

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Winter 1995-96 Communications

Volume 9 - Number 1

Wichita Falls, Texas

December 1, 1995



SALUTED -- *New members of the Commanderie des gastronomes des Chateaux des Val de Loire et Vallee du Loir are, from left: Robert W. Adams and Robert Lindsay of Canada, James J. Goebel Jr. and Clayton C. David of the U.S.A. and A. G. Stacey of Canada. They were initiated into the gastronomical society at the AFEES/RAFES meeting in Toronto.*

--Photo by Letti Vrij

Gastronomes initiate members in Toronto

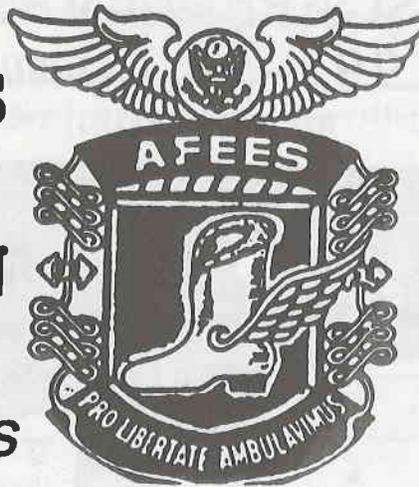
Mr. Jacques Weber, who hosted the 1994 AFEES visit to the Loire Valley, led a delegation of 135 French men and women of various French Resistance groups on a two-week tour of Canada and the U.S. in September. The tour was scheduled to coincide with the joint AFEES/RAFES meeting in Toronto and the group was scheduled to make a presentation at the Saturday evening banquet.

Presentations were made to leaders of both evasion/escaping societies. Jim Goebel, Clayton David, Bob Adams, Bob Lindsay and A. G. Stacey were initiated into the *Commanderie des gastronomes de Chateaux des Val de Loire et Vallee du Loir*. Ralph Patton and Pierre Buset were initiated into the *Confrerie des Chevaliers de la Grand Table du Fuzelien*. In a colorful ceremony, they were made Chevaliers of the gastronomic societies and presented with individually engraved certificates and limoge medallions hung from a gilded ribbon.

Gastronomic societies, important in Belgium and France, generally are used to promote produce of a particular region. Each society has a specific cape and hat of striking colors and materials. At least 20 members of the delegation were in uniform.

On Monday, Sept. 25, the group visited Pittsburgh, Pa., enroute to Washington, D.C., and Ralph Patton arranged a dinner for them with several members of the local French community. AFEES member Manny Rogoff and Friend member George Cahill were inducted into the *Commanderie des Gastronomes* at the Pittsburgh dinner.

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY Communications



We Will Never Forget!

Volume 9 -- Number 1

December 1, 1995

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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 AND IS CHARTERED IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA. 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 FULL MEMBERSHIP, OTHER CATEGORIES OF MEMBERSHIP ARE: HELPER MEMBERS, AND FRIEND MEMBERS.

A complete AFEES roster is in the works

A new AFEES membership roster is being prepared. It will include information with regards to the member's E&E number, Air Force, Bomb Group and spouse's name, in addition to address and phone number.

This will be the most complete membership roster AFEES has published and we hope it will be the most accurate. If you have different addresses for winter and summer firmly established on our records, that will be reflected.

If you have recently moved, had your address changed or have had some part of your phone number (such as area code) changed, please contact Clayton C. David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-9554 at once. The phone number is: 314-221-0441 until Jan. 8, 1996, when the area code will change to (573).

The roster will not include helpers living outside the U.S.

Due to the cost of printing and mailing, this roster will be mailed only to members and friends in the U.S. whose dues status is current. That includes Life Members and those whose dues are paid through 1996. That means your membership card will have 1997 in the lower left hand corner where it shows "Dues paid to ----."

If you are not a Life Member, you can become one by mailing Clayton David a check payable to AFEES for \$100. Annual dues are \$20.

Art's pilot knew his alfalfa fields

Sept. 6, 1943, was Labor Day in the States, but for Art Steinmetz of Brooklyn, N.Y., it just another day for his Flying Fortress crew of the 92BG.

Stuttgart, deep in the heart of Germany, was the target for the day. That was a long way off and there was plenty of trouble ahead.

On the way to the target, at the target and on the return to England, it was more or less steady combat, the way Art recalls. Enemy AA and fighters kept the crew busy. So it was no big surprise to the pilot, Dick Christenson of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., that No. 4 engine was put out of commission over the target.

Art, the navigator, was ready with his course plotted for Switzerland, but the pilot kept heading for the English Channel, trying to stay in formation with the rest of the group.

About the time that Paris came into sight, another fighter attack knocked out No. 2 and there was no alternative but to head for the ground. At 6,000 feet engine No. 3 sputtered and went dead, out of fuel.

When the pilot saw an open alfalfa field, he dropped the wheels and went in for a landing.

From there, the crew members began their evasion efforts.

Art and Bill Harnly, the bombardier, paired together and soon made contact with the Underground in the Paris area. While waiting at a train station in Paris, the two were seated on a bench in a small park. Lo and behold, sitting on a bench

A 200-mile mistake

A reader sends along a newspaper clipping that proves airplanes still can get lost, even with all the modern navigational aids that have replaced "pilotage". Seems that a Northwest Airlines jumbo jet, recently bound for Germany from Detroit, landed by mistake in Belgium, 200 miles away from the target (oops -- destination).

All the passengers could see their location on an electronic map display. An industry spokesman said, "The only people on that plane who didn't know where they were were the three guys up front."



OLD BUDDIES -- There were some good stories when these fellows got together at the Toronto reunion. From left, Art Steinmetz, fellow crewman Joe Cagle, Wayne Bogard and Georges Guillemain, a helper who smuggled evaders from Paris to Lavelanet by train and bus for the crossing to Spain.

across from Art were Joe Cagle and Norman Wagner, fellow crew members!

The guide for the train trip was Georges Guillemain, who attended the recent reunion in Toronto. When German officials checked the train passengers at midnight, Georges skillfully engaged the officer in conversation, showing many legitimate papers, delaying him and diverting attention from the evaders.

From Toulouse, the group reached Andorra and then headed for Barcelona by train. In the Spanish town of Manresa, Art and Louis Weatherford were taken off the train when they could not produce legitimate papers. So the next stop for them was a prison called the "Modello" in Barcelona. After 48 hours in the slammer, they were released through intervention of the American consul. Then they were treated royally: new clothes, a hat, spending money and good cheer after being checked into a nice hotel.

On Thanksgiving Day, the military attache from Madrid drove over with good food and liquor for a celebration. The

attache later returned for them and arranged passports for them to leave Spain. Then it was to Madrid and Gibraltar before the flight back to England.

Art visited Orgeval, France, where their plane went down, on Sept. 6, 1995, exactly 52 years to the day after being shot down. The mayor, Bernard de Saint Leger, went all out for the occasion -- a parade and a buffet reception when Art made a speech in French.

With typical Brooklyn humor, Art told the French people, "Why am I the smartest man in the world? Because when the pilot told me to find a good place to land our plane, I wisely choose the field in Orgeval. If I had not done that, the mayor would not have prepared this wonderful reception for me!"

The next day, Art and Georges Guillemain went by plane and car to Lavelanet at the foot of the Pyrennes to visit with Monsieur Elie Toulza, now 91 years old, who was head of the Resistance movement in the area.

We rendezvous with Canadians in Toronto

About 235 members of AFEES, their spouses, families and friends attended at least some part of the annual meeting in Toronto, Ont., the third weekend of September 1995. The affair was a joint meeting with the Canadian branch of the RAFES.

The list of persons who attended the AFEES reunion:

AMBACH, E. Charlotte (Helper), Green Valley, Ariz.
 ANDERSON, Eugene (489BG), Freeland, Mich.
 ANDRE, Dr. Elise (Friend), Berea, Ky.
 ANTHOINE, Roger and Jeanine, (Helper), Peron, France
 ANTOINE-DUMONT, "Dede" & Gustave (Helper), Brussels
 ARMSTRONG, James & Nita (384BG), Thomasville, Ga.
 ATKINSON, Leslie & Mrs. (Helper), Banyuls Sur Mer, France
 ATKINSON, Sylvain (Friend), Banyuls Sur Mer, France
 BARNACLE, John F. (450BG), Huntsville, Ala.
 BAUDINOT, Serge & Mme. (Helper), Bourg Ls Reine, France
 BEALL, Sylvia (Friend), Tampa, Fla.
 BOGARD, Wayne & Claire (92BG), Carmichael, Calif.
 BREITENBACH, Louis & Ann (303BG), Cincinnati, Ohio
 BROCHET, Millie L. (Friend) Six Fours, France
 BUCKNER, John & Betty (388BG), Hardeeville, S.Car.
 CAGLE, Joe (92BG), Southern Pines, N.C.
 CANNON, Thomas & Pat Jr. (354FG), Colorado Spgs, Colo.
 CARL, Floyd & Mrs. (92BG), San Antonio, Tex.
 CARROLL, Thomas & Evelyn (97BG), Tallahassee, Fla.
 CAUBERGH, Frank & Lea (Helper), Vise, Belgium
 CHRISTENSON, Ruth (Widow), Pasadena, Md.
 CLARK, Carol (Tamarac Travel)
 CLARK, Paul & Bettye (363FG), Hixson, Tenn.
 CLIFTON, Clif & Rita (12AF), Cibolo, Tex.
 COADY, James & Lucille (Friends), Monument Beach, Mass.
 COSTA, Mr. & Mrs. (Helper), Six-Fours, France
 CRESSON, Pierre & Mme. (Helper), Bernaulle, France
 DAMATO, Richard & Nan (Tamarac Travel)
 DAVEY, Alice (Friend) Dover, Del.
 DAVID, Clayton & Scotty (303BG), Hannibal, Mo.
 DAVID, Lynn (Friend), Sunset Hills, Mo.
 DeCHAMBRE, Gerald & Ele (95BG), Peoria, Ariz.
 DELL, Frank and Isabel (RAFES), Marlow Bucks, U.K.
 DEMALLIE, Howard & Nancy (447BG), Rochester, N.Y.
 DUJEANCOURT, Mme. Andree (Helper), Damville, France
 ERICKSON, Iris (Widow), Ludington, Mich.
 FEGETTE, Lee & Louise (303BG), Red Oak, Tex.
 FEINGOLD, Louis & Lean (95BG), Emerson, N.J.
 FEITH-KROL, Anna (Helper), Barcelona, Spain
 FINK, Philip (384BG), Lancaster, N.Y.
 FOLMER, J.M. (Helper), Schiermonnikoog, Netherlands
 FRISQUE, Agnes & Maurice (Helper), Brooklin, Ont.
 GOEBEL, James J. & Jo (445BG), Conroe, Tex.
 GRAUERHOLZ, Ann L. (Friend), Fort Worth, Tex.
 GRAUERHOLZ, Mary (Friend), West Falmouth, Mass.
 GRAUERHOLZ, Larry Jr. & Kim (Friends), Henrietta, Tex.
 GRAUERHOLZ, Larry & Ruth (96BG), Wichita Falls, Tex.
 GRIMES, Bob and Mary Helen (96BG), Fairfax, Va.

