

**LUDWIG LUND**  
**ILLUSTRATOR & WATERCOLORIST**

Ludwig Lund was born September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1908 in Odense, Denmark, the youngest of eight children. From childhood Ludwig was fascinated by the beauty of the world around him. He was inspired by the illustrations in weekly and monthly periodicals which he delivered in his hometown, and he found plenty of optical stimuli in the shop windows of the local booksellers and art dealers' shops. These activities aspired him at an early age to become an artist. From the age of eight he made annual summer excursions to visit his grandmother in Hjerting in northern Jutland on the shore of the North Sea. Besides owning a small resort hotel on the beach, she was an artist who taught Ludwig the rudiments of color and encouraged him in his artistic endeavors. He also enjoyed perusing her art library, which began his art education and stimulated his child's mind to wander down paths of imaginary artistic flights of fancy. There was always a sketch pad under his arm, and he spent countless hours as a child and young boy perfecting his technique under the tutelage of Professor Larsen in Odense. He won several prizes for art while in school in that city; the cumulative effect of the above experiences embarking him on his life-long career as a free-lance illustrator and knowledgeable art historian. To quote, "I developed the cultivated eye at an early age, and became something of a connoisseur of conventional beauty. As far back as I can remember I have been fascinated by pictures whether in books, magazines, or paintings on display in the windows of the art dealers in my hometown. The love of pictorial and sculptural arts has never left me, continuing to be a source of delight.....a legacy from the nineteenth century perhaps." (Journal, 1986).

In 1920 at the age of twelve, he and his Danish family immigrated to the United States. His father, Louis Lund, was a horticulturist and landscape designer who designed a park in Jutland, Denmark, and worked in a supervisory capacity on large estates in the U.S. such as the R.H. Macy estate in Redbank, New Jersey. In the early 1930's Ludwig took some courses at the Art Student's League in New York City, and later also studied with Francis Chriss of the Cartoonist and Illustrator's School. He was admitted to Cooper Union, but due to the lingering effects of the Great Depression, he had to leave school and go to work, which, however, never slowed down his artistic endeavors. Due to this fact by far and large he was mostly self taught, studying the great masters in the major museums in New York City, and sketching life in scenes around him wherever he happened to find himself. He also graduated with a diploma in 1942 from the New York Institute of Photography and had a press pass while overseas in WW II. In 1941 he married Phyllis Randle, a graduate of the Massachusetts College of Art in Boston and an art teacher, whose family had also emigrated from England to the United States.

During World War II while overseas in England, Ludwig was named the Official Army Illustrator of the Second Air Division of his outfit in the U.S. Air Force. He was made a Technical Sergeant in the Intelligence Division, and illustrated the maps for the outfit. Under the direction and commission of Colonel Sine and other officers he was asked to paint a series of watercolors of wing activities. Official papers were signed, and the Lt. Colonel presented him

money to purchase supplies, and a letter of authorization was written allowing him to enter any station in the command and photograph and paint all the activities on the airfield of the Bomb Division. He was allowed special access to the field to paint, sketch, and photograph bombers being repaired, taking off, and landing. He was allowed to view them at all angles, and to climb inside, painting and sketching Liberators, B-24's, and A-20's or Boston's. His sketches and watercolors were exhibited at Headquarters. He also painted portraits of the General and official staff, as well as some large watercolors for the Officer's lounge, and a Wild West frieze for the new bar. Under the direction of the Special Services Department of the U.S. Air Force sponsored by the Norwich branch of the American Red Cross, he exhibited some of his paintings at the Castle Museum, Norfolk, where he received the first prize.

While on leave he took advantage of the beautiful English countryside to paint some charming scenes in Norwich, Norfolk, Canterbury, Oxford, Cambridge, Wymondham, Horning, London, and some scenes of boats on the Norfolk Broads. He painted a number of watercolors of Dartford, Kent, where some of his wife's family resided, and made many pencil and watercolor sketches of the family and friends. He became friendly with Alec Cotman, a descendent of John Sell Cotman, and visited him frequently at his house where he was given a watercolor of Lindisfarne Abbey painted in 1891 by F.G. Cotman. Ludwig also painted some sketches of Paris, France while on leave there.

