

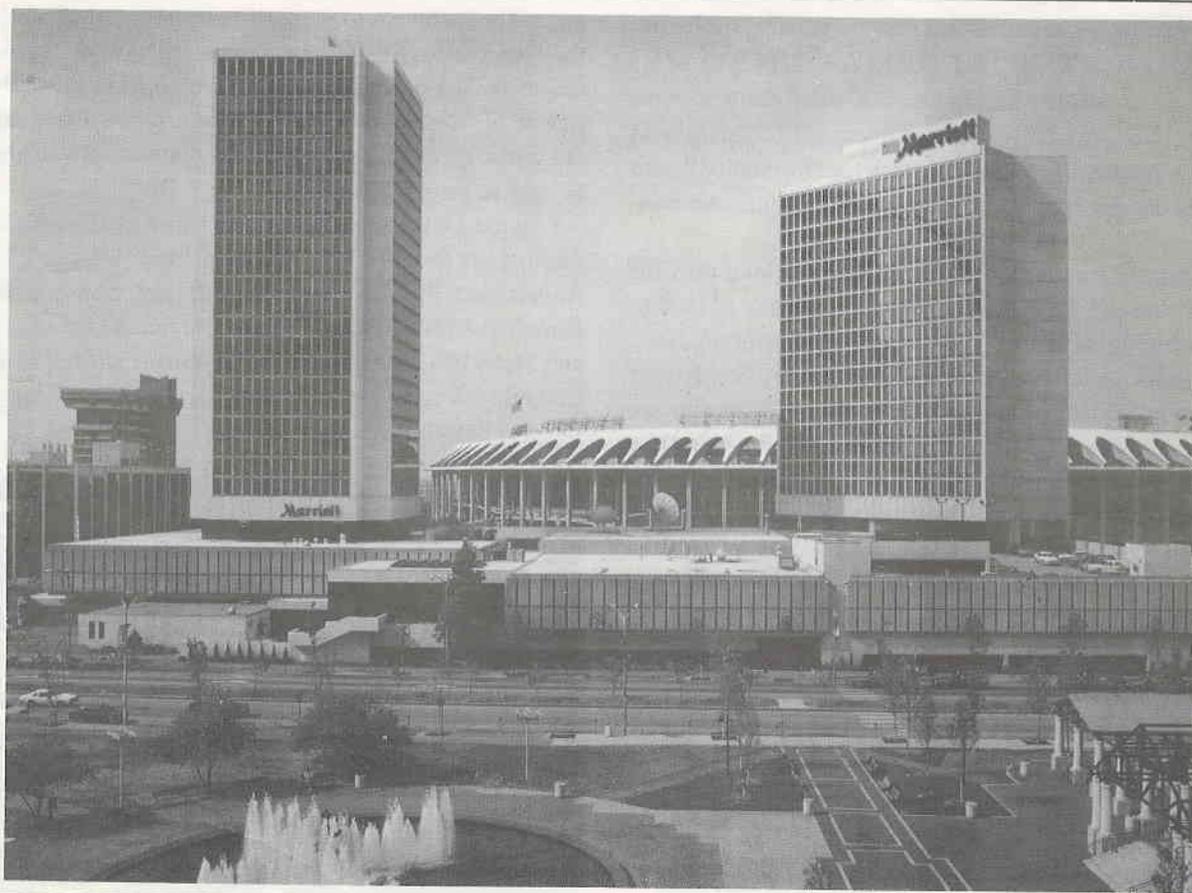


THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE and EVASION SOCIETY

1992 WINTER COMMUNICATIONS

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A.F.E.E.S. REUNION
MAY 13TH THROUGH 16TH, 1993
THE ST. LOUIS MARIOTT PAVILION DOWNTOWN

One Broadway, St. Louis Missouri 63102 Phone 314/421-1776

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



These continue to be exciting times for the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society.

Ralph Patton did an excellent job in putting a program and panel together for the symposium at the Eighth Air Force Historical Society's reunion in Louisville, Kentucky in October. With more than eleven hundred people in the audience, it was considered a highlight affair.

We continue to find and attract new members to keep our roster well above the nine hundred number. Thank you Scotty! We still need you members and spouses to keep us informed about address changes and to report deaths.

With the central location and easy access by air, we can expect the reunion in St. Louis to be one of our largest ever. The sooner we know about the helpers that are coming, the better.

PLEASE GET THE INFORMATION TO ME.

This request is to Helpers, and to the members who have Helpers coming. Anybody who has questions on this should contact me personally. We will have a large Hospitality Room and we are making special arrangements to facilitate communications.

Ralph Patton has made a lot of progress working with the people of France for a special activity there in May of 1994 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Shelburn operation. Look for more information on this. Ralph and Richard Smith went to France in September to do the planning. Those who are interested in going to France in 1994 need to indicate their desires on the coupon inside the back page of this publication.

We have received word that some organizations that have their origin built around the flyers of WW II are making plans to close down in 1995 because of age and declining membership. A.F.E.E.S. continues strong for our members and all our Helpers. While we are not getting any younger, we have many reasons to remain young in heart and spirit. Please participate any way you can to maintain essential contacts and help find those missing souls that do not know we exist. They are missing the rapport of the greatest group that exists with International connections. When you kiss 1992 goodbye, welcome in 1993 with a promise to live each day to its fullest in appreciation for being a survivor still looking to the future.

Thank you, Clayton C. David, president



PLANNING GOES ON IN ST. LOUIS FOR 1993 A.F.E.E.S. REUNION!

A.F.E.E.S. members in the St. Louis area are hard at work and excited about hosting our 1993 reunion which will be held at the Marriott Pavilion Hotel downtown.

At the reunion, to be held from May 13th through the 16th, 1944 you can look forward to excellent hotel facilities with good meals and a cruise on the Mississippi river. In addition to the planned tours, a number of attractions are available within walking distance or on a free trolley. They include the famous Gateway Arch and museum with theater and a trip to the top. Historic courthouse, Old Cathedral, National Bowling Hall of Fame and Museum, Union Station with many shops and restaurants, and a shopping mall, just to name a few.

For you baseball fans, the Cardinals will be in town, and with the stadium open, the St. Louis Sports Hall of Fame is open. The stadium, just across the street from the hotel, means that those attending the reunion must have reservations in before the cut off date which will be noted in the early 1993 edition of "Communications" you will receive in late January. Otherwise expect to pay the regular room rate if you are lucky enough to get a reservation.

Clayton David took the picture below at the the planning meeting on October 12th. Those present, left to right were; Robert and Priscilla Couture, Earl and Nancy Woodard, Harvey and Martha Clapp, Helen and James Mahaffey, Susan and Merrill Caldwell, Marie and Marvin Wycoff, Howard and Catherine Turlington, Thomas Applewhite, George and Dolores Powell and Scotty David.



I'M SORRY THAT THE LASER PRINTER BROKE DOWN
AND THE REST OF THE NEWSLETTER WILL HAVE TO
REMAIN WITHIN THE DATA BANK OF MY COMPUTER
UNTIL THE PRINTER IS REPAIRED.

I WILL HAVE ANOTHER ISSUE OF COMMUNICATIONS
THE LAST OF JANUARY OR THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY
AND NOT LATER.

PLEASE EXCUSE THE INCONVIENIENCE

HARRY A. DOLPH, EDITOR.....

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL A.F.E.E.S.

AND A.F.E.E.S. HELPERS

THE PHANTOM TRAIN

During the morning of August 25th, 1944 at the Swedish Consulate, a first meeting took place between the various members of the consular section and the International Red Cross in order to unite their efforts and obtain from the Germans, at the time of their retreat from Belgium, that the 5,000 political prisoners detained in the various prisons in Belgium, including Jews held in the Dossin barracks in Malines not be transferred to Germany.

On the 28th, two more meetings were held, one at 10 a.m. and last at 5 p.m. at which time the Diplomatic personnel wrote a text of the request to be submitted on the 29th, unofficially and not yet signed by the German Ambassador, who advised the diplomats to wait for the official introduction of their request and promised to notify them at the appropriate time. On August 31st at 9 p.m. a convoy left the Schaerbeek train station taking into Germany an important group of our friends and comrades. On the morning of September 1, the German Ambassador notified the consular section that he thought it was the right time to introduce their request to German Military Authorities.

