

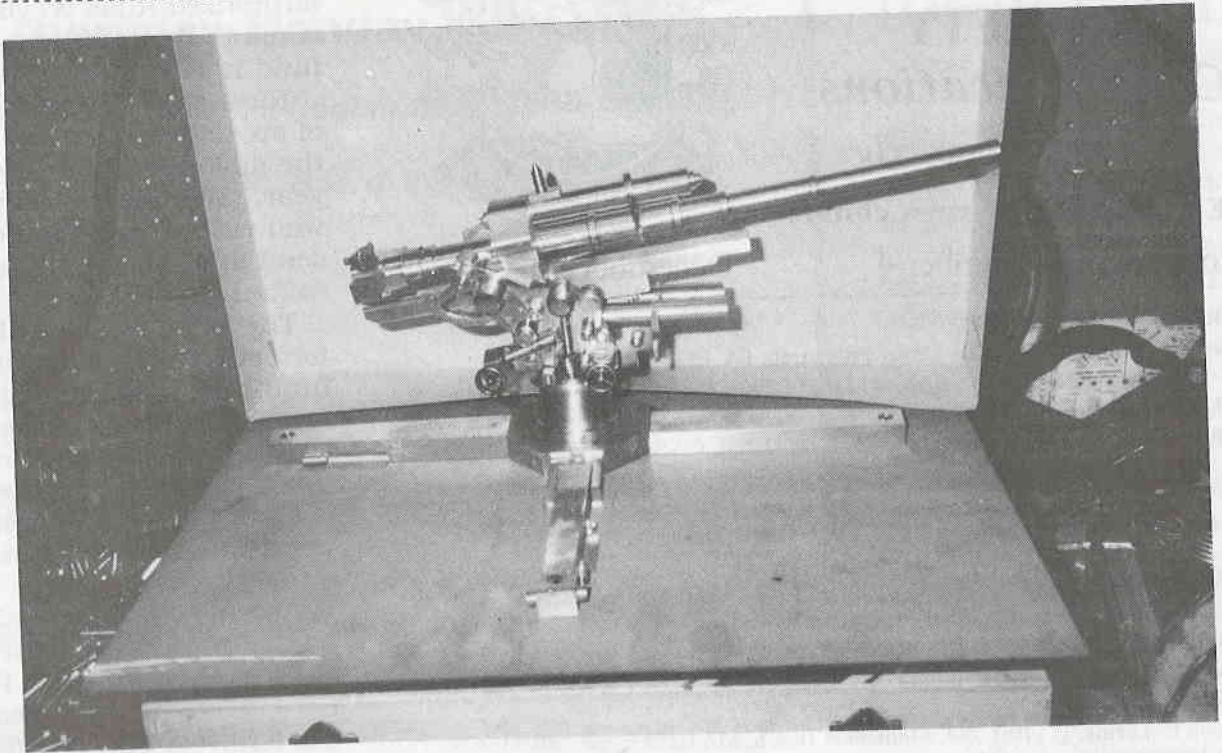
THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Winter 1997-98 *Communications*

VOLUME 11--NUMBER 4

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS 76307

DECEMBER 8, 1997



The weapon that changed the status of many AFEES from aviator to pedestrian



Bill Scanlon and photo of model

AFEES Member Bill Scanlon of Crystal Lake, Ill., (EE #501) has what some might call a strange hobby. From scrap brass, he builds models of military artillery pieces, including the famous German 88-mm cannon that blasted many an Allied bomber from the skies over Europe in World War II.

When England entered the war, Bill joined the RCAF, then enlisted in the RAF and flew Lancasters and Wellingtons. After Pearl Harbor, he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps and served as a waist gunner on B-17s with the 326th Squadron of the 92nd Bomb Group. He bailed out over Hamburg on Aug. 2, 1944, while on a mission to Frankfurt. He evaded with the aid of the FFI.