GROSS, Joe & Dot (96BG), Cherryhill, N.J.
 GUILLEMIN, Georges & Micheline (Helper), Massy, France
 HAINES, Kenneth & June (388BG), Roscommon, Mich.
 HALLADE, Jean and Mrs. (Helper), Chauny, France
 HANNAN, Robert & Olga (303BG), Healdsburg, Calif.
 HANOU, Keesji (Helper), Englewood, Colo.
 HARMS, John & Elizabeth (390BG), Temple Terrace, Fla.
 HARRIS, Howard & Jeannette (100BG), Wolcott, N.Y.
 HEDDLESON, James & Dolly (492BG), Louisville, Ohio
 HOGAN, Peter & Mary (9AF), Springfield, Mass.
 HUGONNET, Ernest & Barb (94BG), New York, N.Y.
 IVEY, Ashley & Ruth (493BG), Acworth, Ga.
 JANISZEWSKI, Kay (Friend)
 JASPERS, Cornelis (Helper), Bergschenhoek, Netherlands
 KATSAROS, John & Mary (401BG), Haverhill, Mass.
 KAUFMAN, Hector (379BG), Rouses Point, N.Y.
 KELLEY, E. Robert (91BG), Shasta Lake City, Calif.
 KENNEY, Paul & Dorothy (384BG), Stone Mtn., Ga.
 KESHISHIAN, Jacques (94BG), Dover, Del.
 KING, Ernest & Mary (381BG), Erie, Kans.
 KOSINSKI, Anthony & Jean (78FG), Chicago, Ill.
 KOSSEFF, Bill & Bea (385BG), Hatboro, Pa.
 KROLL, Ted & Virginia (401BG), Crown Point, Ind.
 KUPSICK, Jack (379BG), Cottage Grove, Ore.
 LASHINSKY, Frank & Dorothy (455BG), Old Lyme, Conn.
 LAWHEAD, Duane & Fay (305BG) Tavares, Fla.
 LELIVELT, Mia (Helper), Lichtenvoords, Netherlands
 LINCOLN, Bill (305BG), Erie, Pa.
 LIND, Nel E. (Helper), Utrecht, Netherlands
 LINDELL, Ernest & Constance (384BG), Moses Lake, Wash.
 LORING, Warren & Thelma (55FG) Monument Beach, Mass.
 LOVE, Helen (Friend)
 MANOS, Joseph & Dorothy (94BG), Sacramento, Calif.
 MARCO, Virgil & Bobbie (305BG), Dallas, Tex.
 MARSTON, Fred & Lynn (384BG), San Diego, Calif.
 McELROY, Linnette (Widow), Vallejo, Calif.
 McMICHAEL, Lloyd & Dot (486BG), Minnetonka, Minn.
 MEDINA, Francis X. (459BG), Kansas City, Mo.
 MONTAZ, Pierre M. (Helper), Hauteville, France
 MOREHEAD, Danny (Friend)
 MURPHY, Joe & Dot (100BG), Wildwood Crest, N.J.
 MURRAY, Claude & Shirley (7FG), Sun City, Ariz.
 NAUGHTON, Donald & Dorothy (388BG), San Diego, Calif.
 ODOM, Betty (Friend)
 OLIPHANT, John & Ruth (359FG), Colorado Spgs, Colo.
 PATTON, Ralph and Bette (94BG), Pittsburgh, Pa.
 PEARCE, Ron & Kay (4G,RAF), Alpharetta, Ga.
 PEDERSON, Arnold & Irja (452BG), Duluth, Minn.
 PENA, Jean M. & Mme. (Helper), Laucourt, France
 PLATT, Alfred (Vietnam), Houston, Tex.
 PROCHIANTZ, Dr. Alec & Mme. (Helper), Paris, France
 PUNCHES, Joel & Margaret (385BG), Santa Maria, Calif.
 QUINN, James & Liboria (91BG), Haworth, N.J.
 RENDALL, Richard (Friend), Cincinnati, Ohio

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CHOW TIME -- This was the dining room scene at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto when AFEES and the Canadian branch of the RAFES met for lunch on Friday, Sept. 22.

(Photo by Roger Anthoine)

We rendezvous --

- RENDALL, Scotty (44BG) Kinderhook, N.Y.
 RICHARDSON, Clyde & Virginia (388BG), Summerhill, Pa.
 ROGOFF, Manuel (389BG), Pittsburgh, Pa.
 ROZENDAAL, Adrie (Helper), Netherlands
 ROZENDAAL, Siem (Helper), Amsterdam, Netherlands
 ROZENDAAL, Siem Jr. (Helper's son)
 RUCIGAY, John & Dorothy (15AF), Ballston Spa, N.Y.
 RUSKA, Paul & Julie (95BG), Abilene, Tex.
 SAINT-LEGER, Olympe (Helper) and husband Andre, Paris
 SALIVAR, Charles & Mary (464BG), Webster Groves, Mo.
 SCHAEFFER, Frank (44BG), West Bend, Wis.
 SCOTT, Dr. Carl C. (Friend), Columbus, Ohio
 SCOTT, Peter and Helen (384BG), Old Saybrook, Conn.
 SHAVER, Kenneth & Melba (388BG), Lake Wylie, S.C.
 SHAWN, Gilbert (445BG), Longwood, Fla.
 SHERWOOD, Brad (Friend)
 SHERWOOD, Morton and Rene (389BG), Las Vegas, Nev.
 SHOSS, David (100BG) Dallas, Tex.
 SMIT, Mr. and Mrs. Sjoukje (Helper) Chatham, Ont.
 SMITH, Andrew & Marianne (Helper), N. Middlesex, U.K.
 SMITH, Richard & Margaret (95BG), Battle Lake, Minn.
 SOBIESZCZYK, Edward & H. (Friends), Crystal Lake, Ill.
 SPEVAK, Edward & Aylene (94BG), Watertown, S.D.
 STARZYNSKI, Robert & Louise (306BG), Chicago, Ill.
 STEAD, Jack & Jane (447BG), Dearborn, Mich.
 STEINMETZ, Arthur (92BG), Brooklyn, N.Y.
 STREETKERK, Dirk & Sophie (Helper), Hellingstraat, Neth.
 SUTOR, Warren (389BG), Kansas City, Mo.
 SWEATT, Robert Jr. & June (Friends)
 SWEATT, Robert & Mary (389BG), Burton, Tex.
 TARLETON, Woodrow (390BG), San Jose, Calif.
 THOMAS, Tommy (464BG), Morris Plains, N.J.
 THOMPSON, Nancy (Friend)
 THOMPSON, William (RAF), Kent, U.K.
 TROUP, David (392BG), Mishawaka, Ind.
 VAN REMMERDEN, George H. (Helper), Seal Beach, Calif.
 VAN RYSBERGEN, Marinus (Helper), Badhoevendorp, Neth.
 VAUGHN, James & Jeanette (450BG), Okmulgee, Ok.
 VIGON, Claude M. & Mme. (Helper), Creteil, France
 VRIJ, Jacques & Letti (Helper), Rijswijk, Netherlands
 WALKER, Lillian (Widow), Vass, N.C.
 WALTERS, Joe (381BG), West Mifflin, Pa.
 WEYLAND, Russell & Frances (376BG), McHenry, Ill.
 WYCOFF, Marvin & Marie (460BG), Lake St. Louis, Mo.
 YANDURA, John & Ethel (97BG), E. Vandergrift, Pa.