Baron Krusse de Verehon, Swedish Consul, was designated by his colleagues to see the German Ambassador who, after that meeting, invited him to come and see him that same afternoon to hear the answer to his request. The answer was the following:

The General Juncklaus - SS Commander and Chief of the Gestapo - had made certain promises to the German Commander, without stating exactly what he meant when he said that on no account the serious cases could be liberated. Meanwhile, during the night of 1st and 2nd, without telling the railroad personnel, the Germans in great secret formed a train of 32 cattle cars on platforms 14 and 15 in which the prisoners were loaded at dawn. Once again we can see the perfidious attitude of the Germans and instead of keeping their promise they were taking our people to extermination camps. It is here that modest and courageous men, without fear or the risks and menaces saw that the sad convoy never reach the German border. This is how they acted:

Mr. Michel Petit, Assistant Chief of the station and an active member of the "Movement National Belge" special brigade - was fortunately very early at his job that morning. His attention was drawn to the extraordinary safety service which was being organized on those two platforms. The Germans, in fact, were placing numerous SS Guards, revolver in hand, ready to shoot.

In the St. Gilles prison itself, the sudden news that the Germans were evacuating the prison was passed from cell to cell. *"The Boches are evacuating the prison"*. The prisoners knew the liberating armies were advancing rapidly, but also knew that in their panic, the Germans would take them to Germany.

1,500 voices shouted out of the cell windows joyous at the advancing allied troops. Not knowing what fate the Germans held for them. Then they were taken out of St Gilles between a double row of machine guns. The women, in the trucks singing the national anthem. The menacing SS threatening to shoot.

The first truckload of prisoners had not yet reached the door when Mr. Petit had made a decision to **"STOP THE DEPARTURE BY ANY MEANS!"**

He immediately contacted a colleague, Mr. Gevaert, who himself contacted the engineering department, so that the engines would be delayed at the utmost. But nobody knew which engine would be in service that day. It is due to the chief assistant, Mr. Duverger, that they finally got the required information which was the immatriculation number by which the Germans designated the train, (FAHR Number 1628-508). So when the Germans requested the engine for train 1628-508 our brave patriots of the engineering department knew what to do. The type 33 engine chosen by the German foreman was sabotaged. Mr. Roelands, at the risk of being shot on the spot, if discovered, disconnected the oiling pipes of the Westinghouse pump.

Forced to take another engine, the Germans unfortunately selected one that was just opposite of the planning office and infested by German personnel. Any

kind of sabotage would be impossible. During the journey between St. Gilles prison and the South Station, some of the prisoners had thrown messages on the street which were picked up by patriots and soon numerous families were warned and ran to the office of Mr. Petit. This office was the Headquarters of the Assistant Chief and Personnel - all fraternally united to take the necessary steps to stop the deportation. At first it was decided to blow up part of the railroad track. Dynamite had already been taken out of its hiding place, but at second thought it was decided to out with the Germans rather than use strength as reprisals would be thrown on innocent Belgian citizens.

This is where Gilbert and George came into the picture!

By noon the Germans were becoming impatient, but to run the engine they had to await the arrival of engine driver George who was due to start work at the noon hour. Gilbert was designated by the foreman Mr. Coelands to await George at the entrance of the workshops and tell him what was going on. It was arranged that George would report himself to be ill and go home with the approval of Doctor Genot. Another engineer by the name of Van der Vecken was then designated to replace the sick man and at approximately 1:30 p.m., after loitering in the coal, cleaning the furnace, Van der Vecken intentionally let himself fall from the engine and complaining of a sprained ankle, started to call for help. Meanwhile, the prisoners, packed 85 to 105 in each cattle car were watching through the cracks in the woodwork and saw what was happening on the platforms. They saw their wives, daughters, fiancées, and prisoners, like them, go by.

A suffocating heat soon developed in the wagons now hermetically closed and although the sarcastic remarks of one of his pro-German colleagues, Mr. Duverger, helped by Mr. Schoenaers, started to open some of the air holes that had been boarded up and so gave a little fresh air and also took the opportunity to whisper to the prisoners cheering remarks that they would never cross the border. And they kept their promise that the train never would cross it.

The Germans were getting more and more impatient. At 2 p.m. all they needed was an engine driver so the foreman Deshorme, replacing the brave Roelands at the engineering department, was notified of the situation and the Germans who were getting more excited than ever, requested an engine driver to whom the Germans did not give the opportunity of simulating an accident. So Mr. Deshorme, sensing what was about to happen took the list of names of the working personnel, walked out of the workshop and disappeared. It was now 3:30 p.m. and short of arguments and after long interminable talks, the engine driver Louis Ver Heggen and his assistant Leon Pochet were forced to take their place on the engine surrounded by three German guards with revolvers in their hands. All the Belgian underground groups were warned by Mr. Verleyen, who was killed the next day while rounding up collaborators. One will be surprised to know that the French underground was also present at the South station during those pathetic hours.

Aboard the engine, at 3:30 p.m. Verheggen and Pochet had only one thought. Do all they could to not reach the border. Here is a report of the driver and his assistant: *"As we came out of the depot, we drove our engine into a cul-de-sac which meant gaining a few more minutes. The smallest incident had to be made the most of. After losing twenty minutes we finally attached the cattle cars to the engine. It was while doing this that Mr. Decoster encouraged us by telling us the French were helping too."*

"Everything was ready but the signals were staying closed. Finally, the Germans threatened us with a revolver and ordered us to give the signal of departure. It was 4:30 p.m. Our departure was now delayed by eight hours and twenty minutes from our schedule. We released as much steam as possible from the engine thus reducing the water in the reservoir. Arriving at Forest at 5:15 p.m., more time was lost as another train was on the tracks and blocking our way. By then the water reservoir was empty and we had to go back to the South station to be refilled. This took another forty minutes. At 5:55 p.m. the train left Forest for Schaerbeek and once again the steam was released. The journey from Schaerbeek to Malines where the Jewish prisoners were to be picked up, was going at a snail's pace as signals were closed at each junction.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN (Cont'd)

The Germans were losing patience. They wanted the driver to ignore the closed signals and they refused to do so going into a long discussion with the Germans and by doing so gained more time. The Germans finally forced them to pass closed signals and the train was directed to a side track. The driver had decided for some time to ask for a new water supply at Malines, knowing very well that the water pump there had been destroyed in the last Allied bombing, and that it would be necessary to go to Muizen to get it. The assistant master at Malines gave his accord and the convoy left for Muizen, accompanied by a German railway official.

Before leaving, the drivers had asked the Assistant Master of Malines to convince the Germans to let them go back to Brussels and leave by Liege as the Antwerp line was blocked up. Arriving at Muizen at 11:40 p.m., they planned to leave Muizen until 5:30 a.m. At this time the German Station Master gave orders for the train to leave for Malines but the German Commanding officer in charge of the train refused to leave. It was about 7:15 a.m. when he gave the order to start off. This showed that official orders were not coming through and all the Germans wanted to act for themselves.

Soon after leaving Muizen, the train got in distress in the curb towards Malines and a second engine was sent for in Brussels. The 109 numbered locomotive with Gerardy as driver arrived in Malines, the SS occupants of the anti-aircraft wagon, demanded to be put at the end of the train, this having been refused to them this wagon and its occupants stayed where they were and at 8:30 a.m. the train started to Brussels again.

At the Brussels station on the 3rd of September, confusion was at its highest. The train arrived at 10:15 a.m. The journey had taken seven and one half hours the evening before to reach Malines (approximately 12 miles from Brussels.)

As the train entered the South station, Germans from different units wanted to requisition the engine to pull their train in which they wanted to flee. Taking advantage of the confusion, Verheggen, the driver departed and Pochet, his assistant, let the fire go out in the firebox.

