

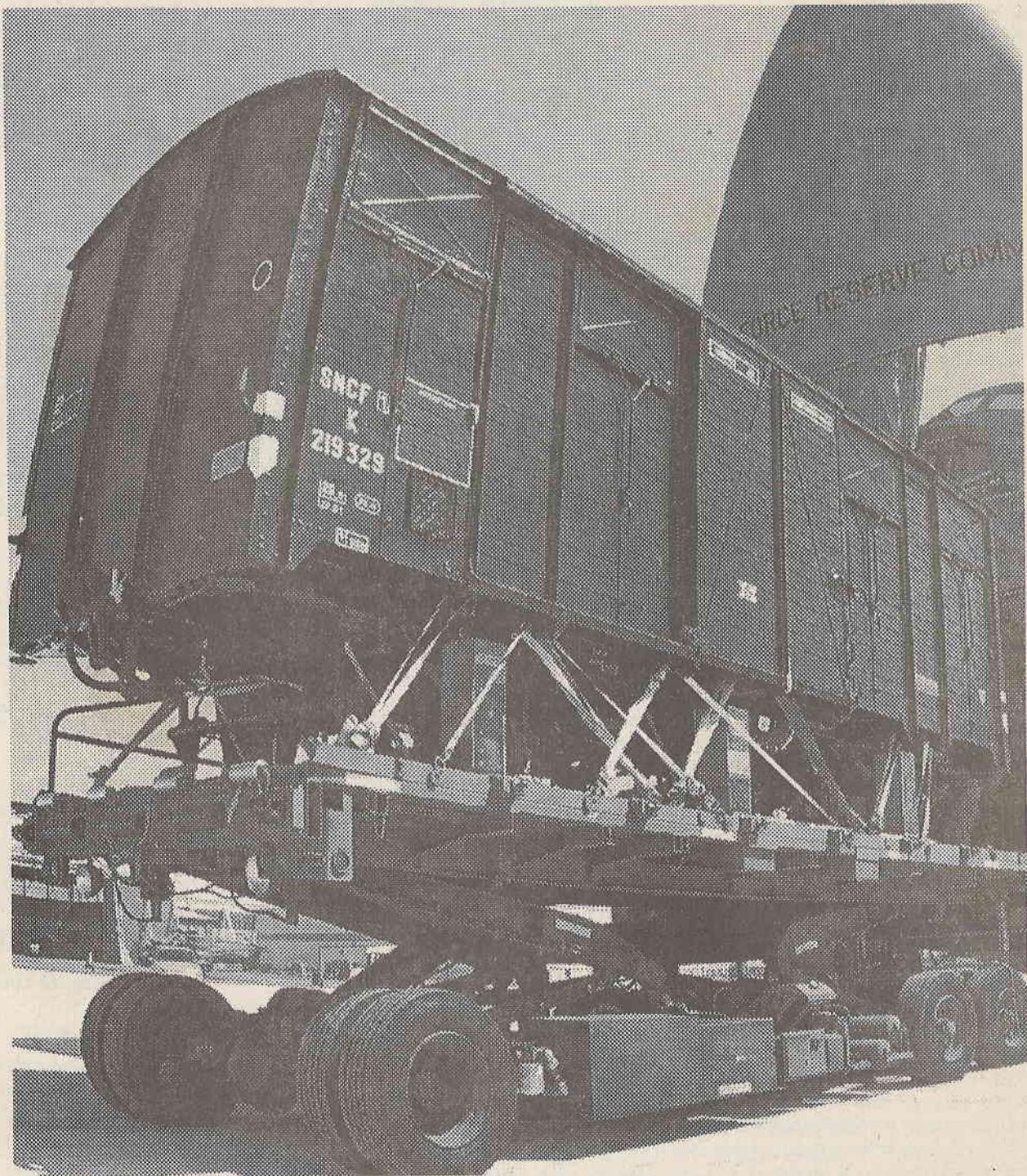
THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Fall 2001 Communications

VOLUME 15, NUMBER 4

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS 76307-2501

SEPT. 21, 2001



(U.S. Air Force photo by Master Sgt. Keith Reed)

A 1941-era boxcar, the type used to transport American prisoners of war during World War II, was loaded July 25 onto a C-5 Galaxy at Air Base 125, Istres, France, to be delivered to the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio. The car was donated to the museum by the French National Railroad Company and the American POW Association.

--See story on Page 16--

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE/EVASION SOCIETY

Communications

Published Quarterly

WE WILL NEVER FORGET



Fall 2001

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(Ralph Patton's daughter)

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Radio News, fact sheets, biographies,
artwork, and links to other Air Force and
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Volume 15 -- Number 4

Sept. 21, 2001

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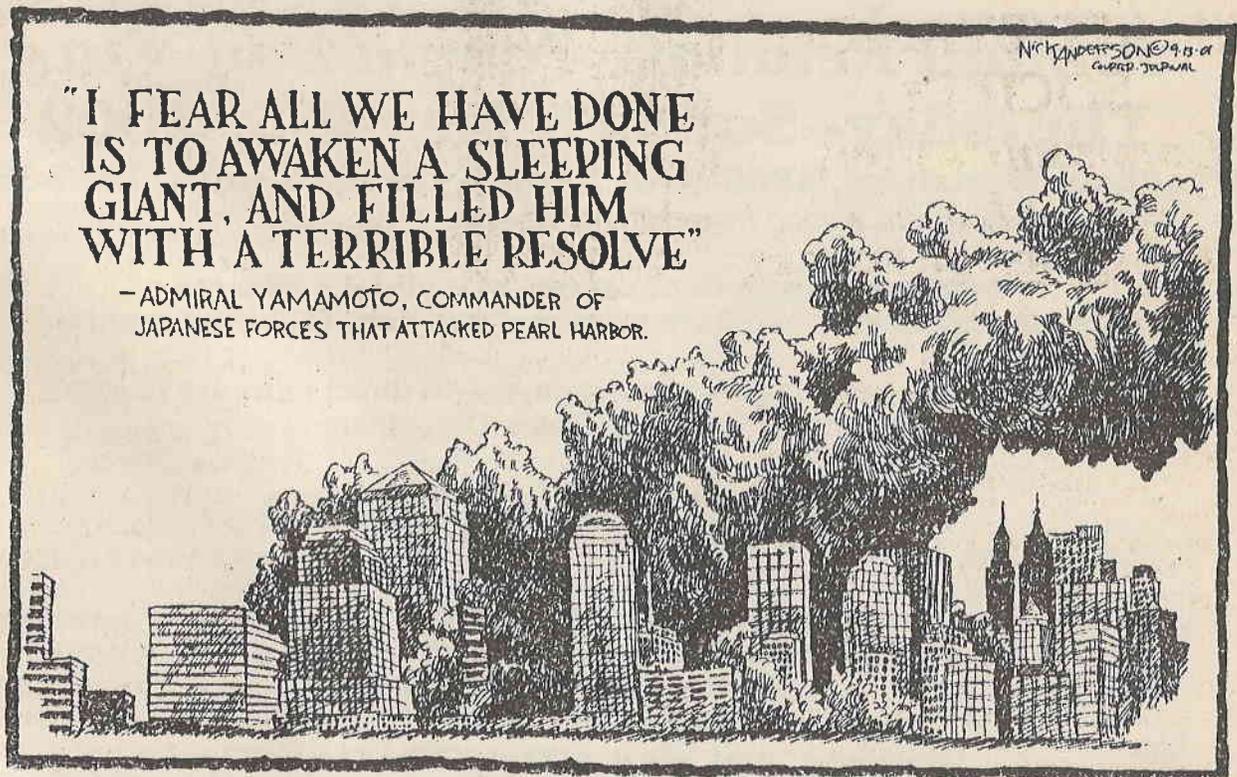
THE SOCIETY'S PURPOSE IS TO ENCOURAGE MEMBERS HELPED BY THE
RESISTANCE ORGANIZATIONS OR PATRIOTIC NATIONALS TO CONTINUE
EXISTING FRIENDSHIPS OR RENEW RELATIONSHIPS WITH THOSE WHO
HELPED THEM DURING THEIR ESCAPE OR EVASION.

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.



AMERICA UNDER ATTACK



NICK ANDERSON/Louisville Courier-Journal

From Lucien Dewez, Ham-Sur-Sambre, Belgium:

My Dear American Friends:

Our thoughts are with you, your families and relatives on this Tuesday, Sept. 11, 2001.

We are watching the news in disbelief. All the European networks are broadcasting since the first attack in New York. The NATO, SHAPE and American Embassy in Brussels have special protection and running with limited personnel.

My wife Sophie and I are deeply concerned for the safety of all our friends in the U.S.A. And also, we are trying to guess who is behind this massacre and what they are looking for.

We know when it started. Who knows where the world is going now. It is depressing to see that the beast was sleeping somewhere, trying to set the world on fire again.

I am in sad mood with tears in my eyes. I would like to be with you, my dear boyhood heroes.

With love from Belgium, LUC



AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Annual Reunion, Tampa Bay, Fla.

Thursday--Sunday, May 2-5, 2002

Wyndham Westshore, 4860 West Kennedy Blvd., Tampa, FL 33609

(Three miles from Tampa International Airport. Free shuttle from Airport)

Double or Single Occupancy: \$79 plus 11.75% tax
(Rate also applicable two days prior and two days following reunion)

Complimentary Parking in covered garage with direct entrance to Hotel
 Check In: 3 pm; Check Out: Noon

Tentative Reunion Program

Wednesday, May 1, 2002

Registration Desk Open in Afternoon

Hospitality Suite Open at 1500 hrs.

Possible Board of Directors meeting

Thursday, May 2, 2002

Breakfast on your own

Hospitality Suite Open; Registration Desk Open

Morning: Optional Tours

Afternoon: Holocaust Museum

Evening: Welcoming Buffet Dinner in Hotel Atrium with cash bar

Friday, May 3, 2002

Breakfast on Your Own

Visit MacDill Air Force Base (10 minutes away). Tour of base with stops at memorials, static displays, wing briefing, Luncheon at Officers' Club, Central Command and Southern Command briefings.

Social hour with members of Order of Daedalians in Eagle Nest Bar.

Evening is free, with Dinner on your Own (Hospitality Suite Open)

Saturday, May 4, 2002

Breakfast on Your Own

City tour with stop at Tampa Museum; Lunch on your own in Ybor City

Evening: Helpers' Dinner

Appalachian Story Telling by Ruth and Ashley Ivey.

Sunday, May 5, 2002

Full Buffet Breakfast

Memorial Service

General Membership Meeting

Luncheon on your own

Evening: Reception with cash bar followed by Banquet

Hospitality Suite Open

Possible optional excursions include Busch Gardens and Tarpon Springs sponge docks

Detailed information and Reservation Forms will be in next two newsletters.





AIR FORCES

Escape & Evasion Society

Richard M. Smith
President

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SUMMER

36214 Augustana Drive • Battle Lake, MN 56515
Phone: 218-495-2106 • Fax: 218-495-3000

Sept. 10, 2001

Dear Members, Helpers and Friends of AFEES:

Hearty greetings from Ottertail Lake, West Central Minnesota!
It is a wonderful day today! (As our age, aren't they all?)

In the last few weeks, we have had to say good-bye to two really super people. Our Canadian friend Jack Gouinlock is gone. And also one of our highly decorated Helpers in Brittany, our good and dear friend Pierre Sibriel. Pierre had the best personal wine collection I was ever privileged to drink from. Both good and wonderful men. May they both RIP.

We are attempting to locate the Army nurses who crash-landed in the Balkans and walked for days to be eventually returned to Allied control. We would like to find any who are left and invite them to be our guests in Tampa next May.

I had an interesting experience last month. Some friends are establishing a WW2 Air Museum in Fargo, N.D. and asked if I could do a display on E&E. I arranged with Regis University in Denver, Colo., to send to Fargo the display we had done for Regis in conjunction with their semester of WWII history. Since then, friends have called to tell me that the display is very popular. The display and ribbon-cutting ceremony had nice media coverage. Perhaps AFEES will still get some "Upper Midwest Coverage."

This has been a relatively quiet summer. It is not too early to make plans for Tampa next May! Information on opposite page.

Fraternally,

RICHARD M. SMITH, President

Garbo tells story of how fake information was fed the Germans

Ralph V. Vollone, a new AFEES Friend member, is a member of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers. He highly recommends a new book entitled *Garbo: The Spy Who Saved D Day*, produced by The Public Record Office in Surrey, U.K. Copies are on sale in American bookstores.

Ralph says *Garbo* is Morale Operations and X2 at their best. It offers examples of how false and real information

of limited value to the enemy was developed and then fed to the Germans. The main value was in the deception that provided cover for the D-Day invasion.

Ralph also recommends *The SOE Syllabus, Lessons in Ungentlemanly Warfare, World War II*. It sheds light on how Special Operations Executive operated during the war. Several MI-5 and SOE files are now open.

Meeting some very special people

From *Splendor in the Skies*,
B-17 Flying Fortress Association
Walla Walla, Wash.

BY DON HAYES

May 4-6 was a weekend that was not just different, it was for me a once-in-a-lifetime experience; and it was also weird and wonderful. I could say it was one of the many terrific and unusual happenings that occurred in my life that has prompted me to write my memoirs.

The occasion was my wife and I being invited to be guests of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society reunion in Spokane. That's where 11 bomb groups were formed in World War II at Geiger Field, and is the home of the Air Force summer and winter survival schools.

Men who attended were mostly Air Corps flyers in WWII, shot down on missions by German flak or fighters, but who were never captured and thrown into POW camps. Several men and women of the Resistance and Underground of many countries, called "Helpers," were brought together for the reunion. Some were reunited with their downed combat fliers and their wives after a 55-year interval.

They came from France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark,



SPOKANE HUDDLE -- The May reunion in Spokane was another occasion for friends to get together. From left: Robert and Mary Sweatt of Burton, Tex., and Jean and Tony Kosinski of Chicago, Ill.

Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia; all had one thing in common -- they risked their lives to aid American, Canadian and British downed airmen. Most had friends, children, parents, or relatives executed by the Nazis for aiding the fliers.

