

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

**FALL 2003 *Communications***

Volume 17, No. 3

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Sept. 25, 2003

..... *The True War Heroes*



After World War II, the Allied governments sought to recognize the work of Resistance members in occupied countries of Europe.

On Aug. 16, 1946, Major General Lewis, commanding general Western Base Section, decorated Mlle. Marie Louise Dissard with the U.S. Medal of Freedom with gold palm, while Mlle. Dedee de Jongh and Mlle. Joke Folmer await their turn.

Mlle. Dissard, known as *Madame Francoise* in the Resistance, was chief of evasion activity in the South of France (Toulouse) and aided in the escape of 250 Allied airmen (Including the editor.)

# U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY COMMUNICATIONS

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FALL 2003

## The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith

&lt;afeesone@hotmail.com&gt;

**CHAIRMAN:**

\*Ralph K. Patton, Apt. #1205, 8100 Connecticut Ave., Chevy Chase, MD 20815; Phone: 301-657-4478; FAX: 301-657-4479

**PRESIDENT:**

\*\*Richard M. Smith, 76543 Begonia Lane, Palm Desert, CA 92211 (Winter) 760-345-2282; Fax: 760-345-9908

**VICE PRESIDENT & PX MANAGER:**

\*\*Thomas H. Brown Jr., 104 Lake Fairfield Drive, Greenville, SC 29615-1506  
Phone: 864-244-8420; <tbrown104@cs.com>

**TREASURER:**

\*Francene Weyland, 1117 W. NE Shore Drive, McHenry, IL 60050;  
Phone 815-385-4378

**MEMBERSHIP & CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:**

\*Clayton C. David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539;  
Phone: 573-221-0441

**RECORDING SECRETARY:**

\*\*\*Warren E. Loring, PO Box 284, Monument Beach, MA 02553;  
Ph. 508-759-3146

**OTHER DIRECTORS:**

\*\*Herbert Brill, 48 rue Andre Picaud, 24300 NONTRON, France; Tel: (011-33-5) 53 56 67 81; Fax: (011-33-5) 53 56 02 76 (Until Oct. 21)

\*\*Yvonne Daley, 1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin, FL 34698-3250;  
Ph.: 727-734-9573

\*\*\*Paul E. Kenney, Apt. B, 1041 North Jamestown Road,  
Decatur, GA 30033-3639; Phone: 404-929-8808

\*\*\*Francis J. Lashinsky, 8015 Gatehouse Woods, PO Box 125, Cornwall, PA 17016-0125; Phone: 717-228-0792; <franklash@earthlink.net>

\*John C. Rucigay, 14 Ashley Drive, Ballston Lake, NY 12019;  
Phone: 518-877-8131

**PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVE IN FRANCE:**

Leslie A.G. Atkinson, 22 bis rue des Pleus,  
77300 FOUNTAINBLEAU, FRANCE  
Telephone: (011-33-1) 60 72 5766

**LEGAL COUNSEL:**

R.E.T. Smith Esq., PO Box 38, Wahpeton, ND 58074; Ph.: 701-642-2666

**COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR:**

Larry Grauerholz, PO Box 2501, Wichita Falls, TX 76307-2501; 940-692-6700

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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.

Greetings to each of you wonderful people! It is always a pleasure and to visit with you, whether by phone, e-mail or carrier pigeon.

In mid-August, AFEES lost one of our best friends. David Shoss of Dallas, Texas, left us quite suddenly and will be greatly missed.

Things have been relatively quiet this summer for AFEES, following the Texas reunion. Friend Member Cappy Bie did a professional job of video taping, in color, about 25 of our members at the reunion. I have received a copy of my interview and it is great. Even my kids want a copy!

The '04 reunion in Philadelphia is taking shape and it promises to be most interesting. A preliminary schedule is included in this issue of the newsletter.

I suggest you block out the dates on your 2004 calendar.

Considering our age bracket and associated problems with transportation, this could be our final full-scale reunion.

Our long-time treasurer and a man who has bailed us out of a few jams, Paul Kenney, has asked for some relief. Paul has done a masterful job of keeping our financial records in order.

Francene Weyland has accepted the duties of AFEES treasurer, effective at once.

We owe Paul -- and his wife Dorothy -- a round of applause for what they have done for us!



**Spectators view a B-17, left, and a B-24 during a stop at the Bremerton, Wash., airport a few weeks ago. The wartime bombers were on the annual "Wings for Freedom" tour of the Collings Foundation.**

The Collings Foundation, a nonprofit organization based in Stowe, Mass., restores vintage aircraft.

kind still flying. The tour offers 30-minute flights for \$400 per person.

The B-17 is nick-named "Nine O Nine", which is described as one of only eight still able to fly. The B-24J is reported to be the only one of its

The Collings tour, which covers 140 cities in 37 states in 10 1/2 months, often attracts World War II veterans in droves.

## *Benefits could change for POWs*

WASHINGTON (AFPN) -- President George W. Bush has proposed legislation to Congress that would improve benefits for former prisoners of war, responding to the needs of Operation Iraqi Freedom POWs.

"What we're proposing is to eliminate the current requirement in federal law that a former POW must be detained for at least 30 days in order to qualify for full POW benefits," said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Anthony J. Principi.

For its disability-compensation

program, Department of Veterans Affairs officials presume that certain medical conditions in former POWs held at least 30 days are related to their captivity. This allows veterans to obtain financial benefits without providing evidence directly linking a medical problem to captivity.

"That may have made sense years ago for some conditions linked to nutritional deficiencies, but even a few days enduring terror at the hands of enemy captors may lead to other conditions," Principi said.

The VA proposal also would improve dental-care eligibility, and exempt former POWs from co-payments for medications for non-service-connected conditions. Currently, some ex-POWs may be charged \$7 for drugs that treat conditions unrelated to their service.

VA officials are making special efforts to process the claims of older veterans quickly, including those of former American POWs who served in World War II. The average age for this group is 82.



*Front section of B-17G belly-landed at Feternes, France, by 2.Lt. Fred Jones on 16 July 1944. Civilians and Underground fighters helped the crew cross into neutral Switzerland. The wreckage was left alone by German occupiers unwilling to venture into the Partisan-held region of French Haute Savoie.*

## *French honor an accidental crew*

By **ROGER ANTHOINE**  
Peron, France

The only known complete heavy bomber crew of World War II ever to evade *in corpore* to Switzerland, crash-landed in France on 16 July 1944.

On that day, the 8th USAAF dispatched 577 B-17s to bomb Munich, Germany, for the fourth time in six days. The targets included the BMW aero-engine plants known to develop jet engines. Eleven four-engined bombers did not return amongst which was B-17G 42-107153, christened "Denny Boy." The

aircraft belonged to the 306 BGp and was flown by 2.Lt. Fred Jones from Orange, NY.

Jones and crew had already been to Munich on the 13th, their second mission. They had barely made it home to Thurleigh after losing two engines to flak.

By an extraordinary coincidence, Munich flak again knocked out #1 and 2 engines on the 16 July raid! Furthermore, flak disabled the aircraft some more on the way home, over Strasbourg. This was where the crew elected to turn south and seek asylum in neutral Switzerland.

Whole crew evades to Switzerland

The men eventually made it but only after mistakenly crash-landing in German-occupied France, on the southern shore of Lake Geneva. There the nine men were whisked away into hiding and spirited into Switzerland, helped by the local population and Resistance fighters.

In 1997 the crew's saga became part of my book about evaders to Switzerland (*Aviateurs-Pietons vers la Suisse, 1940-1945*, published in French at Editions Secavia in Geneva. The book

*records the adventures of the 319 Allied flyers who evaded to neutral Switzerland before returning to Allied control.)*

The book fired the imagination of a group of young enthusiasts who decided that the *Denny Boy* deeds of 16 July 1944 should be publicly and officially recognized.

To make a long story short, Michel Michoud, Philippe Mourier and many others in the French Haute-Savoie region organized four days of aerial events and commemoration last summer.

Supported by local and regional authorities, they located and invited Jones and the three other surviving crewmembers:

Pilot Fred Jones, now at 1760 Clairmont Rd., Decatur, GA 30033; tail gunner Arthur Flores at 1826 Wood Street, Fortuna, CA 95540; radio operator Robert Price at 4 Putnam Rd., Foxboro, MA 02035-2149; ball gunner Woodie Rose at 202 Shady Lane, Whitehouse, TX 75791-3318.

Attending the ceremonies with Robert Price were a pair of former escort pilots from the 357th Fighter Group: Clarence (Bud) Anderson and Charles (Chuck) Yeager, himself an evader (to Spain) before acquiring another qualification to fame as the first man to break the sound barrier.

Sadly, only one crewman was able to take the trip: former radio operator Robert Price.

The organizers arranged one of the biggest aerial meetings ever to grace the skies over Geneva. This included fly-pasts by the last B-17 still flying on continental Europe (the *Pink Lady*, flown and

maintained by the Association Forteresse Toujours Volante (*The Fortress We Keep Flying*) based at Orly airport near Paris.)

On 18 July 2003, at 12:07, the plane thundered over the

dedication ceremony of a plaque commemorating Denny Boy's arrival; by another coincidence this fly-past occurred to the minute 59 years and 49 hours after the initial event.



**Robert Price was the sole surviving crewmember of *Denny Boy* to make the trans-Atlantic trip for the commemoration of their crash in France on July 16, 1944. He is seen here (second from right) at Feternes escorted by former P-51 pilots Gen. Chuck Yeager and Col. Bud Anderson (right). Roger Anthoine, whose book triggered the four-day events of remembrance, is at left.**



**Photo of the Fred Jones crew, 306 BGP, taken shortly after their crash-landing in France on 16 July 1944. Civilian clothes have been provided by the local population prior to passage into neutral Switzerland.**

# French canal wasn't for swimming

By VICTOR J. LAYTON  
(Former OSS agent)  
St. Croix Falls, Wisc.

From my location in northern France, I usually had a good view of the sky. In the second half of May 1944 the mornings were mostly clear and I could see the heavy bombers flying toward the rising sun in tight formations. There were hundreds of aircraft. One could feel the vibrations and hear the rumble of all these big engines.

Later in the day, the B-17s and B-24s came flying back from their German targets without their bombs.

On this leg of the mission the formations were not as tight. Then came the stragglers. Some were flying low with a feathered prop, a thin trail of smoke and sometimes, damage to the airframe.

These wounded birds still had a long way to fly to make their home field or one of the emergency fields on the English coast. At least now the crews were over friendly territory and help was available in the event of a bailout or survivable crash.

I was in the region of France known as the Ardennes, since February. Two French officers and I came from London. We arrived by parachute in mufti and with false papers. My outfit was called the OSS.

Our assignment was to work with the FFI, help organize small fighting units, supply them with weapons, explosives, and teach them how to use the stuff. At the proper time we were to lead these trained partisans in raids against the German supply lines in synchronization with landings somewhere on the coast.

Date and place were unknown to us, but we sensed that it would happen soon.

There were several vulnerable targets in our sector. Between the hills and deep forests of the Ardennes the highways, railroads and a canal followed the valley of the river Meuse. These supply lines

were essential to the German units positioned to fight an invasion of the continent.

We had studied these targets and made plans to mine the highways, blow some bridges, block or damage some railroad tunnels, and destroy some locks on the canal. It was just a matter of waiting for the right moment.

My training had been hard and long. Before leaving England I was briefed in detail by fellows who had survived similar missions in other places. They advised me to stay away from romance, to use the proper tool in crimping detonators and not get involved in escape and evasion operations.