Now it was frenzied confusion outside the train. Inside it, emotions were at their heights. Imagine, on one side German soldiers were throwing away their weapons - on the other side, the train was guarded by the SS. What was going on? Every possible supposition was put forward. From the most pessimistic whose idea it was to machine gun all of the prisoners. And by the SS to the most optimistic, to surrender without conditions of the Germans. The return of the prisoners to their cells and kept as hostages and to stop the Belgian resistance to take up the fight. Suddenly the SS moved away and rumors started that the prisoners were to be taken back to their cells as hostages. Finally reality reined and they were told the prisoners were freed once again. The railway personnel and Germans opened each of the wagons. From inside came a wave of human beings shouting for each other, trying to find their husbands, wife or a friend and very soon 1,500 prisoners of war were on the platform. Some afraid of a counter order, started to run away. Others, vainly trying to find he or she which fate already had probably sent to Germany on the last convoy. What happened was this: The Saturday morning, Viscount Berryer, an embassy counselor, having paid a visit to St. Gilles, found that contrary to the promises made by the Germans, the prisoners had been sent to Germany. He warned the Swiss Consul, who immediately went to see the German Ambassador. This is textually what the Ambassador declared:

"Yesterday, I have done everything in my power to help you - but, another attempt may mean my own arrest"

Without being discouraged the diplomats multiplied their efforts and tried vainly to speak to Reeder on Saturday at 1 p.m. The later had already left the Plaza hotel where an aide de camp was the only one present, and who suggested an interview with the Supreme Chief of the Sicherheit Polizei - 34 avenue des Nations, Brussels. The Consul found on arriving there that the Supreme Chief had gone away. so it was decided to attempt to have another interview with Juncklaus. The German Ambassador agrees to see Juncklaus but asked

Professor Wachsmuth, German Doctor in charge of the military hospitals who had received orders to stay in Belgium with the more serious injured and would be unable to be evacuated. It was during this night, Saturday at 2:00 a.m. that Juncklaus decided to liberate all prisoners in Belgium, and also the Jews.

Nevertheless, the Commanding Officer of the train did not seem to have received this official order and discussed the situation with Dr. Van Dooren. He even sent a messenger who came back saying, *"I have found no one in Brussels"*

On Sunday, September 3, 1944 about 10:30 a.m. having heard the favorable decision made by Juncklaus, a delegation of diplomats arrived at the South station where the cool attitude of Dr. Van Dorren, whose wife was among the prisoners, got the better of the stubborn German officer. The Belgian personnel at the station had taken all measures so that the convoy could not leave the station.

All this is how 1,500 prisoners and 52 Allied airmen escaped the horrors of the Nazi camps, thanks to the courage of friends who knew the destiny of these people lay in their hands.

This was relayed to me by Rene Ponty who worked with me during two years helping airmen and who was arrested on August 1st, 1944 and who was one of the Belgian prisoners.

ANNE BRUSSELMANS

ON BOARD THE PHANTOM TRAIN

1590 John J. Bradley AFEES	1915 Robert F. Auda
Beamish - RAF	1849 Harry J. Blair
1593 Hugh Bomar	Stuart Leslie RCAF
1841 John W. Brown	Thurmier RCAF
1916 Wallis O. Cozzen	1854 James P. Conrad
1881 William D. Grosvenor	1592 J. R. Dykes
1839 Lester Hutchinson	1596 Robert Cleveland
1862 Charles C. Hillist	1850 Raymond Junkin
1918 Dale S. Loucks	1650 R.D. Larsen
1848 James G. Levey	2101 Ted Kleinman AFEES
1846 William R. Muse	2021 J. T. Meredith
Royce Mac Gillvary	1851 Harold Smith
1594 Ray Smith	1847 J. H. Singleton
1595 Alfred M.L. Sanders AFEES	1591 William E. Ryckman
1861 Donald H. Swanson	1789 Jack Terzain AFEES
1790 Clifford Williams AFEES	1870 James M. Wagner AFEES
1866 Harold L. Willey AFEES	1877 Henry Wolcott AFEES
1917 Frederick Tuttle AFEES	1852 Robert O. Herschler AFEES

Ed. Note: Somehow, by hook or crook, Scotty David managed to compile this list of airmen on board "The Phantom Train." We all owe her a debt of thanks for the wonderful job she does keeping her files on airmen. Thanks Scotty, HAD



ANNE BRUSSELMANS

DOGGED CRUSADER AGAINST DRUGS

READERS DIGEST - May, 1988 - page 102

THE PHONE RANG at 3 a.m. Dr Gabriel Nahas lifted the receiver. A man's voice said, "Nahas, if you don't lay off with this marijuana conference, you'll wake up at the bottom of the Hudson River wearing cement shoes."

Nahas hung up.

"Who was that?" his wife Marilyn, asked sleepily.

"Wrong number," he replied. Nahas was not easily frightened, even by such a phone call to his unlisted number. He had received death threats before. By this time in 1978 he was used to many forms of harassment.

His green volkswagen, parked on a Manhattan street had been completely destroyed with a sledgehammer. Playboy had included Nahas on it's 1977 Enemies List. Head shops sold Dr. Nahas dolls, complete with pins, so pot smokers could give vent to their feelings.

Why was this scholarly research scientist the object of such vitriolic hatred? Because he was the only researcher who consistently and prominently called marijuana a dangerous drug, labeling it as physically, psychologically and socially harmful - a message many Americans did not want to hear. He also did more than anyone else to spread that information throughout the scientific community.

The Do-Drug message. For more than a decade, starting in 1969, Gabriel Nahas was a five-foot-six-inch David fighting an army of powerful well-financed Goliaths intent on persuading the American public that pot was a harmless, pleasurable recreational pastime. Consequently, they said, the drug should be decriminalized-with civil fines equal to a parking ticket- and eventually legalized.

From the mid-1960s through the 1970s, rock music, TV and films all made drug use seem fun, glamorous, a totally acceptable facet of life. The multimillion-dollar drug paraphernalia industry was completely legal.

During those years, marijuana's proponents gained the support of some of the most respected and influential members of our society, from the White House on down. Their influence was so great that their do-drug message still permeates many aspects of our society - including so-called drug education in schools today.*

Spearheading the movement was the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). During the Carter Administration, NORML board members had easy access to the White House. On August 2, 1977, President Carter himself backed decriminalization - but not legalization - of marijuana in a speech to the nation on drug abuse.

But perhaps the most insidious force in the do-drug movement was the Drug Abuse Council (DAC). It was founded in 1972 by the Ford Foundation "to provide independent analysis of public drug policies." Because of DAC's esteemed backing, its belief that people should be taught to use drugs "responsibly" came to permeate the thinking of government and private drug-abuse agencies.

Chilling Memories. Against this backdrop of acceptance and misinformation, drug use escalated. In the early 1960s, less than four percent of Americans had used any illegal drug - even once. But during the '70s the United States became the most drug-pervaded nation in the world, with marijuana leading the way.

Gabriel Nahas, a highly respected pharmacologist at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City began his lonely battle against the do-drug forces one evening in April 1969. Nahas, then 49, and his wife attended a PTA meeting at their 14-year-old daughter's school. The speaker, a police sergeant from the local narcotics bureau suddenly leaned forward and said, "You may not want to believe this, but some of your children are smoking pot every day."

As the sergeant marshaled facts and figures to back up his statement, Nahas

*See "We're Teaching Our Kids to Use Drugs," Readers Digest, November '87.

had a chilling memory. He was eight years old, walking with his father through the streets of Alexandria, Egypt, where he'd been born. "Papa," he asked, "what's wrong with those *hashishats*?" This was the term used for the ragged beggars who shuffled along the city's streets.

"Hashish is what's wrong with them," Bishara Nahas said.

"But *why* does hashish make them like that?"

Bishara shrugged. "No one knows, Gabby."

That memory, and his concern for his own three children, galvanized Nahas into studying cannabis, just as it was his concern for his father that had caused him to become a medical researcher. Bishara Nahas suffered from multiple sclerosis. When Gabriel was nine, the family moved to Paris. "So Papa can see the great specialists," Gaby's mother explained. "They'll know how to cure him." But the specialists did not know. Two years later Bishara died. The family plunged from wealth to near poverty. "But, Nahas recalls, "my mother always had courage and strength. She demanded the best from us."