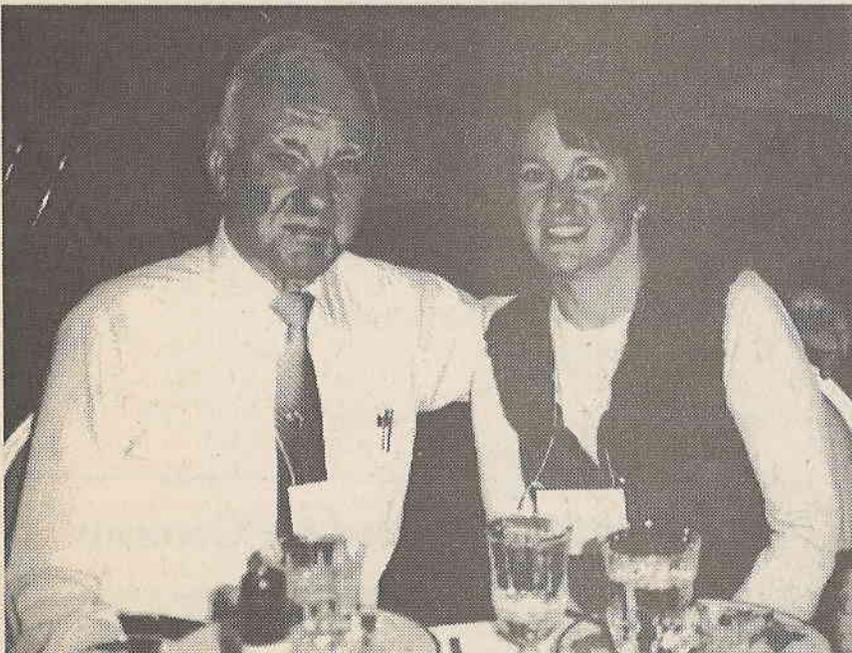
In a solemn hour-long ceremony on Saturday afternoon, downed fliers and combat veterans were honored with the reading of Gen. Hap Arnold's Memorial Service message:

"He lived to bear his country's arms, he died to save its honor. He was a soldier, and he knew a soldier's duty. His sacrifice will help keep aglow the flaming torch that lights our lives . . . that millions yet unborn may know the priceless joy of liberty. And we who pay homage, and revere his memory, in solemn pride rededicate ourselves . . . to a complete fulfillment of the task for which he so gallantly has placed his life upon the altar of man's freedom."

A portion of the memorial service was the Lighting of Candles. Almost every former escaper and the men and women helpers stepped forward to light a candle and tell in whose honor they lighted it. With emotion and tears, they honored fallen comrades and relatives.

Many were civilians on the Continent who during the dark days of World War II under German occupation harbored the spirit of freedom and forfeited their lives to help our downed airmen.

A prayer was offered in remembrance of that time when the free world was allied against evil.



FATHER, DAUGHTER -- Clifford Williams of Nederland, Tex., and Luanne Bilke of Dallas, Tex., were among the families at the Spokane reunion.

'Hump' pilots meet in D.C. for reunion

By M/Sgt RICK BURNHAM
Air Force Print News

WASHINGTON -- Amid mild temperatures and clear skies at Andrews Air Force Base, Md., a handful of historic aviators gathered Aug. 24 to reminisce about their experiences during World War II.

It was a time when the temperatures would drop so low that ice would cover the cockpit windows of their cargo aircraft, and the skies would be filled with Japanese fighter planes.

For the men and women tasked with flying critical supplies over the China-Burma-India "Hump," it was a time when the dangers of the mission were outweighed only by its importance to the war effort.

The mission: to deliver much-needed supplies to the Chinese army, which were being dominated by Japan. Supporting those Chinese forces would help keep the Japanese occupied in southern Asia, instead of fighting American forces in the Pacific.

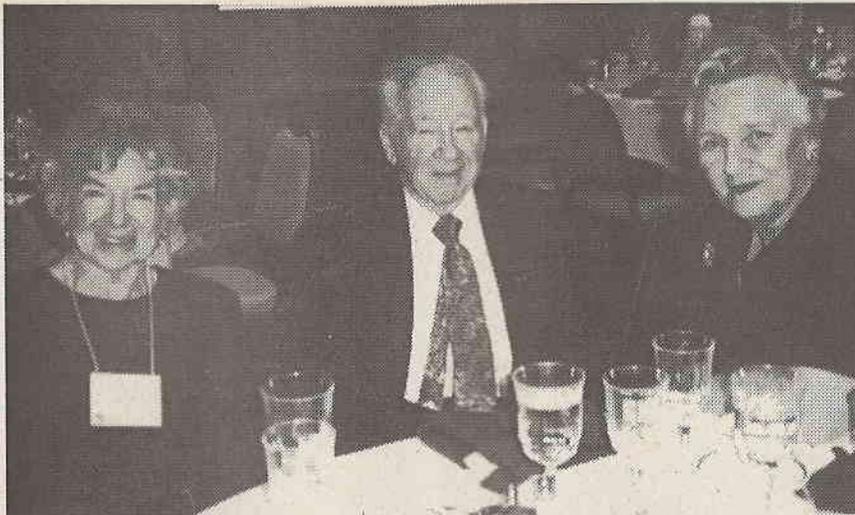
More than 250 members of the China-Burma-India Hump Pilots Association and their families visited Washington for their 56th annual reunion Aug. 21-26.

Besides touring a C-17 Globemaster III, dedicated in their honor by Air Mobility Command officials, the group visited a wide range of historical sites in the area, including the White House and Pentagon.

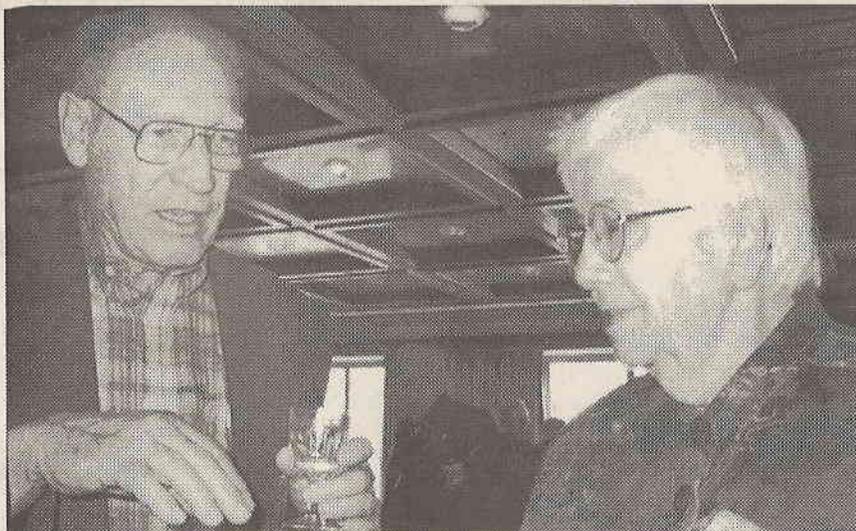
Jay Vinyard, a C-46 pilot and one of about 2,200 surviving people from the group, said the 525-mile route from the Assam Valley in India to the remote airfields of southwest China, was a harrowing one that took its toll.

"We lost 509 aircraft, 81 of which were never found," said Vinyard, who flew 174 missions over the Hump, "and out of the 1,314 crewmembers who were lost, 345 are still missing."

The odds against them were made even more dubious by the Himalayan Mountain ranges in western China, with peaks as high as 16,000 feet.



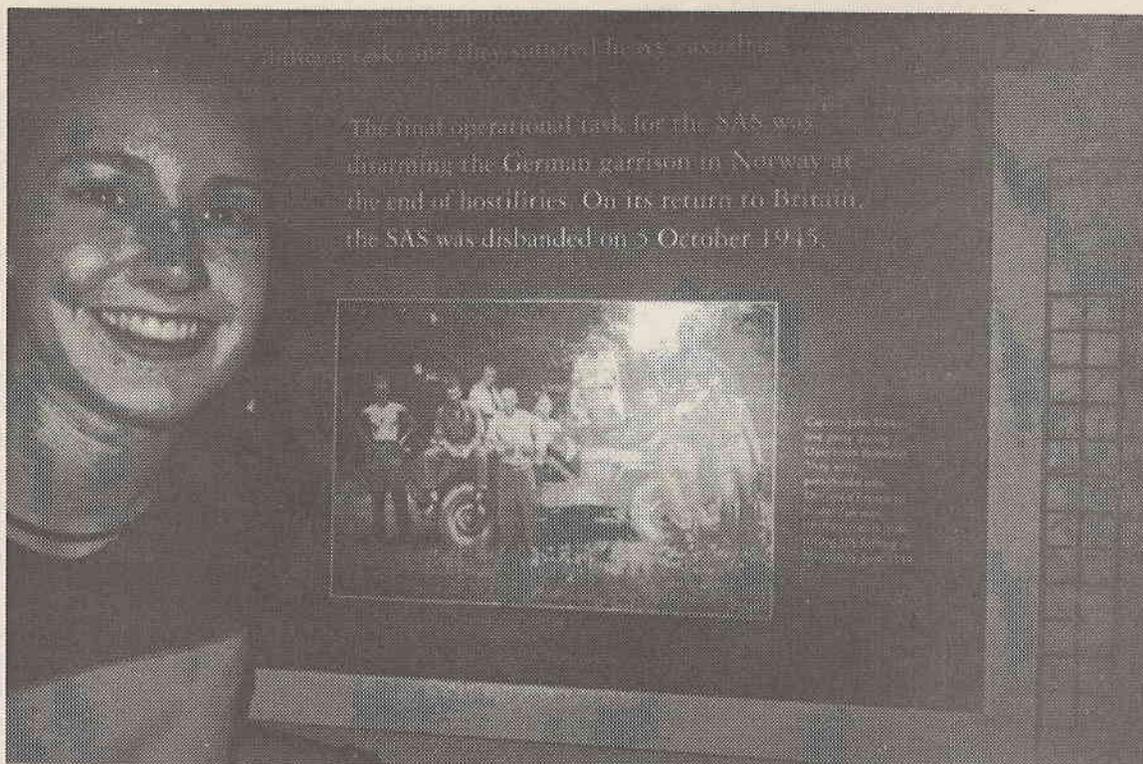
Chairman Ralph Patton was seated between two charming ladies at one of the AFEES reunion dinners in Spokane. At left is Bette Patton; Yvonne Daley is at the right.



Director John Rucigay is demonstrating a maneuver to Sofia Jones in this photo taken on the Alaskan cruise.



President Richard Smith (left) got with a couple of his 95th Bomb Group crewmembers at Spokane, Tony Onesi (center) and Lou Feingold.



Alana Harper found her grandfather's photograph in the Imperial War Museum.

There ARE some Yanks in the War Museum!

Alana Harper recently made a visit to the British Imperial War Museum in London to search for a photo of her grandfather, AFEES member Flamm (Dee) Harper. This is what she found.

By ALANA HARPER
Warner Robbins, Ga.

Last May I went to England to visit a college friend. Among the many attractions of London is the Imperial War Museum, a large, open building with several floors of impressive exhibits.

On the second floor is a permanent exhibit called "Secret War." The exhibit is arranged in a unique style, with a series of small rooms connected by narrow hallways. Walls of the hallways are covered with glass-covered displays of uniforms, pictures, diaries and other mementoes in chronological order from the 19th century to Adolph Hitler.

My father had shown me a book containing a picture of my grandpa with a Jeep and members of the British Special Air Service at the Bon Bon airstrip in France. He told me that the picture was hung in the Imperial War Museum. I visited the museum for the express

purpose of locating that photo. (Ed. Note: The photo is shown on page 20 of the Fall 1998 *Communications*. It is also shown between pages 112 and 113 of *Operation Bulbasket* by Paul McCue).

My hosts had told me that the war museum contained only Royal Air Force and Royal Navy displays; there was nothing about Americans and even if what I said was true, the chances of finding the picture were remote.

When I entered the massive lobby and saw the introductory displays, including four tanks, two missiles, a sailboat, a bus and five airplanes suspended from the ceiling, I wondered how I was going to find a solitary picture among the countless others.

I headed straight for the Secret War exhibit in hopes that displays of the SAS would be there. The only pictures there were small copies inside the glass cases and I emerged unsuccessful.

I asked a museum guide where I might find photos of the SAS. He told me that if there were any, they would be in Secret War, but that they "didn't like having their pictures taken," so probably there were none to be found.

So I returned to the Secret War

section and began the long walk through the displays. I looked over every case, one by one.

In one of the hallways, an unusual wall extended from the other. As I rounded the corner of it, I turned to look at the reverse side instead of passing with my back to it.

There it was: the very picture I had been searching for, at the bottom of lengthy explanation of operations of the SAS during World War II. The picture was not as large as I had expected, but it was one of the largest in the exhibit.

Photography is not usually allowed in the museum, but since I had traveled so far and no one was around, I had my friend take a couple of quick photos. They didn't turn out too well because the flash interfered.

A few Americans are included in photographs in the Imperial War Museum. They were downed airmen who voluntarily joined the British Special Air Services while MIA. One American, Lt. Lincoln D. Bundy, a P-51 pilot from Utah, and 27 British SAS troopers were executed by a German firing squad on July 7, 1944.

Here's another chance to sail the QE2 back to Europe

By **STANLEY E. STEPnitz**
Upper Marlboro, Md.

Assistant Chairman, Air Armada Committee

In 1994, a 9th Air Force Association committee organized a highly successful project to charter the QE2 and sail to Cherbourg, France to participate in the 50th anniversary celebration of the D-Day invasion of Normandy. The QE2, except for Queen Elizabeth's flagship *Britannia*, was the star of the show. Those who participated still rave about the event.

With this in mind, a group of veterans of the original committee have decided to repeat the performance in 2003. Cunard Lines has agreed to support the program and has given us the "first right of refusal" for such a program in 2004.

The project will include participants from the 82nd Airborne Division, 101st Airborne Division, 8th Air Force

and 9th Air Force. Relatives and friends will be welcome if space is available.