NEW MEMBERS

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Cranbury, NJ 08512
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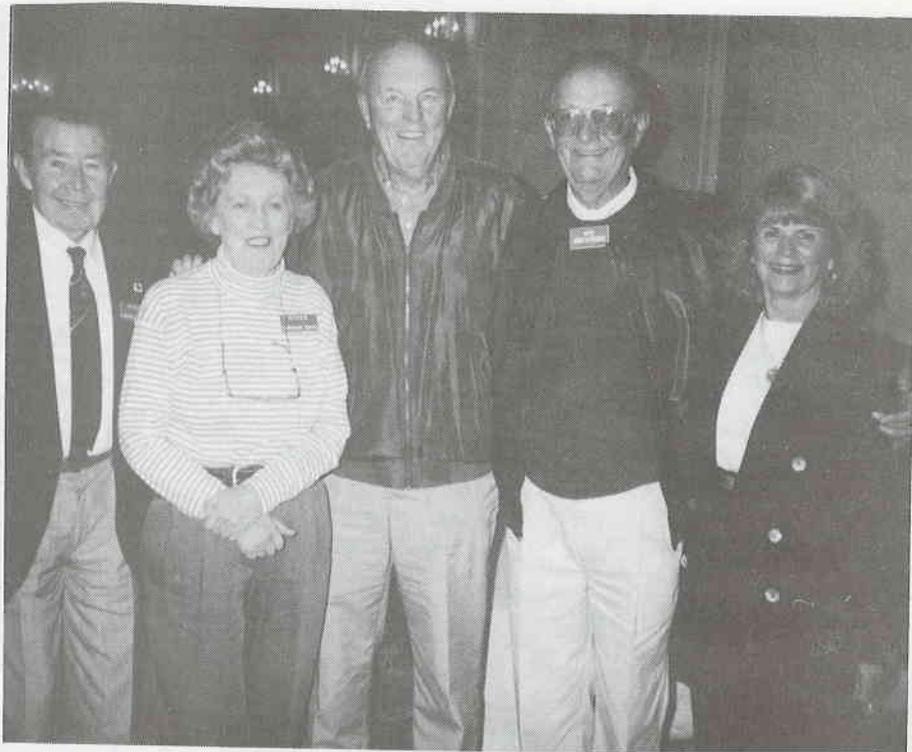
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SPECIAL GUESTS -- Among the overseas guests at the Toronto reunion were Andrew and Marianne Smith of Middlesex, England. Andrew was second in command of the 503 Motor Gun Boat used to evacuate escapers from the Occupied coast of France. He made some six trips to the beach to take out British, Canadian and American evaders, along with Resistance and political figures who needed to be removed from French soil. Many AFEES members will remember how his audience at the Denver reunion a few years ago was spell-bound when he told of his exploits. Pictured, from left: Andrew and Marianne, Dick Smith of Palm Desert, Calif., and John and Mary Katsaros of Haverhill, Me.



JOLLY VISITORS -- Frank Dell of the Royal Air Force Escaping Society and his wife Isabel were guests at the joint U.S.-Canadian reunion in Toronto in September. They live in Marlow Bucks, U.K.



A NICE FIT -- John and Mary Katsaros of Haverhill, Mass., took home a new leather A-2 jacket from the Toronto reunion by purchasing the right raffle ticket.

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ANYONE YOU KNOW? -- Chairman Ralph Patton would like some help in identifying the persons in this photograph, taken in a camp in the Belgian Ardennes. Gil Shawn, who provided the picture, is fourth from left in the front row; Emil Rosseaux, the leader of the group, is seated in front. As of now, the remainder of the group are unidentified. Ralph says that if we can identify most of the group, it would make a great picture for the museum in Savannah.

Plouha services held for Mille Couffon

Funeral services were held for Mademoiselle Germaine Couffon of Plouha, France, on Oct. 27 in the church at Plouha. She was 92.

Mille Couffon was part of the Shelburne network and sheltered a number of American airmen in her home near Plouha before dispatching them to the House of Alphonse for the final

briefing before they headed out through the mind fields to meet the British Motor Gunboat 503.

She recently had been appointed Honorary Vice President of "Les Amis du Reseau Shelburne".

Those who stayed with Mille Couffon include Manny Rogoff, Bill Spinning, Harry Minor and many others.

Cards to Helpers are on the way

Our Helpers should be receiving the traditional AFEES Seasons' Greetings messages soon. The cards are prepared by Paul Kenney and his wife.

President Jim Goebel prepares the mailing and they should be in the mail within a few days after Dec. 1.

The Helper list for the greeting cards includes several hundred names who do not regularly receive the *Communicator*.

FOLDED WINGS

MEMBERS

#473	William T. Campbell, Oregon City, OR	94BG	Jul. 28, 95
#283	John K. Justice, Victorville, CA	100BG	May 95
#193	Ellis H. Klein, Somers, CT	384BG	Notified Sept. 5, 95
#2004	John F. Lacy, N. Kingston, RI	78FG	Feb. 94
Switz	Elmer J. Sutters, Jr., Sebastian, FL	458BG	1995
#1777	Augustus di Zerega, Wichita, KS	363FG	Aug. 11, 95

HELPERS

M. Pierre Joseph	Jandeau, Etables-Sur-Mer, France	23 Oct. 95
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A letter from behind enemy lines

One of the main concerns of many evaders while MIA was the agony that their families and loved ones were suffering during that period. Sometimes reports filtered back to the States from other planes in the formation, but the anxiety was a huge burden for those left behind.

Those feelings are captured in a letter written to his parents in Washington, D.C., after Richard Reid, now of Albuquerque, N.M., was shot down. Reid was a P-47 pilot with the 48FG.

In a letter from behind enemy lines, he wrote:

"Dear Mother and Dad:

"This letter, as I look at it now, is just sort of a precaution. I sincerely hope you hear from me long before this arrives. If not, this will give you some idea of the events up to this date.

"Paper is short in France, so I must be brief and crowd just a bit. Everything is short here except kindness and charity.

Agonizing Suspense

"By far the worst part of this whole business is the agonizing suspense and darkness you are suffering, waiting and

hoping each day for some word that never comes. If I could only let you know I am safe and well! That has been uppermost in my thoughts since the day I realized I'd be stuck here for while. I pray constantly that it may be easier for you and that you may have great faith.

"On June 10, 1944, I parachuted from my burning plane. I was lucky, as they say, God saw fit to spare me. As I floated down, the zing and crack of bullets from marksmen on the ground told me I was over enemy troops. Somehow they missed me and I landed lightly in a small field. With my chute under my arm, I ran for the brush and after hiding it, ran until nearly exhausted. Much to my surprise when I stopped to rest and tend burns of my face and wrists, I discovered a number of shrapnel wounds in my left leg.

Civilian Clothes

"By night I had found civilian clothes and a place to hide for a few days until I was able to travel. The nearest town or village was Annebault, eight miles east of Dozule. For various reasons too numerous to list here, I struck directly south after eight days, traveling cross-country by night and hiding by day. With me was a Canadian

parachutist by the name of James MacPherson. At present we two, along with others, are in hiding under the care of the French. Soon the Allies will arrive and when they do we hope to be able to get thru the lines for safety. It looks now as if the blamed war will end before I get a chance to even the score with the enemy.

"My burns and wounds are healed and I am fat and saucy, living very comfortably.

"All my love for you both. May God bless you. Always, your devoted son."

--DICK

After returning to his unit in Normandy, Reid was debriefed by 9AF and then in London by USAAC. After his return to the States, he served out the war as a P-47 instructor.

He recalls James MacPherson as a 6 ft., 3 in. diamond cutter from Manitoba.

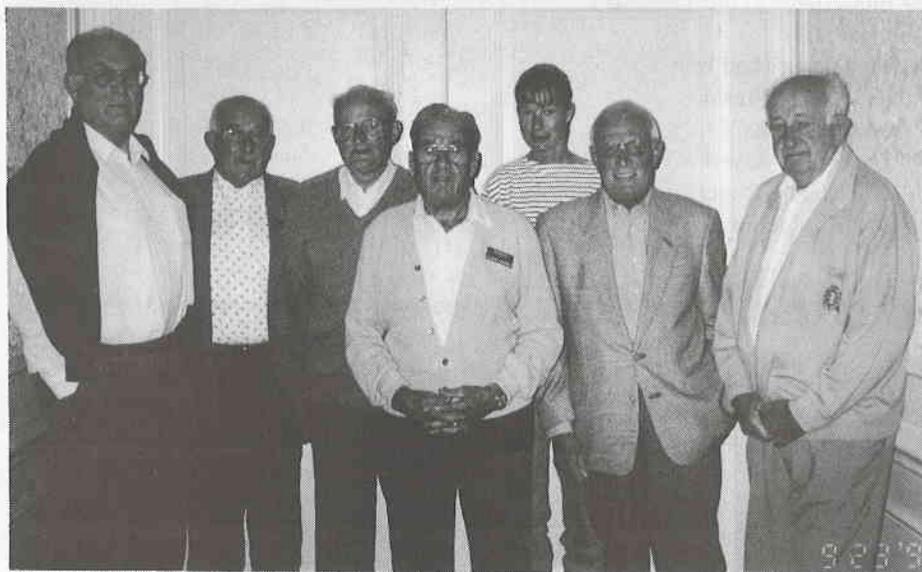
Veterans protest against elaborate military birthday

PALM BEACH, Fla. (AP) — A dozen veterans protested outside the home of a couple who threw an elaborate military-style birthday party for their 6-year-old son and bought him a Purple Heart for \$50.

"It made me angry when I thought of my dad and everyone else who laid in the jungle or the snow, suffering, to get that medal," said Barry Willette, whose father received the Purple Heart in the Battle of the Bulge.