Gaby was halfway through medical school in Toulouse, France, when World War II broke out. He joined the Resistance, delivering message and distributing pamphlets. One morning the Vichy French secret police searched his room, discovered the pamphlets and arrested him. He was put in a dental chair. One officer started to hammer a large nail through the back of his skull. Each time the hammer pounded, they would ask Nahas to tell where he'd gotten the pamphlets. He refused. He passed out and woke up in prison.

After 3-1/2 months he was released and rejoined the Resistance. By 1943 he was in charge of an underground network that organized the escape of Allied airmen and agents. He helped smuggle over 200 of them, including two British generals, across Occupied France, over the Pyrenees and into neutral Spain.

When the war ended, Nahas finished medical school and came to the United States on a fellowship. He also received the three highest French awards for heroism, was made an honorary member of the Order of the British Empire, and was given the Medal of Freedom by President Harry Truman. This is the same patriot drug proponents would later call a "fascist."

Meretricious Trash. When Nahas began his marijuana research in 1969, he soon learned that it was difficult to get funding to study the drug's dangers. As one scientist later put it at a Congressional hearing: "The only way to be sure of getting marijuana-research funding is to let it be known that you believe marijuana is a relatively harmless drug and that you expect your research to bear this out.

Finally, using funds from family and colleagues, plus a good deal of his own money, Nahas started his investigations.

In 1973 he published a paper describing his observation of the development of tolerance to cannabis - confirming discoveries of other investigators. This totally refuted the popular idea that the more you smoke, the less you want. That same year he completed his 334-page "*Marijuana - Deceptive Weed*," a comprehensive review of findings on the biological and social hazards of cannabis as reported over the past two centuries.

Nahas and his book were pilloried. Harvard psychiatrist Lester Grinspoon, an advisory-board member of NORML, reviewed the book for the *New England Journal of Medicine*, calling it "Psychopharmacologic McCarthyism." He condemned Nahas for delaying the time for the social acceptance of marijuana. In the professional journal *Contemporary Drug Problems*, another Harvard psychiatrist and NORML advisory-board member, Norman Zinberg, reviewed the book. Zinberg, later head of a panel on drugs for the Presidential Commission on Mental Health, summed up Nahas's work as "meretricious trash," written by a man "who is solely and cynically interested in picking up a few bucks by playing on the public's enormous concern about drug use."

Rather than "picking up a few bucks," Nahas often spent his own money traveling throughout the United States alerting the public to marijuana's dangers. From 1971 to 1979, NORML was pressuring state legislatures to "decriminalize" marijuana. And Nahas was often the only scientist to venture out of the ivory tower of research and testify to the harmful effects of the drug.

On March 7, 1973, for example, he received a phone call alerting him to

DOGGED CRUSADER *Cont'd*

"decrim" hearings being held in Boston that day. He dropped everything, rushed to the airport and arrived at the state capitol just in time to testify. When he mentioned his new research on tolerance, the chairman of the legislative committee interrupted and said, "We have learned this morning from Drs. Grinspoon and Zinberg that there is absolutely no danger of developing tolerance to marijuana."

Nahas shrugged and turned to the audience, arms out stretched. "Well," he said, "its only in Boston that marijuana has this special effect. All over the rest of the world it induces tolerance." In the end Massachusetts did not decriminalize marijuana - nor did New Jersey, Kansas, Texas, and Connecticut, before whose legislatures Nahas had also testified.

In 1973 and 1974 Nahas published 30 papers - 23 on marijuana, including a landmark study in the prestigious journal *Science* on the deleterious effects of cannabis on the human immune system. The resulting publicity encouraged Nahas to help his friend David Martin, a senior analyst for the Senate Judiciary Committee, organize the 1974 hearing on the health hazards of marijuana. *At last*, they thought, *the public will be fully alerted and the marijuana epidemic will be stopped in its tracks.* But there was virtually no media coverage. The six days of hearings went unheard.

Backbone of Facts. Doggedly, Nahas kept on with his research, producing in all 99 papers on marijuana and 12 on cocaine between 1973 and 1987. He has also written or co-edited 11 books, six on marijuana, one on cocaine and four on drug dependence, including *Cocaine Wars* and *How to Save Your Child From Drugs*.

All the evidence he compiled began to make a difference. Attitudes changed, and Nahas now found new allies in his crusade.

Dr. Donald Ian Macdonald, assistant surgeon general of the U.S. Public Health Service, sums up Nahas in these words: "Gaby is a real American hero. There's no question that his insight and willingness to take a stand at real personal risk contributed greatly to a changed American awareness and attitude about the use of drugs."

Nahas has always been the hero of the national parent movement for drug-free youth, his one stalwart constituency. Through his research, lectures, articles and books, he gave them concrete scientific evidence to back up their own gut feelings that marijuana was harming their children. By providing this backbone of facts, the intrepid Nahas has probably helped prevent more drug-damaged lives than any other researcher in the world.

TOUGH PRESCRIPTION

DR. NAHAS is often asked for his recommendations on reducing illegal drug supply and demand. First, he says, major drug traffickers should get the same penalty as those who kill with premeditation: the maximum sentence. Second information in schools and elsewhere describing the harmful effects of drugs must stress *"no use of illegal drugs, ever!"* - and should be coupled with education about maintaining mental and physical health. But, Nahas warns, "its difficult to teach kids healthy habits in the absence of a moral message. Today in some counties-notably the United States - we've reached the point where it seems to be immoral to moralize." Third, the millions of addicted people who are not responsive to education must be dramatically reduced, even if it entails compulsory referral of addicts to treatment and rehabilitation programs. countries like Japan have rolled back major drug epidemics by using these three methods.

Ed Note: I have printed this article about Dr. Nahas, a member of AFEES so it can be Xeroxed and sent to your local schools as a guideline for "SAY NO TO DRUGS" campaign. Join in and help the kids.

FROM G. LACOUTURE

SAINT GENIS DE SAINTONGE, FRANCE Newspaper

On January 29, 1945, a flight of Flying Fortresses of the U.S. Air Force was leaving for combat, accompanied by "Mustangs" assigned to protect the group of bombers. The German D. C. A. was looking happily at the protective wall provided by the Atlantic when suddenly there appeared in the sky a small white puff which might easily be identified as a shell exploding. But it was a fighter pilot bailing out of his airplane which was in trouble.

With a strong wind blowing, the landing for the parachutist was going to be difficult indeed. To begin with, the pilot had to leave the P-51, and incurred a serious injury to the right knee (which later required complicated surgery).

The local "Resistance" prepared to supervise the descent of the parachute with all their guns pointed toward the sky. The big umbrella's descent was stopped by the telephone lines from the Cosson store. "Oh Stupenr" (How stupid!) The Resistance put away its weapons since the parachutist turned out to be an American pilot.

It was then that Madamla Comtesse de Dampierre, informed of what was happening, came to the aid of the pilot, took charge and saw that he was sent to the town hospital of Saintes. All appropriate attention was given to a courageous airman having such a "Godmother".

It should also be noted that John Marr, at that time 23 years old, didn't leave the cockpit of his disabled plane until he was sure that the abandoned plane would not hit and destroy any of the homes below.

Hats off! In 1945 It wasn't that easy.

Signed G. Lacouture.

Ed. Note: After Mister G. Lacouture told this story about John Marr (the American pilot), as a reporter for the Saintonge Hebdo (weekly), he had the opportunity to meet him and wrote down in detail some of the friendly conversation in a morning spent together during Marr's visit to France in 1985.

Reporter Sessig: "Is this your first visit to France since 1945?"

Marr: Yes, it's very moving. It's like a dream. I'd planned to stay a week to retrace my past and to meet some of the people who helped me in those earlier days."

Sessig: "What are your impressions of St. Genis?"

Marr: "I'm happy to be here in peace time. When I was here in 1945, all I saw was windows and roofs. I am happy to meet the Martins who lived at the spot my plane came down and who salvaged the landing gear from it. We found traces of my equipment which I had to leave in the plane. After I was taken to the Cosson store in 1945, it filled with people, I was grateful when Madamla Comtesse de Dampierre took charge and had me moved to the hospital. She is dead. I wish I could have seen her again. I owe her my life"

Sessig: "Do you have good memories of those days with us?"