After the war, Ludwig freelanced from his studio on 47<sup>th</sup> Street in New York City for awhile, but later decided to do the remainder of his work from his art studio at home in White Plains. He was very prolific, producing numerous landscapes, flower pieces, portraits, and seascapes from his various travels. He also did commercial illustrations of various types for a number of New York City studios which included book illustrations, fine china plate designs, advertisements of various types, and greeting cards. He worked for General Drafting, where he designed pictorial full color illustrations for the covers of road maps for ESSO and TEXACO and some work for airlines. Some of his accounts included Roberts & Reimers, Transogram Toy Co., Brooklyn Art Publishing Co., Polygraphic, Allied Art Co. and the Bridgman Printing Firm owned by the son of George Bridgman the anatomy teacher at the Art Student's League; the American Greeting Corp., Wallace Brown Co., Doehla Greeting Card Co., and Cheerful Card Co. He also exhibiting his own paintings locally at the Hudson Valley Art Association and elsewhere.

His war scene series of 23 paintings, commissioned by Colonel Sine and other officers during the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War, are on permanent exhibit in the Meeting Room of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Memorial Library in the Forum Building in the center of Norwich, Norfolk, England. Those currently on display are facsimiles of the originals. James P. Hodges III, grandson of General James P. Hodges, donated the paintings to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Association, which in turn presented them to the Memorial Trust upon the occasion of the opening and dedication of the new Memorial Library on November 7, 2001. The original paintings were presented to General James P. Hodges by his staff in a bound volume in December 1943. The paintings depict events during the war and scenes at the base at Ketteringham Hall, where the soldiers were stationed

during the war, and several local Norwich scenes. The Library is a unique “living memorial” to over 7,000 young Americans in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division who lost their lives during WWII.

Never ceasing to paint during his lifetime, next to his family his work being his perpetual love, Ludwig left an estate of paintings and drawings which number well into the many hundreds. Besides his commission from the officers in the Army, he also painted many other scenes from the English countryside while he was overseas during WW II which he shipped back to his wife in the United States. To quote, “While I was stationed in England during WW II, I found the inspiration I was sympathetic to. Everywhere I turned I found pictures to be painted. It was the European in me. It was as if I had found something I had lost long ago. The park like countryside, the picturesque cathedrals, medieval gates, doorways, manor houses, cottages and half timbered houses, beeches and oaks and lots of clouds - the stuff out of which I could make pictures.” ( Journal, April 16, 1975) . As well as these paintings, he painted many scenes from Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, Westchester County, and New York State. Together with his wife Phyllis, they made many excursions photographing and painting scenes of interest.

A bibliophile and history buff, Ludwig worked for several years on a Byzantine historical novel, and enjoyed himself in his recreational hours by playing the violin and listening to classical music. He died at the age of 94 ½ on March 25, 2003 in White Plains, New York. He is survived by his daughter who was a professional violinist and who now works for a law firm, his granddaughter who is a piano teacher, and 2 great granddaughters.

EVOLUTION OF A PICTORIAL COMMISSION  
IN QUOTES

Taken from his journal 1943-44 by Technical Sergeant Ludwig Lund  
Official Army Illustrator of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Division, WW II

“No sooner did the boys begin to see the pictures I was producing than they began to beg me to sell them and the result is that I have orders for replicas which I don’t know whether I am going to fulfill or not. Frankly speaking I don’t have the facilities for doing much painting and the days getting shorter and shorter is no incentive either.”

“About a month ago or six weeks one of the boys in finance saw my pictures and was much impressed by them. His name is Leonard Levite and he is a Tech. Sergeant. He suggested I let him take them down to his office and let Capt. Harle look at them, and at the same time suggesting that the Captain would show them to the right people, who in turn would be able to pull a few strings which might lead to me becoming a sort of official artist to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Wing. The result of this was in interview with Colonel Sine who approached me with the idea of doing a series of water colors of Wing activities. I am now waiting for this suggestion to materialize - and if it does, I shall attack the problem with enthusiasm and if luck is with me and God be willing I shall succeed in producing a series of pictures.” Journal September 6, 1943

“It looks as if the above suggestion may materialize, a new draftsman reported yesterday. I will probably hang on for a while to see what develops.” Journal September 14, 1943

