

EXPERIENCES OF WORLD WAR II AND LIFE AS A NAVIGATOR IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS

BY

HOWARD TOMLINSON

**As Told to Clarence Hickey
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I. Entering Army Service and the Air Corps

When I was in college, I took civilian pilot training. When Pearl Harbor came along, I went down to the Custom House in Philadelphia to report, but I didn't pass the physical. So, six months later I was drafted when I was teaching in Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania. That was in 1942. It was a long circuitous route to my eventual position in the Air Corps and the European Theater of Operations (ETO) because of my background as a commercial teacher.

I was sent to Washington, DC, to the Pentagon, where I worked in the File Department of the Operations Division of the War Department. They were just building the Pentagon. My superior officer there was a Lt. Colonel by the name of Dwight D. Eisenhower. And down the hall there was another guy who was in the planning who wore two pearl handled pistols all the time. His name was Patton, Georgie Patton. He was a Colonel or a Lt. Colonel, too, I think. One day we came back to the barracks to the south post of Ft. Meyer where I was billeted. Every bunk had a double decker put on it and they were bringing in limited service men to replace us. Eventually, Eisenhower was sent to England and one of our guys who had been a court reporter was made a warrant officer and he went over there with him as his secretary, or "aid" as they say in the military.

Eventually, I got to go to Air Corps Administration Officer Candidate School in Miami when they kicked me out of Washington. I became a cryptographic security officer and went to Iceland. In Iceland I lived in a Quonset hut with a couple of doctors. That was in Keflavik, where the air base was, and they were ferrying planes across from Maine to Labrador to Greenland to Iceland to Scotland and to Europe for action in the ETO. Anyway, the season was closing down for the winter time and I didn't want to stay up there in the winter, so I applied to go to Air Cadet School. You had to have a physical and one of these doctors agreed to pass me on the physical if I would agree to be a navigator and not a pilot. Also I had to take home his parka, a nice beautiful wintertime parka that they had in Iceland. And when I got home I mailed it to his wife and I went on to Nashville, Tennessee, and then to Monroe, Louisiana, to navigation school and became a navigator. I was a First Lieutenant then.

So I was down there in late '42 and '43. And when I graduated in '43, I was sent to First Air Corps, which I think was someplace up in Connecticut or Massachusetts. As soon as I got up there I was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, where I was assigned to a crew. The pilot was Major Garrett from West Virginia, and he'd been an instructor in B-24 bombers. So I felt I was pretty lucky to get assigned to him, he ought to know how to fly. And we trained and eventually went to England, to Hethel.

II. Entering the European Theater of Operations

Enroute to England, we went up to Roosevelt Field on Long Island and then we went from there to Brooklyn Navy Yard and got on a ship, which was the Queen Elizabeth, I guess. Anyhow, we were not part of a convoy, because this ship would go faster. We arrived over in the British Isles and transferred up to Hethel, north of London, in November of 1944. We were assigned to the 389th Bombardment Group, of the 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force. They had a procedure, that a pilot as part of his orientation would fly a combat mission with an experienced crew, before he took command of his own crew. So, Major Garrett took off with some crew and they went to the Ruhr Valley and that was the end of them. They got shot down. So, they assigned a new pilot who had been a copilot on another crew. He was a very nice guy. Davenport was his name, Ernie Davenport from Oklahoma. And so we trained together and then we started flying missions in a B-24. We trained there in England about a month before we were out on a mission.

III. The B-24 Bomber and Its Crew

The B-24 had a crew of Ten. There was a pilot, copilot, navigator, bombardier, and six gunners. And one of the gunners was a radio man, one was an engineer, and one an assistant engineer. Davenport was our pilot. And Bob "Pinky" Dymacek was with me from beginning to end. He was the assistant engineer and gunner. Jimmy Stewart, the actor, was in the headquarters of the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Air Force. He also flew as a Command Pilot.

The Navigator. When the airplane was flying, the navigator was down in the nose along with the bombardier, and the work area was placed so your back was toward the front of the airplane, so I was flying backwards. From where I was standing, I could look right up through and see the flight deck with the pilot and copilot. And I could look out over the bombardier and see the ground and navigate by what I could see, using landmarks. But, I couldn't look straight down. It was hard to get a perspective on just exactly where you were. You can only see so far when you're in the nose of the airplane. And you could call up these gunners on the intercom and ask them, "what do you see down there? Is it directly underneath or is it off to the side?" A navigator had to be inventive to figure out where you are.