Marr: "Yes and now my young son and his wife have come to know your country. Thanks to all who treated me so well, especially mayor M. le Maire of St. Genis. Thank you very much."



FROM JEANNE MAYAN

(ATTENTION ANNE BRUSSELMANS!)

RIVERSIDE, PA - October 2, 1992

Dear Mr. Dolph: I wish to inform you of the death of my father, Paul F. Shipe, who died in January. Dad was a quiet man who rarely spoke of his adventures during the war. He saw much suffering. An example of this was the time a Belgian family were killed because of their aid to American airmen. Once in a while though, Dad related his experiences with much animation. We could tell that he had been profoundly affected by all that had happened to him.

"When I saw Anne Brusselmans on 'I've got a Secret' I knew she had written a book about the underground but it has been banned in the United States." he told his family.

Anne Brusselmans had written to the producers of the TV show that her secret was she had helped hundreds of American soldiers during the war. Gary Moore and the producers asked her to come to New York City to appear on the show and to remember the names of five soldiers she had helped. Dad was one of them she remembered. So, he went to New York and was on live TV. I can't remember the year. It may have been 1958 or 1959.

He was such a special person. We all miss him greatly.

P.S. Martin Middlebrook, a noted British historian interviewed Dad at home for the book "The Schweinfurt-Regensburg Mission" published in 1983 by Penguin Books Ltd., 536 Kings Road, London SW 10 0UH. Dad's account of that mission is on pp 209.

Paul F. Shipe was 73 years old, born in Bear Gap Pa, he was married to the former Regina Zlotorzynski for 47 years. He had been employed by TRW and Danville State Hospital. He graduated from Shamokin High School. He was a member of Columbia Hill Lutheran Church and Danville American Legion. He was a member of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society. He was shot down over Belgium on August 17, 1943. He was a flight engineer on a B-17 bomber. With E & E No. 237, he escaped to Spain and freedom.

In addition to his wife Regina, he is survived by his son, Patrick; two daughters, Jeanne Mayan and Barbara Buschmann. He had 14 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren.

SECOND BOMB GROUP &

SECOND BOMB WING REUNION

Reunion of 2ND BOMBARDMENT ASSN (2ND BG WWII and 2nd Bomb Wing SAC) at Houston TX, September 9 - 12, 1993. The Reunion is open to all present and past members of the Group and the Wing. Contact: Kemp F. Martin, 8433 Katy Freeway, Suite 102, Houston, TX 77024, Phone (713) 467-5435. Location and prices of rooms for reunion are still pending.



JUST FOR TODAY

HOUSTON CHRONICLE - Saturday Oct. 17, 1992

Just for today - I will live through the next 12 hours and not try to tackle all of life's problems at once.

Just for today - I will improve my mind. I will learn something useful. I will read something that requires thought and concentration.

Just for today - I will be agreeable. I will look my best, speak in a well-modulated voice, be courteous and considerate.

Just for today - I will not find fault with a friend, relative or colleague. I will not try to change or improve anyone but myself.

Just for today - I will do a good turn and keep it a secret. If anyone finds out, it won't count.

Just for today - I will have a program. I might not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I will save myself from two enemies - hurry and indecision.

Just for today - I will do two things I don't want to do, just because I need the discipline.

Just for today - I will believe in myself. I will give my best to the world and feel confident that the world will give its best to me.

From Ann Landers column

NEW MEMBERS

Bates Boles
5718 Pinewood Springs
Houston, TX 77066
713/440-9817

William M. Fredenburg
7585 W. Stagecoach Trail
Floral City FL 34436
904/344-3982

Jack R. Bratlie
12218 47th Avenue E.
Tacoma, WA 98446
No Phone

William O. Gifford
668 Darlington Road
Atlanta, GA 30305
404/233-2380

Merrill A. Caldwell
3805 Marietta Drive
Florissant, MO 63003
314/837-0039

Richard G. Greer
600 River Chase Ridge
Atlanta, GA 30328
404/953-1204

Harvey S. Clapp
822 Nichols Street
Fulton, MO 65251-1857
314/642-6450

Jacob L. Grimm
209 S. Market Street
Ligonier PA 15658
412/238-6839

Jetty R. Cook
P.O. Box 212
Hunt, TX 78024
512/238-4063
Melvin?
Marvin L. Crouch
P.O. Box 1342 *Arkansas*
Fairfield Bay AZ 72088-1342
501/884-6390

Robert E. Hede
1357 Boeger
Westchester IL 60154
708/562-2525

Philip Jacobson
635 Leafydale Terrace
Baltimore MD 21208-5709
410/484-3707

George L. Fernandes
3114 128th Ave N.E.
Bellevue WA 98005
206/885-6240

Dec R. Jones Jr
2007 N. 67th Drive
Phoenix AZ 85035-3340
602/849-8724

NEW MEMBERS, Cont'd

Miles B. Jones
415 S. Ann
Owensboro KY 42301
502/683-1416

Donald J. Van Horn Sr.
711 Hampton Road
Columbus OH 44227
613/231-8514

James L. Larkin
205 Pine Lake Drive
Houghton LA 71037-9511
318/949-3674

Marvin E. Wycoff
12 Laurel Oak Court
Lake St. Louis MO 63367
314/625-1271

Everest L. Marks
P.O. Box 608
Saco MT 59261
406/648-5466

Elise Andre (Friend)
408 Jackson Street
Berea KY 40403
606/986-9341

Fred E. Noble
3500 Wesley
Fort Worth TX 76111
817/838-5459

J. W. Bradbury (Friend)
P.O. Box 35393
Brooks AFB
San Antonio, TX 78235

Victor E. Prescott
Star Route Box 148
Olga, WA 98279
206/376-5201

Thomas Ford Jr (Friend)
1200 Dartmoor Drive
Clinton MS 39056
601/924-8438

Seymour Ringle
12848 Meadow Breeze Drive
Wellington FL 33414-8045
407/798-9697

Joe F. Jones Jr (Friend)
136 Winchester Dr
Savannah GA
912/897-4071

David G. Schwartz
20057 Esquiline Ave
Walnut CA 91789-3420
714/598-7373

Kenneth Parker (Friend)
5614 Cottonwood Road
Memphis TN 38115
901/683-6572

A.F.E.E.S ATTENDING BUT NOT IN PICTURES

Claude Murray, Lou Abbott, Raymond Wilschke, John Maiorca

FRIENDS OF A.F.E.E.S:

Joe Jones, John Parsons

NOTICE FROM EDITOR

**I HAD A PROBLEM WITH THE LASER PRINTER AND
"GHOSTING" APPEARED ON SOME PAGES.**

I will have it remedied by next issue



A.F.E.E.S. AT SYMPOSIUM IN LOUISVILLE
C. Martin, G. Watt, D. O'Boyle, D. Wright, F. Heekin,
B. Cramer, R. Starzynski, C. David, L. Gordon, J. Gribble,
R. Patton - Dr. Gabriel Nahas not in photo



Ralph Patton, Yvonne Daley, Anne Brusselmans, Clayton David



Stone Christopher and Dorothy Smith Hentic



A.F.E.E.S. SYMPOSIUM PANEL - LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

A.F.E.E.S. FERRARI HONORED

SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS NEWS - October, 1992



FERRARI

Victor Ferrari, a U.S.A.A. executive in charge of the insurance company's student-mentoring program, as been honored by President Bush as "The Nations 943rd Daily Point of Light!"

Ferrari, a retired Air Force Colonel, said he wanted to share the honor with the hundreds of volunteers who have made the program a success.

"I want to share this with the staff members who do the administration of this program and the 950 volunteers who are associated with one-

on-one mentoring and junior achievement," he said.

"We have seven people who do the administration work, and there are 950 volunteers from U.S.A.A. who do mentoring in 10 schools once a week for a minimum of one hour a week." Ferrari said.

The White House, in its announcement, said Ferrari also has recruited an additional 2,600 other mentors, enabling the program to be duplicated in 31 schools throughout San Antonio.