“Tomorrow I start my new job. Hurrah! Official artist to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Division. I got to make good. It took about a month for this thing to materialize, but on Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> I was temporarily released from A-2 and told to report to Colonel Sine. After talking things over it was decided that I should go to London (at my suggestion as it is the only place where it is possible to obtain art supplies in sufficient variety) and purchase the equipment needed. A special order was issued for me and I caught the 2:10 train out of town, arriving in London at about 5:00 o’clock.” (Here he describes his stay at my mother’s relatives overnight in Dartford, then on to London again in the morning to purchase art supplies). “.....arrived in London at eleven where I began to scurry about to buy colors, brushes and paper. Brushes were non-existent. Paper fairly plentiful; mostly in sheets. I did manage however to secure a block of Arnolds Watercolor paper (rough surface) (12 sheets) and a good sketchbook at Lechertier Barbe Ltd., 95 Jermyn Street, S.W.I. Five large sheets of Whatman’s paper and a good selection of colors I obtained at Reeves. My purchases amounted to about five pounds. Rowneys and Windsor & Newton were also consulted. That took practically all day and I was quite tired upon my return to the folks.....Left early the next morning, got a train out of London at 1:00.” “.....Have a few things to straighten out, but tomorrow I am off on a new adventure. I am humbly praying for success.” Journal, September 25, 1943

“Have started on my new job. Had a talk with the Colonel this morning and received a

letter of authorization , the presentation of which will allow me to enter any station in our command and paint or photograph anything I please - which certainly covers a lot of territory. Unfortunately the day - most of the morning and a good deal of the afternoon - was unsuitable meteorologically speaking. However, I packed my equipment together and left soon after lunch. Three quarters of an hour later we were at one of our stations. I immediately presented myself and my letter to the station adjutant. His face lit up as he read and looking up he said, 'You are the fellow whose sketches and watercolors I have seen at Headquarters.' And he then informed me that Sergeant Levite of Finance had shown him my pictures. He then bid me wait awhile as he wanted to check with S-2 concerning the letter. He returned shortly and asked me to follow him to the S-2 section where he introduced me to Captain Crutcher, Lt. Weaver and a couple of other officers all of whom I shook hands with. Capt. Crutcher showed great interest and suggested I call on him for anything which would be of help to me in my work. Lt. Weaver had one of the Sergeants in S-2 show me the field. Our tour of inspection included everything of interest - as a matter of fact, everything is mighty interesting at a bomber station. We watched repairs on Liberators and I inspected them from all viewpoints, noting what would make an interesting composition. A young master sergeant took me into one of them and I had a good idea of what the interior of one of these mighty ships of the air looked like." Journal, September 26, 1943

"The picture I am working on represents a group of airplane mechanics repairing the nose of a Liberator. I have based the composition on what I have observed and photographs taken on the spot." Journal, October 4, 1943

"Have started on another watercolor representing a Liberator and crew waiting for fog to lift. Journal, October 4, 1943

"My day has been spent in painting as usual and a new picture in watercolor is nearing completion. It is a picture of a Liberator taken from the rear and crew waiting for the clouds and rain to clear so they can take off. I have tried to keep the whole thing misty and rainy looking. Journal, October 6, 1943

"Painted all afternoon on a composition of three mechanics looking over the intricacies of an airplane engine. Will take quite a bit of time to finish, but it is promising. This makes the fifth composition." Journal, October 9, 1943

"Have been working all morning on my latest composition. Expect to put the finishing touches on it this afternoon. For the past two weeks I have been working on them in my room where I have no interruption. Am running out of material soon, so some of these fine days I'll jump in the first best recon. and be off to one of our stations with sketchbook and camera. There are a thousand and one subjects yet to do; a wealth of material awaiting me. My plans include practically every phase of work going on at an airfield."

"Well, the composition is finished and has been mounted. Looks pretty good. Wonder if they will ever come out in book form. To be sure I am not at all satisfied with them, and realize

only too well their defects. But I hope as I go along to remedy the situation and learn from my mistakes.”

“So far five watercolors have been completed; not bad out of fifteen days work. The project was started September 26<sup>th</sup>, and it is now October 11<sup>th</sup>. Journal, October 11, 1943

“Have now completed six watercolors. That is pretty good considering the fact that it is just 21 days since I started the project. Am seeing the Colonel tomorrow. Hope he is pleased.” Journal, October 17, 1943

“I put the finishing touches on a painting of the Officer’s Mess. A very interesting bit of modern British architecture.”