In the Airplane. It was cold and noisy flying in that plane. That's why we wore an electric flight suit. And of course the navigator was right next to all these big engines, so it was noisy as all get out! I don't recall there were any seats in the nose. And my desk

was toward the pilot and my back was toward the front. And along the edges were ammunition containers that fed the guns in the nose that the nose gunner and the bombardier were supposed to use.

To get into the airplane, I went up through the bomb bay, and then up into the flight deck and down into the nose. To get to the rear of the plane, there was a way to get through the bomb bay. You didn't have to crawl, you had to stand up and hang on so you didn't fall off. But the plane essentially was the nose and the flight deck and then the bomb bay and then the rear which had the tail gunner and a ball turret gunner in the middle and an upper turret gunner. And on the flight deck section you had the radio operator who also operated guns. I think he had a turret up on top, and the assistant engineer was the other waist gunner. But these things are memories, I don't know for sure. Except that everybody had a job to do... and you did it! From my point of view, I had to work all the time, 'cause I had to get 'em home again afterwards. The pilots could relax after they were off the target.

The 389th BG. The markings on my plane, the markings of the 389th Bomb Group, were a wide vertical stripe with a large letter "C" on the twin rudders of the tail. The B-24 had twin rudders, the B-17 had a single rudder. If a fighter plane damaged your rudder or your controls, you were in trouble. The B-24 was a big airplane with a big wing spread. It was about 32 tons and it took some power to get it off the ground! And it made a big pile when it smashed. Most of the planes were silver in color and they painted things on 'em. They didn't try to camouflage them. The theory of the 8th Air Force was that you put up maximum effort. Each squadron had 10 planes, each group had 30, sometimes you could get 40. On an all out mission they'd have 1,200 planes flying in a column.

Fighter Cover. Part of the time, fortunately before I got there, the large combat formations were just daring the German fighters to come up and get 'em! And they would shoot the fighters down! Each ship had ten 50 caliber machine guns and you could concentrate the fire. They had swivel guns and the idea was if a guy came barreling in from one sector, they'd call on the intercom, "Four o'clock!" and all these guns'd start firing at four o'clock. The fighter had to be luckier than a son-of-a-gun not to get hit! On the other hand, if the fighter came at you in a certain way, there was not as much firing that could be concentrated. Like coming at you straight on, head on. I had a friend who lived in Newtown, PA, who flew in a plane, and a fighter came in from the front and crashed right into him! And, he was just lucky the explosion blew him out of his pilot's seat and he was half way down before he woke up and pulled the rip cord. And then he had quite the tale of walking through Germany to get the hell out of there!

We had fighter cover as far as it would go. And if you were going on a short mission, you had it most of the time. But then when you got to the target, the fighters would pull off, because they couldn't go into the flak. And if you had a deep penetration, they would go half way and then they would disappear and then you were on your own. And, in theory, when you came back out and you got to that point, they would pick you up again. But, I didn't see many fighters, 'cause it was late in the scheme of things. One day we were going for a marshalling yard, and we were to break up and this squadron went to

that marshalling yard and that squadron went there and this went here. Germany's a bunch of hills, you know, and looking down there we could see our fighters chasing their fighters down the valleys. We said "Go get 'em, boys! Keep 'em busy! Keep 'em off of us!" That's the closest I ever came to any fighters. We were pretty much depending on our own armament to protect us if we got attacked. Everybody was looking out for his own rear end.

Training Missions. When not flying in combat, they had a regular training section that would put up missions every day and you would fly, hopefully, with some purpose and a lot of the time it seemed not. I remember we flew one training mission where you were supposed to drop bombs on a certain place. And then the next day they said, "Well, OK, that's part B, now you're going to part A." And part A was to fly the line to get there. You got to get there and you got to know where to let go and so on. And the training people might get involved, like go down here and there and come back and hit that target. But, I thought that was dumb to be flying that blind after the first part! One day we were scheduled to go up and it was snowing like a son-of-a-gun! And the pilot came out from operations and said, "OK, let's go!" And I said, "Hey, wait a minute. Did you get a flight clearance?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "Was it signed by the weatherman?" He said, "No, the weatherman won't sign it, it's snowing." I said, "Goodbye, I'm not going up!" So, he had to call up operations and tell 'em he couldn't fly 'cause he didn't have a navigator. So, the next thing I know, I'm limited to the base. I had been a bad boy, so I wasn't allowed to go off the base. That didn't mean a damn thing to me. The only thing in town was a USO or something where you could get a hamburger or something like that.

