

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY Fall 2002 **COMMUNICATIONS**

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Liberator recreated for movie

Full-size model
has key role
in '*Resistance*'

From **British Aviation Magazine**
FLYPAST, June 2002 Issue
By **ROGER SOUPART**

*By Courtesy of Claude Helias, Plomelin,
France*

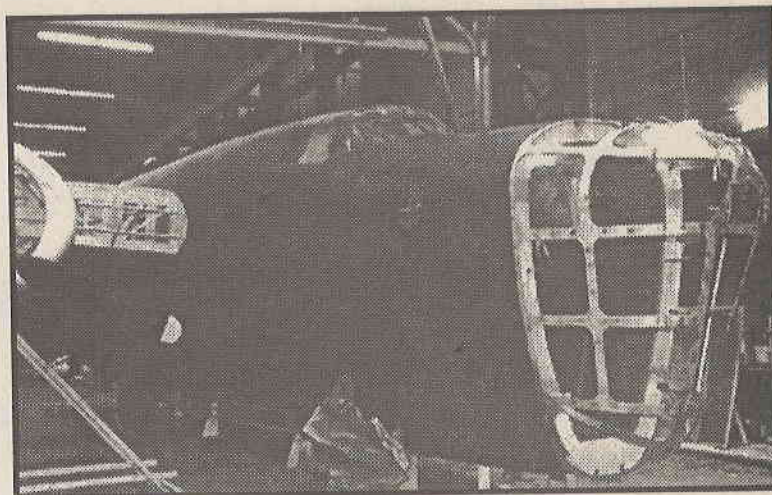
A full-size model Consolidated B-24D Liberator has been constructed in the Netherlands. It has been built to represent a crashed USAAF bomber in a new film called *Resistance*.

A research team went to the RAF Museum, Cosford, Shropshire, to study and photograph its former Indian Air Force example. With this material, and original drawings, the model was built in just seven weeks, at a cost of 125,000 British pounds.

Two Dutch aviation archaeology societies, the Aviation Recovery Group from Fort Velthuis and the Lissersbroek-based CRASH Air War Museum, helped by donating parts from crashed B-24s to the project.

When ready, paint specialist "weathered" the aircraft, and applied nose art. It was then transported some 186 miles (300km) to Belgium for the filming.

After its job is done, the B-24 is to be given away. Three Dutch museums are currently looking at the possibility of salvaging the machine for preservation. The film is due to be released by the end of the year.



The Liberator 'stage set' under construction



B-24 '1234226' during filming of RESISTANCE



Two actors from RESISTANCE who 'survived'

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

ELIGIBILITY REQUIRES THAT ONE MUST HAVE BEEN A U.S. AIRMAN, HE MUST HAVE BEEN FORCED DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND AVOIDED CAPTIVITY, OR ESCAPED FROM CAPTIVITY TO RETURN TO ALLIED CONTROL.

IN ADDITION TO REGULAR MEMBERSHIP, OTHER CATEGORIES OF MEMBERSHIP ARE HELPER MEMBERS, AND FRIEND MEMBERS.

Fall 2002

The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith

<afeesone@hotmail.com>

20 August 02

HELLO from Minnesota!

Our 2002 reunion in Tampa was a great success, from all the reports I've had from those who attended. Yvonne Daley, as expected, did a fantastic job of putting it together.

The hospitality room contributed a great deal to the success of the reunion with Scotty David's scrapbooks triggering a lot of memories of back when we were all young and frisky.

The editor of this rag tells me that Yvonne has volunteered to supervise the Hospitality Room at the '03 meeting in Texas. How lucky can we get!

Your Board of Directors has selected Philadelphia, Pa., as the site for the 2004 reunion. Yvonne is scoping out the City of Brotherly Love to find us a hotel.

After the Tampa reunion, about 40 persons made a four-day Caribbean cruise. We had a great ship and great accommodations. Personally, I think four days was a tad short. The week cruise to Alaska last year was all-around better.

For you museum aficionados, the Fargo (N.D.) Air Museum is doing well. They have murals on the wall, aircraft hanging from the rafters and a beautiful blue sky.

Amazing how many WWII warbirds are still flying around an agricultural area like this. If you are ever Fargo way, the museum should be a must-stop.

Independence Day 1942:

'Mighty 8th' flies first mission

By Tech. Sgt. Scott Elliott
Air Force Print News

WASHINGTON -- America's Air Force provided the fireworks over continental Europe 60 years ago, as airmen from 8th Air Force flew their first combat mission July 4, 1942.

Though ultimately made famous for its use of B-17 Flying Fortress and B-24 Liberator heavy bombers in high-altitude precision daylight strikes, the Americans had to borrow six A-20 Boston light bombers from the Royal Air Force for the mission.

Capt. Charles C. Kegelman led his 15th Bomb Squadron (Light) and six other A-20s from the RAF's 226 Squadron, in a low-level attack against four German airfields in Holland.

The mission achieved several "firsts," including the distinction as being the first American-led mission against western Europe; Kegelman became the first 8th Air Force airman to earn the Distinguished Service (later renamed the Air Force) Cross, and Marshall Draper, bombardier aboard one of two aircraft shot down, became the first U.S. Army Air Corps prisoner of war in Europe.

Of the six aircraft involved in the raid, two were shot down and a third was heavily damaged.

One of the mission's most dramatic moments came when anti-aircraft fire scored a direct hit on Kegelman's right engine, shearing off the propeller, just as he dropped his bomb load. Though the aircraft's right wingtip and tail struck the ground, Kegelman managed to regain control of the aircraft, knock out an anti-aircraft emplacement with his machine guns and make his escape.

Although his British counterparts ultimately considered the raid a success, Maj. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz,

the 8th Air Force commander, had initial doubts as to his unit's ability to carry out the mission. When Lt. Gen. Hap Arnold, the U.S. Army Air Forces commander, ordered the strike, he believed the first B-17s

would be in England ready to begin operations.

Unfortunately for Spaatz, the 97th Bomb Group was diverted to defend America's west coast in the event of a Japanese invasion.

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Monument surrounded by mystery

From Special Forces Club Newsletter, London, Spring 2002

The weekend of 12 May, 2001, was gloriously sunny in the Haute-Savoie region of France. It was a perfect setting for the unveiling and dedication of new monument at Les Daines in the commune of Chaumont, as Gerald Rix reports.



Major John Farmer reminded the audience of how working together had paved the way for victory.

It was there that a stopping point on an escape line had been based, close to the parachute DZ of the Vuache mountains area.

News of the planned ceremony had reached the British communities of Switzerland and Eastern France and a suitable presence from members of the Special Forces Club was soon assembled.

Since a major speech would be required, as well as a British wreath laid, it was easily decided that the doyen figure should be John Farmer, a former SOE agent who lives in France and is president of the Swiss Branch of The Royal British Legion.

The ceremony turned out to be a major event, complete with a silver band, a children's choir and nearly 50 ex-Service and Resistance standards.

There were representatives from Resistance groups from as far afield as Alsace and Lorraine and Perpignan as well as senators from the French parliament, senior retired generals, current members of the Armed Forces, leaders and members of all levels of local authorities and even a discreet group of Swiss representatives who had worked across the border with the British, Americans and French. And an impressive crowd of local

inhabitants swelled the crowd that bathed in the increasingly warm sunshine.

After the opening formalities, the mayor of the commune and John Farmer unveiled the new monument. Its commemorative text refers to three separate covert organisations. Those in the know believe there could actually have been four!

The monument commemorates members of the SOE MARKSMAN circuit and the Inter-Allied Mission Alliance, which had been led by Jean Valette d'Osia before his arrest.

The mission had been responsible for running an escape line for airmen, particularly for those held in Switzerland and for those with the Lucien Megevand Panpan group which ran the parachute reception organisation in the region.

Such were the complexities of the various secret organisations at the time that a fortnight before the ceremony, as soon as the words on the monument were made known, checks were made with the club's historical sub-committee on the accuracy of the detail. It seems that while the existence of the MI9 escape line was accepted, the circuit name was one that was used by the SIS for one of their operations.

There was no time to probe deeply and there is a shortage of verbal or written evidence on the ground in France, but it does seem that members of some circuits were doubling up their activities, consciously or unconsciously.

There have been previous examples of this when members of the same French family have unwittingly served different covert organisations.

But, as far as they were concerned at the time, they were involved with the famed 'British Secret Service' with no understanding of the wartime differentiations and tensions that existed between so many different organisations. So perhaps this new monument is, unintentionally, a belated gesture of reconciliation for them all.

This theme of all working together was the major thrust of John Farmer's speech. He reminded the audience that MARKSMAN, under Lt. Colonel Richard Heslop (Xavier), an SOE 'F' Section agent, included French BCRA, Canadian, American OSS and civilian and British military staff in its regional headquarters. Thus it drew together local resistance groups of all backgrounds and political interests, including Poles, Spaniards,

Yugoslavs, and Russians throughout the Jura, Haute-Savoie, Isere, Ain and part of Saone et Loire, into one integrated and successful force.

He recalled the role of the MI9 escape lines from the time of Dunkirk, Calais and St. Valery onwards in helping evaders from the British, Belgian, Polish and French services to return to the UK to rejoin the fight for freedom.

He also commented on the mutual trust between the aircrew of the Special Duties squadrons and the French on the ground, developed through clandestine training courses in France and the UK.

John concluded by telling the audience that such was the strength of allied cooperation and commitment in regaining the liberty of a democratic France that the

ashes of Richard Heslop and Denis Johnson, his American radio officer, are buried side by side in France.

After this speech, the national anthems of both countries were played and the traditional Binyon verse to the fallen was said in both English and French. Then everyone headed for the post-ceremony party to tell stories of past exploits to old friends well into the night.

The Cavaliers of Paris are honored

On June 27, Ken Woodhouse of Saskatoon, Canada, and his granddaughter represented the RAFES (Canadian Branch), along with Frank Dell, chairman of the RAFES and his wife, at a ceremony at the Lycie St. Louis on the Boulevard St. Michel in Paris, where a plaque was unveiled to honor M. Maurice Cavalier and his wife, Marguerite.