Plans are to board the QE2 in New York in May 2003 and sail directly to Cherbourg, arriving early morning five days later, then continuing to Southampton, U.K., the following morning. In Cherbourg, there will be a formal ceremony at the U.S. Cemetery at Omaha Beach and a formal military ball on the Queen the evening before sailing for England.

In Southampton, tours will be organized to visit WWII locations, such as the American Air Museum at Duxford, the American Cemetery at Cambridge and a visit to London.

This notice is to inform AFEEES members of plans for this event. If you are interested in receiving further information, complete the survey form below and mail it to the address indicated. Details, including costs, will be announced later.

AIR ARMANDA PROGRAM PARTICIPATION INQUIRY QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Name: _____ (Wife) _____
 Other family members: _____
 Friends of Sponsor: _____
2. Mailing address: (Street) _____
 (Apartment) _____
 (City) _____
 (State and ZIP) _____
3. Telephone: _____
4. Fax: _____
5. Email address: _____
6. Veteran? _____
7. Military organization: _____
8. Military occupation or specialty: _____
9. Civilian career specialties: _____

Please indicate your interest in this event and an intent to participate:

- _____ Yes
 _____ Will advise as soon as I can determine to do so.

Comments: _____

Please complete this form and mail it to:
 Air Armada Committee
 c/o V.S. Pedone, Col USAF (Ret)
 P.O. Box 572
 New York, NY 10156-0601



Lynn David, his son Jon, Clayton and Jim David pause on the swinging bridge in the Pyrenees Mountains. Lynn and Jon carry backpacks to continue the trip that Clayton and Ken Shaver made in 1944. The specially-designed shirts read, *The Hike to Clayton's Peak -- 1944 Escape Route.*

This could be a First!

3 generations make the walk

By LYNN A. DAVID
Sunset Hills, Mo.

Long as I can remember, I've known that my dad, Clayton David, had a special experience during WWII. I knew that he bailed out of a burning airplane and landed near Amsterdam, Holland. He always spoke with great admiration and a special feeling about the people who helped him evade the Germans through the occupied countries of Holland, Belgium and France to the Pyrenees Mountains.

The climax to his experience was the three days and nights that he and Kenneth Shaver spent in the "Forbidden Territory" of southwest France walking, climbing the mountains, treading through waist-deep snow above the timberline to the French/Spanish border, and then descending on their own down into Spain. There they were arrested and

interned until their negotiated release that permitted them to go on to Gibraltar and be flown back to England.

When I finally met two of Dad's helpers, Joke Folmer and Jacques Vrij of Holland, along with some other helpers who risked their lives to resist the Germans by aiding Allied flyers, I recognized why these people are special. They are individuals who like people, have faith in the future and were willing to risk their lives for others.

In 1995 while Europe was celebrating the 50th anniversary of the end of the war in Europe, I went with my mother and dad to visit helpers and participate in the event. With the *INTREPIDUS* people and a film crew, we visited some of the places Dad toured in 1944. Seeing Jean and Paule Arhex at Jean's birth home and being shown the start of the trail Dad and Ken took over

the mountains sparked my desire to learn more about what it was like climbing those mountains.

Going over the *Freedom Trail* with Scott Goodall and others, including the U.S. contingent in 1999 and putting it all on video increased my desire to retrace Dad's trip through the mountains.

Several efforts to find a guide failed. Then Scott and Clayton's helpers Jean and Paule began a local search. The Arhex's had been buying goat cheese from Thierry Artiere, a young Basque farmer at the end of a road on the mountain.

Could he possibly know the potential trail to the top? He might, and when he studied detailed maps with Scott, Jean and Paule, he was confident he could find the way. The roads and trails in the forbidden zone of 1944 leading to the mountain climb, were already known to Jean and

Paule and had been shown to my mother, dad and me in 1995.

That part of the trip had consumed about half of Dad and Ken's time in 1944, so we decided not to repeat it on foot, but to concentrate on the mountain climb. In April of 2001, about the time of year when Dad and Ken made their climb, Scott and Thierry planned to test the trail before spring vegetation covered the ground. A spring snowstorm prevented the test climb, but added understanding to what Ken and Dad had experienced.

Our plane reservations to Paris from St. Louis and return were made early in 2001. We adjusted our travel time to visit in Belgium and Holland before the climb, so not to conflict with Scott and his wife Judy's participation in this year's *Chemin de la Liberte* trek. The dates for our climb were scheduled for July 14-15 with the night spent on the mountain.

Arrangements were made to meet with Scott and Judy July 12 at the city square in Tardets, France. We could all be housed at Thierry's *Chambres d'Hotes*, their new and very nice bed and breakfast.

July 13 was used to collect last-minute items and to test our packs and equipment. That evening we were all guests for dinner in the Arhex home where we were joined by their son Jack, a film director who had a change in plans

and was there instead of in Brazil where Jean and Paule had planned to be with him. What a great turn of events!

Jack decided to use the opportunity to do filming and produce a documentary of his parents with one of the airmen they had helped 57 years before. It was Jean's father, who from that very home, had found the Basque guide for Dad and Ken. Now, Jean and Paule had found the guide for us, a second and third generation.

Early on Saturday the 14th, we gathered at the foot of the Holcarte Gorge to begin our climb. The group included our guide Thierry Artiere, Scott and Judy Goodall, my son Jon, my friend Betsy Patterson and myself, all headed for the top of the mountain.

In addition, my dad and my brother Jim set out to climb with us to the swinging bridge which is now a national park. It has been restored for safety, with rope and wooden guards placed along more dangerous parts of the trail. The challenging climb offers a rewarding view for those who reach the 300-ft. bridge that swings some 600 feet above the canyon floor.

Jack and his friend Alice were there to film Dad on his climb to and across the bridge and his walk back down. After a little more than an hour we had all reached and crossed the bridge. We felt good about what had been achieved to this point and Dad filled us in on what he

remembered about 1944. Dad and I went this far alone in 1995, but from here on was new territory. It was into heavy forest for us and a walk back down the trail for Jim, Dad, Jack and Alice.

As we picked our way through the forest we tried to imagine what it must have been doing this in total darkness, led by a guide you did not know, and uncertain about where German guards may be. We're not sure about the barn they rested in the last day, waiting for darkness before that final climb in the clouds that would take them above the timberline in deep snow at the top of the mountains that divided France and Spain.

However, we reached a shepherd's hut where Thierry had made arrangements for us to spend the night. Rain showers were numerous and cold. It felt good when we could build a fire, cook some warm food and partially dry our clothes.

This mountain climbing is no walk in the park, even if the sheep and cattle do graze there in the summer.

When we awoke Sunday morning, we were surrounded by clouds at our altitude and limited visibility. Sheep bells and cow bells could be heard, but it required some clearing before we could see the animals. The rain that fell was mixed with sleet and with the driving wind it hurt your face.

Bare hands made you think of frost bite, so here in mid-July we went for our gloves. We could see the pass we wanted to reach, but the area was too steep for a straight-on approach and we found it wise to ascend through a series of cutbacks in much the same manner as the animals grazed.

My son, Jon, a 13-year-old, was the first to reach the top of the pass that divides France and Spain. For a moment his thrill of being first was dampened with strong wind gusts that he thought were going to blow him off the mountain.

When we all gathered at the border, we were joyful, but cold and wet. The view that we had of both sides of the mountain was spectacular, but limited. After speculating on the route Dad and Ken probably took off the mountain into Spain, we let good judgement prevail and on the Spanish side walked along the border to a car Scott and Thierry had parked there two days before.

I would still like to walk all the way



Jonathan and his father Lynn David stand on the peak of the mountain that forms the French-Spanish border.

down the mountain in Spain like Ken and Dad did to get away from the border as quickly as possible, but that can be another trip. After all, we were not running from anyone.

To have walked the path with my son that my dad walked 57 years ago under difficult conditions was a major achievement that expands my appreciation for what they went through for their freedom and for those who

helped make it possible.

This may be the first time a son and grandson have walked the trail over the Pyrenees that was used by their American evader. If so, it's ironic, because 2nd Lt. Clayton C. David was the only one of 109 MIAs from the 303rd Bomb Group on the 11 January 1944 mission who evaded capture and returned to England before the war ended.

Final reports show 45 KIA, 63

POWs and one evader. (Kenneth Shaver was from the 388th Bomb Group and met up with Dad in Belgium. His crew crashed in Holland on 5 November 1943.)

I'm proud to have walked my father's trail, knowing he was the only evader of the 109 brave pilots and aircrew members Missing in Action from his bomb group on that eventful day for which the group received the presidential Distinguished Unit Citation.



The three-generational team lined up before shouldering their backpacks with food, water and equipment for an overnight assault on the Pyrenees Mountains. From the left: Lynn A. David, Betsy Patterson, Clayton David, Scott Goodall, Jonathan David, Judy Goodall, James S. David and guide Thierry Artiere.

FILES DECLASSIFIED

More OSS records open at National Archives

It was standing room only at the opening of just released OSS records at the National Archives at College Park, Md., in June 2000. More than 400 journalists and researchers were present to inspect some 400,000 pages of previously classified OSS documents from World War II.

The material included prisoner of war interrogations, refugee and emigre debriefings, reports on clandestine missions

in France and Norway, and OSS penetration of the German Foreign Office.

The released files and some 3,000 additional OSS records including Japanese war crimes, are expected to provide historians with not only material about Nazi war criminals, but also new details about World War II and OSS contributions. The 3,000 documents are being declassified.

His P-47 rises from the grave

From the Abilene (Texas) Reporter-News
Sunday, July 29, 2001

By LORETTA FULTON
Reporter-News Staff Writer

MARIEKERKE, BELGIUM -- One look at the smashed radio from his old P-47 Thunderbolt was all it took to put Bill Grosvenor back in the cockpit.

Never mind that the guts of the plane had been buried 15 feet deep in rich, black Belgian soil for 58 years. And never mind that Grosvenor is now 81, many years removed from his days as a dashing World War II fighter pilot.

"That was on the left side of the cockpit," Grosvenor said with a voice of authority as he examined the mud-coated radio.

That self-assurance carried Grosvenor through many tough missions during the war before he had to bail out of his damaged plane on Nov. 30, 1943. Since then the P-47 has rested beneath the gentle farmland of northwestern Belgium, and Grosvenor (pronounced GROVE-nor) has lived a civilian's life in Abilene.

The warplane and its pilot were reunited July 21, thanks to the efforts of Belgian Aviation History Association volunteers who unearthed the plane. The excavation was part of a two-week journey of remembrance for Grosvenor, wife Doris and son David, who is planning a documentary about his dad's exploits and the Belgian Resistance that aided Allied pilots shot down during the war.

Other highlights of the trip included a reception befitting a war hero, reunions with people who helped Grosvenor, and national television and newspaper coverage in Belgium. For the unassuming Grosvenor, who prefers a quiet game of golf to standing in the spotlight, it was almost too much.

"If I had known this was going to happen, I wouldn't have done it," he joked.

His wife has no doubt he was telling the truth. Since their marriage in 1945, Doris Grosvenor said that her husband has rarely spoken about his wartime adventures.

Meeting the pilot

Nothing could have pleased the Belgians more than to hear the story of 1st Lt. William D. Grosvenor in his own words. At a dinner on the night the entourage arrived in Belgium, host Walter Verstraeten toasted a man he has long considered a true hero. "I consider myself one of the happiest people in the world tonight," said Verstraeten, a Belgian author and historian who chronicled Grosvenor's crash in a 1999 book before ever meeting the Texas pilot.

Verstraeten said he couldn't believe his luck when contacted by David Grosvenor of Austin, who was inquiring about his dad's ordeal. When Verstraeten realized the Grosvenor family was coming to Belgium, he was beside himself with joy.

Verstraeten orchestrated local activities for Grosvenor's return, including the excavation. For the amateur archaeologists who make up the Belgian Aviation History

Association, uncovering the P-47 Thunderbolt was a true find. According to the diggers, the Thunderbolt was the best preserved of any of the 30 planes they have excavated.

One reason, they believe, was that the pilotless plane crashed straight into the ground from 500 feet without skidding. According to Verstraeten's published account, pieced together from eyewitnesses and official documents, as well as Grosvenor's own recollections, the crash occurred around noon on Nov. 30, 1943.

Grosvenor had just returned from an escort mission, covering a bombing raid aimed at the Solingen industrial facilities in Germany. His Thunderbolt was part of the 61st Squadron of the 56th Fighter Group of the U.S. 8th Air Force based in England. According to accounts, Grosvenor's plane developed a vapor lock in the fuel line, forcing him to try to make it back to his home base.

Riding his P-47 down to an altitude of 3,000 feet, Grosvenor managed to restart his engine and took a heading for England. He eventually dropped to treetop level and suddenly found himself directly over the German Deurne airfield.

As he crossed into the Klein-Brabant region of Belgium, Grosvenor spotted a military train and decided to spend his unused ammunition on it. But as he tried to regain altitude after strafing the train, his plane brushed the top of a tree and hit a telegraph pole.

With a damaged engine, Grosvenor managed to get the plane up to 500 feet before it faltered. After that, much of what he did came on instinct.

"When it stalled, I just jumped out," he recalled.

Unexpected enthusiasm

The plane crashed in flames several hundred yards away, where the engine, three propeller blades, all eight machine guns, a medical kit, radio and much of the framework remained until eight days ago. Because of the nose-down crash, the wreckage was concentrated in a relatively small area that researchers pinpointed with metal detectors.

The soft, fertile soil of the Klein-Brabant region quickly settled around the wreckage where it remained untouched for 58 years. The dig started at 9:15 a.m. on a typically cold and rainy Belgian day. Within 50 minutes, workers struck paydirt. Word spread quickly around the perimeter where dozens of spectators and camera crewmen watched.

"They may have found the landing gear!" a volunteer yelled.

Soon four machine guns, handfuls of unspent .50 caliber ammunition and twisted framework were lifted by a backhoe from the damp soil. Before the day was gone, all guns, the engine, radio and many smaller pieces were dug up and transported to a fire station for cleaning before making their way to the Belgian Aviation History Association Museum.

