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June 10, 2010

NEWS RELEASE from U.S. Rep. Peter DeFazio

4th District, Oregon, March 22, 2010

U.S. House approves Resolution

Eugene Resident, Don Fisher, Inspired Resolution

WASHINGTON, DC-- Congressman Peter DeFazio (D-Springfield) is pleased to announce that H.Res. 925, a resolution he authored to grant long overdue congressional recognition to pilots that were shot down or landed in enemy territory, passed the House of Representatives this weekend unanimously. The resolution will also direct the Secretaries of the military departments to consider these aviators for appropriate recognition within their branch of the Armed Forces.

"The extraordinary service and sacrifice of these brave men has gone unrecognized for far too long. I am pleased that we are finally able to honor these veterans, many of whom served in WWII, that have never received formal recognition for their ability to avoid capture or escape from captivity. This legislation is also meant to honor the families of these brave aviators, many of which went for months or even years without any knowledge of what had happened to their loved ones," DeFazio said.

"I am particularly pleased to honor Eugene resident, Don Fisher, who was shot down over German occupied France. His plane was shot down and he was hanging there mid-air in his parachute as the German fighter pilot circled him. He thought that the pilot would shoot at him but instead, he just saluted and flew off. Mr. Fisher landed in a ploughed field near Normandy, and was sheltered by various families in the area while German troops were looking for him. Eventually, he was introduced to members of the French resistance. Over the next year, he lived with French families and worked with the resistance movement, using a French/English dictionary to communicate. He revealed himself to British troops when they liberated Paris and was finally allowed to contact his family and let them know he was alive. I was lucky enough to have Mr. Fisher tell me this remarkable story himself last year. When I learned that there are thousands of these men, I decided to introduce this legislation," DeFazio continued.

Thousands of aviators in the Armed Forces, including pilots, navigators, bombardiers, weapons control officers, and other aircraft crew members, have been forced out of the skies and into hostile territory over the last 92 years. Overcoming long odds, many of these aviators have bravely evaded or escaped enemy capture to return to their units and resume their service to the United States. Many of these cases involved living undercover in enemy territory for countless months or even years. While these brave aviators were trying to survive behind enemy lines, their families and friends back home endured unimaginable hardship waiting to learn the status of their loved ones. DeFazio is now working to secure a congressional gold medal for Mr. Fisher and his fellow downed aviators.

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY
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<www.airforceescape.com>

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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.

SUMMER 2010

REUNIONS

**91st Bomb Group
Memorial Association**

Sept. 29th – Oct. 3rd, 2010
Holiday Inn, Fairborn, Ohio
Contact: Jim Shepard,
20670 Via Augusto, Yorba Linda, CA
92887
Phone 714-970-5540
Email: jshep91@earthlink.net

95th Bomb Group

Washington D.C.
September 2010
www.95thbg.org

100th Bomb Group

Detroit, Michigan
August 5th to 8th, 2010
"Thunder Over Michigan" Air Show
8th AFHS Sponsored Event

392nd Bomb Group

Detroit, Michigan
August 5th to 8th, 2010
"Thunder Over Michigan" Air Show
8th AFHS Sponsored Event

398th Bomb Group

Denver, Colorado
September 8th – 11th, 2010
www.398th.org
reunioncoordinator@398th.org

Stalag Luft III Association

Detroit, Michigan
August 5th to 8th, 2010
"Thunder Over Michigan" Air Show
8th AFHS Sponsored Event

**Kassel Mission Historical
Society**

Detroit, Michigan
August 5th to 8th, 2010
"Thunder Over Michigan" Air Show
8th AFHS Sponsored Event

401st Bomb Group

Savannah, Georgia
August 25th – 29th, 2010
www.401bg.org

447th Bomb Group

Tucson, Arizona
July 21st to 25th, 2010
8th Air Force Historical Society
Reunion

Doolittle Raiders meet at Dayton

WRIGHT-PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE, Ohio (AFNS) -- Four of the remaining eight Doolittle Raiders, known for their nearly impossible bombing raid on Japan during World War II, reunited for the 68th year at the National Museum of the United States Air Force April 16 through 18.

Retired Lt. Col. Richard E. Cole, 94, of Comfort, Texas; Maj. Thomas C. Griffin, 92, of Cincinnati; Lt. Col. Robert L. Hite, 90, Nashville, Tenn., and Master Sgt. David J. Thatcher, 88, of Missoula, Mont., came together again to share memories, sign autographs and be recognized once again as an iconic piece of American history that helped propel the allies to victory in World War II.

Col. Jimmy Doolittle led a group of 80 men to fly B-25 Mitchells from the deck of an aircraft carrier more than 600 miles to drop bombs on Japan April 18, 1942. At the time getting a bomber airborne from an aircraft carrier's deck had barely been tested.

The reunion kicked off April 16 with the men at the museum signing autographs on books, airplanes, photos and even clothing with hundreds waiting their turn to meet the aviators.

Those who attended were eager to hear their story and talk about the importance of their mission in shaping the outcome of World War II.

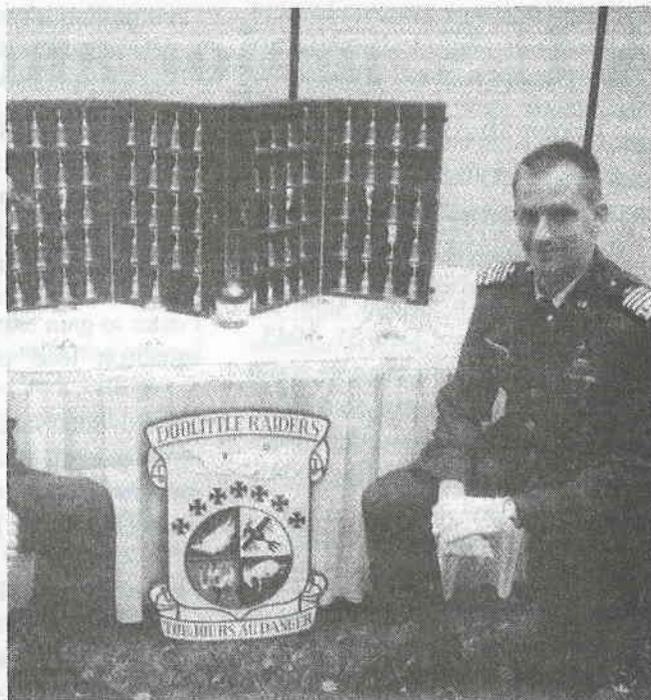
"Well I'm an aviation historian and it's also an opportunity to meet the great heroes of American history," said Bob Jaques who drove to the event from Alabama.

Air Force Secretary Michael Donley, who attended a dinner in their honor, said the men continue to be an inspiration to airmen today.

"The Doolittle Raiders have a very special place in the history of the Air Force," Secretary Donley said. "They've provided such great examples to us of leadership, of audacity, of innovation and personal courage, in some of



**2010 AFEES Reunion
coverage begins
on Page 11.**



Silver goblets on display at the Air Force Museum at W-P Air Force Base, Ohio, commemorate the Doolittle Raiders' strike against the Japanese homeland on April 18, 1942.

the darkest days of World War II."

The men were honored April 17 by a fly-in of 17 privately owned replica B-25s from all over the country onto the museum runway to help celebrate the occasion.

Museum officials said it was one of the largest gatherings of B-25s since World War II.

The Raiders also participated in a ceremony April 17 to toast and honor their fellow colleagues who have died. Following the toast the last survivors overturned the goblets of those who have died since the last reunion.

The event concluded with the B-25s taking off from the museum runways with thousands of patrons lining the streets and fence lines to attempt to get a glimpse of the aircraft and ensuing fly over by all 17 aircraft for a memorial service in the early afternoon.

The word "hero" is overused in this country and broadly applied to sports figures, rock stars and others, said Ret. Maj. Gen. Charles D. Metcalf, the museum director. "Today, in the truest sense of the word, we are among heroes."

WAYNE EVELAND

A U.S. major amidst the Germans

**From the Memoirs
of I. Wayne Eveland
Helena, Mont.**

(Deceased since 1999)

E&E# 478, 401st BG

It was the morning of Dec. 31, 1943. We were aroused from our cots about 3:00 A.M. We dressed and shaved hurriedly, had breakfast in the mess hall and arrived at the briefing room.

My job was as commanding officer of the 614th Bombardment Squadron, which was one of four squadrons comprising the 401st Bomb Group. We were equipped with the latest of the B-17 aircraft, known as the "G" model.

On this particular day, Capt James Foster (who had grown up in Mullan, Idaho) was to lead my squadron and I was to remain at Base. The rule at the time was that commanders and certain air-staff officers were only to fly with their units on approximately one out of five missions. This was not a popular rule because most were anxious to fly as often as possible so that they could complete their assigned 25 combat missions rapidly — and either secure reassignment in the states or accept a brief statewide leave of absence and a return assignment for an additional 25 missions(*). The rule of one out of five was predicated on the heavy combat losses of the more experienced commanders in the summer and spring preceding.

The name of the game was to fly often and get back home soon. My feelings were no different than the others.

Before the briefing took place, I

spotted Col Harold Bowman, the group commander, and presented a verbal request that I be permitted to fly with a newly assigned crew to give them their first mission "check-off." This would also permit Capt Foster to gain experience in the squadron "lead" position.

Col Bowman finally assented, in spite of the general one out of five rule. (I must have been quite persuasive, if I do say so myself.)

The mission for the day would be to bomb the airfield at Bordeaux, France. An alternate target would be the airfield at Cognac. The route to target would take us over the sea to the west of the French coast (Brittany peninsula), continue south at sea, thence east to enter France proper, south of Bordeaux (somewhere near Arcachon), and strike the Bordeaux target on a northerly heading.

Of the several newly arrived crews available, one was the crew of 2nd Lt Homer McDanal. Accordingly, his copilot was informed he could not fly because I would replace him. Thus, I flew as McDanal's copilot, and from this position would also observe Foster in the lead position and the general squadron formation.

Nothing went as planned. We took the number four slot in the low echelon, better known as "Tail-Ass-Charlie" position. The assembly was a little sloppy on our part because of a deficient supercharger, but after some time it seemed to behave better and we proceeded out to sea in formation. Later, when it seemed too late to abort, the supercharger again gave us difficulty, and again it was virtually impossible to hold tight formation.



Col. I. Wayne Eveland

Soon after we made landfall near Arcachon we experienced light flak and further damage in one engine. By this time, we were under attack by German fighters. Since we were now a "cripple" and could not hold tight formation, we were singled out for special attention and we were "worked over" thoroughly from the front and rear. Our 50-calibers made quite a chatter as they responded to each attack. We could also feel the 20 millimeters as they hit — and something went through the cockpit above the din. Our gunners were busy — but not for long.

Suddenly the steering column leaped back in our laps and the aircraft's nose went up. McDanal and I together managed to get enough downward pressure to bring the nose down. But there was now no doubt about it — something was wrong — our flight controls did not function. We were out of control!

There was only one thing to do, so I gave the "Bail-Out" order on the intercom. Simultaneously, McDanal hit the bailout switch on the panel in front of him. This rang a "bailout" bell at each crew position. We received intercom acknowledgement from the nose, but not from the rear gunners. Later, I realized the intercom was out completely at all stations;

including pilot to copilot. And the aircraft was alternately heading nose up and nose down, in spite of all we could do. The fighters continued to attack.

I had a hard time getting McDanal to bailout. He seemed to delay too long (in his efforts to assist me with the controls) and I was mad! With no intercom he could not understand. Finally, he disengaged his seat belt, oxygen, etc., and headed to the compartment below where he would go out the bottom hatch.

I had great difficulty disengaging radio set, oxygen, seat belt, etc., because each time I took a hand from the steering column the nose of the plane would tend to climb for the blue sky—position I feared a fatal spin! After what seemed a lifetime (and what almost was,) I also made it out the bottom hatch. The plane was then almost inverted and it required all the strength I had to pull myself up through the hatch and free of the aircraft.

The parachute that I was wearing was of the backpack type. The pilot chute, which pulls out of the main chute, was located slightly lower than between the shoulder blades. I wondered if the pilot chute would pullout the main chute when I decided to pull the ripcord. I kept thinking that if it malfunctioned I would need time to reach back and pull the pilot chute out with my fingers. I decided I should not wait until the last minute. I pulled the ripcord. The chute worked beautifully—in fact it worked with a "thud" and I found myself gently floating toward the earth. What a beautiful feeling!

Now I had a new problem. One of the German fighters in the vicinity spotted my chute. He circled and came at me head on. From my view it seemed he had turned on some

flashing Christmas tree lights. There was no noise from the guns, but I knew what he was doing—he was shooting at me. I started pulling the chute shrouds in hopes I could slip. I made a terribly fervent but profane prayer, "Dear God, don't let that son-of-a-bitch kill me!" The Lord must have been listening because after several passes at me the fighter left and I continued my swinging fall toward earth.