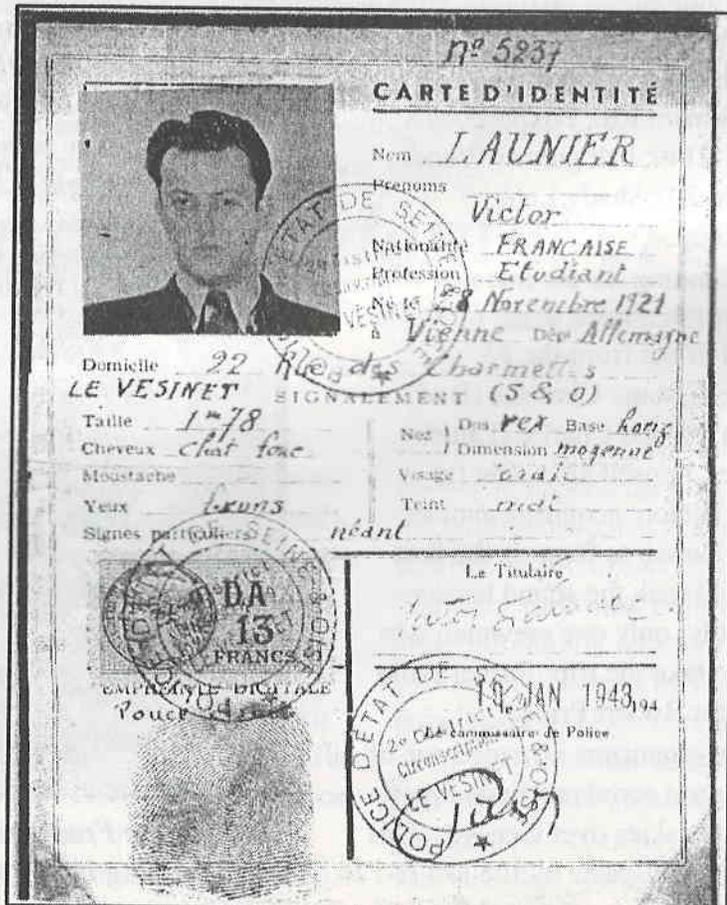
Of course I knew that this job needed full concentration, good health, and that escape routes operated by the Underground were notoriously insecure, often

penetrated by the Gestapo and therefore terribly dangerous.

Some of this came to mind when the leader of a Belgian group of partisans skipped across the border, asking me to help find temporary shelter for five American fliers who had bailed out over Luxemburg.

They had been recovered and were being moved. However, the escape route was broken further south and a secure hiding place was needed temporarily until it could be fixed.

I just happened to know of such a place and promised to make arrangements. What I had in mind was a small empty barn behind the cottage of a man who tended some locks along the Meuse canal. We had met when I had been on a reconnaissance and he had obligingly shown me where a charge of explosives would do serious



Copy of false ID card carried by Col. Victor Layton

damage without destroying his livelihood for the duration. I thought that this was a reasonable request and that the man could be trusted.

He agreed readily later when I asked him if he was willing to shelter the fliers for a few days. They were guided to his barn that very night.

As far as I was concerned, the matter was settled. I was wrong.

Three days later the lock tender, escorted by a reliable local contact, came hiking into our hidden Command Post in the woods. He was red in the face and obviously highly agitated.

"Monsieur," he said, "Are you trying to get me killed?" He said this in an accusatory tone that the French, after the debacle of 1940, reserved for politicians and other criminals. I allowed him to blow off steam.

He insisted that his American guests had to be moved to some other place immediately. When I raised an eyebrow and offered him a cigarette, he explained that the boys -- he called them "crazy cowboys" -- came sauntering out of their hiding place every morning, dressed in nothing but their shorts, to swim and frolic in the dirty waters of the canal.

He went on to say that the German patrol that routinely drove along the waterway had observed these antics and found them amusing.

After all, it was common knowledge in France that only fools



would go swimming in the open at this time of the year, especially not in their underwear. He left upon my assurance that I would promptly admonish the guys and get them out of his hair to some other place or on the way to Switzerland.

When it was dark, I made my way to the barn ready to meet my compatriots. I had not met another American since landing in France. It was an emotional moment. To speak English after all these months felt strange and I had an awful time convincing them that I was indeed a fellow American, the very one they had heard rumors about.

When the preliminaries were over, I told them in no uncertain terms that for a short while they were my responsibility and that I did not want them to be caught.

In turn, they had to follow security rules, lay low in their hiding place during daylight, and that they had a powerful obligation as airmen not to endanger the safety of the brave people who were helping them escape.

While I had their full attention I told them that matters of hygiene and recreation had no priority just now and that they should try to be invisible until they were moved to another safe place before the proverbial doo-doo hit the fan.

Before leaving, I gave them precious cakes of real soap and offered to notify their unit by coded message via London that they were alive, fairly safe, and hopefully on their way home.

Did they make it? I don't know. D-Day came and things got hectic. By mid-September, much of France had been liberated and downed aircrews stuck in safe houses were recovered. In the following years, some of the fellows traveled back to France to retrace their escape route and visit the people they had met.

Anybody go swimming in the canal?

*This article appeared in BULLETIN BOARD, the quarterly publication of the 25th Bomb Group Association Inc., for November 2002.*

# Amtrak has sweet deal

From the Kansas City (Mo.) STAR, August 3, 2003

By ED PERKINS

If you're a veteran of the U.S. armed services, you can enjoy discounts of up to 50 percent on Amtrak tickets. The program is scheduled to run through Dec. 15.

The main qualification is that you join "Veterans Advantage" for \$22.95 a year -- a figure you'll possibly get back with your first ticket purchase.

The program is a bit improved over last year's version. The best deal is 50 percent off many Amtrak coach tickets. You get 50 percent off the best available regular (full) adult rail fare for travel through Nov. 24, and Dec. 3 through Dec. 15.

You must reserve at least three days before departure; the discount does not apply to the high-speed Acela Express, Metroliner, the Downeaster, Auto Train or the Canadian parts of joint Amtrak/VIA Rail service; and you can't combine it with any other promotion.

You can apply the discount to the coach base fare portion of your ticket if you want to upgrade to business class or sleeper accommodations. However, the discount does not apply to the upgrade costs.

Although Veterans Advantage offers associate membership to family members, the Amtrak discounts are limited to the veteran who qualifies for membership.

As you might have read, Amtrak is going through its all-too-frequent budget crises, and Congress is threatening to cut funding to a level that would, in effect, kill much of the system, if not all of it.

Check it out on the Veterans Advantage Web site at <[www.veteransadvantage.com](http://www.veteransadvantage.com)>, where you can sign up by charge card and download a printable temporary ID card immediately. Otherwise, call 866-838-2774.

*The rest of the story:*

# Evaders rescued from the hospital

By **GEORGE H. VAN REMMERDEN**  
Seal Beach, Calif.

After reading in the recent AFEES newsletter under Folded Wings the brief memorial of Jack A. Murrell, I saw once more the lack of recognition of those people involved for their meritorious service. Not only escapees and evaders, but sometimes also their so-called Helpers.

I therefore feel compelled to complete the whole story in Jack Murrell's memorial. Indeed, Jack was the pilot of a C-47 shot down in Holland Sept. 18, 1944, when Market Garden was in full swing near Arnhem.

The crew was forced to bail out and while Jack and another crew member were in their parachutes, they were shot at by the Germans and were wounded. They were then taken prisoner and taken to St. Antonius Hospital in Utrecht.

How do I know all this?

A girl named Jantje Laporte and I were members of the Dutch Resistance and later helped Jack and Ray. We had made contact with two Dutch workers inside the hospital, Ad Stuy and his helper named Dekker.

Upon recovering from their wounds, the prisoners were to be sent to a prison camp in Germany. But thanks to Stuy and Dekker, they were given a choice: escape via the Underground, or face life in a Stalag. Most of the men decided to escape and were taken to a safe house in Utrecht by Stuy and Dekker.

From there, Jack, Ray and three others were taken on bikes by Jantje and me out of Utrecht to other houses of Underground members. All together, Jantje and I took 13 wounded prisoners from the hospital to safety. Most of them made it back to freedom.

Jack and Ray, however, barely escaped again with Pegasus 2. When territory south of the Rhine had been occupied by Allied forces, the Dutch Underground organized Pegasus 1, a successful operation and about 150 evaders crossed the Rhine to liberation.

Jack and Ray became involved with Pegasus 2, which lost most of the 140 men to a German patrol. Jack and Ray escaped again and were later evacuated by us via the Lek line, along with about 60 other evaders.

Many of us helpers were rightfully awarded the Medal of Freedom. I never did because after the war, I volunteered to fight the Japanese in the Far East and when I returned, the time period to apply had expired.



*Clayton David with Lindsay and Amanda Linderman admire some of the postoffice mail bags they have filled with copies of STEPPING STONES TO FREEDOM they have prepared for mailing.*

## 'Stepping Stones' book in English goes in the mail

By **CLAYTON C. DAVID**  
Hannibal, Mo.

In 1995, the book *Stepping Stones to Freedom* by Bob de Graaff was published in Holland and presented to THE ESCAPE group which had commissioned the

project. I was present, along with my wife Scotty and our son Lynn David.

Pleasure was written all over the faces of those who had been involved in the effort to have this piece of history recorded in a book.

As time went along, the same group had a burning desire to have the book translated into English and printed in the United States for distribution to members of AFEES. Some two years ago, Albert Postma of Holland contacted Ralph Patton and myself with the idea, and asked if this was feasible.

When I made contacts I found that a printer, not a publisher, was needed and such a company existed in Missouri. They expressed a willingness to cooperate.

People in Holland began to put the wheels in motion. Dee Wessels Boer-Stallman agreed to translate the book into English, which was a memorable task. Fund-raising was necessary and the spirit of its success is reflected in the positive results.

Modern printing makes use of modern technology and people with the know-how to arrange everything on a compact computer disc. Thanks to Geert van de Meulen,

publisher in Amsterdam, for coordinating the final details with the printer, Walsworth Publishing Co. of Mexico, Missouri.

They all did a fantastic job.

Distribution of the books was the final task. AFEES agreed to handle the cost of packing and mailing those to be mailed in the United States. Silly me, I thought we could supply the printer with the labels and pay them to do the rest, but they were smarter than that, since the task is very labor intensive.

As a result, a semitrailer truck pulled up in front of our home on a Friday and unloaded into our garage 700 books and the cartons for mailing them individually. We were informed by a good friend, who has a bookstore, that it would be best if the books were wrapped in a plastic bag before they went into the mailing carton and he gave us the plastic bags.

Over the weekend, Scotty and I tried our hand at getting some books ready for mailing and found it was going to be a time-consuming task. For help, we recruited a couple of neighborhood girls to help and started an assembly line in our kitchen on Monday morning.

By Wednesday evening all the

books were wrapped. Thursday morning we applied the bulk mailing stamp, return address and the address labels. We finished by stuffing the books into 25 large postoffice mail bags.

A good neighbor with a pickup hauled the load to the postoffice. The ones the people of Holland had asked us to mail to Australia and Canada were mailed separately.

We had enough books to send to every Life Member of AFEES that we have a current address for, members who are current with their dues, widows with a connection to the helpers of Holland and to the helpers from Holland living in the U.S. We've had a few returned due to death and incorrect addresses.

A limited number of books were returned, plus a few extras. So, if a member or widow in the U.S. would like a copy of *Stepping Stones to Freedom*, contact me, Clayton David.

The price of \$10 includes special handling and shipping. Checks should be made payable to AFEES.

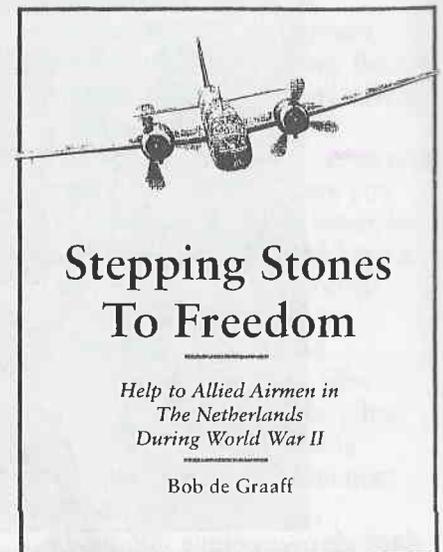
Some persons are donating their copy to their local library after they have finished reading it.

This book, in English, represents the same kind of international cooperation that existed when our helpers risked their lives to help us avoid capture.

Freedom for all, was our objective and *We Will Never Forget!*



*Lindsay and Amanda Linderman assist Scotty David in wrapping and packaging copies of the book.*



# Tail gunner: 'I love them people'

From the New York Times/International Herald Tribune, Paris, July 8, 2003

By SAVANNAH WARING WALKER  
POILLE-SUR-VEGRE, France --  
Farm people here who were children in 1943 say they will never forget the American Independence Day of that year because that was the day an air crewman from Missouri named David Butcher, tail gunner on a B-17 bomber, fell to earth in a field just outside their village.

It was about noon, and most people were in church. Without knowing what had shaken the rafters and rattled the diamond-paned glass, worshipers heard the death throes of a Flying Fortress, 384th Bombardment Group, 8th Air Force, as it took German fire.