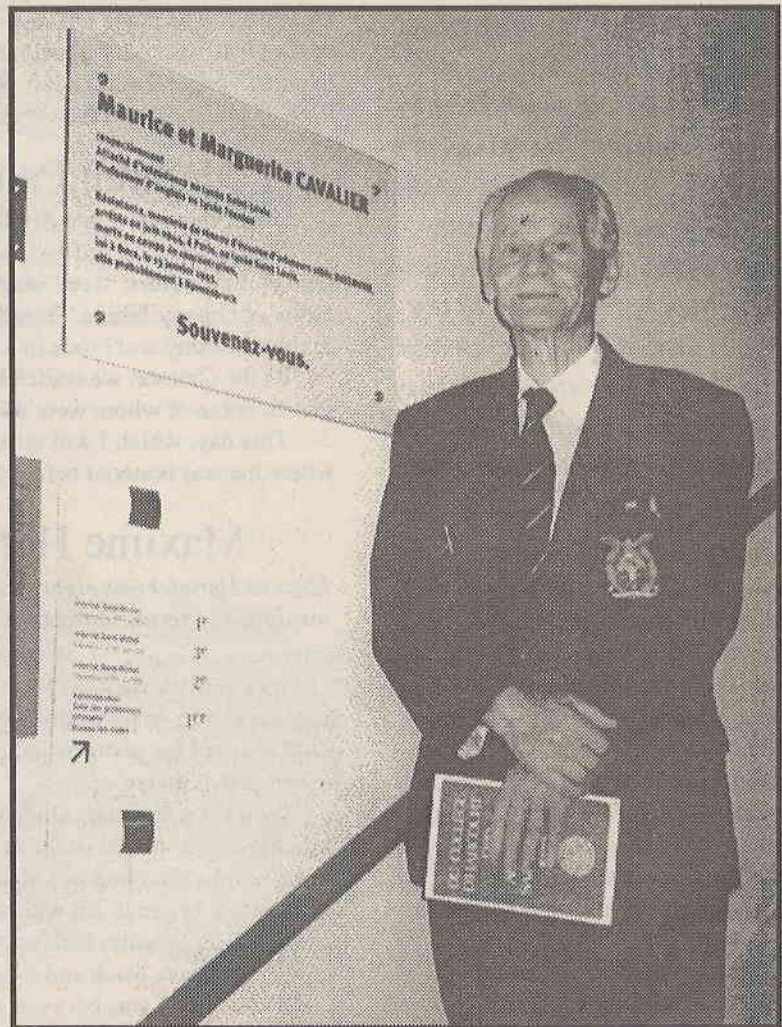
Thanks to years of investigation by J. J. Piot, the RAFES representative in France, and by Mme. Olympe St. Leger of Paris, information was collected to prove that the Cavaliers had been members of the French Resistance and had worked right at the school.

Around D-Day, Maurice was captured by the Gestapo in his apartment in the Lycie St. Louis. His wife, being notified of his arrest, decided to go home and "share his captivity with her husband."

Information is that Maurice was sent to the camp at Dora in southern Germany, where he was worked to death, along with some 11,000 Frenchmen, hollowing out a mountain for a factory making rocket parts. Nothing has been learned concerning Marguerite other than that she was sent to a concentration camp.

Ken is pleased that the two brave French people have now been honored by having a plaque placed in the Lycie St. Louis where present and future students will be reminded of what their present freedom had cost so many of the past generation.

The Cavaliers were helpers for



Ken Woodhouse stands on the stairway at Lycie St. Louis in Paris, where a plaque now honors the memory of Maurice and Marguerite Cavalier.

Ken Lussier, Russel Barnlund and Ken of the RCAF, and Bill Spinning and Manny Rogoff of the USAAF, and probably many others.

Ken personally saw Maurice make up a dozen or more identity cards on the afternoon of March

20, 1944, all with Ken's thumb print on them.

Ken suggests that any evader visiting Paris would find a welcome at the Lycie St. Louis on Boulevard Michel, a few blocks up from Notre Dame.

Joe returns to French crash site

From *LES ECHOS*
Orgeval, France
September 1994

On Sept. 6, 1943, an American Flying Fortress B-17 crash-landed in a field between the Royals road and the woods of Abbecourt. Luckily, none of the 10 crew members was hurt. One of them, Joseph Cagle, one of the two bombardiers in the craft, returned 51 years later, in June 1994, to revisit the scene of his catastrophic landing and the places where he was taken in. It was a day of joy and deep emotion.

Joseph W. Cagle was born in Louisville, Mississippi, March 3, 1922. In October of 1942 he joined the U.S. Air Force. In 1943, after having taken some classes, he was designated a member of a B-17 Fortress. In July 1943, at the end of training, he left, with nine companions, aboard their own airplane above the Atlantic, headed for England.

They were then assigned to the 92nd Regiment (Bomb Group) of bombardiers stationed at Alconbury.

Joseph Cagle was one of the two bombardiers in the B-17. The crew included Richard Christenson (pilot), Lee Crabtree (co-pilot), Bill Hamley and Art Steinmetz (navigators), Mike Zelenak and Jordan Young (radio operators), James Cimini (mechanic), Joseph Cagle and Norman Wagner, bombardiers, and Kenneth Moore, tail gunner.

After having accomplished different missions in Europe, the most important one for Joseph Cagle and his friends took place September 6, 1943, at Stuttgart, Germany. It was during this mission that

his plane was hit by the Germans, in the region of Troyes. The B-17 lost a motor and the oxygen system was destroyed. "We could no longer remain in formation with our group," remembers Joseph Cagle, "and we had to continue alone, protecting ourselves from attacks."

They arrived near Paris and were followed by German planes. After a short battle, they lost two motors. Reaching England with just one motor was out of the question; however, the airplane was flying too low for the crew to use their parachutes.

So the pilot told them to prepare for the crash. "The plane fell into a field, near a farm, with only a fuel range of 15 minutes," remembers Joseph. None of the crew was hurt and they immediately

headed off in different directions because they knew the Germans knew their position and that they could have been killed.

At this moment, Cagle and his friend Wagner did not know that they were in Orgeval. It was noon and they hid in the woods. A few hours later, they met the young Robert Gaultier near his home. They told him they were Americans and asked him if he could help them. For a second Robert Gaultier hesitated, not knowing if he was dealing with Americans or Germans.

Finally, he led them to a shed and asked them to not move until night when his father would come get them and bring them to the house.

Mathieu Padel, 10 years old in 1943:

"I will remember that day for a long time to come.

"During the war, in 1943, an American airplane fell to the ground in Orgeval. One of the aviators, "Joe," was taken in by some Orgevalais, one of whom was the father of Granny Janine. In order to represent the family I was invited to participate in the ceremony and I rode in a Jeep.

"At the Croisee, we waited for Joe in the company of the Mayor and some other guests, some of whom were wearing GI uniforms with Colts and helmets.

"This day, which I will remember for a long time to come, ended at City Hall where Joe was honored before a lunch with all the participants."

Maxime Herodet: "We Were Lucky"

Maxime Herodet was eight years old in 1941. With a passion for aviation he noted airplane movements during the entire war and scrupulously charted on a map all the planes that went down in the area.

"At a very young age I learned to distinguish the difference between an airplane fuselage and an empennage. My father, who was a mechanic under Breguet XIV in 1922, showed me pictures and initiated me using bronze or aluminum models that he had cast at home.

"Then the war came. One night searchlights lit up the sky and cannons thundered. Our neighbor drove us in a truck towards Rambouillet, then we took off on foot in the direction of Orleans. A few weeks later, we were back in Montamets.

"The sky began to fill with airplanes whose engines did not make the same sound as the planes we had heard before. Instead of the big roundels decorating the wings, there were black and white crosses.

"At the time I was between the ages of 8 and 12. The truth of these events can be confirmed by some friends of the time, some of whom are still in Orgeval.

"There was a gang of friends who got together outside of school hours: Robert, Pierre, Francois and myself. We shared the aeronautical magazines of the time, "Der Adler," which helped us identify the planes flying overhead.

IN 1943

"One morning, the 6th of September, between 11 and 12 o'clock, I heard machine gun fire. I went outside quickly. There I saw a B-17 flying very low; it was smoking and surrounded by a horde of fighters who were shooting at it. The Flying Fortress seemed enormous; it kept going down then disappeared. The fighters withdrew.

"There was then a great silence which was interrupted by a huge explosion which made the house shake. Just in front of the kitchen window I saw a plume of black

smoke rise to the sky. I later learned that the B-17 had landed at Flambertin, a few hundred meters from the German radar.

"In the week that followed I saw a trailer-truck parked in front of City Hall; it was transporting the remains of the airplane. Of the debris, the ground was littered with it; the Germans had only taken the largest pieces. it was a windfall for our team. We would go there often with huge bags to retrieve machine gun bullets, Plexiglass, rubber and so on. Today I still have a 12.7 bullet and scraps of Plexiglass which have their own story.

"Later the same year, another B-17 was shot down. I was at school. When I returned home at noon, I went up Rue de la Vente Bertine; it was still burning. The place was near Ecquevilly, before the big farm. When Robert and I went there a little later only the form of the airplane remained; everything was burned except the empennage with the tail turret and its two machine guns. The Germans were there so we only looked.

"One morning, still in 1943, a combat took place very high in the sky. The airplanes were followed by long lines of vapor. All of a sudden, there was black smoke; a plane had just been hit and I could see it rapidly coming down in a tailspin. It was a P-38 bi-fuselage.

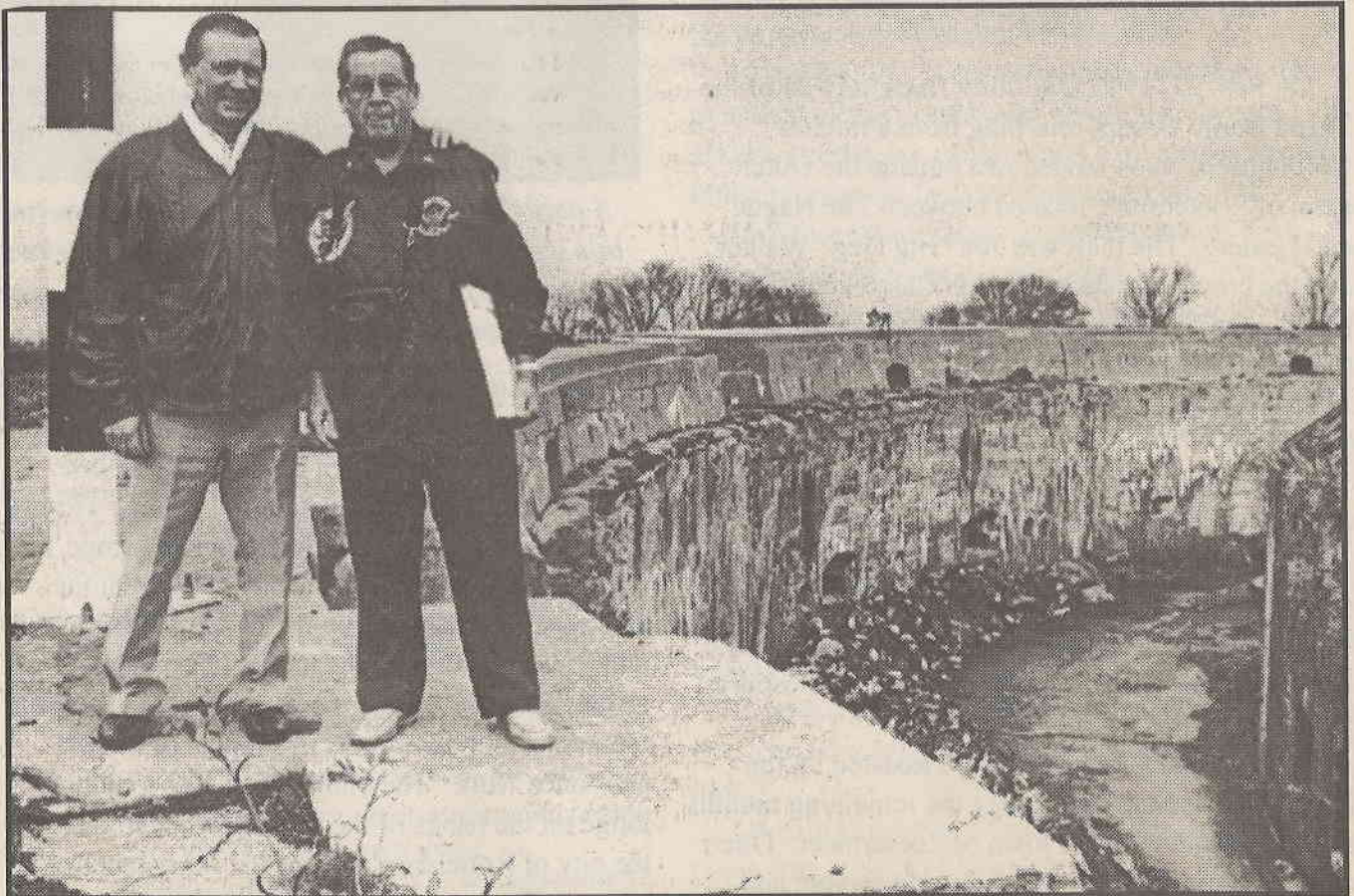
"My mother and I were watching the scene when, all of a sudden, I said to her, "Go in fast, torpedoes." We could see two slender, spinning entities falling to the ground, making a strange noise; then nothing, no explosion. Later I learned that what I had taken for torpedoes were nothing other than extra reservoir tanks that the P-38 had jettisoned. One had fallen towards the railroad tracks at the Moulin a Vent and the other had fallen behind the train station. They were retrieved and stored for a long time behind city hall."