Now I had time to look at the ground. I was over a wooded area with large evergreens. The trees seemed to be closely spaced. As I landed, the tree branches lifted one corner of my chute, emptying the canopy of air and dropping me many feet to the ground. When I hit the ground it was a shattering thud. I remembered the Intelligence briefings regarding parachuting into enemy territory: "Hide the chute and get away from the place of impact, because doubtless the enemy in the vicinity would spot the place of ground contact, which would assist them in their capture." My mind locked in on "get away from the spot." I ran—and found myself thudded back to the ground again. I got up, tried once more, and again I was jerked back to the ground. Each time I tried to run I would come to the end of the shrouds and of course they would yank me back onto my fanny. I finally sat down, cleared my head a little bit from my hard landing, and realized that I should disengage myself from my parachute harness. I did, and then started to hide the parachute when I heard shouting and dogs barking.

There must be dogs and Germans approaching me

I quit trying to hide the parachute. Every instinct told me to head south, which, was the course for Spain. However, I decided it would be much safer to run north. The shouting and barking continued. I spotted a small

stream. I ran northward in that stream in the event the dogs had been brought to track me. The stream petered out very soon but the noise was not quite as close. I was out of breath and I decided I must rest. I picked a bramble bush, which was very thick and very thorny. I crawled into the center of it in the hope that no searching soldier would discover me. I lay there scarcely breathing. There were soldiers who came near, but none entered my thorny sanctuary. Apparently there were no dogs with them. I waited for several hours and proceeded north again for about a mile. I then found cover again and waited until dark before heading eastward and then south to begin the long walk to Spain.

In taking stock of myself, I still had my bad cold; I also was in a certain state of shock from the parachute incident and the realization that I was behind enemy lines. Further, I had a flesh wound on one hand and one ankle from bits of shrapnel; which had gone through the cockpit.

The escape procedures, which I had listened to in intelligence briefings all stated that an escapee should travel to the nearest neutral country. That meant Spain for me. They further stated the best procedure was to travel at night. Avoiding contacts with other people, staying in the woods, and so forth. We were all provided with an "escape kit" consisting of maps, compass, currency, and halizone tablets for purifying water. I tried walking at night but it was cloud-covered and black as the inside of a coal bin. I had a compass (with a luminous dial) about the size of a button, from which I could pick up the heading of south. I followed all roads or paths in that general direction. However, I kept running into trees and bushes, falling off the path, or rolling down the grade. The squadron intelligence officer's procedure on this point was yielding

mighty few kilometers southward and many, many bruises. Further, many farm houses seemed to have dogs. My crashing around in the blackness alerted the dogs and set up a considerable din. This caused me a great deal of anxiety. I clearly remember cussing the intelligence officer, who was my friend, Gordon Clausway. I wished that the smart bastard was with me to take over on procedure! I decided that so long as the nights were overcast I had best change the procedure to day travel, sticking as close as I could to the woods, hedgerows, and places of cover, but always with a southern objective.

Cover was not always available, of course, and this brought up the question of whether or not to remain in my flight uniform or attempt to secure civilian clothing so that perhaps I could walk more freely on roads. That option, I knew, had certain inherent risks because, according to the Rules of Warfare, if captured out of uniform behind enemy lines I could be shot as a spy. In truth I knew that the Germans seldom did this, but it was my understanding that they did have the legalistic justification for it. Even so, I decided that at the first opportunity I would attempt to steal civilian clothing.

My other problems were shelter, food and water. It was now January and the nights were cold; also, there was a light rain. I was unable to keep warm. I cut some pine branches, put about three layers under me and another layer or two over me, but even so it was a miserable night. In the morning, the little puddles had a thin film of ice on them.

I was terribly thirsty and had a very high fever. In my escape kit, I had started out with some Halizone tablets to purify bad water. The directions on the box said to put two

tablets in a pint of water and wait 20 minutes before drinking. I opened the packet and discovered the tablets were no longer tablets at all, but now were merely pulverized powder. I also found an old bottle along the pathway and eventually I found a little stream. I filled the bottle and put into it what I estimated to be two tablets of powder. After drinking the water I was vomiting and suffering diarrhea.

After several days of no food, high fever, and fatigue, I realized I had to do something. I had spotted a peasant's home and I watched from the shrubbery for several hours, trying to be certain that no men were present. Finally, I approached the house and knocked. The housewife came to the door. She was wide-eyed because my clothing was not recognizable, and worse when she found I could not speak French.

She did understand my pantomime of airplane and parachute. At this point her eyes got very wide indeed and she slammed the door in my face! This happened several times in later efforts to get food and drink. (I learned later that the Gestapo had previously gone through this part of the countryside impersonating American airmen who were shot down. Those who had befriended them were in very serious trouble indeed. In fact, I was told some had been executed.)

Eventually I remembered two key words of French. They were the words for German soldier, "Alleman Soldat." On one or two later attempts to secure food and drink at farmhouses, I had better results. When the farm wife would come to the door and shoot a torrent of French questions at me, I would merely shrug my shoulders and explain all with the key words, "Alleman Soldat". This had a less terrifying effect. Then I would pantomime eating and drinking. My questions

were brief and forceful, as if I expected her to bring something at once; It worked, at least for wine, if not for food; And the wine had its usual effect not only to slake my thirst but also to enhance my sense of well being and general confidence for the moment. Often I became somewhat intoxicated.

Once a lady brought me some wine and also a small jar of lard, which contained a few small pieces of pork. I put the jar in my pocket but drank the wine. Then I gave her the truth—my pantomime of airplane and parachute routine. I also indicated I needed different clothing. She then brought me a beret and an overcoat. I left my flying suit and sheep-lined boots with her, pantomiming with all the effort I could muster that she must burn them. I retained my gabardine trousers and shirt, which were partially hid by the overcoat and also my British shoes. The beret and overcoat were quite disreputable and matched my unkempt beard.

I remember my first close encounter with a uniformed German soldier. A small river, or canal, stopped my southern progress because it ran east and west. A path turned east along the northern bank and I followed it. It was nightfall. The path joined a road, headed south over a bridge. The bridge was arched, high in the center, as if designed for small boats to go under it. A dense fog had descended. As I walked up the slope to the center, of the bridge and started to descend the other side of the bridge, in the fog, I realized that at the bottom of the bridge slope was an indistinct figure, but that figure was a German soldier; He was only 20 feet away, maybe less, but his back was toward me. His rifle was at his side, slung over his shoulder. I was startled; I thought he must be stationed there to monitor traffic over the bridge. I stopped— and walked backwards and upwards to the center

of the bridge—and then turned and hurried into the fog, turning east along the north bank of the canal. Apparently the soldier never knew of my presence, but I was not certain. Thanks be for the fog! There were residences along the north shore of the stream. I had trouble avoiding them but eventually I found a tiny rowboat at a dock. I stole it, and crossed the stream about 1/4 mile eastward. I realized that I should knock a hole in the boat and sink it so that no one could pick up my trail on the southern bank. But the French boat owner had helped me (unknowingly) and I hated to destroy his property. Finally, I tried to hide it with branches, etc., instead of destroying it! So I continued trying to make my way southward.

My fever progressed and fatigue likewise. Some days later, I recall vaguely several incidents where I was surprised to find myself lying on the ground and the sun had moved. I knew then I was probably having short intervals of unconsciousness. Eventually a French peasant found me asleep in his field. He brought me to his home and put me to bed and I slept for 24 hours. This was the first of many hospitable shelters I would receive. This particular peasant had a son, probably 18-20 years of age, and he traded a pair of oxfords with me for my British army shoes. This particular peasant not only gave me rest and nourishment he also gave me key information, which proved the turning point for receiving help thereafter.

I had inquired of him as to the name of any loyal Frenchman nearby who might be able to give me assistance, especially someone who could speak English. All of this was done with his understanding no English and my understanding no French. Thanks to gestures and patience, he told me there was a French Count in a nearby village whom he referred to as

"Monsieur DeLaron". He 'gave me an idea as to the location of this man's residence and his appearance, age, and general physical characteristics. As I recall, the village was 5-10 kilometers away. It was named Benquet. As I entered the village I found the streets practically deserted. As I watched from a doorway I saw a man crossing the street closely resembling the description of Monsieur DeLaron. I overtook him until I was, two or three paces behind him and I studied him closely. He seemed to meet the description very well. I then called him by name. He stopped dead in his tracks. In English, told him who I was. He told me he could not be seen talking to me and to please follow him at the distance of about half a block. I did so and he led me to his home. On arrival there, he arranged for a bath for me and gave me the best hot soup I have ever tasted. It was cabbage soup, which I had always detested, but then I really enjoyed it!

I met his wife and his mother and I learned that their home was under surveillance by the Germans. In fact, a brother had already been apprehended by the Germans; they had not heard from him in some time, and they were greatly concerned with his whereabouts and safety. Needless to say, my presence in their home represented a great hazard. Nevertheless, Monsieur DeLaron made arrangements for me to stay in a room up above the barn and also made arrangements for a servant to come twice a day with something to eat and drink. A signal was arranged for the servant as he went up the stairway so that I would know it was a friend that approached.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .
NEXT: MAYOR
THROWS
A BIG PARTY



FLT.SGT. JIM (Winky) KIRK
Son seeks U.S. evaders
who helped his dad

By ZANE KIRK
 19 Copifer Place
 Huntsbury,
 Christchurch 8022
 New Zealand

<cowpoke2002@hotmail.com>

In July 1944 my father, Flight Sergeant Jim 'Winkie' Kirk was shot down over occupied France. After making contact with helpful locals he was taken in by the French Resistance and ended up fighting with the maquis in the hills between Rimy St.Martin and Blenod-les-Toul which were towns close to Toul and Pont-a-Mousson in the Lorraine province. I am currently writing a book about my father's adventures.

During his time with the Maquis he befriended two American sergeants he knew as Ben and Dan who walked out of Germany after their B-17 crash landed.

He did not recall their surnames. After much research and digging into many websites I have unearthed names of two airmen I believe could be my father's friends, Ben and Dan.

They are Sergeant Benjamin R. Norris and Sergeant Daniel E. Dunbar, crew members on a B-17, serial #42-39878 which is recorded as having crash landed in Germany. It seems more than likely that these are the men who fought alongside my father in the maquis.

Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Dick and his helper had the last laugh

By Jerri Donohue
Brecksville, Ohio
Friend Member

Guffaws startled the Frenchmen as they changed their motorcycle's flat tire.

"We looked up and there was a machine gun post with two German soldiers sitting there," recalled evader Richard Faulkner, (E&E# 556) the younger "Frenchman."

"They were laughing at us having a flat tire. But if they only knew!"

Dick and his helper finished repairing the motorcycle and rode to their safe house. The following day, they caught a train to Paris. Throughout the trip, Dick pretended to read a propaganda rag in French, full of photos of marching German troops and coastal fortifications.

"You had to hold it up like you were reading so they wouldn't bother you," Dick said. "But you had to remember to keep turning the pages."

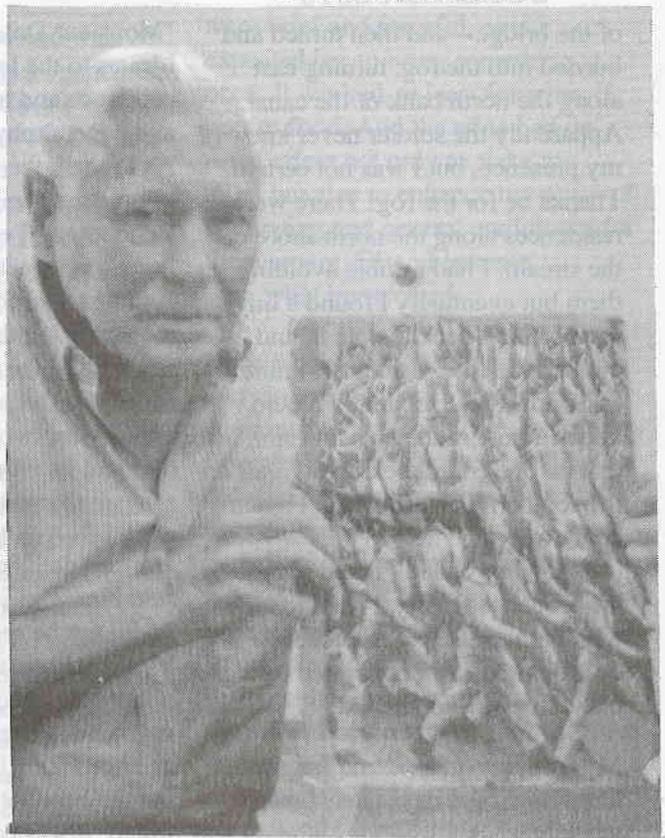
The 19-year old ball turret gunner from Mottville, N.Y., had become an evader in Normandy on March 18, 1944. En route to Augsburg, Germany, another B-17 fell on his aircraft, splitting it in half and flipping over Dick's section. He forced open its door and hoisted himself out. He was the crew's sole survivor.

On the ground, Dick buried his parachute, goggles and helmet before worming his way into a berry patch. He heard enemy soldiers talking as they searched for him. But nobody ventured into the thorny berry thicket.

At dusk, after the Germans left, Dick approached a farmer who had witnessed his landing. From then on, the underground moved the flier from farm to farm until his ride to Paris where he received a fake I.D. card presenting him as a 15-year old deaf-mute.

