

Doug finds his Spanish angel

From the Bridgewater (Nova Scotia) Bulletin
August 7, 1996

By JOHN CUNNINGHAM

CHESTER, N.S. -- Doug Cox, a Royal Canadian Air Force navigator, felt he had a "guardian angel" when he was released from the Spanish prison where he was taken after escaping from Nazi occupied territory during the Second World War.

Now 53 years later, Doug thinks he may have found that "guardian angel."

Doug, who was smuggled out of German-occupied France and trudged through the Pyrennes Mountains into Spain, was picked up by Spanish border guards and put in jail in Pamploma. After three weeks in the jail and a nearby holding camp, he was suddenly released.

Recently, he learned that the father of Chester artist Jose Antonio Valverde may have played a role in setting him free.

Doug, a retired teacher living in Conquerall Mills, visited Pamploma prison this spring over half a century after he had been incarcerated there in May of 1943.

There was a protest going on at the prison and a number of Spanish journalists were present. On learning that Doug had been in the jail briefly during the war, one of the journalists interviewed him for a feature article.

When Doug finally got a copy of the paper, he needed to have it translated from Spanish into English. It was then that he called on Jose Antonio Valverde, a retired language professor whose career included an 18-year association with Acadia University.

When Jose learned that Doug had been incarcerated at Pamploma during the war, he said, "My dad probably had a hand in getting you out of prison."

When Doug was a 22-year-old air force sergeant, who had eluded the Gestapo for about three and a half months escaping from Nazi occupied Germany, Jose was the 13-year-old son of an honorary British Vice-Counsel in Spain.

His father Antonio Valverde was involved in liberating refugees of different nationalities that had escaped from France into Spain. "If they had been taken back, especially those of the Jewish faith, they would have been shot immediately," said Jose.

Spain was a so-called neutral country but under the leadership of president Francisco Franco

it wasn't always clear which side it favoured. Jose remembers seeing "Germans marching" in his home town of Zaragoza.

"Sometimes escapees were sent back to the Germans."

Antonio, an engineer and businessman, was given the title of honorary vice-counsel "to cover up his activities helping escapees," said Jose.

A Spanish national, he mixed freely with Spaniards and foreign nationals. "Father had charge of a whole structure," said Jose. "He had an organization of informants who gave information of any aircraft that came into the area or of refugees who had been taken prisoner by the Guardia Civil."

Fifty-three years later, in the living room of Jose's comfortable home in Chester, Doug and Jose exchange conversation and data about the war years.

Files and scrapbooks are spread out on the coffee table, and the two men are highly animated as they exchange information.

Jose brings out several letters of commendation that his father received for his work, including "letters of appreciation" from the British Consulate-General and the American Embassy. All speak in glowing terms of Antonio's role in "releasing from arrest" aviators and others who had escaped from France into Spain.

Jose, bearded, scholarly-looking, swarthy-complected man, brings out of his files yellowing copies of a series of five newspaper articles carried in 1976 in the Zaragoza newspaper *el noticiero*. The articles credit Jose's father with liberating over 500 refugees.

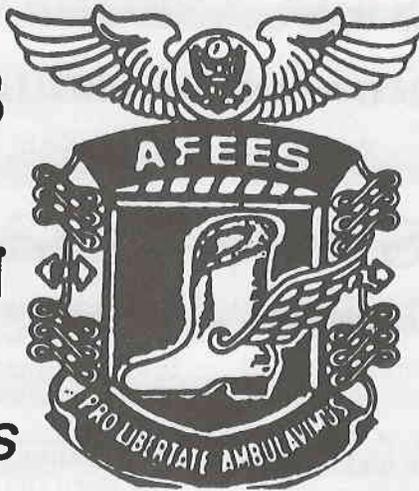
Jose recalls, "As a kid, I knew there was something going on. There was so much excitement. There was all sorts of strange things going on in the house. A lot of people came in cars and stayed sometimes two days in a room. Meals were provided but nobody could go near them.

"I was aware to the extent my father was involved in helping the Allied cause but my father could not tell me the special secrets of what was happening. It was only after the war I became aware of his important role in helping escapees and refugees."

Jose also learned his father had played a role in gathering intelligence about the German V-1 and V-2 rockets which were threatening Britain.

Antonio's role in the war was not always appreciated in Spain. After the war, he auto-exiled himself to England because his actions had made him unpopular with the Franco government.

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY Communications



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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 FULL MEMBERSHIP, OTHER CATEGORIES OF MEMBERSHIP ARE: HELPER, MEMBERS, AND FRIEND MEMBERS.

Are you interested in trip to dedication in UK next summer?

By RALPH PATTON

Members of the 8th Air Force Historical Society plan to attend the dedication of the American Air Museum at Duxford, U.K., in late July or early August, 1997. The exact date for the event has not been determined.

Are any AFEES members interested in joining the group?

Tentative plans are to attend the dedication at Duxford, spend a few days in Scotland and Ireland, cross the channel via the Chunnel, spend a few days in Paris, and possibly take a trip via the TGV train to Brittany.

An alternative would be to take a bus from London, via ferry to Caen and the invasion beaches, then on to Brittany for a day or two, then Paris.

Anyone interested in such a trip should contact me.

Intrepidus forms Advisory Board

SANTA MONICA, Calif., Nov. 19, 1996 -- Intrepidus today announced that the company has formed an Advisory Board to assist with the final research, development and production of their multi-part television documentary concerning evasion during World War II.

The board includes 10 members representing AFEES (Clayton and Scotty David, Ralph Patton, Richard Smith), RAFES (Elizabeth Harrison, Frank Dell and Brian Morgan), and RAFES, Canadian Branch (Gordon Stacey, Raymond Sherk and Raymond DePape).

Purpose of the board is to advise Intrepidus in the selection of stories for inclusion in the documentary and its companion book, provide a familiar conduit to members of each society and their all-important helpers, review the content of the book and documentary to guard against revisionism.

"I'm looking forward to calling on the board regularly to discuss our progress," said George Woods Baker, chairman/CEO of Intrepidus. "This is an important project for all of us, so I'll be depending on the board's input as we push toward a November 1997 completion date."

BOOK REVIEW:

A collection of personal air war stories

WASHINGTON, D.C. -- This is about your war: the stories of "fine young men in their 20s" in the U.S. 8th Air Force in World War II, who fought in the air war over Germany. The young soldiers--now mature men--tell in their own words what it was like to fly and service American aircraft. *The Best of War Stories* is a collection of personal stories told by former 8th Air Force members.

The battleground was near 30,000 feet in hostile skies of Germany. A few minutes without oxygen meant instant death. One story in the collection you are sure not to have heard describes the consequences of touching a delicate part of one's body against the cold metal of an aircraft.

American aircraft were B-17, B-24, and P-51 and P-38 fighters. German fighters, including the world's first jet, had the job of shooting down American aircraft. German Luftwaffe pilots were among the best in the war.

A tour was 25 missions. Some did not make it. About 25,000 were killed and many more were wounded; others bailed out of their crippled aircraft. If

they got to the ground safely some were killed by German civilians; nearly 30,000 spent the rest of the war in German prison camps.

The 8th Air Force was based in England, which to many GIs was a strange place: telephones were complicated, automobiles traveled on the wrong side of the road and the beer was warm--"Put it back in the horse," was a common comment. In the book, 13 stories describe experiences with the English. One flier, who crash landed his bomber near an English village tells what happened to him--they gave him tea.

The Best of War Stories contains 66 personal accounts selected from more than 500 war stories published in the National Capital Area Chapter, 8th Air Force Historical Society newsletter--*War Stories*. Included are:

* How toilet paper saved a bomber from exploding while awaiting takeoff.

* A crew brought a donkey from Africa to England.

* How American prisoners of war lived and survived..

* A bomber crew survived the "longest" trip--flying home to "England" without fighter escort.

* The day Churchill visited Bowington and the CO got sacked.

* A fighter pilot "belly-landed" and was killed on the ground by the Germans.

* Life in a German POW camp-- in one case prisoners and guards sang Christmas carols on Christmas Eve.

* One American flier--among the few in the war to do so--came back for a second tour.

* A champagne trip to France saved the officers' club from financial ruin.

* A Luftwaffe pilot tells how he heard the invasion of Europe was "on."

The book: 66 stories, poems and pictures in 168 pages including a priceless shot of wartime Piccadilly Circus--an excellent keepsake and gift to friends and grandchildren.

To order copies of the book for \$29.95, plus \$3 shipping and handling per copy, call 1-800-443-5903 or write John W. McCollum, Editor, *War Stories*, PO Box 5656, Washington, DC.

Marriott aims to please everyone

When you make your room reservation at the Marriott Hotel in Dayton, Ohio, for the AFEES reunion, keep these facts in mind:

1) The Marriott intends to meet the individual needs of everyone.

2) There is a limited number of special rooms for those who need such facilities. Be certain to make your hotel reservation early and indicate any special needs. Then check your confirmation to verify the type of room reserved for you.

3) The hotel will meet the need for wheel chairs if you are not bringing your own. However, if you need a wheel chair provided by the hotel, let them know of that need when you make your reservation.

4) If you wish to upgrade to a suite, be sure to make your reservation early. We may be the only large group in the hotel and we are special, but we will not be the only people there to enjoy the great hospitality.

5) A block of rooms has been reserved for AFEES. The cut-off date for those rooms is April 16, 1997. Any reservation received after the cutoff date will be accepted on space or rate availability basis.

Anxiety forced landing

By The Associated Press

LONDON -- A co-pilot on a passenger jet broke into a sweat and told the pilot he was afraid of heights, forcing the aircraft to make an emergency landing, according to an official report.

The Air Accident Investigation Branch reported Sept. 13, that the Maersk Airlines BAC 1-11 jet was flying from Birmingham, England, to Milan, Italy, on May 9 with 49 passengers aboard.

The co-pilot, who had been flying professionally since 1989, informed the pilot that he was "frightened of the altitude" as the aircraft passed over Moulins, France, the report said.

The co-pilot continued "to show symptoms of anxiety and stress" and refused oxygen, so the pilot chose to make an emergency landing in Lyon.

The co-pilot was suspended from duty, failed subsequent medical tests and has since left the airline.

Romance began at Toronto reunion

AFEES has many accomplishments; now add another: The role of Cupid.

Member Jack Kupsick and Shirley Erskine, the sister of RAFES (Canadian branch) member John Neal, met at the joint meeting of both organizations in 1995. One thing led to another and they were married last July.

Here is the way Jack tells the story:

On Feb. 8, 1944, I was shot down over northern France, enroute to bomb Frankfurt, Germany. In the later part of my seven months of hiding and recuperating from wounds, I was joined by two Canadian evaders. We were hidden in one room of a French farm house by a Belgian couple. The three of us were together until the region in the Chauncy area was liberated by U.S. troops on Sept. 2, 1944.

We three kept in touch for a few years, but then the years passed by. I was recalled to active duty during Korea and remained in service, retiring in 1970.

I went to my first AFEES reunion in Anaheim, Calif. What a co-incidence! Bob Lindsay and John Neal, the two Canadian members of RAFES were there and we had a very emotional reunion after 47 years of no contact.

When the RAFES/AFEES joint session in Toronto, Canada, was announced, I signed up to attend, knowing Lindsay and Neal would be there.

At the get acquainted reception, strange faces began to come into play. John Neal and I

were chatting and sipping drinks when two ladies approached and announced they were "crashing the party." At this point, Neal proceeded to make introductions. The second of the two he introduced as his sister. For 51 years I had been unaware he had a sister, let alone three.

Never before had I believed or even given "Love at First Sight" any credence or thought. As I took her hand in both of mine, I heard myself saying, "You and I are going to be married" and her story says I said, "Lady, you have stolen my heart!"

Shirley Erskine, a widow and well-known Eastern Canadian artist, is John Neal's youngest sister. During the limited time we had to talk, we did make plans to get better acquainted.

After mounting phone bills and some writing and exchange of visits between Ontario and Oregon and an AFEES Savannah trip, we set up a new home in Cottage Grove, Ore.

To bring this report up to date, we decided to elope to un-complicate problems and we were married in Eugene, Ore., on July 31, 1996. We will be living in Mississauga, Ontario, and Cottage Grove. Shirley has a studio in both locations and I will be struggling to write two books that I have in mind.

John Neal found a buddy; then gave away a sister

By JOHN A. NEAL, Calgary, Alberta
(Shirley Erskine's Brother)

Let me tell you about Jack, the latest addition to my family.

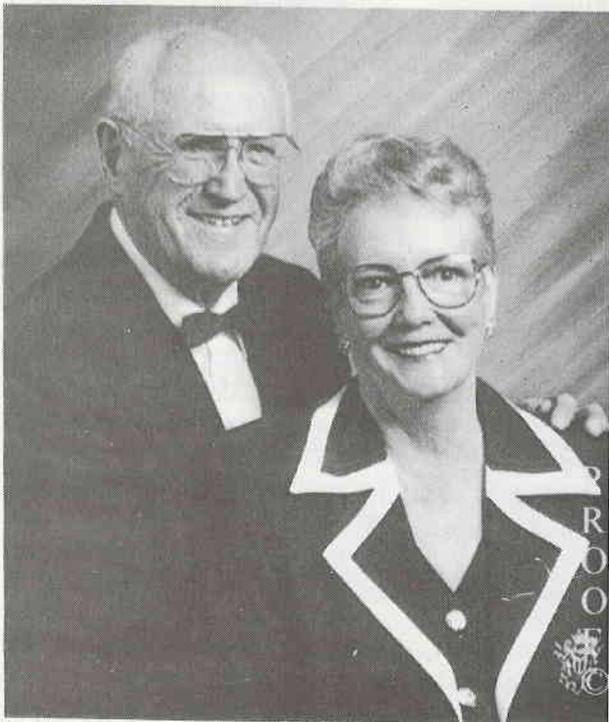
Jack and I were both flyboys. In February of 1944, he bailed out of an American B-17 and I bailed out of a British Halifax bomber shortly afterward. The French Resistance got us together, and for three long months we shared the same small room in a farm house.

As fellow evaders, Jack and I forged a wonderful relationship. Finally we were liberated, and everybody went their separate way.

For the next 45 years, I searched for Jack, without success. I visited Great Falls, Mont., the ancient home of this guy, but he had gone. I kept hoping I would bump into him, sooner or later. Then, in 1991 at an evader reunion in Irvine, Calif., there he was. Big as life, and twice as welcome!

