

THE U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY FALL 2012 *Communicator*

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Sept. 20, 2012

'They don't forget'

Normandy village still remembers

*From the CBS News
June 6, 2012, 6:59 p.m.*

LES VENTES, France - On this anniversary of D-day, we continue the story of one of the American soldiers who fought to liberate France from the Nazis, 1st Lt. Billie Harris. On Tuesday, the "CBS Evening News" reported on how it took Harris' widow six decades of battling bureaucracy to learn his fate.

But it turns out his death was just the beginning of an amazing tale.

It's now been 67 years since the liberation of France, but at Wednesday's D-Day ceremony in Normandy there was one woman who's still in mourning. In fact, until recently, Peggy Harris of Vernon, Tex., didn't even know her husband Billie was buried here. And certainly didn't know the story of what he means to Les Ventes, France.

Billie was a fighter pilot, shot down and killed in July of 1944 over Nazi-occupied northern France. But because of a series of snafus, miscues and miscommunications, that information never got to his wife.

As far as she knew, Bill was just missing. She waited, she said, "All of my life."

Peggy never remarried, never moved on, and might never have known the whole story if a relative hadn't looked into his military records a few years ago. The surprise wasn't so much that he died — Peggy had come to assume that — it was what happened after.

In the tiny Normandy town of Les Ventes, the main road is actually called Place Billie D. Harris.

It's the same road townspeople have been marching down three times a year for the last 60 — in part to commemorate his sacrifice.

To understand what Billie means to these people, you need only hear the mayor read his name on the monument, her voice quivering. And by extension, that admiration now goes to his wife.

Since learning her husband crashed near here, Peggy has been making an annual pilgrimage. She visits the nearby woods where the plane went down — escorted by 91-year-old Guy Surleau, the only witness still living.

He was able to maintain control of the plane, despite his condition, and avoid the village,

A hero in death, at first they buried Billie in their local cemetery and covered his grave with flowers — knee deep. Even after his body was moved to the American cemetery at Normandy, the town continued to take flowers to his grave, assuming he had no living relatives to do so.

"How can I not be grateful and hold these people very dear," Peggy said. The people of Les Ventes say they just wish they could have done more. If only I was able to help, Guy said. You did, Peggy told him.

"I like to think that he was still conscious enough to know that a friend stood by him," Peggy said, sobbing, beside Guy in the forest. "And that this man is that friend."

Her gratitude is matched only by theirs. In Les Ventes, the American sacrifice is still very much treasured and honored. "We don't forget," the mayor said, and Peggy echoed her words. "They don't forget."

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY
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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
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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.

FALL 2012

Air Memorial is dedicated to the fallen

JOINT BASE MCGUIRE-DIX-
LAKEHURST, N.J. (AFNS) -- The
Air Advisor Academy here hosted a
dedication ceremony for the new Air
Advisor Memorial here July 27.

While the memorial honors all air
advisors who have made the ultimate
sacrifice, the ceremony honored eight
Air Force and one contracted air
advisors who were killed in
Afghanistan April 27, 2011.

More than 100 family members of
those air advisors, as well as fellow
air advisors and Air Force and
community leaders, flew from around
the world to attend the ceremony and
honor the fallen.

Linda Ambard, the widow of
Major Ambard, said he was humbled
when she first heard about the plans
for the memorial, especially because
her husband was immigrant to the
U.S. He had emigrated to the U.S.
from Venezuela when he was 12
years old. Seeing her husband's
military service honored and
remembered by his Air Force family
made her appreciate that extended
family that much more, she said.

"It really is nice to know people
still care, people still remember,"
Ambard said. "His name stands as a
testimony to a life well lived."
That camaraderie played an
important part in completing the
memorial, said Col. Olaf Holm, the
Air Advisor Academy commandant
and the creative force behind the
project. The whole thing was built
through donations and volunteer
labor, and the fact that it was finished
in approximately four months is a
testament to the ideas of community
and family, Holm added.

"These are really wonderful
people who have gone through a
tremendous amount," Holm said. "If
in some way this eases their pain and
makes them feel better, it's going to be a
huge emotional time for me."

THE PREZ SEZ...

By John Katsaros, E&E# 755

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New England had its best summer, ever. Hopefully you all had a great one, as well! As reported in my Summer 2012 Prez Sez article that "attendance at the 2012 AFEES Reunion in May 6 -13, at Albuquerque, NM, was less than expected but the program set up by Lynn David, Col. "Mac" Mac Isaac and their committee was a great success".

A meeting was held on how to increase the number of attendees, especially Evaders. It was voted to survey all those in attendance, and by mail to all members, requesting their selection as to the next city that they would likely attend the 2013 Reunion.

Results tabulated are: The winning city is Tampa, Florida. In a close vote Charleston, SC came in second; Norfolk, Virginia, third and Alabama, fourth.

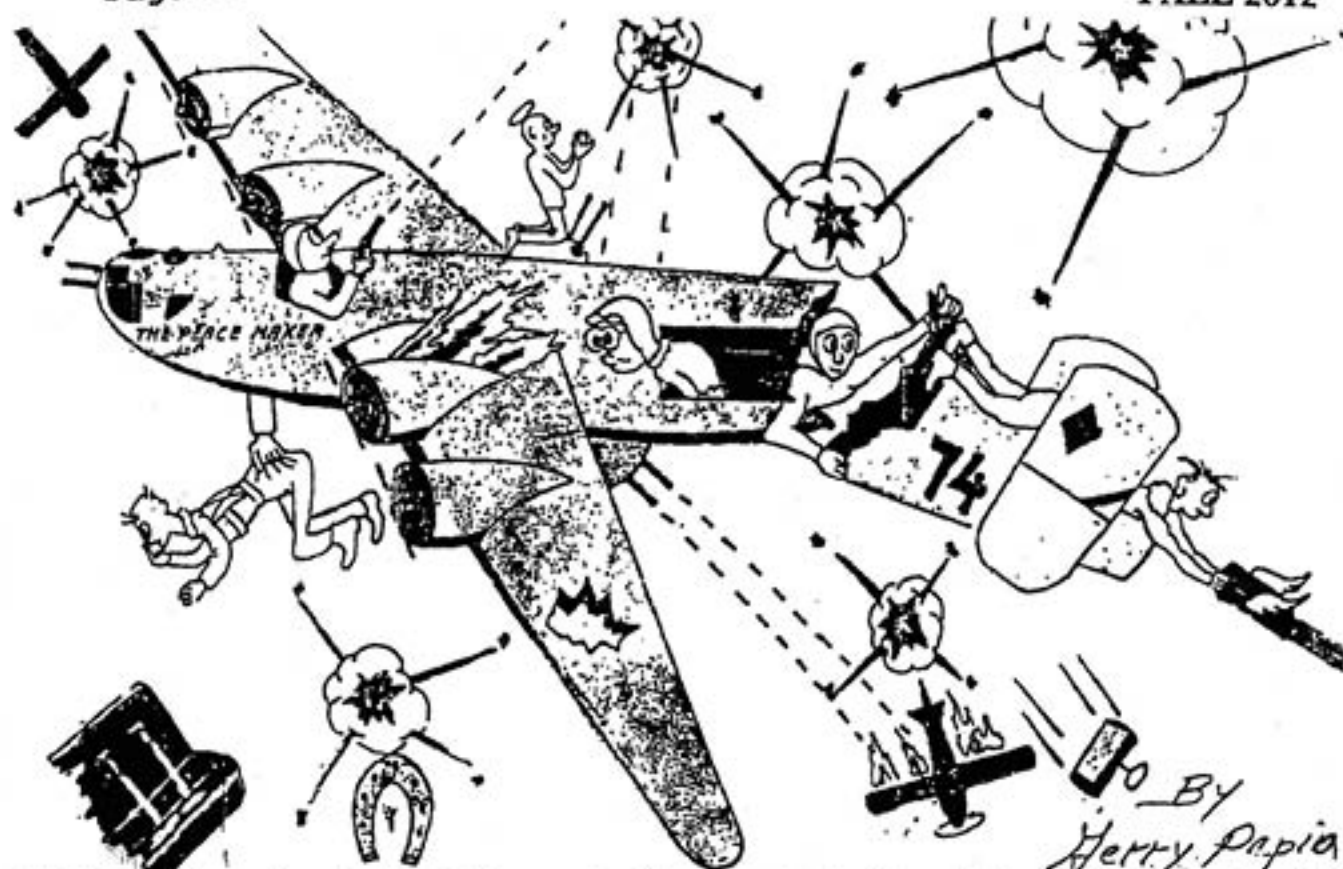
Insofar as the dates, Reunion Chairman Lynn David, tentatively says they are **Wednesday--Sunday, June 5-9, 2013**. So, this is a heads-up to mark your calendars and make early arrangements so we can meet again. Could Charleston be considered for the 2014 reunion?

Our hard-working Executive Vice President Lynn David, is in the process of doing his annual research, and at this writing plans on visiting Tampa to align us with a comfortable hotel with the amenities we enjoyed at Albuquerque. Lynn advises that one option being considered is the Tampa Crowne Plaza.

Thanks, to Betty Hennessy, who tackles two positions as our hard working Secretary/Treasurer, for her research to maintain AFEES as a Tax Free organization registered in Texas.

Betty is accomplishing this by providing the necessary forms (05-102) with the Texas Federal Public Information Report and the Texas Franchise Tax -- No Tax Due Information Report form (05-163) for the years 2011 and 2012. Their efforts will help AFEES maintain our Tax-Free Status.

Hope to see you all in Tampa. Have a great fall!! ---John



12-17-1944 Target Odental Oil Refinery - Ser #41-28982 Fighters shot down Lt William V Richards crew - Battle #74 743 Sqdn 455th BG.

BY Garry Papia
Gunner 743
Sqdn - Richards crew

This cartoon is the work of the late Garry Papia, member of the William Richards crew. 15th Air Force, which was downed Dec. 17, 1944, during a running battle with three German fighters south of Budapest.

Harvey Hewitt of Haverford, Pa., bombardier on the flight, says, "We bailed out in the middle of a battle where Russians were attacking the Germans defending Budapest. We evaded capture and the Russians picked us up. Three guys were wounded, two suffered broken legs upon landing and the co-pilot was killed.

"I am shown stopping our nose gunner from bailing out prematurely—that's my arm."

Reported changes of new address, etc.

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951-683-1545

Mrs. Ruth Westrope, 2444 Ashburn Cir., Cape Coral, FL 33991-3160

B-17 pilot gets DFC 70 years later

JOINT BASE SAN ANTONIO-RANDOLPH, Texas -- Family, friends, senior leaders and pilots gathered Aug. 24 to honor a World War II B-17 Flying Fortress pilot during an award ceremony at Randolph's famed Taj Mahal where he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross medal.

Second Lt. Samuel Smith was assigned to the 360th Bombardment Squadron at RAF Molesworth, England, during the Second World War. He flew 24 bombing missions over Nazi Germany during the war, one of which earned him the DFC nearly 70 years later.

"It's not often in one's career, and for most careers it never happens, where you have the opportunity to learn so much about a group of men and women who literally changed the world," said Maj. Gen. Timothy Zadalis, Air Education and Training Command Director of Intelligence, Operations and Nuclear Integration, during the ceremony. "A group of men and women who became known as the world's greatest generation and today we're here to honor one of those tremendous giants, (Smith), for his airmanship..."

Smith was awarded for his piloting prowess while landing a crippled B-17 upon returning from a bombing mission to Hopston, Germany, March 1, 1945. The B-17's undercarriage and landing gear was damaged by flack from anti-aircraft gunfire.

Somehow Smith was able to make a hard right turn upon landing in order to clear the runway for approaching aircraft, saving the lives of his crew members and fellow bombers in the process.

"If you could imagine the airfield, it's just a concrete runway; aircraft maybe 30 seconds in trail, all of them low on fuel because there was no extra weight on those aircraft to travel," said Zadalis. "So any problem on the runway probably meant aircraft ditching or trying to divert or significant problems for the aircraft behind."