Bill and Robin Lanting weren't around for the Veterans Day protest. Instead, Chris Noel, a former radio show host for the Armed Forces Network, intervened on their behalf. Her program "A Date With Chris" cheered American troops in Vietnam.

She said the Lantings were sorry and that their son, Chase, would never wear his medal.



CLAUDE'S HELPER CREW -- Claude Murray of Sun City, Ariz., probably had the greatest number of helpers present at the Toronto reunion. Can anyone top his count? From the left: Marinus van Rysbergen, Uncle Siem Rozendaal, Dirk Streefkerk, Claude Murray, Sophie Streefkerk (daughter of Dirk), Siem Rozendaal (the nephew), Uncle Adrie Rozendaal. Marinus, Dirk, Siem and Siem and Adrie were all Claude's helpers from the town of Muiden, the Netherlands.

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Allied airmen saluted by Slovenians

As a companion article to John and Dorothy Rucigay's "Photo exhibition honors U.S. Airmen" appearing in the *Summer Communicator*, related events in Slovenia are described by an AFEES member who was an active participant.

By **JOHN W. ANDRESEN**
Urbana, Ill.

Numerous ventures on May 13-14, 1995, paid homage to Allied airmen and Slovenian Partisans who were active in former Yugoslavia during World War II. Commemorative events occurred in and around Ljubljana, capital of Slovenia.

Activities were organized by the Federal Protocol Office and the Association of War Veterans of Slovenia. On the evening of May 12, Slovene war veterans, representatives of the Slovenian Ministry of Defence, and downed airmen and helpers who assisted them to escape and evade the German Army, participated in a joyous reception held at the Hotel Slon (Elephant.)

On the 13th, an evening of culture was provided at the new Ljubljana Opera House and Convention Center (Cankarjev dom). Slovenia's President Milan Kucan presented an inspiring address which lauded his Partisans of World War II; commented upon the contributions and sacrifices made by the Allies during the war, especially those shot down over



Moving the wounded to protected hideouts, Partisans in Slovenia used ox-drawn carts as ambulances.

---Photos from *Time-Life Book* entitled "Partisans and Guerillas" by Ronald H. Bailey

Slovene territory; and declared that peace must be regained in the current war-torn nations of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Following President Kucan's oration, we further enjoyed listening to the Slovene Philharmonic Orchestra featuring selections from Mozart (who made notes in 1780 in Ljubljana). A number of selections were accompanied by the Slovene Chamber Choir and Consortium Musicum Choir.

Our Slovenian veterans awakened us early on the 14th for a full day commemoration. We attended an emotionally-charged ceremonial mass, made field trips to former Nazi and SS prisons, and Partisan cemeteries. During the afternoon, we held a "last tattoo" on the main square of Ljubljana.

A mass parade was led by hundreds of Partisan flag and banner bearers. Most were male and female commanders of former Partisan Regiments. They were followed by contemporary troops of France, Russia, the U.S. and Slovenia. Overhead the Slovenian Air Force buzzed the square. Also featured were about 20 parachutists whose landing target was directly in front of President Kucan's place of honor. Each hit his three by

three-foot target dead on!

In conclusion of the tattoo, a combined band of the U.S. Air Force and the British Royal Queens Regiment Guards led the parade away from the square. At least 50,000 cheering spectators viewed the proceedings.

That evening, at the Presidential Palace, Commander-in-Chief Kucan presented medals to five former OSS officers. I was the only U.S. Air Force repatriot attending and was awarded the Slovene Order of Freedom. I also received the Slovene Memorial Partisan Medal from General Ivan Dolnicar.

On the 15th, I was hosted by Deputy Commander Gabrijel Mosina of the Slovenian Air Force to inspect new hangar facilities and aircraft. Also during the day, I was guided by Major Bostjan Blaznik to observe the Slovenian Army's installations in central Slovenia.

As a grand finale on the 16th, I had the pleasure to visit Ciril Matek, a former Partisan, who lives in western Slovenia. In late 1944, a B-17G crash-landed in his forest. Ciril wanted to give me a piston head from one of its engines but I suggested that he should save it in memorium of battles past.



Partisan woman similar to girl who befriended John Andresen in Slovenia in 1945.

Allied airmen saluted by Slovenians

As a companion article to John and Dorothy Rucigay's "Photo exhibition honors U.S. Airmen" appearing in the *Summer Communicator*, related events in Slovenia are described by an AFEES member who was an active participant.

By JOHN W. ANDRESEN
Urbana, Ill.

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Fred finally gets to say 'Thanks'

Frederick T. Marston of San Diego, Calif., has made contact with a helper, Mrs. Agnes Knocker Frisque, now of Summerland Key, Fla., for the first time since 1943. As a result, both attended the Toronto reunion in September.

Marston (384BG) was co-pilot of a B-17 shot down near Coigneres, France, on July 14, 1943. He went by train to Paris, where he was turned over to Commandant Knocker, Agnes Knocker and her mother for about 10 days.

Several weeks later, he walked into a trap set by the Gestapo in Paris and was a prisoner until released by the Russians in April 1945.

In March of this year, Marston was able to tell Mrs. Frisque of his experiences after he left the Knocker family.

"I recall that you hid me initially in the attic of your shooting lodge. Then I was moved into the middle of a very large and extensive briar patch which had been cleared in the center and a unique set of brambles opened to form an ingress.

"My memory is dim as to the number of days I stayed on the farm. Yet I remember vividly the departure for Paris on a Sunday. I was dressed in a pinstripe, double-breasted suit with beret and my own military boots. What a combination!

"The seats on the rail car faced out in order that one could view the countryside, the first time I'd seen this clever arrangement. You and your mother sat several rows behind me, and I was independently seated to your left about three rows down. When we arrived at the Gare du Nord, you turned me over to one or two gentlemen, one of whom I believe was your uncle, and to whose home we went. I remember the address as Avenue Pellport in the 19th arrondissement.

"When I arrived at your uncle's home, it was late afternoon of Sunday. Only his wife and infant child were present. I learned that he was a former colonel with the Foreign Legion --retired--and the owner/manager of a shoe factory which had just closed for summer vacation. So the factory was a great place to hide me for the day while completely shut down.



THANKS FOR YOUR HELP! -- Fred Marston and one of his helpers, Agnes Knocker Frisque, pose for Scotty David's camera at Toronto with Ruth Christenson of Pasadena, Md., widow of Dick Christenson, who was a pilot with the 92BG.

"Even though I slept in the garret in the house each night, I was out of the house before the maid arrived and didn't return till she left after having prepared dinner for your uncle and step-aunt.

"Your uncle, Colonel Knocker, was charming yet very prudent. Because of his English background, I believe his grandfather had been an admiral in the British Royal Navy. During the day I stayed in a special location in the factory about 150 yards from the house. Here I began to work on my French by reading and finishing *Madame du Bovary*.

"After a forged Carte de Identiete had been prepared using a picture of me which I carried in my escape kit, I was moved to the next location. This was in a forest not far from Chateauroux.

"Getting there was somewhat unique. Your uncle and an associate guided me via the Metro to Austerlitz. We surfaced at Quai d'Orsay and boarded the train early in the morning. While walking on the Quai d'Orsay, I almost blew the whole thing.

"I was walking several paces behind your uncle and his companion and, from time to time, people would walk in the same direction between us. At some point, a young German Fliegerleutenant came between us, walking in the same direction, only a yard or so in front of me. Then coming in the opposite direction toward the officer and me came

an unter offizier who rendered the hand salute to the commissioned officer. He returned it.

"From a natural reaction, I too started to return the salute, suddenly remembering that I was in civies! I did have presence of mind to let my hand continue to rise to my forehead and scratch my scalp under the same beret first given to me in Coigneres. What a silent sigh I released after the feldwebel passed!

"Later, after I was betrayed, I was moved to Pomerania in northern Germany to Stalag Luft 1, one of the first camps built to hold personnel from the Air Corps. Here I stayed for 19 months until being liberated by the Russians who reluctantly let us go. We were flown out in stripped-down B17s sent to pick us up. The operation took about three days. Each Allied prisoner had earlier been finger-printed by the Russians and each was released only after an examination of prints. They were searching for Werner von Braun, head of the rocket station of Penemunde, about 20 km to the east. They thought he was hiding with us.

"I've never put this in writing before. There's still so much to say, so much for which to be thankful, and no possible way to express adequately the thanks due you and many others who risked their lives on my behalf."

PROPOSED SCHEDULE FOR AFEES REUNION

Thursday-Tuesday, May 23-28, 1996

Riverfront Marriott, Savannah, Georgia

Thursday, May 23, 1996

Early arrival date. All meals & sightseeing on your own - walking tour of the river, Front Plaza, or tour of Savannah.

Friday, May 24, 1996

9:00AM - 5:00PM...Convention registration open on mezzanine floor.

Breakfast & Lunch - on your own

1:00PM - 5:00PM...Hospitality Room open

6:00PM...Reception & Dinner at the hotel - introduction of guests.

Saturday, May 25, 1996

Breakfast on your own

9:00AM - 11:00AM...Business Meeting

12:00 Noon...Luncheon and Auction

Dinner on your own

6:00PM - 10:00PM...Hospitality Room open

Sunday, May 26, 1996

7:30AM - 8:30AM...Breakfast at the hotel

10:00AM...Buses to 8th AF Heritage Center with Lunch

3:00PM - 5:00PM...Hospitality Room open

6:00PM...Reception

7:00PM...BANQUET, ENTERTAINMENT, ETC.