“Started sketching another subject this afternoon and at the same time took a picture of it. It is the Parade Grounds on the field, which on three sides is flanked by our barracks and on the fourth by the Mess Hall, which in turn houses the Red Cross. It is a very large building in which also all our stage shows, movies and dances are held. In all I believe I can turn out eight pictures a month.” Journal, October 21, 1943

“Since the inception of this assignment I have produced ten pictures, not counting the sketches made for them.” Journal, October 29, 1943

“Only have four weeks more in which to finish up my project. There are ten more watercolors and twenty-four initial letters to do - also a trip of about three days to London. So I am certainly going to be busy. Wonder if I can finish all that in a month’s time. Must go down to one of our stations tomorrow and see if I can take some good photos of use to me. Must have a picture of a battle scarred plane and wounded taken out of plane on return from mission. Am going to run into difficulty as it is quite late in afternoon sometimes that planes return from a mission and light is none too good in the wintertime.” Journal, November 10, 1943

“Finished my artistic project the day before Christmas. Had a final look at it before it was shipped off to General James P. Hodges. I don’t think it looked at all bad considering the fact that it was more or less a rush-up job.”

“The next day Colonel Sine informed me that the General was exceptionally pleased with the project and wanted to see me. A few days later the General’s aide, Capt. Hess called and told the Colonel that the General wanted to see me. When I presented myself the General shook hands with me and congratulated me on the work I had done.” Journal, February 16, 1944

(These are the notes I have gathered from my father’s journal, written by me, Marjorie Lund-Fontaine, his daughter, concerning the commission of paintings which now hang on permanent exhibit in the Meeting Room of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Memorial Library).

## JOURNEY ON THE QUEEN ELIZABETH & ARRIVAL AT BASE

An Enlisted Artist's Perspective

From the Journal August 31, 1942 - January 30, 1943

By Ludwig Lund, Official Artist of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Division

August 31, 1942

Aboard the Queen Elizabeth, heading for Scotland; that is according to an Englishman to whom I spoke.

Left Camp Dix early Sunday morning, arriving in Jersey City about 3:30 p.m. We were then put aboard a ferry which took us to the 59<sup>th</sup> Street pier, where both the Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary were docked. It was an impressive sight to see those two gigantic steamers covered with battle gray paint lying in the harbor. Imagine the multitudinous expressions in the faces of the troops as they approached the dock. Many of the boys; in fact the majority were from different parts of the country and had never seen a city of such magnitude as New York. It is easy enough to imagine how impressed they were, for among them were many a country boy from the wilds of Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, Texas, in fact every state in the union.

About 4:00 p.m. we were off the ferry marching up a long stairway to the second floor in the Cunard Line building by the pier. There we waited awhile and then marched in alphabetical order, answering a roll call, into the huge interior of the somber colored Queen Elizabeth. The interior was alive with activity; guards, officers and troops. Loaded down with our heavy "A" bags plus our other equipment, we were sent up one stairway after another, until we finally arrived on the main deck, section "C" and were ushered into a large room covered with bunks reaching to the ceiling. I was assigned to one three stories up, in which there was barely room enough to turn around. All our equipment went with us including the heavy "A" bag. A few hooks sufficed on which to hang my rifle, gas mask, musette bag, and helmet. An odor of stale air enveloped our sleeping quarters, which gradually was heavily perfumed by the none too sweet odor emanating from the four hundred and thirty-six men squeezed into the closely packed quarter. The very pleasant odor of sweaty feet and impregnated clothes added to the general pleasure of my sleep.

The feeding schedule was somewhat out of gear, much to the discontent of our men. Before leaving Camp Dix we had been fed a turkey dinner for breakfast; the first time I have ever had turkey so early in the morning. On the train a few sandwiches were handed out, which later turned out to be our last meal for the day. Everybody had expected to be fed once we were aboard and settled. We waited and waited. The clock was half-past seven, then half-past eight when we finally were told that there would be nothing until the morning.

The morning came and troops were still being loaded. From unofficial sources there are supposed to be eighteen thousand men aboard, which is quite a load. The breakfast consisted of marmalade, bread, bacon and sausage, plus coffee, and tasted quite good to me. Some of the

boys complained that they were not being fed well, but I thought to myself “they should complain, just think of the rations in store for them once they reach their destination.” I must admit it took an awful long time before we were served. This was the procedure at the breakfast table. About a dozen tables, each seating twenty men were squeezed into a rather narrow mess hall. The K.P.’s, two of which served each table, were given a slip of paper by the British mess sergeant in charge, upon which they took a large coffee container standing in a number of large trays at one end of the table and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, coming back about fifteen minutes later with it filled. It then took almost as long to get each part of the meal. The same thing repeated itself at dinner which was at 3:20 p.m. Only two meals are served.