What I didn't realize was that Jack still had other wars to fight. I couldn't find him because he was in Korea and Vietnam. But now he was retired, and living in Cottage Grove, Ore. Then, in September of 1995, we met again in Toronto, at a joint meeting of evaders from Canada and the U.S.A. I had my sister, Shirley, with me as guest. The minute I introduced the two of them, I was the odd man out!

They were married on July 31 of this year. After 45 years of trying to find him, now I can't get rid of the guy.



JACK KUPSICK & SHIRLEY ERSKINE
... Newlyweds

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Scotty's scrapbooks record the AFEES story

For many years, Scotty David has used photo albums and scrapbooks to compile a visual record of her family and their activities. Therefore, when evaders began to send copies of travel orders, newspaper articles, pictures and other material with applications for membership in AFEES, it was only natural that she thought in terms of a way to preserve them for viewing.

It was obvious that the books would need to be large enough to accommodate newspaper-sized clippings and that determined the 18x24-in. format she selected.

The first book, completed in 1989, had 100 pages and was displayed at the Pittsburgh reunion. Since then, she has used the 60-page size, completing number 2 and 3 in 1990, 4 and 5 in 1991, and number 6 in 1992. Numbers 7 and 8 were completed for the 1993 reunion in St. Louis, where all eight books were on display.

Book 9 was completed for the 1994 reunion in Fort Worth, No. 10 for Toronto in 1995 and No. 11 for Savannah in 1996.

Each book requires at least a month to select the material and put it together. A separate table of contents is also prepared.

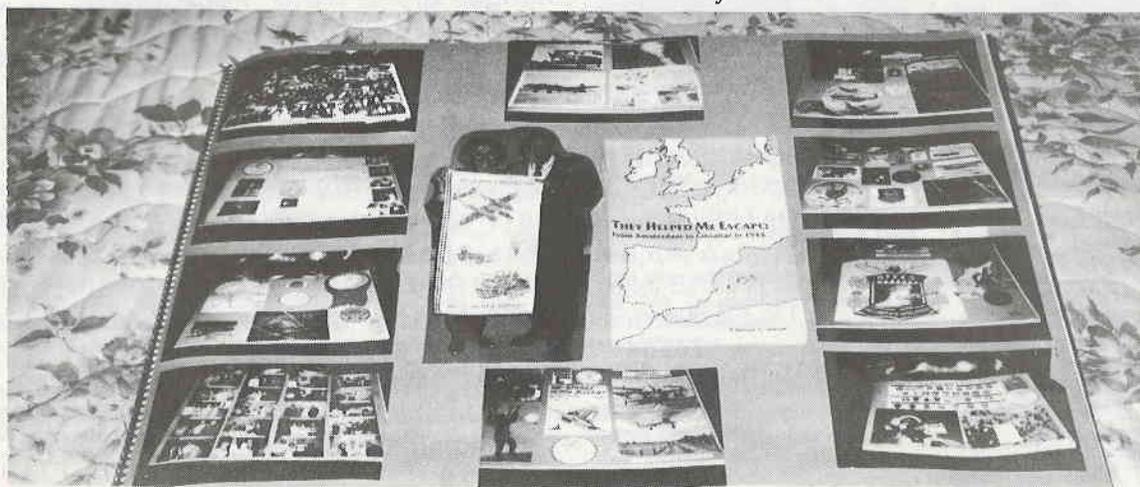
To date, the books with 700 total pages, contain stories or pictures of 470 evaders and 220 Helpers. This does not include many names that appear only on copies of travel orders.

Scotty began her search for potential AFEES members in 1984. The scrapbooks are visual testimony to the thousands of letters she has written and to the more than 2,000 men she has located.

Her scrapbooks are a unique representation of Escape & Evasion activities since 1942.

Many unpublished stories of several pages have been forwarded to the library at the new Heritage Museum in Savannah.

Scotty has not made a decision on the future depository for her scrapbooks, but in addition to the legacy of her efforts on behalf of AFEES, their historical value cannot be measured in monetary terms.



*A major force
in the world*

"For the past half-century, the United States Air Force has been a major force in the nation and the world, because as an institution we have focused on the priorities of the nation."

*Gen. Ronald R. Fogleman
Air Force Chief of Staff*

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Joseph DeLuca
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N. Bellmore, NY 11710-2859
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Charles A. Fisher
828 Cowan Avenue
Jeannette, Pa. 15644-1621
Ph.: 412-523-6362
#140, 8AF, 384BG

William C. Howell
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Goldsboro, N.C. 27530
Ph.: 919-735-4348
#328, 8AF, 381BG

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Grand Rapids, Mich. 49504-5063
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8AF, 379BG

James G. McMath
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Burleson, Tex. 76028
Ph.: 817-295-8333
#183, 8AF, 384BG

James L. Wagner
Route 3, Box 86
Miami, OK 74354-9530
Ph.: 918-542-4918
#141, 8AF, 384BG

NEW FRIENDS

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3080 8th Street
Boulder, CO 80304
Ph.: 303-449-3438

Carol S. Goldfeder
443 E. Fairview Street
Bethlehem, PA 18018
Ph.: 610-868-0813
(Daughter of Milton Goldfeder)

A farewell tribute to Jan Voges

Jan H.C. Voges, one of the most active workers in the Dutch Resistance, died May 18, 1996, at Nunspeet, Holland.

A Tribute by A. H. "Tonny" Gielens, President of "ESCAPE" -- Holland

The moment has come that we, together with his numerous friends, must say farewell to our great friend and honorary member of ESCAPE-- the society of assistants of pilots during the Second World War -- Jan Voges. We whole heartedly sympathize with you, Anneke, and your children, who so lovingly supported Jan and took care of him during the physically most difficult years of his life, as well as with his daughter Annet and her children.

When in 1987 Jan lost Trees, nobody could imagine that in 1989 he was to find a wife who could stand comparison with unforgettable Trees. Anneke, you could. From the many conversations I had with Jan it has become obvious to me that these final seven years with you he was completely happy. You were an excellent wife and support to him and for this we, Jan's friends, are sincerely grateful.

Jan was one of a small number who during the Second World War devoted themselves to the fighting of the usurper; who left nothing

undone to help those who were in need as a result of this tyranny: to cooperate in exterminating this injustice down to its very roots, and doing this he ended up with the pilots' assistance.

He was fully aware of the dangers of this work as a member. Well then, to become an honorary member of our Society one should have achieved quite a lot, and Jan has. We owe Jan very much. For many years Jan represented our Society in a number of places, and in the board we could benefit from his knowledge and concern.

Jan's final years were very difficult for him. He no longer could do what he liked and once again, in these hard times Anneke and her children were to him an enormous help. Hopefully his daughter Annet is aware of Jan's great love for her, and she and her children can be proud to call such a man their father and grandfather. However, this gives them the duty to follow his example.

It is with sadness in our hearts that we say farewell to a friend. It will be empty without him, but this fine man and excellent Dutchman will continue to live in our hearts.

Jan most certainly will now rest in peace, that peace for which too he has fought.

(Translated to English by Mr. Jhr. Anton W. Snoeck, Nunspeet

Updates to 1996 Directory

(Changes are in **Bold Face Type**)

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JOHANSSON, Hans C., Elmwood Park, IL **60707-4115**

MAHANES, Dr. R. Howard, Rustberg, VA Ph.: **804-821-2477**

MILLER, Robert M., **3011 Mary Lane, Escondido, CA 92025 Ph.: 619-741-5845**

SEAMANS, Allen E., **1610 Bunker Hill Rd., Pueblo, CO 81001-2008**

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Graceland Dr., Omaha, NE 68134 Ph.: 402-573-7287

YANKUS, Tom (L), **1382 Indian Oaks Blvd., Rockledge, FL 32955 Ph.: 407-633-4519**

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FOLDED WINGS

MEMBERS

- #2079 Frank A. Forsyth, Fort Worth, Tex., 356BG,
June 13, 1996
- # 523 T. Jack Glennan, Midland, Tex., 381BG
- #1119 John C. "Jack" Larkin, Flagstaff, Ariz., 362FG,
Feb. 4, 1996
- Joseph Navaroo, Rolling Meadows, Ill., 457BG
- #2265 David O. Snowden, Marietta, Ga., 315TCG,
October 1995
- 15AF Thayne L. Thomas, S. Weber, Utah, 2BG,
July 6, 1996
- 15AF Frederic Withington, Brunswick, Me., 465BG,
September 1993

HELPERS

- Mr. Orban Alloin, Gosselies, Belgium, July 8, 1996
- Mme. Aline Kerambrun, Penvenan, France,
August 1996

ALINE KERAMBRUN

Aline Kerambrun, wife of the legendary Francois Kerambrun, died Monday, August 12, 1996, at her home in Port Blanc in Brittany. She was 89.

During the war, Francois Kerambrun operated a garage in the town of Guingamp and therefore had a small truck and the gasoline to operate it. He was forced to do some work for the Germans during the day, but at night he was busy working for the Resistance.

Francois transported dozens of Allied airmen from Guingamp and surrounding towns to the "Maison D'Alphonse" and their rendezvous with MGB 503.

While Francois was driving Allied airmen through the back roads of northwestern Brittany, Aline Kerambrun was busy at home with her six small children, knowing full well that her husband would be shot immediately should his small truck ever be stopped.

La Résistance en Côtes-d'Armor perd un de ses piliers

25 June 1996

Job Mainguy, du réseau Shelburne

Joseph Mainguy, que ses amis appelaient Job, vient de décéder à l'âge de 92 ans. Avec cet homme de cœur disparaît un des piliers du réseau d'évacuation d'aviateurs et agents alliés Shelburne. Ses obsèques auront lieu mercredi 26 à 16 h en l'église de Binic, commune où il résidait depuis la fin de la guerre.

« Caché dans un creux à mi-falaise, Job Mainguy dirige le faisceau bleu de sa lampe-torche vers la mer. La petite corvette anglaise de la flottille 15 de Dar-mouth est fidèle au rendez-vous (...).

« Job répète en morse la lettre B. Pour « Bonaparte ». Tout va bien : la chaloupe surgit de la nuit, le bruit des avions étouffé par des chiffons. On prononce le double mot de passe (...). Dumais et un officier de l'Intelligence Service échangent quelques Informations à voix basse, de lourdes valises d'armes ou de matériel radio sont confiées au réseau, les « colis » (16 pilotes alliés) prennent la mer.

« Tandis que les résistants hissent les valises jusqu'en haut de la falaise, la corvette s'éloigne dans la nuit. Quelques heures plus tard, les aviateurs alliés fou-

lent le sol anglais, prêts à reprendre le combat.

« Les Plouhatins retournent, comme si de rien n'était, à leurs activités quotidiennes. Bientôt, d'autres aviateurs arriveront. »

La scène se passe en 1944. Nous en faisons le récit dans le numéro spécial « Libération des Côtes-du-Nord », paru en 1994. Entre janvier et août 1944, pour 138 aviateurs ou agents alliés, le chemin de la liberté était passé par le réseau Shelburne et par les rudes falaises de Plouha.

Notre devoir, c'est tout

Les sentiers qui descendaient ces falaises, Job Mainguy les connaissait bien. Il est né à Plouha : ils furent ceux de sa jeunesse. Il était officier de la Marine marchande à la compagnie Delmas-Vieljeux quand sont arrivées la guerre, la défaite, puis la Résistance.

Quand fut organisé le réseau Shelburne, il fallait déterminer le site le plus facile pour l'accostage des chaloupes. « Avec son ami Pierre Huet, disparu il y a quelques années, c'est lui qui fit le choix de l'anse Cochat (la plage Bonaparte) », rappelle l'historien briochin Roger Huguen qui a raconté l'épopée du réseau dans son livre « Par les nuits les plus longues ».



Job Mainguy a bien connu le commandant Birkin qui, côté mer, récupérait les aviateurs alliés évacués par le réseau Shelburne. Il était devenu un ami de l'actrice Jane, fille du commandant Birkin. Ils sont ici ensemble lors d'une cérémonie du souvenir à la plage Bonaparte. Au second plan son épouse. (Photo Alain LE RUDULIER)

« Responsable du secteur maritime, Job Mainguy avait la gestion des activités sur la plage : les feux de position, les signaux de reconnaissance », sur lesquels se guidaient les navires de la liberté venus de Grande-Bretagne : « Il s'en acquittait de main de maître. Les Anglais ne tarisaient pas d'éloges sur lui. » Son rôle majeur lui a valu la très prestigieuse OBE (Order British

empire), une distinction que les Britanniques ne remettent qu'exceptionnellement à des étrangers.

Finie la guerre, Job Mainguy a repris la mer. Cet homme de grande qualité, attachant, qui jamais n'a recherché les honneurs, disait simplement de lui-même et de ses amis de Shelburne :

« Nous faisons notre devoir, un point c'est tout. »

MORE SUPPORT IS NEEDED

E&E pledge reaches \$65,000

By **RALPH K. PATTON, AFEES Chairman**

AFEES members and friends have contributed the generous sum of \$65,000 to The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Ga. No AFEES funds have been donated to the museum out of consideration for members from other than 8th Air Force units.

With this significant amount of money, AFEES members have supported and encouraged the building of a museum dedicated to the history of the 8th Air Force. Our support has secured major recognition for our Helpers in an attention-getting Escape & Evasion exhibit in this high-quality museum. Members can take pride in our participation and support of the Heritage Museum. Our pledge of \$100,000 is second to none on a per membership basis. It is a greater amount than most 8th AF units have pledged.

While we can be proud of the E&E exhibit, we are pressing for a few changes to properly reflect our desire to honor our Helpers. We have been assured by museum executives that our concerns are being addressed and that we will have input on the final revisions soon.

We still are \$35,000 short of fulfilling our pledge. I believe that we can fulfill our pledge if those of you who can afford it will support this project. We do not intend to hound you for contributions, but we do hope that you will give this matter your serious consideration. Contributions are tax deductible.

We owe a place in history to our Helpers and I believe that the 8th AF Heritage Museum is the only viable place to properly honor the men and women who risked their lives for us during World War II.

If you agree, send your contribution to:

THE MIGHTY 8th HERITAGE MUSEUM
PO BOX 1992
SAVANNAH, GA 31402

(Make checks payable to The 8th AF Heritage Museum and be sure to specify "For The AFEES Pledge" on the check).

Uncle Walter sees Museum

SAVANNAH, Ga. - Veteran newsman Walter Cronkite, who covered the exploits of the Eighth Air Force during World War II, visited The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum for the first time in July and was impressed with what he saw.

"This museum is an important history lesson," said Cronkite, "and everyone should partake. It's a history lesson that is taught in the best possible fashion with a high interest intake."

