THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Winter 1998-99 *Communications*

VOLUME 12--NUMBER 4 WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS 76307-2501 DECEMBER 11, 1998

We send our greetings . . .

At this holiday season
we send our best wishes
for peace and joy
throughout the year

FROM THE MEMBERS
OF THE
AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

May
hope and peace
be with you always

(Inside section of the four-page Season's Greetings folder mailed in early December)

Following an AFEES tradition, folders expressing sentiments of the Holiday Season were mailed this month to 632 Helpers and Friends in 20 countries.

Again, the design and artwork for the cards has been provided by Dorothy (Mrs. Paul) Kenney. Chairman Ralph Patton maintains the mailing list, which is reviewed and updated by Scotty and Clayton David. President Dick Smith and whatever family help he can coerce do the stuffing of envelopes and licking. The first-class folders go to many helpers/friends who have a limited knowlege of the English language and so do not receive *Communications* on a regular basis.

This year's mailing, alpabetically by country: Australia, 1; Austria, 1; Belgium, 109; Canada, 9; Czechoslovakia, 2; Croatia, 1; Denmark, 8; France, 312; Germany, 1; Greece, 1; Holland, 116; Italy, 5; Luxembourg, 1; Slovak Republic, 3; Slovenia, 1; Spain, 1; Switzerland, 1; United Kingdom, 10; U.S.A., 39, and Yugoslavia, 6.

Compared to 1997, the list includes 85 new addresses and 53 deceased or change of address.

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE/EVASION SOCIETY

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*Class of 2001 **Class of 1999 ***Class of 2000

AFEES COMMUNICATIONS IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY. AFEES IS A TAX-EXEMPT VETERANS ORGANIZATION UNDER IRS CODE 501 (C)(19). IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1964 AND IS CHARTERED IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

THE SOCIETY'S PURPOSE IS TO ENCOURAGE MEMBERS HELPED BY THE RESISTANCE ORGANIZATIONS OR PATRIOTIC NATIONALS TO CONTINUE EXISTING FRIENDSHIPS OR RENEW RELATIONSHIPS WITH THOSE WHO HELPED THEM DURING THEIR ESCAPE OR EVASION.

ELIGIBILITY REQUIRES THAT ONE MUST HAVE BEEN A U.S. AIRMAN, HE MUST HAVE BEEN FORCED DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND AVOIDED CAPTIVITY, OR ESCAPED FROM CAPTIVITY TO RETURN TO ALLIED CONTROL.

IN ADDITION TO REGULAR MEMBERSHIP, OTHER CATEGORIES OF MEMBERSHIP ARE HELPER MEMBERS, AND FRIEND MEMBERS.

Leslie Atkinson plans to attend Arizona reunion

Leslie Atkinson, official representative in France for AFEES, has notified Chairman Ralph Patton that he is recovering nicely from heart by-pass surgery in October.

Leslie says his doctor has removed all restrictions from his activities and he is free to do about anything he feels capalble of.

Although he was greatly fatigued after his trip to Washington last May, Leslie reports that he now is ding fine and expects to be with us in Arizona next April.

Harold Rutka to head 8AFHS

AFEES was represented at the 24th reunion of the 8th Air Force Historical Society in Cherry Hill, N.J., in mid-October. Attending were Chairman Ralph Patton, Secretary Bud Loring and Richard Scott, president of the Pennsylvania chapter of the 8AFHS.

Patton is a past director and past president of the society.

A symposium, "Combat Crew Member Stress . . . the Flight Surgeon's Story," followed the general membership meeting. Dr. Walt Brown, 8AFHS director and interim editor of the 8AF News, gave a seminar, covering many facets of medical conditions and treatments.

Gil Cohen made a slide presentation of his artwork, which is being featured in the art gallery of the Heritage Museum in Savannah.

New directors elected were Stanley A. Peterson, 96BG; C. Craig Harris, 457BG, and Abraham "Hap" Galfunt, 34BG. At the board meeting following the election of directors, Harold C. Rutka of Duluth, Minn., was elected president of the society.

Highlight of the program was a talk by Roger Freeman, eminent British historian. His topic was, "The Friendly Invasion," which covered the impact of U.S. servicemen in Britain during WWII.

The roster reflected 370 members registered, with a total of 588 attendees, including wives and guests.

The warbirds fly again at Duxford

From the Denver (Colo.) Post, Sunday, April 26, 1998

By JAY CLARKE
Miami Herald

DUXFORD, England -- Look up in the blue and you may see a B-17 Flying Fortress, a P-51 Mustang or a P-47 Thun-derbolt flying overhead.

They're no mirages. They're real airplanes, a throwback to the World War II days of the early 1940s.

Why are they airborne in 1998?

The planes are flyable old American warbirds complementing exhibits inside the new American Air Museum here, 50 miles north of London. Dedicated by Queen Elizabeth II last August, the museum houses more American military aircraft than any other such facility outside the United States.

More than 60,000 Americans contributed to the building of the museum, which is part of the Imperial War Museum Duxford, the largest aviation museum in Europe. Among the contributors were actor Charlton Heston, a former B-25 crew member who served as fund-raiser co-chairman; the late actor Jimmy Stewart, who flew a number of missions from Britain during World War II; and the late Gen. Jimmy Doolittle of Tokyo raid fame, who went on to command the Eighth Air Force. Heston, together with U.S. Air Force Secretary Sheila Widnall, attended the opening ceremony.

Under the American Air Museum's soaring dome are 21 United States airplanes, ranging from a World War I Spad to the Gulf War's F-111, as well as missiles, launchers, engines and even a piece of the Berlin Wall. Parked outside, when not flying, are the Flying Fortress, the Mustang, Thunderbolt and several other aircraft that are privately owned but complement the museum's collection.

For anyone with an interest in military aircraft--or in America's England-based air forces -- the displays here are a conduit to the past.

Many of the aircraft date to the World War II years, when thousands of American aviators flew from 100 British airfields to attack Nazi targets.

Most familiar to contemporary visitors is a B-17 Flying Fortress, the workhorse of America's Eighth Air Force, based in England during the war. A B-25 Mitchell medium bomber is shown in Marine Corps colors. The C-47 Skytrain transport on display saw action on D-Day. Several fighters from World War II, including a P-47 and a P-51, are on exhibit, along with the greatest bomber of the Pacific theater, a B-29 Super-fortress.

Aircraft used in more recent wars also are on display. America's first swept-wing fighter, the F-86 Sabre that fought in the Korean War, is one. From the Vietnam conflict come an F-100 Super Sabre, a F4 Phantom and a Huey helicopter. An F-111 that flew 19 Desert Storm missions sits quietly on the museum floor not far from another Gulf War veteran, an A-10 Thunderbolt.

B-52 a star

Dominating the entire display is a B-52 Stratofortress, the huge long-range bomber that went on line in 1955 and remains in service today. Suspended above it, appropriately, is a U-2, a high-flying spy plane that precipitated an international incident when the Soviet Union shot one down over its territory at the height of the Cold War. The one on display here flew over China on reconnaissance missions for the CIA.

Shaped like a nose cone, the $20-million dome designed by Sir Norman Foster is an architectural *tour de force*. A viewing ramp circles the inside of the arched structure, whose single-span vault is the largest of its kind in Europe. A 295-foot-wide arc of glass, which can be dismantled to move aircraft in or out of the building, faces the runway of this one-time air base. In front of the museum, a wall of 52 glass panels etched with images of every Britain-based American plane downed in combat--a total of 7,031--pays tribute to the 30,000 British-based American airmen who died in World War II.

"I was moved," said Gary Powell, a Connecticut visitor whose father Norman flew in a B-17 based in Britain during World War II. "The museum is brilliantly designed."

When not flying missions to the continent during World War II, many crew members would visit nearby Cambridge, where the Eagle Pub became a popular hangout for RAF and American airmen. Many airmen inscribed their names, or those of their squadron, on the ceiling there, using smoke from candles or lipstick as writing instruments.

Link with the past

Six years ago, when it was undergoing a $1.8 million renovation, the owners decided to preserve that bit of wartime history. The restored ceiling has become an unusual link with the wartime past.

"There's really nothing like it anywhere," said Peter Hill, the pub manager.

Though dozens of aviators put their names on the ceiling, only three, to Hill's knowledge, have come back to visit the pub. "Jim Mies came in one evening, said he remembered the night he put his name there and went right to it."

Another recent visitor was Capt. Robert Morgan, pilot of the famed Memphis Belle bomber, whose story was made into a motion picture, "The Memphis Belle." During the war, Morgan flew from nearby Bassingbourn. "He never put his name on the ceiling," said Hill, but he had his 79th birthday party here after the dedication (of the museum),"

IF YOU GO TO DUXFORD

How to get there: Frequent trains run from London to Cambridge, about an hour away. Round-trip fare is about $22. A long block from the train station there is the stop for the bus (round-trip fare, about $6) that runs to Duxford. Buses run hourly on weekdays, three times on Sundays.
Admission: Adults, about $11; seniors, about $7.
Information: Imperial War Museum Duxford, Duxford Airfield, Duxford, Cambridge CB2 4QR U.K.; 011-44-1223-835-000.

How lucky can you be?

(From the *Flying Fortress* Newsletter, Walla Walla, WA, Spring 1997 issue)

On Jan. 3, 1943, in the midst of a bombing raid on German torpedo stores at St. Nazaire, France, a miracle took place that is still remembered.

S/Sgt. Alan Magee, from the 360th Squadron, 303rd Bomb Group, a gunner in B-17 No. 41-24620, aptly named Snap! Crackle! Pop! was tossed out of his burning aircraft at 20,000 feet. Unfortunately, he was not wearing a parachute. As he fell from the B-17 four-engine bomber, he asked God to save his life. "I don't wish to die because I know nothing of life" was his appeal as he hit the freezing air at 22,000 feet. Then he lost consciousness and crashed through the glass roof of the St. Nazaire railroad station. He regained consciousness in a first aid station where he was carried before he was taken to the hospital.

"I owe the German military doctor who treated me a debt of gratitude," said Magee. He told me, "We are enemies but I am first a doctor and I will do my best to save your arm." The doctor, whose name he never learned, saved his arm and also took care of his multitude of injuries. All of this action took place on the 303rd BG ninth bombing mission and fifth mission to St. Nazaire. It proved to be a costly mission. The group lost four aircraft to enemy action. One carried Maj. C. C. Sheridan, the 427th Squadron Commander.

On Sept. 23, 1995, Alan E. Magee, accompanied by his wife Helen, returned to St. Nazaire to take part in a ceremony sponsored by French citizens, dedicating a memorial to his seven fellow crew members that were killed in the crash of "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" in the forest at La Baule Escoublac on Jan. 3, 1943.

Lt. G. M. Herrington, the navigator of the crew, lost his leg to enemy gunfire. He was captured upon landing and later became one of the first American Air Force men to be repatriated. He died in 1987.

AFEES PX PRICE LIST

WINGED BOOTS

Pewter Bolo Tie (new item)	$ 15.00
Lapel Pin, 3/4 in. Pewter	6.00
Tie Tack, 3/4 in. Pewter, with Chain	6.00
Lapel Pin, 1 in. blue shield with boot	6.00
Tie Tack, 1 in. blue shield with boot & chain	6.00
Cloth with metallic thread (dry clean only)	5.00
Cotton Sport Shirt Patch (can be laundered)	2.50

BLAZER PATCHES

Royal Blue Only	$10.00
Blue with metallic thread	15.00

AFEES MERCHANDISE

Car License Plate	$10.00
T-Shirts, sizes S, M, XXL	10.00
Lapel Pin, blue and silver	6.00
Clock, Helping Hand logo (with battery)	15.00
Umbrella with belt (from Reunion)	14.00
10-tool Knife (from Reunion)	13.00

OFFICIAL AFEES CAPS

Mesh Back, Navy Blue	$12.00
Mesh Back, White	12.00
Closed Back, Navy Blue only	12.00

Add $1.50 per order for shipping & handling

Make checks payable to AFEES; mail to:

FRANK McDONALD, PX Manager
1401 Brentwood Drive
Fort Collins, CO 80521
Phone (970) 484-2363

Help Wanted: a PX Manager

Frank McDonald of Fort Collins, Colo., our faithful PX manager for years, is being forced to resign because of health problems.

His wife, Sybil, reports that she will continue to handle orders at the Colorado address until some other arrangements for handling the stock of memorabilia can be made.

The PX inventory includes many items that have been popular as gifts for helpers, as well as for personal use of members, families and friends.

Since Frank is being forced to give up the job, AFEES is seeking another volunteer to serve as manager. If you are interested in volunteering ONE MORE TIME, contact President Dick Smith at his winter address in California.

The story of Belgian patriotism

From SOLDIER Magazine, 1946

From F/Sgt. A. Brooks, RAF, comes this story of Belgian heroism and patriotism:

It is peace in Belgium ... the enemy has left ... for some time, the city dwellers, the artizans and the peasants have been settling down once more to the joys of liberation and freedom. Here, told for the first time, is the story of a gallant band of men. They are Belgians and it was under the shadow of Liege Cathedral and near the bomb-scarred church of St. Anthony that I met them. Their names are Lucien Theelen, Maurice Tilman, Roger Jamblin and Lambert Hosdin.

They are just a few of many whose names will live forever on the lips of the people of the Saint Croix district in Liege.

During the German occupation this district formed its own resistance group of 100 members. Maurice Tilman, then aged 36, and Roger Jamblin, a 19-year-old student, were given responsible jobs. Their chosen leader was an ordinary workman in the city, Lucien Theelen. During those dark days of the Occupation some members were killed and a number were taken away by the Germans for interrogation, never to return. Always their work was dangerous.

Their first real work for the Allies came on the night of November 17, 1943, when an English flier parachuted from his damaged aircraft over Liege. The airman, Warrant Officer Charles John Billows, of Dingle, Liverpool, dropped into adventure that night, besides being the first Allied flier to be taken into safe custody by Lucien's band of underground workers.