"I found out later that just about everybody was deaf-mute," Dick said.

Dick and two other Americans hid in an apartment. A guide arrived one day with subway tickets for all three. He instructed them to leave the building separately, and to meet him on a nearby corner. Dick, who left first, joined the Frenchman. The other men did



Richard Faulkner, 100th BG, of Auburn, N.Y., holds the magazine he used as a prop while evading in France.

not show up, so the escort led Dick to the Métro and from there to a train station.

They traveled all day, arriving in Morlaix in Brittany at dusk. In an abandoned farmhouse Dick met others fleeing France, including fighter pilot Ken Williams. Rubber rafts took them from a nearby beach to a British gunboat. Soon after, patrolling E-boats fired on them, killing a gunner. The British skipper summoned Dick from the crew's quarters to take the man's place. Dick stepped over the sailor's body, and test fired the gun. To his relief, Spitfires chased the Germans away.

Arriving in port on April 16, he and Ken surrendered the items they'd brought from France, changed into British uniforms and traveled to London where they were separated.

Dick returned to the States. After V-E Day, he encountered the evaders who had disappeared in Paris and learned the Gestapo had arrested them as they left the apartment building.

Months after his discharge, the former evader received a package containing his "French" possessions, including the helpful magazine. And in 1988, he reconnected with Ken Williams; the two lived within 40 miles of one another.



vue trimestrielle

Le 'Kinship' = « La Lignée Comète »

Association « Comète » Kinship Belgium

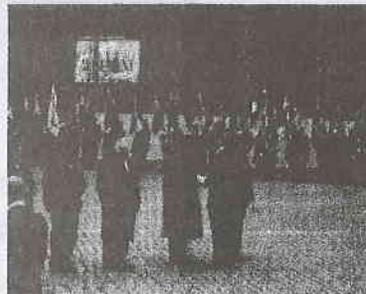
Pugna Quin Percutias



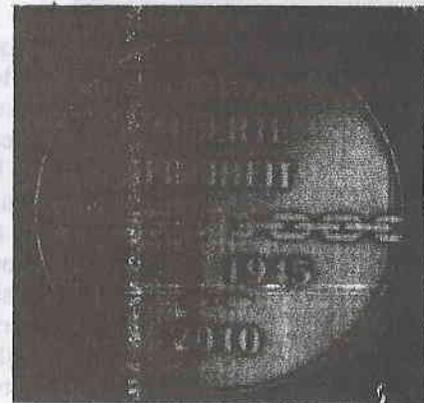
C'est avec une nouvelle fierté et une belle reconnaissance de notre existence que s'ouvre cette édition : Au nom de notre Association Comète Kinship, Brigitte d'Oultremont vient de recevoir la médaille « de la Victoire » des mains du Roi Albert II, le 7 mai dernier sur l'Esplanade du Cinquantenaire à Bruxelles.



Endroit de la Médaille
Envers (7 cm diam.)



A l'arrière, le drapeau « Comète »
Au milieu de beaucoup d'autres,
Brigitte reçoit la médaille.



Monsieur Pieter De Crem, Ministre de la Défense Nationale et le Général Charles-Henri Delcour, Aide de Camp du Roi, Chef de la Défense organisaient une cérémonie de commémoration du 70^{ème} anniversaire de la résistance belge face à l'invasion allemande de mai 1940 et du 65^{ème} anniversaire de la fin de la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale en Europe. Ils présidèrent une magnifique Parade Militaire où défilèrent des unités représentantes de celles impliquées dans la Libération de la Belgique, telles les unités parachutistes belges en Grande-Bretagne (SAS), la première Brigade belge « Libération », les 349^{ème} et 350^{ème} Escadrilles. Il faut y ajouter quelques unités de l'Ecole Royale Militaire, dont la 148^{ème} qui a reçu comme marraine de promotion « Andrée De Jongh » il y a deux ans.

Parmi les 8 membres de Comète Kinship qui avaient souhaité assister à cette Parade se trouvaient Fred Greyer et sa femme, venus de Grande-Bretagne. Fred est le fils d'Edgar Potier, un belge qui, entr'autres, dirigea pendant quelques mois un réseau d'évasion par Lysander « Possum », du côté de Reims. Il fut pris et perdit la vie en prison. Le Major Aviateur Edgar Potier fut nommé parrain de la 109^{ème} Promotion de l'ERM en 1954 !!!! Cette année, La Défense invitait officiellement le Président et 4 membres 'anciens combattants' de 34 Associations représentant les 19 statuts de guerre.

Association Comète Kinship Belgium

Adresse : c/o Chairman/Coordinateur : Brigitte d'Oultremont, 82, rue de Mellery, B-1450 Gentinnes

Email : comete.kinship@skynet.be

*** Téléphone : 0032.477.361876 – 0032.71.877978

Website : www.cometeline.org

Forty-three days with the Partisans

By **WALTER E. CHAPMAN**
 Louisville, Ky.
 15th Air Force
 (Written in 1990)

I was a bombardier on a B-24 with the 484th Bomb Group, 826th Bomb Squadron, stationed in Italy. On June 13, 1944 (my 24th combat mission in 39 days) we were on our way to Munich, Germany when attacked and shot down by German Me-109 fighters.

During the battle, our gunners shot down three of the enemy fighters but we sustained the loss (KIA) of our nose and ball turret gunners, loss of three engines, and were set on fire with nine 500 lb. bombs still aboard.

Eight of us successfully evacuated the aircraft. Four of my crew were captured by Germans and became POWs, while four of us were assisted and hidden by friendly Italians. We later escaped to Yugoslavia and made contact with Tito's Partisans. The following is a digest of my 43 days as an evader (MIA) in Italy and Yugoslavia:

When I hit the ground after bailing out, and before I was able to gather up the chute, I was seized by a group of men (later I found that they were Italians and meant me no harm) who began to remove my flying outfit.

While this was going on, one of them had removed his clothes and he indicated that I should put on the clothes he removed. I was then taken to a cave-like hollow under a tree, along a river, and given a small bottle of wine and two raw eggs after which they departed.

I spent the balance of that day and night alone, going over my escape maps to determine the direction I should take to reach the Yugoslav border. The next morning, using sign language, I managed to get a man to take me across the river. I was asked in English "You are one of the Americans shot down yesterday, aren't you?"

This man was a South African



(British Army) who had been taken POW by the Germans in Africa.

I was taken to a farmhouse where I found my navigator and crew chief. After four days in this area, we were taken by truck through German occupied Italy to the Yugoslav border by Italian Partisans. At that time, June 1944, Yugoslavia was occupied by the German Army, while two groups (Yugoslav Partisans under Josip Broz Tito and Croatian Partisans/Chetniks under Gen. Mihajlovic) were waging a civil war between themselves as well as fighting the Germans. We were told that either group was paid \$10,000 by the U.S. for each escaping airman who was returned to Allied Control.

At the border on June 18th, through interpreters, we were put in contact with members of Tito's Partisans. We departed the Italian-Yugoslav border led by two young (16 to 17 year old) Partisan soldiers, each armed with a submachine gun, for a destination unknown to us, and some 39 days in the future.

These soldiers were replaced from time to time by others who were familiar with the territory through which we were to travel.

We traveled for the most part at night and holed up during the day. The language barrier was the worst part of the experience for these soldiers (guides) whom we could not understand, were prone to get their heads together, and after shouting at each other, would take off running. And we, not knowing what they were running from, would take off after them.

Food was always scarce and often nonexistent (once we had no food for

five days). We celebrated the end of our fast by having food on the 4th of July, 1944.

We were badly infected by body lice and we occupied part of our resting time locating the vermin or eggs in the seams of our clothing and killing them between our thumbnails. We were never able to remove our clothes. At times, conditions, food, etc. were somewhat better, for located along our escape route were missions, groups of allied soldiers (American or British) with radio contact with allied headquarters in Italy. Their mission was to furnish information of a military nature on German troop movements, etc. We were also able to get some food (K or C rations) for the most part. At an American mission, I was able to get word to my wife, who was pregnant, that I was alive. At these missions, we were joined by other American airmen who had been shot down for months.

Some were wounded -- one I recall had an arm shot off at the elbow. By the time we reached our final destination, there were some American airmen along with a number of French and other nationalities, somewhat of an international brigade.

We were sworn to secrecy and were not able to talk about our experiences for some forty years and some of the details are not clear. For example, the place from which we were evacuated, an airfield in the middle of a large field, illuminated by flares outlining a runway. American C-46s landed there and flew us, along with Yugoslav wounded, to Ban, Italy (15th AF headquarters) and a hospital. With regard to the location of the airfield, some 10 years ago I obtained a top-secret document--a copy of my interrogation upon return to Allied Central, which gave the map coordinates of the field. The airfield was close enough to a German airfield that one day they sent a fighter plane to strafe us and another day, a light bomber dropped a few bombs.

First U.S. combat pilots honored

PARIS (AFNS) -- U.S. and French civilian and military leaders paid their respects to America's first combat pilots during ceremony at a memorial outside of Paris, May 27.

Gen. Roger Brady, the U.S. Air Forces in Europe commander, U.S. Ambassador to France Charles Rivkin, French Lt. Gen. Paul Fouilland, the Strategic Air Forces commander, several local elected officials and nearly 200 guests gathered at the Lafayette Escadrille Memorial's central Arc de Triomphe to pay tribute to the 68 American pilots who died in service to the Allies during World War I.

"This is sacred ground for the U.S. Air Force and French air force and this was an opportunity for us to remember those who sacrificed for the cause of freedom," General Brady said.

AFEES flags, caps are available

The new AFEES ensign was displayed during the final banquet at the Colorado Springs reunion. Mary Shier has arranged for production of the flag, which replaces the one donated to the Air Force Museum at Dayton last year.

Several members have indicated an interest in whether copies of the flag and caps would be available. Mary has made arrangements with the producer, Judy Messenger, 239 Kings Landing, Columbiaville MI 48421, to provide such items for sale.

Three sizes of flag are available: Large 35x60, \$200, (with or without grommets.) Medium, 28x48, \$160; Small, 23x40, \$125, and Cemetery/hand held, \$55.

Caps, with choice of two designs, the winged boot, or parachutes side by side, are \$12 each. Both caps are royal blue in color with gold trim. Shipping is extra.

AFEES 3.5 in. emblems, same design as the flag, are \$4.00 (nylon) or \$4.25 (twill).

For details and to order, contact Judy at above address or Mary (Beanie) Shier at address shown on Page 2, phone 801-441-7932.

New AFEES members

Ms. Nancy Costello Scovill, 3517 Debina Way,
Rancho Cordova CA 95670-6972, 916-635-5847
(Lt. Robert Costello's daughter)

Maj. & Mrs. Edward L. Strom, 1271 Manchester Dr., El
Dorado Hills CA 95762-9615
(Roberta, daughter of H. Sarnow)

Mr. Albert J. Vasquez, 3555 S. Pacific Hiway #39,
Medford OR; 97501-8849, 541-535-7634
(John Vasquez's son)



BRIG. GEN. SAMUEL D. COX

Commandant of AF cadets is our speaker

Brig. Gen. Samuel D. Cox was speaker at the Saturday night banquet of the 2010 AFEES reunion in Colorado Springs.

General Cox is commandant of cadets at the U.S. Air Force Academy. He commands the 4,400-member cadet wing and more than 300 Air Force member civilian support personnel. His responsibilities include cadet military training and airmanship education, supervising cadet life activities, and providing support to facilities and logistics.

General Cox discussed the air force legacy that has been passed down to today's cadets from those who have served in the past.

He graduated from the academy in May 1984. After completing pilot training at Columbus AFB, Ohio, he served with the 97th Airlift Training Wing at Altus AFB, Okla.

Prior to his current assignment, General Cox was director of the AF General Officer Management Office, Washington, D.C.

He is rated a command pilot, with more than 4,600 flight hours. He has flown the T-37, T-38, C-141, C-17 and C-8.

Academy, VA team up

U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY, Colo. (AFNS) -- A \$14-million cooperative venture between officials from the U.S. Air Force Academy and the Department of Veterans Affairs, funded by the Department of Defense and VA's Joint Incentive Fund, will bring ambulatory surgical care to veterans in southern Colorado.

Medical procedures for urology, ophthalmology, orthopedics, ear, nose and throat and general surgery were scheduled to commence for veterans May 1.

"It's all about the vets," said Col. Leslie Ness, the 10th Surgical Operations Squadron administrator. "The biggest thing is that our veterans don't have to travel long distances."

She stressed the additional medical services on base will also alleviate long waits for procedures.

Previously such services were limited to facilities in Denver, and veterans from southern Colorado were forced to travel to Denver for surgical care as well as for the procedures themselves.

Tentative planning originally called for construction of a new building to house the surgical services in Colorado Springs, Colo., but Colonel Ness said the costs proved prohibitive.

The VA will provide seven registered nurses, two technicians, three nurse anesthetists and surgeons, said Lt. Col. Suzanne Quirao, the squadron operations officer. They will join the Academy's 19 active-duty surgeons, plus Academy nurses and technicians and the joint operation will also include services to families, she said.