Monday, May 27, 1996

8:00AM - 10:00AM...Breakfast at hotel

10:00AM...Memorial Services

Departure

Tuesday, May 28, 1996

Late Departure



SAVANNAH
Marriott
RIVERFRONT

100 General McIntosh Blvd.
Savannah, Georgia 31401
(912) 233-7722

AIR FORCES Escape & Evasion Society



May 23 - 28, 1996

REGISTRATION FORM

PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO:

"Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society"
and mail c/o Paul Kenney
5400 Post Road Pass
Stone Mountain, Ga 30088
Phone (770) 469-1857

We must have Registration
along with check by
May 10, 1996.

Complete Package (including 6 meals & Registration Fee)
per person.....\$175.00 X _____ = \$ _____

IF NOT TAKING COMPLETE PACKAGE, PLEASE USE SECTION BELOW:

Friday Dinner at hotel.....	\$30.00 X _____	= \$ _____
Saturday Lunch & auction at hotel.....	25.00 X _____	= \$ _____
Sunday Breakfast at hotel.....	15.00 X _____	= \$ _____
Sunday Lunch in Pooler, Georgia.....	25.00 X _____	= \$ _____
Sunday Dinner/Entertainment.....	40.00 X _____	= \$ _____
Monday Breakfast at hotel.....	15.00 X _____	= \$ _____
Add Registration Fee per person.....	25.00 X _____	= \$ _____

Total cost (enclose check)..... \$ _____

(Registration Fees cover expenses such as printing, entertainment,
helper costs, hospitality room, etc.)

I N F O R M A T I O N

NAME _____ will spouse attend? _____ NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

Please use printed form for hotel reservations

I N F O R M A T I O N O N S A V A N N A H , G E O R G I A

On February 12, 1733, General James Edward Oglethorpe sailed up the Savannah River with 144 men, women, and children and chartered the Georgia Crown Colony in the name of King George II.

The General designed Savannah on a grid of wide streets with public squares at regular intervals. The public squares and gracious homes surrounding them gives the city a character of its own.

More than 250 years after Oglethorpe's landing, Savannah's power to beguile and enchant is still undiluted.

On a bluff overlooking the river, the new settlement prospered as a cross-roads of trade in tobacco and cotton. The tobacco and cotton warehouses and brokerage houses have been preserved and now house shops, inns, specialty shops, restaurants, and nightspots on the water-front.

The river front plaza is nine blocks long, paved with cobble stones from England coming to Savannah as ballast in sailing ships.

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100 General McIntosh Blvd.
Savannah, Georgia 31401
(912) 233-7722

AIR FORCES Escape & Evasion Society



NAME _____ GROUP, **Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society**

NAME(S) OF ADDITIONAL PERSON(S) SHARING ROOM _____ DATE(S) _____

May 23-28, 1996

_____ SPECIAL REQUEST _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____ PHONE (DAY) _____

Please check the type of accommodations desired.
All accommodations are subject to availability at check-in.

NO. OF ROOMS	TYPE OF ACCOMMODATION	RATE
	SINGLE: One (1) Person	\$
	DOUBLE: Two (2) Person, One (1) Bed	\$
	DOUBLE: Two (2) Persons, Two (2) Beds	\$
		\$

For all reservations, please list each guest's name above.
Suite rates are available upon request. Please contact the hotel directly at (912) 233-7722.

Reservations must be received by April 10, 1996

After the above date, rooms will be confirmed on a space and rate available basis.

SMOKING NON-SMOKING

ARRIVAL DAY/DATE _____

TIME OF ARRIVAL _____

DEPARTURE DAY/DATE _____

NUMBER OF ADULTS OVER 17 YEARS _____

Check-in time is 4:00 p.m. Accommodations prior to that time will be handled on a space available basis.

Check-out time is 11:00 a.m.

Reservations must be accompanied by a guarantee for first night lodging via check or credit card.

Fill in American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche, VISA, MasterCard Discover Card information below. You will be charged for the first night lodging unless reservations are cancelled 24 hours prior to arrival.

CARD TYPE _____ EXP. DATE _____

CARD NUMBER _____

SIGNATURE _____

Advance Deposit. Please include one night's room plus 11% tax. Deposits are refundable if cancelled 24 hours prior to arrival.

CHECK ENCLOSED Amount \$ _____

RATES:

Single: \$ 80.00
Double: \$ 80.00
Triple: \$ 90.00
Quad: \$100.00

SUITE RATES:

Junior: \$125.00
Executive: \$145.00
Del. 1 Bedroom: \$175.00
Del. 2 Bedroom: \$225.00



AIR FORCES

Escape & Evasion Society

5000 ALDEN DRIVE PITTSBURGH, PA 15220
(412) 343-8570

RALPH K. PATTON
Chairman of the Board

December 1, 1995

Dear Fellow Evader:

As of this date AFEES members have paid more than \$35,000 against our pledge of \$100,000 to the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Ga. A sincere "THANK YOU" to you who have contributed.

As many of you know, I have been supportive of Gen. Lew Lyle's efforts to establish an 8th Air Force Museum for over 10 years. My rationale has been that Escape & Evasion has been ignored by every Air Museum in the world, and I didn't want that to happen in an 8th Air Force Museum. Our Helpers deserve better!

When Generals Lyle and Shuler assured me that Escape & Evasion would not be ignored in the new 8th Air Force Museum, I suggested that members of AFEES could raise \$100,000 to ensure an E & E position. When Chatham County, Ga., approved a bond issue to cover the cost of construction and it was certain that the museum would be built, my suggestion was backed up with a firm pledge.

The \$100,000 pledge was justified as follows:

AFEES has 950 members; if 10% of them would pledge \$1,000 each, we could easily make it. This project is to honor our Helpers, and AFEES members have always supported our Helper-related activities with cash or words of encouragement, or both.

We have a few generous contributors, but we need everyone to participate. Remember, this project is to honor our Helpers. **WE STILL NEED 65 AFEES MEMBERS TO PLEDGE \$1,000 EACH.** Since some members did not serve in the 8th Air Force, no AFEES money has been pledged or considered for this project.

Contributions are TAX DEDUCTIBLE and can be paid over one year by a monthly charge against most credit cards. If you have any questions, please feel free to call me. **WE NEED YOU!**

Sincerely,

Ralph K. Patton

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Museum site a busy place

SAVANNAH, Ga. -- The construction site of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum has been a busy place during the past few weeks.

On Oct. 20, work crews completed pouring the last section of the 271 x 231-foot concrete foundation slab. Three days later roofing crews began putting the roof on the museum building.

In addition, other work crews installed the first second-floor steel on Oct. 28 and began putting up studs in the north and south walls on Oct. 30. Meanwhile designers have completed design of the first five exhibit areas and are well on the way to completing design of the other thirteen exhibit areas.

Road work crews are also busy as they continue to clear the right of way to widen Bourne Avenue which runs from U.S. Highway 80 to the museum entrance.

Grand opening of the 90,000 square foot Heritage Museum is scheduled for May 13-14, 1996.

May 13 will be devoted to Eighth Air Force veterans and families and public opening will follow on May 14.

AVIS (WARNING!!)

This is your last chance to have the picture of your Helper or Helpers included in the display on the Wall of Honor at the new 8th Air Force Museum in Savannah, Ga.

Time is running out and we must send pictures off to the following address ASAP! Will you do it today?

ESCAPE & EVASION EXHIBIT
8th AIR FORCE HERITAGE MUSEUM
PO BOX 1992
SAVANNAH, GA 31402-1992

If you want to retain the original photographs, send a copy to the museum, or ask the museum to return the originals to you. Don't be concerned about the size or quality; send a picture. We especially need WW2 photos, but we want any photo of your Helper or Helpers. Names of Helpers will be in the computer files at the museum but this is not an adequate substitute for a picture on the Wall of Honor.

Many of you remember AVIS as the heading on posters warning French-speaking people that the men would be shot for helping downed Allied flyers. Despite the above caption, you will not be shot for failure to comply with this request, but you will regret it when you see the Wall of Honor and your Helper is not included.

The museum also needs items of memorabilia such as articles of clothing you wore during evasion, false ID cards, escape kit items, or any other souvenirs of your time while evading. Any questions? If so, call Ralph Patton at 412-343-8570.



FACING THE CAMERA -- Leslie Atkinson, representative in France and a co-founder of our society, was busy at the Toronto reunion. Here, from the left, Les visits with Gilbert Shawn and Howard and Jeannette Harris.

To Schweinfurt by B17, back on foot

By **KARL D. MILLER**
Elizabeth City, N.C.

On Oct. 14, 1943, the 338th Squadron of the 96BG put up 21 B-17s to bomb the ball bearing factories in the city of Schweinfurt, deep into Germany.

Of about 300 planes the 8th Air Force sent on this mission, 60 did not make it back to England. I was co-pilot on one that did not make it that day.

After the bomb run, we got back as far as northern France before being hit by FW 190s that attacked us head on and flew right through our formation. We took evasive action but it seemed that each turn put our plane in position to be hit.

One burst set No. 2 engine afire and another sent a chunk of metal through the lower corner of my side of the windshield.

We had no fire extinguishers on board and it was time to get out. With the plane on auto pilot, I bailed out from 14,000 feet. My parachute worked perfectly and I drifted down slowly.