Zadalis praised Smith's and his fellow war fighters' efforts for helping to make the U.S. Air Force the world's great airpower.

"I would share with you, in the 70 years since then...our Air Force has changed tremendously. We

dominate the air, we dominate space and we're into all kinds of domain including cyberspace...but there is one thing not a single one of these young men and women up here or I or anybody in uniform will forget and that's we stand on the shoulders of giants, we stand on the shoulders of men and women who gave our freedom and to this day are an example of service and selflessness."

After his speech, Zadalis presented the award, which Smith humbly accepted. Smith went on to thank his ground support crew for the maintenance of his airplane. "I owe them a tremendous amount," said the Texas native.

"It's amazing to me that you could have a bunch of teenage guys in their late teens and early 20s from all parts of this country and you could put them together and form an air force and a group of people that could be trained and they could actually go to Europe and we could whip the Luftwaffe...and I'm fortunate to be one of that group," said Smith.

To Smith, who was 88 years old Sept. 11, the award was bittersweet. His crew wasn't able to see him get the award.

"In lots of respects I'm sad too, because none of my crew members can be here and most of them have already passed away and they were with me when all of this action took place," he said. "We flew 24 combat missions together and I was fortunate in that I was able to bring the same crew back home after the war ended in Europe. I honor them also, because as pilots without the support of your crew and ground personnel you can't do all the things that you do."

USAF pilot's opinion on Drones

Drones will not be late to briefings, start fights at happy hour, destroy clubs, attempt to seduce others' dates, spill flaming hookers, purchase huge watches, insult other Services, sing "O'Leary's Balls," dance on tables, yell ~ "Show us your tits!!!" or do all of the other things that we know win wars!"

Only Frank got out of Stalag 17B

*From a Jacksonville (Fla.) newspaper,
Saturday, July 31, 2004*

Every morning at dawn, Frank Grey, the only World War II prisoner to escape alive from Germany's notorious Stalag 17, walks out his front door in Jacksonville Beach and salutes the American flag.

Then one day last month, the flag was gone. Once known as "Grey Ghost" for his sharp mind and deft maneuvers that helped him escape from the Nazis, the 88-year-old Grey couldn't grasp why someone would steal his flag.

Jacksonville Beach resident Frank Grey, the only World War II prisoner to escape alive from Germany's Stalag 17B, salutes his American and POW flags in his front yard every morning.

Nobody outside Grey's family knew of his incredible history at Stalag 17B, the POW camp in Austria made famous by the 1953 Oscar-winning movie *Stalag 17* and the 1965 television comedy *Hogan's Heroes*. "I've told nobody else but my relatives," Grey said. "I felt that I still had a price on my head."

The movie was a fictionalized account of the American prisoners' time in Stalag 17B. Actor William Holden played Sgt. J.J. Sefton, an imaginary character modeled in part after Grey. While the film and *Hogan's Heroes* took great liberties with real events, they captured the prisoners' spirit of hope, camaraderie, imagination and resourcefulness.

Grey's American flag and POW flag have since been returned. Based on information from a neighbor, police found the flags still mounted on their pole in the kitchen of a Seagate Avenue apartment.

Police detective Lee Amonette returned the flags to Grey a few weeks ago, then came back with a drill to bolt the flagpole to the ground. "After hearing about what he'd been through, God, that's the least I could do," Amonette said.

Grey's accounts of his harrowing years as a POW are confirmed by relatives and other POWs, including comrade Ned Handy, whose autobiography of his five seasons at Stalag 17, *The Flame Keepers*, was released on June 6, D-Day.

In an interview at his home, Grey rubbed his POW medal with his thumb as he recalled pieces of his story. The memories haunt Grey, so he can't think about them for too long without changing the subject.

Staff Sgt. Grey's B-17, nicknamed the "Kansas City Killer," was shot down Aug. 12, 1943, over Gelsenkirchen on its 12th mission over Germany. Grey, the tail gunner, bailed out with a parachute when the

engines and intercom were blown out and he couldn't contact his crew mates. "The Nazis were waiting for me," Grey said.

A German police officer loaded Grey onto a motorcycle and took him to a jail. The SS, the German military security service, took Grey to its headquarters and then to Stalag 7-A, about 85 miles north of Berlin, where he spent 98 days in a hole in the ground.

Over the next year, Grey escaped seven times from his Nazi captors. His elusiveness and sabotage became a great source of humiliation for the Nazis.

After one escape, Grey sabotaged a German freight train headed to the Russian front. He got on a flatbed car carrying anti-aircraft guns, disabled the equipment and threw it out in the fields.

Another time, Grey socked a German officer in the face, knocking him to the ground while guards were taking him from the Yugoslavian border to Stalag 17. "Your escape days are over," the Nazi guards told Grey. "We're taking you to Buchenwald, where you will get the gas."

Two guards loaded Grey onto a train for the two-day trip to the concentration camp known for extraordinarily cruel treatment, forced labor and murders.

With strict orders not to let Grey out of their sight, the guards stopped for a night of rest at Stalag 17, a prison camp run by the German Luftwaffe air force along the Danube River.

Within 20 minutes, Grey, whom Handy described as a "master at thinking fast," slipped into the camp's barracks, found the elected leader and sought his help. About an hour later, the German guards realized their mistake. They started a surprise roll call to flush out the extra man. The prisoners hid Grey in a one-hole latrine in the barracks.

The next day, the leader of Barracks 2-A approached Handy, the crew chief of a tunnel digging project, and gave him 20 minutes to state whether he could hide Grey and three Russian soldiers in the tunnel under the barracks.

Word had spread that the Gestapo military police and their dogs were coming the next day to find Grey.

Handy recalled the enormity of the barracks leader's request in his book. "All hell is going to break loose tomorrow, Handy. These barracks are going to crawl with forreets, guards and dogs. They'll tear the place to pieces. I don't know what it is about our friend Grey here, but he's hot and they want him. If these guys are found, they're dead, and the ones who hid them could end up the same way. So good luck."

In a recent phone interview from his Massachusetts home, Handy described the request as "the biggest 20 minutes in our lives." A comrade who collected coffee-can-sized milk cans for the tunnel project said he could

build air vents in the tunnel to accommodate the wanted men.

He received the go-ahead and installed the air vents in five hours. Handy awoke in a cold sweat that night, worried the Gestapo's dogs could smell the men in the tunnel. On the advice of a bunk mate, Handy spread lime from the latrine around the tunnel's hatch to mask their scent.

The Gestapo arrived before dawn the next day and roused the men from their barracks. The prisoners' stomachs were in knots as they stood in the compound, trying to keep their cool as the Gestapo tore up their bunks, tapped the floors with steel rods and sent the dogs into the crawl space under the barracks. The search continued for three days. "They never found them," Handy said. "Saving Frank was the greatest moment of our lives."

Decades later, in a POW reunion, Grey apologized to his comrades for the episode, saying he felt bad about turning their lives upside-down and that the Nazis stole their rations and personal possessions. "It meant a lot to us to be able to save his life," Handy said in the phone interview. "We have great respect for him. The Grey Ghost is a revered guy."

About 4,300 American airmen were kept in four barracks at Stalag 17B, each with barbed-wire fences and a guard tower. The men slept on flea-ridden mattresses on wooden bunks without any heating.

They lived on bread thickened with sawdust and thin watery soup that occasionally contained a piece of horse meat. The prisoners relied on the American Red Cross parcels of canned foods to keep them alive.

As Allied bombings moved closer to the camp, Grey told Handy that it was time for him to escape.

Grey came up with a plan and invited Handy to join him. Grey arranged to bribe a guard and swap places and dog tags with Ray Bernie, a New Zealand POW who lived in a separate compound at Stalag 17B. As Bernie, he could volunteer for a work camp that could get him near the Yugoslavian border. Bernie would take on the identity of someone in Grey's barracks. Under the plan, Handy was supposed to swap tags and places with a British prisoner of war.

During an intense snowstorm that obscured the watchtower guard's view, Grey slipped through the double gate that separated American POWs from the other prisoners and exchanged places with Bernie. But something had gone awry. A group of comrades were hanging out by the fence and some of them had made it through to the other compound. Handy hesitated. The plan was blown.

In his book, Handy explains how in January 1945, he urged Grey to go on without him. "Frank. Listen to me very carefully, and do as I say. Go. ... It's the biggest thing you can do for me. We'll meet again in better days."

Since Handy failed to escape, the real Bernie took Handy's tags and Handy took on Grey's identity, forcing

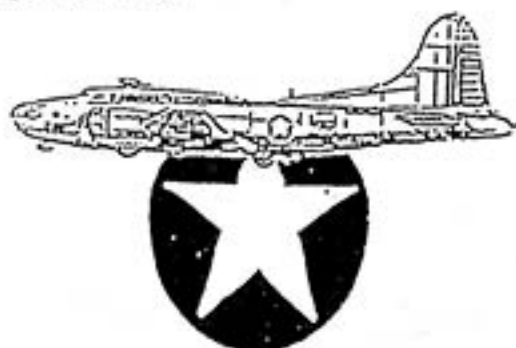
him to hide out during roll call and other occasions when guards might have noticed Grey with Bernie's tags. Grey joined a work camp in Gratz, Austria.

Eventually, he encountered a general who commanded the Yugoslavian armed forces that resisted the enemy that occupied Yugoslavia from 1941 to 1944. The general asked Grey to drive his truck and equipment to Yugoslavia. "We'll get you out of Germany," Grey said the general promised him.

Grey fought alongside the Yugoslavian resistance forces until the war ended.

He returned to the United States and in 1947, Grey married his sweetheart, Dorothy, whom he had met years before at her father's grocery store. Grey stayed in the Air Force, fought in Korea and earned the Distinguished Flying Cross. He retired with 23 years military service.

Over the decades, Grey and Handy lost touch with each other. They didn't meet again until 58 years later, at a Stalag 17B reunion.



His Canopy found 42 years later

From the Daedalian Flyer

"Pilot Cheats Death By 30 Seconds"

That was the headline of the article written by Paul Tracy for The Manchester Evening Leader following an aircraft accident in New Hampshire back in 1949.

"Thirty seconds later and I wouldn't be here today." And so began a story that finally came full circle earlier this year.

On Sept. 6, 1949, then Lt Colin Chauret was in pilot training with the 95th Fighter Squadron out of Grenier Field. At about 12:15 in the afternoon, he was 8,000 feet above Lake Winnepesaukee flying his P-51 fighter at about 250 mph.

"Once we were trained, we could go up there and engage in simulated air-to-air combat," he recalled, "so I was up in that area looking for someone to tangle with. I came upon two other planes, so we were going to go at it, but when I put my throttle full forward, my engine blew and this big flame shot out.

"I told the other planes I was bailing out, and I rolled the plane," he added. "We had no ejection seat to get us out, so you had to jettison the canopy with a handle, undo your seat belt and then kind of slide out sideways."

"I tried to bail, but the slipstream kept me pinned in the cockpit," Chauret told the reporter. "I even flipped the plane over on its back and tried to fall out. No luck again."

However, as Chauret began to lose air speed, the engine flames subsided. He radioed ahead to Grenier—Glow Worm Squadron, call no. 345—and reported that he was going to try to make it back to the base.

"I had those other two planes escorting me," he said, "so I lined up on the runway and put the landing gear down, and that's when the prop seized. Folks on the ground said the flame was twice the length of the aircraft, but luckily, I was only going about 170 miles an hour, so I rolled it again, slipped out, watched the tail go by and hit the ripcord.

"I was only about 500 feet up, so I was on the ground right away," he added. "I was OK but I hit so hard that every shoe string on my boots broke."

He folded up his parachute and watched his plane burn, then caught a ride back to the base in an ambulance.

As he told the reporter, his only wound was when he caught a finger in a car door and the pain kept him awake all night. "Car

Door Succeeds Where Plane Fails" reads the sub-headline.