Air power history

-Aug. 2, 1909-



The Signal Corps received its first military aircraft. The "Wright Model B" carried two passengers and had a top speed of 54 mph. Similar to the Model A, the Wrights built this aircraft with smaller wings to pass the Army's speed requirement of 40 mph.



This 1990 photo of Dutch Helper Jan Dobber (left) and Member Claude Murray was taken at the Fortress Island Pampas in the Zuider Zee. They are shown standing on the edge of the moat which guarded the fort in the 1870s.

'Jolly Duck' parachute now a dress

The Summer issue of Communications included a story (pages 20-21) involving a wedding dress made from a parachute given Wilhelm Van Niekerk by a downed American airman in early 1945 after his B-24 made a crash landing near The Hague.

The dress is now on display at the Aero Space Museum in Calgary, Alb.

Information concerning the B-24 crew involved has come from a Friend Member of AFEES, Leo Wery of Savannah, Ga. He writes:

On Feb. 22, 1945, *The Jolly Duck*, a B-24 of the 392nd Bomb Group, returning from a raid on Nordhausen, crash landed just outside the Dutch town of Zoeteroude, located between The Hague and Leiden. The pilot was Joe "Big Dog" Walker and the crew consisted of Ralph Casstevens (co-pilot), John Donohue (navigator), Harold Shea (engineer), Francis Nagle (radio), and Allan Hicks, John McCormick, John Lingle and Elmer Duerr (gunners.)

All survived the landing, although John Lingle could hardly walk because of a leg injury.

Walker had instructed his crew to split up in small groups and try to evade capture. Shea, Hicks, Nagle and Lingle soon ran into a German patrol and were arrested. They were transferred to Moosburg POW camp near Munich.

Walker and Casstevens were assisted by the Dutch Underground and spent the remaining months of the war hiding in the town of Zoetermeer. Duerr and Donohue also managed to evade capture and were hidden in an abandoned house in Wassenaar. The house was located a few hundreds yards from V-2 launching sites, which were constantly attacked by Allied planes.



A parachute from The Jolly Duck was converted into a wedding dress by Wilhemina van Niekerk. It now has a place on a mannequin in the Aero Space Museum at Calgary, Alb.

Duerr and Donohue were helped and looked after by a member of the Dutch Underground, Fred Gransberg, now president of the Dutch Allied Aircrew Helpers Organization in Holland. (Fred attended the recent AFEES reunion in Tampa.)

John McCormick left the site of crash alone. He also was taken care of by the Dutch Underground and he was brought to the hiding place of an armed group of the Resistance which carried out raids on German and other targets in support of the resistance work. The hiding place was a hunting lodge on the banks of the river Rotter (after which the city of Rotterdam is named.) John joined the group and participated in several raids. Unfortunately, the Germans somehow became aware of the occupants of the lodge and attacked it on April 29, 1945.

A fierce fire fight between the Germans and the

resistance group resulted, in the course of which John McCormick and one of the resistance fighters were killed.

A monument has been erected on the site and every April 29th this monument in the center for a memorial service held by residents of the town of Zevenhuizen to commemorate the brave people of the Resistance movement killed during the war.

John McCormick's father specifically requested that John's remains stay with the buddies he spent the last months of his life with. John was laid to rest in a grave next to one in which five resistance members were buried under the tower of Old Village Church in Zoetermeer.

It should be noted that the Germans surrendered in Holland on the evening of May 4, 1945, and I often wonder whether John McCormick was the last member of the 8th Air Force to die under enemy fire in World War II.

Much has been written about the crash landing and events which followed, particularly in the magazine of the Historic Society of Zoetenwoude and in a book, *The Day the Manna Fell*. The title refers to April 29, 1945, the day the Royal Air Force dropped food over the western part of Holland for the first time. (Their "Operation Manna" was followed by "Operation Chow Hound" of the 8th AF. It was the same day that four crew members were liberated in POW camp Moosburg and the day on which John McCormick was killed.

I have extensive documentation in my possession and have given a file with information to the Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum.

I cannot find any reference to a crew member giving his parachute pack to one of the local residents who rushed to the crash site. But I have

B-1 consolidation begins

DYESS AFB, Texas -- A year after the B-1 Lancer consolidation plan was first announced, people here are seeing the first steps take shape.

The plan calls for the B-1 fleet to be consolidated here and at Ellsworth AFB, S.D. The other three bases where B-1s were assigned have already ceased bomber operations.

The plan also calls for the fleet to be reduced by more than 30 aircraft.

not been able to find anything to that effect. It is not impossible that Elmer Duerr was the crew member who did so and I would like to believe that it was him. Elmer, or Bud as he was known, was the last crew member to die a few months ago and it will be virtually impossible to find an eye witness who can attest to the fact.

A LOT OF MESSAGES

Suddenly, there are a lot of messages sent around the world as a result of the article in the Calgary Herald (March 7, 2002) regarding Mrs. Van Niekerk's wedding dress. I saw the article for the first time in my copy of the Windmill, a Dutch language newspaper published in Canada with an insert in English.

I sent a copy of the article to a person in Holland who lived on the farm where *The Jolly Duck* came to rest in February 1945. He was not at the farm at the time, so he can't throw any light on who gave the parachute to Wilhelm Van Niekerk.

Last April 27 I received a phone call from the president of the Zoetermeer Historical Society asking whether we could attend a memorial service at the monument in Zevenhuizen on the 29th.

In Elmer (Bud) Duerr's own account of his experiences after the crash he said:

"Finally we hit; everything went black for a minute or two, and when I came to, I found myself buried deep in mud. I tried in vain to dig myself loose but to no avail. Then I felt someone pulling me by the leg. It was our waist gunner.

"Finally after getting free, I found I was clear back in the bomb bay. I still had my chute on but it was cut in two by one of the braces. Oxygen bottles were everywhere. The only thing that saved us was that we had no ball turret in our plane.

"I managed to reach the waist window and fall out. Joe took my chute off because my arm was hurt."

Of course it quite possible that Duerr's torn chute was given to Mr. van Niekerk.

*William Niekerk and his wife now live in Canada.
Their address is 4217 - 5th Street S.W.
Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2S 2E2*



The Woodard family from St. Louis, Mo., during a rest period in the Alos Valley before tackling the stream leading to the "Col de Lartigue" in the 2002 Freedom Trail commemorative hike. From the left, Lucy, Nathan, Steve, Anne, Debbie, Charley and Justin.

Une famille americaine sur les traces du papa

(An American family follows the tracks of Dad)

**From a French newspaper,
July 11, 2002**

(A translation)

Their father, aged 82, who lives with them in St. Louis, Mo., in the United States, is a former navigator

in the USAAF.

After his plane was shot down over Normandy, he found his way to the Pyrenees in Ariege, where he made it across the mountains with one goal in mind: to reach London

and the Allied forces.

Sixty years later, four of his seven children, (two boys and two girls), one of his daughters-in-law, and two of Mr. Woodard's grandsons wanted to relive the emotional pilgrimage once made by their father. This consisted of retracing steps through the mountains separating France and Spain.

The *Freedom Trail*, in its eighth edition, made it possible. Since last Thursday until this coming Sunday evening when the trail ends in Esterri de Aneu, the family relives intensively a walk which will forever be etched in their memory. A pilgrimage for which they prepared for months.

Danish writer's book goes to the publisher

Erik Dyreborg of Copenhagen, Denmark reports that material for his book *The Lucky Ones -- Airmen of the Mighty Eighth* has been sent to his U.S. publisher. It will contain stories from 24 airmen, plus stories from local people in Denmark and Sweden.

The book will also include Erik's first book, *The Escape from Bornholm 1944*. The published book will have more than 400 pages and 50 photographs.

Stories in the collection, narrated by the airmen themselves, recount the harrowing adventures airmen endured in their most trying missions over Europe. There are stories of encounters with enemy fighters, struggles to control flak-damaged planes, grueling crash landings, and desperate bail-outs from burning planes.

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Freedom Trail aborted by a JULY BLIZZARD!

By SCOTT GOODALL
Saint Giron, France
<ScettGdll@aol.com>

Our "Freedom Trail" hike across the Pyrenees ended abruptly this year at 0400 hours on the morning of 14th July (Bastille Day), when a blizzard hit the high mountain Refuge of Estagnous just below the summit of Mont Valier (2838 meters). Driving rain turned to snow and buried several of the pitched tents in which the foreign contingent of hikers was sleeping! Four tents collapsed completely, and as dawn broke, the occupants were more than glad to stagger back up to the safety of the refuge 300 meters away. Temperature: minus 2 degrees Centigrade!

Three days earlier, 27 foreign participants had set off from "Le Chemin de la Liberte" bridge in Saint-Girons, hoping to retrace the path of many Allied wartime evaders and complete the long and difficult traverse across the mountains into Spain.

Included in that group were seven Americans, all members of the Woodard family from St. Louis, Missouri: Charley, Steve, Ann, Lucy, Nathan, Justin and Debbie, the sons, daughters, grandsons and daughter-in-law of First Lt. Earl Woodard, a navigator with the 457th Bomb Group whose B-17 was shot down over Normandy in April 1944.

After parachuting to safety, Earl eventually made his way south to escape over the Pyrenees into Spain approximately 30 miles west of Saint-Girons.

Weather conditions for this year's trek were definitely the worst ever. Thick mist and drizzling rain on day one, thick mist and driving rain on day two, followed by a night of misery camped at la cabane de Subera before the French contingent joined us on Saturday for our climb into the high peaks. Temperature: zero degrees Centigrade.

It was at Subera that Steve, Nathan, Ann and Debbie wisely decided that they were unable to complete the hike and subsequently returned to base. Charley Woodard, his sister Lucy and son Justin kept going on and up, until the July 14 blizzard stopped all of us dead in our tracks.

At breakfast on Sunday, the professional guides announced that the final stage had been canceled. We were not going to cross the frontier into Spain because of the obvious dangers.