Cronkite and his wife Betsy were in Savannah to take part in the 1996 Olympic Games yachting events. The Cronkites toured the Heritage Museum for almost two hours looking at exhibits, talking with other museum visitors, posing for photographs and signing autographs.

Cronkite said the Heritage Museum stirred in him memories "...of the heroism and the devotion of the men who flew our aircraft during World War II, particularly the Eighth Air Force with the B-24s and the B-17s during the war as a correspondent."

Museum records show that Cronkite flew several times with the Eighth including at least two missions with the 303rd Bomb Group, once on Feb. 26, 1943, to Wilhelmshaven, Germany, and another on D-Day, June 6, 1944, to Caen, France.

Cronkite especially enjoyed going through the Heritage Museum's Mission Experience Theater which recreates what it was like to fly a World War II bombing mission over Nazi Germany. "This museum has brought back so many memories particularly the reality of the mission experience (theater) raid. I'll tell you I almost wanted to bail out of my aircraft. It was exceedingly well done!"

Cronkite emphasized that the real importance of the Heritage Museum was not only in the Mission Experience Theater alone "...but it is in all of these displays that take you from the pre-war days of the Nazi aggression right on through to the defeat of the Third Reich and the Eighth Air Force's obvious major contribution to gaining the victory."

Heritage Museum Canteen is open

SAVANNAH, Ga. -- The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum restaurant, The Canteen, provides quality food service to museum visitors and quality catering for special events at the museum.

"We are very pleased to offer the services of The Canteen to all our museum visitors and to anybody who wants to just come by for lunch," said Sales Manager Jack Burton. "You don't have to buy an admission ticket for the museum in order to use The Canteen."

Bud Gerould is manager of the restaurant and catering at The Canteen and long-time Savannahian W. W. Thomas is head chef. Thomas is well known for his unique culinary talents with quality food and his specialty of creating soups.

The Canteen menu offers specialty items such as Savannah bisque, Savannah crab cake and fish and chips, a food so many Eighth Air Force veterans remember eating in England during World War II.



AIR FORCES

Escape & Evasion Society

Nov. 18, 1996

Dear AFEES Members and Friends:

In October, I returned from Vancouver, B.C., and the RAFES (Canadian) annual general meeting. Had a good time. They have formed a committee to help determine what should happen to their funds when the last man is gone or is unable to function. This is a concern of all veterans groups of our era.

Two Dutch ladies who were traveling in Canada were present. One, Mia Lelivelt, gave a short talk on what she considered these reunions to be all about. She recalled how happy the Dutch were to help evaders, then see the Allied food drops, and finally the liberating troops. Her talk was well received.

The Canadians seem to be long on protocol, so we had a receiving line and head table. They scored a coup in that they had the lieutenant governor of the province and his wife, as well as the acting mayor of the city, present.

I was asked to say a few words, which I did -- a few. I did not want a replay of the lengthy program our society endured in Toronto last year!

Joe and Georgia Vukovich of Medford, Ore., were among those attending. The RAFES seated about 100 for the Saturday night banquet. They have three places in mind for their 1997 meeting: Halifax, N.S., and Kingston and Brookville, Ont. From what I heard, I believe the choice will be Brookville.

George Baker and his crew, the television people who are working on a documentary about escapers and evaders, were there.

Now, about our Dayton reunion next May: The reunion this time is being handled by a professional group. In the past, we have reserved rooms for Helpers through our reunion committee. This time we need to let the reunion providers know how rooms will be needed for Helpers. PLEASE let us know if you plan to invite Helpers. We will contact leaders in France, Belgium and Holland to learn if they have Helpers they wish to send, and how many.

Any Helpers who make their own reservations should identify themselves as Helpers.

Plans are in the works for another AFEES raffle, to be conducted in connection with the reunion. Stay tuned!

You will be hearing and reading about a project called "Windows for Remy," which was described in an editorial page article Nov. 11 in the Wall Street Journal. More information about WFR in this issue of the newsletter. Also, I hope our members keep in mind our financial commitment to the Heritage Museum at Savannah. The goal is in sight; let's just do it!

Margaret and I are in California for the winter. You can contact me at 76543 Begonia Lane, Palm Desert, CA 92211, phone 619-345-2282; FAX 619-345-9908. Best wishes for the holidays!

RICHARD M. (Dick) SMITH
President

Ted has an answer for the Chinese

From the Otis AFB, Mass.

Notice

January 1995

By TED KAVENEY

East Falmouth, Mass.

After three months of stiff training on B-25 medium bombers, we left the States on Sept. 28, 1943, flying continuously until we hit our final destination where I'd hang my hat for the duration of hostilities.

Finally we reached Chabua, Assam, the stepping-off point for China and the 500-plus mile flight over the Himalayas (The Hump). We finally arrived in China where we flew under the able command of Gen. Claire Chennault and his famous Flying Tigers as crew members of beatup B-25s with the 14th Air Force.

We were stationed outside the city of Kweilin, to me the most beautiful area in all of China and soon began our missions. We were engaged in low-level missions, down on the deck most of time, skip bombing and coming back to strafe until the ammo ran out. Bombing land-based targets, sweeps over the South China Sea, and going after shipping up the Yangtze River kept us busy.

Completing my tour and set to head stateside, I volunteered for a last mission. We were shot down on Aug. 17, 1944, by Japanese anti-aircraft fire immediately after dropping our bombs over the city of KiuKiang on the Yangtze River. We were forced to bail out as the plane was in flames. I was the first, hesitating for a split second as I saw the right engine fall



Standing, from left: Interpreter Chen, Navigator Butler, Mayor Cheng, Bombardier Wade, Gunner Wheelock. Seated: Photographer Middlecamp, Gunner Kaveney, Engineer King, Co-Pilot Coombs.

completely from the nacelle, followed by the wheel and strut.

The area was heavily patrolled by enemy troops and we were about 500 miles from our base.

I was feeling the onslaught of malaria and yellow jaundice which added to my problems. I ended up with severe pain in my back due to a fouled emergency chute when I made a delayed jump to escape the erratic flight of our stricken bomber.

Observers on the ground estimated I

fell about 4,000 feet before the chute opened, making it necessary to carry me on bamboo litters for about 300 miles because of my injuries.

Occasionally, we'd get a ride on horseback and many times take a fast trip down the rivers on sampans that were waiting for us. This was all arranged by the guerrillas who were a constant source of wonder as they operated in a style that completely bewildered the Japanese, and us as well.

Chinese farmers first picked us up and passed us to a guerrilla band, one of many in the ensuing 28 days and the 300 miles covered. Traveling mostly at night as observation planes scoured the mountains by day, at times so low we felt we could reach up and touch them.

Using their fantastic warning system, the guerrillas contacted our base at Kweilin, and an old DC3 lumbered in to pick us up at an abandoned air strip at Kanchou. This so-called abandoned strip was teeming with activity as the Chinese were firing on one side and the enemy on the other, forcing the pilot to make two passes. We were thrown aboard and left

(Continued on next page)



Ted Kaveney shakes hands with one of the guerrillas who carried him up the mountain when the litter broke.



Ted Kaveney hangs the lady who saw him land and points to the spot.

TED KAVENEY IN CHINA (Continued)

the premises with dispatch or to lapse into the vernacular, "We got the hell out of there!"

Forty-four years passed before I wrote the Communist government of China on June 10, 1988, asking permission to return to find, if even only one of those brave souls to thank for saving my life.

After an investigation of my story, the Chinese welcomed me with open arms. My visa was to be extended for as long as I wished; I could go where I wanted and see whom I wished. The door was wide open.

On my last trip in 1991, a meeting had been arranged by the local governor with seven guerillas. I had a few items with me from the walkout. One was a fork made of brass. When I showed it, one of them said, "But where is the knife and spoon?" I said, "How did you know?" He replied, "My brother made them for you!"

Two days later I became ill and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs told my interpreter, Li Yiang, to take me to the hospital immediately. Li went to tell the doctors my problem, which turned out to be bronchitis. I thanked a man in Chinese who gave me a seat before I went into the examination room. A woman doctor spoke to me; she was in her 50s.

I told her I couldn't follow her dialect, so when Li came back, she went into the usual animated conversation with him. Li was elated as he told me her story. Her father was quite elderly now, but 47 years earlier he saw me come down in my chute. He worked his way through enemy lines at great risk, but when he reached the area, I was gone.

The man I sat beside jumped up when the doctor was through, and come to find out, he too had come my aid only to find me gone.

It was estimated in 1991 there were more than 1,000 people involved in my return to safety. So when people say to me, "Why do you go through this ordeal?" I tell them what the Chinese say to me when I try to thank them. They say, "But it was our duty." I feel that is my answer to these people: "But it is my duty."

These Chinese suffered loss of life, saw their villages burned to the ground, their livestock slaughtered, their fields decimated, and accepted the atrocities heaped upon them to save me. So, 10,000 miles from Cape Cod, a stop in Seoul, Korea, next stop Shanghai, more friends, in fact a Chinese family.

I would be remiss if I didn't speak of Tex Hill, one of Chennault's Flying Tigers who flew cover for us the day we were shot down. A prevailing westerly wind was blowing me along a road as I descended in my chute. Two truckloads of enemy troops were following me along the road, taking an occasional shot at me.

What I thought was a Zero coming up on my right was Hill. He racked everything back, almost standing his P-51 on it tail, gave me a salute, and proceeded to blow up both trucks below. He left nothing moving to ensure my safety, fleeing as it was.

The courage of Tex Hill made it possible for me to write this. He gave me those few extra minutes to hide my chute in a rice paddy. As it was, a Jap patrol came through the area soon afterward.

Boomers find a common link

Saturday, Aug. 24, was a beautiful day in Geneva, Ill., as Baby Boomers of the Bingham Way neighborhood set up for their semi-annual block party.

As Denise and Claudia put the finishing touches on their contributions to the gastronomic pot-pourri they struck up a conversation. Since Claudia and her husband Gary were leaving within a week for a tour of the western U.S., the conversation centered around vacations.

Denise commented that her husband, Jim, had been stationed in Germany with the Air Force and her father-in-law had been in France during World War II. Therefore, their travel interests seemed oriented toward Western Europe.

In response to Claudia's questions, Denise revealed that her father-in-law had been shot down in Western France and had lived with the French Underground for some considerable length of time during WW II. Claudia's eager response was, "My uncle had a similar experience; I wonder if they know each other?"

Claudia Barmore is the niece of Ralph Patton of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Denise Wilschke is the daughter-in-law of Jim Wilschke of Mt. Dora, Fla. Jim and Ralph have known each other for more than 15 years. Jim was shot down in Western France and spent the last seven months of 1943 evading capture and getting over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain.

Jim Wilschke was instrumental in arranging several successful receptions and ceremonies in Rennes, the provincial capital of Brittany, during the AFEEŠ tour of Western Europe which Ralph Patton led in 1985.

The coincidence of these two "Boomers" living in the same block on the same street, in the same town in Illinois is a small-world anecdote. In addition, their two families lived in Clarendon Hills, Ill., during the Boomers' childhoods.

—Ralph Patton

His luck just ran out at the border

By JOHN J. STAHL
Salisbury, N.H.

Our Belgian guide had disappeared. He was supposed to lead us nine American evadees to a priest in Blamont, France, who would arrange to spirit us into Switzerland. Instead, here we were, stranded in the tiny French town of Montbeliard on the Swiss border.

As our situation began to penetrate my confused mind I passed the word to my comrades to continue to disperse themselves and come back to the town square in three hours. I lost myself in a church, where I knelt and prayed first through a funeral mass and then, not long after, a wedding or nuptial mass. I prayed a great deal and thought a great deal more of our situation. Finally the stark facts of our circumstances came in clear focus.

Without a guide or point of contact, could we possibly make contact with the unknown priest? Blamont was still fifteen or twenty kilometers away. Could we safely ride a small local bus to Blamont without detection? It seemed terribly dangerous so close to the frontier. After all there were nine of us, only one of whom spoke French, and my French was only poor at best.

'Gotta Match?'

While walking in the center of the town, my tail gunner, John Engstrom, was accosted by a man who demanded, "Allumette. Allumette."

To which Engstrom blurted out, "Porquoi?"

The man looked at him as if he were crazy and walked off rapidly. And no wonder. He had asked for a light for his cigarette and Engstrom asked "Why?"!

We were close to Switzerland. I noted a road sign in town indicating 7 km to a town I knew to be in Switzerland. I decided then that we should approach the frontier on foot and attempt to cross during the night. The risks were obvious, but so were the risks of proceeding to Blamont. At the appointed time I walked around the town square and passed the word to the others to follow me out of town at the greatest of intervals. Just outside of town we passed a field in which there was some sort of German military camp. Although there

were a number of German soldiers in sight, our parade of Americans in civilian clothes singly and in pairs passed without arousing any curiosity.

Well out of town, I went off the dirt road into a wooded area and waited for the others. When we were all assembled for the first time since we had crossed into France from Belgium, I told them of our predicament and my decision. I suggested that anyone who wished was free to leave but recommended we all proceed. They agreed.

Tree Cutter

Then I heard the sound of an ax, someone cutting down a tree. I cautioned the others to wait quietly and walked on up the road. After a few hundred meters I saw a young man cutting down a tree. As I left the road and approached him, he stopped and watched me. I asked him if there were any Germans about, realizing that he knew immediately that I was not French. I asked if he liked the Germans and he scowled and spat. I then gambled all. I told him I was an American pilot, shot down a long way off, and that I was trying to reach Switzerland.

At first he was quite skeptical, but then I began speaking English. That convinced him I was not a German. He told me in French that he had just returned from Germany where he had been forced to work for "le Boche" for a year. I smiled, he smiled, and then I asked him for help. He said he would have to speak to his father and together we walked a short way to a typical woodsman's cottage.

His mother and father grew quite excited when they learned who I was, but it was nothing to their agitation when I told them a little later that I had eight others with me, waiting in the forest.

They emphatically declined to accompany us to the border, but they did describe it in detail. Very simply, we were to follow the road until it ended in a foot path. Beyond the wide path, a barbed wire fence crossed. There was no control point on the road, no legitimate crossing point, at least not just there. Beyond the barbed wire fence was a grassy field and then another barbed wire fence. They explained that the patrols changed at

midnight and that this was the best time to cross.

Our new-found friends gave me cheese and bread to take back to the others. I had eaten and shared a bottle of wine with them as we talked.

20 Minutes to Freedom

After I returned to my comrades, I explained our situation. We were within 20 minutes walk to the frontier. The night was pitch black, perfect for our purposes.