They clothed Billows in civilian attire, gave him credentials and identity cards, including even a forged Nazi-stamped marking on every page. He stayed three weeks . . . then safety.

After him came many airmen -- English, American and Dominions fliers. Their total number was 82 and these men -- members of bomber crews -- were all taken care of by the families of the resistance workers. A few even hid from the Nazis in the Cathedral itself with the aging caretaker and his wife. During this time 2,100 flying bombs were pouring down on the once lovely city of Liege.

To the Jamblin, the Theelen and the Tilman families have come letters of thankfulness and sincere gratitude from the relatives of those they helped to save from capture. Letters from Lancashire and from Lincolnshire, from New York State and the Middle West . . . from all over England, America, Canada and Australia have come letters of praise for the heroic townsfolk of Liege. I read a few of the letters; there are hundreds, but they all say the same thing: "Thank you, thank you!"

Lucien Theelan, no longer the leader of M Group, but whose work will never be forgotten, said to me, "At first we only sent routine information to the Allied commands. Gradually our task grew bigger and more dangerous. It reached its peak when we commenced to assist Allied airmen in their bid for freedom. I had complete cooperation from my workers, under the very noses of the enemy. But Belgium had to be free again and so we did what we could . . . it was difficult . . . *mais oui.*"

As I spoke to Lucien Theelan in the little sunlit square near the Rue Hors Chateu in Liege, I pointed to a large building across the way. He nodded his head. It was during the Occupation, a German police headquarters . . . less than 20 yards from his home.

Roger Jamblin now lives in Lierneux, Belgium

A letter from George

Belgrade, September 24, 1998

Dear Mr. Richard Smith:

I thank you very much for your letter of August 28 and the enclosed Citation of Rememberance and the badge of AFEES and I am very glad and proud of receiving them.

I will keep the certificate framed on my wall. It is a surprising fact that I was able to have the story published only after fifty-three years, because I spent a long time in prison after the war and it was not allowed here to issue such a story. Now I am in touch with a few American aviators who are alive and who stayed with me during the war. Unfortunately, many have died since that time.

However, I have to admit that I was only a member of the Yugoslav Army who rescued more than 600 Allied aviators and who fought both the German and Communist conquerors, led by General Draza Mihailovic, whose illustrious glory and tragic fate will never be forgotten.

Once again, I thank you very, very much for the sent certificate. Most sincerely,

Djura (George) Janosevic

Note: For an account of George Janosevic's work in aiding Allied aviators in WWII, see pages 8-9 of the Fall 1998 Communications.

On the morning of April 27, 1974, a crowd gathered in St. Cyr de Valorges, France, to dedicate James Heddleson Square. A Carpetbagger B-24 crashed near the village on April 27, 1944, while delivering arms and ammunition to the Resistance. A monument was built to honor the memory of the five airmen who were KIA that night and are buried nearby. One airman was taken prisoner, the other two (including Jimmy Heddleson) fought with the Resistance until they were returned to England. The French men and women of St. Cyr vowed to never forget the eight airmen.

They will never forget in Saint Cyr

The small museum in St. Cyr where a section is dedicated to the crew of the Worry Bird, which was downed in the area in April 1944

By JIMMY HEDDLESON
Louisville, Ohio
801-492 BG (Carpetbaggers)

After a Carpetbaggers reunion, I was invited back to St. Cyr de Valorges in southern France on Sept. 14, 1993, by a young woman who spoke English and wanted to ask some questions about the night of April 27-28, 1944, when our plane went down.

Joseph and Lulu Rathier, Louise Boyer's son-in--law, took me to see her. Louise's husband was leader of the Maquis in the area and they hid me in their home after the crash.

The mayor of St. Cyr, Jean Delaye, was also invited. The young woman and the mayor had many questions. While we were visiting, she said she had a small piece of my plane out in the back of her barn. She asked if I would like to see it.

The piece of our "Worry Bird" was located about a block away. We had taken flashlights to see our way. She then pointed to a big pile of rubble. I could see aluminum projecting from it -- the piece of the plane appeared to be about six feet long and rounded on the end. The exposed part was four or five feet wide and about 8 inches thick at the place it had broken off.

It had been buried all these 49 years and was completely covered with brush and high grass. I picked up a ragged end that was broken off from the main member and we concluded it could only be the tip of the wing.

Adrenaline must have taken over because I lifted the whole pile and shook it side to side but I could not pull it from the pile where it was buried.

I finally managed to come up with a piece of plane about 10 inches long. I held it in my hand and my thoughts went back 49 years. How I managed to come out of this alive I will never understand. (There were three survivors of the Worry Bird and one died shortly afterward of injuries).

This piece of the plane ended up about 10 blocks away from the crash. The woman said that everyone in the area has a piece of the Worry Bird.

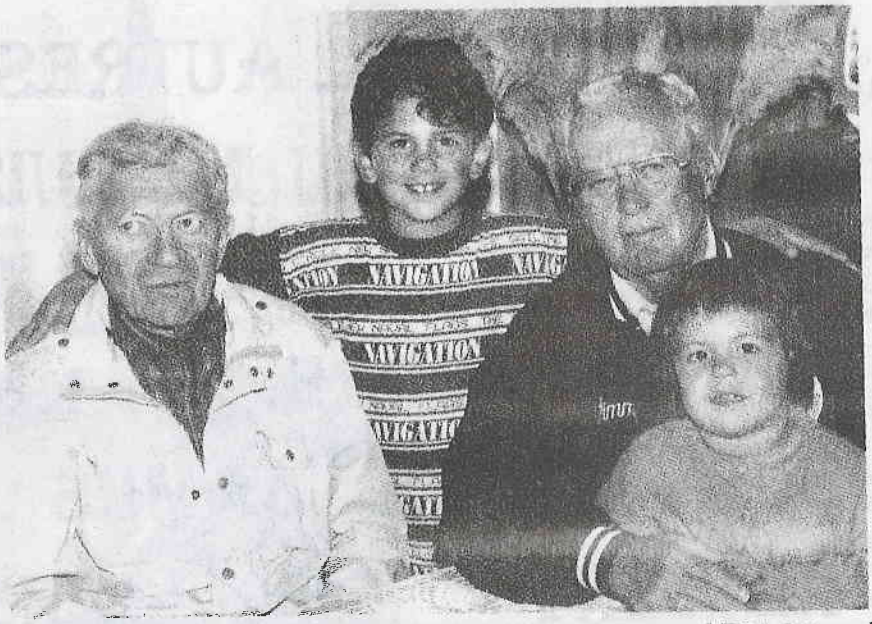
The people of St. Cyr de Valorges now have a small museum with many souvenirs from the Worry Bird, including the wing section that triggered the whole series of events.

Jimmy Heddleson is still in contact with many friends of the St. Germain Laval Resistance group. He returned in 1964 for re-dedication of a monument dedicated to the crew of Worry Bird. He also returned in 1993 for a Carpetbaggers reunion coordinated by Lt. Col. J. W. Bradbury. In 1974, the French renamed a square in St. Cyr de Valorges in Jimmy's honor. He may be the only USAAF enlisted man so honored in Europe.

The plaque on the square St. Cyr de Valorges

Ann and Bertrand Petel, ages 2 and 8, on whose parents' property the wing section was found. A small museum was built for them; they wanted to keep it!

For copy of St. Cyr museum dedication message, see the next page



Joseph Tournaire, Maquis leader in the St. Germain Laval District, and Jimmy Heddleson are shown with the Patel children, Bertrand and Anna, in this 1993 photo

LE 28 AVRIL 1944, UN AVION AMÉRICAIN PARTI D'ANGLETERRE POUR VENIR LARGUER DES ARMES ET DE L'ARGENT AUX MAQUISARDS TARARIENS HEURTE UNE COLLINE SITUÉE SUR LES HAUTEURS DE SAINT CYR DE VALORGES.

SUR LES 8 HOMMES D'ÉQUIPAGE, 5 MEURENT CARBONISÉS DANS LA PARTIE AVANT, UN EST FAIT PRISONNIER, 2 AUTRES S'ENFUIENT ET GRÂCE AU MAQUIS DE SAINT GERMAIN LAVAL, REGAGNENT L'ANGLETERRE. UN DES SURVIVANTS, JAMES HEDDLESON REVIENT RÉGULIÈREMENT À SAINT CYR.

(See Related Story on Pages 6 - 7)

SETUP -- George Baker, president of Intrepidus of Santa Monica, Calif., sets his microphone up to record a round table discussion of evasion stories at the September meeting of the Canadian Branch, RAFES, in London, Ont. George expects to complete his production of the evader story, book and film within the next year. George Stacey (center) and Frank Harmsworth, both RAFES Canadian Br., are ready to be interviewed. AFEES officers Dick Smith and Ralph Patton also participated in the discussion.

AFEES was represented at the AGM of the RAFES (Canadian Branch) in London, Ont. In above photo, from left: Bud Loring, his wife, Thelma, and Tommy Thomas. Shown below, Ralph and Bette Patton and Dick Smith. All report that the U.S. guests were lavishly entertained, with much good food and fellowship.

Obituary

M. YVES VOURCH
French Patriot

After a long battle with throat cancer, Yves Vourch, French helper and patriot, died November 19, 1998, according to word received by Jim Armstrong of Thomasville, Ga.

"Yves always opened his home to me and other Americans he had helped," Jim says.

At the age of 19, Yves helped escort and hide 24 airmen in the church St. Marie du Menez-Hom in Brittany near the town of Plomodiern. Of these, 20 were evacuated by the French fishing boat, "Suzanne Renee." The other four were taken to England by the British from islands north of Brest.

Later Yves went to Paris, met Georges Broussine and received money for the purchase of an escape boat, "La Jeanne." Then he escaped himself on the "Briez-Izel."

Yves attended the AFEES reunion in Savannah in 1992, the first time he had visited the States.

He received several awards from the French government and the U.S. Medal of Freedom.

Some boots are made for hiking

From the Cape Cod Times,
Hyannis, Mass., Nov. 27, 1998

By MARY GRAUERHOLZ
OUTSIDE EDITOR

There I was, staring down the barrel of my 50th birthday, when the silver-bullet cure hit me; I had to climb a mountain.

At the time, I wasn't thinking of a literal mountain; I figured that just one big physical challenge, whatever it was, would do the trick: Get me focused on something bigger than myself, get perspective on what's worth breaking out in a sweat over.

Then something beautifully mysterious happened: At almost the same moment, I got an invitation to climb a mountain. In fact, a range of mountains. Um, big mountains. A couple thousand miles away, in a foreign country.

In fact, this particular mountain range, the Pyrenees, connects two countries: France and Spain. The invitation came from the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, a group of mostly World War II airmen who were shot down and who escaped or evaded the enemy, and the European Resistance folks who helped them safely get out of occupied territory.

My dad, who lives on a farm in Texas (and is the AFEES editor), made a dramatic escape from occupied France into Spain when he hiked over the Pyrenees Mountains in 1944. The climb I will go on next summer will be a living memorial dedicated to these brave souls.

So my commitment to the hike is more than a personal challenge; it has a do-right-by-the-family spin on it, too. Let's just say that I really want to finish this five-day climb, which will take me to an altitude of about 9,500 feet.

Boiling it down to basics

The idea was somewhat overwhelming, so right after I accepted the challenge, I broke my plan of action down to the basics. First, I talked to my parents and my husband. Then I looked at a map. Then I dragged out my hiking boots.

At 25 years old, my boots are funky, old-fashioned things, turned harder than granite by decades of sitting on a closet floor.

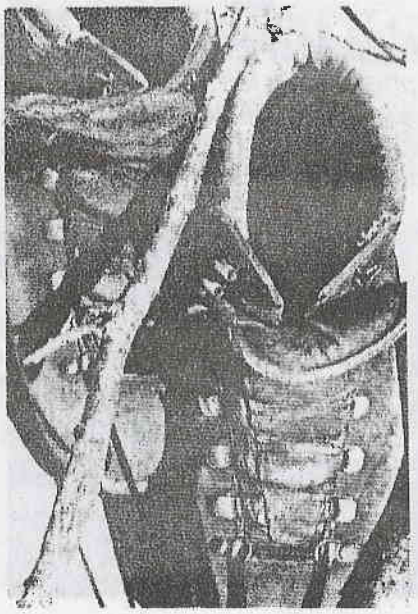
First I wiped off the soft green moss, left over from a Cape Cod summer spent in a dark closet. Then I put them on to see if they still fit. It brought back a mountain of memories.

I love these boots. They have taken me snow-shoeing through New York's Adirondacks, summer hiking in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and camping all over the Northeast. But they won't take me across the Pyrenees.

So I started a shopping expedition.

I have found hiking boots in places you would expect -- Cape outdoor-equipment outlets and shoe stores -- but I've also found them in places where their brushed-leather uppers would never had trod five years ago -- places like Victoria's Secret catalogs and high-fashion boutiques. (You know that hiking boots have become a fashion statement when you see rapper L.L.Cool J. tearing around a stage in a pair that looks eerily similar to the ones worn by a gorgeous lingerie-catalog model.)

I've found boots of every sort. I've found traditional-looking high-topped boots and low-cut models that look more like complicated sneakers. I've found very hip boots made of hemp and recycled tire rubber (the Deep E. Company's Saguache, designed by actor Woody Harrelson) and a poetic boot that "soothes the psyches of hikers who have been bruised" (the Vasque Cortina).



I've found gorgeous boots that probably cost more than what the hip young model spent on the rest of her outfit put together. I've found boots that sound like they would take a woman around the world and back again (the Raid Gauloises by Salomon, which boasts "aggressively profiled lugs for top-notch downhill traction").