Before the 10th Medical Group underwent changes under the 2005 Base Realignment and Closure, the facility had five operating rooms available, but two were converted for other uses. With the expansion of services to veterans, those two rooms will once again be used for their original intended purpose.

"Bonjour"

to the people of AFEES from "Comète" people:

I was sad indeed that I could not come to your meeting in Colorado Springs.

I have had too many different material problems this year, incredible!! Everything one after another ... Means it was not for this year.

But, now I am aiming next year and I would like also to visit the family of Angus Mac Lean in Canada and Moffat, both friends of my father and then of the family after my father had guided them for Comète during the war. I am reading their books and words and I will have the time to prepare my trip.

For this year in October meeting in Brussels -- 16-17 October -- we have decided to organise a visit in Bastogne (Ardennes - Offensive von Rundstedt 1944-45) and visit family who have helped Comète people in the same area. Then as usual, mass at the Koekelberg Basilica and ceremony under the glass Comète, then lunch on Sunday.

I know you had a good time for your meeting in Colorado Springs and we send our best
Regards,

**Brigitte d'Oultremont,
Chairman Coordinator
"Comète Kinship Belgium"
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Belgium
Tél. 0032.71.877.978 (home) -
(C)0032.477.361876
(portable)" <www.cometeline.org>**

THE PREZ SEZ . . .

By JOHN KATSAROS, E&E# 755

<jkatsaros3@comcast.net>

Mary and I have returned from our winter home at Ocean Ridge, Fla., and the AFEES Reunion at Colorado Springs and are now at our summer home in Haverhill, MA., 30 miles north of Boston.

I am honored to be elected as the AFEES new President at the reunion at Colorado, Springs and wish to thank Larry Grauerholz for the fine job he did as Past President and as editor of a very informative "The U.S. Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society Communicator".

What a great time our AFEES members, relatives, friends, and WWII Resistance Helpers had at our reunion while visiting the beautiful United States Air Force Academy. A few AFEES members enjoyed lunch with the 4,400 Cadets.

Honorary Director/friend of AFEES, Gen. Duncan McNabb arranged for several members who talked about their WWII experiences to several Cadet classes, and a tour of the Academy, the library and the library's Special Collections to which many Escapers and Evaders have contributed books and memoirs. At the banquet, AFEES Vice President Beverly Patton Rand presented the papers of her father, Ralph Patton, and books by Frank Schaeffer and yours truly.

During the Saturday evenings festivities, we had the pleasure of the company of Brig. General Samuel D. Cox, Commandant of Cadets, who stated, "This is the best position I have held since joining the U.S. Air Force."

The memorial service to honor deceased members, friends and helpers at the beautiful Air Force Academy Chapel, was one for special remembrance. A note of sadness prevailed at the loss of Board Members Past President Clayton David and Director Peter Hakim, and those who were not able to attend that included Scotty David and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Patton.

The AFEES board of directors, and especially Executive Vice-President Lynn David deserve credit for all the hard work and effort they put in conducting a smooth and successful reunion. They are dedicated and have made us proud to be members of AFEES. Lynn and the board of directors are presently planning the 2011 Reunion in San Antonio, Texas.

I want to thank the photographers for taking photos of the reunion, AFEES directors Richard P. Shandor and Betty Hennessey, AFEES Interviewer Lois Hamilton, Paul Rees, John Vazquez and Co de Swart, and a special thanks to Bill Donahue for pitch-hitting for Colonel "Zig" Zeigler and giving Col. "Mac" a hand during the hospitality hours.

I urge AFEES members, relatives, friends, guests and helpers to set aside the dates (TBA in Fall Communications) to attend the 2011 Reunion at San Antonio, Texas.

As Jerri Donohue wrote on the front page of the Spring Communicator, "Why Reunions are good for you? Ya'll be glad you did!" The reunion next year promises to be one of the best!
See Ya There, Ya Heah Now!

Helpers, evaders united

From the *Gazette*,
Colorado Springs, Colo.
May 10, 2010

By Jakob Rodgers

Anne Minnich Greiner never really knew much about her father's time in World War II. Such things, it seems, were not meant for young ears.

"I think it was too painful for him, personally," said Minnich Greiner, of Cincinnati. On Saturday, though, most of those questions were answered at the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society's conference at the Crowne Plaza Hotel, 2886 S. Circle Drive in Colorado Springs.

The society, which boasts about 400 members, specializes in such events, which help survivors of World War II who escaped capture behind enemy lines meet the people who led them to safety.

The event started as many servicemen -- such as Minnich Greiner's father, Martin Minnich -- found it difficult to discuss their gruesome journeys to safety, organizers said. In addition, the military mandated that all those returning from enemy territory be



John Vasquez of Santa Clara, Calif., was a gunner on a B-17. He and his crew survived after being shot down over Europe.

sworn to secrecy about their journeys. These days, however, many veterans ignore that order.

"We were all in the same boat," said John Vasquez, of Santa Clara, Calif., who, like Minnich, survived a B-17 crash. "We come because we have something very much in common."

And increasingly, veterans' children -- such as Minnich Greiner -- and grandchildren have started attending the events, filling the void of the veterans who have died.

So in the corner of the room, Minnich Greiner listened as Yvonne Daley-Brusselmanns described in a light Belgian accent how she helped Minnich Greiner's father make it home.

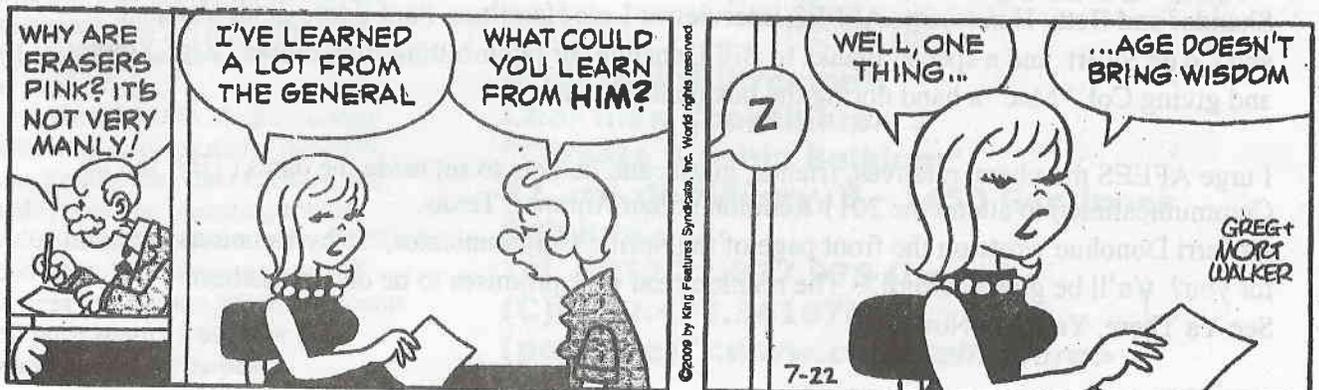
She looked on as Daley-

Brusselmanns explained how the "Our Baby Bee" crashed in Belgium, leaving co-pilot Minnich badly burned and his crew stranded in German territory.

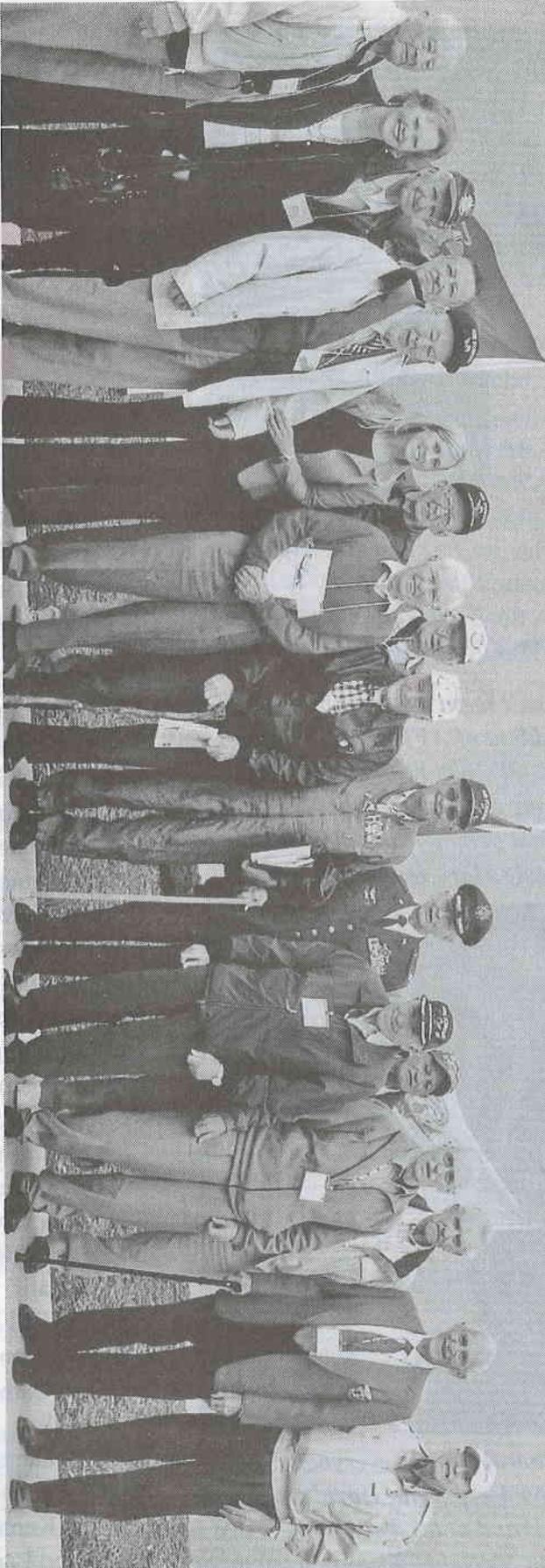
Then 12 years old, Daley-Brusselmanns was charged with caring for the soldiers and sewing dog tags into their jeans. Daley-Brusselmanns' mother made sure that those seeking help were not German spies.

After the meeting, Minnich Greiner's eyes began to slightly water. Daley-Brusselmanns, however, shrugged at the thought of not helping out.

"It was a 50/50 job," Daley-Brusselmanns said. "I mean, these guys came over to help us regain our freedom. We lost it for four years."



2010 AFVEES - Colorado Springs



A total of 16 evaders and three helpers checked in at the 2010 reunion in Colorado Springs last month.

Enough to ensure that the legacy of AFVEES will continue for the foreseeable future! Answering roll call, from the left were:

Ed Miller, his wife Marguerite Miller (helper), Joe Manos, Fred Platt (Vietnam era), Bob Thourson, Melissa Porter (Academy Public Affairs office), Len Rogers, Don Fisher, Larry Grauerholz, Frank Schaeffer, John Katsaros in coveralls ready to go to work, Leecroy Clifton still able to wear his dress uniform, Bob Wilson, John Vasquez, Helper Gabriel Sauer,

John Verbout, Mike Fisher and Charles Screws.

Not pictured: Evader Dale Lee and Helper Yvonne Daley-Brusselmanns.

--Photo by Paul Rees



John Katsaros doesn't seem too unhappy about being elected president of AFEES at the May business meeting. Ol' Inky recruited him by saying, "John, the pay ain't much, but you get to deal with some great people from all over the world," First Lady Mary seems to agree.



When a 4-star general speaks, everybody listens. AFEES Executive Veep Lynn David and Vice President Beverly Wand at least seem interested in what Gen. Duncan McNabb, a staunch friend of our society, is saying.

THE HONOR ROLL

Roster of those who attended at least one function of the 2010 AFEES Reunion in Colorado Springs, Colo., in the order of registration.

Names of evaders in BOLDFACE

- Mike Fisher, Ormond Beach, Fla.,
Mike, Jack and Cal Fisher
- Frank Schaeffer**, Montello, Wis.
Alberta DelGuidice
- Betty Binnebose, William H. and Jane E.,
Binnebose, La Crosse, Wis.
- Berty Hennessy, Carritos, Calif.
- Donald W. Mills, North Highland, Calif.
- Kay Janisewski, Odenton, M.D.
- Lee Clifton**, Cibolo, Tex., 350th FG
- Margaret Fricke, Fridley, Minn.
- Dale Lee**, Sun Lakes, Ariz., 44th BG
- Beatrice Caminidi, North Haven, Conn.
- Regina and Roger Brand, Rocklin, Calif.
- Cleo McGraw Morrison, R.D. and Gary Morrison,
Borger, Tex.
- Curtin Horney, Littleton, Colo.
- Edward and Roberta Strom, El Dorado Hills,
Calif.
- Jerri and Bill Donahue, Brecksville, Ohio
- Geoff Warren, Powell River, BC, Canada
- Don and Catherine Thorpe, Salt Lake City, Utah
- Chris Hennessy Common, Apple Valley, Minn.
- Mike Common and Lori Whitaker, Denver, Colo.
- Dorothy Kenney, Decatur, Ga.
- Sandy and Larry Fricke, Southfield, Mich.
- Don Fisher** and John Fisher, Eugene, Ore.

