

THE U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY  
**SPRING 2013 Communications**

[www.airforceescape.com](http://www.airforceescape.com)

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March 2013

**AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY REUNION**  
**May 8-12, 2013**

**HELPERS ONLY:** Send both Hotel Reservation Form  
And Reunion Registration Form to:  
**AFEES c/o Richard Shandor, PO Box 254 Cresson, PA, 16630-0254**

Others call the PASSKEY RESERVATION CENTER AT (888) 233-9527  
CROWNE PLAZA – TAMPA WESTSHORE  
5303 West Kennedy Boulevard  
Tampa, FL 33609  
Phone: (813) 289-1950 or Fax: (813) 288-7343

Please NOTE: All reservations must be made by calling the PASSKEY Reservation Center  
at (888) 233-9527 use Our Group Code "AFE"  
DO NOT call Central Reservations.

112.00 per night, inclusive Room type One King or Two Double  
ROOM RATES APPLY THREE DAYS BEFORE AND THREE DAYS AFTER REUNION  
Reunion Hotel Rates guaranteed only until **April 24, 2013**

Check room type: one King\_\_\_\_\_ Two Doubles\_\_\_\_\_

First name:\_\_\_\_\_ Last name:\_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's name:\_\_\_\_\_

Mailing address:\_\_\_\_\_

City/state/zip code:\_\_\_\_\_

Phone number\_\_\_\_\_ email\_\_\_\_\_

Arrival date:\_\_\_\_\_ Departure date:\_\_\_\_\_

Number of adults\_\_\_\_\_ Smoking preference\_\_\_\_\_

**AFEES REUNION  
2013 EVENT SCHEDULE**

<b>Wed, May 8</b>	<b>1:00pm</b>	<b>Registration Opens (Hotel Lobby)</b>
<b>Wed, May 8</b>	<b>1:00pm</b>	<b>Hospitality Suite Opens (Coquina Room-2nd fl.)</b>
<b>Wed, May 8</b>	<b>3:30-5:30pm</b>	<b>Cigar City Brewery Tour</b>
<b>Thurs, May 9</b>	<b>9:30am-1pm</b>	<b>Holocaust Museum or Salvador Dali Museum</b>
<b>Thurs, May 9</b>	<b>3:30-5:00pm</b>	<b>Board of Directors Mtg (Caladesi-2<sup>nd</sup> fl.)</b>
<b>Thurs, May 9</b>	<b>6:00-8:00pm</b>	<b>Welcome Dinner (Treasure Island West-1<sup>st</sup> fl)</b>
<b>Fri, May 10</b>	<b>10:00am-12:00pm</b>	<b>Military Day</b>
<b>Fri, May 10</b>	<b>1:00-4:00pm</b>	<b>Shopping</b>
<b>Fri, May 10</b>	<b>4:00-6:00 pm</b>	<b>Meet and Greet (Treasure Island West--1<sup>st</sup> fl)</b>
<b>Fri, May 10</b>	<b>7:15pm-?</b>	<b>Dinner at the Green Iguana</b>
<b>Sat, May 11</b>	<b>9:00-10:30am</b>	<b>Memorial Service (Lido Room--2<sup>nd</sup> fl)</b>
<b>Sat, May 11</b>	<b>10:45-11:45am</b>	<b>General Membership Mtg (Lido Room--2<sup>nd</sup> fl)</b>
<b>Sat, May 11</b>	<b>11:45am-3:30pm</b>	<b>Big Cat Rescue</b>
<b>Sat, May 11</b>	<b>6:00-8:00pm</b>	<b>Annual Banquet (Treasure Island West--1<sup>st</sup> fl)</b>
<b>Sun, May 12</b>	<b>7:30am</b>	<b>Farewell Breakfast (Treasure Island West--1<sup>st</sup> fl)</b>

“We Will Never Forget”

**AFEES 2013 Reunion Registration Form**

May 8-12 (Wednesday-Sunday) at the Crowne Plaza West Shore in Tampa, FL.

Please complete and return this form with check or money order (No Credit Cards) payable to: “AFEES Reunion” and mail to AFEES, c/o Richard Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson, PA 16630. Your check is your receipt. For reunion information, contact Rich at [rshandor@hotmail.com](mailto:rshandor@hotmail.com) or (814) 886-2735. **HELPERS ONLY: Send Hotel Reservation Form and Reunion Registration Form to Richard Shandor.**

**# of people**

_____	Registration Fee	@ \$25	\$ _____
_____	5/8/13 Wed 3:30-5:30PM Cigar City Brewing Tour	@ \$6	\$ _____
_____	5/9/13 Thu 9:30AM-1PM Florida's Holocaust Museum Tour	@ \$22	\$ _____
_____	5/9/13 Thu 9:30AM-1PM Salvador Dali Museum Tour	@ \$30	\$ _____
_____	5/9/13 Thu 6:00-8:00PM Dinner	@ \$28	\$ _____
_____	5/10/13 Fri 1:00-4:00PM Shopping Trip		No Charge
_____	5/10/13 Fri Dinner The Green Iguana		
_____	1st Group 7:15PM 2nd Group 7:30PM		Pay own meal
_____	5/11/13 Sat 11:45AM-3:30PM Big Cat Rescue Trip	@ \$39	\$ _____
_____	5/11/13 Sat 11:45AM-3:30PM added Golf cart fee if needed	@ \$10	\$ _____
_____	5/11/13 Sat 6:00-8:00PM ANNUAL BANQUET	@ \$37	\$ _____
_____	Sliced tenderloin of beef with peppercorn demi glaze		
_____	Prosciutto wrapped Chicken breast w/sautéed wild mushroom		
_____	Herb Crusted Tilapia with beurre blanc sauce		
_____	5/12/13 Sun 7:30-9:00AM Breakfast		No Charge
	<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b>		\$ _____

NAME BADGES: List names as you wish them to appear on your badge:

Name (please print): \_\_\_\_\_

Service Unit \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Guest's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Arrival method: plane \_\_\_\_\_ car \_\_\_\_\_ other \_\_\_\_\_ Arrival Date \_\_\_\_\_

Emergency Contact: \_\_\_\_\_

**Name and Phone Number of Emergency Contact REQUIRED!**

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## **ACTIVITIES**

May 8<sup>th</sup> Wednesday 3:30-5:30PM  
**CIGAR CITY BREWING CO. TOUR**  
COST: \$6.00

This is a 5\* Brewery with great beer. The tour lasts 1/2 hr. and at the end you get your choice of beer and a free glass to take home. Well worth your time and money.

May 9<sup>th</sup> THURSDAY 9:30AM-1:00PM  
**FLORIDA'S HOLOCAUST MUSEUM**  
COST: \$22.00

This museum features collections of works of art, photographs and historical artifacts of the Holocaust honoring the memory of millions of innocent men, women and children.

OR  
**SALVADOR DALI MUSEUM**  
COST: \$30.00

TIME: 9:30PM-1:00PM

This museum has the largest collection of works by Salvador Dali outside of Europe. There are key works from every moment and medium of his artistic activity. These 2 museums are located within a mile of one another so everyone will be transported together.

After your visit to the museum we can stop for lunch.

May 10<sup>th</sup> FRIDAY 10:00AM-12:00PM  
**MILITARY DAY**

May 10<sup>th</sup> FRIDAY 1:00-4:00PM  
**SHOPPING**

May 10<sup>th</sup> FRIDAY 4:00-6:00PM  
**MEET AND GREET**

Treasure Island West, 1<sup>st</sup> floor, Crowne Plaza Tampa Westshore

May 10<sup>th</sup> FRIDAY NIGHT 7:15PM-?  
**DINNER AT THE GREEN IGUANA**

Hotel shuttle will leave at 7:15pm. If more than 12 people sign up, we will go in 2 groups and the 2<sup>nd</sup> group will leave at 7:30pm. The GREEN IGUANA has provided the Tampa area with great food and entertainment for over 20 years. Pay for your own meal (\$10-\$15).

May 11<sup>th</sup> SATURDAY 11:45AM-3:30PM  
**BIG CAT RESCUE**

COST: \$39, additional \$10 if golf cart needed

THE BIG CAT RESCUE is the largest accredited sanctuary in the country dedicated entirely to abused and abandoned big cats. The tour is 1 ½ hrs. long. Reservations for our group have been made for 5 spaces with 2 of those spaces for those who have walking needs (They will ride on a golf cart). Additional reservations can be added so long as there is space available. Reservations **MUST** be made ahead of time but you must let Mary know by May 1<sup>st</sup>. You cannot register for this event after you arrive in Tampa. Contact Mary Shier at (810) 441-7932 for information.

May 12<sup>th</sup> SUNDAY  
CANOE ESCAPE

**THIS IS NOT AN AFEES ACTIVITY**

This is an activity I have wanted to do since I read about it last year. Whether I go alone or with friends (YOU) I will be staying one more night so that I can take this trip.

Here's the info, if interested let me know. Contact: Mary Shier at (810) 441-7932

- **Tandem canoe or kayak** 2 -Hours - Trips 1, 2, or 3: **\$49.00** per tandem (2 paddlers) 4 -Hours - Trips 4 or 5: **\$59.00** per tandem (2 paddlers) 6 -Hours - Trip 6: **\$69.00** per tandem (2 paddlers). Some tandem canoes are large enough to accommodate center passengers as follows: under age 12 (2 center passengers maximum): **Free**; ages 12-17 (1 center passenger maximum): **\$8.00**; ages 18 or older (1 center passenger maximum): **\$12.00**
- **Solo kayak** 2 -Hours - Trips 1, 2, or 3: **\$46** 4 -Hours - Trips 4 or 5: **\$51** 6 -Hours - Trip 6: **\$56**

Allow extra time on self-guided, downstream trips for wildlife viewing or picnicking at no extra charge. Last pickup is 5:00 p.m. **NO** exceptions. Paddling times are approximate and will vary according to paddlers' skill, weather, and water conditions. For your protection, we reserve the right to cancel or alter trips because of inclement weather, high water, or river conditions. Fishing on the river is permitted, however, a fishing license is required. Dress for the weather. Bring plenty of water and perhaps snacks or lunch. **(What to bring list)**

Look at [www.canoescape.com](http://www.canoescape.com) website for more info. I'd love to have you join me!

## **AFEES TO HOST TAMPA MEET-AND-GREET FOR EVADERS, HELPERS**

by Jerri Donohue

During last year's reunion, we invited the citizens of Albuquerque to come to the hotel to meet our evaders and their helpers during a Meet-and-Greet.

This new approach to publicizing AFEES and its mission proved to have several advantages: No evader or helper needed to make a formal presentation, but simply chatted with Albuquerque residents who stopped in. We didn't have to provide transportation to another location (such as a school). And, unlike the captive audience found in a high school classroom, **every** person who came to the Meet-and-Greet had a sincere interest in speaking with evaders and helpers. Some arrived long before the scheduled beginning of the event.