Cathy Robbins, manager-buyer at Harborside Sport and Tackle in Falmouth, confirmed my suspicion that hiking boots have become to the fashionable 1990s woman what white patent leather knee-high boots were to the mod '60s girl.

"Hiking boots have become a real popular item," Robbins say. It's not all marketing, though. Part of the reason that everyone seems to be wearing them is practical -- Robbins says the new comfort of boots makes them ideal for walking around town as well as hiking.

My final stop was Eastern Mountain Sports in Hyannis. EMS has a brochure on hiking boots which reminds potential hikers that "every extra pound on your feet is roughly equivalent to five extra pounds on your back." The obvious lesson: Hikers must take care of their feet for their feet to take care of them.

Bobbie Briggs is an EMS saleswoman who several years ago hiked the Appalachain Trail, end to end.

She knows first-hand the advances science has made in boot technology.

Many of the EMS boots are comfy-looking items that would be good for walking through town. Others are very serious equipment.

Briggs says boot-shoppers should plan to spend about $100 for a "serious" boot and a half-hour to shop for them. It takes about 15 to 20 minutes just for the boot to warm up and conform to your foot, she says.

There are many things for the shopper to consider, Briggs says, including the season you'll be hiking, how difficult the terrain will be and whether you've been blessed with problem-free feet or have built-in areas of potential trouble.

It's hard to give up good, old, faithful hiking boots. Believe me, I know. But think of all the other new boots out there waiting to be adopted. And waiting to climb their own special mountain.

AFEES kinfolk ready to take a hike

By RALPH PATTON
AFEES 'Home Run' Coordinator

Interest continues to build among relatives of AFEES members in "Operation Home Run," known in France as *Le Chemin de la Liberte*. "Home Run" is an annual event held the second week of July to commemorate the crossing of the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain by Allied airmen and others who used the escape route in World War II.

As of Dec. 5, about 15 persons, ranging in age from 16 to 78, have announced their intentions to take part in next year's event, scheduled for July 8 to 11. These include spouses, children and grandchildren of AFEES members. Many of them will be retracing the footsteps of husbands, fathers and grandfathers who crossed the mountains from France into neutral Spain on their way to Gibraltar, where they were "returned to military control."

A representative of SERE, the U.S. military organization which now conducts training in survival, evasion, resistance and escape, has expressed an interest in joining the AFEES group.

Persons who have expressed interest in the Pyrenees project have been mailed more information and more will be coming as the date for the 1999 mountain crossing approaches.

After Jan.1, I will prepare a mailing for individuals who have expressed their interest to me, providing details and a general schedule. Since the trip is still several months in the future, there is ample time left for more individuals to get aboard!

Tentative plans are to fly to Paris or Toulouse and then be bused to Saint Girons, where the hike begins. The AFEES board once considered offering some financial support for hikers, but since so many persons are planning to participate, any financial contribution would have to be so small as to be insignificant,.

Sponsors of the hike assure us that almost any physically-fit hiker can handle the crossing. The French consider it to be a sporting event, not a race.

Details on Operation Home Run were published in the Fall issue of this newsletter, pages 28-29.

Hikers can relive a piece of history

Scott Goodall is a writer who made his home in the Ariege many years ago. Later on, he became involved in a project to re-open one of the wartime escape routes over the Pyrenees once used by Allied aircrew. His involvement finally included making the journey himself in 1994.

By SCOTT GOODALL
Rimont, France

Why did I come to be plodding upwards through deep and fast-melting snow towards the summit of Mont Valier on a cloudless day in July? The air was thin, the temperature 28 degrees C. Mont Valier, after all, is a Pyrenean mountain. Not just any old Pyrenean mountain, but one of the highest peaks in the Ariege, 2838 meters to be exact.

I was there to relive a fascinating piece of French history: the inauguration of a way-marked trail over the central Pyrenees into northern Spain known as *Le Chemin de la Liberte*.

The path runs for more than 60 km between the Ariege town of Saint-Girons and the Catalan village of Esterri d'Aneu, and commemorates an escape route used by hundreds of young Frenchmen during the Second World War. These evadees were determined to join General de Gaulle's Free Forces in North Africa and England, rather than face deportation to Germany and a future in forced labor camps.

The *Chemin de la Liberte* was also the last stage in the famous Pat O'Leary escape line used by many shot-down Allied airmen and other servicemen during the same period of war. Several other escape lines were in operation throughout Europe, but in each case the principle was the link in the chain by a succession of local helpers who clothed, fed and hid them, usually at great personal risk to themselves. Having reached the mountains, the men were then hidden in secret collecting areas and formed into groups ready for the final night ascent to the Spanish frontier.

At first the main evasion route used by the O'Leary line was centered on the Mediterranean coast at Marseilles, and the Comete line concentrated on the Atlantic coast near Bayonne. Many other evaders helped by the O'Leary network filtered down through central France to Agen and Toulouse, then on to the central Pyrenees. Saint-Girons lies 60 miles due south of Toulouse in the department of Ariege. Ahead lies a high mountain route into Spain.

On the night of May 8, 1994, the bridge over the River Salat in Saint-Girons was re-named *Pont Le Chemin de la Liberte*, in honour of the many men of many nationalities who had crossed it in their determination to escape from Hitler's tyranny. That bridge now marks the starting point of the new way-marked trail.

The climb to the Spanish border and the descent to Esterri is certainly no stroll. The going is tough because the original route was carefully chosen to avoid all official checkpoints and any likely contact with German patrols.

Usually, 80 to 100 persons take part. A few of the wartime French evaders take part each year, all of them in their mid-70s! Most of the local French walk for only two days, joining the British, Dutch -- and now, Americans -- on the Saturday morning.

The four-day stint is intended to make the trip worthwhile for visitors who have come a long way and of course, it is far more satisfying to have walked the entire escape trail from Saint Girons into Spain.

Scott Goodall can be contacted at L'Escrabiche, Lescure, 09420 Rimont, France; Phone/FAX: (33) 561 963 588

The message to Levignacq

(From the Helena (Mont.) Independent Record, Saturday, July 11, 1998)

BY THE STAFF

Later this month, in a French village near the Atlantic coast, Helenan Wayne Eveland will be among the people honored for acts committed more than half a century ago.

Eveland and other members of an ill-fated World War II bombing mission will be the focus of a ceremony in Levignacq, France, brought about by Monsieur Jean Boucau.

Sharing the stage in Levignacq with one of the former B-17 crew members will be former members of the French Resistance who, at great risk to themselves and their families, hid the Americans and manufactured their safe return to England.

In February, the Independent Record reported how in 1943 Boucau, then a young boy in Levignacq, witnessed Eveland and other crew members bail from their wounded B-17 into German-controlled France.

Just last year Boucau searched out those American aviators and also found the surviving members of the French Resistance who hid them for months before eventually moving them to safety. Soon afterward, Boucau began planning a reunion and sent all-expense paid, first-cabin invitations to all involved.

That reunion takes place July 19.

Eveland , who lives in Helena with his wife Lois, is unable to attend the ceremony because of medical problems. But another crew member, Homer McDanal, now living in Denver, is attending the event. And a message from Eveland will be carried to the ceremony by IR reporter Grant Sasek.

Sasek, who has written earlier articles about Eveland's war experiences, also received an invitation from Boucau to attend the ceremony and to be Eveland's repressentative at that event. He leaves for France Sunday.

Although Eveland cannot return to Levignacq, he recently reiterated how vivid those experiences remain more than half a life later--and how the past 54 years have been filled with gratitude and great respect for those, who in another time and place, risked their lives and their families to return him to his.

And that is the message Eveland is sending to Levignacq.

Review

MAKING IT HOME, the life story of J. Angus MacLean

This paperback book is a first-person account of growing up on Prince Edward Island, one of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

Angus was born during the mid-teens of the 1900s.

After going away for much of his education he enlisted in the Canadian RCAF. Angus was trained, and after instructing for a short time, was sent to England, as a four-engine bomber pilot; was shot down over Holland, and evaded with the help of the Comet Line.

Angus was one of the first 30 people that the Comet Line took over the Pyrenees/

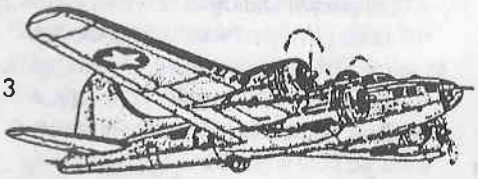
After the war, Angus was elected to the Canadian House of Commons, where he served for 25 years. After serving in the House of Commons, Angus was elected to PEI's Premiership. He was the Premier of PEI for some five years.

This book is an interesting, very readable, account of one man's life, the military career, the political career, and the rural agricultural life of a very interesting man: J. Angus MacLean.

You may order "Making It Home" from Ragweed Press, P.O. Box 2023, Charlottetown, P.E. I., Canada. C1A--7N7. About $13.00 in U.S. funds.

Monsieur Yves CARNOT,

Recherche historique sur le crash du B17 F (The Black Swan) du 31/12/1943



Monsieur Yvon LE BRIS,

Conseiller général, Maire de Bannalec et son conseil municipal

vous prient de bien vouloir honorer de votre présence l'inauguration d'une stèle érigée au lieu-dit Kerancreach, en Bannalec, en souvenir de l'équipage de la forteresse volante U.S., abattue le 31 décembre 1943

le samedi 31 octobre 1998 à 15 heures

Cette cérémonie se déroulera dans le cadre de l'exposition consacrée à cet évènement en présence des autorités civiles et militaires départementales.

A l'issue de l'inauguration le pot de l'amitié sera servi à la Mairie.

Plan au dos

On Thursday, October 31, 1998, a "STELE" (stone monument) was dedicated to the crew of the B-17, "The Black Swan" shot down on December 31, 1943, near Bannalec in Brittany (near Lorient). This ceremony was the culmination of several years of research by M. Yves Carnot of Rosporden, France. The ceremony was presided over by Yvon LeBris, the mayor of Bannalec, with numerous civic and military officials in attendance.

WW2 vet is still serving his country

From the Watertown (Wisc.) Daily Times, Nov. 11, 1998

By JEFF STEVENS of the Daily Times Staff

Nearly 55 years after his plane was shot down in World War II, Ray Kubly is still serving his country and the U.S. Air Force.

Last week, Kubly agreed to share information about his escape from the German army with Air Force's Joint Services Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape Agency.

The agency is conducting an oral history research project for people who were able to escape captivity. Kubly, a Watertown native, was one of the people called to provide insight.

"I'm happy to say that I'm still here and able to help the Air Force and our country," said the 74-year-old Kubly.

The Air Force started the project, in part, because of Capt. Scott O'Grady's experience after he was shot down over Bosnia in June of 1995. After six days, O'Grady was rescued, but Air Force officials realized that the pilot could have been better prepared.

"Because of his experiences, they realized he didn't have enough survival and evasion experience," Kubly said.

In an effort to improve their training program, the Air Force asked people, such as Kubly, to share their experiences about their escape.

On Nov. 1, Kubly was flown at the Air Force's expense to Fairchild Air Force Base near Spokane, Wash.

On the second day of his trip, Kubly was given a three-hour psychological test, which was used to evaluate characteristics of people who had successfully escaped from captivity.

After the test, Kubly was interviewed for seven hours about his experiences. Some of the topics included his military background, mission leading to capture, evasion prior to capture, interrogation, escape plan and evasion.

Military officials also wanted to know the lessons learned from the incident and suggestions how to improve one's chances for a successful escape.

"It takes a risk taker and an aggressive person to survive this," Kubly said.

Ray Kubly (center) is shown visiting with two members of the RAF Escaping Society, Canadian Branch: Ray Sherk (left) of Willowdale, Ont., and Alex Moran of Windsor, Ont.

He added that they also wanted to know what items would have been valuable to have, such as flashlights, knives and compasses.

Kubly's plane was shot down on Oct. 7, 1944, after bombing a synthetic oil refinery in Maresberg, Germany. The plane made it to Holland, where the nine-man crew bailed out over enemy lines near the Belgium border.

"When I came floating down in the parachute, the Germans shot me in the leg," Kubly said.

After the Germans captured him, Kubly was sent to a Dutch hospital. About 19 days later, Kubly joined five other people who escaped into the Dutch underground.

"None of us wanted to go to a POW camp so we escaped," Kubly said.

After five months and 23 days underground, Kubly gained his freedom.

He was debriefed by the military in Paris shortly after his resue.

Unfortunately, those papers have been lost. "To this day, we don't know where they are," Kubly said. "Nobody seems to know."

Kubly, who retired from the Air Force at the rank of lieutenant colonel, returned to Wisconsin and received his degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1952.

He went into the feed business and worked for Dairyland Seed Co. from 1952 to 1994, when he retired.

Kubly, who served on the Watertown School Board for 16 years until. 1982, didn't stay retired. He currently sells real estate for ERA Egan Realty.

Despite his war experiences, Kubly said he doesn't believe he was heroic.

"I don't consider myself a hero. I'm just a survivor," he said. "Half of my crew was killed, but I'm still here.

"I thank the Lord that he wanted me here yet. I've got things to be done," Kubly added.

AIRMEN EVACUATED BY THE *Breiz Izel* FROM DOUARNENEZ, BRITTANY, Jan. 22, 1944

1st Lt. James E. Armstrong, 384BG
T/Sgt. Robert C. Giles, 350BS
T/Sgt. Carroll F. Haarup, 350BS
T/Sgt. Thomas R. Moore, 381 BG
S/Sgt. Harry H. Horton, Jr., 381BG
S/Sgt. Joseph M. Kalas, 384BG
1st Lt. Dwight A. Fisher, 95BG
S/Sgt. Leonard J. Kelly, 384BG
S.Sgt. Edward F. Sobolewski, 381BG
Sgt. Ardell H. Bollinger, 384BG
Max Feidler, RAF, Sheffield, U.K.
Leslie Woollard, RAF, Lewes, U.K.
Paddy Carleton, RAF, Ireland
Russell Jones, RCAF, Trail, B.C.