We then came off the mountain by a different route (an hour and a half before we were below the

snowline) and were driven into Spain by bus for the final reception in Esterri d'Aneu. A few mugs of Spanish wine later and it was smiles, speeches and congratulations all round!

The Woodard family had set off for Europe determined to find out just what kind of hardships their dad had faced in these very same mountains 60 years before. They found out all right -- the hard way!

Footnote: Steve Woodard is definitely not the luckiest of men. On his walk back to base from Subera, the rain eased and he stopped to take off his rain jacket. He stuffed it into his rucksack but not securely enough. Later he found that his jacket was missing, lost somewhere along the winding trail. Okay, so it was a cheap jacket and it didn't really matter much. But the fact that his passport and 300 solid U.S. dollars were in one of the pockets did matter! You have my sympathy, Steve. I only hope the Stateside immigration guys were sympathetic as well!



Then and Now

By KEITH McLAREN ABBOTT, 2000

THEN we wanted to play the game,
even though our efforts would be meager.

When the second great war came,
we must have been too young and eager.

To keep our enthusiasm from waning,
we were swiftly sent overseas for combat,
after only a few months of training
in a thoroughly-planned air corps format.

Exploding shells and bullets came in double time;
we learned fast what an air war encumbers.

Every mission had a reason to sign
a death warrant for those going down in numbers.

We still can't recall why we chose to fly,
and to fight in those far-away skies.

Some of us lucky ones have yet to die.

NOW, who will hear our last goodbyes?

A surprise vacation in France

By WILLIAM W. DRISKO
Oklahoma City, Okla.
E&E 1273

I was one of the P-51 pilots taking off on June 25, 1944, a 19-year-old Oklahoma boy flying his 7th mission. Our 352nd Fighter Group was bounced by at least eight Me-109s as we arrived in the Soissons-Epernay area over France and soon F/O Drisko faced a very unpleasant situation.

The mission report simply states that "F/O Drisko last seen vicinity Soissons 21,000 feet, with plane tumbling after attack of Me-109s."

So began my 3-month stay in France. I heard a strange noise, saw a couple puffs of cotton and I wondered what was going on. About then someone started yelling. My plane went into a violent spin after something exploded out on the wing. I looked and there wasn't any wing left!

Suddenly I was wishing I was back in Bartlesville, Okla., where I belonged. After what seemed an eternal struggle to rid myself of all the harness, I was able to free myself from my spinning plane. Finally the chute popped open and I relaxed and floated to earth.

I think I fractured my leg when I made a hard landing in a plowed field, but I was still able to get around enough to collect my chute and try to dispose of it.

About that time several Frenchmen approached and warned me that the Germans were coming after me. The French hid me in some bramble bushes and told me to be quiet -- they would take care of the Germans. Before long, they returned and took me to a cave. Two of them helped me walk since my leg kept giving way.

In about an hour, another Frenchman appeared, bringing me civilian clothes and an identity card. They used the picture from my escape kit. Fortunately, my picture had been taken when I was off duty sick. As it turned out, I had about a



Bill Drisko in the cockpit of his P-51 in 1944 squadron photo.

3-day beard and because of illness, I looked like an old man who hadn't slept in three years! This all made my card look a lot more authentic.

They kept the cigarettes and maps from the kit and left me with the compass. I had lost my dog tags when I bailed out and the French were concerned, since if I were captured I could be shot as a spy.

When we left the cave, I was taken to a farmhouse and checked for injuries by a French doctor (Dr. Maury of Nolembay.)

For the next three days I remained with the family of Mr. Aubin of Guny and then the doctor returned and took me to his house for medical attention and to recuperate.

After a couple weeks, the doctor told me to follow a girl to another location. I walked on the opposite side of the street from her since the town (Chauny) was full of German soldiers.

After a while, we came to an auto garage with an ESSO pump in front and went in. Inside, I learned that the men there were not all French; one was a 51 pilot from another group.

They took my name, rank, ASN and unit and radioed back to England that I was safe. After London verified my identification a couple days later and proved I was not a spy, I was told I would be living in the house next door. I stayed there a long time.

I settled into life as a Frenchman while waiting for my leg to heal. Life at times was a little hairy since the place where I was kept was behind the store my hosts operated.

In the store they sold wine and sometimes fresh berries and the like. These products not only attracted French customers, but Germans as well. A Luftwaffe base was nearby and the personnel were regular customers. On several occasions I would be sitting in the store when they came in. I would simply nod hello and they would nod back -- a word was never passed.

Another form of entertainment was watching the operation of the Luftwaffe and the Allied air forces. I could see the massed takeoffs and landings of the Me-109s based nearby and also be a spectator of dive bomber attacks made by P-47s against such targets as the canal and

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rail yards on the other side of town.

After about three weeks of this, I and two other Americans who were staying with Leon and Albert Merlet were moved to another village named Commenchon, a farming town.

During the next several weeks, I spent my time learning to play bridge, picking fresh plums and other fruit from the orchard, listening to the BBC and Axis Sally, observing the sex life of chickens and plotting with my friends on how to get out of there.

So then we decided to walk to Paris in hopes of meeting the advancing Allied armies. Three of us began the journey full of hope, but as we traveled toward Paris, conditions became worse.

We constantly had to hide along the road from German vehicles and the closer to Paris, the more nervous the French were about

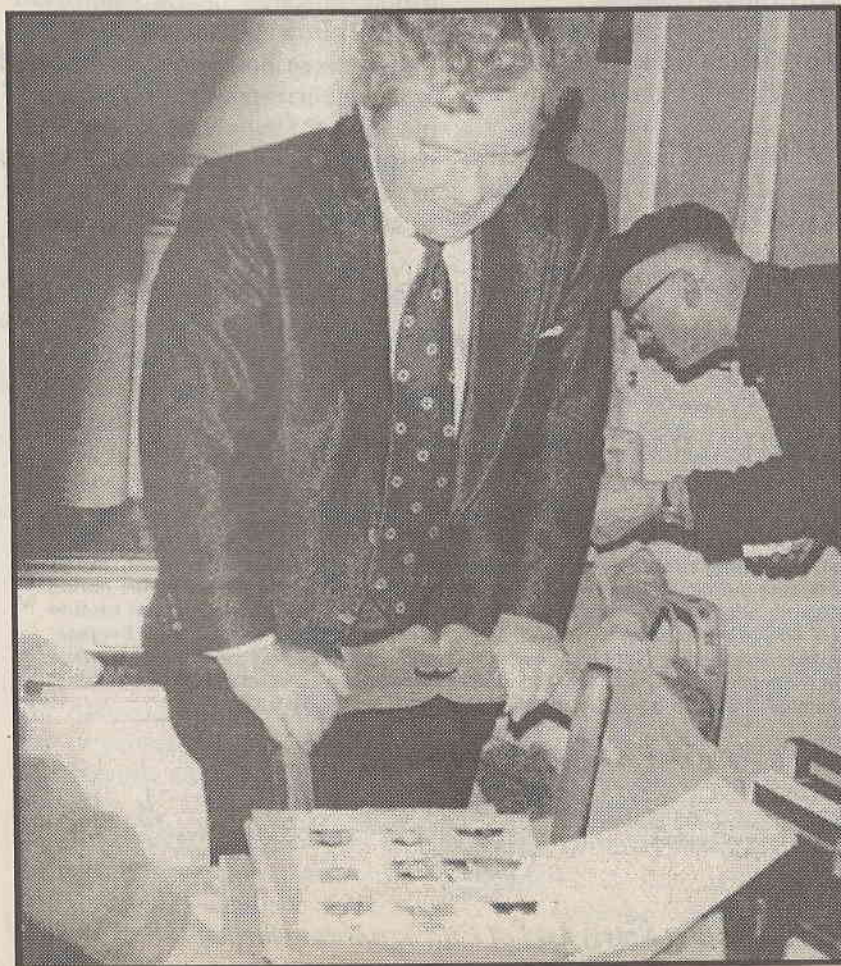
helping us. So after making about 75 miles, we turned around and headed back to the village.

Shortly after the return to Commenchon, I met two other Americans, Al (last name unknown) and Odis Pickering. We began to plan an escape.

We discussed the plan with the Maquis and it was arranged that a young lady would drive us to Paris in a wood-burning truck.

After we entered Paris we stayed at various homes for the next several days. Once we stayed with a French gendarme and his Japanese wife, who insisted on bringing out photo albums and showing photos of her family back in Japan.

After a few days we began taking walks around the streets of Paris and enjoying drinks along the Champs d'Elysees. A major form of entertainment was watching the Germans prepare to evacuate the city.



Bill Drisko examines a scrapbook of airmen who went through the garage/home of Alfred Logeon in a French village.

Later we were told that the battle of Paris was about to begin and that we would be moved to the outskirts of the city. We were driven to our new home by a crew armed with British Sten guns.

We were dropped off in the village of Preilly at an apartment on the village square and told to stay there until Paris was liberated. The apartment was owned by a man and his wife, the husband a paper hanger by trade, who welcomed us to their home. We were asked to stay in the attic because the Frenchman knew the Germans would have to come through the village as they retreated.

Sure enough, next day the village was full of Germans, so we spent the day rolling homemade cigarettes.

Within a few days, we knew the Americans must be near as we could hear artillery duels in the distance. Then word arrived that Paris was liberated and an armistice had been negotiated.

The entire population gathered in the village, sang the French national anthem, and then began dealing with the collaborators.

Soon we were told that the Americans were close and we sent a note to ask if they could pick us up. In a couple hours, a patrol from a cavalry unit (mechanized) showed up and greeted us.

From there we made our way back to headquarters of the cavalry unit and were sent to 9th Air Force HQ in France. Upon arrival there, Gen. Pete Quesada treated us to excellent refreshments and a fine dinner. After the meal, we caught a flight back to England on a C-47.

It was early September. The European adventures of Bill Drisko came to an end. I was headed home to see my wife and family.

After the war, Bill Drisko went home to Oklahoma and graduated from Oklahoma State in 1949. He worked for Phillips Petroleum Co. for 21 years. In 1978, he and his wife Virginia returned to France to visit Albert and Leonne Merlet, who had helped him in 1944.

Three Ploesti raiders receive DFC

WASHINGTON -- Three World War II veteran airmen each received one of the military's highest awards from the Air Force's senior executive June 24 at Bolling Air Force Base, D.C.

Secretary of the Air Force James G. Roche presented Distinguished Flying Crosses to William D. Hathaway, Richard R. McDowell and Herman R. Huckle for their bravery in the skies over Nazi-held territory. The presentation came 58 years to the day after their

bombing mission over the oil refinery at Ploesti, Romania.

All were members of the B-24 named "Problem Child," assigned to the 376th Bomb Group.

They were forced to bail out of their crippled aircraft following the bomb run and spent nearly two months in a prisoner-of-war camp in Bucharest, Romania, before being rescued by Russian troops.

"Fifty-eight years ago today, (these men) took off from southern Italy for what would be (their) last mission," Roche said.

According to Roche, what set these men apart was their dedication to hitting the target with precision.

"Navigator (then 2nd Lt. and future U.S. Senator) Hathaway, bombardier (then 2nd Lt.) McDowell and ball turret gunner (then Sgt.) Huckle exposed themselves to hostile fire twice when they circled back to restart their bomb run after the target was obscured by smoke," said Roche.