Marguerite Miller with a young fan.

Consider the experience of evader Bob Wilson. When Bob arrived at his table, a 95-year old Serbian lady was already waiting for him! "She was soon joined by her

son, her brother-in-law, and a nephew and his wife," Bob wrote after the reunion. The whole family was eager to hear about Bob's evasion in Serbia. "They were very pleased to hear that their countrymen had treated our airmen so well."

Bob's visitors were amazed to learn that he had traveled to Yugoslavia three times since the end of World War II. Bob made the first trip during Tito's Communist regime. Despite the chilly political climate, Bob wanted to thank his helpers and they in turn, were delighted to see their American friend again.

As for the family Bob met in Albuquerque, Bob wrote, "They were really surprised to learn that the last two trips were as the guest of the Foreign Minister." In 2004, Bob Wilson and four others involved in Operation Halyard helped dedicate a monument at the improvised airfield where the rescues took place. Bob returned a year later for the belated presentation of the Legion of Merit medal to the daughter of General Mihailovich, the Serbian leader who urged his Chetnik troops to rescue Allied fliers. (Mihailovich received the honor posthumously.) In Albuquerque, Bob's listeners were so enthralled with his account, they remained with him throughout the entire session. Bob clearly did his part to inform them about an often-overlooked rescue story from World War II.

***Evaders and helpers:*** This year's Meet-and-Greet will take place in a meeting room at our hotel, the Crowne Plaza-Tampa Westshore, on **Friday, May 10 from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.**

Each evader and helper will have his or her own table. Placards will announce your names, and the countries where you evaded or assisted evaders. Visual aids aren't necessary but if you'd like to display a photo of yourself from the war years, please do so. Last year some evaders surprised us by bringing photo albums, military decorations and other items.

Please, if you fly to Tampa, protect any precious memorabilia you want to display by keeping it with you in carry-on bags. (This year we will discreetly ban food and drink from the room.)

## **BEHIND ENEMY LINES: EVASION AND ESCAPE AIDS OF WORLD WAR II**

*On exhibit March 2–April 14, 2013  
Fraser Museum, Louisville, KY  
By Rich Shandor*

Lost in enemy territory, your best chance of survival fit in your pocket. Soldiers forced down in enemy territory during World War II carried a secret weapon unlike anything seen before—evasion and escape aids. See the top-secret gadgets, maps and survival kits that kept soldiers alive behind enemy lines.

Some examples are blood chits (identification flags), cloth maps, money purses, escape kits, barter kits, survival kits, button compasses, saws and other clandestine escape aids. AFEES friend member, Robert Baldwin, author of "Last Hope: The Blood Chit Story," curates this exhibition.



*Richard Shandor and Robert Baldwin at Fraser Museum's "Behind Enemy Lines" reception on March 1, 2013*

## **AFEES MEMBER AND VIETNAM EVADER HAS MILLION DOLLAR TREASURE**

by Rich Shandor

Retired USAF Major Forrest Fenn flew over 300 missions in F-105 "Thunderchief" fighter planes. On one of these missions he was shot down, coming down in Laos. While evading he experienced something that North Vietnam troops and Viet Cong guerillas endured, carpet bombing by B-52 bombers.

After about 18 hours a Jolly Green Giant, a USAF Sikorsky MH-53 helicopter, rescued him. Airman Bob Sully was the airman who pulled Forrest into the helicopter. Major Fenn considers himself a leading authority on how much fun it is to be rescued and is still grinning on account of it. He feels that he owes a lot to Bob and the other men who came looking for him. He attended the 2012 AFEES Meet and Greet session. Maybe one day AFEES members will see him attend another one of our reunions.

After retiring from the Air Force in 1970, he created an art gallery in Santa Fe that he and his wife ran for 17 years. Major Fenn's friends and clients have included: Jackie Kennedy, Robert Redford and the Rockefellers. In 1988, Forrest retired from the art gallery and re-directed his energies toward excavating a large Indian pueblo as well as writing books about art and exploration. His autobiography "*The Thrill of the Chase*" is his eighth book.

Fenn is donating all the proceeds from this book to help cancer patients who can't afford their treatments. He gives clues to finding a real treasure chest (worth over \$1 million) that he has hidden in the mountains north of Santa Fe. This treasure includes gold coins, nuggets, pre-Columbian gold animal figures, a Spanish 17th century gold-and-emerald ring and an antique bracelet with turquoise beads excavated from Mesa Verde in 1898.

The following poem is taken from his books and gives clues to the location of the treasury. Good luck if you chose to search for his hidden treasure: *As I have gone alone in there, And with my treasures bold, I can keep my secret where, And hint of riches new and old. Begin it where warm waters halt, And take it in the canyon down, Not far, but too far to walk. Put in below the home of Brown. From there it's no place for the meek, The end is drawing ever nigh; There'll be no paddle up your creek, Just heavy loads and water high. If you've been wise and found the blaze, Look quickly down, your quest to cease, But tarry scant with marvel gaze, Just take the chest and go in peace. So why is it that I must go, And leave my trove for all to seek? The answers I already know, I've done it tired, and now I'm weak, So hear me all and listen good, Your effort will be worth the cold. If you are brave and in the wood, I give you title to the gold.*

## **ESCAPE AND EVASION**

### ***B-17s Over Berlin: Personal Stories from the 95<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group***

By Clifford Cole, Group Operations Officer

On 12 August 1943, the 95th Bomb Group was assigned to attack the marshaling yards near Bonn, Germany. I was the assigned mission commander and was flying co-pilot with the crew commanded by Lieutenant Cliff Hamilton, whose brother Dick was also a lead B-17 pilot with the 95th Bomb Group. Bonn was a relatively short mission in distance and was considered to be a "milk run." However, as we approached the target area the flak grew in intensity. We took a hit and lost number 4 engine with a runaway propeller that refused to feather. It acted as a brake and slowed us considerably, but we continued leading the group at reduced airspeed. Just short of the initial point our number 1 engine was hit and put out of action. We had no alternative but to hand over our position to the deputy lead airplane and turn back for England.

Our crippled B-17 soon attracted a queue of German fighters, and the running battle lasted until our ammunition was exhausted. A 20mm cannon shell exploded just behind the cockpit, rupturing a highly volatile oxygen tank; our left wing was also on fire and we had taken numerous other hits. We had no alternative but to bail out.

Our altitude was 22,000 feet when Lieutenant Hamilton hit the bailout bell that ordered the other crewmen to jump. I left my seat in the cockpit, grabbed my parachute, and headed down to the nose escape hatch, which was already open. As I knelt down, trying to snap on the second hook of my chest-type chute, a large boot shoved me out into space with only one hook properly fastened, and as I was free-falling I tried desperately to fasten the other metal hook but didn't succeed. As I was rapidly losing consciousness due to lack of oxygen, I pulled the ripcord. Mercifully my chute snapped open. I saw our ship explode in mid-air not far away and begin its slow spiraling on one wing on its way down.

I woke up on the ground, and my back gave me intense pain as I crawled around gathering my chute. I'd landed in a small clearing surrounded by pine trees. I hid my chute under a bush and examined the contents of my escape kit. Everything was quiet and peaceful so I decided to hide until darkness in a pile of brushwood, where some trees had been felled. The time was 1100 hours.

I had barely concealed myself when I heard voices calling in the surrounding woods. I caught glimpses of two men less than fifty yards from my hiding place, as they continued calling and searching. To my great relief they didn't have dogs, and after a seemingly interminable length of time they left, going away from me and still calling.

I stayed under the brush pile until dusk and decided to head westward toward the Channel coast using my button compass. I eventually got clear of the forest after having to grope my way along in the darkness. A

faint night vision came to me as my eyes adjusted to the dark, and I soon came to open fields and long, thick hedgerows. For the next three nights I continued my trek westward, hiding and sleeping in the hedgerows by day.

On the fourth day I was asleep in a hedgerow when I was awakened by the sound of hammering. It was a man repairing a wooden and wire fence about a hundred yards away and he had a dog with him. I remained hidden, hardly daring to breathe, but the dog came straight to my hiding place and began barking loudly. After one or two minutes of continual barking the fence repairer, a teenage boy, came across to see what his dog was excited about. He was startled when I stood up and said hello to him. To my great relief he appeared to be friendly and helpful, and using my slight knowledge of the French language we were able to communicate with each other with difficulty. I told him I was an American airman trying to get back to England and that I was thirsty and hungry. While attempting to explain to him how I got there, he suddenly motioned me to get down and out of sight. He then silenced his dog, and two or three minutes later an older man came walking along beside the hedgerow.

The two men greeted each other, talked briefly, then the older man continued on his way. After he'd disappeared from view, the boy indicated "all clear." He then told me that the man was a "Black Belgian," a term of contempt for those who collaborated with the German occupation forces in Belgium at that time. I learned that I was approximately twenty kilometers southwest of Brussels, the Belgian capital city. Between my poor French and the boy's equally poor English, I finally understood that he wanted to help me.

So began a series of extremely tense journeys during which I met many heroic Resistance workers and aircrew helpers in Belgium and France, all of whom risked their very lives to help Allied airmen evade capture and escape from Nazi-occupied Europe.

The boy took me to a seemingly impenetrable brier patch on a meadow, and he indicated a concealed opening. I crawled through the open "tunnel" and discovered a clear space, the size of a small room, which had obviously been used as a hiding place before. The boy told me to wait until nightfall when someone would come to help me further. Then he crawled out and set off toward a cluster of houses on the distant horizon that I could see through the brier thicket.

As I waited I thought of the other members of Cliff Hamilton's crew and how they were managing. But thoughts of my home in Illinois predominated as they had done since my bailout. My wife was due to give birth to our second child, and I was glad that I'd prearranged through a friend to have flowers sent to her daily while she was in the hospital. Thoughts of her and of getting back to England to reassure her that I was O.K. were foremost. I watched warily as a person approached my hiding place. It was a lady, and she constantly looked around to see if anyone else was in the vicinity. Apparently satisfied she called softly and I answered, "Ici." She entered the tunnel and took from her gathered apron a bottle of warm coffee, half a loaf of black bread, and two apples. She acknowledged my grateful thanks with a smile and then left, indicating that I was to stay where I was. Three more ladies appeared at intervals throughout the day, each bringing food and drink. The last one spoke reasonably good English, saying that a man would come for me at dusk with a bicycle.

Sure enough, a man arrived at dusk riding a bicycle made for two! He'd brought me a complete set of civilian clothes and a pair of large wooden shoes (clogs). As I was changing he kept assuring me that we would have no trouble riding the bike the few kilometers to his home. I climbed somewhat gingerly onto the back seat, my back was still painful, and sure enough we arrived at his

house just after dark, having met several people along the way who paid not the slightest attention to us.