Others on board include 16 crew and passengers.

(List provided by Jim Armstrong)

Carpetbaggers worked in the dark

From the Evening Telegraph Yank Supplement, Yorkshire, U.K.
July 20, 1992

Only the best spy novels could compete with the remarkable role played by the black Liberator planes which left the U.S. base at Harrington, near Rothwell, under cover of darkness in 1944.

It was hardly surprising people in the Kettering area weren't aware of Operation Carpetbagger, supplying agents and supplies to resistance groups from Norway to the Pyrenees.

The activities of the 801st/492nd Bombardment Group were such a closely -guarded secret that many servicemen stationed there had no idea what was really happening.

Night after night the highly-trained crews in their B-24s flew singly on daring low-level spy and sabotage sorties to remote drop zones in occupied Europe and Germany itself.

In the early part of the war, the British Special Operations Executive had built up considerable expertise of moonlight missions in Lysander, and Whitley aircraft operating from Newmarket and Tempsford, near Bedford.

But with the invasion of Europe getting closer, it was decided to form a special American support group and after brief periods at Alconbury and Watton airfields, the new unit settled at Harrington in March, 1944.

Harrington was chosen as it was near enough to Tempsford for liaison and not too far from the main supply bases at Cheddington and Holme.

More than 50 black Liberators were modified to carry and despatch spys and vital supplies such as ammunition, radios, parts--even entire vehicles.

Smaller planes like the twin-engined B-26 could carry agents in the bomb bay, to be released like bombs at low level with automatically opened parachutes. On one drop an agent was delivered to a wood in Berlin!

American crews also flew British Mosquito planes fitted with some of the first recording instruments to relay messages from agents out of radio range of UK receivers.

The route to the drop zone was a team effort. A bombardier sat in the glazed nose on a swivel seat reading off landmarks to the navigator sitting at his table behind blackout curtains. The pilot had a good downward view from large blister windows.

In their short period of operation, the Carpetbaggers dropped 556 agents and delivered 4,511 tons of supplies, losing 208 aircrew in action. They carried out over 3,000 sorties, including 21 night bombing missions.

The operation was closely monitored by the American Intelligence Department, which was making contingency plans to counter Soviet activities once the war reached its inevitable conclusion.

Leading figures such as General 'Wild Bill' Donovan and William Colby visited Harrington and the techniques perfected by the Carpetbaggers were used when the CIA developed into a worldwide intelligence agency.

So confidential were some of the Harrington missions that many records remained restricted until the 1980s. They were certainly a mystery to Ron Clarke, of Greenhill Road, Kettering, who spent many months helping to rewire the basse barracks and amenity blocks.

Mr. Clarke, then a 17-year-old electrician's mate with local firm Barnet and Soans, said: "We knew something was going on when we saw these big black planes which never flew during the day like the other bases.

"But we weren't allowed anywhere near the flying areas. Of course we all had our suspicions, but you daren't ask. Apparently crews were told they would be shot if they divulged anything. If asked about the Liberators, they were to say they were on bomber affiliation duties."

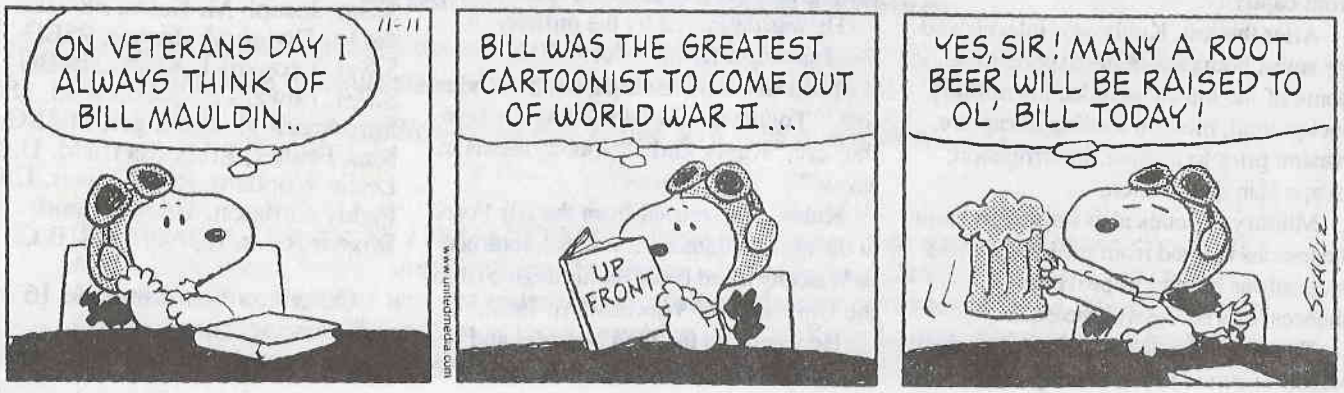
Such secrecy didn't prevent the Yanks making friends with the locals, especially men from the 826th and 852nd Engineer Battalions of the US Army, who had built the airfield during the bitter winter of 1943/44.

These men, who lived under canvas, bought all the spare bicycles in the area to visit pubs and cinemas in Kettering, Rothwell and Desborough and the Tollemache Arms in Harrington itself was popular.

And when they disposed of their refuse at the tip in Orton Road or the council yard in Glendon Road, Rothwell, they would bundle up American comics for local kids who would scavenge there.

After the war, the Carpetbaggers themselves formed an old comrades association and many returned to dedicate a memorial to their lost colleagues overlooking the old airfield where some buildings still remain.

Peanuts



AIR FORCES
ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Winter **Richard M. Smith**
President
76543 Begonia Lane
Palm Desert, CA 92211
Phone 760-345-2282
Fax 760-345-9908

In my Fall letter, perhaps I was not specific enough concerning the AFEES policy toward our Wonderful Helpers. I would like to set the record straight. At no time and in no way, did I intend to insinuate that we would not pay due homage to all our Helpers. At the Washington reunion, we did have the greatest number of Helpers and Guests ever. In my opinion, all were treated very nicely.

As a result of the large number of guests and the corresponding expense, we must make some short-term changes in our approach to Helpers and Guests. The basic element of this policy is that we will continue to pay reunion expenses for Helpers who are attending their first reunion.

Naturally, there will be exceptions. If a member is attending the reunion and wishes a Helper to also attend, and that Helper has attended a previous reunion, we will certainly honor the member's request. I must insist that all reservations for helpers and guests be forwarded to me, so that they can be coordinated. In the past, there have been cases where a Helpers reservation was made by more than one person, which leads to confusion.

As many of you know by now, we have been forced to change our venue for the Phoenix-area reunion. In the summer (too late for the Fall newsletter), a notice in the Phoenix newspaper mentioned that the Safari Hotel in Scottsdale was being demolished.

Fortunately, we have a cadre of members in the Phoenix area who were able to solve our problem. Claude Murray, Jim Cater and Gerry DeChambre began a search for accommodations in the area and discovered a delightful hotel/convention center in Mesa, a southeastern Phoenix suburb.

The 1999 reunion will be an amateur affair. For the past several years, the board has contracted with professional reunion organizers; this time, there is no one else to blame the glitches on! I am confident that the reunion rookies are doing their very best to make '99 the year to remember!

In this issue, you will find on Page 17, and also in the next newsletter, a form for making hotel reservations. The reunion reservation form will be published in the Spring newsletter (out in late February), as prices on certain events are still being negotiated.

With greetings of the season from our house to yours!

Sincerely,

12/7/98 RICHARD M. SMITH, President

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY ANNUAL REUNION

The Arizona Golf Resort & Convention Center
Mesa, Arizona
Thursday -- Monday, April 22-26, 1999

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

Thursday, April 22
Open Day, with Afternoon Registration
6:00 P.M. -- Welcoming Dinner (Cash Bar)

Friday, April 23
Registration Desk Open
Breakfast on your Own
Scheduled are two optional day trips
1. Trip to a Super Outlet Mall, bus loading at 10:00 a.m., returning to Resort at 2:30 p.m.
OR
2. Bus ride to Champlin Air Museum, boarding at 10:00 a.m., returning to Resort at 3:30 p.m.
(Each day trip is optional for gentlemen and ladies)
6:30 p.m. Helpers Dinner (Cash Bar)

Saturday, April 24
Breakfast on Your Own
10:30 a.m. Board bus for ride through the beautiful desert up to a mountain lake and 1 1/2 hr. steamboat ride with Noon Luncheon served onboard.
Back to Resort at 3:00 p.m.
5:30 p.m. Short bus ride to ROCKING R RANCH, Complete Old West Town.
We will be served a cowboy sit-down style supper, then an Old West stage show.
Following the show, outside, an OK Corral shootout. Back to resort about 9:30 p.m.

Sunday, April 25
8:00 to 9:30 a.m. Full Buffet Breakfast
9:45 a.m. Annual Business Meeting.
For those not attending the business meeting, there is a BIG MALL just across the street.
6:00 p.m. Cash Bar Is Open
7:00 p.m. Annual Banquet
(No long speeches, raffle winners drawn, dance til dawn!)

Monday, April 26
8:00 to 9:30 a.m. Full Buffet Breakfast
9:45 a.m. Memorial Service

There is the possibility of an Optional two-day bus tour to the Grand Canyon, with motel stop in Flagstaff and back to Phoenix via Oak Creek Canyon, with short stop and bus tour of Sedona.

All Reunion checks should be mailed to Paul E. Kenney, AFEES Treasurer, Apt. "B," 1041 North Jamestown Road, Decatur, GA 30033
(Approximate cost of Total Reunion Package, about $150)

Reunion Registration Form will be included in Spring newsletter

Hotel Reservations should be made not later than March 17

(Separate along this line to remove Hotel Reservation Form)

HOTEL RESERVATION FORM
ARIZONA GOLF RESORT & CONVENTION CENTER

AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY
April 22-26, 1999

FAX or mail this form direct to Resort on or before March 17, 1999
Reservations after March 17, 1999, will be accepted on space and rate available basis only.

MAIL to: Arizona Golf Resort & Convention Center,
425 South Power Road, Mesa, AZ 85206
OR: FAX direct to Hotel: 602-981-0151; Telephone 800-528-8282
Attention: Reservations Code Word: ESCAP

___ Single Occupancy $77 + Tax ($84.74) ___ Double Occupancy $77 + Tax ($84.74)

Arrival Date _____ Time _____

Departure Date _____ Time _____

Name _____

Phone Number _____

Mailing Address _____

City and State _____ ZIP _____

REQUESTS:

____ King Bed ____ Two Double Beds

____ Smoking ____ Non-Smoking

All reservations must be guaranteed for late arrival to a credit card or guaranteed with a check or money order covering first night stay.

____ Check or Money Order Enclosed, Amount _____ (Be sure to add 10.05% tax)

Guaranteed by Credit Card: Amex_____ Diners _____ Discover _____
MasterCard_____ Visa _____ Carte Blanche _____

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Once my reservation is guaranteed to this card, I understand that I am responsible for one night's room and tax which will be billed through my credit card in the event that I do not arrive and do not cancel my reservation by 6 p.m. MST on arrival date.

_____
Signature Date _____

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(Hotel Reservation form on Reverse)

Next *Rendezvous:* Mesa, Ariz.

Next AFEES reunion is scheduled for the Arizona Golf and Convention Resort, located just off Power Rd. in Mesa, Ariz., a suburb of Phoenix, for the weekend of April 22-26, 1999. Standard room rate will be $77, plus tax. A two-room suite is $10 more. All rooms are ground level.

EASY ACCESS

Thirty minutes from Phoenix Airport, one mile north of Superstition Freeway (Highway 60). Airport transfer service available. Nearby municipal airports Falcon Field and Williams Gateway, private aircraft and corporate jets.

ACCOMMODATIONS

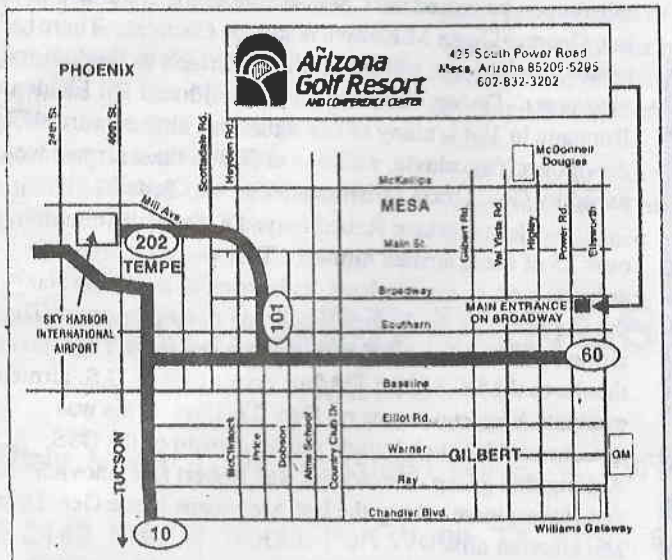
186 spacious deluxe rooms and suites with wet bar, refrigerator, microwave, in-room coffee service, personal safe, hairdryer, iron and board and other contenporary amenities.

SERVICES

- Notary Public on Premises • Secretarial Services
- FAX • Car Rentals • Same Day Laundry Service
- Babysitting Agency - Locally Licensed and Bonded

RESORT RECREATION

- **Resort Owned Championship Golf Course**
- Prearranged Tee Times at 26 courses
- Putting Greens • Chipping Green • Driving Range
- Professional Instruction • Fully Sstocked Golf Shop
- Ladies' and Men's Golf Attire, Casual Wear and Gifts
- 4 Tennis Courts - 2 lighted
- Fitness Center • Spas • Year Round Swimming
- Bicycles • Jogging • Volleyball • Basketball



Directions from Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport to the Arizona Golf Resort and Conference Center (approximately 30 minutes driving time)

- Take 202 East (Tempe/Mesa) 9 miles, to 101 South (Chandler) 4 miles, to 60 (Globe) to Power Road Exit 188 12 miles.
- Left on Power Road 1.5 miles then right on Broadway to Resort main entrance approximately 400 feet on right.