A Look Back. Some years after the war, I went down to Millville or Vineland, NJ, or somewhere. They were having two or three B-24 airplanes in there for a show. I thought, "I'll go down there and look at that." So I went down there and looked at that and thought, "Oh, my gosh!" I was really surprised at how thin and flimsy the skin on it felt. It was a big huge airplane, but a really thin skin on it. I was crazy to get on that airplane!

IV. Life on the Airbase at Hethel

On the airbase it was cold and it was wet. They had a little place operated with coke to make hot water so you could get a shower. But it never lasted long enough. The water turned cold and fortunately you were wearing woolen uniforms, long johns. The base was a typical operation, a lot of people doing their jobs. There were some differences between ground troops and air troops. Typically the reason was we got better food than they did. And the guys went to town and into the pubs and the Air Corps had more money than the ground troops and they spent it.

When going into town, they'd go into Hethel or Norwich or down to London, or where ever they had a contact. But, there were a lot of home sick guys. As you would expect of Americans, some of 'em, the guys from the Midwest, would go out to the farms near the airbase and help the farmers, 'cause it felt good to 'em. It was a big revolving bunch of life.

V. Flying Combat Misions

The First Combat Mission. That first combat mission I flew was on was December 2, 1944, to a little marshalling yard at Bingen, Germany. On that first mission, we were inexperienced and I had trouble with my oxygen mask. In your oxygen mask, your breath condenses, so there's water that's supposed to come down and out, and if you don't squeeze it once in a while, that water would freeze, and then you wouldn't get any oxygen. This happened to me. I was nervous, excited, busy, whatever. And I didn't break up the ice in my mask, so I got what they call anoxia. I started hitting the bombardier, or something or the other, so he figured out what was wrong and did the mask, so I was all right. Anyway, he dropped his bomb release or something, and the bombs go out...in the middle of nowhere, I think. On the way home to the airbase, the German propaganda came. They knew the markings on the planes so they could identify them, and the number on our plane and everything. They said "You guys bombed an orphanage"... or something. That made us feel real good. But, it was probably propaganda, like Tokyo Rose. On that first mission out we got a hundred and six flak holes in the plane. A hundred and six flak holes, counted by the ground crew chief, who had to fix them! I was starting to have second thoughts about this Air Corps business!

Emergency Landing on Christmas Eve. We went out again on December 6 to places you never heard of, like Minden, Germany, which was a marshalling yard. Marshalling yards were where they brought their supplies in railroad cars and ammunition and the idea was to blow them up. And, if any fighters attacked you, you were supposed to shoot them down, too, which is easier said than done. Anyhow, I went on December 19 to Bitburg, Germany, and on December 24, that's the day before Christmas, to Cochen, Germany. The Battle of the Bulge was going on by then. And out in the middle of nowhere some guy put a shell through our wing. Fortunately it didn't explode. This was on the way out. And all the gas in that wing went out through that hole. So we were not able to think about coming back home. So as soon as we dropped the bombs we took off for an emergency field which turned out to be what is now Orly Airport, the big Paris airport. And we landed there and spent the night in a school house. It was cold. We slept on the floor and had bread and jelly to eat. The next day we were flown back to England in a cargo ship and landed at the southwest corner of England at Land's End, because it was foggy, as it was most of the time during the Battle of the Bulge.

That day we flew back to Land's End was the 25th, that was Christmas. We landed at this field in England and stayed at a very fancy place, we stayed in a castle, where they were having a party for Christmas. And they were not too happy to see us because supplies were limited. Supplies, meaning drinks. So we had one drink and one dance and then knocked it off. The next day we went back to our base on the train. I remember walking through the train station in London where you transferred to get to go up to the northeast of England. And of course, we had our flight suits on and I had my electric shoes 'cause I didn't take my regular shoes on that flight. The flight boots were felt electric shoes. And people looked at us and said, "where'd these guys come from?" Anyway we went back up to Hethel. And, I don't know, for some reason we didn't fly for a while, I guess 'cause we had to get a new airplane.