Sandy Comstock, East Haven, Conn.
 Phyllis Jean Monroe, Mt. Shasta, Calif.
Edward Miller and Marguerite Miller (Helper),
 Sedona, Ariz.

Ruth Gregory, daughter and son-in-law
 Lois Hamilton, Grove City, Pa., Bill, Bill's
 wife, Pat and Hal

Robert Wilson and Sharon, Peoria, Ill., 483rd BG
 May Spinning Shier, Burlington, Iowa

Yvonne Daley Brusslemans (Helper), Dunedin, Fla.
 Gabriel Sauer (Helper) and Gene, Wilmington, N.C.
 Elizabeth McDade, Rochester, N.Y.

John E. Verbout, Jo Verbout, Carol Leininger and
 Viola Verbout, Neponset, Ill.

Lynn David, Town & Country, Mo.

Linda Ettel, Chesterfield, Mo.

John Vasquez, 97th BG, and Albert Vasquez,
 Santa Clara, Calif.

John and Michelle White, San Antonio, Tex.

Glenn Hovenkamp, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Diana Morgan, Surrey, England

Richard Shandor, Cresson, Pa.

Leah Feingold, Lenaeinth Feingold and Andrew
 Feingold, Emerson, N.J.

John Katsaros, 401st BG, and Mary Katsaros,
 Haverhill, Mass.

Larry Grauerholz, 96th BG, and Ruth, Wichita
 Falls, Tex.

Mike Grauerholz and Vicki Chaney, Wichita Falls,
 Tex.

Liz Grauerholz, Winter Springs, Fla.

Ann Grauerholz and Harold Kless, Rowlett, Tex.

Larry Grauerholz Jr. and Kim, Mt. Vernon, Mo.

Charles Screws, and David Allison, Abilene, Tex.

Fred Platt, Raven Proj. 404, Houston, Tex.

Deborah Kalens, Austin, Tex.

Robert Thourson, 464th BG, and Mary,
 Thomasville, Ga.

Elise Andre, Berea, Ky.

Len Rogers, 91st BG, Lamerle Rogers, Paul Rees,
 and Liz Rogers-Pennington, Ojai, Calif.

Joe Manos, 94th BG, Sacramento, Calif.,

Marvin Nauman, Gig Harbor, Wash.

Mary Grauerholz and Rich Zuck, East Falmouth,
 Mass.

Sue Grauerholz, Boulder, Colo.

Catherine Minnich Knife, Columbus, Ohio

Joel Knife, Gahamma, Ohio

Dig Minnich, Orient, Ohio

Anne Minnich Greiner, Covington, Ky.

John and Anne Robin Luckett, Jackson, Miss.

Beverly Patton Wand, Madison, N.J.

Mary Elizabeth Ruwell, Academy Library

Cindy Babiak

Nancy Costello-Scovill and Dennis Scovill

Steve MacIsaac, Rio Rancho, N.M.

Co and Louise De Swart, Zeist, Holland

Cadet MSgt C. J. Cole II, AF Academy

Cadet MSgt Tania Buda, AF Academy

Cadet MSgt Adrianna Easton, AF Academy

Brig. Gen. Samuel O. Cox, AF Academy

Commandant of Cadets

Gen. Duncan McNabb, Scott AFB, Ill.

E. O. Scott, AF Academy Library



Reunion stirs memories of WWII

By HAROLD KLESS
Rowlett, Tex.

The annual AFEES reunion in Colorado Springs was my second time to attend.

So, last year's reunion in Dayton was more shock and awe. This year I have a different take away.

What was really remarkable was that there were so many first timers there and I felt experienced. It's pretty amazing that after 65 years or so there are people who were there and people who are interested in keeping the memory alive.

What I experienced was mutual appreciation. There was a retired Canadian government worker from north of Vancouver who has been researching and studying the routes of evasion. He recently learned of AFEES and felt compelled make the trip.

The members of the Baker Crew were reunited with each other and were a welcomed presence this year. I met a couple from California who brought some fine California wine. This was their first AFEES event to honor a member of her family who was an evader.

Of course most people who attended are old friends. It amazes me that so many of the children of evaders/escapees have made the trip to Europe and walked the walk of their fathers.

One of the highlights of the trip, as it was last year, was the Memorial Service this year held in the beautiful chapel at the Air Force Academy. It's a tribute to these men and women that 4-star General Duncan McNabb made a special effort to attend the reunion. This year duties of our nation called, and he was able only to help deliver the messages of remembrance Saturday morning in the Chapel.

During those few days I considered two messages, one that we'll never forget and two, that these men who escaped and evaded and the men and women who helped them are true heroes.

The question . . .

What is a hero?

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

We have to remember who the players were and what they did. I remember when I was quite a bit younger my dad was very active in the Jewish War Veterans (JWV) in Rochester, N.Y. I'm a very early Baby Boomer. World War II was a recent memory. My dad and his friends were young men. They didn't speak much about their war experiences, but there was friendship among those who shared something in common.

Among the members were men who served in WWI, and even a couple Spanish-American War veterans! For young people today WWII veterans are like the Spanish War Veterans when I was young. This is history, not something we're living with today. Our kids were in the Gulf War and our grandkids are in Iraq and Afghanistan. I lived through Vietnam. World War II, for me, was an immense challenge in history of the World to stop the craziness of Hitler, Nazism and Fascism. They were heroes.

The question comes to mind as to what is a hero?

I start with who do I think of as heroes: Audie Murphy, any John Wayne character, my Dad, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington. Then I moved to the people who supported the accepted heroes. The wives and mothers who kept the country alive and moving forward are just as much heroes. The men who couldn't be on the front line but who worked to do what had to be done to support the frontline men and women.

The evaders and escapees are a special type of hero. It's apparent without question the "helpers" were in a league of heroism all their own.

When we think of the helpers we have to remember anyone who defied the power at the time by helping people escape. The first helpers that come to mind are tenders of the Underground Railroad prior to the Civil War. They are a special group.

But the evaders and escapees are a bit more difficult for me. They didn't lead charges, destroy essential enemy resources single-handedly, or mastermind liberation of thousands of oppressed people. What makes them special is that they defied their captors and pursuers. They brought the message home. Some of them went back two or more times to be captured or shot down again. Some brought vital intelligence that may have affected the outcome of the war. They all brought back experiences and secrets. None of the escape routes sounded like walks in the park. They struggled, survived and fought back. For this they are heroes.

Larry Grauerholz, who accepted the presidency last year at age 92, stepped down this year passing the gavel to a younger man, John Katsaros, who is in his 80s.

John delivered a multimedia presentation depicting his exploits during WWII. Katsaros with broken bones escaped and evaded Nazi pursuers to reach England carrying data about German positions and updates and what was the Holocaust. There are two heroes.

So again, how are they heroes? They didn't give up. They didn't let the enemy win. And they brought the message home.

For this we need to continually honor men and women who do the right thing.

We should never forget!

Crash near home triggers research

From the San Francisco Chronicle
Tuesday, March 30, 2004

It was over in a matter of minutes, just one of millions of violent incidents in Europe during World War II -- but it would forever color the life of Co de Swart, who was just 7 when he heard a U.S. B-17 bomber crash near his home in German-occupied Holland. Nearly 60 years later, the images still frozen in his mind, he decided to find out precisely what happened that day.

He has chased the mystery all over the world. In the course of unearthing documents, making hundreds of phone calls to track down survivors or the children of survivors, he has put himself in the middle of an emotional roller coaster as he revives the horrifying history of what happened in October 1943.

His quest brought him to the Bay Area and a bittersweet reunion with the plane's surviving co-pilot, now living in Castro Valley and ill with lung cancer.

"If these boys hadn't been in the air together, in the Army Air Forces, I wouldn't be here," de Swart said when asked why he spending so much time illuminating this small window on World War II. "The Germans had plans to take the Dutch people east and turn them into slave laborers. ... I have a special appreciation for the Americans."

On the afternoon of Oct. 20, 1943, de Swart heard a loud rushing noise as the mortally wounded B17 bomber hurtled toward the small town of de Bilt. The plane crashed and the young boy raced outside, following the ambulances, police cars and trucks of the German forces as they all homed in on the crash site, about 100 yards from his house.

"We heard the crash and I ran out and saw the fire trucks and police," de Swart said, as he showed a visitor his three binders, each nearly 2 inches thick, containing letters, photographs,



Co de Swart of Holland has chased a mystery all over the world, including a visit to Colorado Springs for the AFEES reunion in May.

and 60-year-old documents from dusty German archives and the U.S. Army Air Forces.

De Swart saw the mangled wreckage of the plane, its carcass burst apart and burning as it lay in the wreckage of a building it hit. "A couple of adults stopped me -- they were worried about the explosion of gas and ammunition still on board," he said, "and luckily they kept us away. The gasoline exploded and a house was totally destroyed."

Of the 10 men aboard the B17, five bailed out and five died. The five who got out alive were soon captured and spent the rest of the war in German POW camps.

One of them, co-pilot Robert P. Surdez, was a young second

lieutenant from Burlingame. He spent the rest of the war in Stalag Luft I, a POW camp near the Baltic Sea, before returning to California and taking up a postwar life as an insurance agent and contractor.

It was the second visit for the two men -- a year earlier de Swart tracked down Surdez in Palm Springs, where he was vacationing, and they talked about the 1943 flight. This time, they pored over Surdez's scrapbooks, and de Swart brought Surdez a newly discovered photo of the crew of the B-17 in front of the plane, on the tarmac in England.

"He recognized the ones who were there. 'Oh, that's Mills, he got back to England. There's Doherty,'" de Swart said. "He showed me the old scrapbook he had from the war years, with photographs and letters. He held himself tough, but I saw he was emotional. And so was I."

The memory of the crash stayed with de Swart throughout his adult life, but he put it on hold for 50 years, while he went about the business of marrying, having a couple of children, settling into a job with the big international firm BASF, then retiring in 1995. He was always interested in airplanes, particularly warplanes, but he never really had time to indulge the hobby.

Now he does. For the past several years, he has been following one single aspect of that hobby -- the crash of the B-17 that afternoon -- to the extent that he probably knows more about it than anyone else.

By the fall of 2003, de Swart and a friend in Holland were able to invite more than 80 relatives of the flight crew and other people to share a 60th anniversary memorial service at the crash site. Surdez's son, Steve, and his wife, Cathy, were there to represent the family.

Two things have helped de Swart immensely in his search: the World Wide Web and the voluminous archives kept by the Nazis -- true

Continued on next page

MORE ABOUT...

Crash

(From Page 19)

bureaucrats, they documented everything.

He discovered, for example, the name of the Luftwaffe pilot who had shot down the B-17 -- 1st Lt. Erich Burkert, who had flown 69 missions and shot down three enemy aircraft. Following the archive trail, he found that Burkert himself had been shot down by an American P-47 in January 1944. He found Burkert's hometown.

He tracked down and interviewed the German pilot's children -- who is this guy, coming out of nowhere and knowing so much about our father, is essentially the reaction he got -- but, he said, "They were very curious, and the son got goose bumps on his arm when I told him everything, and the daughter was trembling."

He even found a photo showing that Burkert had taken the unusual step of landing his Messerschmitt Me-109 at an airfield not far from the crash site and came over to inspect his handiwork -- the wreckage of the B-17, still smoldering in downtown de Bilt.

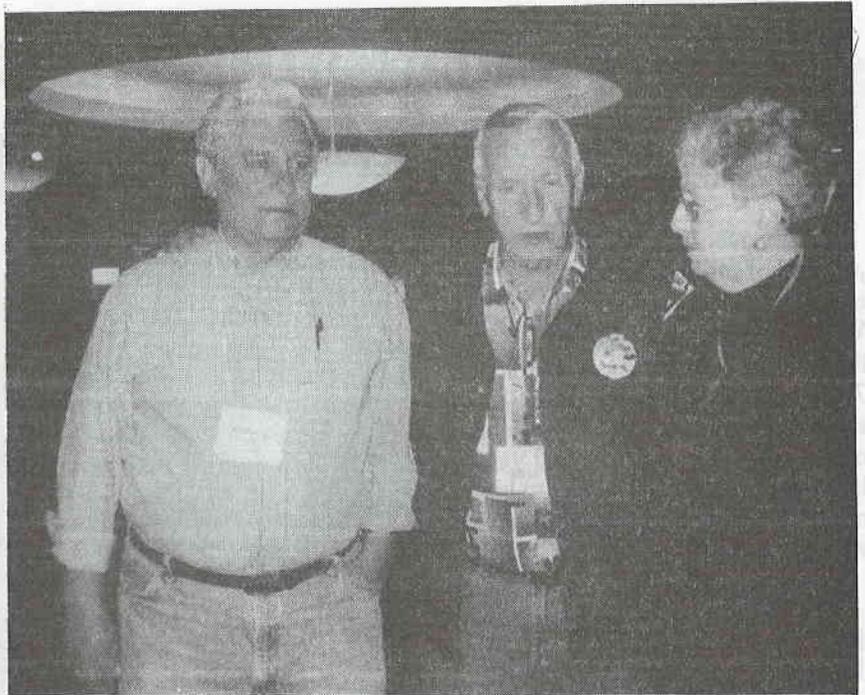
Then de Swart turned to the American side of his research. He knew the names of all the B-17 crewmembers, and he started tracking their hometowns through the various World War II historical organizations he had joined and through historians who had done earlier tracking of air crews.