At about 11:30 we moved up the road and for the second time since leaving Belgium we heard the unmistakable sound of hobnail boots approaching from in front of us. Instinctively we dropped prone on the side of the road and I had time only to whisper "Heads down!" The boots passed, it seemed so close that I could have reached up and touched them. And then the sound receded behind us and we continued our way to the border. I passed the word for the men to string out, although we could not see each other beyond a meter or two.

In the dim starlight I could see the path intersecting the road we were on at right angles, and then I walked into the first fence. I spread the strands, crawled through, and started across the field. Only moments later I heard the fence behind me "twang" and I knew that someone had run into it too fast.

Somewhere not far off a dog began to bark and a machine gun clattered--but not close enough to cause great concern. Nevertheless I heard running footsteps behind me and I realized my comrades were all running and I soon was, too. We all seemed to arrive at the second fence together. There was much loud whispering as we scrambled into Switzerland. I called for the others to keep going for a few minutes and then called a halt. We counted noses and found one of our number was missing. We spread out a bit, calling his name softly, and by some miracle he heard us and we were reunited. We went on a bit further in a dense undergrowth and then decided to remain where we were and sleep until morning. We curled up on the ground for the night and slept fitfully until the first

(Continued on next page)

Army history accessible on Internet

From the Fort Worth (Tex.) Star-Telegram, July 9, 1996

By FRANK PERKINS

Retirees and others wishing to tap into the Army's long institutional memory are just a few computer key strokes away from happiness, according to an article in the April-June edition of *Army Echoes*, the Army's retiree newsletter.

The Army's Center for Military History has gone online on the Internet, putting 13 megabytes of downloadable information within the reach of a mouse's click.

HIS LUCK -- Continued

signs of light in the eastern sky.

I knew that if we continued southeast we would be going toward the heart of Switzerland. When we reached a road going north it had to take us to Basle where I was to contact the American Legation. When we continued I told the others to remain spread out on a path we had found and to follow me until we found a major road heading north. Our French friends of the night before had cautioned me that some of the Swiss Border patrol were sympathetic with the Germans and ought not to be trusted.

But my luck ran out. Although I proceeded due east by the sun, the frontier border does not run straight. After a short way, less than a half km, I emerged from the wood into the edge of a field. And there, not 10 meters from me, standing there watching me, were two German soldiers with rifles at the ready. My journey was over. I had blundered from Switzerland back into France. I found out later that I was taken into custody as a suspected smuggler.

I addressed the soldiers loudly in German to warn my comrades, who remained under cover. They were eventually detained by the Swiss police and interned in the neutral country for the duration.

John Stahl, a B-17 pilot, was a prisoner at Stalag Luft III. His story is reprinted from the KRIEGIE KLARION.

For those of you on the Internet, type in <http://www.army.mil/cmhpg> to access the new Web site.

The center describes its CMH homepage as being particularly suited to the historical needs and interests of the retiree community and a recent scan of its contents proves that point.

The page contains a fascinating after-action report on last year's terrible accident at Fort Bragg, N.C., in which 24 soldiers from 82nd Airborne were burned to death and scores more wounded when an F-16 fighter plane and a C-130 transport plane collided, sending 53,000 gallons of jet fuel over a battalion of 82nd Airborne troops, followed by a devastating fireball.

The well-written account points out individual heroes and shows the lessons learned from the disaster.

Another click of the mouse brought up the 3,400 Medal of Honor award citations issued since the Civil War, including two awarded posthumously for actions in Somalia. I did not know that Congress voted Medals of Honor to the French, Italian, British and Belgian unknown soldiers of World War I.

My favorite sections are CMH Publications Catalog, CMH Books on Line, CMH articles on Line and Research Tools.

Other interesting CMH sites that I plan to explore more fully include Monthly Special Features, Monthly Museum Displays and Links to Other

Websites.

The publications catalog tells you how you can order most of the center's publications from the Government Printing Office, including providing you with stock numbers for each publication, book and poster produced by the center.

In Books on Line, browsers can download CMH's new book on the Persian Gulf War, The Whirlwind War, and German Antiguerrilla Operations in the Balkans, 1941-44, published in support of the American peacekeeping mission in Bosnia.

This year and next, plans call for a series of monographs on the Korean War to appear. The site already has some excellent articles complete with notes and "lessons learned" on various tank, infantry, artillery and combined arms operations in Korea.

Remember that this Web site is the Army's history. Historical truth is the watchword here, so expect to get clear writing that shows not only the Army and its soldiers at their best, but with their warts as well.

In the research tool section, one of the most interesting finds is a master index of Army records and other aids to researchers in finding such records. This is a real bonus to folks who are looking for a soldier's records or unit history.

The primary repository for the Army's historical records is the National Archives and Records Administration, reachable on the Internet at <http://www.nara.gov>.

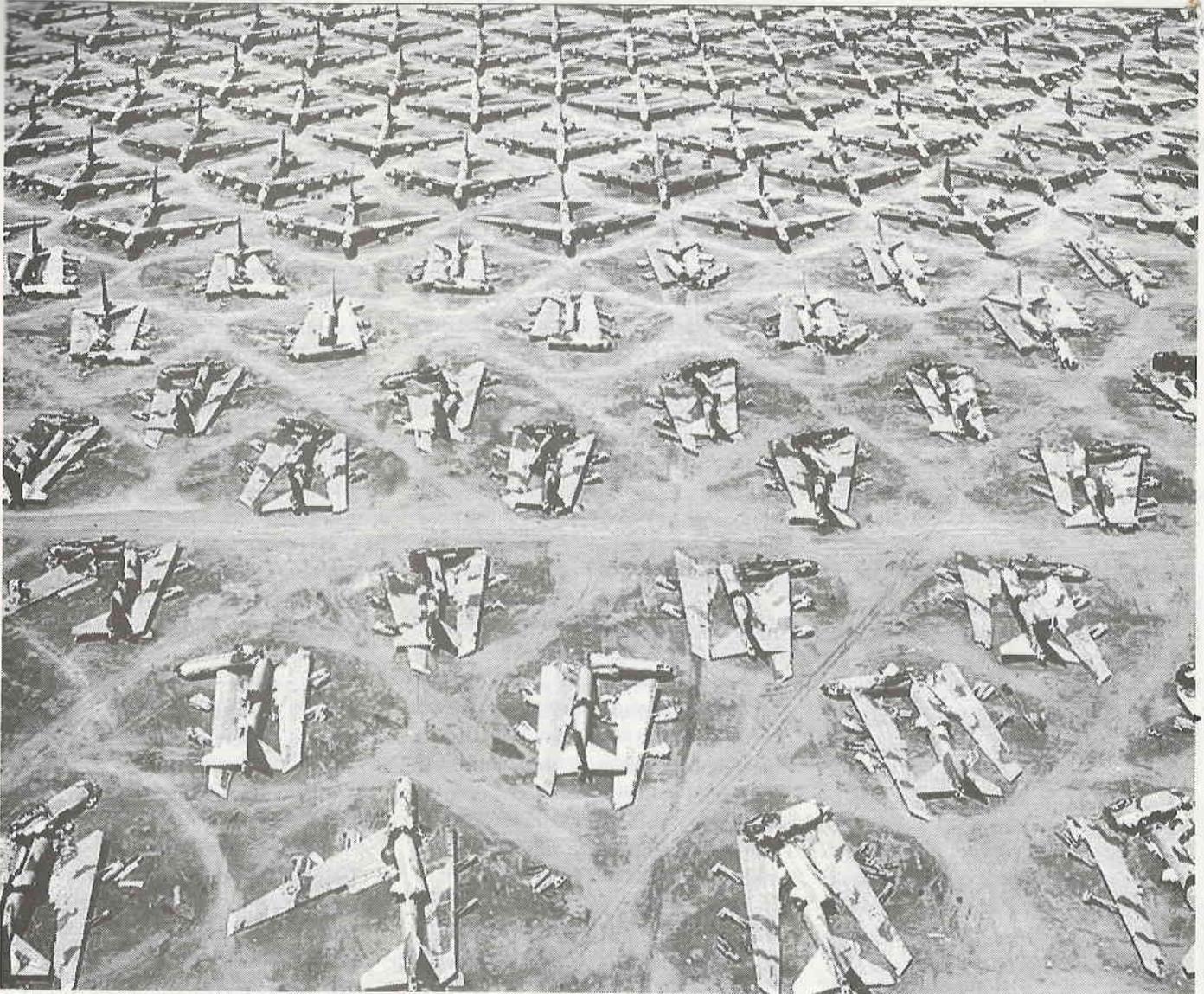


Ship Ahoy!

A minister didn't want to tell his prim and proper wife that he was speaking to the Rotary Club on the dangers of extra-marital sex. He told her he was speaking to the club about boating.

Later in the week, his wife met a Rotarian who said that her husband had given a wonderful speech.

"Really?" she replied. "He only tried it twice. The first time he threw up and the second time his hat blew off."



THE END -- B-52 bombers rest in pieces at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in Tucson, Ariz., in this August 1994 Associated Press

photo. The bombers are victims of an arms treaty that calls for both the United States and the former Soviet Union to reduce their arms.

AF Museum tells story of aviation

The United States Air Force Museum near Dayton, Ohio, is the oldest and largest military aviation museum in the world. The museum uses both chronological and subjective layouts to tell the exciting story of aviation development from the days of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk to the Space Age.

Exhibits include over 200 aircraft and missiles, plus family oriented and historically interesting aeronautical displays. More than 1.5 million visitors from around the world come to Ohio each year to tour this unique free attraction.

The U.S. Air Force Museum is open seven days a week from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., closed on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day and New Year's Day only.

The entrance to the museum is on Springfield

Pike at historic Wright Field, Wright-Patterson AFB, 6 miles northeast of Dayton.

All exhibits and displays are well identified to permit touring without guides. Photography is encouraged. Documentary films are shown free in Carney Auditorium on Saturday, Sunday and holidays.

A gift shop, bookstore, model shop and poster shop, operated by the Air Force Museum Foundation, sell aviation-oriented items with profits used to assist the AF Museum. Handicapped facilities include special parking, an elevator to the second floor, restroom facilities, lowered water fountains and a volume-controlled telephone. A visitors' center is operated by the Dayton/Montgomery County Convention and Visitors Bureau.

AIR FORCE ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY**DAYTON MARRIOTT****DAYTON, OHIO****MAY 9-12, 1997****FRIDAY, MAY 9**

- 8:00 Arrival and registration until 3pm.
 11:30 Board bus for lunch at Old Country Buffet.
 12:30 Reboard bus for a narrated tour of Dayton. Learn the history of Dayton from 1796 to the present as you drive through the Oregon District, the city's oldest suburb. View the Patterson Homestead, the Wright Brothers' Mansion, historic Woodland Cemetery, and Dayton's own National Cash Register offices.
 2:00 Stop at Carillon park, a 65 acre historical park with a unique collection of historical buildings and exhibits which tell the story of the development of Dayton and the Miami Valley. Among the Park's treasures are Wilbur and Orville Wright's first practical airplane, and antique Dayton-made automobiles.
 3:00 Reboard bus for the historic Packard Museum. Step back in time as you tour this original site of Dayton's Packard dealership. View the world's largest collection of "Packard only" automobiles in the actual showroom. This unique museum showcases "the world's finest motor car" from its beginnings in 1899 to its demise in 1956.
 4:00 Reboard to return to the hotel by 4:30pm.
\$31/Person includes bus, guide, lunch, and admission.

6:00 Welcome Dinner

SATURDAY, MAY 10

- 8:00 Breakfast Buffet
 8:00 Registration continues until 10am.
 10:30 Board bus for Wright-Patterson AFB and the USAF Museum.
 11:00 Arrive at the USAF Museum. This is the oldest and largest military aviation museum in the world. Exhibits, including approximately 200 aircraft and missiles, tell the exciting story of aviation development from the days of the Wright Brothers to the Space Age. You might want to take in the IMAX theater which features two film attractions daily. (Current admission is \$4.50 - Subject to change.)
 12:00 Lunch on your own in the cafeteria, second level.
 1:30 Early shuttle bus to return to the hotel by 2pm.
 2:30 Last shuttle departs for return to the hotel by 3pm.
 6:00 Cash Bar.
 7:00 Buffet Dinner.

SUNDAY, MAY 11

- 9:00 General Business Meeting.
 Free day to explore Dayton on your own or visit with friends.
 5:30 Cash Bar.
 6:30 Banquet.

MONDAY, MAY 12

- 8:00 Breakfast Buffet.
 10:00 Memorial Service.

Farewells and departures.

Driver and guide gratuities are not included in the tour prices.

Listed below are all registration, tour, and meal costs for the reunion. Please enter how many people will be participating in each event and total the amount. Send that amount **payable to ARMED FORCES REUNIONS** in the form of check or money order (no credit cards or phone reservations accepted). All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before April 9, 1997. After that date, reservations will be accepted on a space-available basis.

Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.
P.O. Box 11327
Norfolk, VA 23517
ATTN: AFEES

CUT-OFF DATE IS APRIL 9, 1997

	PRICE PER	x	NO. OF PEOPLE	=	AMOUNT
Reunion Package includes registration fee, Friday Welcome Dinner, Saturday Breakfast, Saturday Museum tour, Saturday BBQ, Sunday Banquet, and Monday Breakfast. Please indicate your Sunday Banquet Choice:					
Sliced New York Sirloin	\$165	x	_____	=	_____
Grilled Salmon	\$165	x	_____	=	_____
Friday City Tour	\$31	x	_____	=	_____

TOTAL AMOUNT PAYABLE TO ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. _____

PLEASE PRINT

NAME (for nametags) _____

SPOUSE AND GUEST NAMES _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY, ST, ZIP _____ PH. NUMBER (____) _____

SPECIAL LIMITATIONS? _____

EMERGENCY CONTACT _____ PH. NUMBER (____) _____

ARRIVAL DATE _____ DEPARTURE DATE _____

ARE YOU STAYING AT THE HOTEL? YES _____ NO _____

ARE YOU FLYING? _____ DRIVING? _____ RV? _____

FULL REFUNDS WILL BE SENT FOR THE ABOVE MENTIONED ACTIVITIES IF CANCELLATION IS RECEIVED BY MAY 5, 1997. AFTER THAT DATE, REFUND AMOUNT WILL DEPEND ON VENDOR POLICIES. PLEASE CALL 757-625-6401 (9 a.m. - 5 p.m. EST). YOUR CANCELLED CHECK WILL SERVE AS YOUR TOUR CONFIRMATION.

DAYTON **Marriott**

1414 S. PATTERSON BLVD.
DAYTON, OHIO 45409-2199

The Dayton Marriott is pleased you have chosen us for your upcoming visit.
Our staff looks forward to serving you.