The plane was part of a formation sent to destroy munitions plants in and around Le Mans, the nearest big city, about two hours' drive southwest of Paris. The villagers did not witness its spirals

from 8,600 meters (28,000 feet), its nose dive and disintegration.

They did not see Butcher, unconscious, drop like a stone from the severed tail and so were spared from tensely wondering why he fell so close to the ground before he finally came to and opened his parachute.

Later, they told German search parties that they did not know of any survivors. But the Germans knew that B-17s carried 10 crewmen and they had found only 9 bodies.

Fortunately for Butcher, the first villagers he approached after landing were members of the Resistance. After eight months of hiding in a dozen houses, the sergeant, then 25, hiked across the Pyrenees to Spain and safety.

He says he still has difficulty understanding exactly what happened that first day. "The tail busted off and I must have gone out a hole," he would write years later. "When I came to, I was outside of

the airplane lying upside down in the air. I didn't know where I was because my head was all bloody. First thing I knew I thought I had better pull that cord out of there so the parachute opens. So I pulled that cord and I think I threw it back to London."

The motto of those here who endured the Nazi occupation and celebrated the Allied victory in 1945, is, "We will never forget." Such feelings were evident Friday (July 4) in the solemn bearing of the regional officials, military officers and Poilleans who gathered at the Monument Americain, erected two years after the war to commemorate the sergeant's survival and the tragedy of other lives.

The monument, its low fencing decorated with metal aircraft parts newly repainted in silver, sits near the crash site in the corner of a wheat field, at the intersection of two roads that Renaults and Citroens share impatiently with hulking, slow-moving farm



Ruth Raney, sister of the pilot of a B-17 that crashed in France, admires a new street sign.

equipment. It was built by Alfred and Renee Auduc, both of whom were tortured and interned for having helped Butcher.

Their son, Jean-Jacques, who was 12 when his parents were taken to concentration camps, was one of many heavily decorated members of the Association of Franco-American Veterans who attended the ceremonies.

"He taught us a lot about the guns that were parachuted in for us," Auduc told French television of Butcher. Auduc also recalled how he helped the Resistance help the sergeant by carrying messages across the countryside in the handlebars of his bicycle.

Every year the village honors the Fourth of July. In 1984 the Resistance alumni reconnected with their former protege through a French exchange student who visited a Butcher family member in Seattle. The villagers paid his air fare and, said Butcher, a retired carpenter, "You never saw such a celebration in your whole life."

Butcher, who spoke in phone interviews, was too frail to leave St. Louis for the ceremony Friday, but would have found the celebration just as memorable, if bittersweet.

The guest of honor this year was Ruth Raney of Bakersfield, Calif., who was 13 when the crash killed

her brother, Laurence Wayne Myer, the pilot. Nine years ago, on the 50th anniversary of D-Day, she found his grave in Normandy (he was buried in Le Mans and reburied later, she said). It took more years, lunch and a friend's help to find the crash site.

This weekend, she brought along a daughter, a niece and nephew-in-law and a friend. "Now Wayne will never be lost," she said. "Now the next generation will remember and pass it along."

Meanwhile, thanks to Poille's mayor Daniele Ploncard, Raney and Butcher have met, at least by



The village of Poillé-sur-Végre always honors the Fourth of July.



Jean-Jacques Auduc, whose parents were taken to concentration camps for helping downed airmen, is a member of the Association of Franco-American Veterans.

telephone. They reminisce about Wayne, calling each other Ruthie and Dave. In a conversation late on Friday, she told him what he had missed, saving the best for last.

"Dave," she said, "they renamed the street by the monument 'Route of the Flying Fortress.'"

As for French-American tensions generated recently by differences over Iraq, speakers seemed to echo the sentiment expressed by Butcher when he said, "I love them people."

"Despite our governments' divergent ideas," Ploncard said, "the French remember with gratitude that is to the Americans that we owe our freedom."

## Support ensures pilot comfort and survival

LAUGHLIN AIR FORCE BASE, Texas, May 28, 2003 -- When a pilot must eject from his aircraft and parachute to the ground, he builds a fire, drinks water and signals for rescue using the survival kit provided by the life-support unit at home base.

The life-support unit here ensures all aircrews receive the best life-support equipment for flights and emergency situations, said Tech Sgt. Scott Schmidt, life-support superintendent.

Typical survival equipment includes water, food rations, fishing kits, flares, radio, compass, mirror, glow sticks and fire starters.

"The equipment inside a survival bag really depends on where you are," Schmidt said. "For example, pilots in desert areas would have a lot more water in their survival bags."

Along with building and maintaining survival kits, life-support instructors provide pilots with annual refresher training courses to ensure they remember how to use the equipment.

About 400 students go through pilot training here yearly.

# Boot Hill crew honored in Brittany

*Members of a B-17 crew which crashed in Brittany during WWII were honored on May 11, 2003. A memorial to them was dedicated at Plonevez-du-Faou, 45km. southeast of Brest, in memory of the crew of Boot Hill and the local citizens and Resistance members who helped six of them to escape.*

**By CLAUDE HELIAS and FRANCOIS CADIC**  
*Conservatoire Aeronautique de Cornouaille*

On May 17, 1943, 118 B-17s attacked the U-boat base and power station at Lorient, while 34 B-24s made a wide sea sweep to bomb the sub pens at Bordeaux. The U-boat pens at Lorient were being targeted by the 8th Air Force for the eighth time since October 1942.

The 96th Bomb Group dispatched 20 planes on its third

mission, of which 8 aborted. Their target, as part of the second wave, was the power station.

On the way to Lorient, 42-29767 *Boot Hill* lost the super charger on #3. The bomb run was made at 24,000 ft. and the B-17 was hit by flak. When #3 and #2 were hit and the right stabilizer was shot away, the Fort began to lose formation.

Although heavily damaged, they managed to join the 95th BG formation below them. After the bomb run, damage was so severe that pilot Louis L. Haltom could not maintain speed and dropped behind. German fighters soon attacked and Haltom gave the bailout order.

Boot Hill went down in a field near the village of Plonevez-du-Faou, the first Fort of the 96th to fall in combat.

Two crewmen were killed and three others were quickly captured. Flight engineer Herman Marshall

landed near the farm of Jean-Louis Bertheleme, who hid him in a henhouse. Bertheleme had worked in New York before the war and spoke English. Later, T/Sgt. Glen Wells was brought in by Jean Martin.

S/Sgt. Niles D. Loudenslager suffered a broken leg by a flak burst before he left the plane. He landed near a hamlet and was helped by four farmers, Yves Quelfeter, Francois Salaun, Germain Derrien and Francois Cloarec, who carried him on a stretcher made from a fence covered with fern leaves. They hid him in a quarry.

1st Lt. Haltom and ball turret gunner S/Sgt. Roy A. Martin landed in adjacent fields. The pilot fell hard and sprained his leg. Martin gave him a shot of morphine.

The two airmen were quickly surrounded by excited French farmers who took their equipment. They were given bread, cheese, wine and civilian clothes.

They started walking south and soon were joined by a young man who spoke some English. He led the two flyers to a farm where the people got into a violent argument with him. Haltom and Martin didn't understand what was going on.

The young man took them to the edge of a field and hid them, saying he would return at night. Soon after he left, a girl of 17 named Emilie Riou appeared and moved the flyers to another hiding place in an old quarry.

She returned later with Marie-Anne Le Roy, who spoke English because she had worked in New York before the war. She explained that the young man was a traitor and had intended to turn them in to the Germans for the reward.

A couple hours later, Marie-Anne Le Roy returned with Etienne Le Bihan, a member of the underground, who led Haltom and Martin to a wood where they found Loudenslager. Then, the French

## The Crew of B-17F #42-29767, *Boot Hill*

### 96th Bomb Group, 338th Squadron

- Pilot: 1st Lt. Louis L. Haltom, 24, Nacogdoches, Tex., evaded, reached Spain 10 August 1943. (Life Member of AFEES.)  
Co-pilot: F/O George E. Forslund, Oregon, killed, buried U.S. Military Cemetery Saint James.  
Navigator: 1st Lt. Baile J. Lovin Jr., 22, Allen, Okla., captured, liberated 29 April 1945.  
Bombardier: 1st Lt. George D. Rawlings, 21, Tuttle, Okla., captured, liberated 29 April 1945.  
Flight engineer/top turret gunner: T/Sgt. Herman L. Marshall, Reading, Mass., evaded, deceased 10 October 1979.  
Radio Operator: T/Sgt. Glen Wells, 20, Lexington, Ky., evaded, reached Spain 10 August 1943. (Member of AFEES.)  
Ball turret gunner: S/Sgt. Roy A. Martin, 23, Rison, Ark., evaded, reached Spain 30 July 1943, deceased Feb. 3, 2003.  
Right waist gunner: S/Sgt. Niles D. Loudenslager, 27, Summer, Mich., evaded, reached Spain 10 Aug. 1943, deceased 22 Feb. 1982.  
Left waist gunner: S/Sgt. William C. Martin, 22, Texarkana, Ark., evaded, reached Spain 10 Aug. 1943, deceased 1 Nov. 1991.  
Tail gunner: S/Sgt. Andrew L. Jorinscay, Pittsburgh, Pa., killed, buried U.S. Military Cemetery Saint James.  
Observer: Capt. William G. Carnahan, 24, Sulphur, La., captured, liberated 29 April 1945, deceased 10 April 1961.

*It was T/Sgt. Marshall who named the plane, joking that if necessary, the crew would die "with their boots on."*

brought Marshall and Wells to join them.

Georges Dumaire drove three of the airmen in an old van to the village of Landeleau, 55km southeast of Brest. Their new hiding place was the home of Francois Guichoux, a taylor. Then Francois Guichoux and Yves Blanchard came back in a car to pick up Loudenslager and his comrade who had stayed with Jean-Louis Bertheleme. They took the airmen to Pierre Puillandre's cafe in Landeleau.

S/Sgt. William C. Martin was wounded by machine gun fire before he left the plane. He landed about 50 yards from the crash site. He had discarded his parachute and flight gear when some French people came by. One was Marie-Anne Le Cloitre, who had a bicycle. Bill Martin gave her money from his escape purse and rode off on the bicycle.

Soon a young boy named Louis Blanchard returned with friends. After helping Martin put on civilian clothes, they carried him to a fountain where Francois Guilloux picked him up with his car and drove him to the cafe in Landeleau.

Next day, all the airmen were moved under a truckload of bundles

of sticks by Louis Le Manac'h to a flour mill he and his brother Jean owned at Plouguer, a village 65km southeast of Brest.

Dr. Leon Le Jeanne and a nurse, Mme. Eugenie Kerreneur, came from Morlaix to treat the wounds of Bill Martin and Loudenslager.

While Bill Martin and Loudenslager stayed at the Le Manac'h's mill, the rest of the group were hidden by Mlle. Correc and Mlle. Marchais in Carhaix and Job Le Bec at his flour mill at Le Pie. (In 1988, when Roy Martin visited Le Pie, Mme. Reine Mocaer, Le Bec's daughter, gave him the dog tags of Loudenslager and Bill Martin.)

**THE OAKTREE NETWORK**

When the two wounded flyers had recovered their strength, all were moved in Le Manac'h's truck to the coastal town of Saint-Quay-Portrieux. Haltom and his comrades had been handed over to the Oaktree Mission. Two MI-9 agents, Val Williams and his French-Canadian radio operator, Raymond Labrosse, had been parachuted into France on March 20, 1943, to establish an evasion network in Brittany.

Sadly, the Oaktree organization collapsed in June 1943.

Raymond Labrosse was able to get in touch with the Burgundy line which had been organized recently by Georges Broussine, a Free French intelligence officer. He agreed to smuggle the stranded Oaktree airmen to Spain if Labrosse could move them to Paris.

**ON TO SPAIN**

In early July 1943 Claude Raoul-Duval and his fiancée Josette Bort escorted Haltom and his friends on the train journey to Paris, where they were separated and hidden in various safe houses.

Marshall (E&E 74) was the first of the crew to cross the Pyrenees.

Roy Martin (E&E 77) spent six days at the apartment of Mme. Mellot. Then he went by train to Foix in the southwest of France. With another American evader, two British and a young Frenchman, he walked about 90 miles across the mountains and eventually reached Andorra. The journey took six days and nights. They went 36 hours without food; Roy Martin's feet were badly blistered.

Haltom (E&E 76), Bill Martin (E&E 78), Wells (E&E 79) and Loudenslager (E&E 80) were put on a Red Cross train which was evacuating children from the French capital. The train took them to Bordeaux.