THINGS TO DO

- Horseback Riding • Desert Cookouts
- Moonlight Haywagon Rides • Superstition Mountains
- Rockin' R Ranch Dinner Theater
- "Dolly" Steamboat Canyon Lake
- Golfland-Miniature Golf & Waterslide Park
- Sightseeing: Apache Trail & Tortilla Flat
- Water Sports at Nearby Lakes
- Mesa Southwest Museum
- Professional Sports: baseball, football, basketball, hockey and soccer
- Hot Air Balloons
- Camplin Museum Antique Aircraft

SHOPPING & ENTERTAINMENT

- **Superstition Springs Center** - *One mile south* 5 Major Department Stores, 150 Specialty shops, Theaters and Restaurants
- **Arizona Mills Center** - 20 minutes, 175 retail outlets including specialty shops, theaters and restaurants.

Annabelle's

Informal dining in a most elegant setting

OPEN DAILY

Breakfast • Lunch

Dinner • Sunday Brunch

Featuring:

Fresh Fish • Prime Rib

Steaks • Vegetarian Selections

Annas

Southwest Quilt

Deli Selections • Salads • Light Entrees

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT

Listen and dance to the melodic sounds of popular local entertainers

Sunrise Cafe

Open for breakfast and lunch overlooking the golf course

POOLSIDE PATIO - *Dining & Cocktails*

Robert Marjanovich honored posthumously

"We can never repay you, but, we will never forget"

From the American Srbobran, Pittsburgh, Pa., Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1998

By Milan M. Tomich
Past Vice Pres. of Serb National Foundation and brother-in-law of the late Robert Marjanovich

On Sunday, Oct. 4, 1998, Mr. Ralph Patton, President of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society (AFEES) awarded ROBERT MARJANOVICH, posthumously, a Citation of Remembrance for his outstanding courage in coming to the aid of United States airmen during the period 1942-1945. The citation further states, "We can never repay you, but, we will never forget."

At the bottom of this citation is "PART OF A LETTER OF TRIBUTE; The loss of every Allied plane shot down over Europe was a tragedy--every member of a crew that was found and saved and sent back to us brought joy to all his comrades. To everyone who joined in this great work and to each member of his family and to all who shared, in those days, his risks and dangers I send assurances of my deep and lasting gratitude." Sincerely,

Dwight D. Eisenhower

The recipient of this award was Mrs. Dara (Marjanovich) Tomich, of Pittsburgh, Pa., sister of the late Robert Marjanovich. Present for this occasion was Mr. Nick Lalich, retired Captain of the OSS, of Baltimore, Md., and the one to initiate this presentation. We were also honored to have in our presence, Mr. George Martich, president of the Serb National Federation. All of this took place at the beautiful and spacious Serbian American Cultural Center, in Weirton, W.Va.

At the Serbian American Cultural Center in Weirton, W. Va., Ralph Patton (Chairman of AFEES), presents Dara (Marjanovich) Tomich with the citation award of remembrance on behalf of her late brother, Robert Marjanovich; and Nick Lalich, retired Captain of the OSS.

At the Serbian American Cultural Center in Weirton, W. Va., are, L-R, Ralph and Bette Patton; Dara (Marjanovich) Tomich, Milan M. Tomich, and Nick Lalich (retired Captain of the OSS.)

Robert Marjanovich entered Yugoslavia in 1939 as a diocesan seminarian student. When the war broke out in Yugoslavia in 1941, he was unable to get out of the country, whereupon he joined the Chetniks, under the command of the late General Draza Mihailovich and his Chetniks. There he served as a linguist, translating from Serbian to English and vice versa. During the bombing of the Ploesti Oil Fields in Romania in 1944, many of our American airmen were shot down over Yugoslavia, where over 500 of these airmen were saved by Gen. Draza Mihailovich and his Chetniks.

Here is where Robert played a vital role in rescuing over 25 of these airmen himself. This was an extremely arduous task, to say the least, as he tried to avoid the Nazis, the Communists amd other Fascist groups in the area. These airmen were subsequently safely evacuated from Yugoslavia, thanks to the Chetniks. The last contingent of U.S. airmen to evacuate Yugoslavia was on Dec. 27, 1944. This was spearheaded by Nick Lalich, retired captain of the OSS. Among this group of evacuees was Robert Marjanovich. Nick and Robert were among the last Americans to see Gen. Draza Mihailovich alive.

Robert Marjanovich is also survived by another sister, Mrs. Melava (Marjanovich) Radovic, of State College, Pa. Robert was the son of the late Rev. Hariton and the late Popadija Angtina Marjanovich. The late Rev. Hariton passed away in November 1926, while serving his parish, St. Stephen Serbian Orthodox Church in Lackawanna, N.Y.

Claude learned how to act dumb

From the Sun City, Ariz., Daily News Sun, Oct. 13, 1998

By JEFF OWENS, Staff Writer

A few years ago, Claude Murray--alias "Jan Smit"--of Sun City had a special interest in seeing that Miami author Patricia Fussell Keen actually finished the book she had been working on so painstakingly.

Keen was a military history researcher and "8th Air Force brat" who had devoted a decade of study to a book on one of World War II's most obscure stories.

She was compiling an exhaustive history of the U.S. 8th Air Force's little-known 7th Photographic Reconnaisance Group, whose men flew sleek P-38 Lightnings and Spitfires over enemy European territory from early 1943 to the war's end armed only with cameras.

Men like Claude Murray.

When Keen's initial backers pulled out, Claude Murray stepped in as financier and publisher. He formed his own company, CAVU Publishers, LLC of Sun City, to put out Keen's book. Several months and $45,000 later, 2,000 copies rolled off the presses in December 1996.

Murray holds many titles: pilot, photographer, publisher, director of the P-38 National Association, and others, but the title for which he is perhaps most grateful is that of Claude Murray, evader.

How he got that title is just one story told in "Eyes of the Eighth," Keen's meticulously researched and lavishly illustrated 378-page history of the 7th Photo Recon Group.

Claude Murray of Sun City, Ariz., has produced a book on the history of the 7th Photographic Reconnaisance Group. He spent seven months with the Dutch Resistance after his unarmed P-38 was shot down.

"No guns; just cameras," Murray said. "We were the only ones flying high-altitude photo recon missions. They called us 'unarmed and unafraid'--we flew high and fast.".

Shot down on Oct. 6, 1944, during a solo recon mission over Holland, Murray literally fell into the hands of the Dutch underground resistance, who saved his life by helping him evade capture by the Nazis.

What to do with this downed American flier? The Dutch looked to British Intelligence, which instructed the resistance not to let Murray attempt escape.

"Keep him there and turn him into a Dutchman," the British said.

And so 2nd Lt. Claude Murray, 22, of Cheney, Wash., spent the last seven months of the war in Europe hiding as Jan Smit, a deaf and dumb Dutch salesman.

The rest of the story about Murray's hair-raising adventure is told in fascinating detail in "Eyes of the Eighth," along with those of all the other men of the 7th. Keen shows the adventures, triumphs and tragedies of the men in the work, which follows the group from formation and training through every mission flown during the war.

"This is a beautifully written book," Murray said. "Very little is known about us. After all, we weren't shooting down fighters or bombing cities."

"We were just taking pictures. It sounds unromantic, but it was very important."

"Eyes of the Eighth" is available by contacting Claude Murray at CAVU Publishers, L.L.C., 16810 Boswell Blvd., Sun City, AZ 85351; (602) 972-3991.

FOLDED WINGS

MEMBERS

AF Italy Melvin J. Nielsen, Green Valley, AZ, 79FG, Sept. 9, '98

EE 2142 Fred E. Noble, Fort Worth, TX, 92BG, Sept. 16, 1998

HELPER

M. Yves Vourch, Plomodiern, France, Nov. 19, 1998

Mission 26 was one real bad outing

Verne Cole, now of Fresno, Calif., was tail gunner on a B-17 crew of the 483BG, 15th AF, when he was downed on March 22, 1945, near the Polish-German border. Badly wounded, he was aided by Polish guerrillas. This is his story.

By VERNE COLE

I already has flown 25 missions and only needed 10 more to go home. Our crew was not posted for the Ruhland flight, but the flight engineer from Captain Skinner's crew asked me to replace the regular tail gunner, who was down with the GI's. Sure, I was ready for number 26.

The following morning at the plane I was introduced to Major Stanley Johnson, who I believe was making his first combat flight. I already knew the rest of the crew members.

I was sorry to see our escorts drop off well before we reached the target. Over the target the flak was intense, much more than we had anticipated, and there were a number of the curious smoke rings we had come to know were left by rockets. As tail gunner in the lead plane of the group, I had a catbird's seat watching the formation. I saw a plane from another squadron take a hit -- it seemed to stop in the air and immediately became a ball of fire. A chute opened and then disappeared in a flash of fire and the man tumbled down out of sight. I felt a little ill.

After we dropped the bomb load, the formation swung left and I was watching the low squadron when suddenly I saw a Me-262 right above it. I started to swing the tail guns toward the fighter when there was a red flash and I lost consciousness. I don't think I even let the rest of the crew know the Me-262 was out there.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on the floor behind the bicycle seat that tail gunners used. The windows in the tail were gone, and the tail guns hung crazily angled down to the right with part of their support gone. We had lost a lot of altitude because I could breathe easily, although my oxygen mask had been pulled off. I found my hands and arms were paralyzed almost in the position they were when I was hit--elbows bent as if holding the guns in front of me. I couldn't use the intercom--my throat mike had been yanked off.

My helmet was on the floor. It had a hole in it. I never could understand that, since I had no head wounds. I discovered later that I had been wounded in both hands, both arms, and both shoulders. The flak vest apparently had saved me from being hit in the torso.

I got to my knees and picked up the chute pack with my teeth and crawled on my knees out to the waist. I saw the waist hatch open, the ball turret up and its hatch open, and I couldn't see a soul. I panicked for a minute, thinking everyone had bailed out and left the plane on automatic pilot. When Airman Thompson came through the radio room to the waist, I could have kissed him.

He unhooked my heavy flak vest and told me Pirroni had been hit in the belly and was dead. He looked at my hands and decided there was little he could do then, since the bleeding seemed to have stopped. Thompson left the waist to tell Capt. Skinner that I was back there. I sat down in the waist and I could hear the bomb bay doors being opened and then a few minutes later, closed. Thompson came back with Maj. Johnson and told me they had dropped Pirroni through the bomb bay and opened his chute with a static line.

It was about then Thompson saw another fighter plane off to the right. He got on the one waist gun and Maj. Johnson attempted to use the other. I stood behind Johnson and gave him a complete course in the operation of a machine gun in about 20 seconds. He hand charged the gun to put a shell in the chamber so it would fire, and I told him how to lead the plane.

About a year later in Shick General Hospital in Clinton, Iowa, I received a Silver Star for that incident. I guess Maj. Johnson wrote me up for the award.

Thompson then hooked up my chute to the harness and hooked it to a static line while I was beside the waist hatch. Johnson went back to the cockpit and Thompson stood in the door between the radio room and the waist. Finally, he relayed a signal to bail out. All I could see below was trees. I was afraid of getting hung up in a tree and unable to get out since I still couldn't use my hands or arms. A couple minutes later I saw an open field coming up that I judged I could land in. I nodded to Thompson and went head first out the hatch. That was the last time I ever saw any of that crew.

The hand of God was on my shoulder when I landed, almost in the center of that open field (maybe 10 or 15 acres) I had spotted from the air. I was still wearing the soft wool-lined boots so I was afraid I would break an ankle or two. Instead my feet hit at the top lip of a ditch and my feet slid down the bank breaking my fall before my rump hit at the top of the bank. My chute caught in a tree 10 feet away, so I wasn't blown along the ground by the slight breeze. I sat there, not moving, for possibly 10 minutes, when I saw what appeared to be a boy, 10 to 11 years old, at the edge of the woods. He dashed out to the tree with a knife in hand, cut the chute, wadded most of it up and with part of it trailing on the ground behind him, ran back to the woods.

While he was near me, I pleaded with him to help, but I was speaking English and trying Italian. He didn't understand. I was getting tired now, and was depressed when the boy ran away. I could hear artillery in the distance, so I wasn't too far from the lines.

Then a GMC truck came rumbling through the woods and out into the field. There were several men in the truck carrying rifles, who came and tried to talk to me, repeating the question, Amerikanski? Amerikanski? They relieved me of the weight of the 45 caliber pistol I was carrying in a packet below the knee, read the message on my escape kit and stood there talking to each other. A few minutes later, another truck came up to the edge of the woods and a woman, wearing a Polish army uniform (I had seen them in Rome), came up to me and addressed me in British English. She asked if I was an

(More on next page)

More About --

That Mission No. 26

American, and when I answered yes, she told me not to worry. They were Polish guerrillas. There were going to put me in the lorry and take me to a doctor.

The men picked me up and placed me on some blankets in the truck and the truck went back into the woods. I don't believe they followed a road because the truck bounced and bucked. I could see a lot of tree branches above the truck and hear them rubbing the side of the vehicle. I passed out for a while and when I came to, the truck was in a village and a couple of the men were coming back to the truck with an old man who had a white beard down to his waist. They helped the old man into the truck and kept saying "Doktor", in the German manner.