I soon discovered what a torture it could be to buy a drink at the wet canteen. About two thousand other soldiers discovered the same thing. It’s a wonder none of my ribs were broken in the process. Thousands of bottles of Pepsi-Cola must have been sold, for everywhere one turned empty bottles were lined up. It is really a disgrace how filthy all the decks have become from bottles and chocolate papers as well as cigarettes.

While waiting in line (what a line; one could say it stretched into the sea) to buy a little chocolate at one of the canteens, I engaged an Englishman in conversation. He was clad in the typical tropical uniform used by the British in the Middle East and India. He was a clean looking chap; grey eyes and brown hair and was soft spoken. I forget whether he had been in the service two or three years, but he told me he was in Crete during the Blitz and later in Singapore. He had just come from Egypt on the Queen Elizabeth and was returning to England with us. He is married and has a daughter. It takes a while to get an Englishman to talk freely and this one was no exception.

Have seen several Scotch officers in full regalia since I am aboard. I like the colorful costume or rather uniforms they wear, but of course the war is not going to be won by gay uniforms.

Stayed on deck most of the day and night. I really enjoy this trip; the vast expanse of ocean and the blue infinity of space. How beautiful the sky was at night with the glitter of endless stars.

There are plenty of guns mounted on this boat - 6 inch, 3 inch guns, anti-aircraft 50 caliber and smaller placed at strategic points. In the meantime the huge ship like a gray mammoth monster plows through the turbulent sea at great speed; somewhere between 30 or 35 knots an hour, I have been told.

September 1, 1942

What a beautiful morning. Had a wonderful night’s sleep and feel quite refreshed. The rocking of the boat put me to sleep quickly. It is quite interesting to walk about the ship looking at the many interesting things going on. Many a dollar is being lost and won either by cards or



dice.

The weather is fine, in fact it is quite warm; we must be in the Gulf Stream, for it is getting warmer and warmer.

The one annoying thing about the trip is the lack of adequate toilet facilities; hardly any fresh water to use and absolutely nothing for washing oneself, except salt water. It is next to impossible to get a lather with ordinary soap when using salt water so for the remainder of the trip the use of soap seems out of the question. It is going to be difficult for me to put up with, but will have to regardless.

#### September 2, 1942

Water, water, nothing but heaving sea, clear blue sky and interesting cloud formations. There is little one can do except walk about the ship, and wait in line at the canteens; it generally takes two and a half to three hours, and even longer to obtain what we came for. In fact it is getting quite monotonous.

#### September 6, 1942

At last we have sighted land! Thank goodness! It was beginning to be extremely boring, considering the uncomfortable situation on board and the over-crowded quarters.

It was about noon when someone came running into our sleeping quarters shouting "land!" It did not take me long to jump out of my (ill smelling) bunk and out on the crowded deck. There together with thousands of others, just as eager souls, I craned my neck, stood on my toes and sometimes on those of my neighbors and strained my eyes in an effort to penetrate the mist and be greeted by the sight of land. And I was. Faintly, almost imperceptibly, rising out of the misty sea, was the suggestive outline of a mountainous country. Scotland, of that I had no doubt.

It was late in the afternoon when we sailed into the River Clyde. What a beautiful sight to see the sunny hills rising majestically on both sides, bordered by small villages. Very picturesque; a sight to gladden the heart of any artist.

#### September 7, 1942

The next morning we were on deck early to enjoy the sights. The lovely mountainside, the battleships at anchor, the quaint old towns lying on both sides of the river and the screaming seagulls which flew about the ship by the hundreds.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we were taken off the ship for shore, where we were put on a train for an unknown destination. I was among some of the boys assigned to help load the

baggage car. That done I slipped on the train into a compartment with two other of our boys. Quite lucky in obtaining a compartment with only three in. Some of the others were filled with as many as six. No wonder some of the boys had no sleep.

As long as it was daylight we were hanging out of the window taking in all the scenery. From every window in Glasgow and nearby towns, women and children were waving at our train. Quite a welcome. The Yanks were passing through. Glasgow and its great industries were passed and left behind us, the sun set, and into the dim twilight the train roared on and night gradually cast its dark mantle over everything. The blinds were drawn and we went into a huddle concerning our future and destination. We were in the British Isles, on foreign soil.