Watching in amazement was Bill Grosvenor. Part of the serial number on the plane's tail was still visible, proving that it was his P-47. Still, it was hard to believe.

Lifting the top off a piece of hydraulic equipment, Grosvenor sniffed the fluid sealed inside. He ran his fingers over

the plane's radio, its copper covering shining like new. The best find, though, was a piece of seat belt that Grosvenor chose as his only souvenir to take home.

"That's the last thing I touched," he remembered.

Watching the plane being pulled from the ground, bit by bit, was exciting but Grosvenor said that thrill couldn't match the pride he got from having such a large crowd present.

'Welcome to our hero'

One man not surprised by the enthusiasm was Luc Van De Velde, a 37-year-old medic for the Belgian Department of Defense and a volunteer with the aviation history association. His parents were children during World War II and they told him stories about seeing a B-17 crash.

The account sparked interest in the younger Van De Velde for aviation history. Now it is a hobby and a passion. When he learned Grosvenor would be at the excavation site, Van De Velde knew he had to be there too.

"I had hoped to meet him, but Europe and America are far apart," he said. "This man is a part of history -- I'm glad to meet him."

It seemed much of Belgium was glad to meet Grosvenor, an American pilot still revered by the Belgians for his part in freeing their country from the grip of Adolph Hitler and his regime.

Everywhere Grosvenor went, he was sought out for autographs, interviews and photographs. At the dig site, a child handed him a drawing of an airplane to autograph.

"Your plane looks in a lot better shape than mine," Grosvenor joked.

At the dig site were three representatives of the McWhiney Foundation, a research center at McMurry University (in Abilene, Texas). The foundation is serving as fiscal agent for the documentary, which allows the film company to apply for grants. The foundation will house some of the material being used in the documentary.

"It'll be a nice repository of photocopies," said Dr. Donald

Branson to host 15th and Tuskegee group

Fifty-eight years later, air crews and ground crews from 15th Air Force groups and squadrons and the Tuskegee Airmen of the 332nd Fighter Group have been invited to join each other during the Branson, Missouri, veterans' homecoming Nov. 7-12, 2001.

A film documentary will be made of the reunion and special events are planned to honor the veterans, including a POW/MIA service and Veterans Day parade on Sunday, Nov. 11.

The Tuskegee Airmen made history by escorting over 1,500 missions and never losing a bomber to enemy forces. HBO featured them in the movie, *The Tuskegee Airmen*.

For information, contact the event coordinator, Trish Thompson, 216 Springmeadow Pkwy., Branson, MO 65616; phone, 417-336-6350; toll free, 877-336-2786; e-mail, <thedish@mymailstation.com>

Frazier, a McMurry history professor and director of the McWhiney Foundation.

Euphoria over the excavation barely had time to sink in before a garden party the following day to honor Grosvenor. WWII-period U.S. Army vehicles stood guard at the entrance. Inside a U.S. flag and one from the Lone Star State served as backdrop while Big Band music put guests in the proper mood.

Gifts were presented and speeches given.

"Welcome to our hero," said Verstraeten, the chief organizer. "Make certain to give Bill the real tribute he deserves."

A symbol of freedom

Bernadette Boeykens, an assistant mayor in the city of Bornem, where the reception was held, explained why the Belgians still revere the Allied forces that helped save her homeland. Her father was a soldier in WWII, and she had heard about it all her life. Now she had the opportunity to thank an American who did his part to help preserve liberty.

"For the people of our community, you are not only a hero, but a symbol of freedom," Boeykens said.

Watching with intense blue eyes, still clear and sharp, was 90-year-old Vic Vermeire, the man who first assisted Grosvenor when he touched down on a remote farm. Vermeire watched from his garden in amazement as the American fighter pilot parachuted from his plunging P-47.

Vermeire quickly hid Grosvenor in a hayloft before setting out to find a neighbor who was involved in the Belgian Resistance and was better able to help.

The Flemish-speaking Vermeire didn't understand much of what was said at the reception, but he recalled clearly the day he met 1st Lt. William D. Grosvenor. Through his son, Robert, Vermieire said the first thing he did was offer Grosvenor some food as the frightened pilot came toward his house shortly after noon.

To this day, Vermeire is proud of his actions, his son said. The elderly man once was a member of the Belgian Army before the Nazis overran the country. He still reveres the Americans and British who came to his country's aid. What he did to help Grosvenor was only fitting, he said.

"I just did my duty to help the people who came here to help us," Vermieire said through an interpreter.

Honoring ordinary citizens

That same sentiment can still be felt in the musty quarters of the National Museum of the Resistance. Tucked away on a side street in bustling Brussels, the museum is a shrine to the ordinary men, women and children who risked their lives to fight Hitler's Nazis.

Volunteers in the Resistance, or the "quiet army," as it was known, created fake identification papers for downed Allied pilots, gave them civilian clothes and transported them from one safe house to another to avoid arrest.

Grosvenor spent seven months in the hands of the Resistance before he was arrested and imprisoned, only to escape from a train carrying him to a concentration camp.

The founder of the museum, Jean Brack, still goes to the museum daily. Brack joined the Resistance at age 17, became

a leader at age 20 and lived in a tent in the Belgian woods for four years during the war. His heart is too securely planted in those days to move on.

"It's in my blood," he said.

A limp caused by a grenade shrapnel still imbedded in his left doesn't keep Brack from climbing three flights of stairs to show visitors the museum's priceless relics.

Mannequins dressed in period clothing are so lifelike they give visitors a jolt. Glass cases house pistols, copies of underground newsletters, carrier pigeon boxes and falsified documents, all weapons of the Resistance.

Urns containing remains of concentration camp victims serve as reminders of why common folk were so willing to risk their lives to fight Nazi Germany. Cardboard file boxes hold records of the men aided by the Resistance. Men such as Grosvenor and Lt. James R. Akins of Haskell, Tex., whose widow Mary now lives in California, are documented there.

'I could fly it'

Grosvenor's file lists his name, home address and other pertinent information beside a small photo of a handsome, dashing fighter pilot.

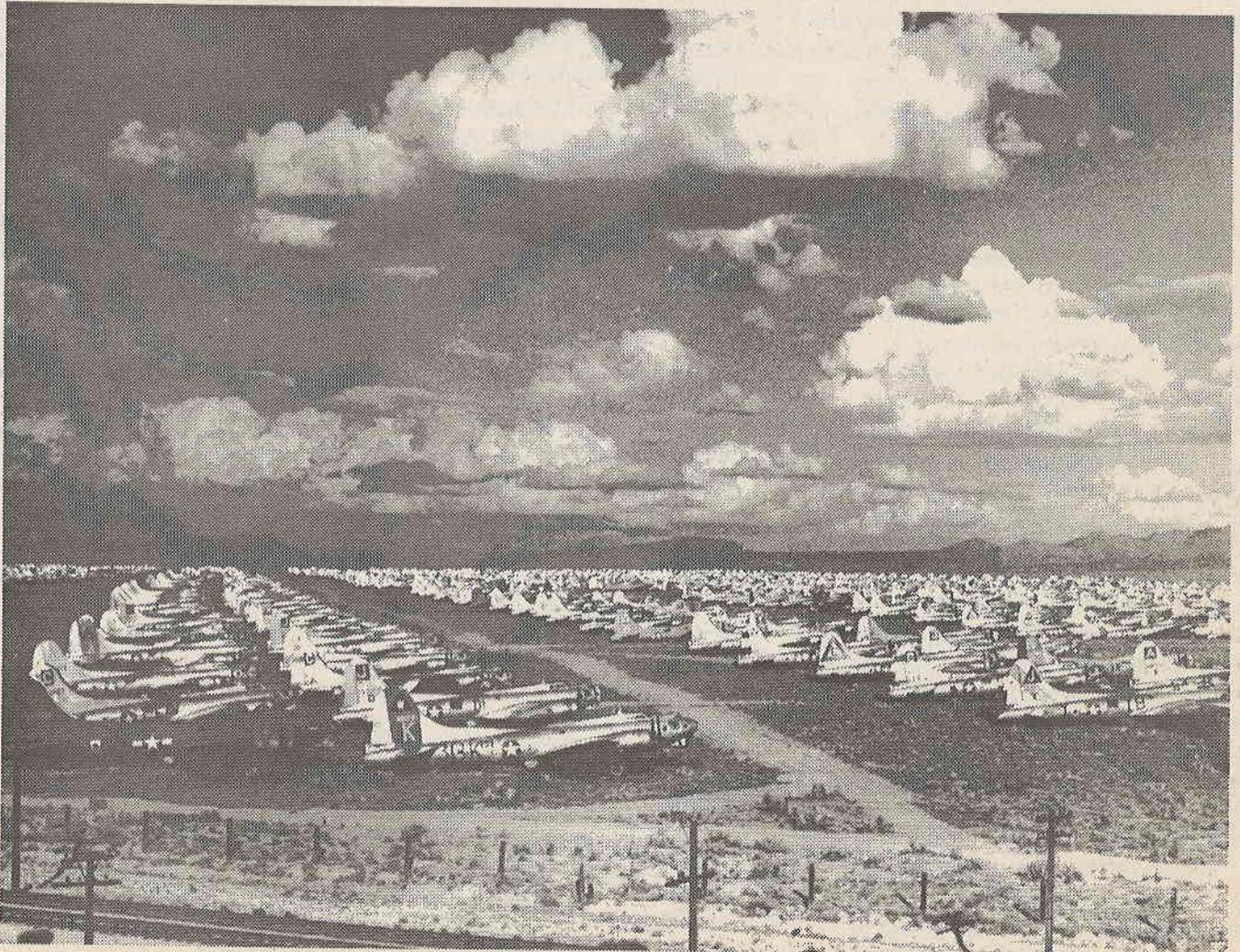
Another piece of paper contains a copy of a note Grosvenor wrote to Resistance volunteers after he was safely out of the war: "My many thanks to the good people of Belgium. I will always remember the many courtesies shown me and the aid given me. May we meet again in more favorable conditions. Always, Bill."

Those favorable conditions came together 58 years after Grosvenor's plane crashed in Belgium. To people such as Grosvenor, historian Verstraeten and Resistance fighter Brack, those years have done nothing to dim the memories.

On a cold, rainy Saturday, a twinkle came to Grosvenor's eye as he watched his prized P-47 Thunderbolt rise from its Belgian grave. With a little elbow grease and imagination, Grosvenor said, he had no doubt he could once again be flying at treetop level, strafing enemy trains.

"If they could put it back together again," he said, "I could fly it."

1st Lt. William Grosvenor, E&E 1881, was given help minutes after he parachuted out of his P-47 and soon was taken to Brussels, where he remained in hiding until liberated by the advancing Allied ground forces on Sept. 10, 1944.



AT REST IN THE GRAVEYARD -- The Arizona desert near Kingman is packed with B-17s.



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**Museum gets
WW II boxcar
from France**

*(See Related Photo
on Front Page)*

*By 1st Lt. Carie A. Seydel
Air Force Print News*

ISTRES, France -- The Air Force
airlifted a World War II rail car,
historically used as a prisoner-of-war
troop train, to the Air Force Museum at
Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio, on July 25.

The boxcar, donated by the French
National Railroad Company and the
American Prisoner of War Assoc-iation,
will be used to complete a POW display
at the museum.

“When the American POW
Association offered the donation, it took
us about two seconds to say ‘Yes,’ “ said
retired Maj. Gen. Charles D. Metcalf.
xxxxThe Air Force Museum director
expects it will help complete the
prisoner-of-war display. Using train
tracks, theatrical lighting and actual
memorabilia, the museum will
incorporate the vehicle as a walk-through
exhibit.

Downed American pilots were sent to
Germany and Poland on this type of car
during World War II, said Gen. Francois
Beck, the French air force’s air mobility
commander.



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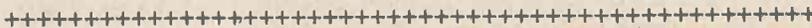
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Book Review

Spy thriller adventures

SILENT HEROES, Downed Airmen and the French Underground, by Sherri Greene Ottis, University Press of Kentucky, \$24 clothbound.

By SUE GRAUERHOLZ ELLISON

Sherri Greene Ottis' recently published *Silent Heroes: Downed Airmen and the French Underground* may be the best resource to date for AFEES members who evaded in France and want to know more about their helpers and the methods they used.

Her 185-page work, a dissertation for a Ph.D. degree in history, is thoroughly researched, with an extensive bibliography and footnotes, but her stories about the helpers themselves make it deeply personal. It is a comprehensive body of research; there is a lot of material here.

Using newly released declassified documents, she was able to draw new insights into the workings of the major escape lines: the Pat O'Leary Line, the Comet Line and the Shelburne Line:

Some readers may remember Sherri's heartfelt article in these pages two years ago about her effort as a part of a group of Americans and Europeans that retraced a path taken by escapees. She had to drop out of the walk midway, which allowed her to experience firsthand the anguish of evaders who were forced to remain behind because of illness or injury. I am pleased that she later returned to France to complete the Freedom Trail.

Sherri is no stranger to AFEES. She has attended annual meetings. She has interviewed scores of members, and stories of many members are retold in the book. Yet this remains a scholarly work.

Sherri explains in the text that not only were airmen expensive to train and expensive to replace, but the return of an

airman after such a turn of events boosted the morale of those back on the bases so much that military higher-ups began to pay more attention to early efforts to return such airmen.

"It was an amazing feat for an evader to return in 1941-42, but by 1943 Allied airmen knew that should they be shot down over occupied territory, they had a 50% chance of successfully evading and returning home," she writes.

