnelling under the cookhouse to escape. However, before the tunnel was finished we were sent on to Stalag Luft VI camp at Heydekrug on the Lithuanian border in East Prussia, 40 kilometres north-west of Tilsit,

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



a 'K' category Lager camp which held about a thousand prisoners. There were about forty of us in hut 'J'. The journey from Barth to Heydekrug took about seven days in a cattle-truck train which held four horses or forty men and we arrived in October 1943. The landscape was very bleak, with no trees or habitation anywhere for as far as the eye could see.

The commandant of Stalag Luft VI at Heydekrug was a Nazi Party man and very ruthless. Some yards in from the main wire was a warning wire and you could be shot if you jumped over it, even to recover a ball. At least two prisoners were shot retrieving balls. At Barth of course, with a more lenient commandant, this had been allowed.

On 15<sup>th</sup> July 1944 we were moved by cattle truck to Memel,

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



which lies on the Baltic at the mouth of the river Niemen, and shoved into the filthy ship hold of SS Insterburg.



We were packed like sardines, with no food or water, and it was hell. Water was lowered in a bucket and body fluids taken up in the same bucket, with the accompanying spills.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



We wondered whether we should overpower the guards and head for Sweden, but we were escorted by a heavily-armed E-boat for four days and three nights.

Eventually we landed at Swinemünde,



now a seaside resort in Prussia. In the morning our boots were removed, we were handcuffed in two's and loaded on to railway wagons.

Suddenly air-raid sirens wailed. The Americans were bombing a heavy German cruiser. The flak opened up, our trucks rocked and were filled with acrid smoke. Fire ceased, all was still. But the cruiser had not been hit. The guards struggled back to the wagons with hate in their eyes. At about midday the wagons moved off. Again we were handcuffed in pairs, in desperately hot conditions.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



At dawn on 20<sup>th</sup> July 1944 the train stopped at Kiel-Heide, Pomerania. It was midday before the doors were opened. We were pushed out, with rifle butts chasing the laggards. I myself was handcuffed to a Beaufighter pilot, Len Davey, who had worked at Lewis's in Birmingham before the war.



Len suffered from frost-bitten feet, having been shot down in the North Sea, had spent several days in a dinghy and was not very mobile.

Continuing on a journey which would eventually lead us to Stalag Luft IV camp, Gross Tychow, in Pomerania (then in Germany, now in Poland), we were halted on a long stretch of wooded road. Up rolled a Kubelwagen.



Out got Hauptmann Pickhard in his gleaming white uniform, resembling to us 'kriegers' (fliers) an ice-cream man! He hopped on to a tree stump and

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



harangued the guards. "These are the 'terror airmen', murderers. Do what you like with them." He fired his revolver, making us run. On each side of the road, in the trees, were machine gun posts, awaiting our attempt to escape the fixed bayonets of the guards and the savage dogs. We would then be shot.

Len Davey and I were handcuffed together, but had released ourselves with a milk tin key. In the melee we abandoned the handcuffs. Len ran so fast that he almost pulled me along.

Clubbed with rifles, bayoneted and savaged by dogs, those in the rear suffered quite badly. Being in the front, we got off quite lightly. We called it, "The Run up the Road." Then we were herded into a field by a gateway, where some prisoners were again stabbed by bayonets. About a hundred and thirteen had wounds.

This, then, was Stalag Luft IV camp, Gross Tychow, in Pomerania. The barracks weren't ready to start with, so we had to sleep in the open; later we were given tents.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



Oberleutnant Bombach was commandant, Lager Officer was Major Gruber, Captain of the Guard was Hauptmann Pickhard (known as The Butcher of Berlin), Head of Security was Oberfeldwebel Fahrner, and the real sadist was Feldwebel Schmidt, about six feet seven inches tall, and known as, "The Big Stoop."

We were marched out of Stalag Luft IV camp, Gross Tychow, on 6<sup>th</sup> February 1945, walking to Stalag Luft XIB camp at Fallingbommel in northern central Germany.

RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE



Fallingbistel

Gross Tychow (Tychowo) Poland

It was very cold and there was deep snow all around. I was issued with a full Red Cross parcel and a third of a loaf of bread, the first that we had seen in months. We carried our pathetic bundles in towels with braces. Our two blankets were rolled up in a sling over our shoulders. Unbelievably, we were not to undress until the end of the war in May 1945!



By the 16<sup>th</sup> February we had marched two hundred kilometres, passing Swinemünde, then on sixty-five kilometres over two days, to Anklam. The column rested for between 24<sup>th</sup> February and 8<sup>th</sup> March on a large farm owned by an East Prussian. He announced that no food, firewood or coal was available for us 'Auslanders' (foreigners), and that anyone caught stealing would be shot. The guards were also denied food.

I and Eric Harrison, also from Birmingham, and who emigrated to New Zealand after the war, found a little tunnel into the barn, just big enough to scrape through and found coke bricks, potatoes and a pig sty with two pigs.