I was hidden in the hosts' attic that night, the first comfortable shelter I'd experienced since leaving Horham. The following morning, after a good breakfast, a member of the Belgian Underground took me by train into Brussels. The commuter train journey took about forty-five minutes or so, and my helper informed me that he would be in sight of me on the train but I was not to indicate in any way that I knew him. The train was very crowded, as he'd predicted. No one paid any attention to me as I boarded although I couldn't help feeling extremely conspicuous. However I found it amazing that at the interim stops, as people crowded past me, some of them gently and quietly touched and squeezed my hand to indicate that they knew I was an evadee and that they were friends. When our stop eventually came, I saw my guide nod his head and I followed.

During my lengthy stay in Brussels, I was made very much aware of the calm and very efficient way in which the Belgian Resistance functioned virtually under the noses of the German occupation forces. After a thorough interrogation to establish that I was an American pilot, I was provided with forged identification papers, passport, photograph, and complete set of civilian clothing and shoes.

The home where I first stayed, near the Avenue Louise, was adjacent to offices occupied by a German military headquarters. My hosts, a Belgian lady who was a cleaner of those offices and her husband, a linesman technician for the Brussels telephone company, were both active members of the organization and both would be out of the house most of the time except for meals and sleeping.

The husband could speak English, German, and French fluently. He confided in me that with his equipment he could intercept

nearly any telephone conversation he wanted to while he was "repairing" the lines. By this method the organization was kept thoroughly informed of all German movements in Brussels and, in some cases, other parts of Belgium and the low countries before they had actually taken place. It was priceless information.

The original plan for my escape was for a light aircraft from England to land on an open field near Brussels at night, pick me up and take me back to England, but after a few weeks this plan was dropped. During this time I was moved to different addresses in Brussels. At one of them I met a Resistance member who was himself on the run from the Nazis. He'd been a banker in Germany before the war, and because he was Jewish, he'd had to flee for his life. He had adequate funds and he took me for meals at "safe" restaurants and Sunday afternoon soccer matches during which we sat and watched the games from the stand surrounded by German soldiers. Apparently it was the safest place to be.

Eventually I left Brussels for the next stage of my escape. Two train journeys later I arrived in Paris, France, having been guided by a nurse in a white uniform on the first train that pointed out four other evadees by touching her cap as she passed each one. The uniformed German who inspected my papers said nothing, to my great relief, and he continued through the train.

In Paris I was taken by a different guide to an apartment. On the way my guide asked me, "Who is George?" After reflecting a moment I told him George was the autopilot on an airplane. Reassured that I was not a German infiltrator, he continued to the apartment. Here I was greeted by a couple who were both involved in the escape line. The husband worked at a vehicle factory that supplied trucks to the German armed forces. He told me that he and his fellow workers were sabotaging as many of the trucks as possible by filing deep scratches in the

cylinders, pouring sugar in the gas tanks, and many other ingenious tricks.

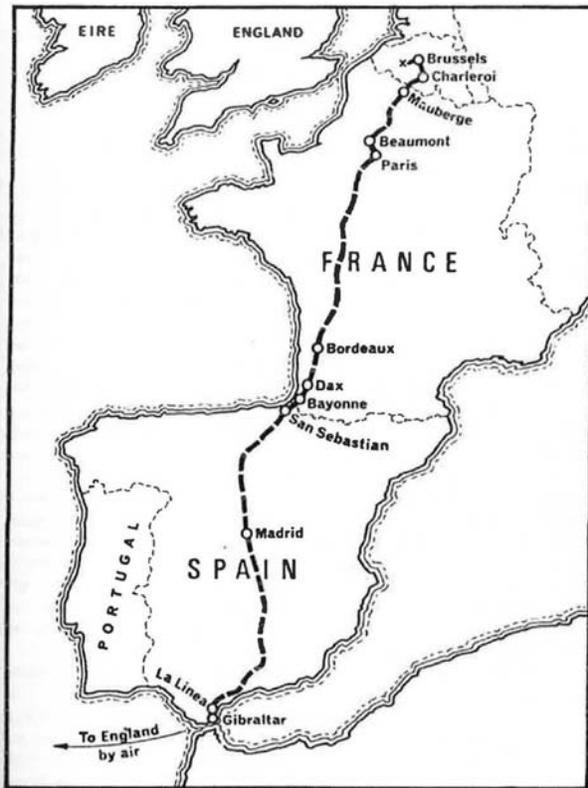
The following day another agent came to the apartment and told me I was leaving Paris early that evening for the bus journey south with several other evadees. There were no other passengers on the bus as we drove through the blacked-out countryside of occupied France, eventually arriving after a tension filled journey, at a small village near the foothills of the Pyrenees Mountains. We stopped at a farmhouse, where we were treated to an excellent meal with wine.

After dinner we met our guide who would lead us over the Pyrenees into neutral Spain. He was a Basque; a man whom I judged was in his sixties and in excellent physical condition. We were given heavy socks, rope-soled shoes for mountain climbing, and warm clothing, all of which we needed during our subsequent and exhausting ascent and descent of that forbidding, snow-covered mountain range, the natural barrier between France and Spain. I vividly recall the feeling of profound relief mixed with joyous elation as I pulled myself to a crest and saw the lights of a Spanish town, San Sebastian, twinkling in the distance. I thought, too, of the tremendous risks my guides and helpers in Belgium and France had taken on my behalf. We descended in silence and in single file behind our guide. We continued heading toward the lights, and soon we stopped at a complex of buildings, which we discovered was a winery. After we were given a memorable breakfast, we slept until late afternoon on hay in a nearby barn.

That night a car from the British embassy collected us and took us to Madrid. There the American embassy would have nothing to do with us, so the British embassy took us in, provided new clothing, identity papers, and shelter in the embassy buildings. After a week in Madrid, a British embassy guide accompanied us by train to Gibraltar

from where the Royal Air Force flew us to London on 7 December 1943.

Major Donohue came up from the 95th at Horham and positively identified me, and I was released. I learned the remainder of the crew was POWs except the tail gunner, who, sad to say, went down with the plane. After a period of debriefing at Horham, then a short course at a British intelligence school, I was instructed to tour several bomb groups and tell my experiences to combat crews. I flew home to the United States. Arriving just before Christmas 1943, to Louise, my wife, and two daughters, the second of which had been born the day after I was shot down in August. Louise had been informed by a War Office telegram that I was MIA (missing in action) soon afterward but she didn't know any more details until she'd received the message I sent from London on 7 December to say I was safe. It was quite a homecoming.



*Escape route followed by hundreds of downed Allied airmen.*

## **DAN'S EVASION LED TO BUCHENWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP**

*By Jerri Donohue*

Most airmen who jumped from crippled aircraft over enemy-held territory soon became prisoners of the Luftwaffe. They spent the rest of the war in primitive but bearable conditions. Less fortunate were the 168 American and British evaders the Germans captured and sent to Buchenwald concentration camp.

Last spring, Albuquerque resident Owen McLaughlin attended the AFEES Meet-and-Greet to share the story of his late brother, Dan, who had eluded the Nazis in France—for a while.

Owen McLaughlin, too, is a WW II Army Air Force veteran. The brothers McLaughlin enlisted together and initially trained together. Both became bombardiers, Owen on a B-26 Marauder and Dan on a B-17. Their assignments in England overlapped. When Owen visited Dan at his base in Glatton, he asked its CO if he could fly a mission with his brother. The officer wisely refused. Later the McLaughlins timed their leave so they could party together in London.

Dan McLaughlin was shot down on May 27, 1944. Owen's crew and his commanding officer immediately agreed to a "training flight" to Dan's base. There, Owen spoke to airmen who had witnessed a Focke Wolf-190 attack Dan's plane. Most counted three parachutes; one man claimed to have seen six. Because two other McLaughlin boys were serving in North Africa, Owen tried to spare his mother as much worry as possible. He reported that witnesses saw TEN parachutes blossom from Dan's plane. Owen compounded this lie with another one: he assured Mrs. McLaughlin that he was no longer flying combat missions.



Dan, meanwhile, was dodging the enemy in France. After landing behind an abandoned farmhouse, he hid his helmet and parachute and fled into the woods. Before long, he encountered two farmers who dressed him in civilian clothing and a pair of ill-fitting, shabby slippers. They also insisted Dan shave his moustache. An escaped Russian soldier then took Dan to Fraize, to his helper, Jean René. Soon Sgt. Val O'Masters, a gunner from Dan's crew, joined him, as did Sgt. Suddock, another evader. After a shell hit his bomber and killed or mortally wounded all but one other crewmember, Suddock had bailed out, his flight suit afire. The underground later took Suddock to the crash site, where he viewed the unrecognizable, charred bodies of eight crewmates. According to Dan, Suddock was understandably a nervous wreck after that.

Resistance leader Henri Mistler planned to have a plane pick up the three Americans and other evaders in the area.

Meanwhile, many local people knew of their whereabouts. The Yanks lived in an otherwise unoccupied house, the scene of a few spontaneous parties. Eyewitnesses told the airmen the Germans had murdered Dean Postand, a wounded fighter pilot, and buried him with Suddock's crew.

In the heady period after D-Day, the Resistance attacked the Germans in a neighboring town, prompting a massive search by the enemy. Dan McLaughlin and his comrades hid in the forest until the underground summoned them back and ordered them to stay indoors. Cooped up and bored, they frequently squabbled. Finally the underground relented and allowed them to rake hay outside. A collaborator spotted them, and French police arrested the Americans on July 4, 1944. The gendarmes persuaded them to voluntarily surrender to the Germans in order to protect their helpers.

McLaughlin, O'Masters and Suddock spent six weeks in Nancy prison in deplorable conditions. Luftwaffe guards retrieved the men but then inexplicably delivered them to the Gestapo. Soon the three found themselves in equally miserable conditions at Fresnes prison outside Paris. Here they met other captured Allied airmen. When Americans bombed a site nearby, Dan wondered if his brother Owen was flying with them. Owen later confirmed that he participated in that raid.

On August 18, just days before the liberation of Paris, the Germans sent hundreds of Fresnes inmates to Germany, including Dan McLaughlin and 167 other evaders. Dan believed their destination was a P.O.W. camp, but after a wretched 5-day journey, they arrived at Buchenwald. En route, Dan saw SS guards kill a 16-year old French boy.

In the beginning, the fliers had neither shoes nor blankets and they slept outdoors on the ground. When the weather worsened, the Germans moved them into an overcrowded barracks. The airmen subsisted on starvation

rations but were not forced to work. Dan developed open sores on his legs, and he became dangerously ill with fever and what might have been strep throat. He credited his survival to a French doctor and a Russian orderly in the hospital. One British airman and one American died in the camp.