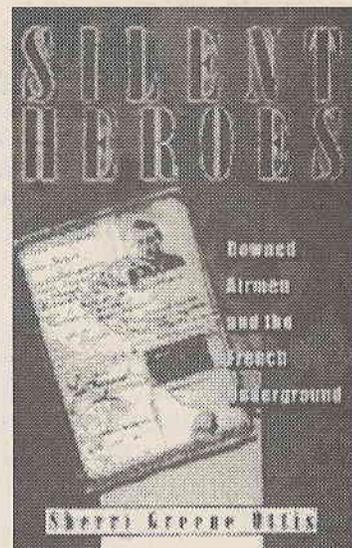
There are passages that will elicit a chuckle from those who remember being taught how to hide their American ways to pass as Frenchmen. For example, Sherri says, "To overcome the language barrier, guides taught the airmen to pretend they were deaf and dumb, but soon there was an overflow of 'deaf' men in Europe. It is odd that the Germans did not wonder about the large numbers of deaf mutes and half-wits running around France, since anytime a helper got caught with an evader, he or she usually claimed the evader was a mute or an idiot."

She goes on to tell the story of a British evader who was stopped and searched. His helper told the German patrol officer that the man, who had dirty socks smeared with chocolate in his suitcase, was insane and had defecated in his luggage. The German was convinced and passed them through the checkpoint.

But this book is no light reading. Detailed explanations of the betrayals that led to the collapse of the O'Leary Line and the near collapse of the Comet Line read more like a very good spy thriller than a history dissertation.

This spy thriller has a real tragic ending, however. Even German military intelligence was astonished at the amount of information that the traitor Harold Cole was able to provide about the O'Leary Line. Sherri tells about the arrests, the deportations, the tortures, the executions that followed.

I liked the account of Dedee de Jongh, chief organizer of the Comet Line. She had few qualifications for the job. She was a 25-year-old commercial artist and a volunteer for the Red Cross, but she also had "an intense hatred for all things German," Sherri writes.



At one point, Dedee, arriving in Spain with her first evaders, meets with the British vice consul. He "listened in amazement as the young woman told him where she was from and why she had come to his office. He first thought she was a German plant, for surely this small blue-eyed blonde wearing ankle socks and saddle oxfords could not possibly have led three men all the way across occupied France and over the Pyrenees. But Dedee's youthful, almost fragile appearance belied her extraordinary strength of character."

Dedee proved to be a force to be reckoned with. When her work was over, "she had rescued 118 evaders since her first trip to Spain in August 1941."

Some of the more poignant parts of the book have to do with emotions of helpers. They "rescued almost six thousand downed airmen by clever ingenuity and a willingness to sacrifice whatever they had, including their lives, to facilitate the men's escapes," Sherri notes.

A helper on the Shelburne Line remembered, "There were a few times when I wished it were me going home . . . this farewell was always emotional for us, because we had the urge to get in the boat, too, and say, 'I'd like to rest awhile.'" "

In the chapter headed "We Will Never Forget," Sherri follows up on several helpers who are alive today. Many of these she has visited and befriended. The book contains photographs of several.

Buy this book. Give it to your children and your grandchildren. You'll be able to share your story in a way you may not have been able to do before.

And after you do that, donate a copy to your favorite library. Don't forget to inscribe a dedication.

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Silent Heroes can be found in bookstores or can be ordered from the author at 717 Winding Hills, Clinton, MS 39056-6335. Price is \$24, plus \$3.50 priority postage in the U.S.
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Henry gets hero treatment

From the Northwest Florida Daily News, Fort Walton Beach, Fla., April 22, 2001

By Kimberly Blair
Staff Writer

NICEVILLE, Fla. -- Henry Wolcott was given a hero's welcome last month when he returned to Brussels, Belgium, for the first time since World War II.

Newspapers splashed his return across the front pages and broadcast news captured the moment. Dignitaries welcomed him, including the president of the Belgian Parliament. Children begged for his autograph. He was paraded around the countryside.

"I was treated like royalty," said Wolcott, 78.

The native of Lansing, Mich., who retired to Niceville 15 years ago, returned to the picturesque country with his wife, Rosemary, and several of their children to thank the people who saved his life 57 years ago.

The people of the village of Aaigem, including survivors of the World War II Belgian Resistance, turned out en masse to thank him for helping them fight the tyranny of Nazi Germany.

On May 24, 1944, the plane Wolcott was piloting was shot down near Brussels.

As a 25-year-old first lieutenant with the U.S. Army Air Corps, Wolcott was flying a dangerous mission -- dropping supplies to the Resistance.

It was his 19th mission with the same nine crewmembers he had hooked up with while training in Blythe, Calif., in 1943.

In the sky over German-occupied Belgium, Wolcott's B-24, *C for Charlie*, was hit by fire from a German fighter. Before the plane crashed into a farm field, most of the crew managed to parachute out. The tail gunner, Sgt. Richard Hawkins, 22, of Marion, Ohio, was apparently shot and didn't make it out -- a point that still evokes sadness in Wolcott.

"We were known by the code word 'Carpetbaggers,' with the 406th Bomb Squadron, 492nd Group, based out of Herrington, England," Wolcott said,



Henry Wolcott displays pieces of his B-24 and remnants of his and crewmates' parachutes. Their Carpetbagger plane was downed in Belgium in 1944 while dropping supplies to the Resistance. Wolcott recently returned to Belgium and was given a hero's welcome.

recalling the mission of 57 years ago.

"We dropped containers of guns, ammunition, money and what the Resistance group needed."

Despite great danger to themselves and their families, members of the Resistance hid the airmen. "At the time there were 56 (Resistance members) in and around the village of Aaigem. By the end of the war only five were left," said Wolcott, clearly impressed by the bravery

of the group.

In the spring of 1944, the Nazis were stepping up their program of genocide. They were clearing out so-called ghettos in which Jews were being detained and increasing executions of men, women and children in death camps.

At the same time, Allied forces were gaining ground in the fight against Hitler, but at a high cost. Thousands of Americans and Allied airplanes were

being shot down. "The day we went down, there were 42 American and British aircraft that did not return to base," Wolcott said.

The resistance group was helping many surviving airmen. Wolcott and five others, including another American pilot, Al Sanders of Rockledge (Fla.) were being shuffled from one safe house to another.

On his recent visit, Wolcott took his family to see some of the houses. Emil Boucher, who risked his life hiding Wolcott decades earlier, escorted the group.

Eventually, five of Wolcott's crew evaded capture and managed to escape. After two months of hiding out, the highly feared Nazi police, the Gestapo, arrested Wolcott and three others.

"We slept under floorboards and in attics," he said, recalling the constant fear of being discovered.

"We were arrested by a couple who had a fake escape route to Switzerland. They turned us in," he said.

"The couple had tricked us out of our dogtags. We had Belgian passports and civilian clothes."

Wolcott and Sanders, along with other American GIs, were sent to St. Gilles, a dank, ancient prison in Brussels where hunger and cold took its toll.

"Five men shared one cell. We were only given bread to eat. We slept on straw," he said.

One bucket served as the restroom facility.

The memory of the month of imprisonment is still painful.

In his attractive home tucked in a neatly planned neighborhood in Niceville, Wolcott leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and began reciting the poem he read daily to fortify his belief that he would return home some day.

"It's hame. It's hame. It's hame ya fain would be. Though the cloud is on the left and the wind is in the lea. But the sun through murk blinks blyth on mine et, says I'll sine on ya yet in your ain country."

Wolcott's words trailed off as his eyes welled with tears.

Rosemary, 78, his wife of 57 years, dabbed her eyes as the memories of those dark days flooded back.

She remembers getting word that her fiancée was missing in action and could

do nothing but pray.

"I'm a strong Catholic and have a very strong relationship with the Blessed Virgin Mary. I said the rosary every day and prayed by the rosary," she said.

"One night I dreamt that I saw him walking over a field and I knew he was alive. And I never had a doubt that I'd see him again," she said.

On Sept. 3, 1944, Wolcott and his cellmates were sent to a train as British and Canadian troops engaged the Germans in a fierce battle nearby.

"The Germans loaded all the prisoners on board. There were about 2,000 people on the train. A lot were Jewish people going to a concentration camp," he said.

"I knew this was a good thing for us. I was in good spirits because I thought they'd have a heck of a time getting us to Germany because of all the bombing going on around us. And, it worked out fine," he said.

Fate was on his side this time. The train turned out to be what would become known as the Nazi Ghost Train, which was the focus of a documentary first aired on the History Channel on May 1, 2000.

The Resistance thwarted the train from leaving Brussels for six days as the Allies advanced. The Belgians intervened in a number of ways. They let the locomotive's fire go out and switched tracks so the train went in the wrong direction -- anything to stall for time.

"The Belgian engineer came up with all kinds of reasons why the train could not go on," said Wolcott.

Loaded during the misadventure, he and Sanders spent only about two days on the train before it was stopped 10 miles outside Brussels. By that time, Allied

troops were entering Brussels and the Nazis fled.

"The doors were all locked," Wolcott said. "Someone, I don't know who, picked the locks and we were able to get out. Another guy and I hid in a field until the next morning."

The men then walked into a village and later managed to catch a ride on an English troop carrier into Brussels. Wolcott was immediately flown back to England after a stop in Paris.

He and Rosemary were married a month later.

Wolcott has always longed to return to the see the places painfully etched into his memory.

"I wanted to thank the people for risking their lives on my behalf," he said, his voice cracking as emotions bubbled to the surface.

What he discovered is that the spirit that fueled members of the Resistance group continues to burn today in both the survivors and in the younger generation.

"The Belgians suffered so much under the Germans, twice in one generation. In 1914 and 1940," he said. "They never wanted to be taken over by the Germans or anyone else. They teach their children about the resistance."

Wolcott was a living piece of history for the new generation of Belgians who didn't experience the war. Schoolchildren are taken to the site where Wolcott's plane was discovered and they are shown the graves and cemeteries of American and Allied servicemen who died fighting for their freedom.

Said Wolcott of his red-carpet treatment, "They did all this for me as a way to show appreciation to the U.S."

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Imposter betrays Belgian Patriots

By VIRGIL MARCO
(Information provided by Dirk Vijverman, Haaltert-Belgium)

The target on May 28, 1944, was "Osric 53" in Belgium. At an altitude of 7,000 feet, the Carpetbagger aircraft, "C for CHARLIE", made three passes, but

there was no evidence of a reception at the target. The plane had just swung around to begin its homeward journey when it was attacked by a night fighter and received three damaging bursts.

According to AFEES member Fred Tuttle, a crew member, the attack

(Continued from Page 19)

occurred at the checkpoint, Enghien. The fighter was shaken off, and the B-24 turned north. Another attack came from the side.

Bullets ripped through the wing tanks, the fuselage and the navigator's compartment. Fire broke out and the pilot, Henry Wolcott, could no longer maintain control of the plane and he punched the bail-out alarm.

All the crew except one whose chute failed to open bailed out successfully. Belgian patriots began finding the airmen and hiding them while the enemy was searching surrounding villages. The B-24 crashed at the village Aaigem, hamlet Ashage in a pasture near Countess Du Parc.

After a week of unsuccessful searches, the Gestapo planted an imposter posing as an Australian airman. The imposter, named Martens, walked the streets of Aaigem, Ressegem and Burst, asking for help.

Help was offered, but after an interrogation in Aaigem, he was found to be a Gestapo plant. The Resistance then took the imposter to the home of a member and imprisoned him in a dry water well. He managed to trick a father and adult daughter to help him out of the well so he could use the toilet. The Resistance group arrived soon to find that the imposter had escaped by climbing the back wall and had disappeared.

The imposter soon informed the Germans about what had happened at Aaigem and pointed out homes of people who had interrogated him, as well as the home of the family where he had been placed in the well.

On July 21, the day Belgium has celebrated independence since 1830, the Gestapo arrived, arrested 19 Patriots and interrogated them in presence of Martens.

The Gestapo searched the homes of the Patriots for guns and documents of the Resistance, as well as for clothing of the "C for Charlie" crew. They found nothing.

The 19 Patriots were taken to Oudenaarde and Gand for more interrogation and then to the prison of Gand, "Nieuwe Wandeling." After torture, a few were freed and the others were transferred to the concentration camp of Neuengamme in Germany. Only a few returned after the war.



An 11-year-old Genevieve Laine and her father are among the group posed in front of the tail fin of *Luck of Judith Ann*, B-17G which crashed on their farm Aug. 11, 1944.

B-17 ghost ship landed in a field near Lanloup

By GORDON CARTER
Ploubazlanec, France
(Translated from an article in the annual journal of the Society for Historical and Archeological Studies of the Goelo.)

On the afternoon of Aug. 11, 1944, in fine weather, Genevieve Laine, 11 years old, now Mrs. Le Guilloux, was playing in her parents field at Boulsec'h in Lanloup, near the border with Plouha. Her attention was suddenly drawn to an abnormal noise beyond the fields where she spotted a plane to landward, headed for the sea.

It skimmed the tops of tall trees, which caused it to swerve to the left, toward her, then clipped an electricity pylon by the roadside. It finally made a belly landing across the top of the field in which Genevieve stood.

The aircraft came to rest facing east, in a huge cloud of dust, having struck a hedgerow. Two engines appeared to be still running, despite their propeller blades having been twisted.

Yves Le Chapelain, standing in a field a few hundred yards away from the crash site, speaks of it beheading a beech tree which swung it around and hitting the poles. No. 2 engine was torn loose

and hurled into a field.

But what a surprise! The plane, an American B-17G, was empty; not a soul on board, no bombs in the bay, a few machine guns still in place, some with loaded belts.

Since the Germans had pulled out of the area a few days before, many local sightseers had their picture taken around the plane and on the wings.

Local residents still own some of these photos. Scraps of the ship, especially broken pieces and some with labels "made in USA" were much sought after by collectors who flocked to the site for several weeks, trampling Mr. Laine's beetroots.

After that, the Vandankerckhove Company cut up the plane for salvage.

Oddly, according to people living in the area, the Plouha-based police did not report the incident.

Whence this Fortress, why did it crash, what had happened to the crew?

It was easy to identify the aircraft from the data on the tailfin: a white triangle (1st Bomb Division), the letter "U" (457th Bomb Group), the letter "F"

and the serial number. From there, we established the progress of the plane, nicknamed *Luck of Judith Ann*.

The ship took off that day from Station 130 near Peterborough, north of London, and crossed the English coast southeast of Plymouth. It was part of a formation of three boxes of 12 planes and headed for the I.P. southwest of Brest and set course for the target, a trio of coastal batteries.