From this height I could see three small towns in sort of a triangle with a dense forest between. My chute caught on a tree climb and I landed as easily as stepping off a chair.

I hid my chute under some bushes and leaves. Having had nothing to eat since before daylight at breakfast, I ate all the food in my escape kit and used most of the matches to build a fire. I didn't get much sleep that night because of the cold.

Next morning was so foggy that I couldn't see more than 15 feet, which probably kept me out of a POW camp. I kept hearing a small plane flying back and forth, probably looking for some of my crew. Later the fog lifted and I found my way to the edge of the forest.

There was a man plowing a field, so I walked out to him. Our languages did not match, so I showed him my escape map of Europe. He pointed to Poland and I figured that was his home. He made me understand that he wanted the parachute, so I went back into the forest but I could not find it.

When I returned, he gave me a hunk of cheese, half a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine. As I was eating in the edge of the forest, two men gave me quite a fright by coming up behind me so quietly. One

of them spoke English. He told me to stay hidden right there and they would come for me after dark. Later we rode into Laon on bicycles. After eating I spent the night in the attic over a bakery. They used some of my escape kit money to get me some civilian clothes.

Next day we rode bicycles to LaBovette, and I stayed 10 days with a family there. I rode on the back of the French police chief's motorcycle to his home in Chauny; spent four nights there before going to another house to be with my pilot, Lt. Jack Horton, who was staying with three school teachers.

Later, back in England, I learned that he had been captured and that only the tail gunner and I made it back.

Then I went back to Chauny for four more days before taking the train to Paris. There I stayed at 84 Kleber Avenue in an upstairs apartment for a month. Next door in another building was a German officers club, so we kept the shades down on that side. Across the street behind a fence was a small building about 12 feet square that they used for gas mask drill. Each morning and afternoon German soldiers marched by, singing real loud. Some nights I was taken for a walk to get some exercise.

On one of these walks I got to see the Eiffel Tower at close range. I remembered as a boy back in 1927 a picture of Charles Lindbergh in Paris with the Eiffel Tower in the background. Back then, I never dreamed that I would see it some day!

Next, I was taken to a Paris suburb called Levry Gargon, where the underground gathered up 13 of us in the back of an enclosed truck to meet a larger group at a church in Paris. The Gestapo caught the others at the church. Our driver got through a police barricade and away from the Gestapo. We had heard talk of this group being taken to the coast to meet a submarine at night.

Still in the Paris suburbs, it was a real thrill for me to stand in the yard and watch a group of B-26s bomb the Renault works from 10 or 12 thousand feet. During that time a member of the Underground made me memorize the exact location of a forest in which the Germans

were hiding many tanks.

A group of us left Paris one afternoon by train for Toulouse. Each of us was in a different compartment and pretended to be asleep. Later a truck picked us up and took us to Foix, a small town in the Pyrennes near the Spanish border.

After dark we started walking single file toward Spain with two guides, one in front and one in the rear. It was February and it was cold enough for the small streams to be frozen over.

The first night was fairly easy as we stayed on the roads and spent the next day trying to sleep on hay in a cold barn. The second night we left the roads and went into the forest. There it was so dark that we had to stay close together to keep in contact. That day was also spent in a barn. The people there boiled a tub of potatoes for us. They are good if you haven't had anything all night.

The third night was the worst; we were tired, the snow was 6 to 20 inches deep and the guides got lost. We went for hours before they found the way again. The next day we came to a road which led to a border check point. Our guides must have had some kind of arrangement with the guards because they let us through with only a short delay.

We entered the country of Andorra, where we stayed in a small hotel with a dining room that served the best meal I'd had in weeks. Next day we were taken in cars to a mansion in Barcelona. Here I ate octopus for the first time, until I found out what it was.

Next, we were taken to the British Embassy in Madrid and from there, to Gibraltar.

At the time, American C-47s were using Gibraltar as a fuel stop on the way from North Africa to England. I was able to catch a night flight on one of them, though there were so many oranges on board that I wasn't sure we would get off the ground.

Back in England, it was March 1944. In London, I was able to show Intelligence where the tanks were hidden in the forest. Some weeks after I had been flown back to the States, I saw in the newspaper that the 8th had made a raid that had to be the hidden tanks.

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THE B-17

By Lt. R. L. STERBA

483rd Bombardment Group



FACE TO FACE FINALLY -- Joe Walters, shot down on the Schweinfurt mission Aug. 17, 1943, holds a map to show Helper/Author Roger Anthoine the route he took to freedom. Joe was the subject of a unique photograph showing him and helpers only a few minutes after his landing in Belgium. The picture was used on page 212 of Roger's book, "Fortresses Sur L' Europe." The pair finally met in person during the Toronto reunion. The picture is to be displayed in the E&E exhibit at the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum.

*She's the darling of the Air Corps
And the sweetheart of her crew,
She's the finest goddam bomber
That flies up in the blue.*

*She's sometimes temperamental
And sometimes kind of slow,
But she's always sure to get you
Just where you want to go.*

*When you've got two engines feathered
And your wings are full of flack,
You know you needn't worry
Your ship will get you back.*

*I want no golden chariot
To ride the heaven's scene,
I'll go the way I know is safe
In a proud old Seventeen!*

The unacknowledged war

Scruffy Ravens had few allies in Laos

THE RAVENS: The Men Who Flew in America's Secret War in Laos, By Christopher Robbins
Re-printed from Kirkus Reviews

Official histories of the unacknowledged war waged by American forces in Laos during the 1960s and early 1970s remain classified. Robbins has nonetheless compiled a remarkably detailed and gripping log on the U.S. Air Force pilots who flew in defense of the small-landlocked nation that borders on China as well as Vietnam.

Known as Ravens, these officially nonexistent volunteers served six-month tours of duty in the so-called Steve Canyon Program. From remote outposts in Indochina's "other theater," they flew hair-raising, low-level missions in lumbering prop-driven spotter planes to

direct air strikes on North Vietnamese troops and supply columns moving south on the Ho Chi Minh trail or into Laos, whose neutrality had been guaranteed by the 1962 Geneva accords.

The scruffy Ravens had few allies (notably, agents of the CIA and warlord Vang Pao who commanded Stone-Age mountain tribesmen known as Meo), but many enemies--e.g., corrupt Laotian regulars loath to do battle, confining rules of engagement, and long odds against escaping either antircraft fire or "the golden BB," a random rifle round that proves fatal.

With assistance from surviving Ravens, Robbins offers an unsparing account of a dirty, clandestine conflict with precious little glory, albeit valor to spare. Without overstating the case, he celebrates the maverick esprit developed

by comrades in arms who soldiered on in the face of heavy losses and Catch-22 restrictions that cramped their freewheeling style.

Robbins also rebuts Henry Kissinger's version of how the decision to use B-52 bombers on the Plain of Jars was made and otherwise sets the record straight on why Laos was left to its bitter fate. The heart and soul of his narrative, however, are the Ravens--as brave and engaging a band of brothers as ever flew hostile skies.

A fine and fitting tribute to unsung heroes. The text has 24 pages of black-and-white photos and maps.

Copies of *The Ravens* may be ordered from: Edgar Allan Poe Literary Society, Inc., P.O. Box 866791, Plano, TX 75086-6791. Single copy price is US \$25.00 + \$3.50 S/H

Joe was hiding in the wheat field

From the Mail Tribune,
Medford, Ore., Sept. 4, 1994

By RUSSELL WORKING

It was harvest time in France when Joe Vukovich fell from the sky under a tattered silk parachute into a field of mown wheat.

The co-pilot of a downed B-17, he landed hard, breaking several toes, but he managed to run for a hedge--only to see some Frenchmen waving him off. *Germans this way.* Vukovich headed another direction.

Then as he ran through the stubble a French kid fell in beside him. The 20-year-old American airman--now a Medford resident--would later have a vague recollection of a teenager in dark clothes. The kid was guiding Vukovich to safety.

Without exchanging a word, they ran through the shocks--mounded wheat sheaves--familiar to Vukovich, a farm boy from Michigan. Abruptly the French kid stopped. He pulled back the sheaves and stuffed the airman into the center of a shock. Then he buried him and took off running again. He left the American to wait, with throbbing burns on his face, while German soldiers trod through through the stubble, searching for fallen airmen.

It was Aug. 13, 1944, when Vukovich was shot down over St. Cyr, France. He spent a month in hiding, aided by the French underground. Vukovich, now 70, recently returned to France, where French with long memories for their liberation from the Nazis feted him and two other members of his crew--Leonard Rogers of Faxon, Okla., and Jess Britton of Tyler, Texas.

"We were trying to thank them for saving our life and they were thanking us for liberating them," Vukovich said in an interview.

The French gave him bottles of brandy and a Gaullist medal and some scrap metal that someone had saved from his shattered B-17. They asked him for his autograph and made him an honorary citizen of their city.

And they introduced Vukovich to the French kid who led him to safety through the wheat fields.

Without exchanging a word, they ran through the shocks (mounded wheat sheaves), familiar to Vukovich, a farm boy from Michigan. Abruptly the French kid stopped. He pulled back the sheaves and stuffed the airman into the center of a shock. Then he buried him and took off running again. He left the American to wait, with throbbing burns on his face, while German soldiers trod through the stubble, searching for fallen airmen.

Vukovich recalls the mission in his home, decorated with World War II memorabilia gathered by his wife, Georgia: model airplanes, framed medals, old photos of himself and his fellow pilots. He sits at a kitchen table with placemats illustrated with old airplanes including the B17.