According to a story published in the Manchester Union Pioneer, the jettisoned canopy first landed in the top of an elm tree and finally slid down through the branches to rest at the feet of Mildred Lowther, who was hanging laundry in her backyard.

For years the canopy stayed in the family basement, even used one winter as a sled, until a man named Jay Berry saw it at a garage sale at the home of Ottie Lowther. The canopy was in excellent shape and still had the names of the pilot and crew chief emblazoned on the side.

With the help of his father, Shaun, he finally made contact with Chauret and they decided the proper place for the canopy was the New Hampshire Aviation Historical Museum at the Manchester-Boston Regional Airport.

And so the final chapter of the story has been written. On 14 May, Colin and his wife, Kittye, were there when the canopy was unveiled.

Campaign wants 'veteran' back in Veterans Day

By Terri Moon Cronk
American Forces Press Service

WASHINGTON -- A new campaign is working to put the "veteran" back into Veterans Day and to rally public awareness of the sacrifices made by injured veterans and their caregivers.



Colin Chauret as a young pilot.



**CONSULAT GENERAL DE FRANCE
A CHICAGO**

Mr. Robert J. Starzynski
5235 N. Long Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60630

Chicago, May 23, 2012

Dear Mr. Starzynski,

It is my pleasure as Consul General of France in Chicago to inform you, on the behalf of the people of France, that the President of the French Republic has named you Knight of the Legion of Honor for your valorous action during World War II.*

My fellow countrymen will never forget your sacrifice. Their children and grandchildren are as proud of your courageous actions as can be your own children and grandchildren.

This outstanding distinction is the highest honor that France can bestow upon those who have achieved remarkable deeds for France. It is also a sign of true gratitude for your invaluable contribution to the liberation of France during these difficult times in the History of our nation.

It is a privilege for me to send you my sincere and warmest congratulations. Please accept my very best wishes for yourself and your family and friends.

Merci beaucoup for all you did!

Sincerely yours,

**Graham PAUL
Consul General of France in Chicago**

**Decree of the President of the French Republic on February 27, 2012.*

The Dutch-Paris line rescued

By P. R. ZEEMAN
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Australia

There were many escape lines during WW II, but the Dutch-Paris Escape Line succeeded in rescuing over 1,000 people. The majority were civilians, primarily Jewish families fleeing Nazi persecution. More Jews were saved by John Henry Weidner's Dutch Paris Escape Line than the famous Oscar Schindler, who after all, still made money from the work Jews performed in his factories.

However, the altruistic Hollander who lived in France, went bankrupt running the Dutch Paris Escape Line, helping people, who were being hunted by the Abwehr (intelligence gathering agency and dealt with exclusively with human intelligence, especially from yield agents and other sources), the Gestapo (the official secret police of Nazi Germany) and Sicherheitsdienst (the intelligence agency of the SS and the Nazi Party).

Additionally the Dutch-Paris Escape Line did intelligence work for the Netherlands Government in exile in London, assisting secret agents and VIP's and smuggling micro-films and secret information. Weidner's escape organization did save over 200 Allied soldiers.

On the 21st of January 1944 I began my journey to England. At the Gare d'Austerlitz in Paris, ten U.S.A.A.F. Airmen, one Polish RAF pilot, and two Dutch Escapers or Engelandvaarders (escaping from enemy occupied Netherlands to contribute to the Allied war effort assembled on the departure platform for the 8 p.m. train bound for the city of Toulouse, situated at the foothills of the Pyrenees Mountains.

Our group consisted of: 2nd Lt. Frank A. Tank (E&E#398), 2nd Lt. Ernest L. Stock (E&E#399), S/Sgt. Russell C. Gallo (E&E#400), S/Sgt. Eric Kolc (E&E#401), Sgt. Leonard H. Cassady (E&E#408), Sgt. James C. Hussong (E&E#407),

2nd Lt. Karl W. Miller (E&E#446), 2nd Lt Jack O. Horton (POW), Lt. Charles O. Downe (E&E#411), F/O Ernest O. Grubb (E&E#447), Sgt. Jan Tmobranski (Polish/RAF), Robert van Exter and I. Tank, Stock, Gallo, Kolc, and Cassady were from the crew of the B-17 "Sarah Jane" that had crashed-landed near Wimpy, France on Dec. 30, 1943.

The men from the "Sarah Jane" were rescued by "L'Armée Blanche" and later passed on to the Dutch-Paris Escape Line, which supplied them with false Identity Cards and civilian clothing before escorting them to "safe houses" in or near Paris.

Hussong was a B-24 tail gunner and had bailed out of a/c #4128599 on Dec. 30, 1943 near St. Quentin, France. Grubb was a B-26 co-pilot and had been the last man parachuting out of his bomber on November 3, 1943 at Evreux, France. Downe was a navigator, who's B-17 "Slightly Dangerous" crash-landed between Paris and Beauvais on Sept. 6, 1943. Horton and Miller in their B-17 "CarolinaBoomerang" were shot down over Samoussy, France on Oct. 14, 1943.

Tmobranski's Spitfire was shot down near Evreux. Van Exter and I were escaping to go to England to join the Dutch effort lighting the Germans.

Before departing we were introduced by our Dutch-Paris escorts to Jacques Rens, a senior member of the Dutch-Paris organization. Just before arrival in Toulouse, he instructed us to follow a girl in an black and white overcoat, through the Toulouse train station exit gate.

How the Americans, masquerading as French workmen wearing the typical French berets over their very Nordic faces and with musettes (knapsacks) and rucksacks slung over their shoulders, could pass the scrutiny of several German soldiers at the station gates is still a mystery to me.

In Toulouse Jacques Rens handed us over to "passeurs" of the Dutch-Paris, who would guide us over the snow covered Pyrenees Mountains to reach Spain. It would take too many pages to tell the story of how and why the thirteen of us split up but only

12 reached Spain over different routes, but all crossed into the "Zone Interdit", a 15 km forbidden zone, where the German patrols could shoot any person on sight or arrest those who did not carry a special pass, which was issued only to the local French population.

However seven took the St.Girons-Foix-Andorra route and the other six walked from Manne to Arbas, but had to leave Horton behind before crossing over the Route National at the Col de Portet d'Aspet to Spain.

Thanks to my French friend David Delfosse (who researched the history of the crew), whose parents lived near Wimpy, where the "Sarah Jane" crash-landed, I learned about the misadventures of 2nd Lt Jack O. Horton (POW). Next I would learn that Rens was assisted by two young female Paris-Dutch members, Miss Christine Ockhuijzen and either Miss Anika Neyssel or Miss Marie-France Comiti. My group's Dutch-Paris guides' resistance pseudonyms "Palo" (P. F. Treillet) and "Mireille" (H. Marot) are amongst the names honored in the Musée du Chemin de La Liberte de St. Girons.

At the end of 2008 I exchanged escape line information with Bruce Bollinger, AFEES member from Nevada City, CA. After finding out about my experiences with the Dutch-Paris Line, he put me in contact with Megan Koreman, Ph. D., who was commencing the research of the history of the Dutch Paris Escape Line.

With great pleasure I would introduce this writer to a close friend and surviving collaborator of the Dutch-Paris Escape Line, Albert Starink (our contact in Paris), as well as to the Committee of the "Stichting Engelandvaarders" (Dutch equivalent of AFEES). Dr. Koreman, an American historian and author of "The Expectation of Justice: France

1944- 1945", was commissioned by The John Henry Weidner Foundation in the USA to write the history of the Dutch-Paris. She has now concluded over two years of research of the WWII documents in the archives of Belgium, England, France, Holland, and Switzerland

She said she is the first researcher to look at almost all of the 135 Dutch-Paris dossiers at the army archives in France, because some of the dossiers have sub-folders of the correspondence needed to get permission to see them.

Dr. Koreman has described her research adventures in detail on her blog (www.dutchparisblog.com). Dr. Koreman, has returned from her European research trip to begin work on a chapter outline and a first-chapter draft of her book. In the near future she will conduct research at the U.S. National Archives and Records Administration.

Hopefully Dr. Koreman will throw some light on how the Gestapo and Abwehr had for years tried to shut down this escape line and how close they came to doing so in February 1944.

Nearly half the 300 individuals and families, who voluntarily staffed this escape line organization, were arrested and over 50 of them lost their lives. Should you like more information about this book project or have a desire to provide financial support for completion of this book, please contact Kurt Ganter, Chair of the Weidner Foundation Archives Committee at (207) 389-2638.

Megan Koreman's forthcoming book is to be titled, "Ordinary Heroes: The Dutch-Paris Escape Line" and is expected to be published in late 2013 or early 2014. I believe that no such a comprehensive history of any other Resistance network or Escape Line has been written..

BEETLE BAILEY



'Friendly Invasion' began in 1942

By Staff Sgt. Megan P. Lyon
48th Fighter Wing Public Affairs

CONEY WESTON, England (AFNS) — During his childhood, Clive Stevens would gaze up in awe at a small B-17 Flying Fortress model that sat on top of a bookcase in his home.

"It obviously gave me a deep-rooted interest in the airplane," said Stevens.

Over the years, his fascination grew to include not only the U.S. aircraft but the entire 8th Air Force. The interest was so strong that the Wiltshire native moved halfway across England to airfield-heavy Suffolk in order to be closer to his passion.

"When you're younger, you're more interested in the hardware," said Stevens. "Then you get a bit older; you still think the hardware is great, but what about the (Airmen) and their stories?"

Now a U.S. Army Air Forces historian and 388th Bombardment Group Memorial Committee member, Stevens wants to ensure the Airmen's stories are not forgotten.

He was one of the driving forces behind the festival celebrating the 388th BG and the re-dedication of the memorial in Coney Weston on July 14, 2012. The day also marked the 70th anniversary of the first arrival of the Army Air Forces Airmen based in Eastern England.

Surrounded by a convoy of World War II vehicles, more than 200 people watched as the memorial was re-

dedicated to the Airmen who lost their lives while serving at Knettishall Airfield.

Situated on top of the last remaining section of road that used to lead to the now demolished airfield's headquarters, the memorial was originally dedicated in the 1980s. Recently, it had two new extensions added, each stone listing the names of 388th BG airmen lost during the war.

During its time in East Anglia, the 388th BG flew more than 300 combat missions over Europe and lost 91 aircraft. More than 800 men were taken as prisoners of war, 524 men were killed in action and two Airmen are still listed as missing in action.

As the names of the dead were read during the ceremony, Airmen from Royal Air Force Lakenheath, England, dressed in authentic World War II uniforms, drifted out of the woods to silently form up in front of the U.S., U.K. and Air Force flags in remembrance of those who sacrificed their lives.

The son of Col. Francis Henggeler, a B-17 pilot and 563rd Bombardment Squadron commander under the 388th BG, attended the ceremony.

"We are very thankful for so many of the people in Great Britain who are keeping the memory alive, whether it's through the B-17, the military vehicles or the museum," said Dick Henggeler.

Olivia Leydenfrost, the daughter of Robert Leydenfrost, also attended the ceremony. Her father was only 20 when he was stationed in England as a bombardier. He was sent on flying

missions over Europe, including a humanitarian aid mission to the Dutch people.

"It's an incredibly moving experience to see the incredibly warm relationship that still exists between the local British people and the Americans," said Leydenfrost. "Keeping that legacy alive is absolutely magical. It's something we need to preserve for the future."

After the ceremony, attendees visited the former airfield, now returned to an agricultural state, to watch as the last active B-17 Flying Fortress in Europe performed a flyover before moving to the 388th BG museum.

To Dave Sarson, a 388th BG Memorial Committee member and museum curator, the day exemplified the U.S. - U.K. relationship.

"We appreciate all the help and all the volunteers," he said. "We made some good friends."

For Master Sgt. Joseph Schepers, the 48th Medical Group medical technician functional manager and one of the day's head volunteers, his main motivation to be involved was the relationship between Americans who have, and still are, serving in the U.K. and the local people.

"You have the British people honoring the Americans (who) fought and died," said Schepers. "To have the Air Force presence out here was great. The day was simply amazing."