By careful maneuvering, the Allies made their presence in Buchenwald known to Luftwaffe officers who interceded on their behalf. On October 19, 1944, the Germans transferred Dan McLaughlin and most of the other evaders to Stalag Luft III. Dan endured a few grueling forced marches to other prison camps before his liberation from Stalag 7A in April 1945.

Dan McLaughlin's betrayal by a collaborator did not embitter him. In the early 1980s, Dan returned to France at the urging of a helper's son. During this trip, Dan learned that the Germans had executed two of the brave people who helped him evade.

Before his death in 2000, Dan McLaughlin wrote: *"I dearly loved the French people. They saved my life and I am eternally grateful to the whole lovely country. Thank you, France."*

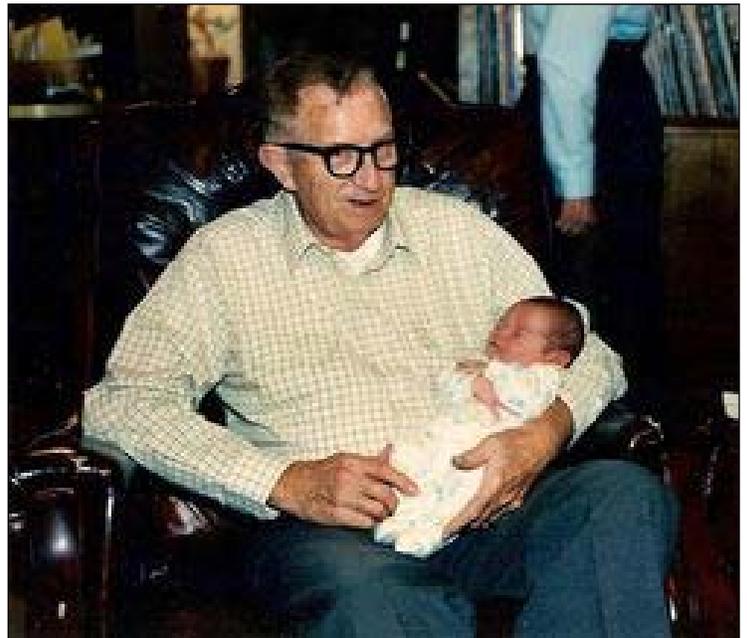
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*AFEES Communications* is the official journal of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society. AFEES is a tax-exempt veterans organization under IRS Code 501 (c) (19). It was founded in 1964. The Society's purpose is to encourage members helped by resistance organizations, or patriotic nationals, to continue existing friendships or renew relationships with those who helped them during their escape or evasion. Eligibility requires that one must have been a U.S. Airman, 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.

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## ESCAPE AND EVASION

**Ashley Ivey (E&E 2883)** passed away in February 2012 at age 88. A career Army officer, he retired back in the late 1970's. He served in the Army Air Corps in WWII and was an Army intelligence officer in Korea and Vietnam. He had many postings around the US and the world, including a stretch in Stuttgart, Germany, in the early 1960's.



*Ashley Ivey, with one of his great nephews, in 1990.*

In November 1944, Ivey was a 21-year-old navigator on a B-17 Flying Fortress bomber. His crew was a relief crew; *i.e.*, they didn't have their own assigned aircraft but filled in for crews who were on leave or being rotated out. Trained at MacDill Field near Tampa, FL, the crew flew a new B-17 out of Savannah on September 10, 1944, with stops in Bangor, Maine, Goose Bay, Labrador, and Reykjavik, Iceland before arriving in Wales on September 18, 1944.

Ivey recalled many years later, "The Labrador-Iceland flight was...of great concern since, on this, our first major over-water flight, the skies were overcast and at times I was unable to see the ocean waves to

determine the "drift" for navigation purposes. ...As the navigator, I was greatly relieved when, at my ETA (Estimated Time of Arrival), the clouds opened up and we saw Iceland below."

Assigned to a base at Debach, England (not far from Ipswich on the east coast), the crew flew its first combat mission on October 5, 1944, with four more successful missions following. Then, on November 2, 1944, the crew was assigned to a plane called the "Straighten Up and Fly Right," which had been flown on 33 successful missions by its regularly assigned crew. The target was the I. G. Farben synthetic oil industry at Merseburg, near Leipzig in Central Germany. 850 flak guns as well as fighter planes, including the new jet-propelled Messerschmitt 262, which could attain speeds of 500 mph, defended the facility. It would prove to be the last mission for the "Straighten Up and Fly Right."

This flight was the second time the crew had been to Merseburg. Back on October 7, on their second combat mission, the crew had survived the heavy flak without incident. My uncle noted, "Nevertheless, when the Merseburg target was revealed this day at an early morning briefing, there was an audible moaning and groaning sound from all the air crews present."

Nearly 1,000 bombers were included in the raid that day. Forty of them were lost, including my the "Straighten Up and Fly Right." In a book about the Dutch Underground's assistance to downed pilots called *In Dienst Van Hun Naaste...: Een stuk pilotenhulp in de tweede wereldoorld* author Bart M. Rijnhout interviewed the co-pilot, Lt. Harvey P. Walter, about the incident.

Walter recalled, "At that moment I saw more flak than I had ever seen. The entire sky for miles around us appeared to be filled with clouds of the flak. ...As soon as we dropped our bombs, we veered to the right at a 90 degree angle and started to descend to the "Rally Point," 2,000 feet below, where the sky

was clear. Not long afterwards, however, the shells started exploding [again]. The formation was just starting to reform when we had to turn to the right again to avoid a large amount of flak. All of a sudden, all hell broke loose. Perhaps the flak had not increased around us, but it seemed now exclusively directed at us and a few hits struck our plane. To make things worse, the fighter planes started attacking."

Emerging from the onslaught, Stones, the ball turret gunner, reported over the radio that he had a serious wound above his right knee. At about the same time, engine number 4 lost all its oil and quit working. The crew was unable to "feather" the propeller, and the engine became a drag on the aircraft as well as a danger to the plane and the crew as the engine threatened to come apart.

Ivey calculated a course that would avoid the heavy enemy flak in the Ruhr Valley and get the plane back to England, and the crew was grinning at their narrow escape. But number 1 engine quit shortly thereafter, and, with engine 4 out and engine 3 running at half power as well, the crew realized they couldn't make it back to England. They attempted to extend the flight and reach the English Channel by lightening the load; throwing out everything they could, including guns, ammunition, food, personal items, and even parts of the plane itself, like hatches.

But the aircraft was losing altitude quickly and pilot Bob Proudfit decided to ditch over Occupied Holland. Proudfit, who had extinguished an engine fire on an earlier mission by going into a dive and "blowing out" the flames, had his work cut out for him.

Walter said, "Not that he had much choice, but Bob picked a field that seemed to have irrigation ditches running through it. Alongside of it was a row of trees with ten-inch thick trunks. ...We were going to land perpendicular to the ditches instead of parallel, as we would have preferred. ...Bob made an ordinary power approach and cut the power

just before hitting the treetops. ...At the moment that we hit the trees, I took hold of the controls, more to hold onto something than to control the ship. However, just after hitting the trees, the left wing [dipped] and we both did control to pull up the plane. ...I remember Bob making a perfect landing after hitting the trees. ...I am not sure, but I think that the plane just bounced once, or the jar may have been caused by the shearing off of the ball turret [the wounded Stones had already been removed from the turret]. In any case, the landing was smooth compared to what I had imagined for such an emergency landing. We did slide quite some distance, however. Of course, that was to be expected when a plane of 32 tons hits the ground at 110 to 115 mph, even if the wheels were not down and the whole underside acted as a friction brake."

Safely on the ground, the crew quickly evacuated the wounded Stones and set the plane on fire to prevent anything of value being taken by the Nazis.

2<sup>nd</sup> Lt Ivey remembered, "A number of local Dutch people quickly gathered at the crash site and, by sign language and broken English, we were given instructions for escaping the local Germans. Most of us exchanged our outer clothing with the local people. We had to get rid of or hide our flying suits, which would readily identify us to the German soldiers approaching from the far side of the field. I ended up in denim overalls and a pair of wooden shoes (*klompen*) that must have been at least size 14!! (I will never forget having to slide my feet or take the shoes in my hand to walk or run.) Also, I recall some German soldiers approaching the crash site and calling out, "Halt!" as I ran off the field in the opposite direction. Following our initial instructions from men who later turned out to be members of the Underground resistance force, we all eventually came together briefly at the village of Lisse, at a farm or orchard everyone called the "Fruit Farm." This was the local headquarters of the Dutch Underground

Resistance Forces. (Dick Stones, the ball turret gunner, was taken to a local doctor for treatment and captured by the Germans. When interrogated by the Germans, Dick insisted that he had been the only man on the plane! Dick received medical treatment from the Germans but remained a Prisoner of War until he was released at the end of the war.)"



*Helene Barge, the 19-year old girl who helped Harvey Walter escape capture.*

The pilot, Proudfit, and the co-pilot, Walter, were separated from the main group. Walter was assisted by "a girl of about 17 or 18 years of age." Actually, she was 19-year old Helene Barge (whose family was hiding a number of Jews at their house). She borrowed a bicycle from another girl, and, riding double, they went to the baker's house in the nearby town of Leimuiden, where Walter got a cup of coffee, a bath, a change of clothes, and a meal.

Eventually, after a boat trip on a canal and being disguised as a house painter to get through German checkpoints, Walter made it to the Fruit Farm where he rejoined his crew.

Walter gave his ring to the baker and his bracelet to the girl as a token of his thanks.

The pilot, Proudfit, apparently went a little nuts after the crash. Ivey describes it this way, "There is one very sad note to our story. Our pilot was returned to Allied Control on December 13, 1944, under circumstances less than honorable. [The rest of the crew was not returned to Allied Control until March 18, 1945.] It had been reliably reported to me by members of the Dutch Underground in 1945 and again in recent years, that Proudfit apparently had a period of temporary insanity of some type. I was informed that Proudfit told the Dutch people who were housing him and local Underground officials that either they would help him escape from German-occupied Holland without delay, or that he would turn himself and them in to the Germans. One Underground worker in 1945 said, 'It was a case of making this attempt at great risk to our people or shooting him.'"

From the Fruit Farm, the men were dispersed among the populace. They were sent in ones, twos, and threes to stay with resistance members, shifting locations occasionally to keep from being discovered by the Germans.

Ivey recalls his exit from the Fruit Farm, "My first move, with several others of my crew, was in a Dutch police car with genuine Dutch police who were also members of the Underground. The car was powered by a charcoal-burner and, during the night move, a fuse for the lights blew out. There were no replacement fuses, but we stopped at a local physician's house to get a piece of tinfoil (not easy to come by) to repair it."