January 25, 1943

It is now over five months since my arrival in England, a rather uneventful five months so far, with the exception of a few air-raid alarms and the dropping of bombs in the immediate neighborhood of camp. The longer I stay here, the more remote the war seems to be. The only indication being the continual drone of planes overhead, during the day and evenings when there are missions on. Otherwise life is as usual; we in the headquarters squadron report to our section duties at 8:15 a.m. in the morning and quit at 5:00 p.m. in the afternoon. Office work is all most of us do.

There is plenty to keep us occupied, for there is a vast amount of paperwork involved in the conduct of this war, mostly routine and to my untutored mind, much of it unnecessary. There are times when we have an opportunity to write letters while waiting for work to show up.

More and more as this war goes on, the remoteness of the actual fighting creates a tendency in us to relax and conveniently forget about the hardships endured by the boys who do the actual fighting. A dangerous state of mind to relapse into, to say the least. Regardless of how far away the fighting is, there is always the possibility of the war - all the horrors of it - as demonstrated the other day when between 20 and 30 German bombers attacked London and bombed a school, killing about 56 children, and injuring many more. Someone who should have been on the alert was evidently caught napping at the wrong time. However, we who sit in well heated offices and have the best, as far as it is obtainable, are far too prone to place the blame on those who brave cold weather and God knows how many inconveniences to be on duty against actual invasion. I mean the men in the ranks, the men without whom this war will not be won.

God knows what we would do under actual combat conditions and in the field. We are office workers; we live soft and have comforts out of proportion to those who actually perform the heroic duties that will determine the outcome of this war.

To be sure, we stand as much a chance of being blown to bits as the front line soldiers. But we have a nearby large town, plenty of amusement of some variety, depending upon the individual's preference. We have sufficient to eat and drink, most of the boys have plenty of

women, some of them too much of the wrong kind, and we are being paid well compared to the British boys. But there is an appalling indifference to the war. The only thing of concern is the pleasure of the moment - prostitution, drinking and gambling. I often wonder what would be the fate of us should the Germans decide to drop paratroops some dark night. To be sure, as free men we would fight to the last of that I have no doubts. Only God and the High Command knows how grateful we can be to the Russians for what they have accomplished. The Germans now will never be in a position to invade these misty isles. The somber shadows of defeat will sooner or later envelop the Reich and all hopes of world conquest will be nullified.

January 30, 1943

Have just finished perusing a copy of "The Battle of Egypt", a vividly dramatized pictorial account. Page after page shows the various phases of the battle up to the present time and pictorially emphasizing the Nazi defeat. Long columns of monster tanks, lorries and mobile guns etc., pass in review; a thoroughly stirring drama of blood and sweat. Flames, bombs, and shells bursting and the sky alive with the R.A. F. It must have been hell to the men out in front and the sappers clearing the minefields sowed by the enemy, not to mention the Nazis shot or burnt to hell in the flaming inferno of immobilized tanks. The "herrenvolke" didn't do so well in their battle with the "degenerate and weak Britons", as they so condescendingly call them. If they do as well in the remaining battles yet to be fought, Herr Rommel will be floating in the Mediterranean soon, and not of his own volition. They will live to deeply regret the day they were led astray by their political leaders, and they have a lot of misdeeds to answer and atone for.

We have had some remarkable weather lately - Spring like, most unusual to say the least, while people are probably shivering at home.

(Copied from his journal by his daughter, Marjorie Lund-Fontaine)

LETTER OF THE TERRIBLE BOMBING DAMAGE OF GERMANY 1945

To his wife, Phyllis

By Ludwig Lund

Official Artist of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Division

Dear Phyllis,

Have just returned from a long trip over Holland and Germany, a trip which brought home to me the full visual story of our gigantic bomber offensive.

The total destruction of Germany's war potential has to be seen to be believed. The whole Ruhr area is one vast mass of destruction and devastation and as we passed over one city after another, masses of burnt out houses, twisted steel of factories etc., I was conscious of the lack of life - the deadness of it all. Even the countryside seems deserted, even though a lot of it is still as lovely as ever. Practically the only sign of life discernable was allied military traffic here and there.

We left a nearby airfield this morning at about ten o'clock and headed for Yarmouth. It didn't take long to pass that point and head out over the sea towards the Hague which we passed over about fifty minutes later. It was beautiful weather - clear and warm, in fact it was quite hot in the Liberator.