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE/EVASION SOCIETY

Communications

Published Quarterly

WEB ADDRESS: www.cbiinfo.com

Volume 11 -- Number 4

December 8, 1997



CHAIRMAN:

***Ralph K. Patton, 5000 Alden Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15220-1023;
Phone: 412-343-8570; FAX: 412-343-2296

PRESIDENT:

*Richard M. Smith, 76543 Begonia Lane, Palm Desert, CA 92211; 760-345-2282
FAX: 760-345-9908

VICE PRESIDENT:

*Russel S. Weyland, 1117 W. Northeast Shore Drive, McHenry, IL 60050-9211;
Phone (O) 815-459-2075, (H) 815-385-4378

TREASURER:

**Paul E. Kenney, 5400 Post Road Pass, Stone Mountain, GA 30088; 770-469-1857

MEMBERSHIP & CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:

***Clayton C. David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539; 573-221-0441

RECORDING SECRETARY:

**Warren E. Loring, PO Box 284, Monument Beach, MA 02553; 508-759-3146

OTHER DIRECTORS:

*James J. Goebel Jr., 9 Georgia Park, Conroe, TX 77302-1077; 409-273-2828

**Francis J. Lashinsky, 15 Wychwood Road, Old Lyme, CT 06371; 860-434-2434

***Frank G. McDonald, 1401 Brentwood Dr., Ft. Collins, CO 80521; 970-484-2363

***John C. Rucigay, 14 Ashley Dr., Ballston Lake, NY 12019; 518-877-8131

*David Shoss, 5439 Castlewood Road, Dallas, TX 75229-4316; 214-361-0536
Office: 8115 Preston Rd., Suite 240, Dallas, TX 75225; 214-373-1670

PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVE IN FRANCE:

Leslie A.G. Atkinson, 29 rue des Trouvres, 66000 Perpignan, France;
Phone: 011 33 04 68 55 12 63; FAX: 011 33 04 68 55 12 73

LEGAL COUNSEL:

R.E.T. Smith Esq., PO Box 38, Wahpeton, ND 58074; 701-642-2666

COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR:

**Larry Grauerholz, PO Box 2501, Wichita Falls, TX 76307-2501; 940-692-6700

*Class of 1998

**Class of 1999

***Class of 2000

AFEES COMMUNICATIONS IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY. AFEES IS A TAX-EXEMPT VETERANS ORGANIZATION UNDER IRS CODE 501 (C) (19). IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1964 AND IS CHARTERED IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

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

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

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

Another AFEES raffle is coming

Directors of AFEES have authorized Russ Weyland to conduct the traditional helper fund raiser raffle in 1998.

Russ says the raffle books of six tickets each will be in the mail about Feb. 1 of next year. Members and friends who wish to participate should send in at least \$10 for the raffle tickets.

The raffle replaces the former reunion auction as a fund-raiser for the helper fund. AFEES uses the funds to pay for registration and hotel expenses of certain overseas helpers (travel and personal expense items are not covered).

About 700 raffle books will be distributed this time. The should be returned to Russ not later than May 5, so that the leftovers can be offered for sale in Washington.

Last spring's raffle netted AFEES about \$6000. Some 550 members have donated to the project in the past two years. Names for the cash prizes will be drawn at the conclusion of the May reunion.

As always, you need not be present to win!

B-24 sculpture will join B-17

The Second Air Division Association is asking for donations to the sculpture memorial of the B-24 Liberator to be placed at the AF Academy at Colorado Springs, Colo.

The wooden pattern model is nearly completed and will be joining the B-17 sculpture that is in place on the grounds of the Academy.

More than 19,000 copies of the B- were actively employed in WWII.

Donations can be mailed to Neal E Sorensen, 2nd Air Division Association 132 Peninsula Road, Minneapolis, MN 55441-4112. His phone is 612-545-26

FAMILY
of Belgian
Gil Shaw
Lucy's father

Mr. died on Aug. reports that father, Oscar brought to the stand up at a come their hidden in the Lucy she was home

1998 AFEES ANNUAL REUNION Fairview Park Marriott Falls Church, Virginia Thursday-Monday, May 7-11

Thursday, May 7: Registration Table Opens

**Friday, May 8: Board meeting, 2 p.m.
Dinner, 6 p.m.**

Saturday, May 9: Breakfast, 7 a.m.

**Sunday, May 10: General session, 9 a.m.
Dinner, 7 p.m.**

**Monday, May 11: Breakfast, 8 a.m.
Memorial Service, 10 a.m.**

(Hotel Reservation form on Page 16)



FAMILY HELP -- AFEES member Gil Shawn posed with this family of Belgian helpers for this wartime photo. From left, Lucy Flament, Gil Shawn, Lucy's mother, Mdm. Shimmy (her code name) and Lucy's father, Oscar Langlez.