Vukovich was shot down on his first mission. He was so new, he didn't even have time to meet most of the 10-man crew before they took off.

The plane was bombing bridges on the Seine River north of Paris when German anti-aircraft fire tore apart the underbelly. The crew bailed out, though the pilot was apparently shot on the way down.

After hiding in the wheat, Vukovich waited till the French underground returned at about 5 p.m. At this time farmers came home from the field, so there was nothing suspect about three men bicycling together--unless you were close enough to see the burnt face of one of the men. Vukovich's underground "helper" was a Frenchman named Marcel Albinet.

The French hid him in a safe house and treated his burns by dousing his face with whiskey, he said. The house was next door to a home occupied by the Germans. And grateful villagers kept bringing in food for the American--a tomato, an apple, a cucumber. He asked to be moved before the traffic drew the Germans' attention.

The men were boarded in a village house 10 feet from the road where the German soldiers marched. But there was disorder in the Wehrmacht. The Allies

were sweeping forward, and they eventually liberated the town.

"You can't imagine the joy," Vukovich said. "Everyone hugged and kissed each other."

Vukovich has visited France in the past, meeting people such as Albinet, who is now 82. But it was only this summer, on the anniversary of his crash landing that he managed to communicate that he wanted to meet the kid in the wheat field.

Albinet looked surprised. "I was the guy running with you."

It turned out Albinet was not only the guy on the bicycle, but also the kid in the field. Except the "kid" had been 32 in 1944.

Apparently, Albinet was so short, Vukovich had mistaken him for a teen.

Airman magazine available on Internet

KELLY AFB, Texas -- *Airman*, the Air Force flagship magazine, recently became available to Internet surfers on the World Wide Web, according to Air Force News Agency officials here.

To check it out, surfers should point their Web browser to AirForceLINK: <http://www.dtic.dia.mil.airforcelink>

Airman is in the library section of the home page. Surfers can go directly to Airman magazine at <http://www.dtic.dia.airforcelink/pa/new/airman/cover.htm>

For more information, send e-mail to sysop@afnews.pa.af.mil

-- Air Force News Service

BOOKS

'Ciao, Francesco' available from author

In the Spring issue of the newsletter appeared an article by Francis X. Medina of Kansas City, Mo., "Eight months behind enemy lines."

Francis has compiled his experiences of evading in Italy into a 224-page 6x9 hardback book, "Ciao, Francesco."

First available at the Toronto reunion, the book may be purchased from the author for \$19.75, postage included. Send your request and check to: Francis X. Medina, 7125 Grand Ave., Kansas City, MO 64114-1426.

'Stolen Years' offers insight to the war

(Reviewed by Clayton David)

Just off the press is a new book, "STOLEN YEARS In My Little Corner of the World" by an accomplished writer, Maita Floyd.

Maita is Basque from the village of Saint-Jean-de-Luz, France, on the Atlantic coast near the Spanish border. She experienced having the Germans take over their family-owned hotel, the beach, and the life they had enjoyed. A brother became a member of the Resistance in the mountains and the entire family's life was changed.

"Stolen Years" offers an insight into the war, how it progressed, the price of occupation, and the steps toward victory. Maita does a wonderful job of writing about how the war stole her years as a joyful teenager, how her large family was forced to adjust, and what it meant to finally see the Americans in their village.

If you want clear understanding of why we Americans had to be there, the importance of family, and why freedom is worth the price, this easy-to-read book is a must for you and any young family.

Maita now lives in Arizona and the 245-page book, with one of her own paintings on the cover, may be ordered from her publishing company: Eskualdun Publishers Ltd., PO Box 50266, Phoenix, AZ 85076-0266; Phone 1-800-848-1192. Price is \$12.95 plus \$2 shipping, but if you identify yourself as an AFEES member, you'll get an autographed copy delivered for \$12.95.



THEY MET IN ST. LOOEY -- AFEES members attending the 8thAFHS reunion were rounded up for Scotty's camera. From left: Robert Starzynski, Ralph Patton and Joseph Warth. Both Ralph and Joe have served a term as president of the 8th AF Historical Society.

AF Chief learns about AFEES

Several AFEES members attended the 1995 reunion of the 8th Air Force Historical Society in St. Louis the second weekend of September. As usual, Scotty and Clayton were busy with the camera!

Gen. Ronald R. Fogleman, Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force, was featured speaker at the closing banquet on Saturday night. He appeared to be well informed on the WW2 accomplishments of the 8AF and the price that was paid in the number of men KIA and those who were MIA but evaded capture and returned to their unit.

He received a personal briefing from Scotty before he left the banquet hall and expressed appreciation for what he learned. At his request, Gen. Fogleman received a follow-up letter from Clayton which the general promptly acknowledged.

The general now is aware of the AF Escape & Evasion Society and of some of the efforts which have been made to have our successful returns to duty recognized. Perhaps we have recruited another believer!



THESE MEMBERS WERE THERE TOO -- From left: Richard M. Scott, Francis Heekin, Clinton Orean and Clayton David also were in attendance.

This time, he rode in a Mercedes

Sidney H. Willig of Staten Island, N.Y., was not able to attend the Toronto reunion, but has written a most interesting letter about his experiences after being downed in Holland in November 1944. He was listed in the Fall Communications as one of the evaders helped by Joke Folmer.

Sid writes:

We crash-landed in the Voorthuizen area, Barnveld, Niukerk. After nine days of hiding and traveling at night, four of us, Bob "Blackie" Blackburn, Harold "Bonny" Bonekat, Ray Haydl and I decided we would try for the Underground.

After being threatened with execution by two members of the Underground because they suspected me to be a German double agent; because I spoke the language fluently and was the spokesman; after a painful but moving experience convincing them otherwise, they took us to a large assembly barn where we were the sole Yanks among about 50 Brits.

There they exchanged our brown shoes for European black shoes and gave us heavy paratroop pants and a jacket to put over our summer flying fatigues

jumpsuits. Then they tried to get us hidden for short periods since they were moving men across the river on the "donkel mund" --the moonless nights.

The Hollander who headed that operation was Derek, of British parentage, whose family had served the same function in WWI and were permanently settled there by the British for generations--and who are probably still there and waiting for the next time.

He assured me the Germans were similarly prepared in the Low Countries, in France and in the British Isles with families for the same needs, as were the French, and impressed upon me that no matter how friendly or helpful a Hollander might be, that I should not disclose names and addresses of helpers.

At any rate, when he sent the four of us out on bicycles to our first hideout homes, they could only take us in pairs. Bonny and I, who had spent our lives in the plastic nose together, were one tandem and Blackie and Ray were the other. We learned immediately from our helper that Blackie had a bicycle mishap, had broken an arm and needed medical attention. We never saw him or Ray again, nor heard of them.

Bonny and I had many fantastic

adventures, but we had great helpers and since Bonny understood some German, and I quickly converted my fluency to Dutch, we had excellent communications with our helpers. The latter introduced me as their cousin from Vreisland, who didn't speak Hollands quite like the mainland Nederlanders. Our most memorable stays--for lengths of time and quality of association--were with three families.

In 1972 my wife Eleanor and I went back to Barnveld and met with one of those families. I then arranged for them to round up our other helpers and I gave a dinner for them in Amersfort in the inn where the Queen entertains when she is visiting locally. When the word of my dinner got around, 52 people showed up, including the domini who frequently played checkers with me on Sundays, and the barber from Utrecht who cut our hair. Everyone showed up. On this emotional occasion, we were shown notes placed in their family Bibles, of messages Bonny and I left for them at times. Children had been named for us and for the son that I had never seen at the time, but whose name I had given to them.

I'll conclude with one funny story about this Barnveld reunion.

Eleanor and I were in Amsterdam and I said I wanted to visit Barnveld. She said: "Why don't you call them and talk to them first?"

I said they were poor farm folk, they had no telephones, no modern conveniences. So, contrary to her advice, we got on a local train and went to Barnveld. There I went to the police station and speaking some English and some rusty Dutch, I spoke to the desk officer explaining my mission.

"Oh," he said. "Cornelius is my neighbor. I'll call him and I'm sure he'll come down here to fetch you." Whereupon he called.

Cornelius came down in a large, beautiful Mercedes. He took us to their new home which was a California style ranch house on the edge of the old farm I knew. And then he started calling people.

I was right about one thing. They wouldn't come to Amsterdam, but he told me about the inn and Amersfort and did all the communicating for me



VISITING TIME -- Leslie Atkinson, official AFEES representative in France, plays an important role in our relationships with Western Europe. For his efforts in helping to organize our society in 1964 and for his work since that time, he was declared the AFEES Man of the Past 30 years earlier this year. Leslie (at left) is shown visiting with Constance and Dr. Ernest Lindell of Moses Lake, Wash., at the Toronto reunion.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:

Start making your plans now for Savannah!

To AFEES Gentlemen and their Ladies:

We're arriving at that time of year when we honor the King of Peace. A time when gentle thoughts go out to family and friends, and we tend to think kindly of all others, or at least should try!

On behalf of the AFEES officers and board of directors, let me wish you and yours, the blessings of peace, happiness, good health and peace of mind. And may each of your coming days be enjoyed to the fullest as each one passes.

Our 1995 reunion with the RAFEES-Canadians went well and they were certainly a gracious, charming and friendly group and a pleasure to be with. Toronto has a lot to offer and most of us took advantage of it. Those who didn't or couldn't attend, we missed you.