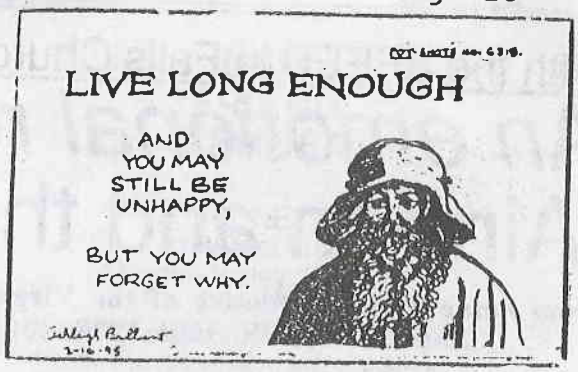
He opened my shirt and found the shoulder wounds and for the first time, I could see my chest was covered with blood. He gave me a shot in the chest that I later was told had to have been adrenalin. I passed out when he was trying to put some rags on the wound on my left shoulder. When I came to again, it was late evening and the truck was on a road. Then we came to what probably had been a village, but all I could see then was large two-story building with part of the bottom floor blown away.

I was carried up the stairs to what turned out to be a Russian army field hospital. I was taken to an operating room and my clothes were stripped off and they began to inspect my wounds. Then someone brought in a tray with four waterglasses filled with vodka. They began to pour the vodka into me and I passed out. When I came to, I had a cast around my chest from the waist to the arms and hands which were extended out in front of me with the elbows bent, with the right arm above the left.

Two days later I was flown to Lodz, Poland, in a tiny two-passenger observation plane that had been converted so it would hold my stretcher. The hospital there was in what had been a good hotel, and for the first time, I began to feel comfortable about the medical care and to begin to hope that I was going to get home.

Anyway, about ten days later I was transferred to an American field hospital in Poltava in the Ukraine (the place where the shuttle bomber flights from England and Italy including the 483rd, had landed). As I was carried in the door on a stretcher, two men, in beds on each side of the door, yelled happily "Cole!". They were members of a replacement crew that had moved into the tent next door to me ten days or two weeks before March 22, and had been on their first mission--to the Ruhland refinery--when they were shot down. They had a terrifying tale of crash landing in no-man's land with both sides lobbing mortar shells at the time. They were picked up by a Russian infantry patrol.

I was later transferred to an American naval hospital at the city of Abadan, Iran, on the Persian Gulf and after a couple of weeks there to a hospital in Cairo where we were on VE Day; then to Casablanca and to Miami. In all, I spent 15 months in hospitals, which was a whole longer than than I had been in Italy (nine months).



Dayton has want list

By Lt. Col. J. W. Bradbury
San Antonio, Tex.

The U.S. Air Force Museum exhibition for Special Operations in the new building at Dayton, Ohio, seems to be on schedule. The museum is ready to receive items which illustrate the history of special operations organizations.

Among items already collected are canisters which contained arms, explosives and such dropped to the Norwegian resistance in WWII; Sten and Bren guns; a number of original leaflets dropped into Occupied Europe, such as *Le Courrier de L'Air, L'Amerique en Guerre, Voir, Declaration du Commandant Supreme des Foirces Expeditionnaire Allies,* and others.

Items especially needed include:

1. Radios such as Joan-Eleanor, Regbecca-Eureka, S-Phone Mark III or other suitcase radios, SCR-504 direct Direction Finding radio.
2. Jump Suit and padded helmet used by agents, Jedburghs and others, parachutes used for personnel or packages.
3. Button compass, escape kits and escape knife, cyanide capsule.
4. M-209 Cipher machine, M-94 cipher device, code books.
5. Special weapons such as the Welrod, Liberator (Woolworth gun), .22 ca. (Stinger, EnPen, cigarette, cigar, pipe pistol), .38 cal. glove pistol, Little Joe crossbow.
6. Explosive devices such as Limpet, Beano grenade, time delay pencils and other timing devices for explosives.
7. Minox and match box cameras.
8. Pictures which illustrate the characteristics and accomplishments of special operations, particularly those taken in enemy occupied territory; flying clothing, uniforms worn on missions, civilian clothing worn by agents or evaders in enemy occupied territory, underground newspapers and leaflets, false ID cards, passports, work permits, etc.

The AF Museum will pay for packaging and shipment of material which is needed.

If you have material you wish to contribute or have knowledge of such material, contact Mr. Terry Aitken, Plans and Programs Division, U.S. Air Force Museum, 1100 Spaatz St., Wright-Patterson AFB, OH 45433-7102; Phone 937-255-5174, Ext. 373; FAX 937-255-3910; e-mail taitken@wpafb.af.mil

With the AFEES in Falls Church

An emotional reunion . . . Airmen and their French helpers

From *Plane Talk*, newsletter of the Virginia Chapter, 8AFHS, Fall 1998

By Jesse R. Pitts (379BG) and Monique Pitts

We attended the reunion of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society last May in Falls Church, Va.. We were invited by Herbert Brill and his wife Millicent. Herbert Brill was shot down Dec. 31, 1943, near Cognac, Charente, France, and spent nine months in occupied territory.

Brill was navigator on a B-17 Flying Fortress bomber. The morning of New Year's Eve 1943, the exhausted crew was scheduled for a three-day pass when a new mission came up to bomb a German-controlled air strip in the south of France. Just "a quick milk run," they were told.

Some milk run! They lost an engine from German firepower, then had to dispose of their bombs in the ocean in time to make a forced farm-field landing. They burned their own plane to keep it out of German hands, then split up in twos to escape.

Four made it to safety in Spain. Four were captured and became prisoners of war. After meeting a local postman, who finally overcame his strong conviction that they were German spies and who pointed out on a map an area towards the east where they could possibly find the French Underground, Brill and the engineer, Bill Weber, hiked 55 miles through the countryside for several days before meeting up, on Jan. 3, 1944, with a small Resistance group. This group later became, in mid-January, the *Section Speciale de Sabotage*, or the S.S,S,

Brill spent those difficult months sleeping in various "safe" farm houses and in a hole in the woods for several weeks in order to avoid the Gestapo and collaborators in the area. Because they were in civilian clothes, Brill and Weber, if caught, would have been shot, as well as the inhabitants of the farm houses. Having joined the S.S.S., Brill participated in receiving parachute drops by the British Air Force, and after the invasion, in various sabotage activities. He also participated in the battle of Javerlhac on July 24, against the Germans who had received orders to destroy the town of Nontron, about 10 kilometers away, and in the liberation of Angouleme on Aug. 31, 1944. He has received from the French government *the Croix du Combattant Volontaire 1939-1945* and the *Croix du Combattant Volontaire de la Resistance*.

Today, the Brills have bought a home in Nontron, 85 miles from where the plane went down and divide their time between France and California. They also visit regularly the American Cemetery at Omaha Beach (Colleville-sur-Mer) where Millicent's brother, who was killed in Normandy on July 27, 1944, is buried.

In 1985, the Brills returned for a commemoration ceremony on the very spot where his plane had crash-landed. The French had recreated the airplane's outline with French and American flags. During the ceremony a villager who had watched the plane on fire that day, had run to the scene. Miraculously, he grabbed the radio before the fire reached it. He told his family that someday he wanted to give the radio back to one of the heroic Americans who had crashed. The old man had died a year before the 1985 ceremony, but his family didn't forget his promise. It is now displayed in the study of the Brill's California house. What follows is what French members of the Underground said at the time (translation by Monique Pitts.)

"Two school teachers at Grassac let us know that two Americans are staying at the Mapas' home. At a prearranged time in the afternoon, we find our two Yankees, looking rather frightened when they see us. They are very young (about 20) but very pleasant. They wear civilian clothes lent by Mr. Mapa. After crossing the woods, we reach the "Ranch" (name given to a hide-away) where Mitchell (a British officer from the Merchant Navy wounded and made prisoner at Dieppe, who escaped from the hospital thanks to a nurse) is waiting. Trying hard to remember our school English, we interrogate them. The ice is quickly broken, the 'Ranch' is ;lively. It is now international, but a bit small. Our two Yankees are perfect--they don't smoke, drink only water and try hard to be helpful. Herbert makes great progress to be understood. As for Bill, he says it is useless to make the effort since his forged identity card says *deaf mute*. They eat anything and always say they are satisfied (the cooking talents of Blaireau, one of the resistants, are rather mediocre and he often prepares horrible mixtures.)"

(Here are other accounts of what their participation to action was.)

"On Feb. 4, 1944, a message from London: 'Make a relaxed jump' announces the drop of six parachutes with containers. Brill and Weber take part in the operation, along with Pierrot Chabasse and his father who came with a mule and carriage to transport material to a waiting truck.

Everything goes well and everybody goes his separate way, but Pierrot and his father each assume that the other has brought back the mule and the carriage. All night the poor mule wandered on dangerous ground and was found in the morning in the middle of a field, having grazed quite a lot. The next message to London, inspired, no doubt, by the incident, was: 'The mule wanders at night.'"

On July 24, 1944, the news is that 700 or 800 Germans and Militians advance toward Nontron, which had been liberated by the Resistants several weeks before. The members of the S.S.S. are alerted, and are joined by Brill, Weber and four other Americans who want to participate. They leave in the midst of songs, swears, laughter, jokes, but they all know that this is going to be dangerous. They speed in trucks to take position, but their number is small and defense will be almost impossible. They hope for reinforcement. All day the battle will rage, with in turns attacks, retreats, regrouping, all this under intense fire and once in a while ominous silences. The odds are against the Resistants, about 80, but divided in various groups, against the hundreds of enemy forces. It must be said that this small group of Frenchmen, led by a charismatic and courageous leader, Capitaine Jacques, held to the end. Nontron and other towns were free. The Germans retreated. This is a day that Brill, Weber and other Americans will never forget.

The purpose of the invitation to go to Falls Church was for Monique and Jesse to meet the Brills for the first time. Monique's father was a leader of the Resistance in the region, sent by London to reorganize and equip the Resistants already fighting in the Bordeaux-Angouleme region. He and Jacques Nancy (the charismatic leader mentioned above, chief of the S.S.S.) were landed by moonlight on Nov. 15, 1943, by Lysander, in a small field in Charente, and quickly whisked away.

This is another story, but Monique knows many of the people who helped Herbert Brill. Some are still alive and are great friends. Others were killed, or have since passed away, some were arrested and died in concentration camps, some returned from those camps. It should be understood that during the war, the French people were warned by the Germans not to help any allied airmen, under penalty of death; on the other hand, they would be "rewarded" for turning in any airmen to the Germans. In view of this, it is remarkable that so many brave French people put their lives at stake in order to help and to save the airmen. It is thanks to them that Brill feels he is alive today, and, when he tells his French friends this, they all say that, but for the Allies' help, they would be speaking German today.

We cannot be surprised by the affectionate bonds created between the American shot-down flyers and their "helpers". At the reunion in Falls Church, many of the Americans (and Canadians) whose lives were saved, gathered again with their French, Belgian, Danish or Dutch helpers, very often not for the first time.

They all have extraordinary stories to tell and those stories are published in the Newsletter *Communications* of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society. Once in the hands of the Resistants, the return to England took sometimes a long time, with many people and underground networks involved, returns by plane, by boats, by foot to Spain, moving a lot from safe place to another safe place. It did not always succeed, but those attending the reunion were proof that it often did.

NEW 'FRIEND' MEMBER

J. HAL NETTEN
68 Deer Trail
Garden Valley, ID 83622
Ph.: 208-462-3452
(Co-author of George Remmerden's book)
"In the Shadow of the Swastika"

UPDATES TO 1996 AFEES ROSTER

(Changes are in **BOLD type**)

Herbert Brill "L", CA ; new area code **949**-760-9217

James M. Carlson "F", **153 Carol Lane, Brainerd, MN 56401-4505**

E. M. (Hank) Carnicelli, **204 Highwood Ave., Leonia, NJ 07605-2008**

James C. Cater "L", **10514 W. Tropicana Circ.,** Sun City, AZ 85351-**2218**; Ph. 602-974-8790

H. Philip Causer, **2932 Winterset Rd., Las Cruces, NM 88005-4694**

David C. Conner *S*, **15240 S.W. Alderbrook Ct., Tigard, OR 97224-5688; Ph. 503-968-8923**

Mrs. Yvonne Daley "H", **1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin, FL 34698; Ph. 813-734-9573**

Herbert Dulberg "L", **14901 Park Lake Dr., Apt. 304,** Fort Myers, FL **33919; Ph. 941-267-7582**

Mrs. William R. Johnston "W", **8914 Footstep Ct., Annandale, VA 22003-3866**

E. Robert Kelley "L", CA, new area code: **530**-275-2825

Paul E. Kenney, **1041 North Jamestown Road, Apt.B, Decatur, GA 30033; Ph. 404-929-8808**

Harold C. Kornman, PA, new area code: **724**-775-5351

Robert O. Lorenzi, **1135 W. Sunny Creek Circ.,** Spokane, WA **99224-8458; Ph. 509-363-1402**

Charles M. Lowe "L", **1100 Elmwood Dr., Colonial Heights, VA 23834-2907; Ph. 804-526-2824**

Edward F. O'Day, Jr., **c/o Veterans Home, PO Box 1200, Yountville, CA 94599-1297**

Ronald H. Pearce "L", **752** Old Jones Road, Alpharetta, GA **30004; Ph. 770**-475-1414

Leonard R. Rogers, **725 Russell Way,** Santa Barbara, CA 93110

William E. Schack, OH, new area code: **440**-835-1226

Norman C. Schroeder, CA, new area code: **530**--589-0682

Walter R. Snyder, **500 N. Walnut St., Apt. L2, Wilmington, DE 19801-3825**

Benjamin H. St. John, FL, new area code: **727**-785-5342

Don W. Vogel, **288** Prospect St., Brandon, VT 05733-**8992** Ph. 802-247-5701

Bruce H. Walter "L", **400 S. Florida Ave., Apt. 710, Lakeland, FL 33801-5264**

William E. Wyatt, Sr., **11550 Walnut St.,** Cincinnati, OH **45246-3531;** Ph. 513-351-6279

The Englishwoman who took on the Gestapo -- and survived!