On our second visit, the next day, we heard the main door rattle.

Immediately we jumped into the pig sty and lay with then pig! All was quiet until a dark female head looked down, saying, "Ich bin Französich. Schnell! Out." We squeezed through a little tunnel, glad not to have been captured and shot.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



The Australians stole a sheep, slaughtered and cooked it. No trace of the remains was ever found. It was reported that the farmer ended up with a nervous breakdown.

On 28<sup>th</sup> February we were discovered by a Red Cross Transport and given parcels, and the march was resumed on 4<sup>th</sup> March. We walked another one hundred and fifty kilometres to Parchim, crossed the River Elbe on 22<sup>nd</sup> March. Eighty kilometres on by 24<sup>th</sup> March we arrived at Dannenberg. During the next two days we were taken fifty kilometres. Arriving at Ebstorf, we were loaded, seventy or eighty at a time, in to cattle trucks again. There was no room to sit, the air was foul and the doors were locked.

We finally reached Fallingbostal on 29<sup>th</sup> March 1945 and had to walk about two kilometres to Stalag Luft XIB camp. There were rumoured to be about forty thousand prisoners held there.

Monty crossed the Rhine on 24<sup>th</sup> March and on 7<sup>th</sup> April we were marched out at about 3 p.m. in columns of fifteen hundred P.O.W.'s.



Fortunately the weather was good. We headed north-eastwards and crossed the Elbe at Lauenburg. Rest Day was 18<sup>th</sup> April and the next day we covered another twenty kilometres, adding fifteen more kilometres on the 20<sup>th</sup>.

On the night of 21<sup>st</sup> April, at about one o'clock, one of the barns suddenly exploded, accompanied by rocket attacks, killing one airman and wounding sixteen. We heard the sound of Merlin engines so we assumed it was an R.A.F. Typhoon, mistaking our formation for Germans! Bert Cole was unhurt!



**Thank you, Lady Fritwell!**

The town of Dodow, the next day, was four kilometres on. Our guards were by now too petrified to move on further, and for several days the columns were stationed at Ratzeburger See, about thirty kilometres

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



south-east of Lübeck. When we woke up on 2<sup>nd</sup> May all our guards had gone!

We were liberated that day by the British Army's Royal Dragoons. At 2.45 p.m. We took off in a Lancaster and landed at R.A.F. Dunsfold in Sussex, where we had a lovely reception. We were deloused and all our clothes were burnt. What luxury to have a hot bath!

The next day we flew on to R.A.F. Cosford and were given indefinite leave passes until October, as well as railway warrants. Then I went home to Ross-on-Wye. What a reception I had there!

One sad moment at R.A.F. Cosford was when my friend Len Bradfield was wheeled out of the Mess in a wheelchair. Both feet and toes had been amputated in Germany because of frost bite.

In October 1945 I was posted to R.A.F. Valley on the Isle of Anglesey in north Wales, working in Flying Control. There I met my dear wife, LACW Joan Rowe. I was demobbed on 2<sup>nd</sup> February 1947 and married ten days later, on Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup>, at Coleshill Parish Church,

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



Warwickshire. It was the winter of Britain's Big Freeze and there was deep snow everywhere. The bride and bridesmaids were frozen!

Our honeymoon was spent at Llandudno. We were lucky enough to be offered a lovely cottage on my wife's uncle's farm, at 340 (later 354) Cooks Lane, Tile Cross, Birmingham (now demolished). The garden was big enough for us to be self-sufficient and the rent was ten shillings (fifty pence now) a week.

I started work at The Ministry of Pensions in Birmingham but the pay was too low and I went on to an engineering firm, Peacock Ltd, then based at The Parade, Birmingham, and progressed very well.

In 1957 I met a clever Irishman, Bill Butler and the two of us formed a very successful heating and ventilating company, Butler and Cole, still trading, and run by Bill Butler's son.

We have now, as of January 2009 been happily married almost sixty-two years, surrounded by our two precious sons and their families.



## **Thank you, Lady Fritwell!**

Sixty years after these events I had a letter from Herr Gerd Morgenthaler, the headmaster of a secondary school at Kaiserslautern in the Rhineland-Palatinate of western Germany. His father had commanded the Flak Battery which had fatally wounded our plane in the early hours of 10<sup>th</sup> August 1943, returning from a bombing mission to Mannheim, as I have described.

Gerd had always been curious about the remains of a British bomber on the wooded hillside near the village of Erfenbach, where he has spent all his life, and had decided to do some detective work. Eventually he discovered the crew names and traced me to England.

He was very keen to meet me, so my son Philip and I made an unforgettable trip to the Rhineland for five nights, from Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> September to Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> October 2004.

*RAF WARTIME MEMORIES OF MR. BERT COLE*



We received great kindness, friendship and hospitality from everyone, including a civic reception at the Town Hall. It was recognised that our pilot had made great efforts to avoid hitting the village of Erfenbach.

*We are still in touch.*