Mrs. Louise Goovaerts-Flament, Belgian helper better known as "Lucy," died on Aug. 18, 1997, according to word from Gil Shawn of Longwood, Fla. Gil reports that Lucy was the last of 12 families who hid him during his evasion. Her father, Oscar Langlez, was district leader of the Underground. Gil remembers being brought to their home in darkness and being treated royally. "Oscar even made me stand up at a meeting of 20 Underground members as the first American pilot to come their way. The men asked me to say something in English. Finally, I was hidden in the Ardennes and Lucy came down to make sure I was cared for." Lucy came to the U.S. for the 1993 AFEES reunion in St. Louis where she was honored and her name affixed to the roll of honor.

Names added to donor list for museum

Since the September issue of the newsletter was published, several more names have been added to the list of members and friends who have contributed to the 8AF Heritage Museum at Savannah, Ga.

AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton says, "We expect to have our \$100,000 pledge to the museum paid off by the end of the year. But we still need the support of a few generous members to make it."

The following names are added to the last published list of donors to the museum to fulfill the AFEES pledge:

* Robert Butler
L. Clifton
William L. Cupp
Norman Elkin
Victor Ferrari
Jim Heddleson
Jack Kupsick
Alex Moran
William Mountain
Erroll Rice
Alfred Sanders
Charlie Screws
Ralph Smatheers
Robert & Mary Sweatt
Jack Terzian
Mrs. Garnet Tunstall
Howard Turlington
George Van Remmerden
Clay Wilson

* Major Contributor

NEW MEMBER

ABRAHAM THOMPSON
23 Fairwind Court, Northport,
NY 11768; Ph.: 516-262-6905;
15AF, 456 BG

NEW 'FRIEND'

RALPH M. BARNES, JR.
126 E. 7th Street, Perrysburg,
OH 43551-2302; Ph.: 419-874-
6292; POW 15AF, 463BG;
wife "Betty"

Prisoners suffered bombing raids

From "History of the City of Oregon, Ohio," 1946

Sgt. Ralph M. Barnes Jr. was inducted into the service in June 1943. He received his training at Amarillo, Tex., then was sent to Las Vegas, Nev., then was assigned to McDill Field Camp of Florida. He was a flight engineer on a B-17 Flying Fortress.

He was sent to Africa, then to Italy. He began his missions on July 15, 1944. He was on his 24th mission Aug. 15, 1944, when he was shot down over southern France. He landed in the yard of a French farmer who took him into his home.

A priest visited him, then left to see if arrangements could be made to take him in hiding. After making two trips without completing arrangements, Sgt. Barnes asked the padre to take him to the Germans as a prisoner. This request was made to protect the French farmer and his family. If the Germans found him in this home, the entire family would be put to death.

In a report Sgt. Barnes made of his experiences as a prisoner he states, "On Aug. 15, 1944, I was shot down near Valance, Southern France. I was wounded in the right forearm, right leg and buttock. My left ankle was also

disturbing me along with a queer feeling in my right ear, which annoyed me a lot. I was captured by the Germans and taken to the hospital for medical care. There I was given one operation without anesthetic, which was terrible to take. I was also under two bombing raids while in the hospital.

On Aug. 21, 1944, the prisoners were taken from the hospital by trucks to Lyon, France. There he was placed on a train and taken to Trier, Germany. Here he was placed in a hospital and endured two more operations without anesthetics. During the time he was in this hospital he was under constant combat fire of the U.S. Army troops and bombing raids. Leaving Trier he was sent by train to Koblenz, under bombing raids.

Then he went to Linburg, Germany, and left there by train for Berlin. He was in Berlin for three days. He was among about 50 men in Marcelin Yards crowded in boxcars. Here they were strafed by the U.S. Army Air Force and bombed constantly for three days. Sgt. Barnes said, "I saw buddies dying all around me and it made me wonder if the next one would be for me. I did get a few scratches in the ordeal, along with my arm annoying me all the time."

During these trips the prisoners were not fed. On Dec. 27, 1944, they were moved to Firstenberg, Germany.

On Jan. 30, 1945, the Russians launched their offensive, so the Germans moved the prisoners to Luckenwalde making them march 400 miles. They were given a thin slice of bread and a cup of water each day. During this time the prisoners were under heavy air raids which were being made over Berlin. The prisoners were only five or six miles from Berlin and often the bombers missed their target and came very close to the prisoners.

On Apr. 22, 1945, they were liberated by the Russians and fed by a Russian woman. Sgt. Barnes remained at Luckenwalde for about two weeks, then was taken by the Americans to Madeburg, Germany, where they were placed on planes and taken to Paris. He remained in Paris for two weeks, then was taken to the U.S. reaching Crille Hospital May 31, 1945.