In making your reservation, we request that you either:

1) Enclose a check or money order covering the first night's stay;

OR

2) Send us the entire number of one of the following credit cards:
AMERICAN EXPRESS, DINERS CLUB, VISA, MASTER CARD, CARTE BLANCHE
or DISCOVER CARD. Don't forget the expiration date and your signature.

OR

3) Call the Dayton Marriott Hotel at 513-223-1000, ask for Reservations Dept.

The Dayton Marriott regrets that it cannot hold your reservation after 6:00 p.m. on the day of arrival without one of the above.

Deposits will be refunded only if cancellation notification is given by 6:00 p.m. on arrival date.

Group rates are available only during the dates listed below. Early arrivals and/or late departures will be confirmed by our prevailing corporate rate, subject to availability. All rooms are subject to hotel sales tax, currently at 12.5%.

Check-in time is 3:00 p.m. Check-out time is 12:00 noon

GROUP RATE AVAILABLE UNTIL APRIL 16, 1997

Please reserve _____ No. of Rooms for _____ People

Name (print) _____

Name (share with) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ zip _____

Daytime Phone (____) _____

For arrival on _____ Depart on _____

Estimated time of arrival _____

**AIR FORCES E&E SOCIETY
May 8 - May 12, 1997**

TYPE OF ROOM REQUESTED:

1 King Bed \$72.00

2 Double Beds \$72.00

NO PREFERENCE

Smoking Non-smoking

Please indicate below the method of payment which will be used at checkout.

- Check or money order enclosed Carte Blanche Visa
- American Express Discover Card Diners Club
- Master Card (Please include interbank # directly below card #).

Credit Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Reservations requested after April 16, 1997, are subject to room availability and rate availability.

DAYTON MARRIOTT

DAYTON, OHIO

(937) 223-1000

1997

HOTEL LOCATION

The Dayton Marriott located at 1414 S. Patterson Boulevard offers the peace and comfort of a suburban setting minutes from the aviation capital of America. The hotel is located adjacent to the NCR World Headquarters, close to General Motors, the Wright Patterson Air Force Base, US Air Force Museum, the University of Dayton, Dayton Museum of Natural History, King's Island Amusement Park (40 minutes away), and the downtown business district.

Directions:

-From the Dayton International Airport (approximately 20 minutes), head east on I-70 for two miles to I-75 to Exit 51 (Edwin Moses Blvd.). Turn left at the traffic light and pass the University of Dayton Arena. Turn right onto Stewart Street and cross the bridge. Turn right onto S. Patterson Blvd. and the hotel will be on the left.

-Driving south or north on I-75, take Exit 51, heading east and follow as above to the hotel.

HOTEL EXTRAS

The Dayton Marriott offers 399 deluxe guest rooms with individual climate control, two telephones, AM/FM radio, smoke detector and sprinklers. Color TV with free HBO, ESPN, TBS, CNN Headline News, and the Disney Channel is provided in each room. Most guest rooms are supplied with hair dryers and all rooms have an iron/ironing board. Plan to spend some time in the hotel's indoor/outdoor pool, whirlpool, and fitness center. Complimentary bicycles are available to tour the scenic bike and jogging trail located across from the hotel. Complimentary parking is ample in the hotel's outside parking lot. *USA Today* is complimentary for guests Monday through Friday. Also, the hotel's gift shop is convenient for those forgotten small items.

Non-smoking and handicapped accessible rooms are available upon request. Please request these special accommodations when making your reservation. Check in time is 3pm and check out is noon.

Complimentary coffee and tea are available mornings in the hotel lobby. Parmizanno's Caffe serves fine Italian cuisine and American favorites and is open for breakfast, lunch, dinner and Sunday brunch. Hours are 6:30am-2pm/5-11pm weekdays; 7am-2pm/5-11pm weekends. Gambits Bar and Grill has dancing, great food and fun nightly. Room service is available 5am-12pm.

AIRPORT SHUTTLE

Regularly scheduled commercial limousine service to and from the Dayton International Airport is available. Southern Hills Transport will provide airport shuttle service for \$15 per person or \$20 one way. You should call in advance of your trip to make a reservation - 1 (800) 375-8912.

NEARBY RV PARK

Huber RV and Mobile Home Park, 4311 E. Kittridge Road, Dayton, OH 45424, is 20 minutes from the hotel. Call 513-233-8822 for information and directions to the park. This is a Good Sampark located very close to the US Air Force Museum.

American Air Museum honors those who served in England

By COLETTE BYATT
American Air Museum Campaign Secretary
Cambridge CB2 4QR

The American Air Museum will be part of The Imperial War Museum, Duxford, which has the biggest collection of U.S. combat aircraft outside the U.S.A. Duxford is a former RAF station and USAAF base; the airfield was home to the 78th Fighter Group from 1943-1945.

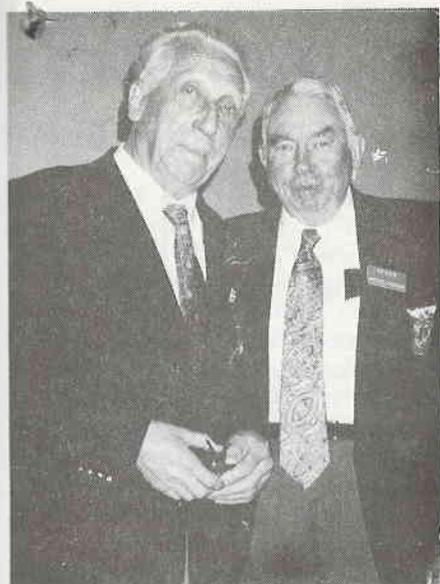
Today, there are over 180 aircraft on display as well as a special exhibition building, "The Land Warfare Hall," which houses most of our vehicles and tanks.

Duxford is a world centre for aircraft restoration. A large number of aircraft on display here are in flying condition and we have regular displays during the summer.

The American Air Museum in Britain will be a tribute to the 500,000 U.S. airmen who served from British bases during the Second World War, and a memorial to the 30,000 of them who gave their lives. The museum also will cover the role of U.S. airpower in subsequent conflicts, coming right up to date with aircraft and exhibits from the Gulf War. We have 60,000 U.S. founding members, who regularly support the fund-raising campaign.

The museum has been under construction for a year, and the main structure is now virtually complete. Most of the aircraft to be displayed are now inside, though much work remains to be done both on the building and the exhibits.

The museum is interested in a library of escape and evader material, pamphlets and books.



PARLEY -- Leslie Atkinson, our representative in France, visited at Savannah with one of the men he helped in WW2, Peter Hogan of Springfield, Mass.

Many numbers are changing

By CLAYTON DAVID

In the past year we've had the area code changed on our phone number to 573-221-0441, and now the post office has changed the last four numbers of our Zip code to 63401-6539.

Introduction of 911 as an emergency number has also caused many people to get a new address without moving. The telephone companies have added new area codes to make room for more FAX numbers, etc.

To hold down our mailing cost on newsletters, it is increasingly important that we have your correct mailing address and the complete nine-digit Zip code. If your address or phone number has changed so we may not be current on our records, please let us know. (Clayton and Scotty David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539. Ph. 573-221-0441.)

Remember -- The post office does not forward, or hold your newsletter if you are away when it arrives. We are then charged for the notice that you are "temporarily away" or have moved.

It's time for a dues checkup

AFEES operates on a calendar-year basis; regular dues are \$20 a year. Life Memberships still are only \$100 a year; it is an easy way to take care of your dues and not have to bother with them every year.

In addition, the plastic membership card is a durable reminder that "We Will Never Forget."

Dues for 1997 should be paid before Feb. 1, 1997. If your membership card does not show "Paid to 1998," you owe at least one year's dues. Payment of a Life Membership will also take care of any back dues.

Clip and return to Clayton C. David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539; Phone 573-221-0441, along with your check or money order payable to AFEES.

NAME _____ Amt. Paid _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

ZIP _____ PHONE _____

'Wall of Valor' to honor men of the 8th AF

By JUDGE BEN SMITH, 303 BG Waycross, Ga.

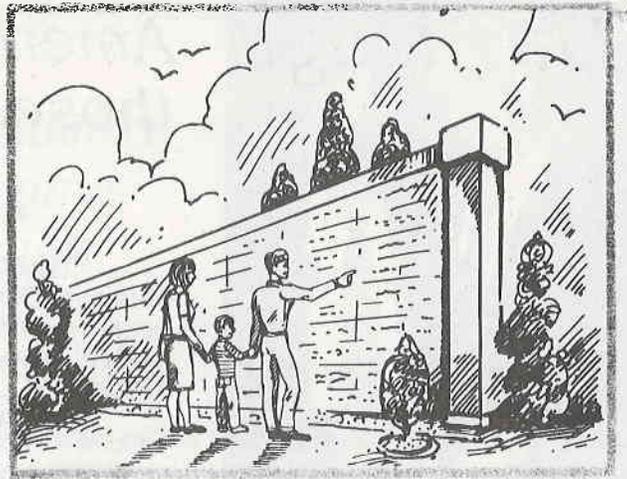
Chairman, Memorial Gardens Committee

Last May, the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum opened in Savannah, Ga. It is a home worthy of those who proudly served in the famous military organization. Here, an era of courage will be celebrated and relived.

There is a way you can share in the building of this magnificent memorial. As part of your museum we are building a sanctuary called the Memorial Gardens. A place to pray -- a place to reflect -- a place to pay tribute to those we loved and lost.

In the gardens will be the "Wall of Valor," much like the impressive memorial wall in the American Cemetery at Cambridge, England. To enhance the serene setting, a long reflecting pool will traverse the center of the gardens alongside the memorial wall. The wall will be an ongoing effort and will continue to expand throughout the gardens.

Each Eighth Air Force veteran may make a donation to the Memorial Gardens. For a minimum donation of \$100, his gift will be recognized on the Wall of Valor. His name, with rank and unit number, will be incised on a handsome stone tablet by a master stone carver.



These panels will be 4x12 inches. The names will be installed on the wall in the order gifts are received. No matter what the rank or service of the 8AF veteran, he will be accorded equal status on the wall. Those making donations may in like manner honor bomber crews, fighter pilots and crews, ground crews, or service units.

The wall will be in numbered sections with a master directory for easy identification of your own memorial.

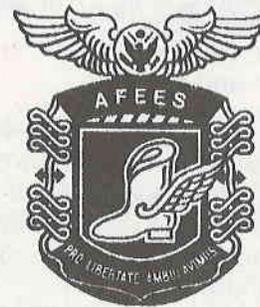
A memorial committee is on staff to help you with your choice of memorials. They are also available to aid 8AF veterans who want to be a part of the memorial wall but sincerely feel they cannot make a donation.

If you make a donation of \$100, your gift recognition memorial will include 24 letters which will suffice for most inscriptions. If additional space is needed for your inscription, add at least \$1 per letter to your gift.

Call 1-800-544-8878 or 912-283-9966 to place orders by phone or for further information.

Last May, the AFEES board of directors authorized installation of a 24x24-inch black granite plaque in the Memorial Gardens of The Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah. Here is the inscription on the plaque installed in the garden on November 11.

IN MEMORY OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE RESISTANCE WHO RISKED THEIR LIVES TO COME TO THE AID OF ALLIED AIRMEN 1942-45



WE WILL NEVER FORGET AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

The hedgerow stopped Bud's chute

From the Bourne (Mass.) Courier, April 11, 1996

By A. C. NELSON

Thank God the French were quicker than the Germans on June 30, 1944.

His P-38 twin-engine fighter shot down in the Fretval Forest along the Loire River Valley, Warren "Bud" Loring was lucky to even get enough altitude to properly open his parachute.

Mr. Loring was strafing enemy aircraft and buildings when anti-aircraft struck his plane's right engine. Quickly shutting the engine off, Mr. Loring used the remaining power in the left engine and turning the right one back on for seconds at a time,

Some stories from those who were at Savannah

From the Savannah (Ga.) Morning News, Tuesday, May 14, 1996

One mistake was noted soon after the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum opened its doors.

Quentin Hargrove of Texarkana, Texas, a maintenance crewman on a B-17, spotted the picture of Sgt. Archibald Mathies, who was killed in action and has the public airfield at San Angelo, Texas, named for him. His picture is over the bio of 1st. Lt. Jack Warren Mathis.

But Hargrove was impressed with the museum.

"It's a great thing for the city," he said. "Officials here should be commended for helping to get this thing off the ground. It was a gamble, but at least they were not going to lose their lives like a lot of our buddies did."

■■■

The 8th Air Force Heritage Center was accepting memorabilia from veterans who brought in a variety of things.

But, perhaps the most unusual item was a pair of U.S. Army green World War II underwear.

The artifacts were being accepted by Phyllis DuBois, who is in charge of the Second Air Force library in Norwich, England.

■■■

Whew!

That was the reaction of Alma Proffitt of Atlanta after walking out of the real-life mission theater. She and her father, Mell Pelot, and mother, Marguerite Pelot, also of Atlanta, were left limp.

"You get that 'I'm glad I made it back' feeling. It was awesome," Proffitt said.

The exhibit was built to give the viewer the feeling of making an actual mission. And it worked.

"You could feel the wind rush in when they opened the bomb bay doors," she said.

Both her parents called the experience life like.

"So dramatic," Mell Pelot said.

gained enough altitude to make the parachute effective.

"For a little while I thought I would be able to fly the thing. But then the right wing fell off, and then the tail fell off, and I said, 'You're a good pilot, Bud, but you're not this good,'" said Mr. Loring, 72, at a World War II Remembrance Workshop being conducted Friday mornings at the Bourne Memorial Building in Buzzards Bay for the next six weeks.

Mr. Loring shared his story with about a dozen persons at one of the three earlier meetings, which all take place from 10 to 11:30 a.m. The public, especially people who lived through World War II, are invited. All who have experiences, even ones from the home front, are asked to share.

At 10,000 feet, Mr. Loring bailed out. When he hit the ground he forgot to carry out his training and quickly pull in the parachute.

The chute, filled with air, "dragged me from one end of the field to the other. If it wasn't for that hedgerow, I'd still be going," he said.

As Mr. Loring tells it, the French saved his life. Immediately after the hedgerow stopped him, members of the French underground were positioned to scurry him into the forest. His protectors narrowly snatched him from German imprisonment, or worse, but also over the course of the next few weeks nursed him to recovery. His plane having caught fire, Mr. Loring received burns on his arms, face and upper body.

When Mr. Loring got his strength back, he was given a new identity as a "deaf mute French farm boy," just like the other 3,000 Allied fighter pilots shot down trying to liberate France.