Frank and Ernest



388th BG honored at Festival

Base serves today as 52nd AS

By Staff Sgt. Megan P. Lyon
48th Fighter Wing Public Affairs

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302nd AW commander here, and Col. Brian Robinson, the 19th AW commander from Little Rock Air Force Base, Ark., sliced through the ribbon, marking the official opening of the facility.

Just before the ribbon cutting, Pittman stood in front of the audience, highlighting the significance of the day's event.

"We've been waiting over a year for this building to be finished. It's been worth the wait and this is a fabulous facility," Pittman said. "I love talking about this TFI; I believe in it and I'm passionate about it."

"From day one, the 52nd AS pulled together, and since then we've been through combat together and we've been inspected together," he said. "This building is really going to be the icing on the cake. It's the last piece we need to look like a long-term, professional organization. We used to call this (area) the Reserve campus; this is now the TFI campus."

The 52nd AS, which first activated in October 2009, has seen its share of combat deployments. The squadron has deployed several times, supporting tactical airlift and airdrop operations throughout Southwest Asia.

The squadron achieved full operational capability in late 2011 as its end strength reached approximately 200 Airmen.



AFEES Prez John Katoras seems to be listening while Marguerite Brouard Miller, Helper, (right) seems to be giving orders to Vice President Beverly Patton Ward during a break at the reunion in May.



Charlie B. Screws (E&E # 673) left, gets a friendly greeting at the 2012 reunion from Superhost Steve Mac Isaac, a fixture at reunions for many years. Charlie was a member of the 361st FG, and lives in Abilene, Tex. Thanks agin, Mac, for what you contribute to the congenialty of our reunions!

FALL 2012

'My Extraordinary Odyssey'

**Adventures of a World War
II Bombardier**

*By Maj. Edward Richard Burley
and Miriam Cox Burley*

Edward Richard Burley Jr. and Miriam Cox Brey were born in Buffalo, N.Y. They met at Sunday school in late 1940.

Edward volunteered for the U.S. Army just a year before Pearl Harbor and the U.S. entry into World War II. He served two years as an enlisted man before becoming an Air Corps officer and a bombardier.

Edward and Miriam became engaged in 1943, just as Edward was deploying to England.

On his 6th mission, his bomber was shot down over enemy-occupied France. He was rescued by the French Underground.

Edward was missing in action until his return to England in January 1944. He was then ordered back to the USA and served in both flying and non-flying assignments. This book is the story of the extraordinary saga, and on the long and happy marriage of Edward and Miriam, from their wedding in February 1944 to his death in 2003.

It was only through Miriam's determination and effort that Edward's story was finally completed and printed in 2007.

With this book, his intent was to describe what thousands of downed American airmen experienced while in the hands of various Underground organizations and evading capture by the Germans.

*For more about this book, contact
Miriam Burley, 805 Maximo Ave.,
Clearwater FL 33759*

*Perhaps copies will be available at
the 2013 AFEES Reunion close by.*

Jesse wowed the crowd at reunion

**By Jerri Donohue
AFEES Friend**

They ate half-raw opossum. With their bare hands, they grabbed fish by the gills in shallow, icy streams. They traveled through Yugoslavia by night, in cold, windy weather, plodding along in cumbersome flying boots. By day, they watched distant German and Italian patrols and caught snatches of sleep beneath scrubby bushes where the snow hadn't melted.

AFEES member Jesse Casaus (15th AF, 465th Bomb Group) shared these and other details of his crew's evasion experience when he spoke at the annual Armed Forces banquet of the Greater Albuquerque Chambers of Commerce on June 23.

Charles Brunt, a reporter for the *Albuquerque Journal*, publicized the recent AFEES reunion. Brunt introduced Jesse to the crowd of 400 people, who included New Mexico's lieutenant governor, the commander of Kirtland AFB, and a former astronaut. Jesse had never spoken publically about his wartime ordeal, nor had he even related some of the incidents to his late wife, Rose, who passed away in February. Even so,

Brunt reported that Jesse's audience acknowledged his "outstanding" presentation with a standing ovation.

The one-time bombardier described the miseries the evaders endured after crash-landing in a valley in Yugoslavia on Dec. 14, 1944. Fearful that the B-24 would explode, some crewmembers fled it without retrieving their emergency rations. Hunger dogged the men. They could not risk building a fire long enough to thoroughly cook anything, hence the meal of semi-raw opossum.

"That tasted horrible!" Jesse said. "To this day, I can't stand the smell of turpentine, because that's what it smelled like."

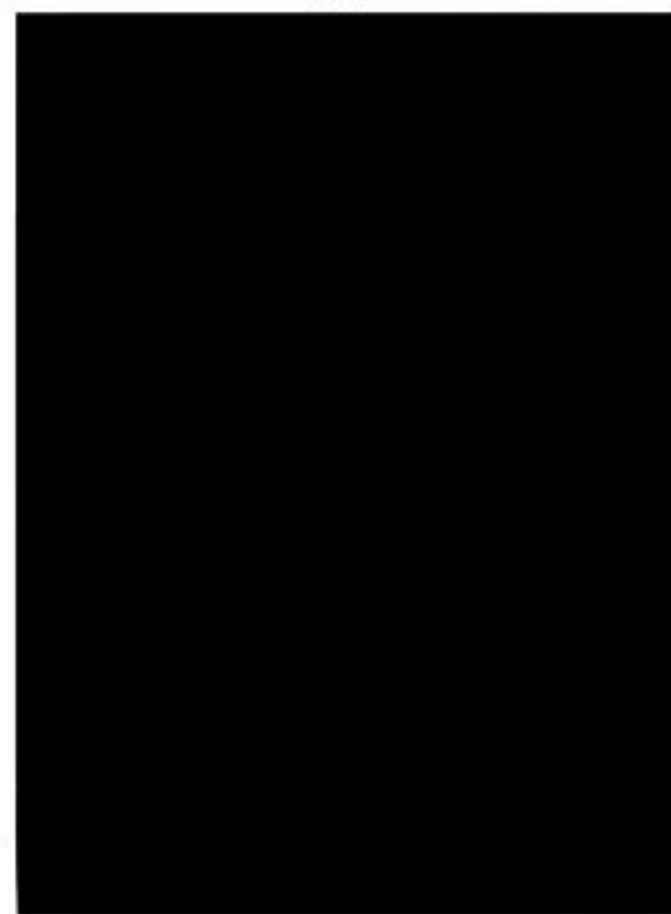
Under such wretched conditions, tempers flared among the previously friendly crew. Surly gunners openly questioned the judgment and intelligence of their officers. Sergeants with survival skills emerged as leaders, making decisions for all.

Their troubles ended when Jesse recognized

Tito's partisans, who later had the airmen ferried to Italy in a fishing boat. All but one man resumed flying bombing raids until the war ended.

Jesse stayed in the Reserves. After being called up during the Korean War, he opted to make a career in the Air Force. In retrospect, he considers his World War II evasion instruction inadequate.

"Before We went to Korea, it was a different story," Jesse said, describing. Long and grueling evasion exercises in Nevada. Fortunately, in that war, he didn't need to apply what he'd learned.



Jesse Casaus, 15th AF, told his evasion story at the meeting of the Albuquerque C.C. Armed Forces banquet six weeks after the AFEES reunion.

**Richard Smith, B-17 Pilot
Former President of the Escape & Evasion
Society
Battle Lake, MN/Fargo, ND**

This society, which was founded in the 1960s, is made up of U.S. airmen who crash-landed or parachuted into German-occupied territory when their planes were shot down in the second world war. Yet, they evaded capture and returned to their units with the help of people on the ground in places like Belgium, Holland, France, Greece and the Balkans.



Members of the French Resistance, the Dutch and Belgian underground, and partisans and soldiers from the former Yugoslavia led more than 2,000 U.S. airmen to safehouses and farms where they were kept and fed until it was safe to travel an escape route out. Some ventured over the Pyrenees Mountains from France into the relative safety of Spain. Others were taken to makeshift airfields in rural meadows and airlifted to England. It would have been nearly impossible to escape without them, the men said. Many of their crew mates were captured..

"They wanted to get the Germans the hell out of their city," said society president Richard Smith, of Battle Lake, Minnesota. "They wanted to help (the airmen) fight the Germans instead of ending up in a POW camp."

Smith's plane was shot down over France on Dec. 3, 1943. He said he delayed pulling his parachute as long as he could to give the Germans less time to react to seeing - and capturing - him. He ended up 50 miles (80 kilometers) north of Paris, and hid in a hedge row before three Frenchmen found him and got him in the trunk of their vehicle. They drove him 25 minutes to an abandoned farmhouse, where he was met by his radio operator and co-pilot.

The three later stayed with a couple and their baby, "who gave us their bed and fed us lots of rabbit stew," he said.

Yvonne, the Belgian Helper

My whole family was involved in helping airmen escape from capture. (My mother) was credited with about 130 of the downed airmen. My brother and I, at first we didn't know who they were. And they were introduced to us as Flemish cousins...because we didn't speak Flemish and they didn't speak French, so we were told we would converse in English. And when you have one uncle and two cousins, and you end up with 32 Flemish cousins, who take up your bed...you start wondering, and I did find out. And that's when I started helping my mother.

She never took me on anything that was very dangerous. Safe houses were difficult to find. You didn't want to have too many children there. You didn't want to have a young girl with a reputation or an old woman with a reputation to worry about because of a jealous husband. Really, what my family did was located in Brussels. Then, there were guides who used to take the men down to Paris, and from Paris down to the Pyrenees or whatever escape line they were involved with. There were four or five.

What we did in our house: First of all, they had to have forged papers. Americans used to have pictures in their survival kit, but it was not a frontal picture, and all our IDs in Belgium were with frontal pictures. The information was picked up from towns that had been bombed out, where the Germans could not go and find that "Sejance Miss" did not exist. Stamps had to be stolen, returned the following day.

We went through this process of taking them on a short walk. And you try to take a 6-foot-3 American dressed in Belgian clothes and you might as well have flown the Old Glory; he looked so American. Either that, or they didn't know how to walk on cobblestones. And you didn't know who was holding who. You had to tell them, they're not on a Cook's tour, and not to look at the architecture. And we only learned these things as people were arrested and we found out why. If a German patrol was taking a little too much interest in what the two of you were doing, you would turn to the airman and ask him a question to which he had to reply, "No." Not "oui." No
(Continued on Next Page)

English-speaking person can say "oui" without lingering on the i. And then eating the European way, not lighting a cigarette as if they were on airfields. I mean all kinds of things that would capture them. And then you know it was the POW camp.

On D-Day, my mother was left with 52 of them spread around Brussels between June and September. And you had to keep changing them from one safe house to another. When we were liberated on the third of September, we brought them down to a hotel that had been designated and we turned them over, and my father took them in three vans to Paris and turned them over to General Patton. The funny part about that, well, first of all we went down, my mother spoke to a British military guy and said, "I have 52 men here, if you give me three vans I will come and pick them up." And he looked at her as if she was coming from Mars. And said, "Ma'am, you better bring these 52 men, or you're in trouble!" And sure enough, we arrived.

The problem was that we were broke financially, absolutely broke. As we started to hear these men drinking champagne, and we heard them saying, "Charge Madam N, charge Madam N." So Madam N went to the British man and said, "I want you to record every one of these men, because I'm not paying for it." And we thought that was going to be the end of it, and look where I am!

President Reagan is the one who brought us into the country. I was a young girl; I was 11 when it started. I was 15 at the end. You know, it was scary! The worst part for me, there were two things that were awful to me. First of all, that you could never tell your best friend at school that you had that good-looking American or British at your house. And the second thing was that whenever my parents thought they were going to be arrested, there was a car that would pick us up and take us away, and I never knew whether I would see my parents again. And that to me is the sad part about this. We got away. We were never arrested.

From the 461st Liberaider, June 2012

Missions of Mercy

By SEAN SIMS

Army Heritage and Education Center

Sean Sims is a graduate of Messiah College, Class of 2008, with a BS in Biology. He served as a student volunteer intern in the AHEC in 2009.