The volunteers review homework assignments with the students, read aloud and discuss world events with the youths, stimulating and encouraging the students to stay in school, officials said.

Ferrari, 76, joined the U.S.A.A. in 1971 and currently is director of the U.S.A.A. mentor and junior-achievement program.

During World War II, he was a navigator on a B-24 bomber. The aircraft was shot down on a mission in 1943 over Holland and, with the aid of underground fighters, Ferrari was able to evade and escape German troops for over six months and return to friendly lines.

The White House daily selects a "Point of Light" honoring a person who successfully addresses pressing social problems through direct acts of voluntary community service.

Ed. Note: Submitted by JACK ILFREY who wrote the following: Dear Harry, enclosed find a clipping from our San Antonio paper. It will probably be of interest to you. Vic has done well for himself and I'm proud to know him. Not too many of us, now elderly Vets, are honored by our President. - Best Regards, Jack -

Vic Ferrari's helper while down in Holland was Peter van den Hurk who was also your editor's helper. Vic was with us when we had our reunion in San Antonio along with his wife, Jean. Peter van den Hurk also was in attendance and seeing each other after so many years had their own special reunion.

ESCAPEES/EVADERS EXHIBIT IN SLOVENIA

From: John C. Rucigay - October 17, 1992

While those of us members planning a reunion in Yugoslavia realize we are on a "hold" due to the civil war in that country, there is a bright note: The war veterans of Slovenia sponsored an Exhibit of the rescue and return of some 800 WWII Allied personnel. The event was held in the capitol, Ljubljana and included pictures and artifacts of the downed Allied airmen and their helpers. Over 100 persons attended, including British Ambassador Gordon Johnston, U.S. Air Attache Col. Dennis Stiles, from Vienna and other

notables as well as partisan veterans. Unfortunately the news of the exhibit opening date arrived too late for any American airmen that were invited as guests. As a result, only James Ashley and his wife Beatrice, Claude Chappey from France and John Rucigay were present.

After reading letters from some of the airmen, John Rucigay issued the following statement:

"First congratulations on this 50th anniversary of the Slovene resistance movement during WWII.

I want to thank you for inviting me and the other airmen rescued by the Slovene partisans who helped us evade capture by the enemy and successfully return to our own countries.

Being of Slovene descent, *'oba oca in mati sta bila rojena v Domzaleh!* (Both my mother and my father were born in Domzale, a town near Ljubljana). I am proud of my heritage and your courage during these hard times.

My contact with your organization was through Edi Selhaus and Janez Serovec, who researched and published many stories about those airmen who were rescued by the resistance movement. They in turn were provided great assistance to the U.S. by John Hribar, son of the Slovene immigrants.

It gives me great pleasure to be participating in this historical event. My only regret is that I should have done more earlier, since so many of our comrades, both here and in the U.S. have died or are unable to come today due to age and other reasons.

Also, some of us have donated artifacts and other memorabilia for this exhibit, but we can never repay you for your sacrifices. (To the audience:) 'Those of you who helped, please raise your hands.' About 15 raised their hands - 'Lets give them applause!'

In closing, I know I speak for all the airmen when I say, 'Good luck, good health and may you have continued success in your future endeavors!'

The next day, September 19, the president of Slovenia, Milan Kuchan, along with Ivan Dolnicar, the president of the Slovene War Veterans (ZZB) commemorated the event to a crowd of about 10,000 persons gathered in the square outside the building where the exhibit was presented.

The exhibit was scheduled to be on display for two weeks, after which it was to be displayed in three other cities in Slovenia. An English-language version is expected to be made available at no cost to an American museum. At present, candidates included the 15th AF museum and Wright-Patterson in Dayton with a possible showing at the Smithsonian.



John Rucigay speaking to audience on opening day of exhibit

A.F.E.E.S. PRESENTS ESCAPE AND EVASION SYMPOSIUM

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY - Friday, October 9th, 1992

Members of AFEES put on an escape and evasion symposium for over eleven hundred members of the Eighth Air Forces Historical Society at their annual reunion in Louisville, Kentucky.

The Symposium panel, headed by moderator Roger Freeman, was made up of the following Helpers; Dr. Gabriel Nahas from France, George van Remmerden from Holland, Yvonne Deridder Files from Belgium and Charlotte Ambach from Belgium, all of whom are now living within the United States. The Evaders on the panel were Clayton David, George Weinbrenner, Lee (Shorty) Gordon and AFEES past president Ralph Patton. Former WAC Captain Dorothy Smith Hentic from Air Force Intelligence filled out the panel.

The program opened with a thirty minute slide show. The first part of the show explained A.F.E.E.S., when the organization started, what we stand for, and what we have done. It then presented the escape story of Ralph Patton and the people and places that made up Reseau Shelburne and Operation Bonaparte. The conclusion of the slide show explained the background of various escape networks and the MI 9 section of the British Intelligence Service concerned with escape and evasion.

Following the slide presentation each Helper and airman had five minutes to tell his or her story. A question and answer session concluded the two and one half hour program.

Over eleven hundred former members of the Eighth Air Force and their wives gave their undivided attention to our program of fascinating stories told by Helpers and airmen alike. We could not have presented our story to a more interested audience. Comments after the program confirmed that we had put on a good show and that AFEES will no longer be an unknown quantity with the former members of the Eighth Air Force. Members in attendance:

Scotty & Clayton David	Ethelene & Clyde Martin
Francis & Eleanor Heekin	John & Mary Anne Spence
Claude Murray	David & Shirley O'Boyle
George & Margie Watt	Ralph Patton
George & Mrs. Weinbrenner	Lee (Shorty) Gordon
Louis & Bette Abbott	J. W. Bradbury
Louis & Anne Breitenbach	Stone Christopher
William & Mrs. Cramer	Jim & Barbara Gribble
Art & Thelma Horning	Joe F. & Mrs Jones
Miles & Irene Jones	Paul Kenney
John Parsons	John & Margaret Maiorea
Robert & Louise Starzynski	Jim & Rosemary Wilschke
Richard & Rosalie Wright	

The following Helpers were present:

Anne Brusselmans	Yvonne Brusselmans Daly
Charlotte Ambach	Yvonne Deridder Files
Dr. Gabriel Nahas	George van Remerden

The last four members of the panel put on a very successful symposium on Escape and Evasion.

Also present were the following Belgian guests of George Watt and Leland Smith, a former POW from Lexington, Kentucky: Piet & Brigitte Dathoy, Piet's father was a member of the Belgian Secret

Army who helped airmen to escape; he was executed by the Germans. Paul & Francoise Windels, Pauls father was a member of the Belgian Secret Army helping airmen, he too was executed by the Germans. Raoul and Maria Steyaert, Raoul was a member of the Belgian Secret Army.

An A.F.E.E.S. Hospitality room sponsored by Clayton & Scotty David and Ralph Patton was the gathering spot and watering hole for all members. The room was well attended and the relationship between A.F.E.E.S' members present was truly enhanced; and a good time was had by all!



Raoul Steyaert, Piet Dathoy & Paul Windels



George Weinbrenner, George van Remmerden, Ralph Patton, Lee Gordon, Clayton David, Dorothy Smith Hentic, Charlotte Ambach, Yvonne De Ridder Files



George Watt, Clayton David, Clyde Martin

JAMES E. ARMSTRONG WRITES

THOMASVILLEGA - August 18, 1992

Dear Harry - First, I sincerely thank you very much for your dedication in organizing and publishing our quarterly A.F.E.E.S. "COMMUNICATIONS" Please forgive me for not sending the enclosed photos sooner but perhaps you can still use them.

Last June I received an invitation to an event in Paris where Dr. Alec Prochiantz was awarded the French Legion of Honor.

Under very primitive conditions, lacking anesthetics and other medicines, Dr. Prochiantz served the WWII French resistance fighters in central France as an operating surgeon. He was known then as "Capitaine Martel". A copy of my invitation is enclosed, (See below). Dr. Prochiantz was also a helper of mine, who as a young medical interne, came to me in Triel-sur-Seine on September 20, 1943 to render medical care and dress my wounds.