(From English language edition of* MARIE CLAIRE, *September 1998)

The life of Mary Lindell -- one of the unsung heroines of the Second World War. Code-named Marie-Claire, this fearless British aristocrat rescued hundreds of Allied soldiers from occupied France, earning the dubious accolade of being among the Nazis' most-wanted women.

By EMILY HOHLER

The fact that Mary Lindell survived until the age of 91, predeceased by two of her three children and her husband, is nothing short of a miracle. During her life, she had been shot in the head, sentenced to death, twice arrested and incarcerated in a concentration camp known as "hell for women." Few will have heard of any of the names she went by--the Comtesse de Milleville, Comtesse de Moncy or her code-name, Marie-Claire--but Mary Lindell is one of the unsung heroines of the Second World War, single-handedly masterminding the escape of hundreds of Allied soldiers from occupied France.

Mary had a natural talent for war. Sent to the Western Front as a volunteer nurse during the first World War in her teens, she had earned France's top gallantry award, the Croix de Guerre, by the age of 23 for her services tending the French wounded. When Chamberlain declared war in 1939, her sixteen-year-old son, Oky, gauged her mood when he exclaimed, "Now you'll be able to go back to war, Mamma."

Mary Ghita Lindell was born in Sutton, Surrey, on Sept. 11, 1895, into a fashionable and wealthy family.

In August 1914 when war was declared, she enlisted in the Voluntary Aid Detachment (VAD) and was sent to a hospital in Hertfordshire where she was put to work cleaning bedpans. When the matron complained that she wasn't doing her job properly, Mary flicked the soiled brush in her face and invited her to do the job herself.

Following her inevitable dismissal, Mary offered her services to the Secours Aux Blesses Militaires, a division of the French Red Cross which employed aristocratic young ladies, such as herself, and soon found herself on the Western front, sometimes accompanying a surgeon on to the battlefield. Such duties were considered improper for a young lady but Mary--nicknamed the Bebe Anglaise--was

determined to continue her work. Even after retreat had been ordered, she insisted on staying with two French orderlies at a field hospital that would otherwise have been abandoned.

In spite of being only 23, she was awarded the Tsarist Order of St. Anne for tending Russian soldiers, as well as the Croix de Guerre.

Towards the end of the war, she was partly gassed near Verdun, eastern France, and was sent to hospital in Brittany to recover. It was here that she met her future husband, the French Comte de Milleville, whom she married in 1919. She went on to give birth to three children: Maurice, Octavius (known as Oky) and a girl, Barbe.

When war broke out again, Mary dusted off her uniform and raced to the French Red Cross, only to be turned away because she was English. Undeterred she took charge of organizing food and accommodation for Belgian refugees, and before long she was asked to escort a convoy of abandoned Red Cross ambulances to Bordeaux. As her husband was in South America on business, she sent her teenage children to a Jesuit college in Brittany.

In July 1940, the Comte returned and the family were safely reunited in Paris. After a painful discussion, the couple agreed to end their marriage, although he continued to live in their flat.

The capital was overrun with German troops and Mary, concerned about the French soldiers left behind in Paris, devised a plan for getting them out of occupied territory. Mary, Oky and a friend, Michele, began ferrying soldiers to a friend's farm on the French-Spanish border at Sauveterre-de-Bearn into Free France. Before long, an old friend, Colonel Cecil Shaw, singled her out to help repatriate British officers.

Mary's task was made easier by a request from the French Red Cross to ferry stranded children over the border to unoccupied France to join their parents. Despite smarting from the earlier rejection, Mary realized that joining the Red Cross would provide the perfect cover for her work. She contacted an old friend, a Russian prince who was friendly with the Germans, and asked if he knew of any high-ranking Germans who would give her passes for the refugees. Within 24 hours, Mary had been introduced to General von Stulpnagel, the Military Governor, and issued with passes for herself, one nurse, one child and crucially, one mechanic.

The following day, Mary drove her first officer, disguised as her mechanic, past the German road blocks and dropped him in Limoges. After a couple of trips, Mary received a visit from an inspector in the Paris police who was at a loss because scores of Englishmen were arriving from the north and he knew of no escape route open to the south.

Mary realized that the Germans would become suspicious if she used her old methods and drove down to Ruffec in western France where a friend, Madame Rouiller lived, to investigate a simpler route. Fortunately, Madame Rouiller's husband knew two farms on either side of the border that would provide the escape route which came to be known as the Marie-Claire line.

Gradually, Mary and her sons, now in their late teens, started shuttling soldiers over the border.

Despite her precautions, it wasn't long before the activity in Mary's Parisian flat attracted the attention of German officers. Just after Christmas 1940, the Gestapo searched her flat and marched her off for questioning. Mary denied everything. Infuriated by her obstinacy, they threw her into the Cherche-Midi prison, which was full of members of the French Resistance, and told her she would be court-martialled and shot. Still she refused to talk. A month later she was taken to court where she was sentenced to two and a half years' hard labor. Among her many offenses, was that of insulting the German army by calling her interrogator a swine. When Mary explained that 'swine' referred to animals of courage and ferocity and that she had, in fact, been praising the army, her sentence was reduced to nine months' solitary confinement..

Mary Lindell, right, with her courier, Michele, before setting out on an escape mission to foil the Gestapo.

Nine months later, Mary was released by a friendly wardress, who warned her that the Gestapo were still seeking a warrant for her detention. Unfortunately, Mary, who was now nearly 50, became ill with pneumonia and was in bed when the Gestapo arrived at her flat two weeks later to take her back to prison. As her condition was critical, they left a German sentry posted on her door, but Mary managed to slip past him and went into hiding in a dirty flat at the Porte de Versailles, gathering her strength for her escape to Madame Rouiller's house in Ruffec. Three weeks later, Oky escorted her to the station and waved her goodbye in tears. It was the last time Mary saw him. He was deported by the Nazis and was last heard of in Russia.

Once out of Paris, Mary was still not safe, as the Germans had instructed the Vichy Government to look out for the Comtesse and hand her over for execution. With the help of contacts and a staged robbery to explain her lack of papers, she was issued the necessary exit visas in her maiden name and escaped through Spain and Portugal disguised as an elderly governess. She arrived in London in July 1942 and was soon contacted by Col. Jimmy Langley, head of MI9 (an organization formed to help escapees, particularly airmen shot down over enemy territory), who had escaped from the Germans at Dunkirk, and Airey Neave, one of the few officers to escape from Colditz. Langley arranged for her to be trained in the art of coding, and in October 1942, her training completed, she flew to Limoges, where she was faced with the most significant escape operation of her life.

In December, a British submarine, Tuna, traveled to Bordeaux carrying ten Royal Marine Commandos, afterward known as the 'Cockleshell Heroes', whose mission was to blow up German shipping. The only survivors of the operation were the commander, Major H. G. Hasler and Marine Bill Sparks. They had been told to make for Ruffec, where they would find an organization waiting to take them home, but without a radio operator, Mary had no idea they were coming. She had also been badly injured when she was hit by a car as she cycled near the Marie-Claire line. With Mary in hospital, the two men had to hide out for six weeks at the farm near Ruffec until her son, Maurice, organized their escape to Lyons and delivered them into her hands.

Southern France and Spain were swarming with Gestapo, informers and troops, but thanks to Mary's various contacts, the men were guided safely across the Pyrenees and made it home.

By this time, Mary was short of funds and in danger of losing her arm from gangrene. Weak and ill, she bribed a French fisherman to ferry her across Lake Geneva to neutral

(More on next page)

MORE - Mary Lindell

Switzerland where she could get medical treatment and communicate with London. Through contacts of Hassler's she met a lieutenant in Swiss intelligence who knew how to bypass German frontier points. After a trip back to Lyons, she returned to Britain in May 1943, to collect money from London to keep the line operational. During this visit, she received a coded letter with the news that Maurice had been imprisoned at Mont Luc.

This was potentially disastrous for all those involved with the Marie-Claire line. She rushed back to France where her daughter Barbe used her feminine charms and 50,000 francs to buy his freedom from Klaus Barbie, the Butcher of Lyons, who ran the Gestapo headquarters at Mont Luc military prison. Barbie accepted the bribe and the following afternoon Maurice staggered back to the flat. He had been tortured in an effort to find out his mother's whereabouts, but had refused to talk. Mary arranged for him to receive medical treatment, and after a while Maurice went back to work on the Marie-Claire line. In the meantime, Mary was persuaded to travel back to Switzerland to deliver vital intelligence about a food convoy due to leave Bordeaux for Japan, an operation that meant execution if caught. Mary was still in Switzerland when news arrived from London that the convoy had been sunk.

Until now she had slipped through the Gestapo's fingers, but they were intent on capturing her. It was simple human error that delivered Mary into the hands of her enemies.

One day, her secretary, Ginette, needing documents for four escapees and unable to contact the men who forged the identity papers, made the fatal decision to forge them herself. On the train to Pau the Gestapo swiftly realized that the airmen's documents were flawed, and Mary, who was meeting the group, was picked up at the station. She was taken for questioning and steadfastly maintained that she was a Red Cross inspectress called the Comtesse de Moncy.

Barbe, who knew some high-ranking Germans, was determined to do what she could. By telling them that her mother was the Comtesse de Milleville, she sealed her fate.

On the train to Paris and inevitable death, Mary considered her chances of escape. Pretending to feel ill, she asked a German guard to escort her to the bathroom. Her haste aroused suspicion and the firing began before she reached the door. As she leapt from the window, a bullet pierced her cheek and another the base of her skull.

By the time the Germans had stopped the train, she was all but dead. Luckily for Mary, her captors were so terrified at the prospect of losing a prisoner with vital intelligence that they sent her to the Luftwaffe hospital at Tours, where a surgeon painstakingly reconstructed her skull and the base of her neck.

Ironically, once Mary had recovered and been sent to Dijion prison, she knew her chances of survival were very remote, particularly as it looked like the Allies were winning the war.

In the autumn of 1944 as the Allies sped triumphantly towards Dijion, the inmates felt sure they would be killed. In fact, the Nazis were reluctant to shoot so many people because they had no trenches dug in which to bury the bodies. Instead, they were dispatched to concentration camps. On September 3, Mary found herself in Ravensbruck camp for women, where she got a job in the camp hospital. Its relatively humane conditions probably saved her life, for she went down with pneumonia again that November. By February 1945 conditions were so bad that 120 women were dying every day.

Soon afterwards, Himmler agreed that Red Cross convoys should rescue certain Allied prisoners in an exchange. Mary only just made it out of the camp, escorted against the orders of the Nazis by the German camp doctor, who had grown almost affectionate towards the courageous Englishwoman.

In 1969, she received long-overdue recognition and was given an OBE. Although she never saw her son, Oky, again, Maurice went on to live a normal Frenchman's life. As for Mary, she lived alone in Paris until her death in 1986.

War on the range?

Luftwaffe faces suit by ranchers

By the Associated Press

ODESSA, Tex. -- Dec. 2, 1998 -- The German air force says the United States has no court jurisdiction to restrict its Luftwaffe pilots from low-level training missions in West Texas.

The Luftwaffe responded last week to a lawsuit filed by a coalition of ranchers in U.S. District Court. The plaintiffs claim the low-level flights endanger people and livestock.

Near-collisions have been reported with civilian aircraft, as well as spooked horses throwing cowboys and people being bowled over by powerful downdrafts the planes create at low altitudes.

Defendants in the lawsuit include both the Luftwaffe and the U.S. Air Force, which is training German pilots at Holloman AFB in Alamogordo, N. Mex.

No date has been set for the lawsuit to be tried.

Plaintiff Kaare Remme told the Odessa American that the Luftwaffe claim to diplomatic immunity is "just crazy."

He said the German air force claim to immunity runs counter to the Holloman "bed-down" agreement it signed in which it agreed to abide by the laws and regulations of the U.S. Air Force before beginning operations in the United States in 1991,

The Luftwaffe now wants to increase by 30 the number of German Tornado jets allowed to train in these areas. High altitude refueling, which isn't now part of the training flights, would also occur under these proposals.

Mary Lindell's life story was the subject of the 1991 film, *"One Against the Wind,"* starring Judy Davis, shown at left.

The movie was recently shown on American cable television under the title, "No Drums, No Bugles."

If any reader has access to the video, AFEES would like to borrow it to make a copy for our archives and possible donation to the Heritage Museum at Savannah, Ga. Please contact Ralph Patton or Dick Smith if you can help.

Evasion -- in Korea

By JAY H. WILLIAMS
Overland Park, Kans.

In 1950 I was flying as a fighter pilot with the 40th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, 35th Group, APO 970. We were flying from Pohang, South Korea, our home base. The squadron was equipped with F-51 aircraft.

The missions we flew were directed from a joint operations center. Even so, we seemed to spend most of our missions in support of one particular South Korean ground unit that was within approximately 100 miles from our airstrip. This made for short missions. We flew in two-plane formation.

One morning in early July, I flew one of the first missions of the day and was back at base in a little over an hour. I had gone to our dining tent for breakfast and noticed the squadron commander having coffee with a ground force captain. After a time they both approached me, and the squadron commander introduced me to the ground force officer, Captain Putman, explaining that he was an advisor with the South Korean infantry organization where we were providing ground support. Capt. Putman told me that the North Koreans were making life miserable for his South Korean organization, and although we were providing much help with our daily missions, he believed, if we could get him above the battle scene, he could direct the fighter support to severely hurt the North Koreans and provide his organization with much needed relief.

The squadron commander then pointed out that our squadron did have a T-6 aircraft, and he wanted me to fly Capt. Putman on a target spotting mission. We coordinated our flight in the T-6 to be able to contact one of our own fighter flights that would be in the area at the time.

Capt. Putman proved to be correct, in that we were able to fly him over the front lines and his trained eye found numerous targets.