The final days of World War II did not immediately end the stress faced by all Allied soldiers.

Despite the majority of German territory being securely in the hands of the Allies, many Allied soldiers anxiously awaited liberation in territory that had not been reached by ground forces.

These Allied prisoners were in need of food and medical supplies to ensure their survival, which had become scarce due to the chaotic nature of the end of the war. Servicemen who found themselves

in German hands, particularly Army Air Force officers interned by Luftwaffe personnel, were arguably better off than those who surrendered to other services of the German military.

They certainly fared better than Prisoners of War (POW) in Japanese care. However, the conditions many servicemen faced after capture were both depressing and tedious. Becoming a prisoner of Germany began with a soldier hearing, "For you, the war is over."

Before receiving a permanent camp assignment, the serviceman would be interrogated for a period of time which varied due to how much useful information the German military felt that it could extract. Enlisted soldiers were felt to have very little useful information compared to their

officers, and they could expect to be on their way to internment faster than their commanders.

Travelling to a camp was a trying and likely dangerous experience late in the war. Cramped conditions with little food were only made worse by the possibility of being strafed by aircraft of their own side. On many occasions Allied prisoners were unknowingly and mistakenly killed by friendly fire. As the Reich crumbled, acute shortages in food and materiel for the Wehrmacht placed the needs of POWs very low on the list of priorities. At the end of the war, many prisoners were left to fend for themselves as their captors abandoned their posts.

POWs were subjected to both physical and mental duress. Therefore, swift repatriation of these servicemen was a high priority. It was of such importance to General Dwight Eisenhower that he addressed the 40,000+ prisoners and told them that swift efforts were being made to ensure their repatriation.

Following Victory in Europe (VE) Day on May 8, many prisoners still awaited liberation in Austria. By May 9, two stalags, in southern Austria, Wolfsberg and Spittal, required aid to sustain Allied prisoners until they could be reached by land. The camps lay within range of the American 15th Air Force operating out of Italy. A B-24 bombardment group, the 461st, from the 49th Bombardment Wing stationed at Torretta Air Field southwest of Corignola in southern Italy, was assigned the task of

**8th AIR FORCE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ANNUAL REUNION
CROWNE PLAZA
RIVERWALK SAN
ANTONIO, TEXAS
OCTOBER 3 - 7, 2012**

coming to aid the prisoners in these postwar missions.

The 461st had flown 223 combat missions over the preceding twelve months. Now it would fly "Mercy Missions." A call for volunteers went out to fly to Austria. On May 9, the supply missions began and would continue every day through May 16.

One such volunteer, a pilot from the 767th Bombardment Squadron of the 461st Bomb Group recalls making his drops, "We went in at 200 feet below the ridge levels on each side, and had to throttle down to 145 MPH to minimize bursting the bundles which were dropped onto paneled grass fields adjacent to the camp then we had to throttle up quickly to make a hairy turn at the end of a box canyon to get out."

Over the eight-day period a total of 90 sorties were flown, in which 184 tons of food and medical supplies were dropped to Allied POWs. It must have truly been a wonderful sight to see. "One happy guy was sitting on top of the barracks roof, waving wildly, recalled a navigator who served with the 765th Squadron, also part of the 461st Group. With no danger from enemy aircraft the B-24 crews successfully relieved the former prisoners until they could be met on the ground.

The alleviation of the suffering of military and civilian victims of the war in Europe was to become a major task for the Allies. Efforts to contact, sustain and repatriate Allied POWs received great attention.

The American military tradition of "leave no Soldier" is graphically represented in the actions and efforts of the Army Air Force during World War II. This tradition survives today in the U. S. military, as evidenced by the extensive efforts to recover fallen soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen from battlefields around the world.

Book tells full story of spy/hero

By Eric Bourque

The Yarmouth Vanguard News
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

Joe Maloney (15th AF, 98th BG) wasn't much older than a teenager when the U.S. Air Force plane in which he served as a tail gunner during the Second World War was shot down over seas. He and his fellow crewmembers parachuted and landed in Slovenia.

At the time, Maloney a native of Connecticut was just two days shy of his 21st birthday. It was early April 1944.

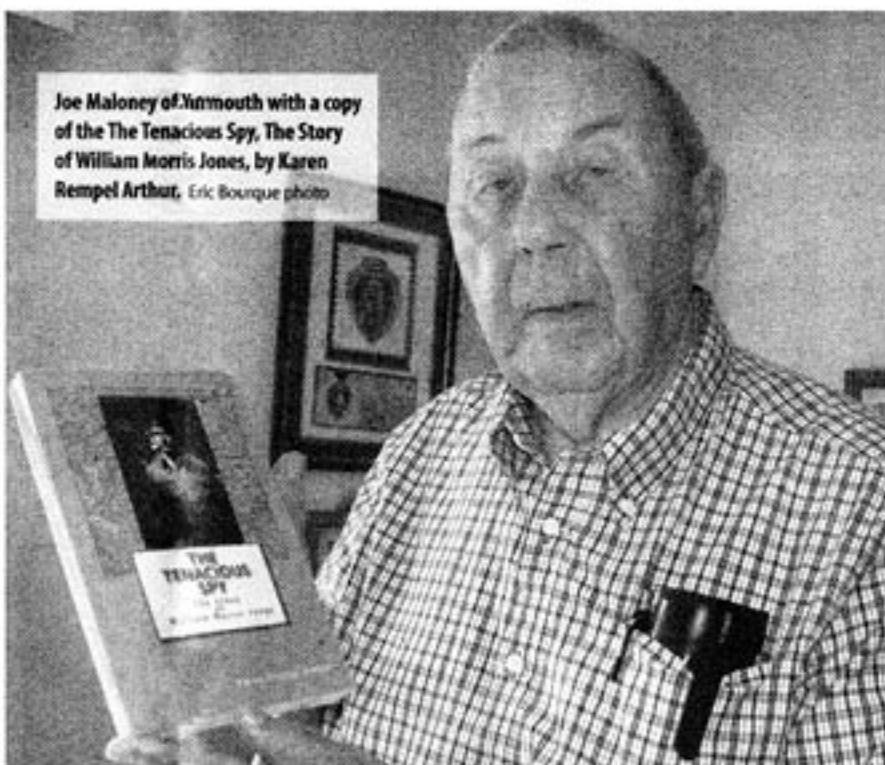
"As I went out the bottom of the plane, I thought 'this is it. I'm never going to live to see 21'" Maloney remembers.

Maloney eventually made it to safety, however, and the man he credits with saving his life - a man he came to know as Major Jones - is now the subject of a book by a writer from Ontario.

The book - *The Tenacious Spy, The Story of Morris Jones* - is about a man, originally from Digby County, Nova Scotia, who, as author Karen Rempel Arthur says in the book's prologue, wasn't very tall but was "physically and mentally built of steel... A man of charisma and presence... Absolutely fearless."

In a telephone interview from her home in Port Colborne, Rempel Arthur described how the idea for the book took shape.

"I had co-authored a book on the Township of Wainfleet, which is kind of the next township to Port Colborne, with William Thomas" she said. "In my research at the library in Wainfleet I found this short article about Major Jones and I thought he sounds really interesting but that is all I could find on him. I did write a



page for the book about him and about six months later the local newspaper here was doing a Remembrance Day article and they called for an interview and wanted to write about this Jones, so that appeared in the paper and some people from Port Colborne who at one time worked for Jones on his farm beside the river here contacted his son, who contacted me and unloaded 13 boxes of (material) and wondered if I'd write a book."

Born and raised in Bear River, William Morris Jones served with the Canadian military in the First World War where acts of bravery earned him two Distinguished Conduct medals. In one incident he lost an eye from flying shrapnel.

A couple of decades later, Jones wanted to serve again, this time in the Second World War but Canadian military officials weren't ready to take a chance on a one-eyed man and it was suggested he go to England, where he "was bound and determined to join the RAF," Rempel Arthur said.

Long after the war, as he worked on the farm he had acquired by the Welland River in the Niagara Region of southern Ontario, the local

people wondered about him, finding him mysterious, but he was not allowed to tell his story, at least not yet.

Pierre Berton reportedly approached Jones about writing a book about him, but Jones died before that book could be written.

As for her own book about Jones, Rempel Arthur says she got some very positive feedback about the finished product from Jones's son.

Joe Maloney (who moved to Yarmouth from the U.S. as the 1970s) also was impressed with the book, saying he would like more people to know who William Morris Jones was and to learn about his heroic efforts in both world wars.

Maloney provided Rempel Arthur with a good deal of material to help with the book.

"He was wonderful," she said of Maloney. "He sent me so much information that he had accumulated."

Maloney - one of many young men whom Major Jones helped save back in 1944 - says Rempel Arthur's book deserves to be read.

"I think she did a beautiful job," Maloney said. "I think it's a good book."

Duke provided site for base in UK

GRAFTON UNDERWOOD, United Kingdom (AFNS) -- U.S. and Royal Air Force leadership; local community leaders from Kettering, United Kingdom; and veterans marked the 70th anniversary of the first 8th Air Force bombers participating in World War II with a ceremony at Boughton House and a memorial service at Grafton Underwood Aug. 17.

At Boughton House 70 years ago, the Duke of Buccleuch loaned part of his 10,000-acre estate to the United States Army Air Forces, who built up Grafton Underwood Airfield on the grounds.

Leadership in attendance included Maj. Gen. Stephen Wilson, 8th Air Force commander; RAF Air Commodore R.L. Atherton, representing the U.K. Ministry of Defence; Air Chief Marshall Sir Stephen Dalton, RAF Chief of Air Staff; and Col. Brian Kelly, 501st Combat Support Wing commander.

"Our first heavy bomber air combat mission took place at this very spot 70 years ago today," said Wilson, during his remarks to more than 200 people in attendance.

"Twelve B-17s departed Grafton Underwood, escorted by RAF Spitfires, to strike targets in occupied France. General Ira Eaker, my predecessor as the Commander of VIII Bomber Command, flew on the first mission himself. The bombing results were good and the formation only took minor damage. It was a solid start, and the press swooned at the story, but we knew we had a long way to go.

That December, General Eaker told Fleet Street reporters in London, still hungry for good news, "We won't do much talking until we've done more fighting. After we've gone, we hope you'll be glad we came."

Wilson talked about how RAF Bomber Command and VIII Bomber Command worked hand-in-hand striking at the heart of Germany's war-making capability with "around

the clock - RAF Bomber Command at night, Eighth Air Force by day" bombings.

They grew into the nickname "The Mighty Eighth" -- with more than 350,000 Americans serving in England and flying more than 620,000 sorties from August 1942 to May 1945.

"Comprised of nearly 50 bomber groups and 20 fighter groups, the Eighth Air Force sent aloft the greatest air armada in history," said Wilson. "I doubt we'll ever see anything like it again. As many as 1,000 bomber and 1,000 fighter aircraft flew in a single maximum effort mission. A mission of this magnitude put more than 11,000 men in the air at one time. Unfortunately, not all of them made the return trip home."

Early on, aircrew losses were at a catastrophic 20 percent per mission. The chances of a crew making it to 25

missions were virtually nonexistent.

"More than 26,000 Mighty Eighth Airmen made the ultimate sacrifice for our common cause. Another 28,000 became prisoners of war," said Wilson. "Let me try to put this number in context. If we started the clock from 8th Air Force's inception in 1942 to the end of the war in Europe, we lost two Mighty Eighth Airmen every hour of every day, one killed and one became a prisoner of war, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year for almost three years."

"And in almost every conflict, we have continued our remarkable relationship -- fighting shoulder-to-shoulder alongside our trusted wingmen from the RAF."

The event at Boughton House was followed by a wreath-laying service near the 8th Air Force memorial at Grafton Underwood.



Joe Perry (E&E # 1160) and his wife Lupe of Redmond, Ore., were among the crowd at the 2012 reunion. Sgt. Joe was a member of the 490th BG and went down June 22, 1944, southwest of Bernay.