2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Ivey shifted locations a number of times. He first stayed for a month in Hillegom with the family of Jan Lommerse. Along with three other members of the crew, my uncle remembers they, "had a very small hiding place, between a bedroom wall and the chimney, that could be entered only by lifting a board in the wall. Once inside, we could

latch the board but were so cramped for space that we had to stand up and lean against the chimney, being very still so that anyone in the room below would not hear us. One night after curfew, German officers rapped on the door and came in, seeking schnapps or other alcoholic beverages. We four Americans were very glad to have that secret hiding place, even if it was so small."

After that, Ivey was never with more than one other crewmember at a hiding place. At the home of P.J. Van Dam, a Dutch policeman, Ivey remembered, "...local friends of the Van Dam family came to call and we Americans were hurriedly cautioned to pretend to be deaf and dumb. All went well until the visitors were saying their farewell. Without thinking (truly dumb!) I responded verbally, "Dag" (informal for "goodbye")!! Fortunately, the visitors were loyal Dutch citizens and did not report us to the Germans."

As he made his next move, to Noordwijkerhout with Leonard Pogue, Ivey was dressed as a Dutch policeman to get past the German sentries. He stayed with Dr. Verselewel De Witt Hamer, his wife, and five teenaged and adult children. There was a "superb hiding place in a hollowed out wall between two rooms, almost three feet wide with mattress padding on which we could stretch out."

On his 21st birthday, December 13, 1944, he had a small bit of meat, the first he'd had in over a month. He was also given a pack of black market cigarettes (which cost about \$24!!!), which "lasted me for an entire month." And he received false identity papers, which "looked quite genuine since the town officials responsible for issuing such documents were also members of the Underground!"



*Dutch Identification Card (or Persoonsbewijs) of US airman Ashley Ivey, identifying him as Piet Bakker. His birthplace is shown as Dutch East Indies (NOI) to preclude the Germans from verifying the data.*

The plan was to move the crew to the liberated part of Holland in January 1945, but a big snowstorm delayed departure to February 12, 1945. Hidden in the hold of a canal boat transporting vegetables, they made their way to Rotterdam, where four of the airmen stayed with C. Anemaet-Ter Bruggen, a retired Dutch soldier, for about a week.

They next moved to the home of Captain Krol, a ship's captain and the former Commodore of the Holland-America Line. Krol, his wife, and his two adult daughters were very active in the Underground. Food was scarce, but they ate sugar beets to keep from starving. One day, the men were actually taken to a cocktail party with schnapps and cheese, sponsored by the local Underground!

All of the crew (except Proudfit and Stones) left Rotterdam on March 15, 1945, traveling by foot, bicycle, or horse-drawn mail cart. They arrived at the town of Hendrik Ido Ambacht and left the next day, staying in a village (probably Sliedrecht) for a day and a night. With the moon dark and the oars muffled, the crew headed out by boat at 10pm March 17, 1945, hoping to link up with the First Canadian Army. At 1:30am on March 18, the crew made it to Free Holland near the

village of Lage-Zwaluwe, 136 days after their crash.

They were taken to the headquarters of the First Canadian Army at Tilburg and given food, which they wolfed down and promptly threw up. The crew were given Canadian uniforms and taken on a "wild ride" in Canadian motorcycle sidecars to Brussels, Belgium, for more debriefing.

Next, they were flown to Paris for five more days of debriefing, staying at the Lafayette Hotel. Finally, the crew was flown back to England, where they rejoined their outfit at Debach. They were not allowed to fly any more missions because their knowledge of Dutch Underground activities could be dangerous to the resistance members.

The crew returned to the US on the SS Uruguay, landing in New York harbor on May 7, 1945. The next day, May 8, was VE Day, the end of the war in Europe.



*Ruth and Ashley Ivey (sitting) with Dutch helpers, (standing, L-R) P.J. van Dam, Gre and Jan Lommerse.*

After he returned to the States, Ivey sent many food and tobacco packages to the brave Dutch people who had helped him escape. While stationed in Stuttgart in the 60's, Ivey and his family took a 10-day trip to

Holland and met many of the people who had assisted the crew.

Many years later, Ivey became active in the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society (AFEES). At the AFEES reunion in Irving, California in 1991, many of the Dutch resistance fighters were invited to the US to participate. Ivey was reunited with most of his crew (both pilots were dead and Atherton was unable to attend) and many of those who risked their lives to save his.

Ashley Ivey is gone now, and so are most of the other World War II veterans. Maybe they were "The Greatest Generation." Certainly, the Dutch Underground were heroes. They were cops, doctors, bakers, farmers, and young girls. They were ordinary folks who did extraordinary things. Perhaps all us ordinary humans are capable of extraordinary deeds of courage and compassion.

## **A NOSTALGIC LOOK BACK**

*By Author Unknown, from the B-17 Flying Fortress Association Newsletter*

*Nineteen forty-two was the year that thousands of young American Servicemen suddenly 'dropped in' on Great Britain to stay a while. If they had come from the planet Mars they couldn't have seemed more alien to the unsuspecting British natives. Even the possibility of a German invasion hadn't stirred up as much excitement as did the arrival of high-spirited Yanks!*

In East Anglia little villages and quiet market towns near newly constructed airbases, where tradition had remained undisturbed for generations, were overnight transformed into lively bustling communities, streets crowded and echoing with unfamiliar sounds of American accents from every state in the USA. The United States Army Air Forces had arrived.

At first they had very little free time, but as they were granted passes to leave the airbases they appeared everywhere in the

towns and villages, eager to get acquainted with their new surroundings. They strolled in groups, taking in the sights and commenting on everything they saw, for all the world like happy tourists, engaging in conversation with anyone who even looked at them, which was just about everyone. For they were the center of attraction.

Their unusually forward manner startled the more traditionally formal Britishers whose social practices didn't include waylaying strangers in the street to chat with them. Well, those friendly Yanks did, and there were many Brits who enjoyed it. It was refreshing they said. And one had to admit, they had a certain kind of charm!

Some other folks didn't agree, and failed to appreciate the Americans' robust idea of fun. Comments such as "they're undisciplined", "girl chasers", and "a noisy lot" were voiced here and there. This was true of some but not all of them. There were those who approached this "foreign" land a little more cautiously, preferring to feel their way as onlookers before being participants in the passing show.

All were lonesome for the sight of someone or something familiar to remind them of home. Americans all, they were the personification of America's diversified 'melting pot' and the war was giving us a chance to know them in a way we never could have done otherwise.

Maybe, in our ignorance, we in Britain had expected Americans to be more like ourselves. We spoke the same language, more or less, and didn't they used to be British? A little World War II guidebook on 'Meeting the Americans' reminded us that they had also once fought a war to get away from us and although they might not be thought of as foreigners, the little book explained that they certainly weren't another kind of Englishman either!

Getting to know the Americans was a memorable highlight of the war. They

provided excitement and brought fun back into our lives at a time that we most needed it, when we were suffering greatly from the deprivations of three years of war. They livened up our dreary lives and introduced a new world to us.

We learned to understand each other's cultural differences, but were also surprised to find out how much alike we were in many ways. When we opened up our homes and hospitality to them they responded wholeheartedly and gradually became a very large part of our lives. Many were in England for as long as three years, plenty of time to form a special bonding and lasting friendships.

The GIs had a great liking for children who needed no encouragement to make their acquaintance. Their faces would light up when their American friends dug into their pockets and brought out never ending supplies of candy and chewing gum. No one will ever forget the catch phrase "any gum chum?"

Many East Anglians who befriended the aircrews became familiar with their aircraft, and learned to identify them by the slogans and drawings of exotic females that decorated some of them, some of which were suggested by Vargas Girl posters popular in the U.S. around that era. These drawings and paintings, though overly exotic, were cleverly artistic and were usually accompanied by such descriptive titles as "Virgin on the Verge," "Fancy Nancy," "Piccadilly Lily," and "Anytime Annie." Some were depicted in their underwear, and some nude, but at all times they were beautiful, never vulgar. The young aircrews demanded the finest. It was fantasy, and they deserved to dream a little as a release from the stress of days and weeks of continual bombing missions.

Their happy go lucky attitude belied their staunch dedication to duty, which proved itself continuously during the weeks and months of dangerous bombing missions. They didn't exhibit their stiff upper lip like our British men, but it was there, hidden, and

showed itself when needed, which was just about every day. The support groups, the ground crews (the unsung heroes) were always there, watching, waiting and working to keep them flying. They all worked hard and played hard. They acted nonchalant. That was the American way and we learned to love and understand the way they were.

We owe much to those brave young men who flew the planes and turned the winds of war into our favour. When the war was won and it came time for the Americans to leave our shores many people whose lives they had touched were saddened to see them go. It was rather like parting with members of ones family and, in a sense, they had been a big part of Britain's family for three or more years.

But the Yanks of WWII never forgot their sojourn in the U.K. They have returned in numbers through the years some with their British wives. I am one of them.



## FOLDED WINGS

*(by Rich Shandor unless otherwise noted)*

**E&E#32 S/Sgt. Iva "Lee" Fegette, radio operator, 8<sup>th</sup> AAF, 303<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Group, 360<sup>th</sup> Bomb Squadron, Molesworth, England:** folded his wings on 27 October 2007. His crew was flying their 3<sup>rd</sup> mission targeting an aerodrome at Romilly, France. Their B-17 # 41-24585 "Wulfe Hound" took off at 0930 on 12 December 1942. Before reaching the target the left side of the bomber formation was attacked by German fighters.

In the first attack the no. 4 engine was lost and in the second attack the no. 3 engine was lost. They left the formation and entered cloud cover but a fighter knocked out the no. 2 engine. With only one engine they were losing altitude rapidly. The pilot notified the crew to prepare for a crash landing and they destroyed all equipment before gathering in the radio room. The bomber made a good landing in muddy field near Provins, France but buried the nose and engines in mud.

A French family with a white flag approached the crew and Sgt. Therrien (E&E#14), who spoke French, asked them which is the best direction to avoid the Germans. It was decided to split into pairs, Sgt. William Whitman (E&E#31) and Lee paired up.

They walked until dusk when they hid in a barn where they stayed that night and most of the next day. That afternoon they came on some woodcutters, who did not appear to be friendly. The pair then made contact with a Polish man who showed them on a map that they are close to Melun. He took them to the house of another Polish family where they were given civilian clothes. They spent the night in the barn of the second Polish family.

The next day the airmen walked about 10 miles to another farm where they try to contact a man grinding grain in a barn. This

man started jabbering and waving wildly so the airmen hurried out of there. That night they snuck back into that man's barn to sleep and then left before dawn.

Later that day they walked across a bridge spanning a canal and then contacted a French family, who fed them and allowed them to sleep in their barn. They left the next morning at daylight and were walking across a field when Maurice Plouray ran up to them. The pair signaled to him that they were American. Maurice got his granddaughter who speaks very good English. M. Plouray took them into some woods where he hid the airmen. Later Maurice came back with cigarettes and food, when it is dark he took them to his house. There they bathed and changed into other civilian clothes.