For next year at Savannah, we will be making our own arrangements. We will be working with a smaller group and so more time will be allocated for socializing with our Helpers, our primary purpose.

Here are suggestions and matters which concern the entire membership and should be open to discussion:

* Possibly a general raffle to take place of the auction as a fund-raiser at our reunions.

* Discussion of adoption of a constitution and by-laws or a general statement covering rules of order so that the members fully understand our purpose for existence.

* The officers and four directors are up for election next year. Anyone who wishes to be considered for office, please make your desires known before Savannah, since nominations from the floor tend to get little response.

* The site and time of our 1997 reunion, need to be determined. If you and some locals want to host the affair, go for it and sound off now. All invitations will be considered.

Let your officers and directors know your thoughts; they mean a lot to the society.

Give the approaching holidays your full attention and strive to add joy and happiness to the lives of everyone. God bless you all; take care until we meet again!

JAMES J. GOEBEL JR.
AFEES President

WW2 pilot finally receives his DSC

SALT LAKE CITY (AFNS) -- A World War II pilot received the Distinguished Service Cross Oct. 21, more than 50 years after he led a bombing raid on a Third Reich oil refinery.

Retired Air Force Col. Walter Stewart received the award in ceremonies held at the University of Utah here.

Stewart, a farmer from Benjamin, Utah, and University of Utah Alumnus, was also recognized prior to the kickoff of the Utah-Air Force football game.

Stewart piloted "Utah Man," the B-24 lead plane in the Aug 1, 1943 raid on the Ploesti, Romania, oil refining complex.

All told, 310 U.S. airmen died that day, 185 were taken prisoner, 150 were wounded and 54 of the 176 bombers that lifted off never returned.



WELCOME TO AMERICA -- Paule and Maurice Costa of Six Fours, France, were among the Helpers at the Toronto reunion, their first time to visit the U.S. Maurice aided Russ Weyland (376BG/15AF) after his plane went down in August 1944 after bombing the submarine pens at Toulon. From left: Russ, an AFEES director who lives in McHenry, Ill., Paule and Maurice Costa, Francine Weyland and Lillian Brochet, also of Six Fours.

THE EDITOR HAS THE LAST WORD

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS -- Some fallout from the Toronto joint meeting of the Canadian branch of the Royal Air Force Escaping Society with our society:

There will be a lot of pleasant memories of the reunion; the weather was perfect for the time of year, the hotel accommodations were all that could be expected, and we "foreigners" were made to feel honestly welcomed!

AFEES members who were too busy or just couldn't work it into their schedule to attend missed an opportunity to share war-time experiences with comrades and partake of some fine fellowship with our Canadian friends.

The Helper fund-raising auction produced about \$2600 for the AFEES share of the proceeds. There has been some discussion about considering some alternative source of fund raising. After all, most of us in our age bracket don't get too enthusiastic about taking home "stuff."

Perhaps a raffle where all members could participate (not only those who attend the annual meeting) or perhaps an optional supplement to the annual dues. The bottom line is that we have an emotional and moral obligation to lend financial aid to Helpers if necessary. If you have some suggestions along this line, I'm sure that any of the directors would like to have your input.

Fred Platt, one of our Vietnam era members, paid \$45 for a parachute at the auction and also bought a navigational sextant for \$75. I assume that they both still work. Oh yes, Paul Kenney's wife bought a basket of black walnuts for \$20. He explained to me later that he didn't intend to crack them; he just wanted to

give them to a neighbor.

George Baker, chairman/CEO of Intrepid Productions of Santa Monica, Calif., spoke at the general membership meeting and reported on the progress of producing a documentary film on escape and evasion. One problem he encounters is that stories of a common experience don't always match. That is understandable -- remember how every gunner thought he had shot down every Luftwaffe plane on every mission? George is negotiating with the A&E cable network and hopes to report some progress soon.

It was reported at the meeting that our society now has 940 paid members, including 328 Life members. Our collective thanks go to Scotty David since she and Clayton have recruited most of those members.

Fifty-odd years ago, most of us were getting our war news from *Stars & Stripes*. Servicemen overseas never got much chance to read what the papers "back home" were saying.

Now there is a display circulating around the malls of the country that presents history at the time it was being made. At our Wichita Falls mall a few weeks ago, I had a chance to inspect a Veterans' Day display of 120 newspaper front pages of the World War II period. Interestingly, the stories of bombing raids focused on the number of German planes destroyed or damaged, tonnage of bombs delivered, but very little on Allied losses.

The newspaper pages are from the collection of Fred Crouter of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who has turned his hobby into a history lesson.

"You get a real feeling of history the

first day it was reported," Crouter says. He's right; see his display when it comes to your town if you want to see history as it was being made.

By now, some of you have seen the new James Bond movie, "GoldenEye," starring Pierce Brosnan, the latest 007. What you didn't know is that the stunt flying in the film was performed by my neighbor, Tom Danaher of Archer County, Texas.

Tom got into WW2 at the tail end as a Marine Corps pilot. Now he is a veteran movie stunt pilot with more than 20 credits to his name, including "Out of Africa," where he got to pal with Robert Redford.

The director of "GoldenEye" wanted to put Tom into a plane "more James Bondish" but he wound up at the controls of a Cessna 172. The flying sequences of the movie were filmed in Puerto Rico.

James L. Hardee of Atwater, Calif., sends along a note that would be of interest to any of you who had an association with Casper (Wyo.) AAFB in The War. The World War II Commemorative Association is seeking to locate personnel stationed at Casper and crews who trained there in B17s or B24s. If you were involved with Casper in the 1942-45 period, you are asked to contact Stan Lowe, 97 Primrose, Casper, WY 82604, president of the association.

JOKE DU JOUR:

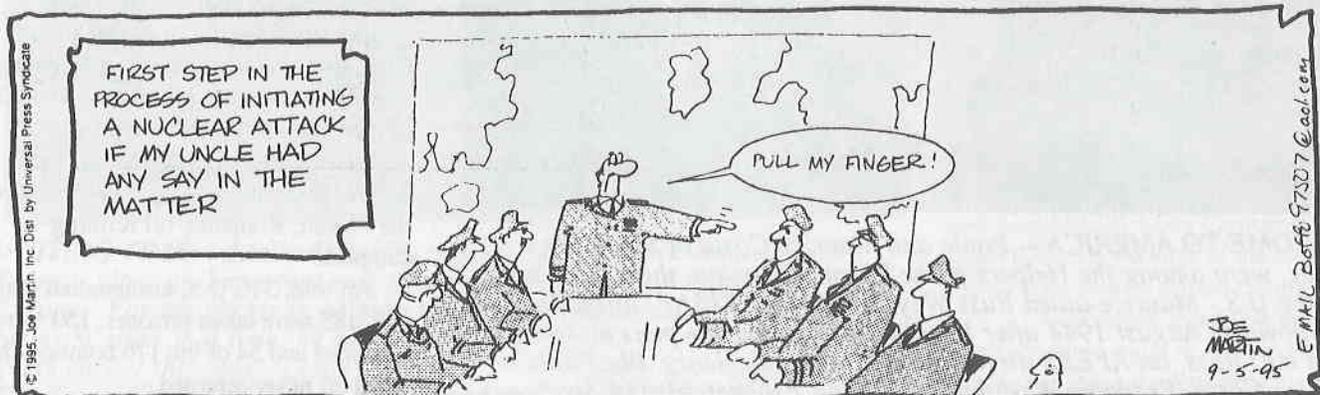
The psychiatrist waited until Dallas Cowboys Owner Jerry Jones got comfortable on the couch and then said, "Why don't you start at the beginning?" Then Jerry said, "Okay, in the beginning, I created the heavens and the earth . . ."

That's it for now. Have a Happy Holiday Season and a Healthy New Year!

-- LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

MR. BOFFO

By Joe Martin



We should bless Brother Irvin

Many of our members should put the Irvin Parachute Company in their will. After all, a functioning chute was the difference between sudden termination of life and survival way back then.

John A. Neal of Apt. 304, 502 - 58th Ave., S.W., Calgary, Alberta T2V OH6, Canada, received his membership card in the Caterpillar Club recently and it got him to thinking of how much the Irvin company means to our members.

Now he is considering writing a story about the Caterpillars and needs stories about experiences of members during bailout. He is not greatly concerned with evasion stories; just what happened from the time of attack until the impact with terra firma.

John has come up with an appropriate title. In the history of Leslie Irvin, there is mention of Flight Sgt. Brady of the Royal New Zealand AF, who, when he applied for club membership, said simply, "Bless you, Brother Irvin." You can't do better than that.

This is your chance to share your parachuting experience. Let John hear from you!

Jugs were shot at for Christmas

Christmas 1944 disappeared when the Germans mounted a massive assault through the Ardennes forest in Belgium and General George Patton called on God for fair weather and the P-47s of the Ninth Air Force. The Christmas presents for the 'Jug' pilots that year were to be "SHOT AT."

It was bitter cold, the pierced plank runways were covered with ice and snow. Clouds and instruments were routine. Again, the war was bigger than the men who had to fight it. They flew.

This year, Tangleaire Press presents the history of the 371st Fighter Group, from early November through December 1944. They were "SHOT AT." The euphoria of Patton's drive across France heralded an early end to the war, followed by the toughest battle of the war.

Order from Tangleaire Press, 2605 S. Hughes, Amarillo, TX 79109. The price is \$7.00, plus \$2.50 for P&H.

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