Each plane dropped 10 500-lb. bombs at 25,000 feet at 1708 hours.

Flak came up and a shell ripped through *Judith Ann* near the co-pilot's seat, severing controls of the engines on the right wing. Another engine had to be feathered. With only one engine, the ship left the formation ten minutes later as it headed north across the channel.

Warned against the dangers of ditching, 2d Lt. Ross veered to the right, and set course eastward, soon crossing the coast and overflying land, in the region of the Abers. The plane was losing altitude at the rate of 2,000 feet a minute, despite jettisoning some of the armament.

Believing themselves to be above freed territory, and having spotted only a single landing strip full of bomb craters, probably Morlaix-Ploujean airfield, unable to make it back to England, still wary of having to ditch at sea (St. Brieuc Bay lay ahead of them), the pilots decided to abandon ship at 12,000 feet.

The crew baled out at random, the bombardier jumped at 10,000 feet, pulling the ripcord at 5,000. The pilots went out last, at 8,000 feet, after having switched on the auto pilot, which did not prevent the plane from rapidly losing altitude.

The pilot, Gerald Ross, landed in the
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THE CREW

Luck of Judith Ann

- Pilot, 2d Lt Gerald B. Ross**
 - Co-pilot, Samuel W. Sayer**
 - Navigator, 2d Lt Chester Tingle**
 - Bombardier, F/O Thomas Matassa**
 - Radio Op, S/Sgt Hulitt Kirkhart**
 - Eng, TT, S/Sgt Camille H. Blais**
 - Ball Turret, Sgt. Tom Maulstesby**
 - Tail Gunner, Sgt Carl A. Adolfson**
 - Left Waist, Sgt Richard Burdett**
 - Right Waist, Sgt John L. Collins**
- +++++

vicinity of Lanvallon and was conveyed to Guingamp by motorbike. The town had been liberated four days earlier, the last German strong points having been reduced on Aug. 7 by the U.S. 8th Army.

Co-pilot Sayer, who had injured his ankle and whose head had been snapped by his parachute harness as the chute opened, was picked up by civilians who invited him to cups of "burned wheat," (roasted barley) coffee, which was the best he had tasted in a long time!

He was also escorted to Guingamp, where he met his comrade. They spent the night at a lawyer's home which Sayer remembers as a house near the town center, an oblong area where the Underground had corralled German prisoners. He was told that the bed he slept in was previously that of a German colonel.

The next day a U.S. Army Jeep drove the two flyers to field headquarters of VIII Army Corps near St. Malo, from where they were flown to Cherbourg-Maupertuis by two-seater Stinson L-5 Sentinels. They hitched a ride from there back to England on a C-47. Having made their back to base at Glatton they were greeted by their colonel, who was welcoming back the day's mission, with the words: "How in hell did you two return on this mission?"

Bombardier Matassa landed in a hay field where he was surrounded by Frenchmen who kept repeating the word, "camarade." They led him to a small house where they arranged his journey to England, where he was the first to arrive. He reported making use of his escape kit, to feed himself and get his bearings.

The crew were interrogated by USAAF intelligence upon their return to England and given special E&E serial numbers, a procedure no doubt called for by the proximity of the fast-changing front line.

Having baled out over liberated territory and reporting back in record time, the band was more fortunate than their buddies shot down over hostile soil. The other ships in the formation returned that day without incident.

Post-war, Ross was a PanAm pilot until retirement in 1979, and now resides in Nevada. Co-pilot Sayer lives in Florida.

Thus, after other such cases, is a World War II mystery solved.

Both Ross and Sayers are members of AFEES.

Briefing at Five

By THOMAS B. APPLEWHITE
Bombardier, 385th Bomb Group
Great Ashfield, England

It's cold inside at 3:00 A.M.
When bare feet hit the floor;
It's dark outside at 4:00 A.M.
When you close the mess hall door.

It's tense inside at 5:00 A.M.
When the briefing table's lit,
It's foggy out at 6:00 A.M.
Out where the bombers sit.

It's cramped inside at 7:00 A.M.
When you close the bomb-bay doors.
It's noisy out at 8:00 A.M.
Over smiling English moors.

It's quiet inside at 9:00 A.M.
When you cross the channel ports,
It's tough inside at 10:00 A.M.
When the ship in front aborts.

It's flacky out at 11:00 A.M.
When on the bombing leg;
It's bad downstairs at 11:15
When the bombers lay their eggs.

It's brisk inside at 1:00 P.M.
And also brisk at 2:00;
One ship's down and one lags back;
The escort's over due.

It's tired inside at 3:00 P.M.,
It's tired and sore and stiff,
It's glad within at 4:00 P.M.
Over chalky Dover's Cliffs.

It's quiet inside at 5:00 P.M.
When your bunkmate's puppy whines;
It's tired inside at 6:00 P.M.
Where the combat crews all dine.

It's cold, it's dark, it's tense, it's brisk,
It's tired all through and through;

It's quiet, it's loud, it's war, it's risk,
And we're up tomorrow, too.

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AFEES member Tom Applewhite's B-17 was the only U.S. bomber lost on Armistice Day 1943. Downed over Holland, he was helped by the Comet line in France and escorted over the Pyrenees by Jean Francois Nothomb (Franco).

Ike led the parade in Allegny

From the Longview (Texas) Morning Journal, June 3, 1984

By JOE CALVIT
Executive Editor

For a Longview man, a return to Normandy for D-Day anniversary observances will have special meaning. He will be going back to the village where he was sheltered from capture by the German army in 1944.

Ike K. Killingsworth flew to Paris last week for the P-47 Thunderbolt Pilots Association reunion and will go to the Omaha and Utah landing beaches as guest of the French air force. A former fighter pilot, he flew from Ringwood, England, in support of the Allied troop and glider landings on June 6, 1944.

His 9th Air Force fighter group flew some 35 missions in preparation and support of the invasion, the largest military operation in history.

The highlight of the trip back will be a return to the small towns of Allegny and Cosne, where he was taken by French freedom fighters after being shot down on Aug. 27, 1944. The area was under German control at the time.

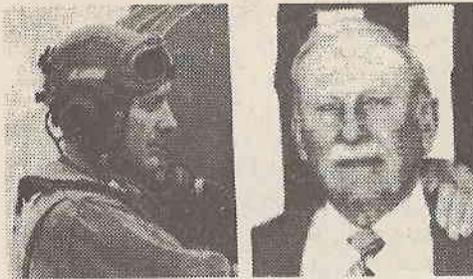
Killingsworth, the first American to arrive at Allegny after the invasion, was taken to the home of the mayor where he remained under cover for a day and a half before beginning his way back through the lines.

THE CURRENT MAYOR of Allegny invited the Longview native to return "to help the town celebrate" the 40th anniversary of its liberation. Killingsworth is carrying letters of thanks to the mayor from Longview Mayor Mitch Henderson and Air Force Gen. W. P. McBride for having protected the flier.

Killingsworth, who flew 100 missions against Hitler's "Fortress Europe," recalls his WWII misfortune in a now-fading 4-page summary.

Leading a flight of Thunderbolts, Killingsworth was on a mission to cut rail lines from Dijon back to the Loire River. After the first drop of 500-pound bombs, he went down to inspect the damage and his plane was hit by German fire. The propeller went out and he was forced to bail out. It was 12:45 p.m.

Before he left the plane, Killings-



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**Ike Kiel Killingsworth
died May 16, 2001,
in San Diego, Calif.**
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worth reported his predicament. Low cloud kept the rest of the flight from seeing his parachute, and consequently, they thought he had "gone in" with the plane, which exploded and burned when it crashed.

But Killingsworth's parachute "opened beautifully" and he came down in a small field. Fifty-cal. ammunition in the burning plane was popping like firecrackers. He could not see the smoke and flames, and he thought the Germans were shooting at him. Quickly, he hid himself and the chute in a nearby hedgerow.

SOON SOME FRENCH people came into the field, spotted him and identified him as an American. Some 10 minutes later, members of the Maquis (French Underground) came down a nearby road in two vehicles -- one a small bread van. They carried automatic weapons and when they fanned out across the field, Killingsworth thought they were German troops. French farmers, however, began to shout, "No, no monsieur, Le Amerique."

The Maquis took Killingsworth to a farm house where a doctor examined a cut across the right temple, gave him some wine and an aspirin. Then he was taken to Allegny where he was received by the mayor and the townspeople.

"These fine people placed in my hands bouquets of flowers and greeted me with handshakes and embraces," Killingsworth recalled. "It was very impressive and they were quite joyous. Some mothers presented their children -- sons and daughters of fathers who had been killed

or were imprisoned. Tears flowed from their eyes."

A parade was formed and Killingsworth took the French flag on the right with the mayor and the American flag on the left at the head of the procession. People lining the street tossed flowers, saluted and cried "Viva Le Amerique."

When the Maquis fired a salute, he thought for a moment that he was being set up to be turned over to the Germans.

Killingsworth, however, had no reason to worry. His presence was known only to the townspeople. At the mayor's home he was treated royally. Taken to the mayor's council room where a large crowd awaited, he consented to his parachute being cut into small pieces to be sold for benefit of French prisoners of war.

WHILE IN THE ROOM a man came in and said Killingsworth was to be taken to the Maquis headquarters in the next town, Cosne. Killingsworth did not trust the man and agreed to go only on condition that the mayor and two other men accompany him.

He stayed in an upstairs bedroom at the mayor's home until 9 o'clock on the second night when he was taken away by armed men in a small car. Another joyous welcome awaited him at Cosne. Assigned a room in a hotel, Killingsworth was put under guard.

About midnight, he recalls, there was a knock on the door and a man called Daniel came inside. The man questioned Killingsworth closely for a long time. Assured that the Longview pilot was an American, he left. Killingsworth went to sleep.

"Daniel returned and asked if I was ready to go back to our lines. I had a cup of coffee but was not hungry enough to eat anything. We got into an Airflow Chrysler with the top slid back. I sat in the front with two armed men in the back seat. We met a second car. It was also occupied by armed men, and we started," Killingsworth recalled.

"We traveled along a beautiful highway for awhile right alongside the Loire River. Subsequently we took to small dirt roads, meeting and seeing

members of the Maquis at every strategic point. We identified ourselves and proceeded. In an hour or so, we met a U.S. second lieutenant in a Jeep with his sergeant and two French interpreters," he remembered.

THE LIEUTENANT WAS from the 35th Infantry Division of Patton's Third Army. He gave Killingsworth hot egg sandwiches, tomatoes, ripe pears and peaches and took him to the rear, where the Longview man was taken by another Jeep to division headquarters.

The war was not over for Killingsworth. He was flown back to England and resumed flying on Sept. 11.

France honors Julia

In Boston last November, Julia Child received the Legion of Honor from the French government, and 200 friends gave her a standing ovation at the ballroom of Le Meridien.

The Legion of Honor, established in 1802 by Napoleon Bonaparte to honor military heroism, is the highest award given by the French government. rarely goes to a chef and has never gone to an American-born cook.

Julia's culinary career began in Paris at age 37 when her late husband and OSS

colleague, Paul Child, was sent to France for the U. S. Information Service. Julia attended the Cordon Bleu School and began writing *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. Her fantastic public television success launched her career across America and the world.

Senator Andre Maman of the French Senate told Julia that she was an American icon to the French people and helped the French themselves understand their own cuisine.

Julia served OSS in the CBI theatre.



This photo was published in the *Summer Communications* with an account of Americans rescued by Chetniks in Serbia in WWII. Since then, additional information has been provided by Robert I. Wilson of Peoria, Ill., one of the American airmen shown in the group. The photo was taken by a professional photographer on Aug. 4, 1944, on a hilltop near Jogodina, Serbia, where 2,000 men were sworn into the Chetnik army. Chetniks and the evading airmen constructed a makeshift airstrip near Pranjani, where C-47s made several landings over a period of weeks to evacuate the Americans.

William B. Harwell, Leonard Brothers, Roy Bowers, Lawrence Norton and Robert Wilson were members of B-17 No. 653 piloted by William J. Kilpatrick, 483rd Bomb Group. They went down July 15, 1944. The other Americans were from a 449th Bomb Group B-24 crew that went down July 22, 1944. Robert suggests that anyone downed in Yugoslavia would be interested in reading *OSS and the Yugoslav Resistance 1943-1944*, by Kirk Ford Jr., published in 1992 by Texas A&M University Press.

Life in Paris under the Nazis

By **MONIQUE PITTS**

Charlottesville, Va.

(From *Plane Talk*, Newsletter of Virginia Chapter, 8th AFHS)

PART ONE

In 1940, we lived in Neuilly, west of Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne, in an L-shaped group of buildings, most of which were occupied. When my mother, grandmother, sister and I came back after the exodus in June-July, our apartment was occupied by the Germans, but when one group left, my father, by then demobilized, rushed to the town hall and declared his presence. We could then re-enter.

There was not too much damage. It was dirty. My harmonica was stolen. We think that because of a book autographed by Udet, a German ace from WWI and a well-known figure in the Third Reich, to a friend of his, and lent by this friend to my father, the apartment was respected.

The Germans probably believed that the book was dedicated to my father! The strangest casualty was a Farman wood model they painted yellow (as French planes had been ordered after the Armistice.)

The building's canteen was across our landing, same floor. The Germans lined up in the staircase at meal time and would make loud comments as we passed them, so we avoided the front door and used the back door.

The music unit was in the next-door building, the headquarters with ranking officers in another one (the manager of the buildings somehow convinced the officers that it was necessary to heat the whole complex in order to heat the building. Thanks to which we had heat and hot water through the winters until 1944).

German soldiers practiced the goose step in the Bois de Boulogne and we hid in the bushes to watch with great fun this seemingly very difficult exercise.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The first Germans I saw looked like a group of monsters on motorcycles and side car, goggles, heavy raincoats. They



Monique Pitts in an address at Langley AFB

were all in green. Later we saw different colors; brown, black and grey for the nurses Parisians nicknamed "the grey mice."