He then escorted me by train into Paris. Mr. and Mme Jacques (Yvonne) Peyron were also a part of the escort, keeping me for several days in their apartment at 116 rue du Bac. Dr. Prochiantz is a member of A.F.E.E.S., and I trust that Jacques and Yvonne will be members soon.

Cordially yours, "Jim" (James E. Armstrong)

*Le Docteur Alec Prochiantz
(Capitaine Martel)*

*Ancien Président de la Société Française de
Chirurgie Pédiatrique*

Promu Officier dans l'Ordre National de la Légion d'Honneur

recevra les Insignes de son Grade des mains de

Monsieur Pierre Schmit

Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur

Président Honoraire de Cotra Pak

Président Honoraire de World Packaging Organisation

le Mardi 9 Juin 1992 à 18 heures 30

*Monsieur et Madame Alec Prochiantz
seront heureux de vous accueillir à la réception
qui suivra au Cercle de l'Union Interalliée
33, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré Paris 8^{ème}*



Duane Lawhead with Yves Vourc'h his French Helper from Plomodiern, France



Pierre and Marceline Philippon of Brest, France
Helpers of Floyd Carl of San Antonio, Texas



Four former passengers on the "Breiz-Izel" a French fishing boat which left Doucernenez, France on January 22, 1944
Adi Bollinger, Jim Armstrong, Pierre Philippon, Yves Vourc'h



Yves Vourc'h, Jim Armstrong
Marceline and Pierre Philippon

ADDRESS TO THE EIGHTH ARMY AIR FORCE REUNION

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY - October 9th, 1992...

About fifty years ago I was a second year medical student in Toulouse, France. As a medical student, I was not drafted like all the fellows of my age who were sent to work in German factories, or had to go into hiding. Toulouse is 80 miles away from the Pyrenees, the 10,000 foot high mountain range between France and Spain, and which I knew well since mountain climbing was one of my hobbies. The Pyrenees were the main obstacle on the way to North Africa or Gibraltar and England. And Toulouse, a city of 200,000 at that time, became the transit point for those who wanted to rejoin the Allied fighting forces. First in 1942, I was able to guide through familiar mountain passes in the Pyrenees, a few Allied Agents and young Frenchmen who wanted to rejoin General de Gaulle's Free Fighting French in England. Starting in 1943, Toulouse became the center of one of the escape routes for the surviving crews of Allied bombers, mostly from the Eighth Army Air Force, who had been shot down over occupied Europe. These pilots and airmen, who had risked their lives daily to deliver France, were for us heroes fallen from the sky! Increasing numbers of them came to a city occupied by 20,000 German soldiers, apparent everywhere in their green or gray uniforms, not to mention the hundreds of snooping Gestapo agents and their informers, impossible to spot.

So we had to get organized in order to assist our heroes. In all of our conversations we called them our "packages" for delivery, because we were afraid of unfriendly eavesdropping. As a medical student, I proceeded to put together a little group of trusted friends and fellow students most eager to become helpers of heroes under the guise of handling packages for special delivery. The young ladies were most adept at this task, probably because they are used to going shopping, and since they were not drafted by the Germans, they also were much more numerous in the 18 to 21 age group. They performed magnificently in our little network of volunteers, who labored as tourist guides, conveyors, shoppers, cooks, suppliers of food and clothing. I was also in contact with mountain guides with whom I had scaled the Pyrenees. One of them, "Charbonnier", a former classmate, had become a full time guide for us.

Every two or three weeks, the same scenario unfolded. The curtain rose on the arrival in Toulouse of escapees, sent to us and retrieved by word of mouth. They came singly or in groups of 4 or 5, corralled by the Dutch-Paris and Francoise networks.

Second Act: They had to be retrieved (and concealed from public view) in safe locations, often attics or basements, and they had to be fed, clothed and given boots. They had to be screened for possible moles. It was for the flyers an idle and tedious wait. Most of the time they kept quiet. Only once did I hear about a noisy altercation. It was in the winter of the election year 1943, when a few noisy fellows engaged in a bull session over FDR and woke up the landlord who thought that the Gestapo were hollering to enter his house! You were, my friends, tall men telling tall jokes. One to be remembered is the tale of the Giant Flying Fortress B 1000. It had the size of an extended 747, and the pilot had to communicate with the tail gunner by dialing long distance. On one flight, communications were suddenly broken between the two as the plane started to swerve up and down and sideways. The pilot sent a messenger on a motorcycle to the tail gunner. Minutes later the cause of the turmoil was relayed back *"A Messerschmitt had been caught in the fan of the tail compartment."*

Act Three: Was to locate one of our elusive mountain guides and plan with him the safest way to take a convoy of 12 to 15 airmen through the Pyrenees. We had to settle on a "P" for **"Passage Day"** Then came:

Act Four: The reassembling of the fugitives at the railway station in the evening. There, escorted by conveyors and under the bored gaze of ubiquitous German Soldiers, they boarded an overcrowded local train to one of the small cities which were on the edge of the **"Forbidden Zone"**. This was a fifteen mile wide strip of mountains stretching parallel to the Pyrenees. It was occupied by two divisions of the Wehrmacht, and its access was forbidden to anyone not

living there. When escapers had reached the selected station at nightfall, they left the train on the wrong side of the tracks in order to avoid the German soldiers and French gendarmes stationed in front of the station. Our packages were entrusted to the waiting mountain guides, who led the escapees across the forbidden zone of the Pyrenees. They had to avoid frequent German patrols and their hounds, who combed the roads and villages where paid Gestapo informants kept watch for any foreign visitor. The trek, which lasted two nights, was the most perilous part of the escape to freedom of our pilot heroes. One in 3 or 4 of them was recaptured.

My job was really that of a simple errand boy, driving his bicycle all over town or taking trains to keep in contact with our conveyors, escorters, suppliers, messengers and guides, and also with the big boys in Switzerland because all communications had to be made by word of mouth, no telephone or written messages. This made scheduling of the convoys somewhat erratic.

The scenario I have described was repeated until the eve of the Allied landing in Normandy, which I celebrated in Toulouse. But by then the Gestapo had identified all the members of our little network, and moved in. Six were shot, including our guide Charbonnier. As many were imprisoned. I managed to escape and am one of the lucky survivors.

However, let's make things very clear. We should not put the shoe on the wrong foot. You were the heroes, because you were risking your lives to deliver France from oppression. You were the American heroes of a country which was fighting for what was right and what was decent.

And today you remain role models, and are still in a position to tell your children and grandchildren, *"If you want to inherit the freedoms of your fathers, you must stand on their shoulders, not step on their toes."*

DR. GABRIEL G. NAHAS

LAST RESPECTS TO KATTALIN MME. CATHERINE AGUIRRE

Known to everyone as Kattalin she was a well known figure of Ciboure, very popular but also an authentic heroine of the Resistance. (Deceased July 24, 1992). She died at the age of 95, her funeral services were held in the presence of a large gathering.

It was a very emotional audience and it brought back memories of a difficult period in the course of which Kattalin Aguirre displayed admirable conduct and absolutely exemplary courage.

Those who were devoted, for diverse reasons, to the same cause have evidently not forgotten. Present were many old friends, elected local officials and representatives of numerous local associations. Well represented were the veterans of Réseau Comète. Among these with her husband, Mme Ugeux, who rendered a beautiful homage to the deceased. Also present were Mme Gracie Ladouce, M. et Mme Saboulard-Dassie, M. Et Mme Antoine Goya. Also present was Marcel Soares, companion of the liberation, a legendary figure, also Mme Alliot-Marie, députée, Representative of the Evades de France of Free France, members of the society of the Legion of Honor. All united in the same service and in the same spirit of recognition.

Kattalin has left us but her memory will live on. We will not forget the magnificent lesson of courage which she had given in the black years of the German occupation.

To all those who are affected by this sorrow, in particular to Mr. and Mrs. Castet, we express our most sincere condolences.

(Translated by Ralph Patton from) the French Journal "Le Sud Quest" of 27 July, 1992.