More Missions. In February we started flying again and went to places like Bielefeld and Magdeburg and Nurnburg. They were places in the western part of Germany. Still mostly air fields or marshalling yards. And February 26, 1945, we went on a bombing mission to Berlin which was known as "Big B". And it was a hot spot! It was a large mission with a lot of planes. It was a steady stream, so I imagine it was an all out mission with the whole division. Maybe the B-17s were in on it too, I don't know. Sometimes on the return flights to the airbase after the bombing mission was complete, the flak would be heavy, especially near the coastline. You had to know where you were going, because the Germans moved the flak around. We were briefed ahead of time, before we left home, where it was at that time. On one return trip, we were coming from Nurnburg or some place, and our flight path was across the North Sea. My group of about 30 planes was well out over the water and the division leader called up the pilot and wanted to know what we were doing out there. You were supposed to hang together, and the rest of the division was right on the coastline. We were out over the water. I was the lead navigator of the group on that mission. Anyway, this guy called up and wanted to know what we were doing out there, so the pilot called me and said, "What are we doing out here?" I said, "We're staying alive out here! See that peninsula up ahead there a hundred miles or so, well they have flak on that place! And when we get up there those guys 'll be out here with us!" So, he told 'em, and with that, they came out. And, nobody ever said thanks or anything like that, but you didn't expect that. Everybody was looking out for their own... rear end.

So, we kept flying missions. At some point, probably in March of '45, Ernie became an Assistant Operations Officer. That was a promotion. So he worked out of the headquarters and we had to get a new pilot. And at that point they made Jimmy O'Brien, our copilot, the pilot and they assigned a guy from up Boston way, named Archie McNeal. He became our copilot. I don't know where he came from, whether he was transferred from some other crew or what. O'Brien must have been a First Lieutenant, and Ernie, when he moved up to Operations Officer became a captain. And the pilot's the captain of the ship, and the pilot was the person in the Air Corps. I was still a First Lieutenant. Anyway, we flew a few more missions, like up to Kiel to the U-boat pens. Kiel is a seaport. And then a mission to an airfield at Achmer.

The Varsity Mission. Oh, then they come up with a time for the ground troops to cross the Rhine. And in March we flew a practice mission. We were going to deliver supplies to the paratroopers from 250 feet. The paratroopers were to go in and we'd bring them supplies. But, this practice mission was over England. We scared every cow and horse and what not in England that day, flying at 250 feet! In formation yet! You know how much one of these airplanes makes noise, well you bring about 30 of 'em across there, all in formation and those cows didn't have a chance. Anyway, the next day we flew the "Varsity" mission that went in through Holland, I guess. And we had some guy from headquarters on as copilot. And we got over there and then I got 'em close enough to where they could see where they wanted to go visually. And then they deployed by squadrons, instead of the whole group. But one squadron would go in, and we were aiming for a clearing in the woods for crying out loud! And there's a guy down there, a British Sergeant Major or somebody saying, "C'mon, dump 'em in here!" So, we dumped

'em in there! One of our squadrons missed the place and had to go around again, and of course, we were down low enough where they could shoot us from the ground with a rifle, for crying out loud! One guy had a rifle shot go through his instrument panel. Anyway, we got out of there and I headed 'em back home. We were roaring along due west, and we came to this town with these funny looking cigar shaped things around it. And I'd never seen 'em before, I didn't know what they were. But, they were barrage balloons. And we're barreling in there and this guy in the copilot seat starts yelling "You can't fly over there! There's such and such an order, it says you're not allowed to!" By the time we settled that, we were past the place. I think it was over Belgium or Holland.

After every mission we had a debriefing, and that time they had a debriefing after the practice run for the Varsity mission, before we actually flew the real mission. And they wanted to know what you thought of flying at 250 feet. And some guy said, "Awe, it's easy. You can see where you are all the time." And I said, "No, it's not easy, because you're so low you have to make more abrupt corrections to get to where you want to go. And it's not easy to correct a flight of 30 airplanes, you gotta sneak around on a corner like. So, I figure that's why I got chosen to go on that mission. I told the truth. I was more practical. And there were a lot of guys on that mission. It wasn't easy. They got lost or they got mixed up. And you had to hit the target or else the enemy got the supplies, which was not good. Anyway, that was March 24th.