There's a noise that will stay with me forever: the sounds of boots marching. That noise is still in my ears. We noticed that after the Liberation, when American troops started to march through Paris, their step was almost silent.

Occupation by an enemy power is a humiliating and horrible experience. We never looked the Germans in the eye. I was told that the German population did the same after 1945 under the Allies occupation until the Berlin Airlift.

My father took us, my sister and I to see the German flag at the Place de la Concorde. It was a giant banner flowing down several stories on the Ministry of Navy. He wanted us never to forget it. Imagine a banner like this flowing down the Capitol!

IN GENERAL

All windows had to be covered with heavy curtains so that no light should appear. The metal parts on cars were painted blue so as not to reflect light. No lights in the streets; we carried flashlights. I remember the noise of flak falling on the pavement, the whistles of

the guards shouting: "Light on the fourth floor..."

There were no cars except for doctors, grocery store keepers, and of course, various German military vehicles. We walked a lot, used bicycles a lot, the subway (Metro), and traveled in crowded trains. Taxis were like in Asia, bicycle carts, we did not like to use them. We needed authorization to travel any distance. Our papers were checked often.

We stuck tapes on the window panes (in France the panes are wide) to prevent breakage during bombings, the usual artwork was mere crosses but friends of ours had palm trees.

COMIC NOTE: The French general and his wife living upstairs kept a hen and a rooster for fresh eggs; he was a very elegant, aristocratic older gentleman and he was seen taking the hen on a leash in Bois de Boulogne. Neighbors complained about the rooster waking them up too early in the morning.

FOOD

There was severe rationing, coupons for daily food (fat, meat, bread, milk, sugar). J2 (children), J3 (teenagers), laborers got wine, J got milk.

There was no coffee but instead roasted barley, rationed tobacco (some tried smoking corn silk). Bread had to be eaten right away or became like wood. (Once on a pique nique in the park, we pooled coupons and about six of us brought a fruit pie. The crust was so hard that we had to use a nail file to cut it, pulling hard on the sides.

We ate a lot of rutabagas, but I never will eat them again. Beans, carrots. At school, every morning we received cookies with vitamins, actually quite good.

In our building, because of the canteen, food was stocked in the entrance hallway: crates of oranges, cheeses, etc, things we never could buy any more. One day, coming back with my mother and sister from the taking the dog to the park, boxes of Camembert were piled high. The dog sniffed.

A German officer standing there looked at us, opened a box, peeled off the paper and gave the cheese to the dog. We

just went past him, with as much dignity as we could, entered the apartment and once inside, let our puzzled dog have the whole cheese.

There were lines for food everywhere. The black market prevented people from starving because the rations were insufficient. Another way to have food was going to the country and bringing back a suitcase full of meat but there always was a danger of being caught with

it in the subway or on the train. My maternal grandmother living in Toulon came to live with us. She had lost a lot of weight, was starving on the Riviera. The Vichy government had stopped transportation of goods from one region to the next. Great quantities of food were sent to Germany.

**Coming in the next issue:
PART TWO
EVERYDAY LIFE**

ESCAPE!

(Written by Flt. Lt. Gordon Brettell, RAF, whose address at the time was "The Cooler," Gross Hartmannsdorf, Saxony, Germany, in April 1943, while he was in prison following recapture after escaping from a POW camp. He was then sent to Stalag Luft III from which he took part in The Great Escape in March 1944. He was recaptured and died in Danzig on 29 March 1944, one of the 50 officers executed by the Gestapo after the escape.)

(First published in an RAFES Home Run brochure of 1992, and later (July 2001) in the RAF Escaping Society (Australia) Newsletter.)

If you can quit the compound undetected
And clear your tracks nor leave the smallest trace,
And follow out the programme you've selected
Nor loose your grasp at distance, time and place.

If you can walk at night by compass bearing
Or ride the railways by night and day.
And temper your elusiveness with daring
Trusting that sometimes bluff will find a way.

If you can swallow sudden sour frustration
And gaze unmoved at failure's ugly shape
Remembering as further inspiration
It was your duty to escape.

If you can keep the great Gestapo guessing
With explanations only partly true,
And leave them in their heart of hearts confessing
They didn't get the whole truth out of you.

If you use your "cooler" fortnight clearly
For planning methods wiser than before
And treat your miscalculations merely
As hints -- let fall by fate to teach you more.

If you scheme on with patience and precision
It wasn't in a day that they builded Rome,
And make escape your sole ambition
The next time you attempt -- **YOU'LL GET HOME!**
--Courtesy of R. M. Horsley, Eagle Heights, Queensland

Tigers join in marking anniversary

*From The Associated Press
Sept. 7, 2001*

BEIJING -- They were the model of U.S.-Chinese friendship -- the Flying Tigers, young American pilots who fought for China in World War II.

This week, three of the legendary fliers are back to mark the 60th anniversary of their ragtag volunteer force, telling war stories at a government-sponsored conference and meeting Chinese veterans in an air of nostalgic camaraderie.

The evocation of wartime solidarity could hardly be better timed for Chinese leaders, or its warmth more welcome. After months of tension with Washington over a surveillance-plane collision, the jailing of scholars and other conflicts, Beijing is eager for a friendlier tone and an upbeat visit in October by President Bush.

"I felt the Chinese have been our friends all these years. I hate to see the antagonism we've been going through," said Bob "Catfish" Raine of Fallon, Nev., an 83-year-old former Flying Tiger credited with shooting down four Japanese fighters.

This week marks the anniversary of the Tigers' debut in September 1941. The pilots were U.S. military men, many fresh from training, sent in secret by President Franklin D. Roosevelt before the United States entered the war.

They joined an air force organized for China by Claire Lee Chennault.

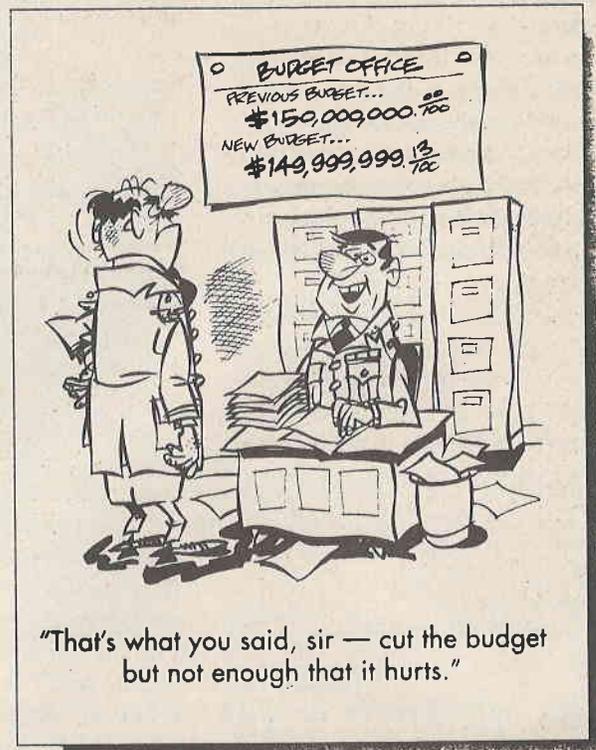
The Flying Tigers had fewer than 100 pilots and 55 planes. And they flew for only nine months, until Pearl Harbor and American entry into the war. U.S. forces arrived in China in May 1942 and absorbed the unit.

The 14 surviving Tiger pilots belong to the Sino-American Aviation Heritage Foundation in West Hollywood, Calif. The group is raising money for the recovery of a Flying Tiger Curtis P-40 which crashed in southwestern China, killing the pilot.

Here's Jake



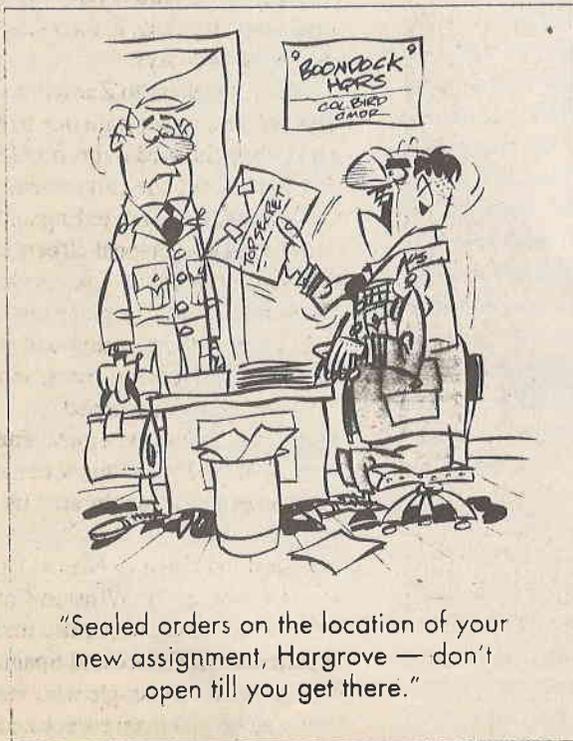
"Hey Sarge, recruit McCoy reporting for duty. What's first on the agenda."



"That's what you said, sir — cut the budget but not enough that it hurts."

The best of

"JAKE" SMUTTER



"Sealed orders on the location of your new assignment, Hargrove — don't open till you get there."



"Keep your eye on that guy, Claude — I told him no bringing back pets, but he might try to sneak it aboard anyway."

Glen hid first in a rain barrel

**From the Flying Fortress
Newsletter, March 2001**

Glen McCabe was flying co-pilot on Dec. 28, 1943, when the 381st Bomb Group attacked the ball-bearing factory at Ludwigshafen, Germany. The plant had been hit by the 8th Air Force six months before, but had been moved into the basement and was still operating.

As the B-17 turned for the bomb run, Messerschmitt 109 fighters struck. The cockpit was without protection from the freezing wind roaring through the open nose. Two engines and the intercom were shot out.

It was time to jump.

Glen landed in a farmer's brussel sprout patch near Aucamville, France. After hiding his parachute, he climbed into a rain barrel to hide from the Germans.

Many of the other crew members landed safely, but gathered together and were soon captured.

Glen was found by a farmer and turned over to the French Underground. After a

meal, they took him to a place named Palace Villa, where a group of escapees was being collected.

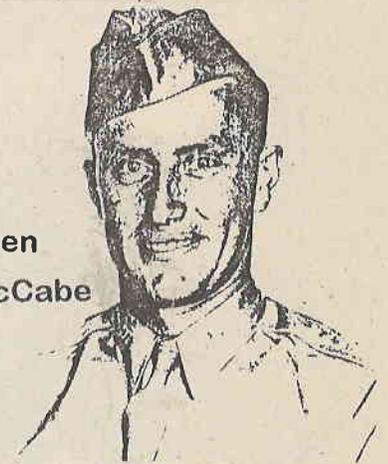
With a beret on his head, Glen was moved to Toulouse, disguised as a Polish recruit for the Germany army. There he met Geno Bola, and Gabriel "Gabby" Nahas of the French Maquis, whose girlfriend led them across Toulouse, standing on the steps of a trolley.

Later he learned she was arrested by the Germans, and when she was late for roll call a few days later, the Germans turned guard dogs on her and killed her just a few days before the area was liberated by Allied forces.

Glen was taken by train to the Pyrenees Mountains by a southern route, although at the station German troops and a non-com were nearby, being served doughnuts.

Two members of Glen's crew were among the group led by Basque guides. They were Engineer Russell Jevons and Joe Baleah. All the travel was by night. Only when they were deep in the

**Glen
McCabe**



mountains, could they move by day.

Three men in the group had to be carried over the pass at the summit. The elevation near Andorra was about 14,000 feet.

The guides left the group at the top and the Americans stuck together. They hadn't eaten for three days and in a small village, they were given dried figs, which was all the villagers had.

With about a half dozen in their group, in the first sizeable village, they got in touch with the Spanish consulate. They were put on a train for Larido, Spain, and were given clothes, gabardine coats and cardboard shoes. The train trip with Spanish guards in three-cornered hats, took two days.

Then it was on to Zaragoza for two days before another train ride to Madrid, where they changed trains for Gibraltar.

Only four of the party remained when they were flown back to England, where Glen found his personal effects had been kept separate. There, Glen packed for his trip home. When his plane landed in the U.S., he got 30 days leave and went home to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and then to Texas where he was married.

His friend and crewmate, Russell Jevons, helped write this account of their experiences. He caught up with Glen again in London.

They were sent to No. 10 Downing Street, home of Sir Winston Churchill, where they were interrogated about their experiences in France and Spain. They were asked about people who sheltered them and helped them escape and evade capture by the Germans.



GOOD NEIGHBORS-- Among the Canadians who often attend AFEES reunions are Ross and Peggy Wiens of Edmonton, Alb. Here they are shown with AFEES Director Yvonne Daley (center) of Tampa, Fla.



Doolittle raiders: 'Lower the boom'

Veterans of raid on Japan urge strike on terrorists

(From *The State*, Columbia, S.C.
Sunday, Sept. 15, 2001)

COLUMBIA, S.C. -- When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, America retaliated by sending 16 B-25s to bomb Tokyo. The bombers took off the pitching deck of an aircraft carrier -- a military first.

Today, the surviving heroes of the Doolittle raid say the United States should react to the attacks on New York and Washington with ferocity and imagination.

"We should lower the boom, that's for sure," said Horace "Sally" Crouch of Columbia, a navigator-bombardier in the raid. "And we should fight to win."

Richard E. "Dick" Cole of Comfort, Texas, was Gen. Jimmy Doolittle's co-pilot in the raid. He said Pearl Harbor galvanized the country.

But Mr. Cole, 86, said the country's outrage over Tuesday's attacks might be more profound than the reaction immediately after Pearl Harbor.

"It's more prevalent now because people watched the attack happen," Mr. Cole said. "People learned about Pearl Harbor by radio. They couldn't imagine the havoc and pain that went along with it."

The raiders all volunteered for the April 1942 raid on Japan. The strike was considered a suicide mission, and many of the 80 fliers did not return, including three executed by the Japanese.