They were taken by car to Foix, handed over to a guide and marched across the Pyrenees via Andorra. It was a gruelling experience with little to eat, except a cube of sugar once in a while, some bread and green apples.

Then they went by train and street car to the British Consulate in Barcelona.

A week later, they went by train to Madrid and then to Gibraltar with arrival on Aug. 19. Soon they were flown to England, where they were decorated by Gen. Ira C. Eaker.

Haltom toured 8th Air Force bases for six weeks, lecturing on escape and evasion. He then was returned to the States and became a test pilot on the B-29. In 1944-45 he flew Superfortresses in combat from Saipan against Japan.



*Those present for the dedication of the memorial to the crew of Boot Hill included, from left: Yves Quelfeter, Yvette Cariou (daughter of Jean-Louis Bertheleme), Marianne Moreau (wife of Rene Moreau), and Louis Blanchard.*

# Memorial to be open by March

*The National World War II Memorial is scheduled to be completed in March 2004.*

*A visit to the memorial is tentatively planned to follow the AFEES reunion in Philadelphia.*

*From the Reading Eagle, Reading, Pa., Saturday, Aug. 9, 2003*

*Knight Ridder Newspapers*

WASHINGTON -- They are no movie stars but letter carriers, not CEOs but privates and sergeants, and they are the ones who for 62 years have preserved the history and the stories of World War II.

Unlike World War I, the Vietnam War and the Korean War, World War II does not have a memorial in Washington -- but that will soon change.

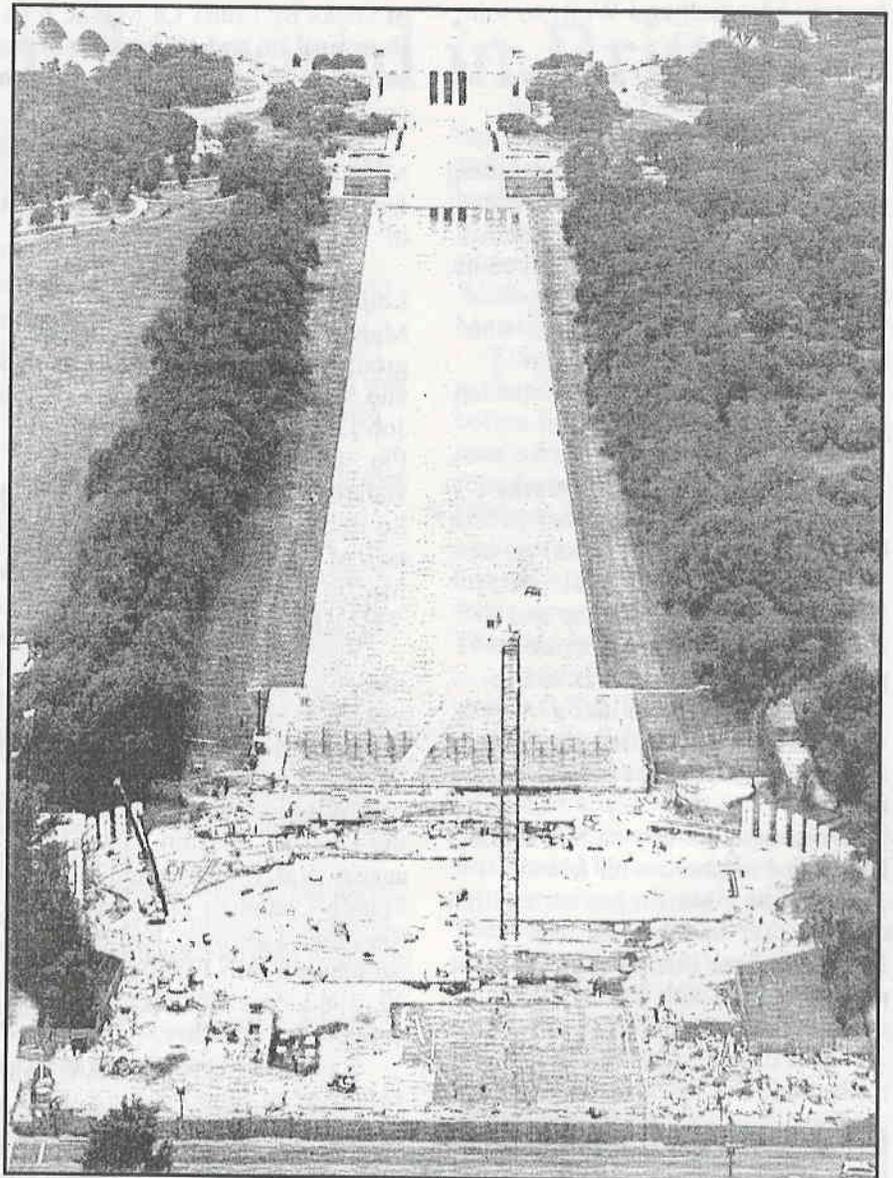
Sixteen years ago, a World War II veteran with a "twinkle in his eye and who looked like a young Santa Claus" asked Rep. Marcy Kaptur, an Ohio Democrat, why there was not a WWII memorial that he could show his grandchildren.

Kaptur told that veteran, Roger Durbin, that there was -- the Iwo Jima Memorial, but she found out that it was in honor only of the Marines who gave their lives for the United States since 1775.

"I knew it must be somewhere," Kaptur said. "When I realized the omission, I stopped dead in my tracks."

After returning to Washington and making sure there was no memorial, she sponsored legislation in 1987 for the authorization to build a memorial.

Construction on the WWII memorial began in September 2001.



**Work progresses on the National World War II Memorial on Washington's National Mall between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.**

Right now there is a 33-week countdown until the March day when construction is completed and the memorial will be open to the public.

Michael Conley, associate executive director of the American Battle Monuments Commission, said opening the memorial two months before the May 29 dedication allows about 70,000 more veterans to view "their memorial."

According to statistics released in September 2002 by the Veterans Administration, about 1,100 veterans die each day or 33,000 each month.

The 48 states and eight

territories occupied by the United States during the war will be represented. The memorial will have 56, 17-foot pillars inscribed with the name of the state or territory. Barry Owenby, project manager, said more than 40 of the 56 pillars are built and engraved.

A Freedom Wall will display 4,000 gold stars in honor of the 400,000 veterans who lost their lives in the war. During the war, a gold star was placed in a window to symbolize the family's sacrifice.

The central element of the memorial is the Rainbow Pool.

# Come, Join AFEES in 'The City of Love'

Philadelphia, PA

April 28 -- May 3, 2004

Valley Forge Hilton, 251 Dekalb Pike, King of Prussia, PA 19406

*Rate: Single or Double, \$91 inclusive -- Free Parking*

**WEDNESDAY, 28 APRIL, 2004**

Registration and Hospitality Suite open at 1300 hrs.

Board of Directors Meeting, 1700 hrs.

**THURSDAY, 29 APRIL**

**TWO OPTIONAL TOURS**

(Not included in Reunion Package)

Option One: Amish Country, 8 hours  
(Details on Page 17)

Option Two: Army War College, 8 hours  
(Details on Page 17)

Welcoming Buffet at the Hotel, 1900 hrs.  
Cash Bar

**FRIDAY, 30 APRIL**

City Tour (Details on Next Page)

Luncheon at Union League Club

Afternoon: Resume City Tour

(City Tour included in Reunion Package)

FREE EVENING

**SATURDAY, 1 MAY**

Buffet Breakfast, included in Reunion Package

Memorial Service

Annual General Meeting

Board of Directors Meeting

AFTERNOON FREE

Banquet, Included in Tour Package, 1900 hrs.

Cash Bar

**SUNDAY, 2 MAY**

Valley Forge Tour with luncheon at the Freedom Foundation on Valley Forge grounds.

AFEES has been invited to attend the Parade of Cadets, at which time our group will be recognized by the Dean of the Military College.

An AFEES wreath will be placed at the Memorial for the Battle of the Bulge

(Tour included in Reunion Package)

Helpers' Dinner, 1900 hrs.

Cash Bar

Sunday, May 2, is the final Official Day of the Reunion.

An extra day (Monday, May 3) has been added to take advantage of visiting the completed WWII Memorial in Washington, D.C., before the dedication on Memorial Day 2004.

President Richard Smith has been assured by the Public Affairs Office that AFEES members and guests will receive a warm welcome!

A bus will be provided at the hotel for transportation only; no guide, no sightseeing, two stops for meals.

An 8-hour trip, not included in Reunion Package.

Bus fare will be about \$30 per person, payable at the Registration Desk

**IMPORTANT MESSAGES FOR HELPERS**

The Monday trip to Washington and the extra night at the hotel are not included in the account which AFEES provides for your hospitality.

You will be responsible for that portion of your time in Philadelphia.

Should a Helper require an aide because of physical handicap, AFEES will cover that person's room and reunion Package. Additional members of the Helpers' party will be attending **at their own expense.**

As usual, AFEES will cover both the Helper and Spouse.

*We hope that you understand the need for AFEES to limit the number of family persons attending the reunion.*

*We expect many Helpers to join us in Philadelphia!*

**FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT:**

Yvonne Daley, 1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin, FL 34698; Phone: 727-734-9573

OR

Francene Weyland, 1117 West NE Shore Drive, McHenry, IL 60050; Phone: 815-385-4378

## **HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL PHILADELPHIA**

### **(AFEEES City tour scheduled Friday, April 30)**

Philadelphia served as capital of the colony of Pennsylvania, the capital of Colonial America, and the Federal capital from 1790-1800, a history unrivaled in America.

In an area known as "America's Most Historic Square Mile," the tour visits or passes such sites as the State House of Pennsylvania, known today as Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution were signed, Congress Hall, where the House of Representatives and the Senate met, 1790-1800, the Liberty Bell, America's most cherished artifact cast in honor of the 50th anniversary of Penn's Charter of Privileges, Elfreth's Alley, the oldest continuously occupied residential street in America, Betsy Ross House, Christ Church, the Anglican church founded in 1695, and Christ Church Cemetery, where Benjamin Franklin and four other signers of the Declaration of Independence are buried.

En route to luncheon at the Union League, a driving overview of downtown Philadelphia including the Penn's Landing area along the Delaware waterfront, the charming 18th century neighborhood of Society Hill to see its many mansions, churches, cemeteries and gardens, City Hall, the largest municipal building in the U.S., the Avenue of the Arts, the Benjamin Franklin Parkway, referred to as the "Champs Elysees of America," with commentary on the architectural treasures of the city, examples of the Public Art, the "museum without walls," and the squares of the city.

Last stop of the day: the new National Constitution Center. "We, the People" is the preamble of the document establishing a system of government which has enabled the U.S. to flourish into the most successful republic in history.

## **VALLEY FORGE NATIONAL PARK**

### **(Tour, Sunday, May 2)**

Begin the tour with the orientation film, "Valley Forge -- A Winter Encampment," followed by a drive through the 3,500 acres occupied by soldiers during the winter of 1777-78. See authentically reconstructed huts, referred by Lafayette as being "scarcely gayer than the dungeons of Europe," earthen fortifications known as redoubts and a working example of a field bake-oven along the Outer Line of Defense.

Passing the National Memorial Arch which has been recently restored, homes that were occupied by officers, and the Valley Creek from which the Forge took its name, we make our way to Washington's Headquarters, for a glimpse into the lifestyle of His Excellency and Mrs. Washington during their stay.

A short distance away is the Grand Parade, where this rag-tag band of soldiers was trained under Baron von Steuben and transformed into the American Army.

No tour of Valley Forge is complete without a visit to Washington Memorial Chapel, which was built in the early 1900s to honor Washington and his men. A most beautiful sight!

Throughout the tour, the guide will relate interesting facts and fascinating stories about daily life in the encampment, the famous and not so famous people who wintered here, the importance of Valley Forge, and the movement of the armies prior to December 1777 and after their departure in June 1778.

Then a visit to the Valley Forge Military Academy and the opportunity to watch the weekly Parade of Cadets before heading back to the hotel.

# PENNSYLVANIA AMISH COUNTRY

## Lancaster County

(Optional Tour, Thursday, April 29)

*Home of the oldest and one of the largest communities of "Plain People"*

Your day in Lancaster County centers on one of the most conservative of the Plain People -- The Old Order Amish. We begin with a visit to the Amish Experience for an introduction to their most unusual lifestyle. These people, who have inhabited this area for more than 250 years, live today much like their forefathers who came to Pennsylvania to escape religious persecution.