Eight weeks after the P-38 dropped to the earth, Mr. Loring joined a group of "deaf mutes" on a march north to meet General Patton's advancing Third Army Corps.

Mr. Loring, who grew up and still lives in Monument Beach, said he often thinks of the French. He writes to them, and from time to time he goes back just to say "thanks" one more time.

He'll forever be grateful to the people of Nevers, who risked their lives and took him into their home. In 1954 his first visit back, he didn't even know any of their names, but in a village gathering spot he asked around.

A beautiful farm girl about 20 heard his tale and didn't think too much of it until he mentioned that he had given this family all of the English coins in his pocket as a token.

The girl broke from the room--she soon returned with coins in both hands.

"As she held them out, there were tears on the coins," said Mr. Loring. He has never seen Suzanne Paillard since, but he will never forget her.

"We have a love affair with the French people," he said.

Bud Loring is Recording Secretary of AFEES

Life with the Maquis de Revin

By VIRGIL R. MARCO
Dallas, Texas

Monday, April 24, 1944, was another day in the air war over Europe. An armada of 750 bombers had been sent by the 8th Air Force to attack targets near Munich. A new B-17 crew found themselves engaged in their first air battle near the target.

Twenty or thirty ME 109s flew through their formation, guns blazing. Planes began falling from the sky. Many parachutes could be seen opening. The new crew escaped the attack with one engine knocked out. Now without enough power to keep up with the rest of the group, they continued over the target, dropped their bombs, falling farther behind their squadron.

This new crew had just arrived from the States in March and was assigned as a replacement crew to the 305th Bomb Group, 366th Squadron, around the first of April. For two crew members this was their first mission. For the rest of the crew it was their third and fourth mission.

The crew was commanded and piloted by Capt. J. W. (Bill) Lincoln. Bill Lincoln had served with the Fifth Armored Division prior to Aviation Cadet training, commanding tanks in the Mojave Desert. Bill preferred planes to tanks and became a heavy bomber pilot.

Flying at low altitude the bomber became easy prey for the Luftwaffe and the German ground defenses. The plane was constantly maneuvering through and around flak barrages in its frantic attempt to get back home to Chelveston, England. When flying through the heavy flak, the Lincoln crew began wishing they were in a tank on the ground especially when the flak began tearing holes in the plane.

Flying skill prevailed as the guns below failed to knock the plane from the sky. However, as the crippled B-17 was crossing the border of France near the Belgium border, an enemy Fw 190 sneaked up on the crippled plane and the inexperienced crew lost another air battle. Forced to crash-land in a cow pasture, the plane skidded to a stop near a forest where the crew scampered out of the plane to the

safety of trees in the forest. Of the five remaining men in the plane when it crash-landed, only four survived the air battle. In searching the plane for any wounded survivors, they found the radio operator, I. W. Denemy had been killed.

With the intercom out and no communications with the captain, panic prompted the five crew members in the rear of the plane to bail out. The last person to jump was the ball turret gunner, James Mayfield, his first mission. His parachute failed to open completely causing fatal injuries. The first to jump was the navigator, Phil Campbell, then the waist gunner, Bill Bergman, followed by the other waist gunner, Gene Snodgrass, and tail gunner Virgil Marco. James Mayfield waited too late to jump.

The war as they had been trained as a combat crew was over. It was now a war of survival.

Lincoln, Copilot Al Pagnotta, Bombardier Mickey Goldfeder and Engineer/Top Turret Gunner Joe Rhodes survived the crash and immediately proceeded to destroy the plane by setting it afire.

In about an hour a short, heavysset farmer by the name of Lucian Mahoudeaux, having seen the plane crash, approached the four Americans and offered help. Lucian hid them in the nearby Forest of St. Michel for the next 13 days and kept them supplied with food brought from his home in the small village of Leuze. As the Gestapo was still searching for the downed airmen in the crash area, the four airmen left the woods wearing civilian clothes given them by Lucian. They walked by night to Rocroi, a city a few kilometers east of where they were hiding in the woods. Another Frenchman hid and fed them for the next few days in Rocroi.

In May 1944, a band of about 40 young Frenchmen were organized to make the enemy pay dearly for the occupation of their Ardennaise land. These men ranged in age from 18 to 25 years with a few over 40 years. All were just as determined. They made bold raids on the enemy above Revin, downstream, on the uphill line, on the descending road.

By using explosives they overwhelmed convoys, broke up cars, smashed open locomotives. They disrupted German transportation wherever possible. The authorities considered them highway bandits. They were known as the "Maquis of Revin."

The Maquis set up their hideout in a forest on the Malgre Tout plateau, where the highest point reached 433 meters above Revin, not far from the "Chenes de la Nation" on the right bank of the Manises River, 1500 meters from the Revin-Haut Buttes Highway.

Their camp contained a complete radio station, transmitter and receiver, munitions, explosives, grenades, various weapons such as submachine guns, repeating carbines, rifles, colt revolvers and even an anti-tank gun, the bazooka. They were supplied pharmaceutical products such as dressings and medical kits. Clothing items--leather jackets, gloves, wool sweaters--were also air dropped. All these supplies were air dropped in cylindrical containers by the Allies at night, sometimes close to camp, sometimes far away near the Old Mills of Thilay. They received the air drop instructions by use of radio.

News of the downed American airmen soon reached Rober Charton, head of the French resistance in the area. Charton, a young man of about 24 years, sent instructions to have the Americans brought to his home in Revin where they were his guests for the next five days. Charton said the Resistance was moving Allied airmen to a place on the coast where they would be picked up by PT boat. In the meantime he would arrange for them to hide with the Maquis of Revin. Charton brought them to the Maquis of Revin camp site on May 16 where they worked along with the men of the Resistance, helping to gather the air dropped containers and storing supplies.

On June 6, 1944 (D-Day) news of the invasion was heard all over France. The excitement of being free again created patriotism beyond belief. The 40 men grew rapidly to 250 men preparing for whatever mission they would be called on to do. The American evadees were

(Continued on next page)

Life with the Maquis

(Continued)

informed that any escape back to England was now impossible and that they would have to wait for the invading Allies to rescue them. Although the news from Normandy was good, everyone knew that it would take months for the Allied armies to reach Revin in northeastern France near the Belgian border.

On the first day with the Maquis, Al Pagnotta met an American officer by the name of Victor Layton, a member of the OSS. Joe Rhodes met a downed B-24 gunner, Pete Clark, and they became close friends as they were the only American enlisted men in camp.

On Monday, June 12, bad news was brought to the camp. Since morning, Revin was isolated; all communication with the outside had been cut off. German troops were guarding the exits of the city while others, in armored cars, with machine guns, surveyed the streets. The slightest incident would bring about the annihilation of the city. There were numerous arrests.

At the end of the morning a dramatic turn of events occurred. An Underground member coming from Revin admitted to his officers that the enemy was several hundred meters from there. Rober Charton's home had been burned by the Gestapo. Captain Chavanne immediately took charge of the defense. The trenches were manned by two sections of men with machine guns and sharp shooter riflemen. Information was received that 200 German S.S. troops had rounded up 40 Revin workers and marched them across the Manises River where they were questioned in Gestapo fashion.

Later in the afternoon of June 12, the Maquis were alerted by two members simultaneously yelling "The Germans." Almost immediately, the bullets were whizzing. For many it was their baptism of fire. The attack came at first from the southwest corner of camp. The French response was great. The attack by 2,000 German S.S. and 1,000 French Vichy soldiers under the command of Col. Grauboski were surprised by the unexpected resistance and soon stopped firing. He then gave orders to surround the Maquis.

Colonel Prisme immediately realized

that Col. Grauboski was attempting to surround them. Col. Prisme knew that as soon as it was dark they had a good chance to escape the trap. They had several secret trails in and out of camp.

At 11 p.m. the Maquis commander gave the signal to withdraw. Several squads began burying their supplies that they could not carry with them. The column of undergrounders, including the Americans began wending their way out of the trap across the highway to another secret area.

The Maquis commander, a combatant of Argonne, had not forgotten the difficulties of night guard changes in the forest. When the Germans began changing the guard, Prisme began sending his men scampering across the highway in the safety of darkness. The Germans failed to see them as they were busy going through the formality of changing the guard.

The unfortunate prisoners were grouped near Hauts-Buttes in the Deschamps garden. Unable to move with their hands behind their back, tied with iron wire, they were made to lie on their stomachs face down. Some of them were slaughtered in the field for having spit in the faces of the captors or having tried to escape.

Shortly thereafter the forest reverberated with machine gun fire. Those who were listening, with upset hearts, were not aware of the massacre in progress. The tragedy was being perpetrated with all its horror by Col. Grauboski at the head of the S.S. To their death they advanced, in groups of five, toward tombs dug by German soldiers where they were shot and fell into their

BOOK

'Against the Odds' with the RAFES

This is a paperback collection of RAFES members' stories of escape and evasion; 31 stories, 177 pages.

Price, postpaid in Australian dollars, is \$18.50.

Send order and check payable to RAFES to The Honorary Treasurer, R.C. Chester-Master, 85 Sydney Ave., Camphill, Qld., 4152, Australia.

communal grave. One hundred five Frenchmen paid with their lives for their attachment and love of their Mother Country. Eighty-three were from Revin.

The three-day war was now over. The four Lincoln crew members along with Lt. Victor Layton and Pete Clark had been safely evacuated. The Americans immediately paired off in twos. Al Pagnotta and Victor Layton stayed with the remains of the Maquis for a while longer. A rumor existed that Al's mother lived in this part of France. She was a World War I war bride that did not like her life in America and returned to France shortly after Al was born. It is believed Al began his search for his mother. On July 10 he traveled to Oiginies, Belgium, and remained there until Sept. 3, 1944, when he was liberated by the American 87th Field Artillery. No one knew if Al found his mother, but it is believed he found her in Oiginies.

Joe Rhodes and Pete Clark left the Maquis and boarded a train to Sedan, France, where they found a friendly truck driver who drove them to Miecourt where they joined another Maquis. They were liberated by the American forces on Sept. 3, 1944.

Lincoln and Goldfeder decided to go north in the Ardennes, looking for a way back to England. By now Mickey could speak French fluently because of his educational background in languages. They found food but no one offered to help them travel to Switzerland. Each contact brought them back to the Ardennes where they were hiding in a cave when the American 28th Infantry Division found them Sept. 2, 1944.

On Oct. 8, 1944, the remains of the murdered patriots were returned to their home in Revin for funeral rites. Bereavement was universal throughout the community. A monument was soon erected to honor these heroes; two bronze boars, emblem of their Arden might, along with two vertical slabs listing their names.

The remaining Lincoln crew was reunited in London by the middle of September 1944.

(Information in this story is based on the French story *Le Maquis de Revin* by G. Charot and published by G. Bouche, 15 Avenue Jean-Joures, Mezieres (Ardennes), France, April 30, 1948)

Traveling space-A with the military

It's possible for reservists, guard members, retirees and their family members to fly space available on military aircraft.

Flight schedules are always subject to change, even at the last moment. If the aircraft is needed for another mission, a space-A traveler could get stuck.

Seat availability is impossible to predict. Some aircraft, like the C-5, always have some airline-type seats installed. Others, like the C-141, can have regular airline seats aboard, or just the web slings along the sides of the aircraft.

Even though there may be plenty of seats aboard, they might not be available if the aircraft is carrying hazardous cargo. And space-A passengers can be bumped at any stop along the route for a variety of reasons.

Space-A travelers should never assume they'll be able to "hop" back home just because they got a flight out.

People should make sure to have the money to get themselves, and their family members back home.

Association des Sauveteurs D'Aviateurs Allies

Dear Members of AFEES:

With the help of reputed rescuers, I recently founded in France the "Association des Sauveteurs d'Aviateurs Allies" (ASAA), which has the following objectives:

To gather together the Helpers:

To reinforce the bond of friendship between the Airmen and the Helpers.

Members of the ASAA have the opportunity to leave the legacy of their membership to one of their descendants with the objective of carrying on the existence of the ASAA after them and to maintain forever the memory of these heroic deeds.

You will be of great help to us by sending me names and addresses of your Helpers or the names of their descendants who you believe may be interested in our Association.

With many thanks for your help,

LESLIE ATKINSON

2 rue Alfred de Musset
66650 Banyuls sur Mer
France

Another AFEES puzzle is solved

By CLAYTON DAVID, Hannibal, Mo.

The workings of AFEES may be described as intriguing as a jigsaw puzzle. It is difficult to find all the pieces and sometimes impossible. Then again something happens that makes pieces fit together.

A recent series of events has been such an example. Scotty David wrote to evader Charles A. Fisher of Jeannette, Pa., on March 10, 1986, after finding his name and address on the 384th BG roster. She wrote again Sept. 9, 1988. Neither letter received a reply.

Ralph Patton was attending a meeting of the Pennsylvania 8th Air Force recently when he was approached by Charles A. Fisher of Jeannette, Pa. The two engaged in conversation and Charles said he recognized Ralph's name in connection with evaders.

Ralph supplied another application, which Charles filled out and forwarded to Clayton and Scotty with a list of his crew members. Charles O. Downe of St. Petersburg, Fla., was a member of that crew and is a member of AFEES. Downe's report indicates that he thought there were only two other evaders, Charles Fisher and Carl Bachmann, addresses unknown. However, Fisher's list of crew members had two

additional men on it who got back to London, bringing the total to five. One was James G. McMath of Burleson, Tex. A phone call and the report on Fisher brought McMath in as a new member. More information from Fisher provided an address for James L. Wagner at Miami, Okla. Wagner was sent an application and is now a member of AFEES. With the help of Ma Bell and a WW II address in New Jersey, we believe we are going to locate Carl E. Bachmann at Ridgewood, N. J. A letter to him has not been returned and an answering machine said it was the office of Carl E. Bachmann.

This crew of 10 went down 50 miles northeast of Paris on the 6th of September 1943. The five who evaded went out via Spain. Fisher and Wagner were debriefed in London on Oct. 26, 1943. Carl Bachmann, the last man back, did not get to London until May 11, 1944. As was often the case, some of the men on this crew were replacements and they did not all know each other well.

Going this far in bringing these five evaders together after 53 years is quite remarkable. If we actually bring them and their wives together at our Dayton reunion, it will be a near miracle in putting their puzzle together.

'Spirit of LSU' lives on in painting

From the Monroe (La.) News-Star, April 16, 1996

By DAVID BARHAM
Staff Writer

Monroe artist Glenn Gore did something Nazi Germany couldn't capture the spirit of LSU.