Pilsen, Czech town, thanks its Liberators

Submitted by STEVE Mac ISAAC
Rio Rancho, N.M.

This is an amazing story of remembrance. In the Czech Republic, the school children of the equivalent of fifth grade are each assigned one of the American and Canadian liberators buried there. Their grave is the student's responsibility for the year and they learn all there is to know of their own hero. Their surviving family is sent letters and they respond to the annual child who tends their loved one's grave.

Have you ever wondered if anyone in Europe remembers America's sacrifice in World War II? There is an answer in a small town in the Czech Republic called Pilsen (Plzen).

Every 5 years, Pilsen conducts the Liberation Celebration of the City of Pilsen in the Czech Republic. May 6th, 2010, marked the 65th anniversary of the liberation of Pilsen by General George Patton's 3rd Army. Pilsen is the town that every American should visit. Because they love America and the American Soldier.

Even 65 years later... by the thousands, The citizens of Pilsen came to say thank you. Lining the streets of Pilsen for miles From the large crowds, to quiet reflective moments, including this American family's private time to honor and remember their American hero.

This is the crash site of Lt. Virgil P. Kirkham, the last recorded American USAAF pilot killed in Europe during WWII. It was Lt. Kirkham's 82nd mission and one that he volunteered to go on.

At the time, this 20-year-old pilot's P-47 Thunderbolt plane was shot down, a young 14-year-old Czech girl, Zdenka Sladkova, was so moved by his sacrifice she made a vow to care for him and his memory. For 65 straight years.

Zdenka, now 79-years-old, took on the



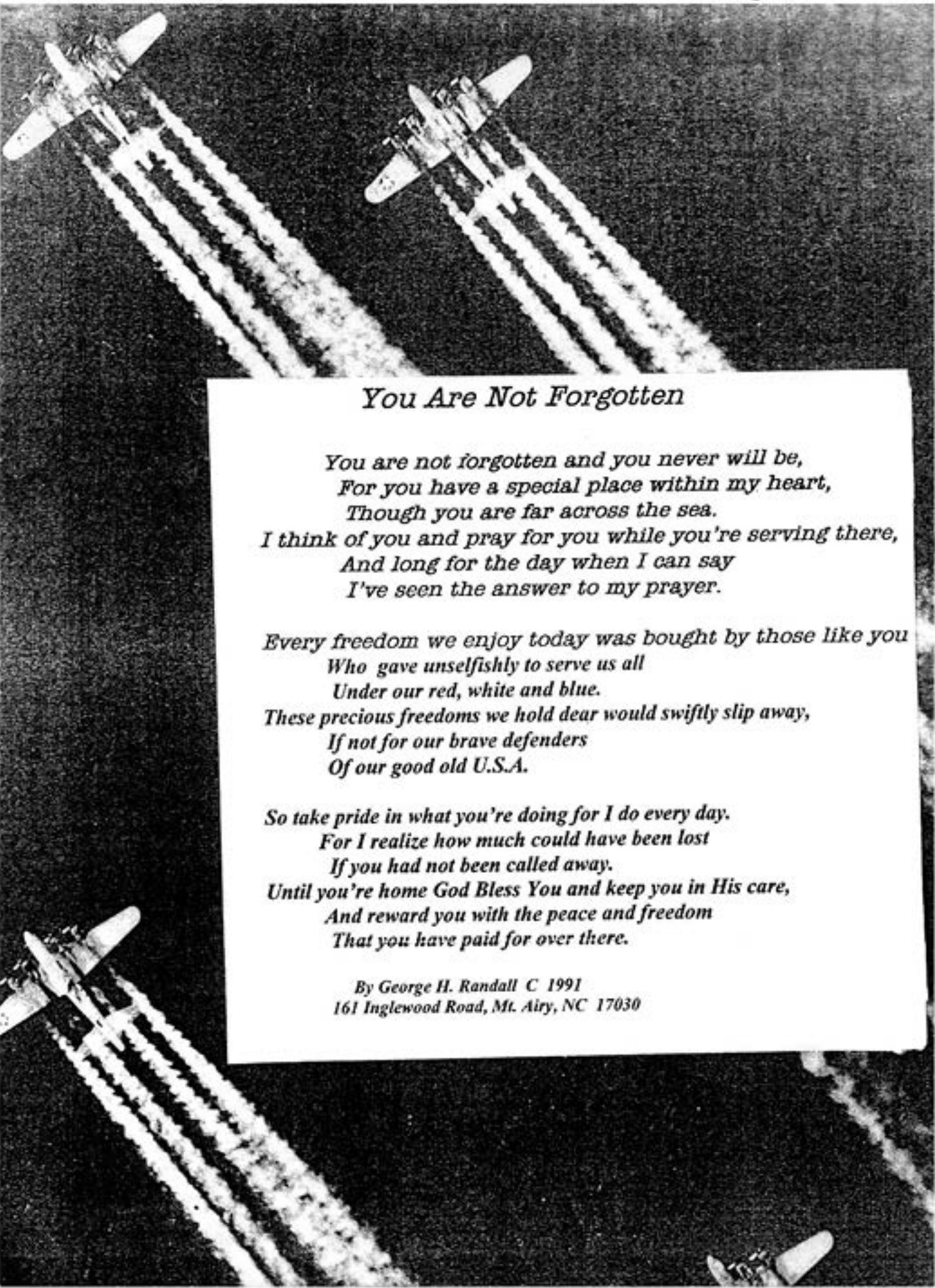
responsibility to care for Virgil's crash site and memorial near her home.

American soldiers, young and old, are the Rock Stars these children and their parents want autographs from.

Yes, Rock Stars! As they patiently waited for his autograph, the respect this little Czech boy and his father have for our troops serving today was heartwarming and inspirational.

Each year, a different military hero is honored in tribute to General Patton's memory and the mission to liberate Europe. This award is presented to a graduating senior who will be entering the military or a form of community service such as fireman, policeman, teaching or nursing -- a cause greater than self. The student will be from 1 of the 5 high schools in Pilsen, Czech Republic.

The first award was presented in May 2011 in honor of Lt. Virgil Kirkham, that young 20-year-old P-47 pilot killed 65 years ago in the final days of WWII. Presenting Virgil's award was someone who knows the true meaning of service and sacrifice... someone who looks a lot like Virgil. Marion Kirkham, Virgil's brother, who himself served during WWII in the United States Army Air Corps!!!



You Are Not Forgotten

*You are not forgotten and you never will be,
For you have a special place within my heart,
Though you are far across the sea.
I think of you and pray for you while you're serving there,
And long for the day when I can say
I've seen the answer to my prayer.*

*Every freedom we enjoy today was bought by those like you
Who gave unselfishly to serve us all
Under our red, white and blue.
These precious freedoms we hold dear would swiftly slip away,
If not for our brave defenders
Of our good old U.S.A.*

*So take pride in what you're doing for I do every day.
For I realize how much could have been lost
If you had not been called away.
Until you're home God Bless You and keep you in His care,
And reward you with the peace and freedom
That you have paid for over there.*

*By George H. Randall C 1991
161 Inglewood Road, Mt. Airy, NC 17030*

-FOLDED WINGS-

E&E#89 1st Lt. Ralph McKee, navigator, 8th AAF, 305th Bomb Group, 366th Bomb Squadron, Chelveston, England: folded his wings on February 4, 2012. The 305th Bomb Group turned over the initial point and headed down the bomb run. It was the Fourth of July, 1943 and the target was a German airfield on the outskirts of Nantes, France. While on the bomb run, a piece of flak hit a turbo-supercharger, causing one of the engines to lose power, more damaged to a different engine caused the Fortress continued to fall behind the formation. The German fighters had been waiting for a straggler and now they came in for the kill. One of his gunners shouted jubilantly, "I got one. He's on fire." but the fighters had killed the Fortress. One engine was burning fiercely and there was a fire in the vicinity of the bomb bay.

The pilot sounded the bail-out signal on the emergency alarm system. Sgt. McKee bailed out, making a hard landing, fracturing one of his vertebrae, which would bother him for most of his evasion. Once on the ground two teenage French boys came to his aid. One hid his parachute and Mae West life preserver, while the second led him to two bicycles. They rode the bicycles through a small village, where several German soldiers did not recognize him as an American airman despite his flight coveralls and flight jacket. The pair arrived at a farmer's house where the farmer hid him in a hayloft and fed him bread and wine. After they left him, he fell asleep. When he woke up the next morning, he was covered with a U.S. Army blanket. The farmer appeared carrying fried ham and omelet, which was in a skillet stamped "U.S. Army". The farmer had fought with U.S. troops in World War I.

During the day he hid in a thicket on the farm. After three nights and two days, the farmer hid Ralph under hay in a wagon and took him to a dry spot in a marsh. The farmer gave him cheese, bread and wine and explained that he would like to help more, but the Germans would kill his family, if Ralph was found on his farm. The farmer said his friends would come for Ralph that night. While waiting for them he pondered escape routes. After sunset, he was visited by two young men, who brought him food, wine and cognac. They had been unsuccessful in trying to contact a resistance group. At dawn they returned and reported that they had made contact with a group. That evening two men in their thirties (Jean and Felix) brought civilian clothes and three bicycles. They bicycled about 15 miles to a city, where Jean's house was located. That evening they drank wine and talked into the night even though Ralph did not speak French. The next day, Jean woke him and told him they had another guest coming for dinner.

The guest turned out to be his pilot, Bill Wetzell. With forged papers, Ralph and Bill were taken by train to Paris. While there two more American airmen joined them, and then they would travel to Mont de Marsan. There their party grew to nine Evaders and two guides. They travel by bus to the Restrictive Zone (special passes required), but when it looked like the bus driver was going to betray them, they got out and walked for two nights and one day. Then a truck was hired, taking them two hours closer to the Spanish border. Walking the rest of the way into Spain, they were eventually captured by two members of the Guardia Civil, who escorted them to a village jail. The next day they were taken to a prison in Pampuna. About a week later an American official arrived and interviewed them. Several days later, a Spanish Air Force officer escorted them to a hotel in a resort town. Next they were taken to hotel in Alahama, then to Madrid and finally to Gibraltar. Ralph said "the courage and fortitude of this group of Frenchmen and other groups like them, symbolized the spirit and determination of a freedom loving people in resisting oppression. For more on his story see the Turner Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society book or Dunbar's "Escape Through the Pyrenees".

E&E#16 2nd Lt. John W. Spence, navigator, 8th AAF, 303rd Bomb Group, 359th Bomb Squadron, RAF Molesworth, England: folded his wings on 11 March 2008. He took off on his 8th mission to bomb the submarine pens at Lorient, France at 1000 hours on 23 January 1943. While leaving the target his B-17 #41-24603 "Green Hornet" was first hit by flak, causing loss of #2 engine. After leaving the formation it was hit by FW-190s from several different directions. Then a head on attack damaged #3 and #4 engines. The bailout order was given and the crew except for the pilot and co-pilot bailed out. (The pilot and co-pilot had only one chute between them.) Lt. Spence hurt an ankle as he hit the ground.

As he ran towards the French welcoming committee, he heard Sgt. Sidney Devers (E&E#17) yell "hey lieutenant, wait for me." The group was too large for anybody to risk an overt act of assisting them, but they did gather up the parachutes. Then the pair headed towards Spain, trying to put as much distance as possible between the landing spot and their selves. In the first village they came to, they heard a friendly voice and saw three people waving for them to come in. Jeanette Gueguez, the teenage girl, gives them coats to cover their uniforms. She also instructed them in French to stay off the roads and to follow the canal.

Years later John found out that Janette's father was buried the day before. After resuming their journey the next night towards dawn, they came to another farmhouse and found a shed with a bed in it. Later a little girl came into the shed with a pan of milk, Sgt. Devers yelled hello scaring her and causing her to throw the pan of milk into the air. Soon all household members were at the bed asking for an explanation. Once the pair calmed them down they gave the pair a meager breakfast. The airmen then went back to the bed until darkness came.