"The individual heroics of these men reflect the heroics of hundreds of thousands of airmen who flew into harm's way every day in World War II," Roche said.

NEW MEMBERS

MARTIN R. BAER
718 S.W. 19th Street
Plantation, FL 33317
Ph.: 954-792-4473
15 AF, 451 BG

OWEN B. STREEPER 'L'
916 East Lincoln Street
Chenoa, IL 61726
Ph.: 815-945-5221
15 AF, 461 BG

JOHN VASQUEZ
14 Falling Leaf
Irvine, CA 92612-3205
Ph.: 949-509-7800
15 AF, 97 BG

NEW 'FRIENDS'

CYNTHIA M. BIE "FL"
513 20th Avenue
Indian Rocks Beach, FL 333785
Ph.: 727-596-5025
<CappyandCindy@aol.com>

OTTO "Cappy" BIE "FL"
513 20th Avenue
Indian Rocks Beach, FL 333785
Ph.: 727-596-5025
<CappyandCindy@aol.com>

(Cappy and Cindy were one of the great husband-and-wife teams that worked in the Hospitality Room at the Tampa reunion. As further evidence of their dedication, both have become "Friends for Life" of AFEES.

"Friend" B. J. "Zig" Ziegler also became a "Friend for Life" after helping with the reunion.)

A piece of work

By ADAM LYNCH
Monroeville, Pa.

World War Two spawned hundreds of organizations dedicated to reuniting, remembering and sharing stories.

The Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society is unique for several reasons, most notably because of its direct link between former American fliers and an aging group of Europeans who put their very lives on the line during Nazi occupation of The Netherlands, Belgium and France.

How AFEES was formed is a tribute to Ralph Patton's determination. Following the war, after Patton came home to the Pittsburgh area, he corresponded with some of the former Shelbourne network patriots, even sending Care packages to those who were trying to adjust to stark, postwar life in Europe.

Then in 1954, Norm King, with whom Patton shared the Shel-

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY HAS AWARDED

THE ARMY COMMENDATION MEDAL

TO

ROBERT J. STARZYNSKI
(THEN STAFF SERGEANT, ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES)

FOR distinguishing himself by exceptionally meritorious service in the European Theater of Operations during military operations against an enemy of the United States during World War II. Staff Sergeant Starzynski, for approximately three months, evaded capture by the enemy in France after his aircraft was shot down on 17 June 1944. Staff Sergeant Starzynski's outstanding judgment, resolve to avoid capture and his indomitable courage were in keeping with the highest tradition of the military service and reflects great credit upon himself, the 367th Bomb Group (Heavy), and the United States Army.

THIS 17TH DAY OF JUNE 2002

Permanent Orders 164-17 dated 13 June 2002
U.S. Total Army Personnel Command
Alexandria, VA 22332-0471



Stephen G. Gao
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

Member Robert Starzynski of Chicago was awarded the Army Commendation Medal in a ceremony at Palwaukee Municipal Airport on July 28. The Collings Foundation touring B-17 was present for the occasion.

bourne escape line experience, phoned to say he was going to make a trip back to France and asked if Patton would like to go along.

Both families went and were thrilled to see their French benefactors, who were just as overjoyed in seeing the men and sharing memories.

In 1961, Patton, wife Bette and two children returned to France and retraced his evasion route through the villages, bistros and homes of that 1944 Brittany adventure.

Among the Shelbourne activists he met was Mathurin Branchoux, the onetime leader in the area around Guingamp. Branchoux gave Patton a list of 94 Americans who had returned to England through Operation Bonapart. Surprisingly, the list even contained the home address of each man.

Patton, then living in Buffalo, N.Y., was in Niagara Falls on business. One of the men on the list lived in Niagara Falls and Patton stopped to see him.

The idea of arranging a reunion of evadees and French protectors was discussed and in 1964 such a reunion was staged in Buffalo with four Shelbourne leaders and 35 former airmen from all over the country.

Another such get-together followed, this time overseas, in 1969 in Brittany.

Then, in 1976, 50 former members of the Shelbourne network were invited to this country where formal dinners were sponsored in their honor in New York, Michigan, Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C.

Over the years, Patton and his family have made 10 visits to Europe, each time contacting men and women who played such a vital part in protecting American airmen who literally descended upon their land.

Patton served as president of AFEES for many years and was instrumental in creation of a special room in the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum in Savannah, Ga., honoring the memory of those patriots who risked their lives in such a brave and unpublicized way.



Bob Greene

Bill Mauldin is in need of his buddies now

Published in the Chicago Tribune,
August 11, 2002

Someone from the 3rd Infantry Division got in touch and said he thought I'd want to know. He said it was about Bill Mauldin.

What followed was not so good.

For those of you too young to recognize the name: Bill Mauldin, who is now 80 years old, was the finest and most beloved editorial cartoonist of World War II. An enlisted man who drew for *Stars and Stripes*, he was the one who gave the soldiers hope and sardonic smiles on the battlefields.

Mauldin knew their hearts because he was one of them. Using his dirty, unshaven, bone-weary infantrymen characters Willie and Joe as his vehicle, Mauldin let all those troops know there was someone who understood.

We sort of lost touch after he moved to the western part of the U.S. full time, and I guess that when I thought of him, it was still as the eternally boyish, eternally grinning, eternally upbeat Mauldin.

And then the message came the other day from the 3rd Infantry man.

Bill Mauldin needs help.

He suffered terrible burns in a household accident a while back; his health has deteriorated grievously and his cognitive functions are barely working.

He lives in a room in a nursing home in Orange County, Calif., and sometimes days at a time go by without him saying a word. He was married three times, but the last one ended in divorce, and at 80 in the nursing home, Mauldin is a single man.

I spoke with members of his family. They said that, even though Bill hardly communicates, the one thing that cheers him up is hearing from World War II guys.



It's his WWII contemporaries he seems to need now. The guys for whom -- in the words of Mauldin's son David -- Mauldin's cartoons "were like water for men dying of thirst." David Mauldin said his dad needs to hear that he meant something to those men.

He needs visitors, and he needs cards of encouragement. A newspaper colleague in Southern California -- Gordon Dillow -- will take your cards and letters to the nursing home. You may send them to Bill Mauldin in care of Dillow at the Orange County Register, 625 N. Gran Ave., Santa Ana, CA 92701.

What would be even better, for those of you World War II veterans who are reading these words in California, or who plan on traveling there soon, would be if you could pay visit to Mauldin just to sit with him a while.

If you are willing to do this, let me know <bgreene@tribune.com> or you can let Gordon Dillow know at <gldillow@aol.com>

Bill Mauldin brought hope and smiles in terrible hours, to millions of his fellow soldiers. If you were one of them, and you'd like to repay the favor, this would be the time.



DUTCH SPOKEN HERE -- Afees is always delighted to have a sizeable delegation of Helpers from The Netherlands at the reunion. Present in Tampa were: Front row, from left: Pietja Van Veen, Ann Feith, Mia Lelivelt, Corrie Van Dansik. Back row, same order: Frederick Gransberg, Jacques Vrij, Joke Folmer, George Van Remmerden, John Kapteyn.



CAMERA TIME -- George Baker of Santa Monica, Calif., president of Intrepidus, had a chance to chat with Lt. Gen. Duncan McNabb of the Pentagon at Tampa.



'AND THERE I WAS' -- Member Gil Shawn might be explaining an acrobatic move to a pilot young enough to be his granddaughter during the AFEES visit to the Clearwater Coast Guard station.



THE FRENCH CONNECTION – Helpers from France who attended the Tampa reunion were, from left: Maryse McKeon, Francoise Magne, Huguette Mincoy and Marguerite Brouard-Fraser.



SAYING 'CHEESE' – Nancy and Howard DeMallie of Rochester, N.Y., had time in Tampa to face the camera.



MILLIE TAKES OVER – Millicent Brill, who will try almost anything, takes over the controls of a helicopter at the Clearwater Coast Guard Station when members of AFEES visited the installation on May 2, 2002.



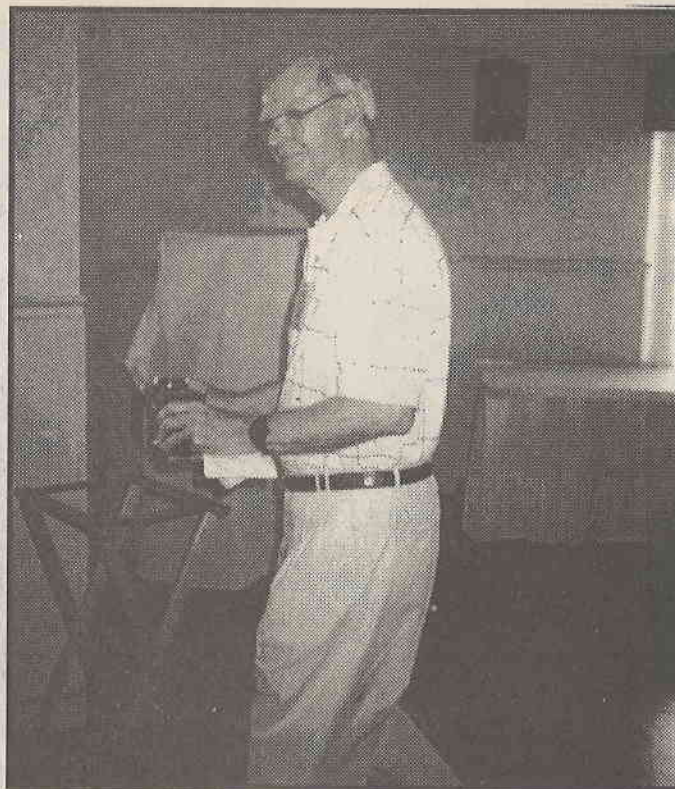
THE TAMPA CREW MADE IT HAPPEN -- Several members of the Daedalians and other local volunteers combined their services to make the 2002 reunion a class act. Some of the volunteers were herded together for this photo. From the left: Col. Zig Ziegler, Col. Steve Mac Isaac, Reunion Coordinator Yvonne Daley, Maj. Cappy Bie, Cindy Bie, Ellen Spearel, Col. Don Spearel, Kay Harmon, Col. Jerry Harmon. In front: Francene Weyland.



LOOKY THERE! -- Carl Scott, at the left, Rueben Fier and Jim Armstrong examine one of Scotty David's scrapbooks of AFEES history in the hospitality room at the Tampa reunion. Scotty will have more of her scrapbooks at the 03 Wichita Falls reunion.



TWO BEAUTIES AND GRAMPS -- AFEES past president Clayton David had a chance to pose with his two grandchildren, Nora and Sarah David.



HELPER -- Bob Grimes seems to be providing room service in this photo taken at Tampa.



CHECKING IT OUT -- Lou Feingold and Billy Webb (with cap) read the inscription on a marker at MacDill AFB during the AFEES visit to the base on May 3, 2002.

Air Force Academy statue honors Vietnam POW

By Master Sgt. KEN CARTER
Air Force Academy Public
Affairs
COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.

(AFPN) -- A war hero, flying ace and survivor of 7 1/2 years as a prisoner of war in Vietnam was recognized with a permanent statue

in his honor here last November.