Attending the recent convention of the Serbian Unity Congress in Pittsburgh, Pa., were, from left: Maj. George Vujnovich of the OSS, AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton, Capt. Nick Lalich of the OSS, and Jim Peters, helper.

OSS officers attend Serb reunion

AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton represented AFEES at the Sept. 26 convention of the Serbian Unity Congress in Pittsburgh on Sept. 26. Many members of the organization were actively engaged in helping airmen of the 15th Air Force who had been downed over Yugoslavia.

Among those present were Maj. George Vujnovich of the OSS, one of the organizers of the Halyard Mission that evacuated more than 500 airmen from occupied Yugoslavia in 1944. Major Vujnovich was based in Southern Italy, where he was in charge of providing supplies and personnel to Allied missions in Europe.

Also present was Capt. Nick Lalich of the OSS, who was parachuted into Serbia to work with General Mihailovich in assisting downed airmen.

Ralph was dinner guest of Jim Peters, who helped rescue two American pilots shot down over Serbia on D-Day.

381st

By The Assoc

EVERETT

any B-17, Bo

looked at the

B-17!

Peyton, a

had been look

this summer o

"Classic Amer

When he b



AIR FORCES

ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Winter Richard M. Smith
76543 Begonia Lane PRESIDENT
Palm Desert, CA 92211

November 27, 1997

Greetings from the sunny Southwest:

Margaret and I arrived here the last week in October, after a pleasant drive through North Dakota, Montana, Alberta, Idaho, Nevada and into California.

While in Canada, we chanced to meet with a young (about 50) Danish gentleman. His father had been in the Danish Resistance, and had helped some of our AFEES members, along with some Canadians. One of them is Ross Wiens, the auctioneer from our auction days.

With some help, we have found at least eight Danish helpers and several members who were helped by the Danes. We hope to arrange for some of these Danes to come to Washington for our 1998 reunion, so that they can be reunited with some of the airmen who escaped from Denmark. This has been a most satisfying experience.

Reunion plans for next May are coming along nicely. For you early birds, a reservation form for the convention hotel (Fairview Park Marriott) is printed on Page 16. There may be a special mailing after the first of the year for reunion details. Right now, block out May 7-11 on your 1998 calendar!

We hope that you all have a very pleasant Holiday Season!

Sincerely,

RICHARD M. SMITH
President

P.S.: Reminder: the new Area Code for Palm Desert is 760.

381st vet spots his B-17 on new postage stamp

By The Associated Press

EVERETT, Wash. -- That's not just any B-17, Bob Peyton thought as he looked at the postage stamp. That's MY B-17!

Peyton, a retired Air Force captain, had been looking forward to the issuance this summer of a new stamp series called "Classic American Airplanes."

When he bought a few blocks of the

stamps, he looked closely at the one depicting a B-17--the Boeing Flying Fortress of World War II fame.

On the tail were the numbers 337675, and the group markings "L" and "N." Out of 12,731 B-17s built by Boeing, the one Peyton flew had been chosen for the stamp.

"I got goose bumps on goose bumps," Peyton said.

Peyton picked up his plane in England in 1945. He and his crew voted to name it Trudies Terror, after Peyton's wife.

Although casualties were heavy among B-17 crews, and his plane sustained its share of flak damage, Peyton said his crew members didn't suffer so much as a scratch during 25 missions over Europe with the 381st Bomb Group.

George and helper meet in U.S.

From the Journal Times, Racine, Wis., Monday, Sept. 22, 1997

By GARY METRO
(Metro on the Beat)

There are debts in life that never can be forgotten, to say nothing of being repaid. Often it is the kindness of a stranger--a chance act that made all the difference and assumed greater importance with time.

For George Michel of Racine, there was a cold night in January 1945 and a young Frenchman. He used an open-bow fishing boat to carry Michel and four other American airmen to safety and freedom.

The Frenchman and his brother didn't tell Michel and the other escapees from internment their names. Secrecy was essential for the unidentified comrades, who were also members of the underground French Resistance effort against Nazi Germany.

They put their lives on the line for men they had never before met, and likely

would never see again after a few hours of wartime aid and hospitality. It seems an incredibly brave and selfless act, particularly when viewed through the cold-eyed cynicism that typifies modern life.

"Without him, I would not have my freedom," Michel said. "How could I ever repay him?"

Unrequited gratitude eventually would play on the mind of Michel, a 73-year-old retired engineer. As the busy life of a husband and father crased with the departure of six grown children from the family home, Michel found the time to consider the Frenchman's bravery and his own good fortune.