From here they were passed from the BRANDY Escape Line to the COMETE Escape Line. For over fifty days in the December 1942 to February 1943 period they were sheltered by Paul and Mary Pichard in the castle of Breuil Voinsles near Rozay-en-Brie, where German troops were occupying part of the castle. The two, Lee and William were taken from Rozay-en-Brie back to Paris before starting their journal to Spain.

On 27 April 1943 Jean Francois Nothomb (code name "Franco") took the pair by train to Bordeaux, France. On April 30 they left for Saint-Jean-de-Luz and crossed the Pyrenees. It took them about 10 hours to get to Spain arriving there on May 1. On May 3 they were taken to San Sebastian, Spain and from there an American van took them to the American embassy in Madrid. Some of their other Helpers were: Mme Brigitte Michel Auquier, Monique Bertin, Dr. Andre Bohn, Bernard and Catherine Courtenay, Elvira and Jeanine De Greef, Roman Demasure or Romine Desmeasure, M. Dupree, Leon Fouard, Charles Marcot, Janot Mayers. M. Montfermeil, Marguerite Nageotte, the Penez brothers, Mme. Spiquel or Spickel, Mme. Turner.

After Lee spent more than a year in the US, he returned to Molesworth in July 1944 and flew 26 additional combat missions with his old outfit, the 360<sup>th</sup> Bomb Squadron.

**E&E#2694 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. George J. Brooks, pilot, 9<sup>th</sup> AAF, 363<sup>rd</sup> Fighter Group, 382<sup>nd</sup> Fighter Squadron, Maupertus, France (Advanced Landing Ground #A-15):** folded his wings on 11 August 2012. George was flying his sixth combat mission on 13 August 1944. While providing cover for his flight leader he was shot down and bailed out over Argentan, France. He suffered 2<sup>nd</sup> burns to his right hand and left arm, but was able to make it to friendly lines. He was then hospitalized until September 6<sup>th</sup> when he was debriefed on his evasion.

At this time he found his outfit had been converted to a Tactical Reconnaissance Group and three months later he was assigned to a Weather Reconnaissance Squadron. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroic and outstanding achievement during this mission. His citation reads "Lt. Brooks served with unusual fortitude and tenacity on 13 August 1944 while acting as wingman to his flight leader in an aerial engagement near Alencon, France.

When his flight attacked a superior number of enemy aircraft Lt. Brooks demonstrated technical skill and devotion to duty of the highest type in maintaining his protective position and by warding off many fighter attacks enabled his flight leader to destroy three German fighters. While thus courageously protecting his leader, heavy damage was sustained by his own aircraft forcing him to bail out over enemy territory."

**E&E#2238 Sgt. Laurie S. Horner, tail gunner, 8<sup>th</sup> AAF, 487<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, 838<sup>th</sup> Bomb Squadron, Lavenham, England:** folded his wings on 29 December 2008. His

group was on a mission to bomb oil installations near Magdeburg, Germany on 12 September 1944. En route to the target his B-17 #44-6305 lost one engine near Hamburg. In an attempt to keep up with the formation their bomb load was dropped. Failing in this, his pilot, Lt. Walter Preston, decided to leave the formation and return to the rally point to meet the formation.

Near Koblenz due to the mechanical failure of two more engines, Lt. Preston gave the bailout order. The crew with exception of Preston gathered in the waist and bailed out one at a time. By the time Lt. Preston jumped the bomber was too low and he was killed. Sgt. Horner's parachute caught on some tall pine trees causing him to be dangling 20-30 feet above the ground. Swinging to another tree he released his harness and climbed down and headed west toward the Allied lines in Belgium.

After several sightings of German troops he decided to hide during the day and travel at night. On one occasion just at daybreak he was forced to hide in a roadside ditch as a German convoy passed his future path. On the morning of September 17<sup>th</sup>, he saw a young boy and after making sure the boy was alone, Laurie made contact. Using sign language he asked the boy for food. The boy brought his lunch over and gave Horner part of a cheese sandwich. By drawing on the lunch bag he conveyed that he was a downed flier who had bombed Germany.

Not knowing the boy's nationality he drew swastikas and said Hitler's name. The boy facially expressed a disdain for both. The boy agreed to take him to the American line if he helped him with his farm chores. As they walked they saw evidence of the American presence, tire tracks and discarded "C" ration boxes.

Later they came upon the 102<sup>nd</sup> Recon outfit on a mission behind German lines. The working end of an M-1 rifle greeted them. After interrogation by the officer in charge he

was identified as an American airman. The boy who had guided him was German and accepted some cigarettes as payment and left for home. The 102<sup>nd</sup> Recon turned him over to 5<sup>th</sup> Corps MP's. Sgt. Horner was assigned to guard German POW's who were being taken to France.

Once they reached the Red Ball highway (the road to Paris), he was relieved of his rifle and told to hitchhike to Paris. Two hundred miles and several days later he arrived in Paris and was debriefed by S-2 Intelligence Corp. He was then flown to London for further interrogation. While there he met up with five of his evading crewmen: Orville Schulz (E&E#2111), William Bendt (E&E#2166), Delmar Galloway (E&E#2187), Dorsey Wilson (E&E#2188) and Robert Easley (E&E#2223).

They confirmed that the Germans had captured the radio operator and navigator. He returned to Lavenham and gave evasion lessons to new replacement crews. He returned to the States in October 1944 and learned of the birth of his daughter.

**E&E#98 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. David H. Turner, co-pilot, 8<sup>th</sup> AAF, 94<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, 333<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Squadron, Rougham, England:** folded his wings on 12 January 1943. It was 14 July 1943, he was on his 9th mission and was with a crew he had never flown with before. Their B-17 #42-3190 was hit by ME-109's and FW-190's five minutes from the target. The oxygen system was damaged and there was also a cockpit fire due to broken hydraulic lines. They were under constant attack as they left the formation and dropped to a lower altitude so they could breathe. The bailout order was given and the bombardier and navigator jumped. It was then discovered that the flight engineer's parachute had been destroyed by fire so the decision to land the bomber was made.

The plane crash-landed in a field near Berengeville-la-Campagne, France. All papers and confidential equipment was destroyed before the remaining eight crewmembers left the Flying Fortress.

Later that day Lt. Turner came across some farmers. David could not speak French and they couldn't speak English. They did give him a coat to hide his flying suit and pointed in the direction they wanted him to go. He continued walking when night came he hid in a forest. The next day he continued walking through the forest until he came upon a field with haystacks. He spent the night there. The next morning he left the field and eventually came to a small village where he saw an older woman crossing the road.

He went up to her and showed her his wings and she took him to a house in La Vacherie where her daughter, Mme. Henriette Nantier was living. They fed him and put him to bed. After that Turner was sheltered by M. & Mme. Renaudin in Les Baux-Sainte-Croix. From there he was driven to the train station in Evreux where he meets up with two American airmen, Sgt. Richard Davitt (E&E#99) and Sgt. Harry Eastman (E&E#112).

M. Andre Shoegel guided the three men to Paris. There Mme. Marie Sauvage sheltered him for eight days. Later he was hidden in the apartment of an old couple with his pilot, Capt. Kee Harrison (E&E#91) for about two weeks. Lt. Turner then rejoined Davitt when they were both sheltered by M. Felix Jolivet. The two airmen were then taken by train to Toulouse by Mme. Odette Carabelli.

After arriving in Toulouse they were taken to the foothills where they crossed the Pyrenees into Andorra. Turner and Davitt arrived in Spain on September 6, 1943. Transportated to Gibraltar on September 15<sup>th</sup> and then to the UK on September 19<sup>th</sup>.

**E#435 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Arnold T. Wornson, copilot, 379th Bomb Group, 525th Bomb Squadron, Kimbolton, England:** left this world on 14 July 2010. On 23 September 1943 Lt. Arnold Wornson was flying his second bombing mission. During a practice mission earlier that day their B-17 #42-29937, had some mechanical problems, which were not fixed before the real mission.

Despite this they took off in this Flying Fortress intending to bomb the port area at Nantes, France. The formation made two passes but due to cloud cover or a smoke screen bombs were never dropped. Flak was very heavy around the primary target. The formation headed to the secondary target, the airfield near Rennes/St. Jacques. Flak knocked out no. 3 engine, damaged the flight controls and started a fire in the left wing.

The pilot gave the order to bail out. The flight engineer had jumped and when Lt. Wornson reached the nose hatch, the bombardier and navigator were gone. He waited for the pilot and went out around 19000 feet as soon as the pilot was ready to go. He resisted the urge to pull his ripcord, waiting until 5000 feet before opening the chute. There were three chutes above him. He dropped his oxygen mask. He was drifting into a small village and could see people watching his descent. By getting the chute to swing he passed over the village and landed in a patch of woods in the valley.

He gathered the chute into his arms and ran into a larger wooded area. That is where he dug a hole to bury his chute and equipment. For an hour and a half after that he ran through the woods into the valley, stopping only to catch his breath. When he could no longer run he kept walking.

At dusk he approached a lady working alone in back of a barn. She dropped her pitchfork and ran into the house. Arnie backed away and waited at the edge of a wood to see what would happen. A young boy came from the house toward him. After he told the boy he

was an American flyer, the boy took him into the house. The family gathered around and with the aid of his French phrase card he received water and food. When Arnie asked for further help, the husband asked him to leave. The couple argued: the wife won and Arnie was allowed to stay the night.

He showed them his maps and learned where he was and that there were no Germans in the immediate area. The woman was sure the Germans would not search her house. Lt. Wornson was ready to leave the next morning with food and civilian clothing. When a neighbor rushed in, there was much confusion and his helpers were badly frightened. They grabbed the clothing and food from him and shoved him out the door. He could not see any signs of danger and did not know what had happened. He started south avoiding people and roads.

During the morning he gathered some apples. This was one of the few occasions where he came out of the underbrush. In the afternoon, walking along a wooded path he came upon another house. There a man was working when another man joined the first man after passing Arnie on a bicycle. They appeared to be friendly so he asked them for clothes. In ten minutes he had a complete civilian outfit. His helpers sheltered him in their barn for the night. He was ready to leave when the two men asked him to be patient and wait a few days.

On the third day after his arrival a man questioned him and his journey was arranged. During his journey he was sheltered with two crewmembers, Lt. Sidney Elskes (#402) and Lt. George Padgett (POW). Other American airmen were Lt. Louis Glickman (#370), Sgt. Max Gibbs (#436), and Sgt. Cloe Crutchfield (#437). Two of his Helpers were Lt. Lucy and his assistant "Paul." Lt. Wornson was guided from the Brittany area of France to Paris to Lyon to Perpignan, from where he crossed the Pyrenees arriving in Spain on 27 January 1944.