Nolan Herndon, 82, a bombardier and navigator on Plane No. 8, said he is as angry with the terrorists who carried out Tuesday's attack as he was at the Japanese.

The Doolittle raid was more of a public relations success than it was a military one. The strikes on Tokyo, Yokohama and other cities were a blow to Japanese morale and a lift to the Americans' fighting spirit. "We proved we could fight back," said C. V. Glines, a World War II flier who became the raiders' official historian. Mr. Glines has written three books on the raid and co-wrote the autobiography of Gen. Doolittle, who died in 1993. Mr. Glines was a cadet in flight school when Pearl Harbor was attacked.

The Dallas resident said he doubted any response to Tuesday's attacks would match the immediate impact of the Doolittle raid on the nation's morale.

"We want to take somebody to task, but we don't know who," he said.

"We need to let the world know that anybody who harbors these people should turn them over immediately or we're coming after them," he said.



AFEES Member Bob Kelley lights the Eternal Flame in Grand-Failly, France on his visit to the area last summer.

--Photo by Wilf James

Bob makes visit No.7

Robert Kelley of Shasta Lake City, Calif., returned last year to the area in France where he was shot down. It was his seventh visit back.

He writes:

I visited Pierre Francois, my last remaining helper. He and his son Henri were at the Mesa reunion in 1999. We also hosted a banquet for the sons, daughters and grandchildren of the helpers.

The high point was a memorial ceremony at the town of Grand-Faillys where dead from the Battle of Bastogne were buried along with my tail gunner, SSgt Richard Doyle, who was killed the day we went down, 5 Sept. 1944.

The cemetery existed from 1944 to 1948, when the deceased were moved either to St. Avold or to their hometowns in the U.S.

All that was left was the Eternal Flame and the marble entrance with three flagpoles. The mayor of Grand Failly arranged the ceremony, which included a tribute to Sgt. Doyle.

Then I re-lighted the eternal flame. At the city hall ceremony later, I was given an engraved crystal with my name engraved on it and I led the crowd in the French National Anthem, just like I did on a Jeep in 1944 when the area was liberated.



The Pledge of Allegiance

How did we get the Pledge of Allegiance?

The Pledge of Allegiance first appeared in print in the September 8, 1892 issue of The Youth's Companion: "I Pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic to which it stands — one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." The pledge was inaugurated on October 21, 1892 at the dedication of the World's Fairgrounds in Chicago and was adopted nationally as a part of flag-raising ceremonies at patriotic meetings, and recited by school children across the country.

When were the words "Under God" added?

The wording was changed several times. For example, the first National Flag Conference in Washington on June 14-15, 1923, changed the words "my flag" to The Flag of the United States of America. Also, On June 14, 1954, President Eisenhower signed into law a bill passed by Congress that added the words "under God" so as to read "one Nation under God." This resulted in some controversy and debate over the principle of separation of church and state. Although reviewed by the New York State Supreme Court, the justice refused to remove from the bill the words "under God."

Who actually wrote the Pledge?

At the time the Pledge of Allegiance was written, Francis Bellamy and James B. Upham were on the staff of The Youth's Companion. Both families claimed authorship of the Pledge. After years of controversy, the U.S. Flag Association appointed a committee in 1939 to resolve the authorship question. The unanimous decision favored Francis Bellamy. The argument continued until the Library of Congress concluded that "the Bellamy claim to authorship rests upon the more solid ground."

Can you name the states that require the Pledge to be recited in the schools?

Twenty four states have passed laws either allowing or requiring school districts to offer voluntary recitation of the Pledge. They are AL, AZ, CA, DE, FL, GA, ID, IL, KS, KY, LA, MD, MA, MS, NH, NJ, NM, NY, ND, OH, RI, WA, WV, WI.

Sources

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 Kelly, Dennis. "Our Patriotic Mantra for 100 Years." USA Today 8 Sep. 1992.
 Pearlmitter, Ellen M. "Pledge of Allegiance Dates Back to 1892." Pittsburgh Post-Gazette 16 June 1994
 Bartfeld, Jeffrey S. "I Pledge Allegiance" V.F.W. Magazine June 1976:14-15.



-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

- #1147 H. Philip Causer, Las Cruces, NM, 356 FG, June 2001
 15 AF William L. Holloway, Covington, LA, 454 BG, June 5, 2001
 #1883 William O. Slenker Jr., Naples, FL, 306 BG, July 9, 2001
 #1510 John B. Wood, Eldorado Hills, CA, 489 BG, June 6, 2001

HELPERS

M. Pierre SIBIRIL, Plouha, France, 24 Aug. 2001

CANADIAN FRIENDS

John Gouinlock, Don Mills, Ont., XXXXXXXXXXXX

Changes for the 2001 roster

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type.)

1. Harry Ackerman, **8009 Davis Blvd., Apt. 5114, North Richland Hills, TX 76180-1937; Ph. 817-849-8092**
2. George Woods Baker, INTREPIDUS (New phone and Fax number):
Ph. 310-453-4800; Fax 310-453-4801 (No change in address)
3. William E. Bendt "L", **PO Box 85254, Tucson, AZ 85754-5254**
4. Charles W. Blakley, **9253 Kingsgate Ct., Boise, ID 83704-5599;**
Same Phone, 208-377-0726
5. Kenneth P. Dunaway "L", **3501 W. 95th St., Apt. 328, Shawnee Mission, KS 66206-2059; Ph. 913-642-3124**
6. Ms. Teddy K. Goodling "F", **4601 Gray View Ct., #106 C, Tampa, FL 33609; Ph. 813-689-1115**
7. Robert E. Hede "L", **6525 Western Ave., Willowbrook, IL 60527-1876; Ph. 636-654-1867**
8. L/Col. Donovan B. Manifold "F", **2225 Farnsworth St., Camarillo, CA 93010; Ph. 805-388-1321**
9. Frederick T. Marston "L", **2063 Caminito Circulo Sur., La Jolla, CA 92037-7214**
10. Marie A. McConnell "W", **32471 Spyglass Ct., San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675-4017; Ph. 949-248-2490**
11. Rosswell Miller "L", **63 N. Outer Rd., Vienna, OH 44473-9772**
12. John A. Neal, **Apt. 2113, #111-146 Avenue S.E. Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2X 1Z1; Ph. 403-873-1353 <nealpigeon@aol.com>**
13. Cobern V. Peterson "L", **284 N. Guernsey Rd., West Grove, PA 19390-1028; Wife, Anna; Ph. 610-869-2077**
14. Manuel M. Rogoff "L", **6411 Kentucky Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15206-4429**
15. Ray L. Whitby "L", **215 N. Power Rd., Las Palmas #130, Mesa, AZ 85205; Ph. 480-396-6065; <WRaynogas@aol.com>**
16. James S. Wilschke "L", **2931 NW 1st Ave., Pompano Beach, FL 33064-3800**

Dorie Shoss

Services for Dorie Shoss, daughter of AFEEES Director David Shoss and the late Doris Shoss, were conducted Aug. 7, 2001, in Dallas, Tex. Ms. Shoss, 47, died Aug. 5 in a Dallas hospital of lung cancer.

At age 18, Ms. Shoss was found to have Hodgkin's disease. She survived but the disease returned a few years later. She stayed cancer-free until age 46, when lung cancer developed as a result of her Hodgkin's disease treatment.

She was lead singer and songwriter of the Dallas rock band The Grip, which she formed after singing for various local bands.

Other survivors include her husband, Michael Lampton of Dallas, three stepchildren and two sisters.

Medal recognizes Korean War vets

By **JUDY GROJEAN**

**Air Force Personnel Center,
Public Affairs**

RANDOLPH AIR FORCE BASE, Tex. -- Mailing almost 600 medals per day, the Air Force Personnel Center's special war-medal action team here knows there are more than 1.7 million veterans still eligible for the Korean War Service Medal, including the next of kin of deceased veterans.

The Department of Defense approved the acceptance and wear of the medal on Aug. 20, 1999.

Since then, AFPC officials have distributed more than 83,000 Korean War Service medals to veterans from every branch of military service.

To qualify for the medal, the veteran must meet the following criteria:

-- Served in Korea, its territorial waters or airspace between June 25, 1950 and July 27, 1953 for 30 consecutive days or 60 non-consecutive days; or

-- Served as a crew member of aircraft in aerial flight over Korea participating in actual combat operations, or in support of combat operations.

Information on how to apply for the medal can be found by calling the Air Force Personnel Center, weekdays at 800-558-1404, or 210-565-2432. Or write to HQ AFPC/DPPPPRA, 550 C Street West, Ste. 12, Randolph AFB, TX 78150-4714.

Lt. Seddon ferried agents, rescued airmen

From the London Daily Telegraph
Nov. 30, 1998

Lieutenant Ronnie Seddon RNVR, who has died aged 80, won the DSC as commanding officer of Motor Torpedo Boat 718, serving under the Deputy Director Operations Division (Irregular) with the 15th Motor Gunboat Flotilla.

Based at Dartmouth, the 15th was a clandestine unit that operated during moonless periods to land and pick up SIS and SOE agents, escaped POWs and Allied service personnel -- mainly downed airmen -- from rendezvous beaches known as "pin-points" along the coast of northern France and, in 718's case, Norway.

MTB 718 was a Fairmile "D" Class boat, with power-operated gun turrets and four Packard engines driving four shafts to give a top speed of 35 knots. Her torpedo tubes had been removed to make room for extra fuel in cans and specially designed "surfboats" to carry passengers -- known as "Joeys" -- to and from shore.

Her first sortie to Brittany was "Scarf", on April 15, 1944, a joint operation with MGB 502 to land six SOE agents -- and their nine suitcases -- at Beg-an-Fry.

They were also to pick up 10 Joeys, including two SOE agents, and two women who had escaped from the



*Lt. Ronnie Seddon
in September 1943*

infamous Castree prison where the Germans held hostages, from whom they chose some for execution as reprisal for attacks on their forces.

The Joeys were embarked safely, but on the return journey 502 and 718 encountered three German patrol vessels, who briefly opened fire before being misled by signals into thinking that 502 and 718 were friendly.

In June, 718 went back to Brittany for "Reflexion", to land three French agents

on Bonaparte Beach at Plouha in St. Brieuc Bay. The officer in charge of the surfboat was, as usual, 718's 1st Lt. Guy Hamilton (later the director of the earliest James Bond films).

Hamilton and two sailors landed the Joeys safely, but a faulty radio and a dragging MTB anchor caused them to miss 718 on their return. After a desperate search, with dawn approaching, Seddon had to leave them behind. Luckily, they contacted the local Resistance group and were returned to Dartmouth four weeks later.

After several more operations, 718 carried out "Knockout" in September 1944, to land 25 cases of ammunition, arms and clothing for the FFI between Brest and Lorient on the French coast.

Ronald Franklin Seddon was born on Dec. 14, 1917 and went to Quarry Bank School, Liverpool. He first trained as a wireless telegraphist, then served as an ordinary seaman before being commissioned in 1942. After a period as 1st Lt. of a Harbour Defence Motor Launch, he was appointed CO of ML 145.

He married, in 1946, Luca Kaplan, whose family had escaped the Russian Revolution. He joined, and eventually ran, his father-in-law's toy-making firm. His wife died in 1969. They had two sons and a daughter.

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Have you moved? New Area Code? New ZIP? **AFEES wants to keep track of you!**

Please complete and clip or copy this form to remit dues or to report changes (Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make checks payable to AFEES) Send checks and changes to Clayton C. David, Membership Chair, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A.

Name _____ Amount Included _____

Mailing Address _____

City and State _____ ZIP _____

Phone: (____) _____ E-Mail (Optional) _____

Comments _____

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ
<afees44@hotmail.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Again, in our time, the nation that each member of AFEES has taken an oath to protect, is at war.

A new kind of war.

A war in which we must find the enemy before we can deal with him.

Let each of us now resolve:

- To pray for the victims of terrorism;
- To support our leaders;
- To be vigilant;
- To be determined;
- To be patient;
- To make the necessary sacrifices;
- To be in it for the long haul.

With a change of address notice, John Neal of Calgary assures us that friends north of the border are with us. John reflects the mood of many of us: "I wish I was young enough to take part, but all the recruiters would say to me is, 'Put some Metamucil in your Musket and stand by!'"

A tentative schedule for the 2002 AFEES reunion in Tampa is included in this issue. (See Page 4).

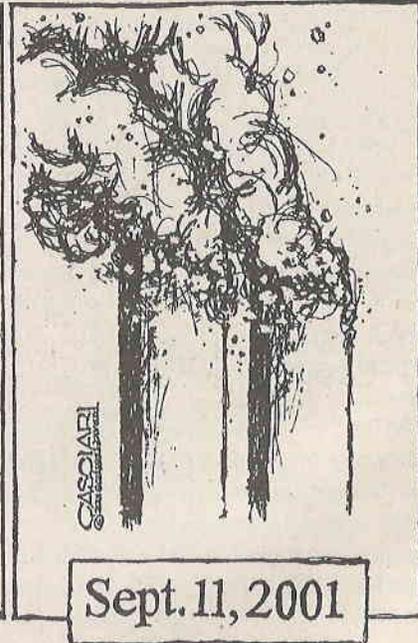
It has been suggested that we include a post-reunion bus tour to Orlando to visit Disneyworld and Epcot Center. If you are interested in such a three-day, two night excursion to follow the reunion, let President Dick Smith know.

From AFEES PUBLISHING
19 Oak Ridge Pond
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Change Service Requested



America Attacked!



I may as well admit that I made a mistake last issue. In listing new members, the typesetter (that's me) misspelled the name of Col. Zig Ziegler. Sorry. Second mistake of my life; don't ask what the first one was.

If you were a POW and do not belong to the American Ex-Prisoners of War organization, it will benefit you and your spouse to investigate and learn what

benefits are available.

Write to the organization at: National Headquarters, 3201 E. Pioneer Pkwy. #40, Arlington, TX 76010 or call 817-649-2979.

THANKS to all you good friends who sent words of support after my wife Ruth had open heart surgery in June. I am pleased to report that she is now in a rehabilitation program and is making progress every day!

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