Hear commentary on their church services, clothing, language, transportation, etc. and enjoy a film entitled Jacob's Choice, which speaks to the decision process experienced by the youth prior to baptism.

Then we board the coach for a tour of the Back Country, driving through beautifully "silent" farmlands to experience first-hand the lifestyle of these Plain People from cradle to the grave. We pass one-room schoolhouses, grossdadis, cemeteries, a carriage maker, and working farms where mules and horses pull the machinery in the fields. We stop at a roadside stand where homemade jellies, relishes, breads and cookies are sold. Then we visit an Old Order Amish home which houses a quilt shop.

Bring a big appetite! Lunch is at an Old Order Amish home, a typical wedding "feast" with pieces of turkey mixed with stuffing and baked in a casserole, beef, vegetables, condiments and a variety of desserts. Before departing the Lancaster area, there is time for browsing the Kitchen Kettle Shopping village and the charming shops of Intercourse, Pa.

## U.S. ARMY WAR COLLEGE

(Optional Tour, April 29)

Carlisle is the seat of Cumberland County, 18 miles southwest of Harrisburg, the state capital. It is 110 miles from the King of Prussia area. Carlisle Barracks is the most prestigious institution for the education of strategic leaders.

Since 1951, Carlisle has been the site of the Army War College. From 1879 to 1918, the barracks housed the Carlisle Indian school, where Jim Thorpe began his athletic career.

The U.S. Army Military History Institute is collocated with the U.S. Army War College at Carlisle Barracks.

Shoe



*Miodrag survives another journey:*

# *A helper discovers Texas*

(Taken from the magazine "POGLEDI", Serbia, May 2003)

By MIODRAG D. PESIC  
(Translation by Svetlana Tisma)

It has been three years since my first travel to the U.S.A. I was invited then by AFEES President Richard M. Smith to be a guest at the AFEES reunion since I was a rescuer of American pilots during World War II in Serbia.

The meeting was held in Columbia, Mo. I wasn't wrong when I wrote in my reportage on the journey published in this journal, "See you again America!"

This year, upon the invitation of AFEES President Richard M. Smith, I was a guest at the annual reunion held in Wichita Falls, Texas. In the meantime, my book, *Operation Air Bridge*, was published in Serbia and it's about the rescue of American airmen in Serbia during World War II by Chetniks led by General Draza Mihailovic. The reunion was also official promotion of the book in the U.S.A.

Texas is the biggest federal state of the U.S. It is as big as the former Yugoslavia, Romania, Hungary and Bulgaria together. It was a constituent part of Mexico till 1836, and since 1845, it has been a part of the Union. In the Civil War Texas opted for secession and took the side of the South.

Texas is as big as three states of Kansas and the state of Missouri. It is the biggest producer of oil, cattle, cotton and corn in the U.S.A. It's also famous for its production of oats and wheat and it is first in the U.S.A. in the production of ores.

As for the landscape, Texas is a country of endless lowlands and high plains. There also are many prairies, steppes and cultivatable land spreading as far as the eye can see.

Wichita Falls became a town in the real sense of the word when the first railroad track was built in 1882. At the time of the oil boom in the 1920s, it was a town with 20,000 inhabitants. A town not far away from Wichita Falls -- Burkburnett -- was the place of a famous oil boom.

In World War I, there was a training school (Call Field) for pilots and about 500 of them went through the training. In 1940 the Federal Government decided to establish the U.S. Army Air Corps Base Sheppard, named after Sen. Morris Sheppard.

The base newspaper, the *Sheppard Senator*, was also named for him and the town got its name after the Indian tribe Wichita and a small waterfall.

This time, my travel to the U.S.A. was much simpler and easier. I was issued an American visa in the U.S. embassy in Belgrade, the city where my journey started. Last time, for the well-known reasons (neither consular offices nor air traffic were functioning properly) I had to go to Bulgaria to get a visa and then take a plane from Hungary.

I had a very comfortable Lufthansa flight to Munich. After a short break, I boarded a plane to Chicago. I took the same northern route as the last time: The North Sea, Iceland, Greenland, Newfoundland, Labrador, Canada, Lake Michigan and finally, Chicago. There I had to take another flight to Dallas, and finally the last one to Wichita Falls.

I flew a very comfortable ERBAS A 340-300. The flight from Munich to Chicago lasted eight hours. I didn't even notice that we were half way to my destination and that we were near Greenland, which is, by the way, anything but green.

I wasn't even aware that the plane silently landed on a runway of

the Chicago Airport O'Hare. Bad weather changed the flight schedule and caused chaos.

The flight to Dallas was canceled and I could continue my journey only after eight hours of waiting in Chicago. We landed at the Fort Worth airport around midnight. My plane to Wichita Falls had flown away a long time ago. I had to spend the night at the La Quinta Hotel near the airport and take a cab to Wichita Falls. It was an unexpected expenditure which put me into an inconvenient situation.

The next morning, at 6 o'clock, I set off by cab. At 8 a.m., I was at the Holiday Inn Hotel where the reunion was to take place. When I paid off the cab driver USD300 and gave USD100 for the hotel, I was almost broke. But I wanted to be there on time at all costs and I made it!

Carrying my luggage into the hotel, I was thinking of having a return ticket from Dallas to Belgrade, and I hoped I would manage to get to Dallas somehow.

At the hotel lobby, organizer of the reunion Larry Grauerholz recognized me. He came to me and took me to the reception desk. After finishing the formalities, he showed me to my room and then took me to have some breakfast.

A lot of people remembered me from the reunion in Missouri. Some came to my table; some waved to greet me.

## FORT SILL ARMY POST

Right after breakfast we headed for the Fort Sill Army Post. It was built immediately after the Civil War; General Philip H. Sheridan founded it in 1869. The post is located in the territory of the federal state of Oklahoma.

Several cavalry regiments were



***Several Helpers and relatives of helpers attended the AFEES 2003 reunion in Wichita Falls. They posed for this photo. From left, back row: George Van Remmerden, Holland; Yvonne Daley, Belgium; Miodrag Pesic, Serbia; Michel Ney and Henri Francois, France; Dr. Milan Buros; in front, same order: Rosalie Schantz, Belgium; Lilianne Brochet and Marguerite Fraser, France.***

located there and the war against the Comanche, Kiowa and Cheyenne was led from the place. The last Apache Chief, Geronimo and several hundred Indians were placed in the post in 1894 after the war against them was finished.

Geronimo's grave is there. I'll probably disappoint those who think he died heroically. He died of influenza in 1909 and before his death, he performed in Wild West Shows all over America with Wild Bill Hickok. Later, artillery was put in the post (1902) and the last cavalry unit left in 1907.

I didn't manage to find out what is its purpose today since space between the barracks has been turned into countless golf courses. After the welcome speech, we watched the show in which there was a cannon pulled by horses. Young soldiers in old uniforms of the Civil War rode in a six-horse carriage. It

was a very old type of the cannon produced in 1861 in the French factory Krezo.

Then we were served lunch at the Officers' Club where we heard another warm greeting. After an abundant lunch, we went back to the hotel to have some rest.

Dinner was to be served in the open, in a park in front of the hotel. The organizers also planned a great "cowboy" show. A very good group was singing country music since 5 o'clock. They played acoustic guitars and sang cowboy songs. They were tireless and almost didn't take any breaks between songs.

After many nice songs, there was a longer pause during which the two "real" cowboys performed their own show. I'm not going to describe how they looked like or what they were wearing, because everyone knows that. I only want to say that

the show was more than perfect, although it was played in a classical and well-known way.

First, they are arguing over a horse which one of them has stolen from another and when the argument culminates, they have a real cowboy fight, and finally one tries to kill another from the back. At the end of the story one cowboy "really" dies. Of course, the unavoidable sheriff arrives and turns him with his leg to establish the death. Then the sheriff interviews the "killer" who shows him a hole at the back of his coat, explaining that that it was the attempt of murder from the back.

The sheriff is satisfied with the explanation and the investigation is concluded. He gives an order to the people who are present to take the body away. Two guys grab him by the legs and arms and drop him on the ground behind some bushes. A

cloud of dust arises. We are laughing like children and applauding excitedly.

John Rucigay, an American who is Slovenian by origin, kept repeating, "It not your wife, it me wife!" because his wife Dorothy brought me a dinner. Everyone was a bit warmed up and after the dinner, they continued the party in a cash bar.

I rushed off to my room to write down all the events. The next day we were visiting the U.S. Air Force Base Sheppard which I have already mentioned.

### SHEPPARD AIR FORCE BASE

Immediately after breakfast we set off to this military base, about 15 miles away from the hotel by bus. This is one of the largest U.S. Air Force bases in the Middle West. After spending six hours there, there is really a lot to write about.

As I have already explained, Wichita Falls grew into a big city owing to the oil boom, but also owing to this base. The city covers huge territory, but the base is even

bigger. It is a city itself with streets, residential buildings for people working there and barracks for military purposes. There is also a huge officers' club -- hotel where we were served an extraordinarily good lunch. We visited the workshops where planes and the equipment are maintained. There are thousands of permanent employees in various jobs.

Not far from the residential buildings are huge parking lots for planes. Several hundred or even thousand planes are perfectly lined up along these lots with no end in sight. I asked the first officer I met if I could take any photographs. He told me I could take a picture of anything I wanted. But it was no use because my small camera without a telescopic lens couldn't take any pictures. The first line of planes could hardly be seen and only I know a beautiful picture was there.

We took a rest in a big hall where they presented us a film about aircraft development and the production of the famous Liberator B-24 and the Flying Fortress B-17.

These were the planes which

those 80-year-old men had the opportunity to fly 60 years ago.

It was a special feeling for them.

Lt. Gen. Duncan McNabb, who just arrived from Headquarters of the U.S. Air Force in Washington, welcomed us. He was a guest at this reunion and the main speaker at the dinner given in honor of Helpers.

After an extraordinary day, I went back to my hotel. For the next day we had an organized visit to Burkburnett or Boomtown, where oil gushed from the Texas soil.

### BURKBURNETT (Boomtown)

This town is situated in the Red River Valley. It is said that oil could be found in the valley of this river if you just dig 10 to 20 meters into the ground. Therefore the first drilling machines were not the same as the modern ones. They were machines for driving tubes into the ground by a mallet. Some of them have been left there just as a memento.

We visited the M-K-T railway station that was built in 1882. The building today is a museum of the first oilmen. The Red River is in fact a wide valley with countless rows of sandbars and lagoons. Several cowboy films have been shot there. I can imagine Indians running after a stagecoach across the river, and an unavoidable cavalry chasing them, while water from shallow lagoons spurts everywhere. Naive and romantic, isn't it?

While we were driving by a museum bus to the place, we were accompanied by Larry Grauerholz's son John Patrick and daughter Mary. Dr. Milan Buros from Slovakia was of course with us. He had spent several years in America, learned the language and country songs which he loves to sing. He started singing and soon others accompanied him.

Here also was the AFEES president who did not sing with us but watched us with content.

I brought to America a lot of badges, Serbian coats-of-arms with a crown and I gave them as a present



*Lt. Gen. Duncan McNabb, stationed at the Pentagon, was a special guest at the reunion and met Miodrag D. Pesic for a photo op.*

to everyone. For Larry's daughter Mary I took off my Serbian national cap with a Chetnik sign on it and gave it to her. She was enthralled and asked me if she could wear it for the Helpers' Dinner. I told her that it was hers and that she might do with it whatever she wanted to.

When I returned, I gave another such cap to her sister Liz. Both of them wore them at the dinner, dressed in long evening dresses. Of course, we also made several photos with these hats on, just to remember the occasion.

In the evening, we went by bus to the MPEC Convention Centre where a ceremonial dinner (Helpers' Dinner) was organized. I still didn't know how many of us there were since we were given a special night.

AFEES President Richard Smith greeted the gathering and gave the floor to General Duncan McNabb, who gave a short welcoming speech.

Then, the AFEES president called out each Helper, one by one, telling the name of the country the Helper was coming from. We all

came out and took a position to have a photo. I was the last to be called out: Miodrag D. Pesic, the Balkans, Serbia.

I will not mention here how many helpers there were or their names. I hope that their photograph will be published together with this reportage if I get it in time to Larry.

After the dinner, the president gave a present to each Helper.

### U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY

I have mentioned AFEES several times, its president and editor of the AFEES journal, so I have to tell more about it.