Last Mission. We flew our last mission on April 14th, 1945, when the ground troops were moving in on Berlin. That last mission was to Bordeaux, which was a seaport in France. The ground troops had bypassed it. In other words, they had it sealed off, but there were Germans in there yet, and somebody decided we're going to give those guys a kick in the pants. So they figured out a mission. You know, they had guys down there at headquarters all the time figuring out missions...they didn't have to go on. The idea was that the B-17s would fly over that place and drop a type of bomb designed to drive people out of the shelters they were in. The B-24s then were to come across and drop antipersonnel bombs, after the bombing by the B-17s got 'em up on the ground. Only one trouble. We were the first squadron of B-24s on the target and we had a preset time to be bombing. The last squadron of the B-17s was late. So, they were up above us and were crossing the target, dropping their bombs. We were coming across underneath and they dropped 'em right on us! In my squadron they knocked four planes out of the air. Four of the ten plane squadron! That's a 40 percent loss! Man, you don't do that every day! That mission was supposed to be a milk run! And, of course, we never heard what happened. I'm sure there were investigations and there were guys figuring out the navigator's stuff. How come he was late? Why in the hell didn't he look down there and see those airplanes before he let go! But, again, it's not that simple. Your target's out in front of you and you let go of the bombs and they fall at a forward angle. So, it may have looked good, but by the time the bombs got down there, we were underneath. So, it could have looked or been clear when they dropped the bombs. I'm sure that's what they said. That's what I would've said. The poor son-of-a-gun that got killed by an American bomb over Bordeaux! And there was no need to take the place. The Germans were noted for resisting to the last you know. And the ground troops didn't want to go in there 'cause they'd get killed, so they figured, "let the Air Corps do it." So we got killed.

I flew on 18 combat missions all together, between December of '44 and April of '45. You had to fly 25 and then you got reassigned. Of course, everybody was always thinking about it, that last 25th mission, because to fly 24 missions and get shot down didn't cut it.

VI. VE Day and After

On VE Day (May 8, 1945) I was at Hethel. And you know, rumors were flying. So they announced VE Day, and they closed the base! You weren't allowed to go to town or any place. Which I always thought was a kind of a kick in the pants. It happened to me again when VJ Day (August 14, 1945) came along. By that time I was back in the United States and down at Charleston, South Carolina, again. VJ Day was announced and they closed the base, and they wouldn't let you even go to Charleston, for crying out loud! "These...crumby...troops weren't allowed in town!"

A Cook's Tour of Europe. The feeling on VE Day, oh, everybody was relieved. Tensions relaxed and disappeared. But the problem was they had all these men, and all these airplanes, and all this ammunition, and all this gasoline, and what were they going to do with it?! So, somebody at headquarters figured, "Well, one thing we'll do with it...we'll put all these crews and all these planes up and we'll put up so many ground crew personnel who never were over Europe, and take 'em for a joy ride over there." So, we did. We gave them a Cook's tour...of badly bombed cities. And Paris. The only trouble was these dumb flyboys relaxed too much. One of 'em, flying down the Rhine River, wanted to get down low to show the guys something or the other and there was a cable across there, and he ran right into the cable. The whole plane sank. After the war was over.

Preparing for the Pacific. After VE Day they were deciding what they were going to do. The ground troops are getting packed up, supposed to go on boats and were supposed to go on ships through the Suez Canal to the war in the Pacific. And then they decided that all the air crews would fly their planes home, to the States. I guess that's the only place they had supplies, you know you couldn't just take off over Asia with no place to gas up and so on. So we were going back to the States enroute to the Pacific.

In fact, we were so efficient that those last days they took all the guns and the ammunition off the planes and then we went up at night to fly celestial missions, getting ready for the Pacific. The guys got up there and they weren't used to it, you know, and they couldn't find the airfield after it became time to come down. They were used to having ground landmarks and landing in daylight. Of course, they still had radio beacons and what not, but I'm telling you there were some lost navigators up there! I was never very good shooting the stars, 'cause I had eye problems. But, I knew where I was, boy, I could do pilotage real good! "Let's follow the railroads and the railroad stations. If this airfield's there, my airfield has to be over here." You know, a lot of it was common sense. But, with a big bunch of people like that, not everybody had common sense. And it was easy to get rattled, too, once you were under fire up there.