I didn't notice much damage in the town - in fact the Dutch flag was very much in evidence; no doubt they were celebrating. Noticed several interesting bits of architecture and a few of the type of spires I like. The countryside complete with canals, windmills and flower fields were lovely in the sunlight and people added the right touch to the landscape. Here and there amid the seclusion of a wooded grove we caught sight of an old Dutch chateau complete with moat. As we approached Amsterdam (it too has had its share of bombing), we could see the southern shores of the Zuyder Zee. Flags were flying all over the city and in the streets lots of people and allied military traffic. Perhaps Leslie was there? Who knows? (Note to the reader - this was a long-time family friend also in the war, who, fortunately came home alive).

I noticed certain landmarks known to me from photographs, (such as the Ryksmuseum) were still intact, although I wonder how many Rembrandts, Franz Hals, Vermeers etc. the Germans have looted and substituted copies for. From the air it looked like a very interesting place to visit. By the way, didn't you stop there once?

The next point of interest was the old town of Utrecht. Yes, the old tower and interesting old spire of the church is still there. We saw too, the flooded areas. What an awful thing to do!

Soesterberg and other small towns were traversed before we crossed the frontier into Germany. The first impression is one of pleasant green fields and red roofed cottages marred

here and there by bomb craters and signs of battle. However, as we approached Munster, we began to see the evidence of our thorough saturation. It was once a picturesque town. Now it is nothing but devastation and empty shells of houses. The factories are obliterated and the churches are in ruins. Nothing but desolation and emptiness.

I couldn't help thinking that such might have been our lot had they been allowed to exploit to the fullest their war potential. All the cities of Great Britain would have been laid waste by rockets and flying bombs. (Between you and me I've said more than one prayer under certain such unpleasant circumstances. Believe me it is a great relief to know that no more bombs, rockets or doodlebugs are headed our way). The flying bombs have done a lot of damage in London. It was especially noticeable to me the first time after their launching I went to see the folks. (Note to the reader - these are my mother's relatives who resided in Dartford). More of that later.

To return to my journey. Osnabruck was next on our itinerary and that was a similar stone desert only on a larger scale. Next Bremen with acres and acres of destruction. It is the same story all over. Germany is so thoroughly beaten that she will perhaps never recover. The shadow of Death has fallen across the bosom of the Deutche Reich; what her future will be is problematical.

The great port of Hamburg with destruction of unparalleled magnitude (with the exception of Berlin) hove into sight. We circled some of the most prominent areas and I noticed certain landmarks still standing - for instance the spire and church of St. Nicolas. From there we swung south towards Hannover, Brunswick, Hildesheim, and Billefeld. En route we passed several P.O.W. camps and I wondered how much suffering had gone on behind those dark walls. Nor could I help thinking about some German fellows I knew in the States and their association with some of these towns. Hannover for instance was the home of Carl Carstens who was a lieutenant in the Werhmacht in the last war. It would have been characteristic of him to have returned and joined up with the Hitler gang. Then there was Schneider, bohemian drunkard, second-rate musician and painter who returned to Bielefeld a month before outbreak of war. His hometown is as badly scarred as the rest.

The trip between Hamburg and Hannover was somewhat brightened by pleasant looking little villages, still intact, and green fields but very little evidence of human life. There are some lovely hills between Bielefeld and Dortmund. Also before passing over Munster.

We had a good glimpse of the giant Herman Goring Steel Works at Braunsweig. Most of it is useless, but parts still seem to function. But the marshaling yards and all bridges have really taken a terrible beating. Passed over a number of airfields with dozens and dozens of burnt out Jerry aircraft.

The northern part of the Ruhr, Dortmund, Reylinghausen, Homburg, Essen etc., etc., was traversed, also the Rhine, but at this point not very romantic looking. The story is the same,

destruction on an unparalleled scale. For miles and miles southward, as far as the eye could see, the dead chimneys of the Ruhr industries stood guard over the ruins of Germany's industrial might. A funereal picture, depressing, horrifying. What I can't understand is why the German people allowed all this to happen? Why they stood for all this senseless destruction? I think we have overestimated the average German's intelligence, or else they must have been so completely cowed by the damn gangsters running the country. Good God, what a bunch of maniacs Hitler and his gang must have been! And yet they pretty nearly succeeded. Thank God they didn't! They asked for it and was paid with interest - what more can one say except feel sad that man has such diabolic tendencies.