Around the end of 2002, now quite the veteran of Internet searching, he was cruising through telephone directory web sites and found a Surdez whose age seemed right.

"I called him up, and it was him," de Swart said, still marveling at his luck.

On Sunday afternoon, de Swart said, he and Surdez "Said goodbye."

"There's an old song," he said, "something about we'll meet again, somewhere, some day."



Family members of the Baker Crew joined the AFEES reunion in Colorado Springs. At left is Don Mills Jr., whose father evaded from Holland to Gibraltar in the fall of 1943. Center is Co de Swart, who organized the reunion of OurBayBee kinfolk, with Jane Binnebose, right, whose father-in-law downed one of the Luftwaffe 109 attackers.



Bill Binnebose Jr., with wife Jane and sister Betty attended the reunion. Bill's father, gunner on Our Baby Bee, downed one of the Luftwaffe attackers, Werner Kraft (JG26). The two of them wound up in the same German hospital in occupied Belgium. With the help of an interpreter, they were able to discuss the air battle that took place on the morning of Aug. 17, 1943.

The Walt Baker Crew kinfolk turned out for the AFEES reunion



This group photo shows the turnout for the reunion of relatives of the B-17 Baker Crew who attended the AFEES reunion this year.

Included are family members of Evaders Martin Minnich, Hank Sarnow and John White. Special guests included Historian Geoff Warren from near Vancouver, B.C., and the Cleo Morrison family of Borger, Tex.

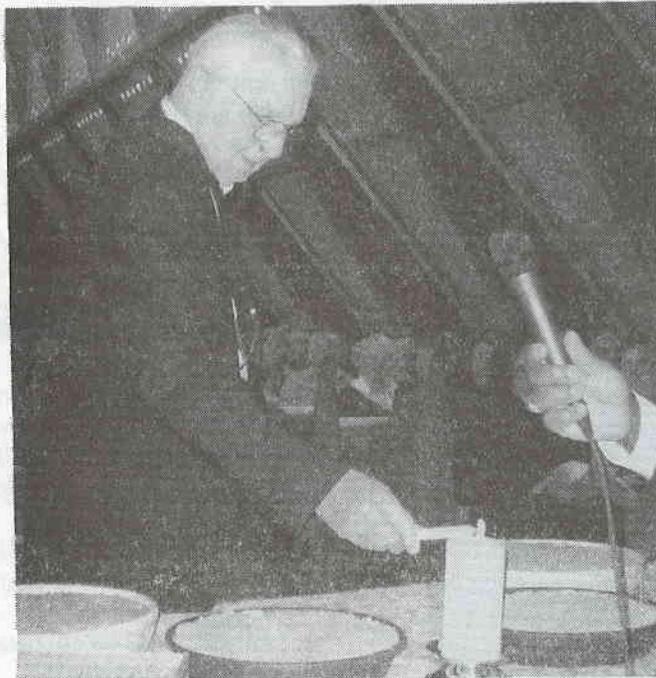
Co de Swart of Holland, who brought the group together, is shown kneeling in front.



Belgian Helper Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans (second from left) visited with the Hank Sarnow twins and their husbands, and Co de and Louise de Swart at the Colorado Springs reunion.

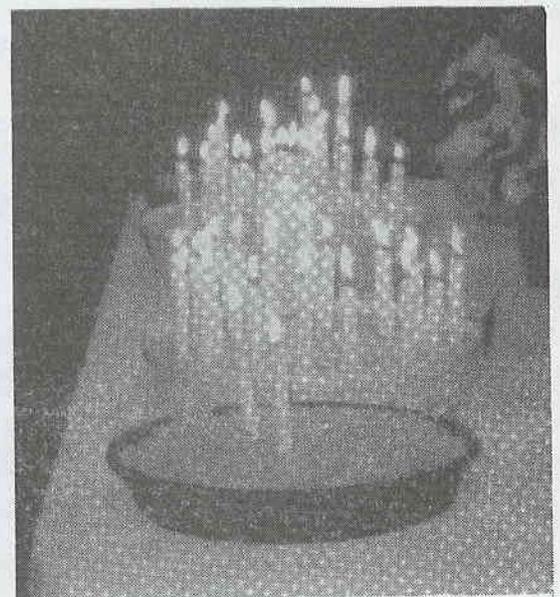


The traditional Memorial Service at the reunion this year was conducted at the impressive cadet Chapel at the Air Force Academy on Saturday morning, May 8. Candles were lit in memory of those who gave their lives during World War II, and others who have passed away in recent years.



AFEES President Larry Grauerholz lights the first candle at the Memorial Service.

“They gave us tomorrow. The tomorrow they themselves would not return to share.”



Car salesman gets World War II pilot back in the cockpit

From the *Capital Gazette*
Annapolis, Maryland

Car salesmen have the reputation of being "wheelers and dealers" doing whatever is necessary to get a customer to buy a car.

A Bowie, Md., car salesman lived up to that reputation recently; however, it had nothing to do with selling a car.

Instead it was to help a 91-year-old World War II veteran from Anne Arundel County in Maryland.

Lew Gilinsky, a sales associate with Ourisman Chevrolet on Governor Bridge Road, had just closed a deal with a customer on a Sunday afternoon and was waiting for his son to come pick him up.

While waiting for his son, Gilinsky struck up a conversation with the customer, Wayne Fogelman of Riva.

Gilinsky learned that Fogelman was a P-38 pilot during the war and conducted photo reconnaissance missions over China and Japan.

Fogelman described his days during the war stationed

in the Philippines and his assignment as a surveillance pilot.

Gilinsky asked Fogelman if he had done any recent flying, to which he replied: "I would like to but I can no longer pass the tests for a pilot's license or afford to rent a plane or hire an instructor."

That's when Gilinsky started his wheeling and dealing by calling on longtime friend Stanley Rodenhouser, owner of Freeway Airport.

Gilinsky asked what it would cost to get his new friend and World War II pilot into a plane.

"Nothing, just get him here and I'll take care of the rest," Rodenhouser said,

Soon, Fogelman arrived at Freeway Airport with his son, Stacy, and met Matt Lindquist, a certified flight instructor who volunteered his time to take him up.

After a short preflight conversation Fogelman asked: "Where do you want me to sit?"

"In the pilot's seat," Lindquist responded.

On a cold, overcast and windy Sunday afternoon, the three took off for a 30-minute flight that would take them out over Chesapeake Bay, Annapolis and, by request of Stacy, a flyover of his father's house in Riva.

When they returned, the former P-38 pilot climbed out of the plane and when asked how the flight went, he tilted his cap back, smiled and said, "Great, I was all over the sky."

"It was like he was just flying yesterday," Lindquist said.

AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY

Financial Statement

April 6, 2010

Beginning bank statement July 20, 2009

14,516.29

INCOME

Dues	1,615.00	
Book sales	70.00	
Donations	70.00	1,755.00

EXPENSES

Air publication mailings	1,161.49	
Bank fees	29.55	
Christmas cards	339.13	
Newsletter	3,564.25	
Office supplies and copying	104.49	
Post office box for incoming checks	70.00	
Postage	550.87	
State charter	25.00	5,844.78

Closing bank statement

10,426.51

2010 AGM MINUTES

May 8, 2010, Colorado Springs Colo., Crowne Plaza Hotel

President Larry Grauerholz called the meeting to order at 1505 hours. Lynn David passed a paper around to record the phone numbers and email addresses of those present.

Larry announced that a quorum was present for voting purposes.

Rich Shandor provided information regarding the distribution of newsletters and Christmas cards.

Newsletters: 717 newsletters are mailed in the US; Of these, 388 newsletters are mailed to evaders, 112 go to widows of evaders, and 30 go to helpers; 187 are mailed to other countries

Christmas cards for 2009: :275 were mailed to helpers; 20 were returned.

Rich Shandor requested that any change of address be sent to him via email or US mail:

Larry expressed his appreciation for Rich Shandor's work and congratulated Rich on the "bang-up" job Rich continues to do on the membership list.

Don Thorpe provided an update on the website and said his greatest need is for photographs. Don asked for photographs via email or computer disk. Larry extended appreciation to Don.

Ann Grauerholz provided the Treasurer's Report. (See Page 23.)

Larry provided an update on the newsletter. The problem is the cost of distribution of the newsletters to European nations via Pitney Bowes, since these costs have gone up dramatically. Larry said AFEES is going to press forward in the direction of electronic newsletters to help to cut costs. Larry said he always needs contributions for the newsletter, which is published four times per year. The membership thanked Larry for his efforts and provided applause. Larry responded that he gets great satisfaction from the work and is willing to continue working on the newsletter.

Nominations Committee Report: Larry said he planned to retire as AFEES President at 2359 hours on May 8, 2010. Betty Hennessy, chair of the Nominating Committee, stated that the Committee nominated John Katsaros for the office of AFEES President. John Katsaros accepted the nomination. The floor was opened for nominations. There were no new nominations. John was elected by acclamation. John thanked Larry for his outstanding work and expressed his appreciation for the opportunity to serve the organization. John thanked the Officers and Directors of AFEES and asked that they introduce themselves to the membership.

Lynn David presented plans for the 2011 Reunion in San Antonio, Tex. Lynn provided two options for hotels; one costs \$20 more per night but that hotel would be on the Riverwalk; Seventy percent of those present indicated they would prefer to spend slightly more to be closer to the Riverwalk

Larry stated that he has set up a By-Laws Committee to report at the meeting next year.

John Vasquez asked for a round of applause for the hard work provided by Lynn David. Larry mentioned that Lynn's work was a tribute to his parents, Clayton and Scotty David, and the service they provided to the organization in the past. Loud applause.

Larry adjourned the meeting at 1547 hours.

Respectfully submitted: by Betty Hennessy, Recording Secretary

WWII bonds that lasted a lifetime

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal-Constitution, Feb. 28, 2010

By J. E. Geshwiler

After Sgt. Ray Pencek bailed out of his flak-battered B-17 Flying Fortress on Jan. 11, 1944, he spent eight months hiding from the Gestapo and lived to tell about it, thanks to the Dutch underground.

He and his fellow crew of members were returning to England after bombing their target in Germany when the plane's wing began to come apart. The order came to bail out, and as flight engineer and top turret gunner, Sgt. Pencek was positioned to be the first to go.

As he wrote years later in a memoir, upon landing and hiding his parachute, he saw people running toward him across a farm field. He pulled his pistol, then realized they were waving their arms at him, not weapons, and they held their feet up to show their wooden shoes. At that point, he wrote, he realized he was in Nazi-occupied Holland.

"As soon as they came near me, they held out their hands to shake mine and said, 'Holland, kamerad,' while the women started kissing my face and my hands... and calling me 'English,' and I said, 'No, American.' Everyone had tears rolling out of their eyes," he wrote.

The joyousness was short-lived. The following months were grim and filled with high tension. Moved from one hiding place to another by the Dutch underground, he no longer wore his uniform, just civilian clothes. As a consequence, he would have been shot as a spy if he had been

caught. Just the same, as he told his son, Tom Pencek of Woodstock, he occasionally rubbed elbows with unsuspecting German soldiers while aboard packed Dutch trolleys.

Finally, on Sept. 4, 1944, the day the Allies liberated Belgium, Sgt. Pencek was able to come out of his hiding place in a Belgian convent and eventually be sent back home.

One of Sgt. Pencek's notable Dutch hosts was Marten Lelivelt, who hid him for six weeks. The Gestapo suspected Mr. Lelivelt was aiding downed airmen but whenever their agents searched the Lelivelt home, Sgt. Pencek hid behind a fake wall so solidly constructed they never found him. Unfortunately, Mr. Lelivelt was later turned in by a planted Gestapo spy and was executed.

Years later, Mr. Pencek and his wife Gladys met Mr. Lelivelt's daughter Mia, and they became close friends, trading visits between Georgia and the Netherlands several times. In the early 1980s the Penceks were in attendance when Queen Beatrice of the Netherlands presented a medal to Miss Lelivelt for her own heroism during the Nazi occupation.

Raymond Frank Pencek, 92, of Roswell died Feb. 24 at Vitas Hospice, Atlanta, of complications from an intestinal infection. A graveside service was planned in the spring at a Hillside, Ill., cemetery where he was to be buried next to his late wife.

After the war, Mr. Pencek returned home to suburban Chicago and began a long career with Western Electric. In 1962 he came to Georgia as a supervising engineer at its Sandy Springs facility, retiring 15 years later.



This photo was taken in the early 1980s in the Dutch city of Utrecht, when Ray Pencek and wife Gladys saw Queen Beatrice of the Netherlands present a medal to one of his wartime rescuers, Mia Lelivelt.

In retirement, he and his wife moved to Lake Hartwell to a home he built himself. "Dad was accomplished at everything - carpentry, masonry, plumbing, electrical work - and he was a good mechanic back in the days when you could still fix cars," his son said. "All of his skills were self taught."