May 20th. On May the 20th, 1945, we started home. We didn't make it. We were heading from Hethel to someplace in Wales. We had to go through a weather front and the plane iced up and went into a spin. They got it out. It spun one way and to get it out you've got to overcompensate. They got it out and they got it turned around heading back again east, and then it started to fall off and spin the other way and that's when Pinky and I got out...through the bombay. I guess we were flying about 12,000 feet when it iced up, and I figured afterwards that I got out of that airplane at about 1,200 feet, by how far I went with the parachute and so on. Pinky opened the bombay doors. He told me afterwards that's what the assistant engineer was supposed to do in an emergency. But those guys didn't deserve to die either.

Both the pilot and copilot were very busy at that time. When the plane was spinning, you couldn't get out of the tail or the nose. It's centrifugal force. And, when they first got it out of the spin, that's when I got out of the nose and went up to the flight deck to see what the hell was going on. And the two pilots and the engineer were working hard on that thing. Who knows what they thought of. The big question is: in the first place did they think to turn on the deicing system? They probably didn't. Anyway, I wasn't on the intercom, so if they gave an abandon ship order, I didn't hear it and nobody else got out. That was over Peterborough England. Jimmy Stewart was on the investigating committee that investigated our plane coming down.

That was the one and only time I used my silk. And the only training I ever had in that was "Pull the handle." On the way down, I landed on a farmhouse. I just skimmed the top and took the heels off my shoes. You understand there was a storm, and it was blowing like mad. I was going horizontal, and I slid down this guy's roof to his lilac bush by the back door! And the door opened. Meantime the plane had crashed, you know, with the tin noise. This white faced guy opened the door and wanted to know if he could help me and I said, "No. See over there in your cabbage patch is a guy being dragged in his parachute. He needs help." So the farmer went over there to help Dymacek, and he got the surprise of his life. He went over to help him and Pinky pulled a .45. He wasn't about to have any help from this guy! But he had hit his head and didn't know what he was doing. I think he had a concussion. Anyway, the Civil Defense rounded us up and took us back somewhere and eventually got us back to the base.

When we got back to the base it was suppertime and I was hungry. I wanted to go to the mess hall and get something to eat and they wouldn't let me in 'cause I didn't have the military blouse on. We were still in our flight suits and proper attire was required for meals. So, some guy finally came out and said, "There's a blouse over in such and such a building. The guy took off and left it, so you can use that." So I got that and I went in and got a meal. When I came back out of the mess hall, here's this guy standing there looking for me. He wanted his blouse. I'll tell you, boy, there's nothing like the military! It was a long time ago.

VII. Coming Home

But, I didn't care. I was sweating out Sarah and Mary. Mary, my first child, was born on January 21, 1945, while I was flying combat missions. And I didn't see her until I got home after the war in Europe. I bought things for Sarah and for the baby and sent them home. I remember buying some little silver tea spoons or something.

I finally got home in June of '45. We came back on a liberty ship and came into Brooklyn, I guess, and then took the Pennsylvania Railroad out to New Brunswick, New Jersey. "Aw, geez," I thought, "that was the worse ride I ever had!" The railroad ride was the worst. Well, you get claustrophobia, you know. And this guy was gunning that thing! Pennsylvania Railroad cars going 80, 90 miles an hour, and wobbling around! I thought, "Oh, Lord, let me off of this thing. That nice old airplane just eases through the air." It's all relative, I guess, the sensation that you get. But, they tried to treat us right at New Brunswick. They gave us a big meal. I remember, they had a mess tray and you went through this line and these guys kept throwing stuff on there, and when you got down to the end, they threw a brick of ice cream on top of all that stuff! It started to melt before I could eat...oh, Lord!

But I didn't want to hang around there, I wanted to get out of there and get up to Pottsville, where Sarah and the baby were. And finally, they came up with some orders, and let us go. I finally got to Pottsville in June of '45. It was a warm night up there in the Pottsville railroad station. When I arrived home, Sarah took me upstairs to see the baby. And when I looked at her for the first time, she smiled. Sarah was so worried about me seeing the baby, because Mary cried every night after being put to bed, and Sarah didn't want me to come home to see my baby crying. But that night when I arrived home, the baby smiled.