As I recall, I flew Capt. Putman on an early morning spotting mission on July 30, 1950. When we arrived over the dug-in positions, the ground fire was intense and since it was fairly secluded in areas away from the sun, we could see fire coming from individual weapons as they were being discharged at us. We had not been in the area for more than a few minutes when our engine was hit by ground fire. The loss of power was immediate. Fortunately, the battle was taking place in a hilly or mountainous area. As I looked back toward the east and sea level, I could see a paved highway. I advised ground control that we would attempt to land the aircraft on the far coastal highway.

We soon discovered, in making a turn to head for the highway, we were rapidly losing altitude. It was obvious that we would not be able to reach the designated highway. In a quick survey of the rough terrain, I spotted a sand bar in a river that appeared to be long enough to accommodate our landing. Ground control was advised of our change of plans, as we were approaching the sand bar. I put some flaps down and flew the aircraft onto the sand. We came to a quick stop. Capt. Putman and I both yelled, "Let's get out of here!"

I released my safety belt, unhooked my parachute and hit the wing running, only to come to a quick stop as my dingy was still attached to my mae west. This was soon resolved, and Putman and I started a full run for the south river bank. We could hear small arms fire in the area. Just as we reached the south bank of the river we were startled to see a camouflaged group moving toward us. I attempted to get my .45 cal. from its holster and fortunately I wasn't successful as the approaching party rapidly surrounded us. Since we had maintained radio contact with ground control, they were aware of our every move and had formed a rescue party to come get us.

The rescue party, composed of South Korean infantry, soon had Putman and me safely behind our own lines.

Application Form for AFEES Membership or Life Membership

Regular AFEES membership is $20 per year, including first year. Includes all rights and privileges.
Life Membershhip is $100 with no annual dues or assessments. Includes all rights and privileges.

Name _____ Address _____

City and State _____ ZIP _____ Phone _____

Air Force _____ Group _____ Sqdn _____ Crew Position _____

Wife's Name _____ When and Where Downed _____

Helpers (Give all details you can) _____

_____

Enclose check or money order, a TAX DEDUCTIBLE contribution for paid-up Dues

Send to Clayton C. David, Membership Director,
19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539 U.S.A.

Airmen waited for a BBC message

(Adapted from text of a research paper which earned an award from Phi Alpha Theta, national honor society for history students. Ms. Ottis is a graduate student at Mississippi College, Clinton, Miss.)

By SHERRY OTTIS, *Friend member of AFEES*

Jan. 28, 1944, was a moonless night in the quiet village of Plouha on the western coast of France. Curfews enacted by German occupation forces in Western Europe during World War II resulted in empty streets and the appearance of a sleeping town, but behind the dark curtains, many were wide awake. Though not quite 9 p.m., numerous quiet, but nonetheless excited, people were waiting anxiously by the radio to hear the BBC begin its litany of unrelated sentences that meant nothing to some and a night of busy activity to others.

That night, information concerning the delivery of 19 "parcels" was to be announced over the BBC. These were not just any parcels. The French Resistance had adopted this term to describe Allied airmen who had been shot down and were now waiting to be evacuated from the European continent and returned to England. It was less dangerous for the resistance to talk about delivering or picking up a "parcel" than it was to talk about meeting an airman.

The airmen were hidden in homes in and around Plouha, and in these homes, small groups of evaders and resistance workers huddled close to radios, waiting to hear the message that would take the men one step further on their journey. The airmen and helpers had been disappointed the night before as high waters had led to cancellation of the planned evacuation. Fortunately, the disappointment was not repeated, and shortly after 9:00, the phrase they listened for was given, "Bonjour, tout le monde a la maison d'Alphonse."

While meaningless to scores of other people in France who were listening to the BBC, the announcement was a dream come true to the airmen, many of whom had been evading capture in France for as long as three months. It was also a great relief to former resistance worker, Val Williams, who had recently escaped after being arrested by the Germans for his resistance work. Williams knew a great deal about the escape networks running through France, having worked with more than one of them. The Germans had a detailed file on his activities and it would have been disastrous had he been picked up and tortured to the point of telling what he knew.

After the announcement was made, resistance workers collected their small bands of evaders and led them to the "House of Alphonse" where they remained hidden until it was time to meet the British motor gunboat that would take them across the English Channel to England. Around midnight, the evaders and the resistance workers made their way down to the nearby beach and waited for a signal telling them the gunboat was just off the coast of France. When the boat arrived, food and supplies were exchanged for the airmen, and then the men sailed for home, or England, which was as good as home at that point.

The head of the Shelburne Line was Lucien Dumais, a member of the Royal Canadian Army who had been captured during the Dieppe raid in 1942 and later escaped from a train full of captured soldiers. Dumais eventually made contact with the Pat O'Leary Line that had been operating since 1940, though not always under that name. In 1942, O'Leary developed a plan for a series of sea evacuations through which a greater number of men could be moved out of France at one time. Dumais was one of those evacuated by this method. There were complications with his group's rescue, so when Dumais returned to France in October 1943 to organize the new Shelburne Line, he was well acquainted with some of the hazards of mass evacuation.

The mechanics of the Shelburne Line involved hiding airmen in Paris until the moonless period of the month, then collecting them at Plouha where they could be picked up by a British motor gunboat off the coast of Anse Cochat, code-named Bonaparte Beach.

On Feb. 8, 1944, airmen George Buckner and Dave Warner landed in a country village and were picked up by two farmers shortly after they bailed out of their falling plane. Though Buckner claimed that he and Warner would have avoided them had they seen them in time, the farmers hid them carefully under pine boughs until darkness fell, at which point one of the farmers returned to collect them. He took the two airmen to his home and found civilian clothes for them. Helpers took them into a town, first on foot, then hidden in the back of a truck under tarps and sacks of potatoes.

Early in their evasion experiences, Buckner and Warner were interrogated to ensure that they were, in fact, downed airmen and not German infiltrators. Sending traitors to masquerade as airmen was a method commonly employed by the Germans in attempts to penetrate escape lines. Having passed this "test" they were taken to have their pictures taken for fake IDs and given instructions for traveling on the train without giving themselves away as Americans. The helpers were very detailed about the instructions they gave, teaching the men how to smoke a cigarette in the European fashion, and reminding them not to jingle the change in their pockets, a uniquely American trait. It was often small inconsistences of this nature which caused airmen to be arrested.

The helpers made great sacrifices to aid the airmen. In Buckner's case, two of the families with whom he stayed had young children. Had they been found harboring Buckner or his crew members, the families might have been shot or sent to concentration camps. Because of the need for secrecy, it took a great deal of effort for the helpers to provide for the airmen's everyday needs.

Countess Bertranne D'Hespel (Auvert) was a young medical student and the widow of a French pilot killed by German forces in 1939. She worked for the Shelburne Line, lodging airmen in her Paris apartment in spite of her in-laws' disapproval of her actvity. She responded to them by saying, "I am an aviator's wife. Shouldn't it be a normal thing for me to help Allied aviators?" Bertranne housed both Buckner and Warner for a brief time though they did not know her name. Buckner recalled that she slept in her winter coat at night.

Many years later, he contacted Bertranne with the help of another former evader and asked her if she was the "girl in the fur coat." She told him in a letter that she used to study and sleep in her coat as there was no heating and she did not have enough blankets to cover the airmen and herself.

Getting medical assistance for wounded airmen was often risky. Jerry Eshuis, a ball gunner with the B-17 crew of Destiny's Tot, was badly injured before bailing out. Though three of his crew members were too badly wounded to be cared for in hiding and were left for the Germans to pick up, Eshuis was carried away by French villagers. It was quickly determined that the shrapnel would have to be removed as infection was setting in. A French doctor was found who examined his wounds and on New Year's Eve 1943, removed the shrapnel through a nine-inch incision in Eshuis' leg. Because the Germans kept a close inventory on medicines in the hospitals and doctors' offices, the operation had to be done without anesthesia. During the operation, helpers held Eshuis' arms and legs so that he could not move, and stuffed cloths into his mouth to muffle any noises he might make that would alert the Germans to his presence. Though it took some time for him to recover, and special care was required throughout his evasion not to overstress his healing thigh, Eshuis was able to escape on the Shelburne Line Jan. 29, 1944, along with some of his healthier crew members.

Manuel Rogoff, a bombardier with the 389th BG, was badly injured when his face and hands were burned by the flames in his burning plane. He was temporarily blinded by the burns and for about a month was hidden by the French people while his wounds healed. During this time, Rogoff claims he was "...under the constant care of physicians, to whose skill I probably owe my sight. In spite of my conspicuous injuries, my helpers did not relax their care of me and arranged my journey as soon as I was able to see."

Most helpers were willing to give a great deal of aid to the evaders, but there was a point at which they would draw the line. Al Mele, Bill Booher and Richard Smith, crew members of Destiny's Tot, were being hidden in the town of St. Just, northeast of Paris. They were staying in a vacant house and their meals were brought over by a pretty, young French girl who stayed and visited with them while they ate. They enjoyed her company and looked forward to her visits, even picking up some of the French language as they tried to converse with her. Her husband soon began to worry that she was becoming too close to the evaders. After this, she merely dropped off their meals and left rather than staying to chat.

A major part of the Paris connection on the Shelburne Line was a young woman named Marie Rose Zerling who used the name Claudette for resistance work. Claudette is credited with obtaining false papers, food, and clothing for airmen as well as arranging for their shelter and convoying them to their next stop. Claudette attended Wellesley College in the United States, then returned to France. When war broke out, she helped with the distribution of a clandestine newspaper, later becoming involved with aiding airmen. She was soon recruited by Paul Campinchi who had agreed to set up the connections in the Paris section for Dumais.

An American airman, 2nd Lt. Joseph Birdwell, helped her for several months and claimed that she always worked steadily, reliably and cautiously. She knew the situation in which she was working and she believed in precautions. In spite of all this, Claudette was the victim of a "fake" airman, Olaf Hanson, "Fred" planted by the Germans. Bombardier Edward J. Donaldson met Fred while staying with a French helper, Mme. Schmidt. Fred claimed to be a Norwegian who flew with the USAAF, but Donaldson stated that "Fred's stories to us are all self-contradictory, so we were all suspicious and careful." Claudette's arrest in February 1944 was followed by the arrest of her parents. She was tortured and sentenced to be executed, but was instead deported to Auschwitz along with her parents. Though her father died there, Claudette and her mother were repatriated when the Allies liberated the camp in August 1945.

Claudette's arrest, indeed the arrest of any major resistance worker, led to confusion in the escape line. Section leaders were often the only contact a helper had with the line.

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The 1999 dues are due!

Please complete and clip or copy this form to send dues or to report changes
(Dues are $20 per year. Life Membership is $100. Make check payable to AFEES)
Send checks and changes to Clayton David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539.
Phone: 573-221-0441

All dues or contributions are acknowledged! We are concerned about you, your phone number, and your well being.

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The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Funny thing happened on our way to the 1999 AFEES reunion in Scottsdale, Ariz. -- they tore down our scheduled hotel!

My question: Who in our group is so rowdy that the hotel people took such drastic action to avoid hosting us?

Anyhoo, Plan B has been put into operation and we will (for sure) be at a hotel/convention center in Mesa, southeast of downtown Phoenix.

Chester Nimitz Senior High School in Houston, Tex., has chosen the Norden bombsight as a National History Day project this year. They need pictures and copies of primary documents or eyewitness accounts on the device and how it changed the course of the war. Contact the sponsor, Richard Cheplick, at 2005 W.W. Thorne, Houston, TX 77073; phone 281-233-4387; if you can help.

Mrs. Gre Lommerse, who provided shelter for Ashley Ivey and three other crew members in 1944, has moved to a retirement home in Heemstede, Holland.

The Cavalry Journal, September 1998 issue, includes a two-page article which describes in considerable detail how to preserve military memories. This includes information on preserving photos and other documents, preserving memorabilia such as uniforms and cloth items, leather goods and weapons, and preserving experiences.

We all are keepers of military history. The article is too lengthy to reproduce in this newsletter, but if you are interested, drop me a line and I send you a copy.

An Aviation Cadet Museum is planned for Eureka Springs, Ark., possibly in a building along the lines of one of the hangars at Randoph AFB, with actors dressed as cadets. You can get information by writing to the museum at 542 CR 2073, Eureka Springs, AR 72632; phone 501-253-5008.

In the Fall newsletter appeared an article entitled, "My Name is Andre," seeking to identify an airman who was downed Feb. 8, 1944, near the village of Crisolle in northern France. Apparently, the airman sought was Arthur Jones, who died in 1980, according to John Pena of York, Pa.

Pearl Harbor Day has come and gone. Was it only 57 years ago that IT all began? Most of the anniversary stories are based on the "Where was I and what was I doing" type of interview. Yers truly, in case anybody out there is interested, was headed back to Ft. Benning after a weekend pass to Atlanta on Dec. 7, 1941. GI life was not the same from that day forward.

The 2nd Bomb Association is planning a reunion for Sept. 16-19, 1999, at the Ramada Plaza in Kissimmee, Fla. Info from: Robert F. Amos, 10321 E. Michigan Ave., Sun Lakes, AZ 85248; Phone 602-895-0231.

Eden Camp, a modern history theme museum in Yorkshire, U.K., plans to host former escapers, evaders and their helpers for a reunion on Saturday, May 15, 1999. The date will not conflict with the AFEES Mesa reunion, or the Pyrenees expedition.

Contact Roger Stanton, Eden Camp, Malton, North Yorkshire YO17 0SD, U.K., for information; or phone (01653) 697777, Fax (01653) 698243. I hope to have details for the Spring newsletter.

On a personal note: Beau coup thanks to those who have contributed material for the newsletter during the past year. Please be on the alert for newspaper or magazine articles, or news from your unit newsletters, for items that might be of interest to your fellow evaders and helpers. Regarding photographs, send me the original prints if at all possible.

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