As much as he enjoyed Lake Hartwell and the fishing there, Mr. Pencek hit the road a lot. He and his wife drove coast to coast across the United States and up into Canada, spending nights in their camper. And as active members of the Atlanta Skylark Club, the two of them frequently went abroad -- to Western European and Asian destinations, even Cuba.

Raymond F. Pencek, E&E# 1892, 92nd Bomb Group, of Roswell, Ga., died Feb. 24, 2010

Hero of Halyard Mission passes on

From the Fremont (Ohio)
News-Messenger
 March 22, 2010

BY MATT MANNING
 STAFF WRITER

FREMONT, Ohio — A local war hero and lone surviving member of 1944's Operation Halyard has passed. Art Jibilian, 86, had been battling leukemia since July 2008. He died Sunday afternoon, March 21, 2010.

Jibilian, a radio operator, was nominated for the military's highest honor for his actions during a five-month period in 1944 rescuing hundreds of people from a German-occupied area in Serbia.

Jibilian was one of three Office of Strategic Services who parachuted into central Serbia in August 1944 to rescue what he thought was 50 downed airmen.

"We didn't find 50," Jibilian would later say. "We found 250."

Over the next six months Jibilian constructed a landing strip and coordinated evacuation flights and medical help at night, as the people in the Serbian village housed and protected the soldiers, under the leadership of Drazha Mihailovich — leader of the Royal Yugoslav Army or the Chetniks.

His daughter, Debi Jibilian, said the family is planning an event Saturday in Fremont. "It's going to be a celebration of his life," Debi Jibilian said. "This is his home and this is where it'll be."

According to Debi, she said her father lived for 18 months when doctors said he had two weeks.

Instead of battling for his life, he fought to clear the name of a man who helped save him and his fellow colleagues in the mission — Drazha Mihailovich. Jibilian revisited Serbia on several occasions speaking to crowds and praising Mihailovich, who had been labeled as a "collaborator" with enemy Nazis by rulers and was executed.

The mission was documented in



ARTHUR JIBILIAN

Gregory A. Freeman's 2007 book, "The Forgotten 500."

"With the passing of Arthur Jibilian, our country has lost a true American hero," Freeman said in a statement. "Arthur's brave work in rescuing downed American airmen in World War II must never be forgotten, and I am honored to have known him. He was the quintessential American hero —

humble, modest, quietly proud, but ferocious in seeking justice."

Jibilian was set to receive the Golden Deeds Award on April 17 by the Exchange Club of Fremont.

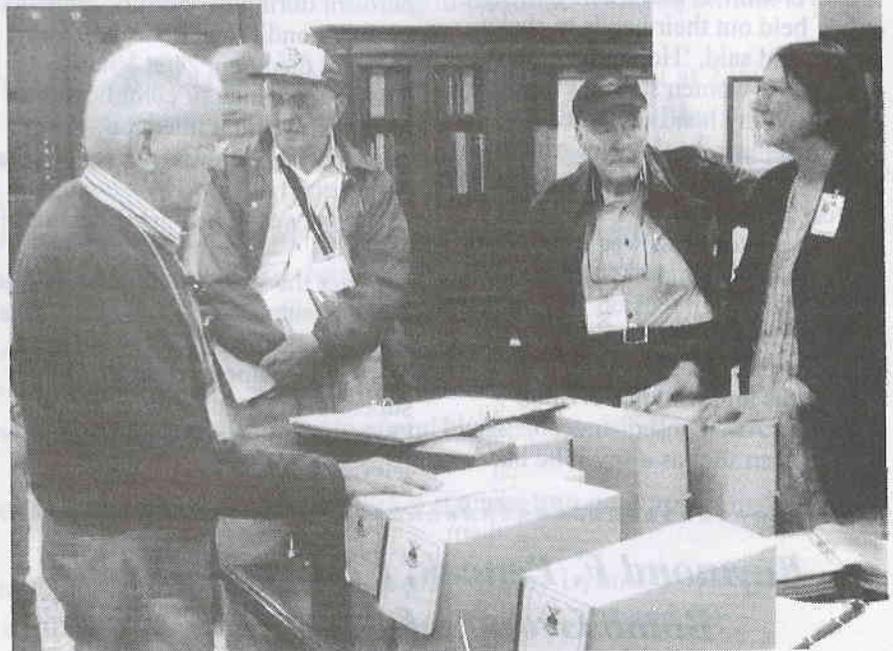
He received a congressional honor for his duty in 2008 by U.S. Rep. Bob Latta. Latta on Monday gave a speech on the floor of Congress to honor Jibilian.

"They have yet to receive a military/government recognition for their actions," Latta said "I will continue to work on this legislation to honor this exceptional American with the recognition he deserves."

Freeman said "The Forgotten 500" has been optioned for a major motion picture by Dana Maksimovich, who has co-produced Oscar winner "Crash" and "In the Valley of Elah."

"We're excited about the prospects of seeing 'The Forgotten 500,' on the big screen," Freeman said.

Jibilian also was a strong supporter of making a major motion picture out of the WWII story.



Several evaders had the opportunity to visit the Air Force Academy Library during the 2010 reunion. Shown are examples of the files preserved at the institution.

Andree Peel, 105, rescued airmen

From *The New York Times*
March 10, 2010

By RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Andrée Peel, a highly decorated French resistance figure who helped save dozens of American and British airmen shot down over France during World War II, died on March 5 in the English village of Long Ashton, outside Bristol. She was 105.

Her death was announced by the Lampton House nursing home, where she had been living, The Associated Press said.

When France fell to Germany in the spring of 1940, Andrée Viot, the daughter of a civil engineer and a native of Brittany, was running a beauty salon in the Breton port of Brest.

She joined the resistance movement when German troops occupied Brest, and she began circulating an underground newspaper. Code-named Agent Rose, she soon became a key resistance figure in Brittany. She fed information to the Allies on German shipping and troop movements and on the results of Allied bombing in the region. She also guided British planes carrying intelligence agents to night time landings at secret airstrips marked by torchlight.

She was best remembered for playing an important role in the rescue of 102 Allied airmen, by her account, in a network that set up safe houses for fliers on the run from the Germans and then took the men to isolated sections of the Brest beaches, where they boarded boats transporting them to England.

When the Germans learned of her resistance work she fled to Paris, but she was arrested by the Gestapo shortly after the D-Day invasion on June 6, 1944.



Andree Peel in 2004 with Maurice Viot, her brother and a retired general, after he awarded her France's Legion d'Honneur.

She was beaten and tortured, then imprisoned at the Ravensbrück and Buchenwald concentration camps. She was about to be killed by a firing squad at Buchenwald when it was liberated by American troops in April 1945.

"I saved 102 pilots before being arrested, interrogated and tortured," the BBC quoted her as once having said. "I suffer still from that. I still have the pain."

Returning to Paris after the war, she fulfilled a vow to make a pilgrimage to the Sacré-Coeur Basilica in Montmartre to give thanks for having survived, the British newspaper The Telegraph reported.

She managed a restaurant in Paris and met her future husband, an English student named John Peel. They

settled in the Bristol area, where Mrs. Peel practiced nonmedical healing techniques and provided nutritional advice. Her husband died in 2003.

Mrs. Peel received many decorations from the French government for her resistance work, and she was awarded the Medal of Freedom by the United States and the King's Commendation for Brave Conduct by Britain. During the war she received a personal letter of appreciation from Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Mrs. Peel told of her exploits in a 1999 memoir, "Miracles Do Happen!"

On Feb. 3 she celebrated her 105th birthday at her nursing home. Wearing 11 decorations for valor on her blouse, she was presented with a cake decorated with the French flag and sang the French national anthem

Bob turned 21 hiding in Brussels

By Peter Eisner

The Washington Post

Friday, April 23, 2010

Col. Robert Grimes, 87, an Army Air Forces pilot who evaded capture in World War II when his B-17 bomber was shot down over Nazi territory, and who later was a Prince William County schools administrator, died April 21 at his home at Fort Belvoir. He had complications from prostate cancer.

Only in recent years did Col. Grimes speak extensively of his wartime experiences, in part, he said, because the military had ordered airmen to treat their experiences as secret.

When he sat down for extensive interviews about the war in 2002, he said he felt relief about being able to share his memories. After that, he met with Air Force jet pilots at a base in Colorado, in which he described flying night training missions in the dark, without radar and under radio silence. He knew other planes were nearby but used instinct and occasional flares to avoid collisions. The top-gun pilots were shocked and rendered speechless.

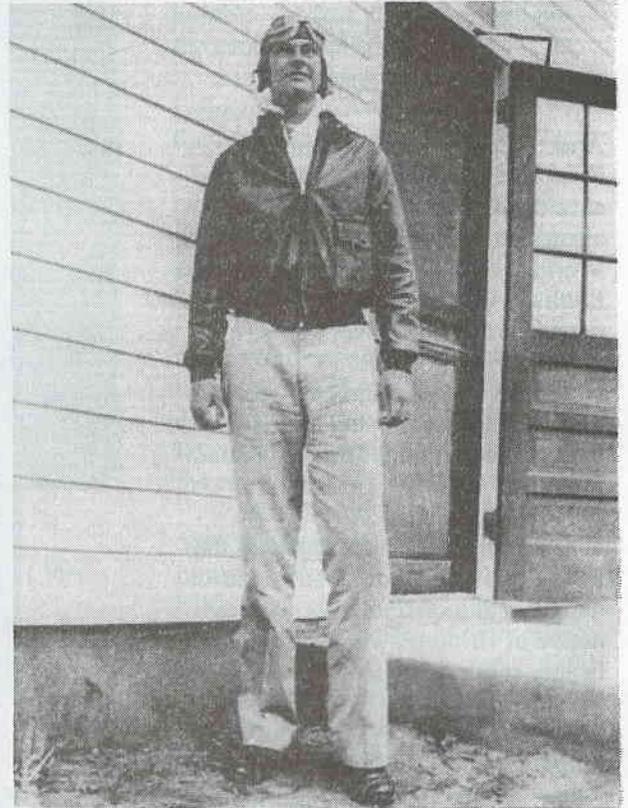
In 1943, then-Lt. Grimes and a nine-man crew flew bombing runs over Nazi Europe from an English air base, north of London. He was 20, unknown to the others, and was the youngest of the crew. It was the height of the U.S. Army Eighth Air Force daylight bombings of strategic targets over Nazi territory. On a mission near Gdansk, Poland, on Oct. 9, they faced intense ground fire and flak.

After dropping his bombs, he was able to return to his base at Snetterton Heath, but the B-17 was riddled with holes and taken out of service. Lt. Grimes and crew set off with a different plane on the morning of Oct. 20, six days after what became known as "Black Thursday" - an attack on a Schweinfurt, Germany, ball-bearing plant in which 60 B-17s and 600 men were lost.

The target this time was a bomb manufacturing plant near Aachen, Germany. Nazi fighter planes zoomed in when Lt. Grimes experienced engine trouble over central Belgium. He was forced to linger beneath the clouds and separated from the rest of his squadron.

Within minutes, cannon fire destroyed the plane's tail, and Lt. Grimes struggled for control. As he sounded the alarm, not realizing he had been wounded in the leg by machine-gun fire, the pilot held a slow circle and fought for crucial seconds so the crew could jump free of the stricken plane. He was the last to bail out before the B-17 crashed into a field close to a Luftwaffe base, 35 miles southwest of Brussels.

Col. Grimes later learned that four of his crewmen were killed in action, but five had survived the crash. "You never stop thinking about it," he said in a 2004



Robert Z. Grimes, E&E# 361, a member of the 96th Bomb Group, went down on his fifth mission.

interview. "In my mind, I'm back in the cockpit, left seat, looking at the controls, and I'm dodging and diving around the Nazi fighters, trying to make it to a cloud bank. And I look for every option, but I never come up with anything to save us."

On the ground in Belgium, he heard Nazi patrols and barking dogs but was able to hide in the brush until dark, when farmers saved him, knowing the penalty for harboring airmen was execution. He was handed over to members of the Comet Line, a civilian escape organization that saved an estimated 700 airmen during the war. A young member of the organization, Micheline Dumont, arranged for a doctor to remove a bullet from Lt. Grimes's leg and nursed him back to health.

He recalled celebrating his 21st birthday in Brussels on Thanksgiving Day, hidden by Micheline and her friends.

In mid-December, Comet operatives provided forged Belgian and French identity papers and led him on foot, by bicycle and train to a village near the French-Spanish border.

Basque guides took Lt. Grimes and several other airmen on an overnight hike in the freezing rain through the Pyrenees. He and his companions waded to safety

across the Bidassoa River into Spain before dawn Dec. 23, pursued by Nazi patrols and facing fire from border guards.

Lt. Grimes returned to the United States, trained other bomber pilots in 1944 and was preparing for an impending invasion of Japan when the war ended in 1945. As part of the new Air Force, he went back to Europe for the Berlin Airlift that brought supplies to Berliners during a communist blockade of that city.

He finished his military career as chief of the logistics operations division with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. After military retirement in 1972, at the rank of colonel, he spent 10 years as an associate superintendent of schools in Prince William County.