The airman continued their walk to Spain. After walking through the town of Mur De Bretagne, as morning arrived, they decided to approach a farmhouse. An old couple invited them into the home and gave the pair food and drink. It was decided that their teenage grandson would take the airmen to Chateau, where members of an underground organization lived. At the chateau, the Count and Countess de Keranflec'h and their granddaughter, Catherine Janots would shelter Sid and John and make arrangements for the pair to go to Paris. Several days late they made the train ride to Paris. Mme. Suzanne Le Grande and her mother Lady MacDonald-Lucas sheltered them for several days. They were separated.

John went to the home of Doctor and Mme. Tinel. While there Georges and Jacques Tinel took him for walks in preparation for the hike across the Pyrenees into Spain. These walks often happened in front of many German soldiers. (Sometime later Jacques Tinel was caught by the Germans and executed) During this same time John met the Nouffard sisters, Genevieve and Henriette. (The Nouffard sisters would donate 40 of their parent's paintings to the Dixon Museum in Memphis, Tenn.)

A woman from the Irish Embassy interrogated him to make sure he was not a Nazi agent. He was asked some questions about baseball but John didn't know all the answers. He wondered if he would be led away for execution. Catherine Janots was involved with this escape line and was credited with helping more than 20 Allied airmen. After some time John, Sid, a RCAF airman and three guides would take several train rides to the Pyrenees, where they disembarked and walked across the Pyrenees into Spain. In Spain they were questioned separately. Sid was put into a prison and detained for about 10 days. John, knowing to tell the Spanish authorities he was an RAF officer escaping from the Nazis, was taken to a hotel. Two other crew members were Evaders, one was KIA, and five became POWs. John said, **"It was in those 22 days that he and Devers acquired a debt to their French Helpers that they could never fully repay."**

2nd Lt. Charles Lucien Davis, bombardier, 15th AAF, 459th Bomb Group, 756th Bomb Squadron, Giulia airfield, Italy: folded his wings on 17 February 2012. On 6 June 1944, Charles was flying his 15th mission in B-24 #42-52717 named "Jackie Boy". The bomber was returning from bombing the railroad marshalling yards in Brasov, Romania. The whole crew was forced to bail out over Yugoslavia.

Charlie and his crew were rescued by the Serbian Nationalist Resistance Group headed by General Draza Mihailovich. He and his crew were recovered on 2 August 1944 in an OSS mission titled "Operation Halyard." In May 2005 in Belgrade, Serbia, Charlie participated in presenting the Legion of Merit medal to General Mihailovich's daughter. The medal had been awarded by President Truman to Mihailovich in 1948 but was never presented.

E&E#789 2nd Lt. Thomas R. Westrope IV, co-pilot, 9th AAF, 441st Troop Carrier Group, 99th Troop Carrier Squadron, RAF Merryfield, England : folded his wings on 15 October 2008. Lt. Westrope and his crew were flying their first mission on 6 June 1944. His crew included: pilot, 1st Lt. Harvey Doering (E&E#788), Crew Chief, T/Sgt James Smith (E&E#790) and Radio Operator, Sgt. John Delistovic (E&E#791). The 441st Troop Carrier Group was dropping the 101st Airborne Division in Normandy for the D-Day invasion. After dropping 17 paratroops at Saint Mere Eglise, the C-47 transport in the overcast missed the planned return course and the plane was hit by heavy flak, blowing the left engine off and part of the left wing off.

The C-47 then at about 0200 hours, crash landed in a field about ten miles from Equeurdreville, France. The crew was cut up but no one was hurt seriously. They destroyed the radio equipment and set fire to the plane. They could hear some Germans and a dog so they hid in a ditch. They stayed there until 1000 hours the next morning when two French women were passing by. The airmen told them they were American. The older woman smiled and signaled for them to wait. Later they came back with food and showed them better places to hide, hedges and haystacks. The women gave them blankets at night and also fed them from time to time. The crew also used some C rations and K rations that they had.

On the third day the women brought Emile Fery a police chief in Equeurdreville. Emile had a good reputation with the Germans and had freedom to drive. M. Fery brought them civilian clothes and then took them in his car to his house. Emile had plenty of food and wine in the house, probably acquired from the Black Market. A man named Alex and Pierre Roemer visited them and gave them news while they were sheltered in the house. After about 10 days they could hear the American guns and several days later they could hear and fell shells falling nearby. On June 23rd they started hiding under a table because there was much gunfire and shelling around the town. On the 25th the crew could hear the American troops and went out and showed them their dogtags. Eventually they were sent to VII Corps headquarters.

There a 2nd Lt. interviewed them in front of 20 war correspondents who took notes. This Lt. also introduced them to one of the correspondents, Colin Wills, a BBC radio broadcaster. Mr. Wills wrote a script for them and recorded it, broadcast it the next day. Emile's wife and children were still in German occupied Rouen. The whole crew returned to duty and continued dropping paratroops, pulling gliders, dropping supplies and ferrying wounded soldiers. In 1978 Thomas and his wife visited France and met with Emile Fery's wife and daughter. He was also thrilled by a visit to the house where Emile had sheltered him. Thomas felt that he owed his life to Emile Fery.

E&E#2486 2nd Lt. Tadeusz (Ted) Skowronek, pilot, 9th AAF, 354th Fighter Group, 355th Fighter Squadron, Gael Airfield, France: folded his wings on 27 February 2012. It was chilly and dark at 0400 on 25 August 1944, when Lt. Skowronek was awakened. Ted was not scheduled to fly that day but the assigned pilot could not fly the mission so Ted was chosen as his

replacement. It was a massive fighter sweep of the German occupied Paris area and would be Skowronek's 22nd mission. His squadron was taking off as he grabbed a cold pancake and raced to his assigned P-51B Mustang #42-106445. After catching up to the squadron, Lt. Skowronek assignment was as the element leader's wingman. As they approached the mission point the element leader aborted and left the formation, leaving Ted alone.

An FW-190 flew past him and he pursued it with both of them climbing towards the clouds. Ted fired his six 50 cal. guns and saw strikes to the FW-190. The German fighter dove for lower clouds while Ted was still firing and could see the 50 cal. rounds hitting the FW-190. It crashed into the ground, soon his P-51 was hit by flak in his left wing and a loud explosion blew a large hole in the left wing. He turned to the southwest trying to make it to the Allied front line when the Mustang started to overheat and lose altitude. He saw a plowed field and made a perfect "wheels up" landing.

He placed his chute on the wing and threw two incendiary grenades in to the cockpit and ran toward the nearest trees. His Helpers were Francois Du Marquez and M. Chede family. Ted rejoined his unit on 13 September 1944. He flew in the Battle of the Bulge and the Ramagen Bridge attack and finished the war with a total of 121 sorties flown. He was credited with downing two ME-109s and one and half FW-190s.

AFEES Friend member, Peter Loncke: folded his wings on 24 March 2012. He was born in Neerpelt, Belgium on 26 September 1953. Peter retired as 1st Master Sgt. from the Belgian Air Force in 2009, after serving for 38 years. For the past 30 years, Peter researched and located WWII aircraft crash sites and matched them to crew members, bringing closure to families. He honored the survivors by planning annual reunions and ceremonies. He was instrumental in placing several memorials in Europe for those killed in action.

He also arranged for a memorial stained glass window to be placed in the church he attended in Belgium. His dedication to honoring the memories of the war dead has captured the attention and gratitude of many hundreds. Peter received his most meaningful award December 1996, when he was awarded the British Ambassador's Meritorious Commendation for his research of British WWII Aircraft crashes and for establishing several memorials. He was the first Belgian to receive this honor. In 1985, he was instrumental in placing a monument at Joe's Bridge in Leopoldsborg for the British Army's Irish Guard who had liberated his Belgian village from Hitler's Regime in 1944 during "Operation Market Garden."

Peter authored two books regarding his research, one of which one was instrumental in the making of the documentary film, "The Bombardment of Beverlo in Leopoldsborg, Belgium." The other was "The Liberators Who Never Returned." He married Constance Crandell Moss, the niece of Leonard Crandell (KIA), an airman Peter had researched. He then moved to America and became an American citizen.

Peter remained involved in his research after his move to Groveland, Ill., in 2003. Peter was member of AFEES, 44th Bomb Group Assoc., 50-61 Squadron Association Royal Air Force, 75 Squadron Royal New Zealand Air Force, 75 New Zealand Squadron Association United Kingdom Branch, and the Prairie Aviation Museum in Bloomington. For 10 years Peter was the secretary of the Limburgse Friends of the Allied Forces. Peter was recognized as a benefactor and founder of the Bomber Command Museum in England.

E&E#885 S/Sgt James J. Heddleson, radio operator, 8th AAF, 801st Bomb Group, 36th Bomb Squadron, RAF Harrington, England: folded his wings on 15 March 2009. On 27 April 1944 Sgt. Heddleson was flying his fifth mission with the "Carpetbaggers." (The "Carpetbaggers" flew nighttime missions dropping agents and supplies in occupied Europe.) His

B-24 #42-40997 "Worry Bird" was on its final approach to drop weapons, ammunition and other supplies to the French Resistance at Saint Cyr De Valorges. James was in the tail to exchange recognition signals (blinking flash lights) with the resistance group waiting below, when the bomber shook violently as a wingtip had hit something. Sgt. Mooney fell through the open "Joe Hole" where the ball turret had been removed so agents could parachute from the plane.

Mooney survived the fall but was captured by the Germans. The "Worry Bird" slammed into a hill or mountain breaking in half. The five crew members in the front section were killed. Sgt. George Henderson (E&E#886) and James were thrown out of the back section as it tumbled and broke apart. They staggered and limped into the nearby woods and then turned to watch their bomber erupt into a fireball. The pair spent several days traveling across the countryside, eluding the Germans and begging for food. Their luck held and eventually they met a man, who told the airmen to go into a vineyard and hide. The man returned an hour later with a note, in English from the local school master, who promised to meet them at 5 pm. The teacher brought them food and then left to bring back a member of the local resistance. The pair was given false identity cards. Heddleson's card identified him as a deaf mute.

They were both given guns and James thought "Oh my goodness, what are we getting into?" The ensuing weeks were a blur to him as the airmen shuttled from one hideout to another narrowly avoiding capture several times. They learned that the Germans had posted a 25,000 franc reward for the capture of Allied airmen. They assembled weapons dropped by the Carpetbaggers and trained resistance fighters. They also accompanied the resistance members on raids. On one mission to blow up a railroad trestle, they set four timers hoping to catch a train as it crossed. Instead two trains passed safely and then hell broke loose as the explosives detonated.

On 8 August 1944 a British plane landed and took the pair back to England. James and his wife twice traveled to France to visit the scenes of his wartime exploits. A monument has been erected on the hillside where "Worry Bird" crashed and broke apart. A square in the town of Saint Cyr De Valorges was named for Heddleson. Sgt. Heddleson had enough reminders, medals, some faded photos, an old flight jacket and some pieces of "Worry Bird" to bring back the time when he was "Jean Pierre Etaix." In a newspaper story about his war time experience, he was quoted as saying "reckless days, but we sure did a lot of stuff in four months, didn't we?"

Ruth Grauerholz: folded her wings on 22 June 2012. Ruth's life changed when she met Aviation Cadet Larry Grauerholz (E&E#439) in Jackson, Miss. Ruth married Larry on 9 April 1944, five days after he returned from his adventures in Europe. After the war, the couple owned and operated several weekly newspapers. In 1963 they joined the staff of the Wichita Falls Times & Record News, where Ruth was an advertising salesperson, making many friends among her clients and winning many awards.

She loved people fully, from her foster children in 3rd world countries to hundreds of people she served in charity work including 17 years as a Hospice volunteer. She loved her large family and was source of comfort, strength and wisdom to them. Ruth left 8 children, 15 grandchildren, 13 great-grand children and a great-great-grandson.