AFEES was founded by World War II veterans of the Army Air Corps in the 1960s. Veterans of the 8th Air Force were stationed in Great Britain and attacked targets in France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Later on, veterans from the 15th Air Force joined. They were

stationed in southern Italy.

During WWII 3,000 American pilots forced down over Europe were saved. Data on the exact number of the saved and rescued can be found in the records kept by the Research Center, Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, AL, under RG-226 ACRU documents (Air Crew Rescue Unit).

The 15th Air Force operated over Yugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria.

Airmen of the 15th were rescued by Resistant movements in Yugoslavia -- the Chetniks and the Partisans. Other airmen who were forced down were arrested and sent to German prison camps.

The Chetniks and Partisans have been arguing over the fact who saved more American airmen. For years Communist historians have come up with new figures, undermining the role of the Chetniks. In their imagination they have come to the fictitious number of 5,000 airmen, although in whole Europe about 3,000 airmen were saved. Out of that number 1,088 were rescued in Yugoslavia and about 2,000 in other European countries.

In order to support their fabrications they have always claimed that there has been no accurate record and that all lists were made according to memory.

The exact number of saved American airmen by the Chetniks can be found in my book, *OPERATION AIR BRIDGE*.

### AFEES IS NON-PROFIT

AFEES is a non-profit organization financed exclusively from membership fees and donations of members. Annual reunions are also financed by them.

The annual price of the AFEES bulletin, *Communications*, is USD20. It is published quarterly and a copy is USD5. Its editor is my friend Larry Grauerholz. Nothing is for free.

We, who are used to taking money from the state budget for such purposes, that is the taxpayers'



*Two daughters of the editor, wearing their Chetnik headpieces, posed with two Serb helpers at the recent reunion.*

*From left: Dr. Milan Buros, Yugoslavia; Mary Grauerholz-Zuck of East Falmouth, Mass.; Liz Grauerholz-Fisher of West Lafayette, Ind., and Miodrag Pesic, Serbia.*

money, shall ask ourselves how AFEES manages to finance the accommodation of their guests during the annual reunions.

AFEES publishes lottery tickets of USD5 and 10 for the Helpers fund and sends them out before the reunion with a proposal to buy them or return them. At the same time they mention that each member may give a donation.

Americans also invented an additional motive for members to facilitate the buying of lottery tickets. About 20% of the money collected goes to a lottery fund for the participants, that is, the buyers of these tickets. After the ceremonial dinner, the following prizes are drawn: one of USD500, one of USD250, one of USD100, one of USD75, and one of USD60; that is, almost USD1000 in total. The rest of the money serves to cover the helpers' accommodations, the banquettes and excursions for which the others have to pay.

### MEMORIAL SERVICE

According to the program schedule, after the breakfast we had the Memorial Service. That is a mass for dear ones who have been killed or disappeared in wars. At the entrance of the hall we all got several papers with a printed text.

As soon as I entered the hall, I noticed a table and several people who were sitting there in black suits. In front of them was a little table with a big white candle that was lighted. We all stood up, and one of the people at the table stood up and started reading calmly and quietly the text from the papers we had got.

Everyone present in the room quietly repeated the text after him. After a short break, another man at the table stood up and the ritual was repeated until all were finished and the whole text was read.

After that, one after another, people who sat with me went to the microphone to say a few words about their relatives or friends who had been lost in the war. They had a little white candle and they took

the light from the big one and placed it in a special dish.

The Americans are mainly Protestants and their churches do not differ greatly from this hall. How simple they have made everything.

They did not go to a church because the church has always been in their hearts. I watched them leaving the hall feeling relief in their hearts, quietly, with no loud talk or laugh. They honored God and their dead and now their hearts were calm. I'm glad that I was present at such a civilized memorial service, with no hypocrisy, loud weeping or primitive customs.

The same night we had a farewell banquet. When I arrived there were still many people at the entrance waiting for the ensign platoon of the U.S. Air Force. When they entered the hall they lined themselves near the wall at attention and they were standing like that till we all got in and took a seat. Their commander then gave the order to be at ease.

I introduced myself to Colonel Arvil E. White, who was at the same table with me. We managed to understand each other since he had been for about five years in Tuzla with the SFOR and learnt Serbian as much as I could speak English.

AFEES President Smith took the floor and greeted us. At the same time the commander of the ensign platoon ordered them to stand at attention. The American anthem started and all stood up and started singing it. When it was finished, the commander formed soldiers in a line and when they walked around the hall they went out, followed by strong applause.

I like the way in which the Americans give their speeches -- they are brief and to the heart of the matter.

After the banquet, there was such a hustling because everyone wanted to have a photo with a friend. Larry Grauerholz's daughters with Chetnik hats took a photo with us.

After arriving to Wichita Falls I told them that I lost my plane due

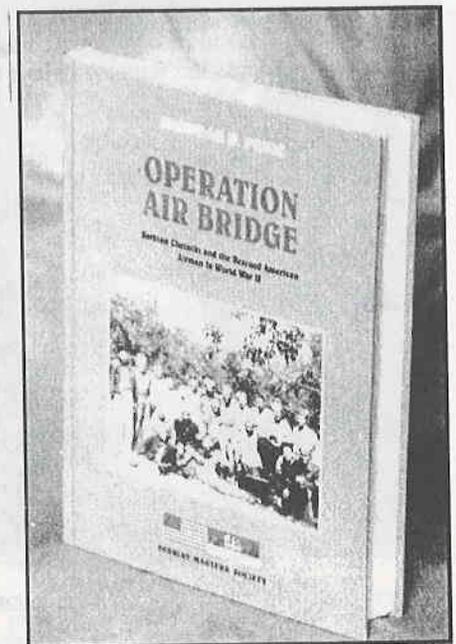
to bad weather in Chicago and that I had to sleep in Dallas and take a cab the next morning in order to arrive at Wichita Falls and that I had to pay USD300 for the service. They were shocked.

From that very moment they did their best to facilitate my return. They ensured that I got a seat on the airplane to Dallas, and I thank them a lot for that. Mary Grauerholz and her husband traveled together with me to Dallas, and then we had to say goodbye. I continued my journey to Chicago, and they to their home in Massachusetts.

I went back to Chicago in a plane that was twice smaller than the one I had flown with before and it was half empty. In the meanwhile, all clouds were gone and the earth beneath us was in plain view. From 8000m I had an impression that I could see a giant map of the Middle West.

Soon we landed at the Chicago Airport O'Hare Terminal 1, where my friend Ilija Stevanovich and his wife Bessie were waiting for me. All the time he was my support, as though he had been with me all the time.

Without such a friend and with no great knowledge of the English



**ENGLISH VERSION  
IS NOW AVAILABLE**

language, no one should set off to a distant unknown country at another end of the world.

We had troubles to find each other among so many people. We hugged and kissed and it took some time before we could find his Buick in an underground garage. Then we started towards his home that was just 20 minutes of driving from the airport. He lives in a suburb called Mount Prospect, which is a little town like famous Payton. Streets are wide and beautiful with a line of trees, houses have mainly ground floor and they are spacious and with a great lawn.

I wouldn't like to live in Chicago, but here I would feel at home.

My friends have two sons. One

is an expert for the international comparative law and he has been in Serbia and Montenegro for the past two years. He spent a year in Podgorica and now he is in Belgrade where he works on the harmonization of our laws and other acts with the European Union. The other son lives with a wife and two children, in Chicago, in his own house.

We had a great lunch and talked about all kinds of things and the time flew quickly by. He drove me to the airport from where I continued my voyage to Belgrade. I flew again in ERBAS A-340-300, the same Northern route I flew coming to America.

After just two hours we are over

Labrador which is a frightening wasteland, and then there is Newfoundland, then Shetland Islands, and I am nearer and nearer to my home.

Finally we landed in Munich, and after two hours I set off to Belgrade. The flight to the Belgrade Surcin Airport lasted two hours. How small it seems in comparison to those giant airports in Chicago and Dallas. Ten of such small airports would make one in America.

This time again I won't say "FAREWELL AMERICA!", but goodbye, till Philadelphia. Maybe...

*Miodrag Pesic's book, Operation Air Bridge, is available in the U.S. Contact the editor for details.*



**National Personnel Records Center**

Military Personnel Records

9700 Page Avenue

St. Louis, Missouri 63132-5100

April 3, 2003

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to inform you about an improved method of requesting documents from the national Personnel Records Center (NPRC). As you know, the NPRC provides copies of documents from military personnel records to authorized requesters. Our new web-based application will provide better service on these requests by eliminating our mailroom processing time. Also, since the requester will be prompted to supply all information essential for us to process the request, delays that occur when we must go back for more information will be minimized. You may access this application at:

<http://vetrecs.archives.gov>

Please note that there is no requirement to type "www" in front of this web address. This improved on-line request process should be used INSTEAD OF Standard Form 180 for requests from the veteran or the veteran's next of kin.

Please pass this information on to those members of your organization that interface with veterans. Your assistance with this initiative will allow us, and you, to better serve the needs of our veterans. If you publish a newsletter, we would appreciate it if you include this preferred channel for submitting requests in an upcoming issue. You can also post this information to any web site that you have.

Sincerely,

R.L. Hindman, Director



# Survival depends on trusting others

## ***"Shot down in France and out through the Underground"***

*As a young girl, that is all I knew of my father's war story. Over the years, little by little, he began to tell the story, his story. I listened, spellbound and fascinated. Forty years later, I am still spellbound and in awe of his tremendous courage.*

*At 21 years of age, this young man fought for his country. He lost his crew. To survive, he trusted others. Today, at age 81, he lives his life, trusting others, and helping all.*

*My father is Robert H. Sweatt, 389th Bomb Group. This is his story.*

By *MARCY SWEATT THOMPSON*  
Houston, Tex.

## **"Falling...Falling...Down" January 7, 1944**

The mission, bombing a chemical plant in Ludwigshafen, Germany, was a success. Home, heading home, England. He thought briefly of the candy bar he would eat upon seeing the white cliffs.

Then, a horrible roar.

Shrapnel flying. Pounding. Richocheting.

Twisting, burning, falling. Fire, violent flames with dark blue roots.

Confusion.

Think.

Wounded, drenched with perspiration, and only one able hand, the airman grabbed his chute and struggled getting it fastened. He was halfway out the waist window when the plane exploded.

Panic gripped the airman as he realized he could not see. Hesitating, the airman reached for his face. Relief came, as he discovered his oxygen mask had slid over his eyes. Then another wave of panic, as he watched a stream of blood squirt from his neck. It pulsed with each beat of his heart.

The whipping of his pocket flaps caught his attention. The ground came into focus. Thick black smoke, flames and charred pieces of his plane were spinning between his legs. It was then the airman realized he was falling.

His heavily gloved hand made pulling his ripcord

impossible. His left arm was lifeless. Trembling, he began removing each layer of gloves with his teeth. Finally, a parachute blossomed. As he looked up, an inflated dingy was peacefully, silently, floating. The airman found this to be surreal. Now, all was quiet. Deathly quiet.

Upon hitting the ground and seeing the blood-soaked silk scarf, the airman's survival instincts took hold as he packed mud into his wounds. Viewing the burning plane pieces and mangled wreckage scattered upon the foreign landscape, sorrow tugged at his heart.

Alone. Colonel Caldwell, Lt. Daley, McConnell, Capt. Wilhite, Caplinger, Snyder, Dewitt, Flatter, Roodman and Saunders ... gone.

Anger, mixed with survival, those were his thoughts now. With the breaking and bleeding of each fingernail, he painfully and desperately tried to bury the chute in the frozen ground, but it was useless. The need to move quickly and hide required the airman to shed the heavy flight boots and leather jacket.

Searching the countryside, he sees what looks to be a haystack. With a swollen ankle, he hobbles in. Slowly and without speaking, a Frenchman approached.

The airman knew his life, his freedom, depended on this man. Without words, the Frenchman spat into his handkerchief and began cleaning the airman's face of blood. Quickly there was an exchange of clothing.

Hearing German soldiers shout orders, the farmers began to collect the plane pieces. Gesticulating to the airman and another Frenchman, they both lifted a plane wing and began moving toward the burning pile as commanded by the Germans. Once in a gully and out of sight of Germans, a young French boy grabbed the airman's end of wing, allowing him to dart for a small grove of trees. Burying himself in the dried autumn leaves, he lay quietly. Listening . . . waiting. Cold. Wet. Alone.

With the coming of dusk, nesting birds began to land in the small grove. Sensing something strange,

the birds squawked and nervously flitted from one tree to another. Worried the birds might draw German attention, he began watching the working French farmers.