Retired Brig. Gen. Robinson Risner, who flew in World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam Conflict, said the special attention leaves him awe-struck.

"I'm a bit embarrassed to have been chosen for the statue here that represents all POWs," he said. "It still leaves me in awe."

H. Ross Perot donated the 9-foot statue, which is on display in the Air Garden here.

"All men who served with him in Vietnam in the prison camps, when they came home and talked to me, would point to him (Risner) and say, 'He's the only reason I survived,'" Perot said.

As the former POWs told stories about Risner, one story kept coming up, Perot said.

In violation of Vietnamese POW rules, Risner, who was the senior officer within the camp, set up church services complete with hymns prisoners wrote on toilet tissue. In the middle of a hymn, the Vietnamese came in and grabbed Risner to take him back to solitary confinement. As he was led away, fellow POWs stood and sang a "strictly forbidden song," Perot said. "That song was the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

Risner told Perot years later that, at that moment, pride in his men made him "feel nine feet tall and as though he could have gone bear hunting with a switch."

Placement of the statue here will remind cadets what an Air Force officer is supposed to be, Perot said.

SETTING HER SIGHTS

KIRTLAND AFB, N.M. --

Airman Vanessa Dobos of the 58th Training Squadron here will become the first woman aerial gunner in the Air Force when she graduates from technical training in a few weeks.

As a gunner and member of a search-and-rescue crew on an HH-60 Pave Hawk helicopter, she will be performing a combat duty that was formerly closed to women.



NICE WORK -- Tampa reunion coordinator Yvonne Daley found herself surrounded by a couple of good guys during a reception at MacDill AFB. That's Brig. Gen. Chip Diehl of CENTCOM on the left; AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton on the right.



BELGIUM AND GEORGIA MIX IT UP -- Raymond Itterbeek and Nadine Dumon of Belgium had a chance to visit with Kathryn and Ron Pearce of Alapareta, Ga., at Tampa. From left: Raymond, Kathryn, Nadine and Ron.

Museum expansion takes form

DAYTON, Ohio, June 27, 2002 (AFP)--Expansion of the U.S. Air Force Museum is under way here.

Construction crews have put in steel frame arches, introducing the public to the quickly developing structure that will be the museum's 200,000-square-foot third building. The hangar is the centerpiece of a major museum expansion, with follow-on phases to include a hall of missiles, a space gallery and an education center.

Work on the \$16.6 million project is on schedule, according to officials, and the building is expected to open to the public next spring, coinciding with the centennial of flight celebration.

"Seeing these arches go up and the frame of the third building taking physical shape is an exciting development for us, our visitors and the Air Force," said retired Maj. Gen. Charles D. Metcalf, museum director.

Museum staff will undertake a massive movement of display aircraft this fall as a major first step toward reconfiguring the museum's galleries. Museum officials intend to accomplish the aircraft move while keeping the museum open, although affected areas may be temporarily inaccessible.

Ceremonial groundbreaking for the museum's third building took place in June 2001, with actual construction beginning in August 2001. The building will be called the Eugene W. Kettering Gallery, honoring the first head of the Air Force Museum Foundation board of trustees. Kettering passed away in 1969. It also honors his family's consistent and enthusiastic support of the museum and advocacy of the Air Force for more than 40 years.

The Air Force Museum



THE DUERRS -- Fanny, the widow of Life Member Elmer (Bud) Duerr and sons David and Robert were among friends at the Tampa reunion. Bud passed away on March 24, 2002. (See Page 29 of Summer 2002 Communications for related story.)



DUTCH FRIENDS -- Tampa was a place for friends from Holland to get together with AFEES members. Here are, from left, Pietje Van Veen, Remco Mooy, Scotty David (the lady who knows everyone!) and Pia Van Veen.

Foundation is funding the expansion, with the Air Force funding the facility's operating costs.

Museum officials hope to raise attendance from its current annual average of 1.2 million visitors to nearly 2 million visitors.

Life with the Taverniers

'Wake up, the Americans are here!'

*The author and his
buddy join the
celebration
in Chauny*

(CONTINUED FROM SUMMER
ISSUE, Pages 4-5)

By VIRGIL MARCO
Dallas, Texas

The next morning was Saturday, Sept. 2, 1944, a day I will always remember. Genevieve knocked loudly on the door and at the same time said, "Wake up, the American soldiers are here!"

I jumped out of bed, dressed in record time. There is no way I can express the joy felt in receiving this news. The daily fear of being caught and the resulting consequences were now over, and Chauny was not going to be a battlefield in this war, thanks to the American 28th Infantry Division who had arrived, giving Chauny back to France.

Bill Bergman dressed, packed his few possessions, told everyone goodbye and left for Paris. Gene and I borrowed Genevieve and Denise's bicycles and peddled to the main street where the long convoy of American troops was traveling through Chauny.

When we arrived, we could see the trucks loaded with American soldiers stopping for a few minutes and then starting forward like an accordion. Gene and I joined the people crowded along the street. We were not greeting them in French but in English. We yelled at the passing trucks, "Give 'em hell, Yanks! Give 'em hell!"

After the convoy stopped for a few minutes, our greeting brought this reply. "Where did you Frenchies learn to speak English

like that?" We replied, "Oh, we picked it up in the States."

We then proceeded to inform them that we had been shot down and had been hiding in Chauny. Another GI on the truck commented, "We have some extra rifles and room for two more." This brought a reply of, "No thanks."

Shortly after this conversation we saw a Jeep with a captain in it approaching and we stopped him, identifying ourselves as missing airmen. We inquired how to get back to the 305th Bomb Group in

England.

While we were talking, an MP colonel stopped his Jeep and began lecturing the captain about blocking part of the road. The captain invited us in his Jeep, along with our bicycles. He then drove us back to the quartermaster trucks in the convoy.

While making this trip, he told us that it was not safe to travel on the road to Paris because of the German soldiers who had been bypassed and were now hiding in wooded areas. He suggested that we



stay in Chauny a few more days before attempting to hitchhike a ride to Paris. He also said the Army Air Force had occupied the Paris airport where we should report for transportation back to England.

When we arrived at the quartermaster unit, he gave us a field jacket, underwear, socks and a pair of shoes for myself. We thanked the captain for the GI clothes, took our bicycles off the Jeep and peddled back to town where we joined a crowd gathered in front of City Hall.

The military band began to play the French and the American National Anthems. This was preceded by speeches by the military and civilians. I was very sorry to learn in my research that the 28th Infantry Division suffered greatly during the Battle of the Bulge. They received many casualties and many became POWs.

In the crowd gathered in front of City Hall, we found the Tavernier family. They were talking to a friend. They introduced us to their friend and in turn he introduced us to a tall young man with him. Much to our surprise the young man was the P-38 pilot who had been shot down near Chauny August 22. The Tavernier friend had been hiding him. We informed the P-38 pilot that we had witnessed his aerial battle that day when we had counted seven ME-109s and one P-38 destroyed. The one P-38 must have been his plane.

After the ceremonies the pilot thanked the old Frenchman who had a few tears in his eyes and said goodbye. We gave the pilot the information given us about the possible danger between Chauny and Paris. We also informed him that he could find transportation back to England at the Paris airport.

When riding our bicycles about the city, we observed street fighting, Frenchmen beating up Frenchmen. We saw women being assaulted and having their hair shaved off. We were told that they had fraternized with the Germans.

This violence began to become



Chauny celebrates the Liberation on Sept. 2, 1944

as noticeable as the celebrations everywhere. This prompted us to return to the Tavernier home with great speed.

The next morning Gene and I walked to town where we found it had returned to normal again. American soldiers were scattered about the city. A new sound of U.S. Army trucks, Jeeps and other military vehicles was heard as the heavy traffic passed through Chauny.

Gene and I walked to the business section where we noticed two American soldiers dressed in their battle fatigues; each sitting on the ground very relaxed smoking a freshly lit cigarette. We approached them and stopped short of where they were sitting.

Gene started speaking to me, using the French words he had learned, and I spoke back using the same words. We never learned to speak French, only a few words and phrases. The two GIs gave us a very strange stare as we were wearing the army field jackets given us by the captain, along with our civilian clothes. In a louder tone of voice I spoke to Gene in English, "I bet those GIs are wondering where we got these field jackets."

The look on their faces was one of complete surprise. We laughed and told them who we were and why we were in civilian clothes. We

talked for a while and during the conversation the GIs invited us to supper with their unit that evening. We then walked to the train station and viewed the massive destruction. Huge bomb craters with twisted rail lines were scattered all about the marshaling yards.

Homes near the station had been destroyed or badly damaged. We wondered how much of this destruction was caused when the ammunition train blew up during the August 8 air raid.

That evening the two GIs arrived at the Tavernier home where Mr. Tavernier gave them several bottles of wine.

We introduced them to the family before driving in the Jeep to the bivouac area. We had an unusually good Army meal. The homemade rolls were delicious. The mess sergeant gave us a *Life* magazine, which I brought back with me.

Genevieve was greatly impressed with the food advertisements. She said America must be paradise.

The next morning we bid the Taverniers goodbye. The departure was as sad for the Taverniers as for us. We thanked them for all their hospitality, and they wished us well on our trip to Paris.

By late October we were on our way back home to the U.S.A.



HEARTWARMING REUNION IN LANDEVANT -- Tuesday evening, for Arlie, Lucille and granddaughter Sarah, Jeanne and Brigitte Burban, Jean Le Bris, Edouard Corlay and friends.

Arlie retrouve sa seconde patrie (Arlie Blood revisits his foster country)

From **QUEST-FRANCE**,
March 29, 2002

Arlie Blood, a Californian and former fighter pilot during WWII, paid a visit to his friends of Landaul. Jeanne Burban, who rescued him right after the crash, has maintained a warm relationship with him since they were reunited after six years of intense research to locate him

Blood Looking for Barnabe

It is that advertisement published in our daily newspaper by the French Consulate in Los Angeles

which enabled Arlie Blood to meet again with his old friend Jean Le Bris, a French Underground member.

Using his friend's war name "Barnabe," it worked.

Six years ago, official ceremonies took place when the reunion was arranged in Landevant with Jeanne Burban.

But let us go back to the events of May 24, 1944.

On that date, Arlie Blood, member of the 405th Fighter Group, a squadron of 48 planes, takes off from the south of England for a strafing mission on the Meucon Camp, taken over by the Germans. Arlie, flying a P-47, is hit by a machine gun located in the Landaul railroad station.

The plane behind him turns back and strafes a train. During that raid a citizen of Landevant is killed.

On that day, the whole squadron returns safely to their base with the exception of Arlie's plane, which crashes in Boterbolor in Landevant. The pilot bails out and lands near the Plusquen windmill. Jeanne Burban remembers the incident.

"I was 19 years old and I saw him walking." Her brother, Rogatien Le Gallo, now deceased, escorted him to the Burbunaire village in Pluvigner. Just in time, for the Germans were practically at the crash site by then. Arlie stayed a few days with Honore Le Strat before being transferred to a camp in Grand-Champ.

Two people take him to Saint-

Marcel. Stopped on the way by the Germans in Serent, he is sent to Ploermel while his companions are executed. Jean Le Bris, who was supposed to be with them, was the lucky one.