E&E#2436 S/Sgt. James M. Hiller, flight engineer/top turret gunner, 8th AAF, 94th Bomb Group, 332nd Bomb Squadron, Rougham Field, England: folded his wings on 2 April 2010. James was returning from Berlin bombing raid on 4 March 1944, when his bomber had runaway prop on #3 engine. They could not feather the prop, B-17 #42-3901 "Northern Queen" was out of control and the bailout order given. Sgt. Hiller made a delayed jump and landed alone near Beselare, Belgium. He had hurt his shoulder and ribs but hid his chute and flying gear in a

ditch under snow. Walked about two miles but became wet and tired as it was snowing very hard, so he knocked on the doors to two houses. A woman in the second house motioned for him to go away.

A man on a bicycle offered to help him and then took him to his house. The man fed him and then left to contact the underground. That evening he was taken to the house of M. Maertens, a school teacher. His pilot, Lt. Julius Blake (E&E#1973) was there and they would stay there for three days. The White Army would then transport them to Menin on March 8th where they stayed with M. Boudouin Van Nasche. On March 25th the two were taken by train through Brussels to Liege, where they met their radio operator, Sgt. Edgar Finstad (E&E#2069). James stayed with a priest in Flemalle for one night. He and Finstad were taken to a boarding house in Liege. Two days later Finstad and Blake headed for France. Shortly after that he was joined by his waist gunner, Sgt. Ed Latham (E&E#1904).

On April 22nd they two were moved to Magnee where they were sheltered by M. Parmentier until 12 May 1944. Two days later they were turned over to another organization and went to another house in Magnee. They then walked 25 kms. to a small village where they stayed until May 25th. Next they were taken to the house of Mme. Meurice (her husband was a POW in Germany) in Xhoris, Belgium. It was while they were there that they heard of the D-Day invasion.

On July 22 they were taken to another village. From there on August 18th they were taken to Ville-En-Hesbaye(?), where Baroness Beltjen sheltered them until 25 August 1944. After that they were sent to a camp in the woods. From there they and three members of a Liberator crew started to walk towards Heure-Le- Romain(?). On this journey Sgt. Hiller passed out and was left with a priest. He never saw the Americans again. Once he arrived in Heure-Le-Romain(?) he was treated by Dr. Cravatte and stayed with M. Herbecq until 29 September 1944 when he joined American forces in Namur, Belgium. The navigator, James Branagan was KIA, when his chute did not open. The outcome for the rest of the crew was three evaded and five were captured.

E&E#1880 2nd Lt. Kenneth P. Dunaway Jr., pilot, 8th AAF, 78th Fighter Group, 83rd Fighter Squadron, Duxford, England: folded his wings on 28 March 2012. It was 1 September 1944 When Lt. Dunaway took off on his 19th mission, flying in P-47 #42-22776. He was making his third strafing run on a train when he was hit by anti-aircraft fire. It damaged his engine, setting it on fire and locking it up, forcing him to bail out at 3000 feet. He landed near Denderleeuw, Belgium.

In less than an hour the "White Army" had him. In Denderleeuw he was given a bicycle and taken to the home of Charles Dooreman, mayor of Burst. Ken stayed with him for one day before being taken to the home of M. Ponnet in Sint-Lievens-Houtem. Dunaway stayed for several days before returning to M. Dooreman's home. On September 8th M. Dooreman took Kenneth to meet the American forces in the Metropole Hotel in Brussels. Two other Helpers were Maurice van Durme and a man known as "George."

Norma Michaels: folded her wings on 8 January 2012. She married Edgar W. Michaels (E&E#1300). She and Ed had three children and seven grandchildren. Norma was a woman full of energy and showed much warmth.

E&E#1943 FO Joseph DeLuca, bombardier, 8th AAF, 303rd Bomb Group, 360th Bomb Squadron, Molesworth, England: folded his wings on 22 March 2011 On 22 February 1944 their mission is to drop propaganda leaflets over the aircraft factories in Aschersleben, Germany.

About half hour before the target their B-17 #42-31399 is attacked by FW-190s. The fighters shoot up the bomber. A wing tank and #4 engine are damaged.

They drop their leaflets and turn back. It was determined that they cannot reach England or Sweden, because they are losing gasoline. They decide to ditch in North Sea. The bomber is flying at about 1300 feet just above cloud cover. About 20 minutes from the coast the clouds disappear and another German fighter spots them. It makes several passes knocking out two more engines. A cannon shell passes between the waist gunners and knocks a waist machine gun out the window. The order is given "stop firing."

Eight men stay on the plane (low altitude) while two crew members. After the plane crash lands, the fighter strafes the ship with five men are still in it. An ammunition box is hit and starts to explode. A minor miracle that no one is injured as the ammo explodes and goes off.

The crash site is about 10 miles south of Ulrecht, Netherlands. FO DeLuca and Sgt. Robert Hannan (E&E#2275) walk for two days; on February 25 they approach a house in Megen. The man living there is named Joseph and is an unmarried school teacher. He gives them civilian clothes and shelters them until March 11, when they are turned over to an organization in Breda. On the 23rd of March they are taken to Erp. April 8th they are taken to Bakel, where the pair stay until April 22nd. Heerlen is their next stop until May 2, when they are taken to Nuth. On May 8th Joe and Bob head for Liege where they arrive on May 11. After the Gestapo arrests the head of the escape line they go to Fexhe-silins.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Titus, navigator, 8th AAF, 95th Bomb Group, 334th Bomb Squadron, Horham, England: folded his wings on 13 April 2000. Lt. Titus was flying to Rennes, France on 29 May 1943, making his third bombing mission. His B-17 #42-29689 "Skack Buster" was struck in the right wing by an out of control German fighter, forcing the bomber into a steep bank. With about a five foot section of wing missing, engine #4 running away, and the control cables damaged the crew bailed out over Brittany, France. Robert and two crew members received help from Leandre Rochelle and made their successful evasion.

They were the first American airmen to arrive in Switzerland. Once into Switzerland Lt. Titus worked in Intelligence with Allan Dulles (O.S.S). Robert was repatriated in March 1944. Five crew men were evaders while five became POWs.

#2883 2nd Lt. Ashley Ivey, navigator, 8th AAF, 493rd Bomb Group, 863rd Bomb Squadron, Debach, England: folded his wings on 21 February 2012. Ashley's 6th mission was flown in B-17 #43-38284 "Straighten Up and Fly Right". The target on 2 November 1944 was the synthetic oil refinery in Merseberg, Germany. After dropping their bombs flak damaged the bomber. Later they were attacked by ME 262s causing further damaged to the bomber. Eventually two engines were lost and one of the other two was only about 50% functional. A decision would be made to crash land in occupied Holland (near Leimuiden). Dutch people took most of the crew to a fruit orchard.

The next day Lt. Leonard Pogue (E&E#2880) and Lt. Ivey would be paired up and taken away. They were only separated briefly on their journey. Jan Lammersee of Hillegom sheltered Ashley and three crew members. From December 2nd till February 12th Pogue and Ashley were sheltered in Noordwijerhout by Jaap Verselewel De Witt Hamer. During the period of February 12th to March 15th he and the other crew members were sheltered at various times by M. Annemat, M. Krol and Marie Louise Daniels.

On March 15th, he and the other eight evading crew members left Rotterdam in a mail wagon. They would pass through Du Biersbosch (a large freshwater tidal area) on their way to Lage-Zwalowf where they made contact with Canadian forces. Their Helpers were: Jan Popp Alledrecht, Derrek Berghout, Jan Van Kempen, M. Kirk and a unnamed Dutch boatman. He maintained life-long friendships with the Dutch people who sheltered him

Farewell, Partner of Mine

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

Wichita Falls, Tex.

The No.1 person who shared the last 70 years with me has Crossed Over.

Ruth (Lockett) Grauerholz, raised on a Mississippi farm, and I met on a crowded bus one day in Jackson. A casual meeting developed into a romance and she came over to Monroe, La., to pin on my navigator's wings.

During my 60-day tour of Europe after being shot down, she kept in constant touch with my parents in Kansas, each assuring the other that everything would be "all right."

Ever since a high school English teacher opened up the magic world of literature, putting ink on paper has been my addiction. After the war, it didn't take me long to lure her into the printing and newspaper biz

When retirement began to loom, altho each of us has been raised on a farm, we felt the need to acquire some DIRT to DISTURB.

At various times, we produced beef cattle, pigs, chickens, ducks, guineas, honeybees, as well as a huge garden.

RUTH, My Beloved, thanks for all you did to make my life complete!

Sign up for Email Updates **Airmen invited to share stories with recruits**

JOINT BASE SAN ANTONIO-RANDOLPH (AFNS) -- Each year, thousands of men and women join the U.S. Air Force. Now, those Airmen have the opportunity to tell their stories in their own videos known as "Airmen Stories."

The videos will give potential Air Force recruits a chance to hear Airmen share their personal stories firsthand, unscripted and unrehearsed, according to Brig. Gen. Balan Ayyar, Air Force Recruiting Service commander.

Airmen are free to talk about what they like about the Air Force, what they've learned about themselves and how the Air Force has helped them meet their goals.

Airmen Stories may be featured on such social media as the AFRS Facebook page, the Airmen Stories YouTube page or other venues.

For more information, visit the Airmen Stories Web page.

Please send roster changes to Richard Shandor!

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

Life membership of \$100 is only available to "Evaders". Address changes, phone number changes, Email changes and checks (payable to AFEES) should be sent to Richard Shandor at PO Box 254, Cresson, Pa. 16630-2129; His phone number is 814-886-2735, his Email is rshandor@hotmail.com

Name _____ Amount enclosed _____

Address _____

City and State _____ 9-digit zip code _____

Phone _____ E/mail _____ at _____

Emergency Contact Person and phone number _____

Are you a veteran ? Yes or No; If yes, what branch _____ Date of service _____

Do you wish to receive the e/mail newsletter instead of the Mail copy Yes or No

Comments: _____

NEW MEMBERS

MS. ANN LUKACS

Fairplay, CO. 80440-0366
Ph. 248-568-329
alukas@earthlink.net

JOHN WHITE

6318 Mary Jamison
San Antonio, TX. 78238-2336
210-416-0292
jwhite@swri.org

Ms. BARBERA SYKES

725 N. Avon St.
Burbank, CA. 91505-2934
818-843-2948
Richard Sykes (1 FG) daughter

THOMAS WINTER

634 Iowa St
Ashland, OR. 97520-2942
twinter@macnexus.org
(Winter' (179) son & Winter's
(177) nephew.)

Spencer named next vice chief

WASHINGTON (AFNS) -- Lt. Gen. Larry Spencer pinned on his fourth star and was named the next Air Force vice chief of staff during a ceremony officiated by Secretary of the Air Force Michael Donley and Chief of Staff of the Air Force Gen. Norton Schwartz at the Pentagon June 27.

Spencer had been assigned as the director of force structure, resources and assessment with the Joint Staff in the Pentagon. In that capacity,

A 1979 graduate of Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Spencer was commissioned a second lieutenant through the ROTC program in 1980. He was the first Air Force officer to serve as the assistant chief of staff in the White House military office.

FALL 2012



ABOVE AND BEYOND

By the late Keith M. Abbott, 459th BG

What is it like to fly in aerial combat?
It is a narrative of tragedy and courage.
Nothing can compare to an airman's tact,
When he takes the risks to survive a rage.

Success comes to those willing to fight
With an ingrained psyche to be offensive.
He is killing for what he believes is right,
And his foremost feelings must be intensive.

Brave World War II air crewmen willingly fought
Inside a freezing thin-skinned airplane
Against flak, bullets, whatever the skies brought
Their war was usually demon fear and pain.

Did these brave men fly to kill the enemy?
Or did they fly trying to avoid their killing?
It must have been hell maintaining a sanity,
For normality in aerial combat is chilling.

What must it have been like to have your nerve
And flesh crying out day after day, "enough?"
Did they fulfill their sworn duty to serve?
Did they prove they possessed the right stuff?

Those courageous men went out and did their job
No matter how they were affected by the killing
All suffered from this very bloody shish-kabob
But all wanted to come back alive, God willing

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