**Dolores Kreisberg:** folded her wings on 19 April 2008. She was the beloved wife of Fred Kreisberg (98<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group). Dolores was the mother of Jeff, Larry and Robert, as well as having five grandchildren.

**E&E#1859 T/Sgt. Cobern Van Peterson, flight engineer/waist gunner, 8<sup>th</sup> AAF 458<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, 752<sup>nd</sup> Bomb Squadron, Horsham St. Faith, England:** folded his wings on 22 June 2008. He was flying his 19<sup>th</sup> mission to bomb Eisenach, Germany on 20 July 1944. The #1 engine exploded on his B-24 #42-95117 "You Can't Take It With You" rendering it unflyable. The bailout order was given over Diest, Belgium and the crew parachuted out at 10000 feet. Sgt. Peterson sprained his leg while landing, but could see two fellow crewmen on the ground, Earl Knee (E&E#1857) and Dennis Medley (E&E#1860).

A farmer came to Cobern's aid and hid his parachute for him. The next day he met up with Knee and Medley, all three were hid in Gietbets and Diest by the White Brigade organization. Three of their helpers were Charles Busselen, Franz Zimmerman, and M. Van den Hout.

On September 6, the three were reunited with two other crewmembers, Cecil Spence (E&E#1856) and Kenneth Holcomb (E&E#1858) in Allied liberated Brussels. During the debriefing process he learned that the pilot, Capt. James Monahan; the co-pilot Lt. Gordon Morehead; and the navigator, Lt. William Baer had been captured by the Germans. Much later they learned that nose gunner, Sgt. Kenneth Kenyon's parachute had not opened and he was KIA.

**E&E#1451 Sgt. Eugene C. Anderson, ball turret gunner, 8<sup>th</sup> AAF, 489<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, 846<sup>th</sup> Bomb Squadron, Halesworth, England:** folded his wings on 11 January

2010. On 2 June 1944 Eugene was flying his third mission; the target was the marshalling yards at Creil, France. His B-24 #42-94933 "Stubby Gal II" was hit by flak after leaving the target. The radio operator was killed by flak, controls were damaged in the waist, number 2 and 3 engines were knocked out.

The Liberator was at 3000 feet when everyone but the radio operator jumped. The French found the radio operator's body in the crashed bomber. Sgt. Anderson landed by the railroad yard at Creil. He ran into a street where a Frenchman (he was short, about 40 years old, with black hair) grabbed him as he passed and pulled him into a house.

The next morning this man gave Eugene a railroad ticket to Paris and told him what train to board. In addition he gave him a colored handkerchief with which to blow his nose when he got off at the Paris train station. He followed the instructions and he was met by the owner of the house in which he had stayed the night before. This man led Sgt. Anderson to an apartment next door to the Belgian embassy where an English speaking man interrogated him.

Next Anderson was taken to a house in Viarmes about 20 kms North of St. Denis. There Eugene spent the night. The next day he was taken to the home of Papa Marie, a cabinetmaker in Viarmes and was sheltered there for a week. In this house he met Nicolle Vires and her parents who lived on the outskirts of Viarmes. After that he was taken to the house of Georges Remy in Boulogne-sur-Seine.

Here Anderson met Lt. Russell Tickner (E&E#1006), and the two of them stayed a week. Then they were moved to Paris to the flat of Mme. Diximier, the widow of a French lieutenant, who had been killed by the Germans in 1941 or 1942. She was about 5'5" tall and had red hair. The pair stayed with her for a fortnight.

A man named Remy led them to a rendezvous with a Pierre (unknown last name)

who took them to the Freteval Forest camp near Cloyes-sur-le-Loir on July 5th. Anderson stayed the first week in Lucien Boussa's camp (first camp) before being transferred to the second camp run by Jean de Blommaert. On the August 13<sup>th</sup> American troops arrived, and Anderson went with them to HQ for the night. He then proceeded with a large group in buses and trucks to Le Mans.

Unfortunately his truck overturned and Sgt. Anderson and many others were injured. He was taken to the 32<sup>nd</sup> Field Hospital on August 14<sup>th</sup> and transferred the next day to the 141<sup>st</sup> General Hospital. Upon his release from the hospital on 3 September 1944 he reported to 63 Brook St., London and was officially debriefed.

Sgt. Anderson was one of about 152 Allied soldiers and airmen saved by a joint MI9/MIS-X plan called "*Operation Sherwood*." It is a remarkable story how the Resistance groups and Escape Lines involved, were able to keep such a large number of evaders hidden under the very noses of the Germans; as well as keeping it a secret from the local inhabitants. Due to the excellent organization of the camps, not a single evader was lost or captured.

**Bernice E. Wornson:** folded her wings on 6 December 2012. She married Arnold Wornson (#435) on January 11, 1947. Bernice enjoyed playing golf and bridge as well as gardening, sewing, and cooking. She was quite an excellent homemaker. Always in the kitchen, she baked Norwegian treats such as lefse (flat bread), flatbrod (unleavened flatbread), krumkaka (waffle cookie), and rosettes (deep fried pastry). Bernice and Arnie loved music and dancing. They were long-term members of Benedict's Dance Club. They also shared a love of travel. Bernice and Arnie were often spotted biking or walking the Red Jacket Trail in West Mankato well into their eighties.

**Lt. Fred Kreisberg, Bombardier, 15<sup>th</sup> AAF, 98<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, 344<sup>th</sup> Bomb Squadron, Lecce, Italy:** folded his wings on 9 July 2006. His crew was manning B-24 #44-48782 named "Rupert the Roo I." While over Castelfranco, Italy nine crew members bailed out. However the pilot was able to fly back to Lecce and landed the bomber. The navigator's parachute did not open fully and he was killed. Five crewmembers were captured while two others were able to evade. Fred joined an Italian partisan brigade and was given the code name "Pepo." He remained with the group until they met Allied troops.

**E&E #1351, S/Sgt. Leonard R. Rogers** endured his first "evasion" experience in April 1944 in Michigan. When their bomber caught fire during a nighttime training flight and the crew bailed out, Len landed in the wilderness in the Porcupine Mountains. The tail gunner encountered no porcupines, but a series of bears spotted him. Hoping to evade them by hiding his scent, Len walked in a cold mountain stream for five hours. He was rescued after a day and a half. It was then he learned the bears probably coveted the candy bar in his pocket.

In England, Len flew with the 91st bomb group. On June 5, 1944, his plane sustained severe flak-damage and he made his second jump from a burning aircraft. Len tore ligaments in his leg and injured his shoulders in landing. Two young Frenchmen immediately dragged him to a shelter, stripped him of his flight suit and dressed him in civilian clothes. The Frenchmen misled a German search party that arrived just minutes later by pointing them to the nearby woods. Len and two others from his crew stayed in St. Cyr in the attic of Stefan, a Pole who led the local underground. Len recalled that the evaders ate a single meal each day. Another Polish family provided some of their food and so did a Russian P.O.W. who stole from the

German mess where he worked. The Russian made his food deliveries after dark and then lingered to play Stefan’s accordion. Upon liberation by British troops, Len learned that two armed Dutch soldiers were living in Stefan’s barn.

Before returning to England, Len and the other evaders visited their pilot’s grave in the local cemetery. The bomb bay doors had decapitated their skipper as he leapt from their plane.

Len was kind to his very core. During the voyage back to the States, he volunteered to take their meals to psychologically damaged GIs held below deck. The men wore only pajamas and were confined to cages to prevent them from committing suicide or attacking others. Their misery still moved Len to tears almost seven decades later.

Len never forgot his helpers. Stefan returned to Poland and disappeared behind the Iron Curtain, but Len saw his other helpers during three post-war trips to France with his nephew, Paul Rees. When told that one of the women had dementia and was living in a nursing home, Len visited her anyway. Miraculously, his helper remembered him.

Despite his near-fatal misadventures aboard B-17 bombers, Len was thrilled to win a half-hour long ride on one several years ago. He attended many AFEES reunions, and never declined an invitation to speak about his evasion experience. When AFEES met in Dayton in 2009, he shared his story with high school history students.

Leonard Rogers died November 25, 2012 in Ojai, California. (*Jerri Donohue*)

## **NEW MEMBERS**

**Mr. David Allison**, 117 Oram St, Arlington, TX 76010-2835, email:

[david\\_allison@yahoo.com](mailto:david_allison@yahoo.com), (Charlie Screws’ son)

**Mr. & Mrs. Bill Asbell**, 17080 West Laura Lane, Post Falls, ID 83854-6767, email:

[laura@asbellhealth.com](mailto:laura@asbellhealth.com)

**Mr. Vernon Jensen**, 2843 Renfrew St, Ann Arbor, MI 48105-1451, (734) 761-3120, 15AF 463 Bomb Group

**Mr. Warren P. Laws**, PO Box 170, White Hall, VA 22987-0170, (434) 823-2515, email:

[wlawsii@aol.com](mailto:wlawsii@aol.com), (Warren Laws II’s son E&E #362)

**Col. Don R. Ray**, Air Force (Ret), 6822 Tilden Lane, Rockville, MD 20852-4501 (Jerri Donohue’s uncle)

**Ms. Heather Steele**, 270F N. El Camino Real #483, Encinitas, CA 92024-0000, (858) 344-0073, email: [heather@ww2historyproject.org](mailto:heather@ww2historyproject.org), Researcher on Robert Sweatt (E&E #525)

**Ms. Julie A. Troup**, 3901 Bahia Vista St., Lot #614, Sarasota, FL 34232-2446, (813) 968-3851, email: [jtroup2@comcast.net](mailto:jtroup2@comcast.net) (David Troup’s daughter)

**AFEES APPLICATION FORM**

AFEES membership dues are \$20 per year; \$50 for three years; **\$100 Lifetime Membership only available to "Evaders."**

Address changes, phone number changes, email changes and checks (**payable to "AFEES"**) should be sent to: Rich Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson, PA 16630-2129. Rich can be contacted by phone (814) 886-2735 or email [rshandor@hotmail.com](mailto:rshandor@hotmail.com).