AUTHOR, GOLFER

Since being reunited with his Maquis friends, Edouard Corlay and Jean Le Bris, Arlie Blood has been down memory lane. The Burban family of Landaul renewed the bond

forged 50 years earlier.

His adventure found great passion among the family to the point Jeanne still has pieces of Arlie's wrecked plane.

Retired since 1962, the colonel travels with his wife, Lucille. They visited France on eight occasions; two of the trips were to Landaul. "We are his foster family," recounts the family from Brittany.

In the area since Saturday, the 23rd, the Blood couple, accompanied by their granddaughter, Sarah,

who is a figure skating champion, will now return to the capital to attend a show in which Sarah is performing.

Now 86 years old, Arlie Blood, who remained in the USAF until retirement, also wrote of his exploits. In good spirits, this golfer who putted on the Carantec golf course five years ago, still has many projects on the back burner where he lives in Canyon Lake, California, where he enjoys a well-earned retirement.

A 1995 return to Serbia

Reprinted from the Tucson (Ariz.) *Citizen*, June 1995

By the late Richard Felman, who passed away Nov. 30, 1999

My wife and I have just returned from the most exhilarating experience of our lives. For the first time in over 50 years, I was able to go back to the land and the people who saved my life and the lives of over 500 of my fellow Americans who were shot down in the Serbian hills during World War II.

Ours was the largest rescue of American lives from behind enemy lines in our nation's history. Unfortunately, it is a story that has been covered up all these years because our State Department never wanted to offend the post-war Communist government of Tito by honoring the anti-communist freedom fighters of General Mihailovich who saved us.

As World War II veterans throughout the U.S. were returning in droves to former battle areas to commemorate the 50th anniversary of V-E Day, I called my former buddies and said, "How about going back to Serbia? If we don't do it now, we never will."

Most of the old soldiers in their 70s regrettably declined due to their aching backs, arthritis or were in wheel chairs or nursing homes.

I did however, manage to stir up

the patriotic juices of two other senior citizens. One was fellow airman, Lt. Col. Charles Davis, USAAF (Ret.) who was shot down with me. The other was former Capt. Nick Lalich, the OSS intelligence officer who was commander of the Halyard rescue team that parachuted into enemy-occupied Yugoslavia to effect our evacuation.

Nick, at 79, was slowed down by his injured leg and a cane but as a fiercely proud Serbian-American, said he wouldn't miss it for the world. Our group was then joined by my ever-loving wife, Mary Anne, who, after hearing my war stories for years, insisted on coming along to see the people who saved me and to personally thank them.

The next step was checking with our State Department to get clearance for our team of four. We were officially warned not to travel to Serbia because of "Security reasons, economic sanctions, unavailability of essential items, assaults, robberies continuing trend toward lawlessness, a police protection that is almost non-existent etc." The list seemed endless, but we were determined not to be deterred from this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Our next step was airplane tickets. All airlines in this country, domestic and foreign, told us that by presidential order they were not

permitted to give us any information about flying to Belgrade. It was as if Serbia had dropped off the face of the earth.

The closest they could take us was Budapest. After that we would be on our own. How twisted we thought was a foreign policy that allows us to fly to Hungary, as well as Germany, Italy and Croatia. All former enemies, but closes Serbia to us, (our most loyal ally in World War I and World War II) in our effort to commemorate *Victory in Europe* with our friends.

In spite of all the obstacles, we were determined to share this historic day with the people who saved us. Many of them had family members killed by the Germans for shielding us. In my case, I watched a village of 200 women and children being burned down by the Nazis because General Mihailovich would not turn me and my crew over to them.

Having no other choice we flew to Budapest via Delta and arranged for the 5-hour drive to Belgrade that was delayed an additional three hours at the border. From that time on, our entire visit was electric with excitement. Word had gone out throughout Serbia that the American flyers were coming back after 50 years. Everywhere we went, in towns, cities and villages, people turned out to cheer.

The emotional peak of our trip

was returning to the mountain top plateau near Pranjani that served as a makeshift airstrip for our evacuation. The entire village, many of whom remember our 1944 rescue, turned out to welcome us back. Flags were flying and accordions played while children danced in the unpaved street.

Suddenly, appearing out of the crowd, was a villager who introduced himself as Miso Stevanovich, the son of Corporal Miodrag Stefanovich, my personal bodyguard throughout the entire time I was shot down.

He told me that after the war the Communists arrested his father and killed him for allegedly selling me to the Germans. He still had the two escape maps I had given his father and had been trying to contact me since the end of the war.

It was the thrill of a lifetime when two days later while passing a newstand in downtown Belgrade, I saw a picture of our tearful embrace on the front page of *Serpski Rec*, Serbia's only non-government controlled newspaper.

Just before we left Pranjani we were all invited by the local priest to his church to give thanks for allowing us to return.

The following day was the 44th anniversary of the day General Mihailovich stood on the mountain top at Ravna Gora and proclaimed his resistance to the German invasion of his country in 1941. As the commander-in-chief of the Royal Yugoslav Army, he was the first Allied leader of an invaded country that refused to surrender. Every year on that day, Serbians throughout the world gather at that mountain top to commemorate the event.

Much like an army of ants, thousands upon thousands of people were making their way up a narrow path to get to the top where a statue of Mihailovich had been erected.

The American airmen were invited to speak and we could not believe the mass of humanity spread

out before us that cheered every word we said.

The Associated Press was at Ravna Gora that day and reported that 50,000 people were in attendance. Although the story was sent to the U.S. wire service under the headline "GRATEFUL AMERICANS JOIN SERBIAN WORLD WAR II COMMEMORATION," not a word appeared in American newspapers.

Subsequent investigation revealed that our government sanctions extend to preventing the truth from being reported from Serbia. So much for censorship!

Beside The Associated Press report, interviews were granted and press accounts reported in *Politka* and *Vesti*, a daily newspaper printed in Serbian from Frankfurt and circulated around the world, and *Studio B*, the only independent Tv news channel in Serbia.

We often were asked what we thought about the current political situation in the former Yugoslavia. I always replied that as visitors to their country, it would be totally inappropriate for me to make any comment whatsoever on that subject. I made it clear that the one and only purpose of our visit was to commemorate the 50th anniversary of victory in Europe by sharing it with the Serbian people who saved our lives and to honor the Allied leader who made it possible: Gen. Draza Mihailovich.

Although the United Nations sanctions have taken a heavy toll on this country, the resolve of the people has not diminished. The gas stations were all closed but black market gasoline was available and cars plentiful. Travelers checks and credit cards were not acceptable. They will take American dollars, but German marks are preferred.

Downtown Belgrade on the surface appears to be thriving, although we could not understand an economy in which a member of parliament earns \$200 a month while one night at the Hyatt Regency costs \$325 (Continental breakfast included.)

There was a large variety of newspapers and magazines available at newsstands, however we were told that all press is subject to government control. This was made painfully obvious when we tried to see Studio B's televised report on our appearance at the Ravna Gora commemoration, but were advised by the Hyatt in Belgrade that Studio B was the only Tv channel they could not show.

After Pranjani and Ravna Gora, the balance of our 7-day visit was packed with once-lifetime moments. One evening we were guests of honor at the plush Aero Club in downtown Belgrade. Among those present in the chandeliered, mirrored dining room were a representative of the American Embassy (Matthew Palmer), the leader of the opposition to the Milosevic government (Vuk Draskovich), other parliament members who oppose the current former-communist leadership, local officials and other dignitaries.

We were given the key to the city in Novi Sad, often called the Vienna of Serbia, and a plaque with the town coat of arms in Sremski Karlovic.

Also in Novi Sad we visited a Jewish synagogue behind which 5,000 Jews were rounded by the Nazis and slaughtered. Although the building still stands in deference to their memory, Jews no longer conduct services there.

Before leaving the colorful city, we were honored by local dignitaries at Dukat, the leading Serbian restaurant. I have never seen Nick Lalich so happy as when he was leading the group in singing Serbian songs. Just a few years ago it was forbidden to sing Chetnik songs in public.

But no matter where we went the spotlight was on Mary Anne. Everyone seemed to be taken by the attractive American lady with the delightful smile and cheerful "Hvala Lepo" for everyone she met. The women, especially the younger ones, were interested in her dress, hairstyle and makeup.

One of those unforgettable moments was a trip back in time as we made our way up a narrow path high up in the mountains near Valjevo to Celije, an isolated women's monastery built in the 14th Century where the nuns offered us the traditional spoonful of sweetened fruit and a glass of water.

A short distance from Celije was the men's monastery high above the village of Lelici, the birthplace of one of Serbia's greatest theologians, Bishop Nikolai Velimirovich, who died in 1956. At his request, his remains were to be moved there from Libertyville once Serbia was free of communist rule. This was done about four years ago.

This visit had special significance for me as I had the honor of meeting His Grace in New York in 1946 and had visited his grave every time I was in Libertyville.

At the end of our trip, it felt good to be back home. Once again we were reinforced in our belief that ours is the greatest country in the world. And to those Americans who constantly gripe about how unfortunate they are, I suggest they take a trip overseas to see the millions of people who would gladly change places with them.

Immensely satisfying as our journey was, it focused attention on a foreign policy which deeply saddens us. The Serbian people who saved us were all fine, decent, god-fearing people who endured untold sacrifice and suffering to save American lives. In the final analysis our government has rewarded them by imposing crippling sanctions on them while

aiding others who, as allies of the Nazis during World War II, were shooting at us and killed many of our buddies.

Nick Lalich, Charley Davis and I will always be grateful to the dedicated group of Mihailovich supporters who were always there to assist us. Typical of famous Serbian hospitality, they left no stone unturned in catering to our every need.

Many of them were born after the war and raised in a communist school system that taught them that Mihailovich was a traitor and collaborator.

They had heard stories about the rescued airmen but we were the first they met with personal eye-witness accounts.

As visitors in their land whose

language we did not speak, their fluent English and knowledge of the country were invaluable. Without their help the immense success of our return trip would not have been possible.

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Richard L. Felman was a B-24 navigator, 98th Bomb Group, who was shot down while returning from a 250-bomber raid on the Ploesti oil fields. He died Nov. 30, 1999.

Nick Lalich served in the Balkans with the OSS. He was in charge of the Halyard Operation which rescued more than 500 airmen, mostly of the 15th Air Force. He died May 11, 2001, in Baltimore.

Charles L. Davis, 459th Bomb Group, is an AFEES member living in Virginia.