Gore painted the World War II B-24 Liberator bomber "Spirit of LSU" to honor the men who fought aboard her during the war.

The plane, named by two Louisiana State University alumni on board, was part of the 8th Air Force 486th Bombardment Group based in England.

A. B. Smith of West Monroe, La., one of those LSU alumni, was the nose gunner. His son, Merlin Smith of West Monroe, commissioned the painting.

"He was doing it primarily to commemorate the things his father went through during the war," Gore said.

The painting captures a moment from a May 28, 1944, mission to bomb a fuel plant at Lutzendorf, a suburb of Leipzig. The plane was part of the group's first bomb run into Germany.

The lead bomber, "Robin the Cradle," was hit and fell out of formation. Eight crew members were killed. Three others were captured by Germans.

The "Spirit of LSU," also hit, went down over Belgium while trying to return to England.

The 10-man crew parachuted about 30 miles south of Brussels. Five evaded capture, including A. B. Smith, who hid for several months in Belgium. Germans captured the other five and held them as prisoners until the war's end in May 1945.

All 10 men survived the war.

Gore said he'd never taken on a project like this painting.

"When (Merlin Smith) asked me to do it, after hearing the story of his dad, I felt really honored to do it," Gore said.

Merlin Smith, who was a baby when this happened, said the day's events changed his life.

"It's important to me in a number of ways. If that old plane hadn't carried him out of Germany, I wouldn't be talking to you now ... If he had not survived, my



The News-Star/ Margaret Croft

A. B. Smith demonstrates a gesture he used more than 50 years ago to indicate that he needed a place to sleep.

situation would have turned out much different," Smith said.

Gore said Merlin Smith contacted him in early 1994 and asked him to do the painting.

He spent a lot of time researching B-24s, even visiting the one on display at Barksdale Air Museum in Shreveport.

"I talked to Mr. Smith many, many times about details of the plane--how this was, how that was," Gore said.

The serial and other numbers on the planes are accurate, Gore said. He did his best to even get the seams of the aluminum panels in the right place.

"What you see in the painting is the closest we could get to what actually happened that day. What's in the painting isn't added. If anything I probably left something out," Gore said with a small chuckle.

Gore's painting will stand as a reminder. The original will hang in the LSU Alumni Center.

Prints have been made and are for sale to help raise money for the Aviation Historical Museum of Louisiana. The group is working to fix up the last standing Selman Field building and use part of it as an aviation museum.

The way to buy a print

Prints of "Spirit of LSU" are for sale in two sizes. A limited edition (2,000) 36x30-inch print, signed and numbered, is \$65. A limited edition (750) 16x13-inch print, signed and numbered, is \$19.

The small size is available in an unlimited edition. These, not signed or numbered, are \$12.

To order, call Nita Brinson, president of the Aviation Historical Museum of Louisiana, Monroe, La., at 318-343-5710.

364FG seeks to replace church windows

More than 50 years after their guns set off an explosion which blasted seven stained glass windows from a historic village church in France, veterans of the 364th Fighter Group are raising money to replace the windows. This may be the first time in military history that American soldiers have attempted to repair war-time damage for which they were responsible.

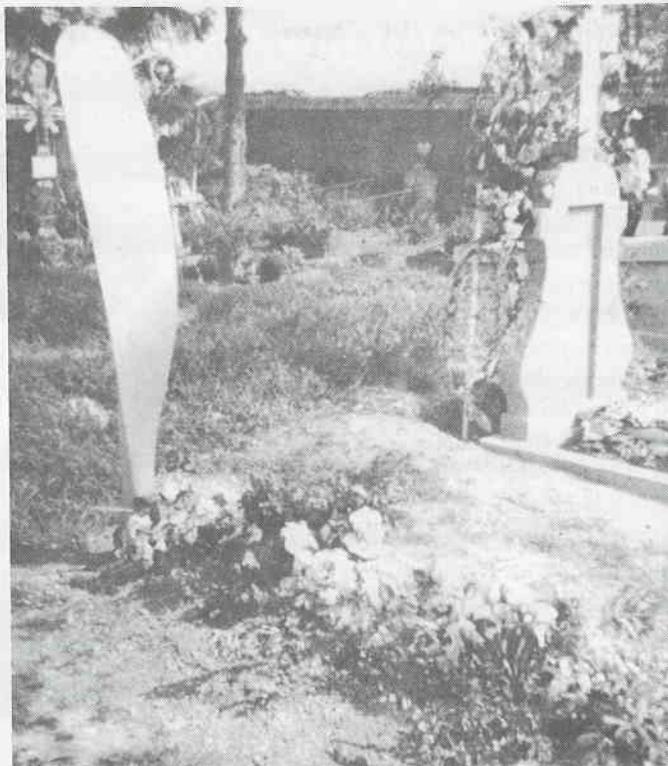
The church, dedicated to St. Denis when it was constructed in the 13th century, is located in Remy, a village some 90 kilometers northeast of Paris, near Compiègne. St. Denis was beheaded by pagans for his early Christian missionary activities. The church was classified as a French Historical Monument.

On August 2, 1944, P-51 fighters of the 364FG were directed from their base in England, to conduct a search and destroy mission over France to facilitate the break-out of Allied ground troops. A flight of the 383rd Squadron spotted a heavily camouflaged German train near Remy and pressed the attack.

After several strafing passes the train exploded, killing one of the attackers, Lt. Houston L. Braly, and destroying much of the village, including seven stained glass windows of the historic church.

Lt. Braly's plane crashed through a brick wall and came to rest at the foot of a stone house where a teen-age French girl, Mlle. Marie Therese Schoup, and her brother lived. Both sister and brother braved the flames of the burning aircraft to extricate the pilot's body. They then wrapped his remains in his parachute for later burial in the church cemetery.

When liberating American ground troops arrived in Remy some six weeks later, they found a single blade from Lt. Braly's propeller marking his



Lt. Houston Lee Braly's grave in the village cemetery

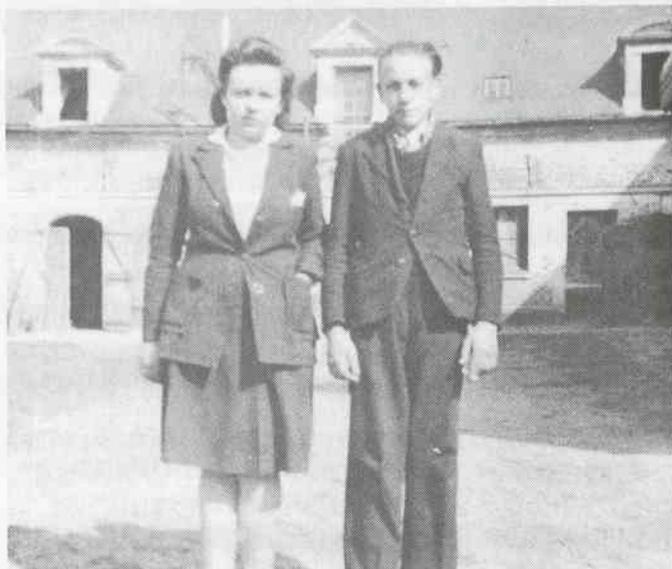
grave, and the information from his "dog tags" simply engraved: **Pilote Aviateur, Houston L. Braly Jr. 0 756462, T 43 A P, Remy Oise, 2 Aout 1944.**

WFR Director, Lt. Col. Clyde K. Voss, USAF (Ret) and a pilot on the same mission with Braly, explained that the intent was not just to single out Remy villagers, who through their acts crystallized our realization of the magnitude of their contribution to Allied victory, but rather to pay tribute to the unnumbered people in occupied Europe who risked their lives in much the same way and hastened the war's end.

Voss was one of two 383rd pilots who became career Air Force officers after evading capture, thanks to help from underground patriots. The other was Lt. Paul Goldberg, who bailed out after losing his coolant in a dog fight over France shortly after the Remy incident.

This restoration of war damage will not be the first for St. Denis church. In 1842 new bells were installed in its 35-meter steeple to replace more imposing bells which had been seized and melted down by Revolutionaries in 1793.

So, the bells have been replaced and now the 364FG feels that it is time to replace the stained glass windows, blown out back in 1944. The motivation for this effort is to honor all the brave villagers who joined them in battle, with flowers, flags and defiance, 52 years ago. You may join in this expression of good will by sending your tax deductible contribution to: **Windows for Remy, P. O. Box 644, Linden, CA 95236.**



Marie Therese Schoupe (now Madame Remy), and her brother in the courtyard where they placed Lt. Braly's body after removing it from his aircraft. They were teenagers at the time. Their apartment was set afire by the ammunition still in Lt. Braly's plane.

A Hero who Brought out the Best ...

From the Wall Street Journal,
Monday, Nov. 11, 1996
(Permission Granted)

By FRANK WHITSITT

Some American tourists think of the French as arrogant, loath to speak English and unappreciative of how we bailed them out of two world wars. But Armistice Day (we observe it today as Veterans Day) can be a time for reassessing such hard feelings. Indeed, if some World War II fighter pilots have their way, a very different view of French sentiment toward America may get global attention.

Members of the 383rd Fighter Squadron are planning a tribute in a small village, Remy, in northern France. At Remy the 383rd pulled off perhaps the most spectacular strafing of a German munitions train. The resulting explosion killed many Germans and a village youth, unroofed much of the community, vaporized the boxcars and shattered the 13th-century church's stained glass windows. So mighty was the blast that it blew the tail off the P-51 Mustang piloted by Houston Lee Braly Jr., who became 22 years old forever on the village's doorstep, apparent victim of his own marksmanship. (Although to this day, Roy Blaha of Homestead, Fla., worries that it was *his* fire that triggered the explosion that caught his best buddy following him in.)

Stunned Germans

How the people of Remy responded to the near destruction of their village baffled observers then and now--especially the Germans.

A young woman pulled Braly's body from his burning plane. She and others wrapped it in the nylon of his parachute and placed it in the courtyard. Hundreds of villagers then started showering the site with flowers. So enraged were the stunned Germans by this display of affection for the American that they threatened reprisals if the flower bearing continued. The Germans forbade a public funeral but did allow a burial in the church cemetery, with only the priest and a few others present. But the villagers continued to fight with the only weapon of defiance they had--flowers. The



Houston Lee Braly Jr. of the 383rd
Fighter Squadron, 1944

morning after the burial, flowers were piled high on the grave. And so it continued.

Lt. Braly, the son of a Brady, Texas, dairy farmer, had flown to his death and into the hearts of the French community on Aug. 2, 1944. The Allies had broken out of Normandy and were on the way to liberating the area. When the Americans got to Remy, villagers greeted them with homemade Old Glories and led them to the grave marked with a bent blade from the P-51's propeller.

Steve Lea Vell, of Danville, Calif., a military aviation buff and airline pilot, came across the Remy raid while doing research at the Air Force Archives in Alabama. He passed it along to a friend who had flown with the 383rd. So intrigued was Mr. Lea Vell that he visited Remy the next time he was in France. There he visited a local historian, Joel Hiquibrant, who explained why the community welcomed the P-51 attack even if it endangered their homes and lives.

The traumatic scene said more to the villagers than the daily sight of Allied bombers cutting across the sky. It confirmed that the hated enemy was in trouble.

"What the villagers saw before them--the plane and Lt. Braly's body on the ground--was visible and concrete proof of the total commitment of the Allies," the

historian said. "That a young man would come so far to sacrifice his life for the liberty and peace of another people could only galvanize their energies. Who could indulge in self-pity after such an example?"

Mr. Lea Vell ignited the veterans' memories of what had gone before. How can we thank you for your interest in our war? they asked him. There was nothing he wanted from these men, whom he admired as heroes. But...how about helping to restore the stained-glass windows blown out of the church? It would be a noble *merci* for how the villagers had welcomed the raid and risked so much to esteem their fallen comrade. Yes, but it could be much more than that, says Gordon McCoy of Linden, Calif., who flew 73 missions with the 383rd. "It could serve as a memorial to the underground in all of occupied Europe for how it helped many downed airmen evade the Nazis and return to their bases. I can tell you it was a real security blanket for us fliers to know they were down there."

Buoyant Again

The aged airmen, suddenly young and buoyant again as in their wild-blue-yonder days, have jumped on the idea. Now, instead of riding one another's wing, they are running up big phone, fax and copier bills to fuel this mission. They've founded Windows for Remy to try to raise \$200,000. Mr. McCoy says it won't be easy. But he's confident that the present clear-glass windows will be replaced and is hopeful Pope John Paul II will be at the rededication of the church that was started two centuries before Joan of Arc was captured in nearby Compiègne.

A year ago today--Armistice Day 1995 in France--French Mirage jets and American F-16s flew over Remy. The body of Lt. Braly was removed to Texas long ago. The woman who pulled him from the plane still keeps a candlelit photo of "the American" in her living room. On that day marking the 50th anniversary of end of World War II, the villagers dedicated a crossroads where the plane came down as the Rue de Houston L. Braly Jr.

Whitsitt is a writer in Kansas City, Mo.

One more mission: To put B-17 model at AF Academy

From the Colorado Springs
(Colo.) Gazette Telegraph

By ERIN EMERY

Maurice Thomas loved flying the machine, the B-17 bomber, because one way or another, it always brought him home.

During World War II, he flew 33 missions -- eight more than the usual. Now he's on his 34th one involving the B-17: The Final Mission.

That's what he and dozens of other bomber enthusiasts call their effort to place a bronze model of the B-17 bomber near Mitchell Hall at the Air Force Academy.

"It was one of the most stable aircraft in the air," said Thomas, a retired colonel who served 32 years in the military. "It would take a lot of battle damage and still come home."

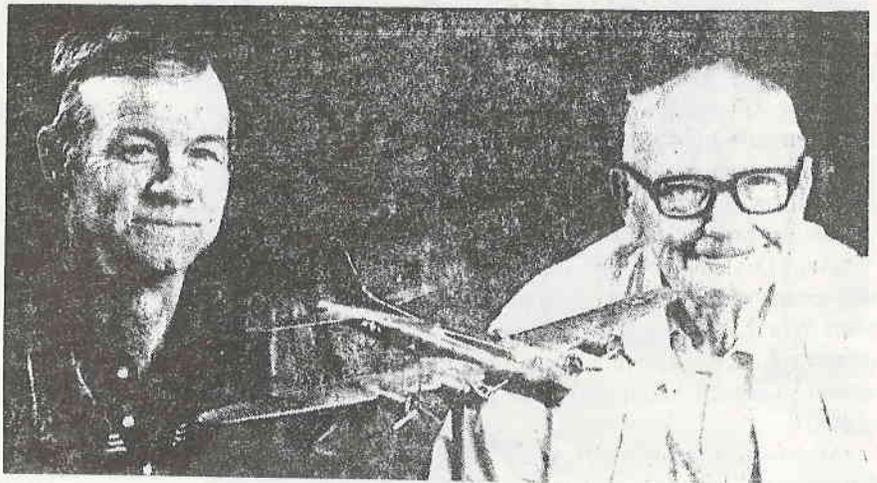
Last summer, sculptor Robert Henderson of Canon City started crafting a one-sixth scale model of the B-17.