FROM DR. RUBY BAY
IN NEW ZEALAND

NELSON, N.S. - AUGUST 8, 1992 - Dear Sir:
Can You please help me find Richard P. Fuller. Dick was a commander of a B-17 shot down over Holland, probably toward the end of 1944. His home address at that time was 5688 Spreading Oak Drive, Hollywood CA 28. He was an Engineer and after the war had a photographic studio or other business dealing with photography.

My interest stems from that I guided a group of five airmen from a place called Raalte through German occupied Holland to Zelhem, where they were finally liberated.

I have lately been able to reconstruct much of this journey and been able to get in touch with three of the airmen involved. I was actually able to visit two Canadian ones, Oliver Korpela and Anatole Cote. The latter showed me your publication for the AFEES "Communications" and suggested that I approach you.

I would be most grateful if you can help me in some way. Please let me know if you would like some more information.

Yours sincerely, Gerard Huetting.

KLASA MILLENAAR PASSES
IN THE HAGUE

Dear Harry: I regret that I have the death of a helper to report. Mr. Klasa Millenaar died suddenly at his home in the Hague on 27 June, 1992. He had a heart attack while working in his flower garden. Klassa and Janny hid me in their home in Breda during May and Early June, 1945. After the war Klass and I maintained a close relationship. We had frequently visited each other's homes. We had last seen Klass and Janny in August, 1990 when we were in Europe visiting our daughter and son-in-law.

Unfortunately, we were not able to stay long in Holland because our son-in-law had been alerted for Desert Shield and could not be away from his base in Germany too long. He left two days after we returned to Germany. He flew F-4G's, the Wild Wesels. He led the first daylight mission of 12 Wesels that in turn lead the fighters in the morning. The Wild Wesels swept the area for SAM missile sites before the main forces attacked. They always led the B-52's in their mission into Iraq.

FROM FRANK GACCIONE

Note from Ralph Patton: Frank Gaccione, Treasurer of the 7th Photo Group was a friend of Captain Adam Tomowicz, an Evader. He went to France this summer and looked up the Helper of Captain Tomowicz. I had furnished him with an A.F.E.E.S. citation for

the French Helper, Fernand Lassibille.

Dear Ralph: I just returned from our trip to Europe. The highlight of my trip was the meeting with Fernand Lassibille, the Frenchman who helped Tomowicz escape. He traveled from Dole, near Lucerne up to Paris to meet me. He was, as I was, very proud and happy to receive the A.F.E.E.S. citation. I also presented him with my 7P-RG hat, jacket and a Silver P-38 pin. I gave him several books on the 8th AF by Roger Freeman and many photos.

He told me of Tomowicz' escape and I was particularly interested in learning of what happened to him after he reached allied lines. He informed me he stayed with the U.S. Army until Germany where they feared for his life and discharged him. He joined the French Air Force, served in Viet Nam and received the Legion of Merit. He was finally pensioned off from the military.

Like others of his ilk, he was not part of organized resistance, he risked his life to save an American at 19 years of age. He loves America and Americans, is proud of what he did and made me feel like I was the one he aided. In the short time I was with him, I felt like I had known him for years. I will remember this meeting all my life.

I hope the A.F.E.E.S. members who were aided by people such as Lassibille will continue remembering these people. Perhaps someday you'll be able to bring him and others to the States to tell their stories. Sincerely & many thanks, Frank

FROM A. ALFRED MARGUET
IN FRANCE

Dear Sir: It is a great honour and privilege to receive the title: "Special Life Member" from the Eighth Air Force Historical Society. It is very gratifying also to have been cited for the *Medal of Freedom with Bronze Palm*.

I salute the great work of the "Historical Society" which helps keep alive the memory of the sacrifices made by the living and the dead, in those dark times. I should like to offer my special thanks to all my old colleagues who never forgot.

It is naturally and with considerable regret that I inform you that I shall be unable to travel to the U.S. due to family circumstances. I shall however be with you in spirit and renew my thanks for your very generous gesture. I remain, yours faithfully, M. Alfred Marguet.

NOTE, THIS IS PRINTED ON AN EPSON 24 DOT PRINTER. PLEASE EXCUSE...Editor

BRITTANY

IN 1994 ???

WILL YOU JOIN US IN CELEBRATING THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF RESEAU SHELBURN'S "OPERATION BONAPARTE" IN MAY OF 1944 ???

Plans are underway for an eight to ten day A.F.E.E.S. trip to western France around the middle of May 1944! tentative plans include a visit to the Normandy invasion beaches, Mont Saint Michal, St Malo, Plouha, (with special ceremonies there), Brest, Dournenez, and possibly Versailles or other French Chateaus. This will be a set program with flexibility on the front or back end of it. It is being designed with our ages in mind; i.e. first class hotels, lots of free time, no long days, porters for baggage, and no long speeches.

Current cost estimates are \$2500 per person including air fare and most meals. this is very tentative as the value of the U.S. dollar is in decline and air fares are totally unpredictable.

We are trying to get a handle on how many of you are interested in making this trip. We understand the problems associated with our members health, grand children's graduations, finances, etc., but please give us a clue as to your degree of interest by filling out the following and returning it to the address listed.

I/WE ARE INTERESTED
COUNT US IN -- HOW MANY? _____

50% SURE, BUT KEEP US INFORMED —

LESS THAN 50% SURE, BUT INTERESTED

NAME _____

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RESCUE IN YUGOSLAVIA

ASHEVILLE CITIZEN-TIMES - Nov. 20, 1991

Stanley Taxel's Fairview home is decorated with black and white photographs he has taken marking memorable faces and events throughout his life. A few pictures in particular he cherishes more than the others. Like the Yugoslav family of Dragutin Dvijanovic.

Taxel and 10 other U.S. fliers in a B-17 bomber owe their lives to the Dvijanovics. The American's plane was shot down over Yugoslavia during WWII. "All of the crew survived the crash," Taxel said. We were picked up by the Chetniks, an underground group loyal to the Allies."

They took the airmen to the village of Celinas in the province of Bosnia and invited them into the home of Dvijanovic, a freedom fighter and a non-communist. After four months with the family of eight, sharing food and sleeping quarters they were secretly escorted out of the country. "Dvijanovic risked the safety of his family for us," Taxel said, "and before we left his home I promised I would bring his son Monchilo to the United States some day."

This happened in 1958 and he made his home in Virginia. Today, Monchilo works as a physicist. Over the years Monchilo Dvijanovic was able to sponsor other family members to the USA, including his brother Milorad. The remaining members of the family still in Yugoslavia are undergoing tremendous hardships. "It seems hardly fair to a people who were so helpful to Americans like me during the war."

"Now their country is being torn by civil war. It has to do with territorial rights and a division of political and religious beliefs of the two main provinces of Croatia and Serbia. Every year, Milorad travels to Yugoslavia to head the family gathering referred to as "Slava" since he is the oldest living male relative and is responsible the reunion takes place. Each time he returns to the USA he has more stories about the hardships his people face," Taxel said.

"The territory of Croatia seeks independence from Yugoslavia," Dvijanovic writes, "but they are trying to take territories with them that are not justly theirs but were arbitrarily designated by Tito and his communists. Where is the Amnesty International, the Geneva Convention, the Helsinki Accord, or the eyes and ears of America?" Dvijanovic writes. "The CIA, a year ago, said there would be civil war in Yugoslavia by May 1991. Didn't they look further to see why and offer preventative measures?"

"It is very difficult to see these things happening," Taxel said, "in a country responsible for saving so many American military lives during WWII. Those people were brave for us, so why can't we help them?" he asked. "From what I hear, the Croatians are committing atrocities just like they did during the war when they collaborated with the Axis powers."

"What's happening could be a sign of the times," Taxel said, or it could be more serious than that, a beginning in the change of world order. If Yugoslavia is split as a nation, what comes next?"

Taxel is not only preserving his memories about Yugoslavia in photographs, but also recently decided to write a book about his experiences in a country whose internal strife during World War II closely parallel the events of today.

Ed. Note: Stanley taxel, a member of A.F.E.E.S presently lives in Fairview, N.C. was a member of the 483rd BG 840th BS mia 1-21-45



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Tell story briefly, include names of crew members and helpers: _____

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