Updates for 2001 Roster

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type)

1. **Dorothy Alford "W"** 5100 John D. Ryan Blvd. #242, San Antonio, TX 78245-3508. (David is deceased.)
2. **Steve Bachar "H"**, **273-1 Gassville Gardens Loop**, Gassville, AR 72635. Ph.: **870-435-6816**
3. **Mrs. Tinca Bodson, HC 71**, Box 13, Taos Canyon, Taos, NM 87571-9802
4. Enso V. Bighinatti, e-m: **<EBIGHI@aol.com>**
5. William L. Cupp "L", **626 Zanmiller Drive**, Northfield, MN 55057-1207 Ph.: 507-663-7926 **<cuppbp@earthlink.net>**
6. Kenneth W. Foster, 864 32nd Street SW, **Wyoming, MI** 49509-2867 (Postoffice change only) **<Willkf@lserv.net>**
7. Marguerite Fraser "H", **2841 North Ocean Blvd., Suite 805**, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33308 Ph.: 954-630-9984
8. Frederick C. Kelly "L", **PO Box 264, Bath, ME 04530-0264** Ph.: 207-443-5815
9. Ralph K. Patton "L", **8100 Connecticut Avenue, Apt. 1205, Chevy Chase, MD 20815** Ph.: 301-657-4478
10. **Mrs. Bernard L. Poole "W"**, **139 East 5th St., Williamstown, WV 26187** Ph.: 304-275-2376 (Bernard died Jan. 16, 2001)
11. Maj. Seymour Ringle "L", **1130 Corinth Greens Drive, Sun City Center, FL 33573** Ph.: 813-634-7844

Beetle Bailey



Here's Jake



"When people retire, Burton, we don't mind them retaining a memento of their career, however ..."



"I don't know; he looked safe to me — what do you think?"

The best of
"JAKE"
SCHAFER



"You say the next thing we'll be taxing is the air you breathe? Say, that's a good idea!"



"Hey Al, look at that — and he made full colonel before I did."

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Pilot program: Story of 13 nations

By Col. Johannes Hassenewert
80th Flying Training Wing
Operations Group commander
Sheppard AFB, Texas

It was formulated from a 1979 Memorandum of Understanding between 12 North Atlantic Treaty Organization nations desiring to achieve a common pilot training program.

The Euro-NATO Joint Jet Pilot Training program began in October 1981 with the mission to train fighter pilots for the NATO Alliance.

Today, 13 different NATO partners—Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Turkey, the United Kingdom and the United States—participate in this program with students and/or instructor pilots.

ENJJPT is a one-of-a-kind organization and is the world's only multinationally manned and managed flying training program. It has pilots from each of the 13 nations working side by side, both on the ground and in the air, with no special accommodations made in the NATO organization since it is a true coalition unit.

A German instructor pilot may teach an American student, or an Italian student may fly with a Danish teacher. In fact, despite the common stereotype, the Greek senior officer in the program is best friends with his Turkish counterpart.

The common language is English, and the flying procedures are in accordance with U.S. flying regulations.

The ENJJPT program is managed by a steering committee that consists of a senior officer, who is normally a colonel or above, from each of the participating nations and is currently led by a general officer from the Netherlands.

This committee represents the desires of their respective Ministries of Defense or Secretary of Defense/U.S. Air Staff in the U.S. Air Force

case. They meet twice a year to discuss and make decisions about the flying training program. Since this is a true NATO organization, there are no votes, and all decisions are determined by a unanimous consensus.

During the last 20 years, more than 4,600 pilots have been graduated from ENJJPT and have become the backbone of NATO's air forces. The earliest graduates are rapidly assuming senior leadership positions in their respective countries and have had significant impact on past NATO operations.

Already ENJJPT graduates have meaningfully influenced such

conflicts as Desert Storm (Iraq), Deny Flight (Bosnia), and Allied Force (Kosovo). In fact, the first fighter sweep of the Kosovo operations was conducted by a flight of F-16s led by a Dutch pilot with a Norwegian wingman.

A common flying background, an understanding of cultural differences, and cooperation in combat for NATO warriors have their origins at Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls, Texas in the ENJJPT program.

The product of this unique flying training wing is a more potent and cohesive airpower force for the NATO alliance.

Belgian ceremony honors B-24 crew

By FRANK CAUBERGH

Allee des Roses 3, VISE, Belgium

On the 29th May 2002 I had the great honor to assist in a small village of the Flanders at the inauguration of a monument to remember the crash of a Carpetbagger, Liberator B-24, C for Charley, on the 29th of May, 1944. One member of the crew, Richard Hawkins, was killed.

The others were secured by the villagers and survived.

The hero of the ceremony was the pilot, Henry W.

Wolcott, in the presence of representatives of our King Albert II and the American Embassy, a number of dignitaries, a guard of honor of the U.S. Army, a sea of flags of all the patriotic organizations of the region, jets flying overhead with one diving to figure the "missing plane," a very impressed crowd and a bed of flowers; among them the wreath I placed at the foot of the monument in the name of AFEES.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Wolcott and learned that he was also a member of AFEES, as well as some other crew members, William G. Rijckman and Frederick A. Tuttle.

I wish to tell President Richard Smith and other members of AFEES how much I regret to have missed the last few reunions. But from the other side of the ocean I have tried to prove how near I feel to AFEES and I would certainly appreciate the group to know that! GOD BLESS YOU ALL!

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

- #235 C. Joseph Warth, Cincinnati, OH, 95 BG, Aug. 4, 2002
 8th AF Bernard L. Poole, Summerville, WV, 484 BG, Jan. 16, 2001
 #2976 Sidney H. Willig, Staten Island, N.Y., 96 BG, Nov. 17, 2000
 #647 Francis J. Witt Jr., Strongsville, OH, 384 BG

HELPERS

Rosa Ponchaut-Leleux, Mainvault, Belgium, March 15, 2002
 Wim Willemsen, Venray, Holland, May 21, 2002
 Mme. Bertranne Auvert, Paris, France, Feb. 16, 2002
 Dr. Jacques Valles, St. Saens, France, May 23, 2002

Rosemary, widow of the late James Wilschke who worked diligently to gain government recognition for our members, died April 26, 2002.

Sybil Brown McDonald

Sybil Brown McDonald, 77, widow of a former AFEES PX manager, died at her home in Fort Collins, Colo., on May 8, 2001.

Sybil Brown was born May 26, 1923, in Tucumcari, N.M., to Mr. and Mrs. Miles K. Brown. The family later settled in Fort Worth, Tex.

While working at the Fort Worth airport, she met Frank McDonald. They were married on Dec. 14, 1946 and embarked on a life together with the U.S. Air Force. Their travels took them all over the world. They moved to Fort Collins after retirement.

With her children grown, Sybil went to school and earned her nursing credentials. She worked 15 years as licensed practical nurse.

For several years, Sybil and Frank managed the AFEES PX, usually traveling to reunion sites in their mobil home. Survivors include two sons, two daughters, one sister, and two brothers.

Thanks for your cooperation!

Most members of AFEES are considerate enough to notify the Membership Chairman when they have an address change, or any change in status. That makes our records accurate and current. The form on the next page is a great tool for reporting changes, as well as keeping up with payment of dues.

Remember, AFEES operates on a **calendar-year basis and the new year begins on January 1**. A look at your membership card or checkbook can determine your status.
AFEES does not send out annual bills!

Any questions or notices should be directed to:

CLAYTON & SCOTTY DAVID
 Membership Committee
 19 Oak Ridge Pond
 HANNIBAL, MO 63401-6539
 Phone: 573-221-0441
 <davidafe@packetx.net>



MARYSE McKEON
 (nee de la Marniere)

Maryse McKeon **French Helper with Resistance**

Maryse (nee de la Marniere) McKeon, a French Helper, passed away in Tampa, Fla., on Sunday, June 2, shortly after she had attended the 2002 AFEES reunion.

She was born July 11, 1926.

As a member of the French Resistance during World War II, she helped harbor American and British airmen shot down over France and helped them to escape to England.

Maryse was preceded in death by her husband, Donald Francis McKeon, an American Naval officer whom she met during the war and married in April 1946.

She and her family lived in France, Germany, Morocco, the Belgian Congo and Mexico before settling in Tampa in 1971.

She is survived by four children Roger, Nora, Patricia and Michael and six grandchildren.

Services were held June 6, 2002 at Christ the King Catholic Church in Tampa.

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AFEES Reunion Wichita Falls, Texas May 1-4, 2003

Come enjoy the southern hospitality of Texas in Wichita Falls. The local hosts are working diligently on the 2003 reunion which promises to be eventful and enjoyable for all.

Tour Highlights:

- Thursday- Ft. Sill Army Base Tour, Oklahoma
- Friday- Sheppard AFB Tour, Texas
- Saturday- Trails & Tales Tour, Texas, Antique Shopping Tour

Proposed Evening Events:

- Welcome Reception w/ Chuckwagon
- Helper's Banquet w/ International theme
- Closing banquet

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

Please complete and clip or copy this form to remit dues or to report changes.

(Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make checks payable to AFEES)
Send checks and changes to Clayton C. David, Membership Chair, 19 Oak Ridge Pond,
Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A.

Name _____ Amount Included _____

Mailing Address _____

City and State _____ ZIP _____

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

Comments _____

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ
<afees44@hotmail.com>
OR

<archerco@mac.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. --

More people are tackling the Pyrenees Mountains just for the experience, not for freedom as some of us did nearly 60 years ago.

Eight officers of the British Intelligence Corps, led by Craig Tomson-Smith, are planning to traverse the *Chemin de la Liberté* route in early September.

They will have a guide the first two days and then want to do the hardest two days on their own. They say they have a qualified mountain guide and that all military "expeditions must involve a certain amount of risk, otherwise they are not worthwhile."

Co-Founder/Chairman Ralph Patton and Bette are pulling up stakes in Pittsburgh and moving to the D.C. area to be nearer family.

Moving at our stage of life is not easy, but for Ralph, who has accumulated AFEES-related material for decades, it is a genuine dilemma.

He has donated much of his collection to the library at the Air Force Academy.

In this issue are a buncha pictures

etc (Page 16+) from the Tampa reunion, which must rank as one of the greatest in AFEES history. One of the reasons things went so well is Jerry Harmon, who dealt with the printers and performed a lot of gofer chores for Yvonne Daley, the ranch boss for the reunion.

Mucho gracias, Jerry -- and hope to see you in W. Falls next May!

Thelma Loring reports a website called Air War Europe (German) which includes reports of Americans. Check it out by dialing: <<http://www.airwareurope.webb.be>>

On Page 15 is an article that'll tug at your heart.

Bill Mauldin's WW2 cartoons from the front brought a chuckle and a smile to millions of GIs. His characters Willie and Joe gave us a lift every time we checked on them in *Stars and Stripes*.

Now Bill is in a nursing home in Southern California and could use some encouragement from his wartime buddies. A card or letter would surely help his morale now!

Remember the Summer issue (Page 11) when Roger Stanton offered a free T-shirt to anyone who could pick out an evader from a crowd shot?

Heather, wife of Raymond Sherk, IDed her husband and their daughter, Alison. Both completed the 2001 San Martino Freedom Trail after the photo was taken.

TAILSPIN, the Strange Case of Major Call by Bernard F. Conners, is the case of an American war hero gone bad. It is a mix of fictional method and fact, perhaps a key to one of the nation's most publicized murders of the 20th century.

The lead character in the book attended survival school at Stead and later deserted from Barksdale AFB. The manhunt which followed is a strange tale of escape and evasion.

George B. Warburton of 1375 Ivy Court #202, Vero Beach, FL 32963, a retired Air Force navigator, aided with the research for the book and contributed a chapter.

The 486th BG annual reunion is set for Oct. 23-26, 2002, at Holiday Inn-Airport, Richmond, VA

Contact Bob Bee at 614-272-5289, or <Gocart92@earthlink.net>

And Gus says if you can't afford to do something right, then be darn sure you can afford to do it wrong.

-- *Scandal Sheet, Graham, Tex.*

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