This was a trip I'll never forget. Before starting I had a very good idea of what had been done, for I've had access to a lot of information in the past 33 months. Yet to see it all before my eyes was a revelation of the terrible destructiveness of modern war. This should be an object lesson to the world! If there is another war, I say God help us! with emphasis. I'm sad when I walk in town and see the destruction done by German bombs, but it is nothing compared to what I've seen today. I could never gloat over anything like this - it is too horrible, too terrifying, too satanic. What a crime to have on one's conscience, I mean of course the crime of the Nazi leaders and the Werhmacht. The fools that believed in them and their inevitable defeat.

I can't write any more on this theme. Say a prayer for me and our future. I love you as much as ever. Give my regards to the folks and all our friends. To you superforts full of super kisses plus all my love.

Ludwig

(Copied from his letter to my mother, by his daughter, Marjorie Lund-Fontaine)



Sgt. Ludvig Lund receiving the  
1<sup>st</sup> prize from Mrs. Johnson, Red  
Cross Club director, for the watercolor  
section at the Castle Museum art  
exhibition, Norwich, during WW II



*Sgt. Ludwig Lund in uniform 1942*





Ludwig Lund - right - with  
other soldiers in the Air Corps,  
England 1943 WW II

Ludwig Lund - left -  
with other soldiers at  
airport, Norfolk 1942  
WW II



Ludwig Lund in Jefferson Barracks  
before going to Ft. Dix + overseas  
to England



Sgt. Ludwig Lund receiving a  
certificate of merit from  
General Timberlake - 1945

## U.S.A.A.F. Artists

I SPENT an interesting hour yesterday at the exhibition at the Castle Museum, organised by the Special Services Department of the U.S. Air Force and sponsored by the Norwich branch of the American Red Cross.

It is a collection of paintings, drawings and photographs sent in by enlisted men from ten to twelve stations in the Norfolk area. The Castle Museum kindly offered its hospitality, and the men themselves arranged and hung the entries, which were divided into five sections—oils, water-colours, drawings, cartoons and photographs.

As in any exhibition of this nature, one is faced with the problem of judging between the work of amateurs and professionals. Miss Barnard, Mr. T. P. Chaplin and Captain E. Castens must in some cases have found it very difficult to decide where the prizes were most deserved.

## Fresh and Vivid

THESE drawings and photographs are the work of soldiers, and must be looked at with a soldier's eye. They are the very direct reflection in varying moods of what is for most of them an entirely new way of life. So often the peacetime artist must go in search of a subject, but with these men it is the stuff of their daily life and the impressions in many cases, if naive, are fresh and vivid.

Much of their work has an added interest for us because they see with new eyes our English countryside, usually so different from the type of country they have left behind.

## Plane Studies

IN the water-colour section, Sgt. L. Lund shows several carefully composed and finished studies of planes on the ground, one of which received the first prize. The quality of the oils was uneven. One called "Home," by Sgt. B. Kiefer, is bold and decorative in effect.

A small portrait by Sgt. H. L. Tower received first prize, but "E.T.O. Warrior," painted with admirable irony by Sgt. Ray Teichman,

deserves mention. There are five large and pretentious murals by Sgt. Tay Martin.

Some of the cartoons showed a professional touch. Several were of the type of insignia which are to be seen painted on U.S. planes and guns. One had decorated his envelopes with very amusing drawings and obligingly left a small space for the censor's stamp.

## Own "Pin-up Girls"

OTHERS, I feel in lieu of photographs, had created their own "pin-up girls." A portrait drawing by Sgt. B. Morton was awarded the first drawing prize.

Most of the photographs were good, notably one taken from an unusual angle looking into the lighted cockpit of a plane.

The one criticism I would like to make is of the absence of any rough drawings and sketches, which can

By

WHIFFLER

never be out of place in an exhibition of this kind. A year or two ago I saw a similar collection of the work of British soldiers, and there were many more rough drawings of scenes in billets, canteens, and in their "off duty." Some of these rapid impressions retained an intimacy and freshness which the more carefully completed composition often lacks.

## First Train to Yarmouth

REVERTING to the subject of Norfolk's first railway, that from Norwich to Yarmouth, opened 100 years ago yesterday, I think a few additional facts and figures might supplement my notes on Saturday.

I notice from old newspaper reports that over 1500 men were kept fully employed for twelve months in constructing the line, and also that 24 cottagers had been engaged permanently at different parts of the route to see that the line was kept free of obstructions.

Incidentally, the terms "driver" and "fireman" had evidently not then come into use, for those individuals were referred to as "conductors" and "stokers."

NOTE of my father, Ludwig Lund receiving the 1st prize