"These machines had character to them, and it's my passion to re-create that in bronze," said Henderson, an artist who has four other bronzes of fighter planes in the sculpture garden at the Academy.

"I'm a sculptor recording this era. It's an era of people like Maurice Thomas, who are worthy of remembering."

Thomas, who lives in Pueblo, remembers flying the aircraft in temperatures as low as 75 below zero.

On his 25th mission in May 1944, Thomas and his crew were shot down over Germany. Most of the crew



Robert Henderson, left, and Maurice Thomas show a model of the B-17 sculpture they propose for the Air Force Academy sculpture garden at Colorado Springs, Colo.

members were captured by the Germans; Thomas, whose boots fell off when he hit the ground, managed to evade capture.

He laid down in a wide pile of rocks. The Germans circled countless times in little motorcycles with sidecars.

"If they'd have stopped and turned off their engines, they could have heard my heart (pounding) because I was one scared cookie," he said.

With only socks on his feet, Thomas tiptoed away when the Germans weren't looking. His socks quickly wore out and after several days of walking he gave himself up to a shepherd. The man hid him in a barn.

A few hours later, "The fellow came out armed with an automatic. That got my attention."

The shepherd wanted to know the

name of Thomas' group and squadron. Thomas provided his name, rank and serial number.

"If that's not you," he recalled the shepherd saying, "You'll be dead by sunrise. If it is you, we'll have steak and eggs for breakfast."

Thomas grins. "Well, I'm sitting here to tell you that I had steak and eggs. We found some old shoes and I was on my way."

He spent the next three months walking and getting rides from people in the underground.

"During this picnic walk, I was helped by the French underground who helped me get food and things like that because there was no Burger King," Thomas said.

Eventually, he made it to England.

Though his tour was up, Thomas went back to flying the B-17. "That's where the action was," he said.

Thomas hopes a number of people -- from cooks to crew chiefs -- will be interested in the project. His group has raised a third of the \$160,000 it needs to put the model at the Academy. Those who contribute at least \$450 will have their name engraved on a plaque near the monument. He'll recognize some of the names.

"You got closer to them than your own family," Thomas said. "You depended on them for your life."

Info: 1-800-305-1738 or mail to:

Robert Henderson
49501 Hwy 50 W.
Canon City, CO 81212

Group _____ Squadron _____ Theater _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, ZIP _____

Phone (____) _____

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I wish to be listed on the Monument (\$450)

I wish to donate \$ _____

I wish to make payments.
(\$40 enclosed and 11 payments of \$40)

Dedication set for bronze memorial

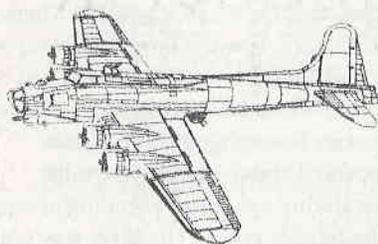
COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo. -- Aug. 22, 1997, has been set for the official dedication of the B-17 Monumental Bronze Memorial in the distinguished "Study Hall" Sculpture Garden on the USAF Academy Honor Court, beginning at 10 a.m. The bronze replica of the famous aircraft will join four other Warbirds already in place at the Academy, including the P-38, P-40, P-47 and P-51.

The creator of the Sculpture Garden, Robert Henderson, has dedicated his art over the past decade to crafting planes from the WW II era. "It is an honor to recreate these magnificent aircraft while representing the men and women who designed, maintained, and flew them. They dominated the sky during their collective primes," Henderson said. "Thanks to the sacrifices made by them and others during WW II, I have the privilege of doing what I love to do."

The process involved in making these awesome bronze statues is no simple task. For the B-17, Henderson contacted Boeing, the original designer and manufacturer of the plane, to obtain original blueprints and information on variations. A wooden model of the plane was then constructed from scratch. From this model, "molds" were taken to serve as the basic framework of the bronze casting.

The B-17 will be comprised of over 100 bronze pieces welded to create a rough statue of the plane. A series of grinding, sanding, and filling procedures will give the monument a realistic appearance. Finally, the plane will be coated in a patina finish, enabling it to withstand anything nature can muster for decades to come. The sculpture will have an approximate wing span of 19 feet and sit upon a beautifully polished granite base. Together, the plane and base will weight about 3 tons.

Fund raising for the project is an ongoing endeavor to allow men and women throughout the world to honor the B-17 Flying Fortress. According to Maurice Thomas, project manager, limited spaces are still available for those who want their name inscribed on the monument. There will also be a special "Little Friends" section on the plaques to



allow those associated with the various fighter support groups to be listed.

Individuals contributing to the memorial include those who flew, serviced and designed the plane, family

members, individual bomb and fighter groups, and various Little Friends.

As a good will gesture, the B-17 bomb group whose members contribute the most towards the project will have their insignia and colors painted on the wooden model, which may be donated to the 8th Air Force Museum in Savannah, Ga., or to one of several other locations under consideration.

Call 1-800-305-1738 for information, or if considering attendance at the dedication.

'Frantic Joe' mission was a part of D-Day

By **JAY MUELLER, Bombardier 815th BS, 483rd BG**

At 0300 hours on June 2, 1944, fighter pilots and bomber crews assembled in their briefing rooms in Italy. Frantic Joe was the first shuttle mission to Russia carried out by a task force of the 15th Air Force.

It was composed of the 325th Fighter Group, the famous Checkertail Clan, commanded by Col. Chester L. Sluder, the 2nd Bomb Group under the command of Col. Herbert Rice, the 97th Bomb Group commanded by Col. Frank Allen, the 99th Bomb Group commanded by Col. Ford J. Lauer and the 483rd Bomb Group commanded by Co. Paul L. Barton.

The fighter group consisted of P-51s with the bomber groups being B-17s. Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commander MAAF, headquartered in Italy, was assigned to personally lead this first shuttle mission to Russia. Eaker was at the briefing for the 97th BG and was scheduled to fly in Yankee Doodle II piloted by Capt. Leslie Gates, and he understood the shock the men felt as they suddenly discovered there was no return course line to Italy on the map.

Lt. Gen. Carl Spaats advised Eaker that Overlord, the cross-channel invasion, was imminent and he wanted the 15th Air Force shuttle-mission task force on the

Eastern front to draw away as many Luftwaffe fighters as possible from the West.

Enroute to Russia the task force bombed the marshalling yards at Debrecan, Hungary. One B-17, the victim of flak, exploded over the target. The fighters landed at Piryatyn with the B-17s landing at Poltava and Mirgorod.

On June 6, 1944, the task force bombed the airfield at Galatz and learned for the first time that they were a part of D-Day. German fighters attacking the bomber formation in the target area were determined and pressed home their attacks in a skilled manner, destroying one B-17.

That evening Axis Sally broadcast that the Luftwaffe would destroy the heavy bombers when they attempted to leave Russia. On the morning of June 11, 1944, the task force left the Soviet airfields to attack the Focsani airdrome, Rumania. Again a B-17 fell victim to enemy fighters. The return to Italy was an occasion for commendation and jubilation. Gen Eaker had done a remarkable job in making Frantic Joe an outstanding success.

For an in-depth treatment of Frantic Joe, members are referred to "THE POL-TAVA AFFAIR," Glenn B. Infield, 1973

The editor has the last word

WICHITA FALLS, Texas -- Things are coming together for our 1997 reunion in Dayton, Ohio. The meeting this time is being organized by Armed Forces Reunions of Kernersville, N.C., rather than by "volunteers" from the membership.

Getting an event of this magnitude off the ground is a much bigger task than most members realize. Things have come to the point that it is unfair to expect a member to handle the arrangements -- and then take the inevitable guff that goes with the territory.

Details of the 1997 affair are to be found in the four center pages of this issue of *Communications*, along with forms for reservations at the convention hotel (the Marriott) and the convention package.

So now is the time to mark up your 1997 calendar for the reunion. If you haven't made an earlier reunion, I promise that you will enjoy the fellowship and comradeship of members with common experiences and with our Helpers, to whom we owe so very much.

Russ Weyland is putting next year's raffle together. Last year's event proved so successful as a fund-raiser that you can expect another one in the spring. Russ does have one sensible request: If you, for any reason, do not wish to participate in the raffle, please return the book of tickets to Russ so he can sell the leftovers at Dayton.

Another point: Raffle participation is not confined to members. You can put the bite on family and friends, or you can even go so far as to take a book in the name of someone else.

The Dayton agenda will include the election of four directors for 3-year terms. Ed Spevak and Clyde Martin have indicated that they do not intend to seek re-election. That means some vacancies will need to be filled. If you are interested in serving AFEES as a director, please send President Dick Smith at his California address a brief resume explaining why you would like to be on the board and what you would expect to contribute.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to

the family of Dick and Katherine Munsen of Story City, Iowa, whose son, Navy Lt. Craig Munsen, was lost at sea last Aug. 15. Craig was flying an F-18 off the carrier Roosevelt when his plane disappeared about 10 miles from the carrier during a nighttime landing attempt off the Florida coast. His body was not recovered.

The media takes quite a rap these days, so it is refreshing to read an item like this letter to the editor by Michael Shyne in the Alamogordo (N.M.) Daily News:

"I had the good fortune of introducing Daily News staff writer Lisa Turner to Magnus Bolken who told his story of being hidden by the French Resistance after his B-17 was shot down in WW2.

"As I sat watching Lisa prepare to leave after completing her interview, Lisa walked up to Mr. Bolken, looked him in the eye, took his hand in hers and said, 'I wasn't even born when you were risking your life to preserve American Freedom, but I want to thank you for the sacrifices you made in World War II.'" Major Bolken's story was reprinted in the Spring 1996 issue of *Communications*.

SOME THINGS I WOULDN'T KNOW IF I DIDN'T OPEN THE MAIL:

Member Jim Downs (1303 Crestridge Drive, Oceanside, CA 92054) is finishing a book on a 15AF evadec, Jack Kellogg, who was imprisoned in Budapest before being sent to Stalag Luft III. Jim is seeking information on men who were shot down in Slovakia between 7 July 44 and 1 Feb 45, men who were processed by the Luftwaffe through the central prison in Budapest about that time, and men who worked with the OSS in Bari, Italy, in 1944 and 1945.

Maita Floyd, author/artist and former French Helper now living in Phoenix, was honored recently by the American Legion Auxiliary as Community Service Volunteer of the Year for the State of Arizona. Nice going, Maita!

The Santa Ana AAB Wing has scheduled its 22nd annual reunion and luncheon next April 26 for former SAAAB personnel, cadets, friends and guests. As most of you know, Santa Ana was one of three aviation cadet pre-

flight classification centers during the Big 'Un. For info, call 714-631-5918, or write to PO Box 1764, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

A few of my AFEES friends have asked for an account of our trip to England and Ireland last summer. I must report that Ruth finally achieved a life-long ambition by kissing the Blarney Stone. I declined, as I never have been accused of being short on gab.

We enjoyed our visit to Oxford, where nothing new has been built since the 16th Century, and to Cork, where the beer pours like motor oil.

By the way, that 9 1/2 hour non-stop flight from Gatwick to Dallas is a killer for these old bones.

A memorial was dedicated Veterans' Day on the State Capitol grounds in Des Moines, Iowa, telling the story of World War II. A 100-ft. Freedom Walk leads visitors to the Wall of Memories, where etched steel panels show artifacts, mementos and newspaper stories from the war. The wall circles a world map, which has a Freedom Flame in the center.

So far, there has been no response to my appeal in the last newsletter for a photograph of a statute that was erected in Toulouse, France, to honor Marie Louise Dissard, who helped more than 200 Allied airmen evade capture. (Me included). Roger Anthoine, are you listening?

I have been somewhat amused recently by reading in the Dallas paper about a controversy over the German Air Force flying "too low" in the Southwestern desert country. Like buzzing was a recent invention. Why, some of us can recall when you were not a hot pilot until you had flown under the Mississippi River bridge at Vicksburg.

OKAY, JUST ONE MORE ELECTION JOKE: A child asked the teacher if all fairy tales begin with, "Once upon a time." The teacher replied, "No, many of them begin with, 'When I'm elected . . .'"

Let me wind up with this bit of advice from Mark Twain: Never put off till tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow just as well.

Have a Happy Holiday!

-- LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

Oklahoma town, France exchange calf fries recipes

By The Associated Press

VINITA, Okla. -- Around here, they're a delicacy called "calf fries." The French call them "roubignoles." Elsewhere they're called "prairie oysters." They're the part of the bull the steer probably wishes he could still call his own.

This Oklahoma town of 5,800 and Domevre-en-Haye, a French village of 400, claim the world's only festivals honoring bull testicles, and this year they were swapping recipes at Vinita's 17th Annual Calf Fry.

"It's good!" proclaimed Domevre-en-Haye's mayor, Jean Francois Segault, at breakfast Sept. 6, biting boldly into a fried testicular nugget.

When his village learned of the common festivals, they proposed a judge swap to the Chamber of Commerce in this town, 60 miles northeast of Tulsa.

Segault, visiting with his wife and two other villagers, helped judge 25 teams each preparing 40 pounds of calf fries for the cook-off.

He said Vinita's chewy, sliced, batter-dipped, deep-fried morsels are nothing like the boiled, sauteed version in France. "Ours are made in a sauce with cream and white wine and mushrooms," Segault said. "Here, it is very different."

He'd get no argument from Clay McKisick, a Vinita jeweler who made the trip to judge Domevre-en-Haye's festival. He described the French dish as "really good" but somewhat unnerving.

"When you look at theirs, there is no mistaking what it is," he said.

"Ours, it could be a chicken nugget for all you know."

McKisick said his French hosts told him the term roubignoles, derived from Provencale slang, roughly translates as "family jewels."

THINGS ARE NOT FAIR

My grandson thinks it is unfair that spinach and cod liver oil contain more vitamins than cake and candy.

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(Add \$1.50 per order for shipping and handling)

Make checks payable to AFEES and mail to:

FRANK G. McDONALD, PX Manager
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Phone (970) 484-2363



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Tell briefly the names of crew members and Helpers:

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