Robert Zeno Grimes was born in Portsmouth, Va., on Nov. 24, 1922. He was one of seven children born to a master carpenter at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

In 1945, he married Mary Helen Moore. Besides his wife, of Fort Belvoir, survivors include three daughters, Susan Grimes of Washington, Jennifer Grimes of Falls Church and Dale Soper of Woodbine, Md.; two brothers; two sisters; two grandsons; and three great-grandchildren.

After the war, Col. Grimes received a bachelor's degree in military science from the University of Maryland and a master's degree in business administration from George Washington University.

His military decorations included the Legion of Merit, the Air Medal and the Purple Heart. One of Col. Grimes's riveting memories was having been on a Brussels street car the night of his birthday celebration, which was halted by Nazi guards. "I gave the first guard my Belgian ID card and got through it. Then the second guard came and asked me in French if I'd already shown my identification. I somehow saved myself with my high school French. And this was what I said, 'Oui, oui.' Those words saved my life."

Peter Eisner, a former Washington Post editor and a Friend Member of AFEES, is author of "The Freedom Line" (William Morrow, 2004), the story of Robert Grimes and the Comet Line.

A daughter needs help

By DANIELA VALMER
6120 Whiskey Creek Drive, # 403
Fort Myers, FL 33919
<valmerd@yahoo.com

My father was 19 years old when Hitler decided to intervene on behalf of the Germans in Sudetenland. A year later, Hitler invaded Poland.

In Czechoslovakia, my father, Vladimir Vcela, was attending Charles University to study foreign languages and changed the destiny of his life.

On Oct. 28, 1939, the 21st anniversary of the formation of Czechoslovakia as a country, the students were demonstrating against their German captors. The crowds were huge and the ordinary people were for the students.

Hitler ordered all universities closed down and all students arrested. My father was one of 1,200 students who was arrested that day, Nov. 17, 1939. He was sent to Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp in Germany.

He was there for 13 months. His family and friends argued for his release. Sometime in 1941, he was freed.

He eventually joined the resistance movement. On April 19, 1945, a U.S. Air Force plane was shot down. The plane was part of the 490th Group, 849th Sqd., that had taken off from Station 134.

Vladimir Vcela helped hide those who were shot down. He gave them, with the help of the villagers, food, clothing and shelter.

Most of the airmen were captured and then released. My father received an *Eisenhower Citation* for his bravery. In 1948, he immigrated to the States. He had six children and never really talked about his past.

I am writing this story in an attempt to locate survivors or their descendants, to find out what my father was like, as a young man. I am the youngest daughter and he died before we had an adult relationship.

Airmen or their descendants I am looking for: Burford E. Stovall, pilot; Edwards C. Nilsson, co-pilot; Robert V. Rivenburg, togglier; Joseph C. Mullins, engineer; Donald H. McGinnis, waist gunner; Dennis M. Richardson, ball gunner; and Richard Berney, radar.

Bud Mahurin: first American double ace in the ETO

From Steve Mac Isaac
(colmacmac@mac.com)

We mark the passage of retired Colonel Walker "Bud" Mahurin with both thankfulness and mourning. Col. Mahurin, a fighter pilot who shot down more than two dozen planes in two wars and three theaters, died recently. Bud was 91.

The first American pilot to become a double ace in the European Theater, and the only ace to shoot

down enemy planes in both European and Pacific Theaters as well as the Korean War, Col. Mahurin was unique among U.S. combat aviators.

Bud joined the Army Air Forces in September 1941 -- just three months prior to Pearl Harbor -- fully anticipating the conflict America faced. Having downed enemy aircraft in every plane he flew -- the P-47 Thunderbolt, the P-51 Mustang and the F-86 Sabre -- today Bud is

revered by America's fighter community as one of its all-time top aces. His unrivaled dedication, perseverance and integrity earned him the call sign "Honest John."

Twice shot down in World War II and once during the Korean War, Bud's 16-month captivity and torture during the latter especially tested his call sign, but he would nonetheless live up to it.

-FOLDED WINGS-

E&E#55 2nd Lt. George W. Evans died on 10 February 2010. Lt. Evans flew as a co-pilot with the 384th Bomb Group's 546th Bomb Squadron of the 8th Army Air Force. On 26 June 1943, his B-17 #42-30058 was damaged by enemy fire and all 10 crew members bailed out. The B-17 then crashed around Guillerval, France. The top turret gunner and tail gunner became POWs. George and 4 other crew men were aided by the French and evaded together. The Bourgogne Escape Line moved them to southern France where they crossed the Pyrenees into Spain and became the first evaders from the 384th Bomb Group

E&E#1071 2nd LT. Joseph P. Murphy passed away on 30 May 2010. He was an 8th Air Force bombardier with the 418th Bomb Squadron of the 100th Bomb Group, stationed at Thorpe Abbots, England. They were assigned to the Bloody 100th on 10 October 1943 as one of the replacement crews for the heavy losses the Bloody 100th had suffered that day on a raid to Munster, when only one crew had returned. His crew flew their 2nd combat mission to bomb Gelsenkirchen on 5 November 1943.

The plane took heavy flak fire knocking out one engine, along with the compass and electrical system, forcing them to leave the formation and return to England. While over the French coast they took more flak, fire knocking out a second engine. At this point the pilot called out "abandon ship". Lt. Murphy and Lt. McCurley bailed out and landed south of Dieppe, France. The other 8 members of the crew were KIA. No trace of the crew or plane have ever been found.

The French people sheltered Murphy and McCurley for almost 10 months until 25 August 1944 when they were taken to a French village to meet U.S. Army forces. Joseph Murphy wrote his story in "The Escape and Evasion of 2nd Lt. Joseph P. Murphy and 2nd Lt. McCurley."

Lt. Col. Clarke Brandt wrote of Joseph, "that Joseph Leon Lamaute, Murphy's French name on his Carte D'IDENTITE, did indeed lead an exciting life and those activities he engaged in with other evaders would years later admit him to the brotherhood of men who are members of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society.

Lt. Murphy always remembered the French people who risked their lives and closed his story with **"VIVE LA FRANCE AND VIVE Olympe and all the others--the Payens, Coudres, Trouart, Madeleine and Father Maurice Lamy, the Girette sisters, Yvonne and her brother Maurice and Marguerite, Genevieve, Monsieur Nicolas, Olympe's mother, "Paul Revere" and all the others whose names are unknown to me. And may Monsieur Maguin's soul and the souls of all the others who were so brutally tortured and killed in Concentration Camps, REST IN PEACE.**



A.P. CLARK, 96

Helped WWII POWs escape, lead Academy

A.P. Clark, 96, a retired Air Force lieutenant general who served as superintendent of the Air Force Academy from 1970 to 1974, died March 8 in Colorado Springs, Colo..

Gen. Clark, the son of an Army officer, graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1936. During World War II, he was shot down over Abbeville, France, in July 1942 and spent 33 months as a prisoner of war.

He is credited with managing the production and hiding of escape supplies in support of the escape of 76 POWs from Stalag Luft III in 1944. The breakout helped inspire the movie 'The Great Escape' (1963) starring Steve McQueen.

Gen. Clark wrote a memoir, '33 months as a POW in Stalag Luft III: a World War II Airman Tells His Story' (2005).

Albert Patton Clark was born at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. After the war, he held many staff and command positions. He was promoted to lieutenant general in 1965 and served as the vice commander of the Tactical Air Command and commander of the Air University before becoming superintendent of the Air Force Academy. He retired in 1974.

HUGH C. SHIELDS
Down on Bordeaux
raid of Jan. 5, 1944

*From the Rochester (N.Y.)
Democrat/Chronicle,
May 16, 2010*

Hugh C. Shields, E&E# 554,
age 88, died surrounded by his family
and caregivers at home on Friday,
May 15, 2010, near Rochester, N.Y.

He is survived by several
children and grandchildren.

He was happily married to his
beloved wife Elizabeth (Betty)
Dooling for 61 years.

He was a graduate of Iona
Preparatory School and Columbia
University. A WWII aviator, his
plane was shot down over occupied
France. He evaded capture, returned
to marry his childhood sweetheart
and raised their large family.

2nd Lt. Shields, a bombardier with
the 410th Squadron, 94th Bomb
Group, was shot down Jan. 5, 1944.

He and his navigator, Robert O.
Anderson, E&E# 605, bailed out over
St. Laurent de Medoc, 50 miles
north of Bordeaux, France.

They landed about 5 km apart and
took entirely separate routes to evade
capture and reach Spain.

AIRMEN OF WORLD WAR II

Our nation's flyers fought for, died for and succeeded

In winning air war supremacy wherever it was needed.

These men weren't depicted by Norman Rockwell artistries.

They were real men in a real time, fulfilling their destinies.

They came from happy homes, they came from broken homes.

But they came together determinedly, without moans and
groans.

They were regular people like their past generation counterparts.

It was time and history that placed danger in their hearts.

Those men, mostly born between 1915 and 1925, came at the age

Just in time to participate in that century's defining page.

The young men who were screened and recruited into potential
airmen,

Were honed and sharpened into the greatest air force times
ten.

And they came home, some seared by the branding iron of war.

They came back to civilian life sending their nightmares afar.

Our fathers, grandfathers and uncles came back to us in a hush.

And some of them who have survived the wild skies, are still
with us.

--Composed in 2004 by Keith McLaren Abbott.

Please send roster changes to Richard Shandor!

AFEES membership dues are \$20 per year; \$50 for three years.

**Changes of address a/o telephone # and checks (payable to AFEES)
should be sent to**

Richard Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson PA 16630-0254;

Phone: 814-886-2735; <rshandor@hotmail.com>

Name _____ Amount enclosed _____

Street address or other _____

City and State _____ 9 digit zip code _____

Phone _____ Email _____ at _____

Related to Evader? Yes ___ No ___ Relationship _____ Evader's name _____

Are you a Veteran? Yes ___ No ___ If yes, what Branch _____ Years _____

Prefer to receive *Communications* electronically -- Yes ___ No ___

Other comments _____

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ
<afees44@hotmail.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex.-- Take it from me, the Colorado Springs reunion was a winner and proved that the younger generations are able to project the AFEES legacy for some time to come.

I must mention two events on the grounds of the Air Force Academy. On Friday, several evaders visited cadet classrooms to tell how war was waged 65+ years ago.

Your scribe was one of the visitors invited to join the luncheon of 4,400 cadets. Guys, the mess hall menu has changed. No more S.O.S. (The ww2 term for creamed beef on toast.)

And the mess hall decorum was more relaxed than it was back yonder I did not see lower classmen doing the Square Meal.

I asked Brig. Gen. Sam Cox, commandant of cadets, if the incoming classes were subjected to the type of hazing that prevailed in our day. He assured me that there is some discipline.

Most evaders think we have a harrowing story to tell about our time in enemy territory.

I assure you that John Katsaros, new president of AFEES, tops them all. He parachuted out over Frankfurt with a shattered arm, escaped from the Germans twice, and made it across the Pyrenees.

His book, *Code Burgundy the Long Escape*, is a must read. He might even be persuaded to autograph your copy.

Glenn W. Oesch served with the 316th FS of the 9th Air Force in Europe. Now his son is researching his father's tour of duty.

If anyone can come thru with information that might help, please contact: Kevin Oesch,
8994 S. Laclede Station Road, Apt. A,
St. Louis MO 63123
<MKODKO@aol.com>

Mary Shier (known to some as Beanie) has been in contact with both parachute companies that were in business in WWII. She was searching for the Caterpillar Club membership application of her father, the late William Spinning.

She thinks perhaps others might be interested in such applications and plans to visit both the Switlik Company and the Irving Company in September.

If you would like for her to check on an application, please contact her before Aug. 1. She will need full name, date shot down, bomb group, and type of plane.

Beanie's address is shown on page 2. Phone: 810-441-7932.
Her e/m: <spwheel347@aol.com

Marvin Nauman of Gig Harbor, Wash., attended the May reunion and is researching an angle that is new to me. He asks, "Anyone know anything about the Resistance sending airmen items home, or the smugglers route through El Paso, Tex.?"

"I am investigating an incident that was investigated by Army Intelligence when a B-17 crew with 3 KIA and 7 MIA over Frankfurt, where a wrist watch of one of the MIA was sent to his mother in Texas through smugglers in El Paso.

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Marvin says he understands that the Resistance had ways of sending items "home" to let family members know their son was safe. No postmark, no stamp, and not addressed in the son's handwriting.

FOR OVERSEAS READERS.

Afees is considering an electronic version of the quarterly newsletter. That would reduce production and delivery costs which have recently gone up.

If you would like to receive the newsletter via Internet, please send an e-mail to Richard Shandor at <rshandor@hotmail.com>

If you can't tolerate Irish jokes, just pass this one by:

Mary Clancy goes up to Father O'Grady after the Sunday morning service, and she's in tears.

He says, "So what's bothering you, Mary, my dear?"

She says, "Oh Father. I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night."

The priest says, "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?"

She says, "That he did, Father."

The priest says, "What did he ask, Mary?"

She says, "He said, 'Please Mary, put down that damn gun,'"

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