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Amount enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_ 9 digit zip code \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

Emergency Contact Person and phone number \_\_\_\_\_

Are you an Evader?        YES    NO

Related to an Evader?    YES    NO    Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

Evader's name \_\_\_\_\_ Evader's Military unit \_\_\_\_\_

Are you a Veteran?    Yes or No    If yes, what Military Branch \_\_\_\_\_

Calendar Date of Military Service \_\_\_\_\_

Do you wish to receive the email AFEES newsletter in place of the US Mail copy?        YES    NO

Other comments or reasons for joining \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## ADDRESS CHANGES

**Mr. Thomas P. Bingle**, P.O. Box 1262,  
Breckenridge, CO 80434-1262

**Mrs. Norma Brooks**, 1701 SW Gage Blvd,  
Topeka, KS 66604-3333, (785) 582-4448

**Mrs. Scotty David**, The Fountains, 15826  
Clayton Rd, Apt#152, Ellisville, MO 43214-  
4353, (614) 457-5329

**Mr. Jon David**, 923 S. Mason Rd, St. Louis,  
MO 63141-8552, (314) 965-1216, email: da-  
vid065@missouristate.edu (Clayton & Scotty  
David's grandson)

**Mr. Francis L. Eshelman**, 7205 E. Elbow  
Bay Dr, Tucson, AZ 85710-1301, (520) 747-  
1418, 8AF 355 Fighter Group

**Lt. Col Reuben Fier**, USAF (Ret), 6061  
Palmetto Cir. N, Apt#C109, Boca Raton, FL  
33433-3611, (561) 218-4855, email:  
[hottyshott@aol.com](mailto:hottyshott@aol.com), 8AF 94 Bomb Group

**Mrs. Betty J. Fuchs**, 164 Tom, Livingston,  
TX 77351-2985, 15AF 459 Bomb Group

**Dr. John M. Gambardella**, 4 Tenakill Park  
E., Apt#112, Cresskill, NJ 07626-2061, (203)  
488-7069, email: [jgambardel@aol.com](mailto:jgambardel@aol.com), 373  
Bomb Group

**Mr. Bert Hanou**, 2809 W. Boston St, Seattle,  
WA 98199-4023, Holland Helper

**Mr. Bruce Hooper**, 115 Haldeman St, Media,  
PA 19063-3532, (588) 255-6238, 8AF 453  
Bomb Group

**Mr. Geoffrey P. Ives**, 6336 N. Oracle Rd,  
Ste#326, Tucson, AZ 85704-5457, (520) 308-  
5843, email: [ives-geoffrey@yahoo.com](mailto:ives-geoffrey@yahoo.com),  
Researcher on Sgt David Butcher E&E #483

## AFEES OFFICERS

**PRESIDENT**: John Katsaros, 109 Crosby St., Haverhill, MA  
01830-2207 (summer), Cell: 978-869-3035, email:  
[jkatsaros3@comcast.net](mailto:jkatsaros3@comcast.net)

**VICE PRESIDENT**: Beverly Wand, 37 Crescent Rd, Madi-  
son, NJ 07940-2519, 973-377-3103, email:  
[wandbandj@aol.com](mailto:wandbandj@aol.com)

**EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT**: Lynn David, 923 S Mason  
Rd, Town & Country, MO 63141-8552, Cell: 314-422-1567,  
email: [ldavid@airforceescape.com](mailto:ldavid@airforceescape.com)

**TREASURER AND RECORDING SECRETARY**: Betty  
Hennessy, 13141 Hart Pl, Cerritos, CA 90703-1333, 562-921-  
1494, email: [bcjhennessy@verizon.net](mailto:bcjhennessy@verizon.net)

**MEMBERSHP AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY**:  
Richard Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson, PA 16630-0254,  
814-886-2735, email: [rshandor@hotmail.com](mailto:rshandor@hotmail.com)

**HONORARY DIRECTOR**: Gen. Duncan McNabb (USAF  
Ret.), 2403 N. Sycamore St, Arlington, VA 22207-1038,  
email: [duncanjmcnabb@gmail.com](mailto:duncanjmcnabb@gmail.com)

**WEB MASTER**: Don Thorpe, 1087 S. 1100 E., Salt Lake  
City, UT 84105-1540, 801-582-6019, email:  
[donothorpe@gmail.com](mailto:donothorpe@gmail.com)

### OTHER DIRECTORS

Sandra Comstock, 61 South St, East Haven, CT 06512-4536,  
203-469-3372, email: [ontheball93rd@aol.com](mailto:ontheball93rd@aol.com)

Jerri Donohue, 9295 Highland Dr, Brecksville, OH 44141-  
2605, 440-546-1207, email: [jerridonohue@aol.com](mailto:jerridonohue@aol.com)

Margaret Fricke, 1517 Trollhagen Dr NE, Fridley, MN  
55421-1351, 763-571-4840, email: [frickej@comcast.net](mailto:frickej@comcast.net)

Larry Grauerholz, PO Box 2501, Wichita Falls, TX 76307-  
2501, 940-692-6700, email: [afees44@hotmail.com](mailto:afees44@hotmail.com)

Elizabeth McDade, 55 Hall St, Rochester, NY 14609-7146,  
Cell: 585-576-3130, email: [emcdade@frontiernet.net](mailto:emcdade@frontiernet.net)

Col. Steve Mac Isaac (USAF Ret.), 6449 Coventry Hills Dr  
NE, Rio Rancho, NM 87144-0832, 302-249-1499, email:  
[colmacmac@mac.com](mailto:colmacmac@mac.com)

Edward Miller, 330 Zane Grey Dr., Sedona, AZ 86336-3945,  
928-282-4817, email: [edmiller20@commspeed.net](mailto:edmiller20@commspeed.net)

Mary Shier, 267 W. Barnes Lake Rd, Columbiaville, MI  
48421-9717, 810-793-4286, email: [spwheel357@gmail.com](mailto:spwheel357@gmail.com)

Paul Rees, 367 Gertrude St, Syracuse, NY 13203-2909, 315-  
430-7535, email: [rees@tweny.rr.com](mailto:rees@tweny.rr.com)

John Vasquez, 2867 El Sobreante St, Santa Clara, CA 95051-  
3713, 408-557-0342

Robert Wilson, PO Box 9275, Peoria, IL 61612-9275, 309-  
243-5567, email: [robertandsharonwilson@gmail.com](mailto:robertandsharonwilson@gmail.com)

### CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE

Raymond Sherk, 14 Laurie Shepway, Toronto, M2J 1X6,  
Ontario, Canada

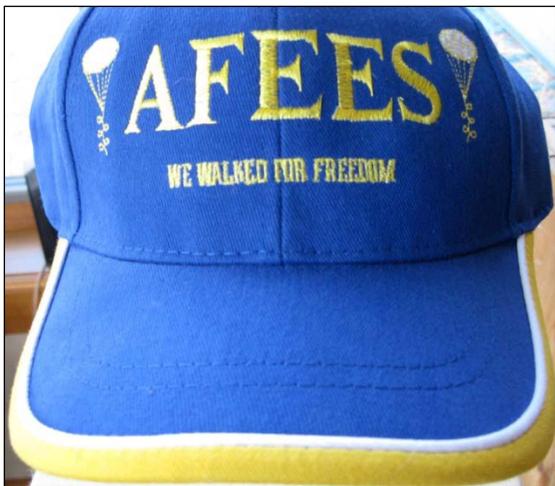
**AFEES T-SHIRTS & CAPS**

By Mary Shier

New to our Tampa AFEES Reunion!! Our new AFEES t-shirt will feature the AFEES logo on the left chest and the words in quotes "WE WALKED FOR FREEDOM" on the back.

Prices are not finalized but will most likely range from \$17.50-\$22.50. If I can get a quality t-shirt for less I will do so. DO NOT SEND any monies to me right now. What I would like is to know how many people would be interested in having a t-shirt and the size and the color.

COLOR: CREAMY YELLOW WITH BLUE WRITING. If there is enough interest I may offer a blue t-shirt with yellow writing.



*Parachutes version of cap*

**AFEES caps** are available in 2 styles: the winged boot and parachutes on each side of AFEES. Both are blue caps with yellow trim.

The cost of each cap is \$12.00 with \$3.00 shipping and handling for a total of \$15.00. If you know that you will be attending the Tampa Reunion you can save on shipping by reserving a cap that I can bring to you.

If you have any questions please contact Mary at email [spwheel357@gmail.com](mailto:spwheel357@gmail.com) or at (810) 441-7932.

Please make your check payable to "Mary Shier." To order a cap or t-shirt, please fill in the form below and send to: Mary Shier  
267 W. Barnes Lake Rd.  
Columbiaville, MI 48421

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

CAP: WINGED BOOT \_\_\_\_\_

CAP: PARACHUTES \_\_\_\_\_

T-SHIRT SIZE: S \_\_\_\_\_

M \_\_\_\_\_

L \_\_\_\_\_

X-L \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR: YELLOW w/ BLUE \_\_\_\_\_

BLUE w/ YELLOW \_\_\_\_\_

## THE PREZ SEZ

John Katsaros (EE #755)

The US Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society has for many years since its formation in 1963 by Past President Ralph Patton and with help from John T. Emery and Fred T. Schmitt, worked to receive recognition by the US Congress of its membership who were shot down in aerial combat, escaped from capture or evaded the enemy during WWII, and in times of war since.

Many airmen who were gravely wounded in aerial combat, survived and for the first time in their career had to parachute sometimes at heights of 27,000 feet and forced to free fall due to lack of oxygen. Harsh landings caused many airmen to suffer additional injuries resulting in being taken prisoner (POW) in enemy territory.

Some airmen were captured and escaped more than once. Many of the escapees safely climbed the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain, only to be caught and imprisoned until after D-Day; some escaped into Switzerland and other friendly countries.

Many evaded capture and joined one of the Resistance Organizations, which helped them to survive. Advancing allied armies eventually repatriated these survivors; these escapes held strategic information for the Allied and American Intelligence crucial to the ongoing war effort.

Recently, WWII female pilots (WASPS) as well as the Tuskegee Airmen black P-51 (Red Tails) Pilots, received recognition from Congress signed by the President.

Time is running short and we need to make a concerted effort to gain Congressional recognition for AFEES as soon as possible.

Every means at our disposal must be used to bring our desires known to the US Congress, provided the AFEES Escapees and Evaders have an interest in pursuing their rightful place in history.

I am certain that all AFEES Escapees and Evaders would appreciate recognition by Congress. We all need to support this combined effort. I would appreciate your ideas. Please forward to me your emails or letters of your areas of interest.

With a majority of our members returning the survey below, I will begin preparing the necessary documents at my disposal with those of our members who contribute. We or I will contact my newly elected Senator and Congresswoman Kitty Tsongas whose husband, the late US Senator (MA) Paul Tsongas ran for President (1992). Thank you for your considerations and thoughts.

I hope to see you all at our AFEES Reunion at Tampa, Florida from 8-12 May 2013. Kindly, cut or copy and circle your vote on the Survey below.

Please email [jkatsaros3@comcast.net](mailto:jkatsaros3@comcast.net). Or send mail to 6530 N. Ocean Blvd. Apt 305 Ocean Ridge, FL 33435 by May 1, 2013.

Should we seek recognition for AFEES by the US Congress?      YES              NO

Can you help?              YES              NO

*Please write a short answer as to how you could help.*

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

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