Soon he noticed the deliberate movements of one Frenchman. He loaded the hay into his cart, all the time moving closer to the grove.

Unable to move and weary from the loss of blood, but seeing his only hope of rescue, the airman forced himself to roll down the hillside toward the Frenchman. Quickly, the farmer helped him into the waiting hay cart. Like a wooden Indian, the airman sat lodged between two Frenchmen. The cart jerked, and began to roll. Jerking, rolling, and swaying, the cart moved along the dirt road lined with armed German soldiers toward a small village.

Thirst. Water, fresh and cold from the ground, only wine ... sleep ... he dreamt of home.

Delirious, the next few days were only blurred images of people and unfamiliar bits of conversations. Upon one awakening, he remembered a young girl picking shrapnel from his face, then unconsciousness.

Trust was a constant thought, a fear. Who? No names. He and the families were in great danger of losing their lives. Silence and secrets were the passwords for life.

Several days later, he was moved to another house. Again. No names. Danger lurked everywhere. He realized the great danger the

families faced as he watched and listened to the Frenchman's young daughter give a special knock before entering her own home.

A small girl of maybe seven, fighting a war. This thought brought a surge of illness to the airman.

Well enough to travel. A Frenchman took the airman to a railroad station to catch a train for Paris.

Finally, on a perfect night, no moon, the airman and others were led to a stone schoolhouse. In the room's dim light, warnings were given. "Absolute silence and do as you are told. Your life, our lives, depend on it."

Silently, the group of airmen, now evaders, were led through a mine field. The airman concentrated. For months now, he had survived, but there was the ever present thought, "Not one wrong move . . . careful, not one wrong move."

They approached the coastline. With one man's feet upon another's shoulders, the group of airmen descended the steep rough cliffs of the French coastline. Only the soft crunch of the sand could be heard as they made their way into the waiting rowboats.

The over-loaded boats soon began to fill with the icy water of the English Channel. Shivering, the men bucketed handfuls of the cold water. In the darkness, the PT boat came into sight. Through tears and mixed emotions, the airman realized the French people will always hold a special place in his heart but for now . . . safety . . . home . . . Freedom.

## Pilots made in Italy, but built in America

By Col. Alessandro Bartomeoli  
80th Flying Training Wing,  
Sheppard AFB, Tex.

Italian-designed clothing, pasta and pizza are typical Italian products.

They are very famous all over the world and identify the very appreciated "made in Italy" product.

Likewise, there is another national product "built" in the United States that is much less known: the military pilot. The success of the first items is assured by common stereotypes forming the Italian history and culture, while the young graduated pilot must be of quality in order to succeed.

Here at Sheppard, Italy participates with a large number of student and instructor pilots in the ENJJPT program. Born in 1979 by a Memorandum of Understanding and Plan of Operation, Euro-NATO Joint Jet Pilot Training program's mission is to train fighter pilots for the NATO Alliance. Nowadays, 13 different countries work side-by-side aimed at the same target; producing fighter pilots in 55 weeks.

So, our student is born and grown in Italy, but ready to mature and become a rated pilot in about a year and a half of hard work (additional English courses included).

The pilot will come back to his

mother country proud of himself for the accomplishments achieved and loaded with responsibility.

He will be tested, like a real product, but his solid American experience will assure him the chance to make a name of "high-quality item."

Italy strongly believes in the value of the ENJJPT program, as well as other NATO programs.

Moreover, the recent acquisition of F-16s by the Italian Air Force is the confirmation of a country believing in NATO's strength, based on standardized and well-tested weapon systems.

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# ACHTUNG!

The PX is being phased out

## Stock Is Low on Many Items!

10-piece Tool Kit with logo . . . . \$8

### WINGED BOOT EMBLEMS

Lapel Pin, Pewter, 3/4 in. . . . . \$6.00  
Lapel Pin, blue shield with boot . . \$7.50

**BLAZER PATCH . . . . . \$10**  
(Royal Blue)

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Note Pad & Pen, AFEES logo . . . . . \$3  
Lapel Pin with U.S. flag & logo . . . . . \$2

### OFFICIAL AFEES CAPS

Mesh Back, Navy blue . . . . . \$12  
Closed Back, Navy blue . . . . . \$12  
Closed Back, Navy blue (no eggs). \$10

### Shipping Charges

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Emblems;

\$3.50 for Caps

FOR LARGE ORDERS:

\$50-\$100, \$4.50; \$100-\$300, \$9.00

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Thomas H. Brown Jr., AFEES PX Manager  
104 Lake Fairfield Drive  
Greenville, SC 29615-1506  
Phone: 864-244-8420  
<tbrown104@cs.com>

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*Jetty Cook, a World War II bomber pilot who escaped with help from Belgian nationals after he parachuted from his plane in 1945, attended the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society convention with members like Green Valley resident Rose Schantz, who herself helped U.S. soldiers and allies escape.*

*From the Green Valley (Ariz.) NEWS*

\*\*\*\*\*

# F.L.A.K.

F is for the FEAR that always came.

L is for the LUCK needed in the game.

A is for the AGONIZING in harm's way.

K is for KNUCKLES white with dismay.

Put them altogether and they spell "Flak,"  
The unescapable curse of bad ack ack.

--Keith McLaren Abbott, 2003

\*\*\*\*\*

# New Members

**M. ROLAND GILLETT**  
118 Greenbriar  
Montgomery, TX 77356  
Phone: 936-588-4353  
15th AF, 98 BG

**GOFFRED F. MORETTO**  
106 Ulena Lane  
Oak Ridge, TN 37830  
Phone: 865-483-1592  
E&E # 1079, 353 BG

## NEW FRIEND

**COL. STEVE "Mac" ISAAC**  
USAF (Ret.), "FFL"  
6449 Coventry Hills Dr. NE  
Rio Rancho, NM 87124-0832  
Phone: 505-867-3367  
(Career Officer, Pilot, Vietnam)



**HELP!** Perhaps some AFEES member will be able to identify these three evaders, probably from the 15th Air Force. This photo was taken in Slovenia on March 19, 1944, according to hand writing on the reverse side. If you can provide any pertinent information, please contact Edward F. Logan, 120 Royal Dr., Hendersonville, NC 28739; phone 828-697-8088.

### The BACK FORTY

by Lex Graham



"He started joggin' for health reasons –  
a truck hit him the first day."

## Evasion And Repatriation, Slovene Partisans and Rescued American airmen in World War II, by Edi Selhaus.

Sunflower University Press,  
1531 Yuma, Box 1009,  
Manhattan, KS 66502  
1-800-258-1232

<[www.sunflower-univ-press.org](http://www.sunflower-univ-press.org)>

During 1943 and 1944, the skies over German-occupied Yugoslavia and Rumania were filled with American bombers, lashing out at enemy targets in an effort to end the war with Germany

Many of those bombers didn't return home, but thanks to Slovene partisans, many of the airmen who jumped from their crippled bombers did.

The airmen, mostly members of the 15th Air Force based in Italy, had made their bomb runs over Adriatic and Slovene territory, and during their bombing missions were shot down over enemy-occupied territory. Airmen parachuting into the enemy-held lands often were quickly located and rescued by the partisans.

Later, the airmen were provided medical aid, food and shelter, and were escorted along safe routes to partisan airstrips. From these airstrips, the downed Allied airmen were flown back to safety. They owed their lives to the brave partisans who made their rescue possible.

There are stories of airmen who would have died if it hadn't been for the underground hospitals, and people like the old woman who hid three downed airmen in her barn until the Germans left.

Tales of man's humanity toward man. Tales that should never be forgotten.

John Hribar (335 Bloomfield St., Apt. 9, Johnstown, PA 15904-3285), a descendant of Slovenian immigrant parents, is a historical researcher and author.

A Friend Life Member of AFEES, he helped in the production of this book and highly recommends it.

# BOOKS

## *An RAF escaper tells his story*

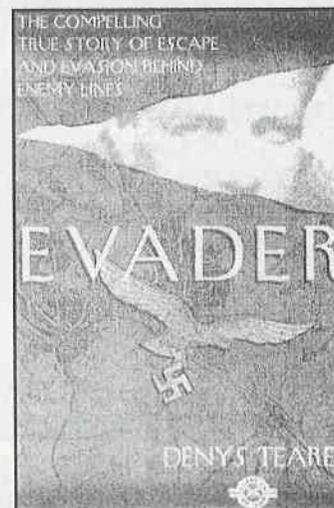
**EVADER, The Classic True Story of Escape and Evasion Behind Enemy Lines, by Denys Teare, 256 6x9 pages, 54 b&w photos**

More thrilling than any fiction, *EVADER* charts the true story of RAF crewman Denys Teare's year in Occupied France, a year spent a half-step ahead of Gestapo troopers determined to hunt him down.

Sheltered by heroic French peasants and Resistance fighters, Teare survived when all England thought him dead. It is a book of breathless suspense, of humor, courage, and will to live -- one of the classic tales of escape and evasion behind enemy lines.

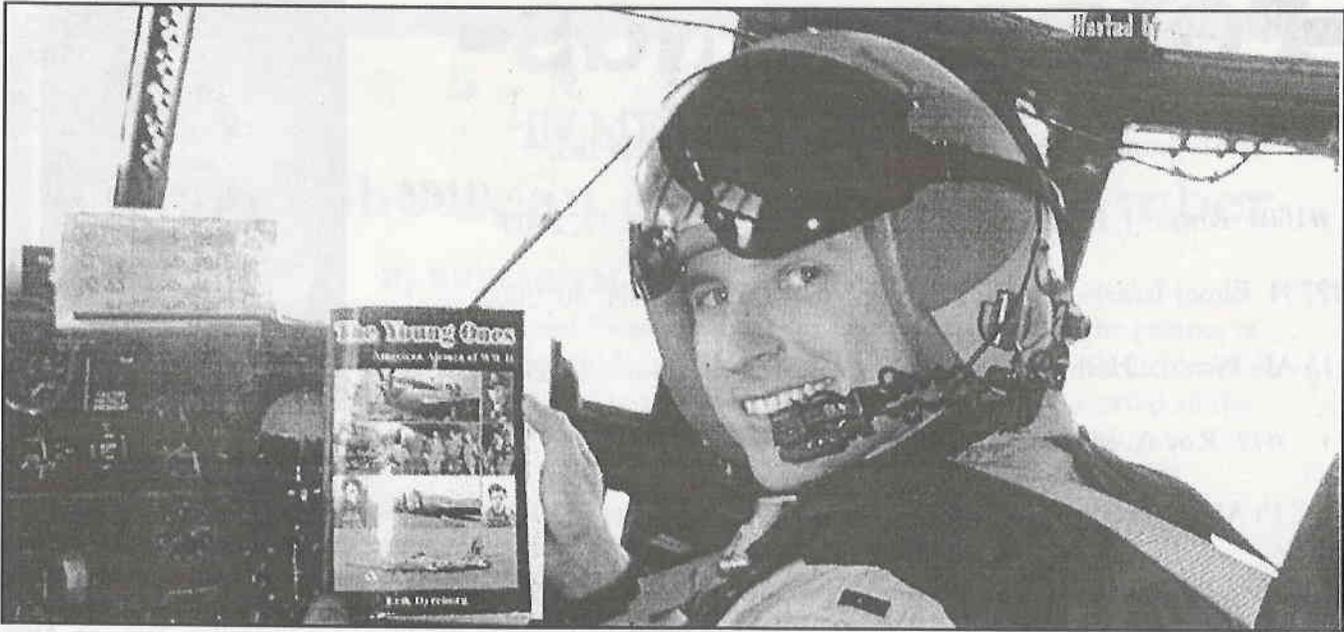
Denys Teare became a businessman in England after the war, and now lives in England.

He remains an active member of the RAF Escaping Society.



## *Changes of Address from '01 Directory*

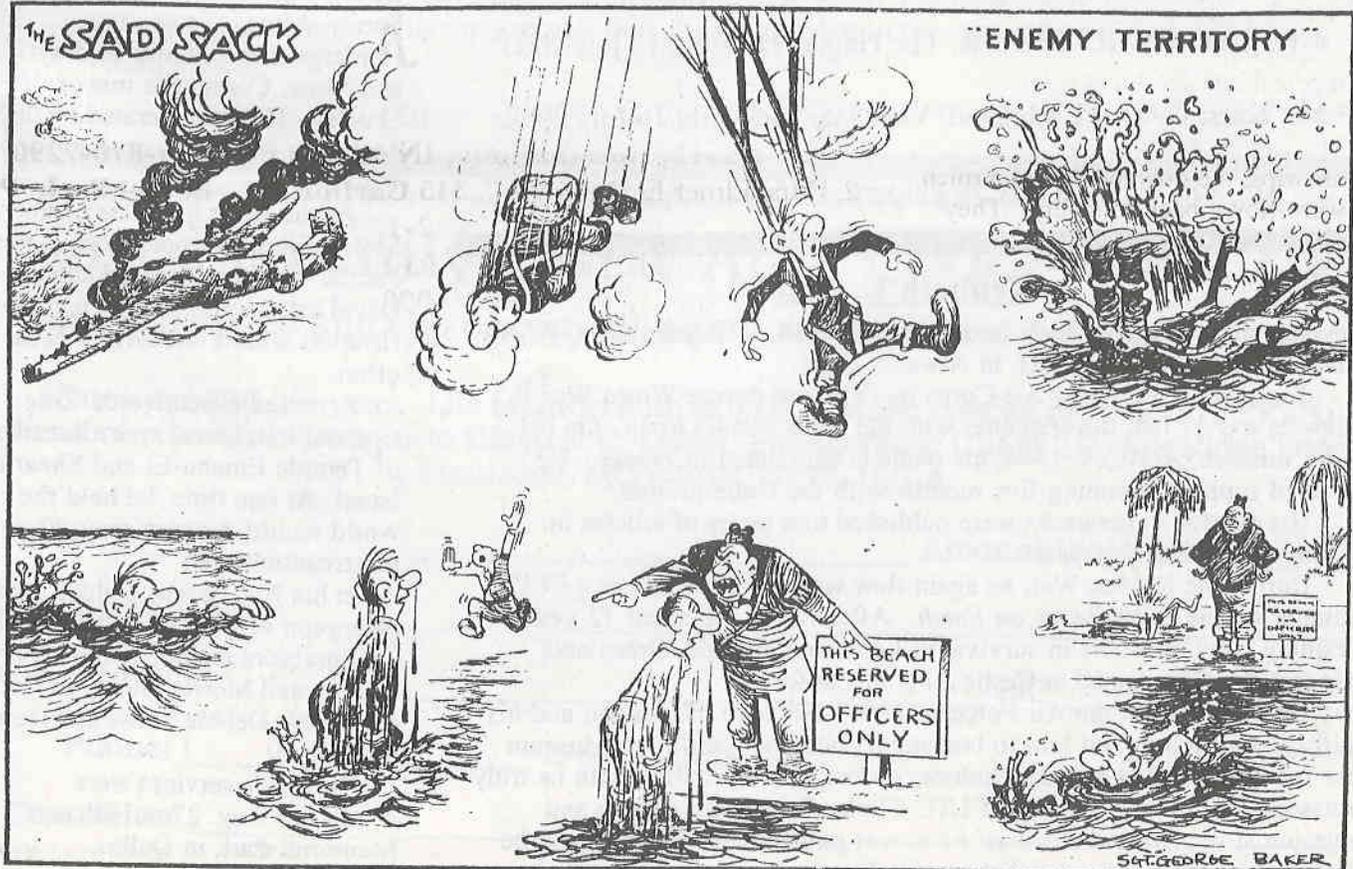
1. Neal T. Cobb "L", (effective 10-10-03), **8140 Township Line Rd. #4412, Indianapolis, IN 46260; Ph.: 317-870-7290**
2. Mrs. Elmer E. Duerr "W", **345 Carlton Rd., Bethel Park, PA 15102-1658**
3. William Kosseff "L", **1003 Easton Rd., Apt. 418-C, Willow Grove, PA 19090; Ph.: 215-659-4858**
4. Glenn Loveland "L", **RF3, Box 701, Goudreaus, ME 04901; Ph.: 207-872-6543**
5. Laymon M. Mahan "L", **40901 E. 40 Rd., Pawnee, OK 74058; Ph.: 918-762-2928**
6. Joseph L. Maloney, **507 Main St., Apt. 4, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia B5A 1H6, Canada; Ph.: 902-742-9665**
7. Raymond F. Pencek, **1000 Applewood Dr., Apt. 35, Roswell, GA 30076-1371**
8. Owen M. Sullivan, **1560 Sisyyou Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598-2117; Ph.: 925-943-7998**
9. Ms. Julie Troup "F", **4577 Gunn Hwy. #186, Tampa, FL 33624; Ph.: 813-968-3851**



Erik Dyreborg, Danish author/researcher, the author of *The Young Ones*, recently published, has received a message from a U.S. airman in Afghanistan about the book. Lt. Remy, USAF, wrote in part: "Thanks to Redstar who sent me an autographed book his dad is in. I took it flying into Bagram. It looks like a good book but then again, I am partial to airmen and strafing bad guys."

*The Young Ones*, 6x9, 640 pages, is available from amazon.com, for \$24.95, plus shipping.

YANK *The Army Weekly* • JAN. 26, 1945



# -FOLDED WINGS-

## MEMBERS

15 AF James A. Angelucci "L", S. Dayton, FL, 454 BG

#1601 Roger J. Blake "L", Phoenix, AZ, 92 BG, Sept. 17, 2003

#2734 Elmer Israelson, New Brighton, MN, 303 BG, Oct. 30, 2002

15 AF Wm. L. Holloway, Covington, LA, 454 BG, June 25, 2001

#77 Roy A. Martin "L", Rison, AR, 96 BG, Feb. 3, 2003

15 AF Melvin L. McCartney "L", Hamilton, IL, 484 BG

#752 Charles McClain "L", Rockledge, FL, 303 BG, May 22, 2003

#1376 Kenneth E. Neff "L", Atwater, CA, 92 BG, Aug. 17, 2003

#1184 David Shoss "L", Dallas, TX, 100 BG, Aug. 24, 2003

## HELPERS

Mme. Yvonne PIOT, Paris, France, 7 June 2003

Mr. E.J.H. van der HEYDEN, Maastricht, Holland, 23 April 2003

Mrs. Jannine MILLENAAR, The Hague, Holland, 15 July 2003

Mr. Karst G. SMIT (Holland) Vosselaar, Belgium, 16 July 2003

Mr. Job WOLTMAN, Apeldoorn, Holland, 4 Sept. 2003

## Kenneth E. Neff

Kenneth (Ken) E. Neff, born May 23, 1918, in Payden City, W. Va., died Sunday, Aug. 17, 2003, in Atwater, Calif.

Ken joined the Army Air Corps in 1940 and during World War II, flew as a B-17 ball turret gunner with the 92nd Bomb Group. On his 17th mission, April 29, 1944, his plane crash landed in France. He evaded capture, spending five months with the Underground.

His evasion experiences were published in a series of articles in *Communications* last year.

During the Korean War, he again flew with the 92nd BG as a CFC gunner on the B-29 *Peace on Earth*. After Korea, he spent 12 years training crew members in survival in Louisiana, Florida, Greenland, Goose Bay Canada and at Castle AFB in California.

He retired from the Air Force in 1966. His love of aviation and his gift of story telling led him to become a docent at Castle Air Museum for many years. His sense of humor, jokes and story telling will be truly missed. With the assistance of LTC Clarke Brandt, his escape and evasion story, *Fame's Favored Few*, was published in 1999. It can be found online at <[www.davekat.com/neff](http://www.davekat.com/neff)>



## David Shoss

Life Member David Shoss, member of the Board of Directors for many years and a generous patron of AFEES, died peacefully at his home in Dallas, Tex., on Aug. 24, 2003.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 56 years, Doris Mae Levine Shoss and daughter Dori Shoss.

1st Lt. David Shoss, B-17 navigator with the 100th Bomb Group, bailed out 6km southwest of Rouen, France, on June 24, 1944.

He was aided by M. and Mme. Rene Dedit and son Jean, the Cadic family, Mme. Clementine Hardargent and family, and by M. and Mme. Cornu, the mayor of Grosley. He was liberated by the American 3rd Army on Sept. 6, 1944.

At the same time, his brother, Morris Shoss, was captured in the Pacific Theater. Remarkably, David and Morris arrived back in Houston within one day of each other.

A retired executive of Zale Corporation, David was a member of Temple Emanu-El and Shearith Israel. At one time, he held the world record for men over 80 on the treadmill test.

In his 70s, he was Golden Age champion of the U.S. in racquetball.

Survivors include two brothers, Isadore and Morris Shoss, and two daughters, Debbie Shoss and Donna Morehead.

Graveside services were conducted Aug. 27 at Hillcrest Memorial Park in Dallas.

IN MEMORIAM

**David Shoss, an extra-special member**

**By RICHARD M. SMITH, AFEES President**

The Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society lost a dear friend with the passing of Doris Shoss about two years ago and recently lost a pillar in our society with the death of David Shoss. From the time that David joined AFEES, he and Doris attended all the annual reunions and participated in all the Western European trips.

With their grace and charm they added levity through David's stories and Doris' charisma. They made each gathering extra-special for all who attended.

Without seeking any formal recognition, David financed the mementos that were presented to our helpers who attended reunions during his time of membership.

With the passing of David Shoss, AFEES has lost an irreplaceable member, not only for his generosity, but for his wit and positive personality that always left one wishing they could spend more time with him and Doris than the reunion schedule would permit.

As president of AFEES for several years, Margaret and I always looked forward to spending time with David and Doris, and quite frankly, the loss of the Shoss's will take some of the anticipation out of future meetings. I personally will miss David very much. I could always count on his support, not only financially, but in the true spirit of what AFEES is all about.

+++++  
**Moved recently? New Area Code? New ZIP?**

**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.

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# The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ  
<afees44@hotmail.com>  
OR

<archerco@wf.quik.com>  
WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- It was no bull that Gordon Stacey of Ontario rode at the AFEES reunion here last May. But being aboard a gen-u-wine Texas steer got his photo in the June newsletter of the RAF (Canadian) Escapers.

Gordon says he wished he had a parachute to get off the Longhorn.

Henri Francois and Michel Ney, two Frenchman who attended the May reunion, continued their visit to America by touring the West.

After the reunion, they drove to Taos, N.M., went to Denver and to Portland, Ore. and then to northern California for a visit with Member Bob Kelley.

Perhaps some member can help solve this mystery: the museum at Chanute AFB once displayed 18 panels of pictures which now have disappeared. Three of the pictures were dedicated to Lowell West, B-24 pilot who was shot down over Yugoslavia.

Lowell died a year ago and his family is anxious to learn what happened to the pictures. If you can help, check in with the editor.

Leslie Atkinson, our co-founder and Official Representative in

France, and his wife Renee have moved from Southern France to a Paris suburb. Leslie says the weather was too hot in the south.

They now live near son Alain and his family in Fontainebleau.

Leslie is greatly concerned about the anti-U.S. feeling in France and wants his friends in AFEES to know that he and his association appreciate all the U.S. did for France and, like us, will never forget.

Leslie, like most of us who are not so young any more, is bothered with some health problems, but would like to hear from his friends in AFEES. His mailing address is listed on Page 2.

The Aviation Cadet Association reunion is scheduled for Oct. 11-12 at Eureka Springs, Ark. The agenda includes flybys by several planes, including F-16s from Ft. Smith. A PT-19, (remember that one!), will be selling rides for a \$100 donation.

For info, contact Errol D. Severe, 542 CR 2073, Eureka Springs, AR 72632; 479-253-5008.



The new Air Force Parent Pin

It seems that the Canadian government treats evaders better than the U.S. There, evaders are treated same as POWs and receive a pension based on the length of evasion, beginning at 30 days. No need to prove any ailments.

Some members have registered on the WWII Memorial Registry at <www.wwiimemorial.com> and since we are scheduled to visit the memorial at the 2004 reunion, other members might sign up.

You also can contact <www.wwiiregistry.org>

Bob Horsley, editor of the Australian branch, RAF Escaping Society, produces an informative newsletter.

In the last issue, he reports the passing of Wendy Jay, a helper who worked in Paris towards the end of the war.

She was the widow of Albert Johnson, who was known as "B" of the Comet Line in the St. Jean de Luz area of France.

If you want to sign up for the Down Under newsletter, contact Bob at 6, Erebus Court, Eagle Heights QLD 4217; or try this: <rmhorsley@austarnet.co.au>

Scott Goodall, our friend in Rimont, France, reports that he has a new e-mail address:

<scttgd112@wanadoo.fr>

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