Their chance meeting occurred during the waning days of World War II, in the wake of the successful yet bloody Battle of the Bulge and the Allied invasion of Normandy--a massive and heroic assault known everywhere as D-Day.

Michel was a 20-year-old radio operator and gunner on a B-24 flight crew based in

a small English village. They flew missions into Germany, dropping bombs on strategic targets and braving defensive fire from the ground and sky.

Trouble developed in July 1944, after Michel successfully completed nine missions on the B-24, one of 18,400 similar airborne warships. Mission number 10 ended abruptly and despite Michel's joking reference to the short and ill-fated flight as mission number "9 1/2," it carried the threat of death, serious injury or capture.

"We dropped our bombs at Munich, (Germany). But we were damaged. We lost two engines, one from anti-aircraft fire and the other one from mechanical failure," Michel said. "The pilot said 'Get ready to jump, I can't keep it in the air.'"

But a member of the crew had an open parachute, one that could not be used in jump. The crew decided to stay together and the pilot guided the wounded B-24 through a hole that suddenly opened in the cloud bank--allowing a rough but safe landing on a grassy glider field near the German border.

It was the right side of the border, however, in the neutral country of Switzerland. Michel and his fellow crewmen were taken prisoner by the Swiss Army and transported to a place of internment that would be their home for many months.

They were taken to a hotel high in the Swiss Alps, in the middle of some of the finest skiing in the world. The conditions were anything but primitive. Michel even has a snapshot taken in the dining room, a fancy room that featured waiters in white jackets.

There lies the irony. The airmen were in a place that was and always will be sought out by vacationing snow-fanciers. But unlike the winter guests, Michel and the other prisoners were not allowed to leave the luxury surroundings and brood taking scenery.

The Swiss regularly counted heads. Those who were captive had their doubts about Swiss neutrality decades before the current furor over the Swiss wartime as bankers to the Nazis and keeper of bloody plunder from Jews and conquered people.



This picture was taken during the war from hills overlooking Noidans-les-Vesoul, now called Vaivre in the region of Haute Saone northeast of Dijon, France. The man in the center was Simon Doillon, Maquis Grp. C134. He was killed in combat on Oct. 7, 1944. The evading airmen may have been American or British. Considering the location, the men may have evaded into Switzerland or Spain. There is no information concerning a plane crash in the area. Anyone who may recognize anyone in the picture is asked contact Clayton/Scotty David, who will reply to the inquiring party.

"They point," M still was the war."

The al quarters f the value countrym today--s

Michel been train Corps. H mountains toiled in p

"The ha to leave an

An esca into action tickets wer and the oth return-trip

They rode t confinement clothes in B another train of Lake Gen

They wer military ma indicated he Michel and to embark o to a liberated The French across the b boat. The es

Ray

From Ge visit of a Fr

Ray Racine and We which we d out on Lake fish of the people who do someth

The wonderful. were couple war brides. a most won

Peop stop him to the paper. personal sa

In a on going to (strictly for

"They were very pro-German at that point," Michel said. "They figured there still was a chance Germany would win the war."

The allied prisoners, though kept in quarters far superior to any jail, learned the value of a freedom that their countrymen--and many more Americans today--simply take for granted.

Michel wanted to escape, as he had been trained by the U.S. Army Air Corps. He felt guilty about living in a mountainside hotel, as other servicemen toiled in prison and died on battlefields.

"The hardest thing is when you want to leave and you can't," Michel said.

An escape plan was developed and put into action in January 1945. Train tickets were rigged to look as if Michel and the other escapees were using the return-trip portion of their rail passes. They rode the rails away from confinement, changed into civilian clothes in Bern, Switzerland, then boarded another train for Lausanne, on the shore of Lake Geneva.

They were met in the station by a military man, who made a motion that indicated he was part of the escape plan. Michel and the other escapees were about to embark on the final leg in their flight to a liberated portion of France.

The Frenchman and his brother came across the bitter cold lake in their fishing boat. The escapees boarded the small

craft and endured the mid-winter chill of a 12-mile lake crossing. They spent the night in the Frenchman's family home and were warmed quickly with a mug of hot wine.

On the next day, Michel and the other escapees were led to a truck, got into the covered bed and rumbled out of town. They weren't sure where they had been and had no idea who the Frenchman and his brother were.

All were flown back to England after their truck transport ended at the airfield in Lyon, France. Michel was flown Stateside after his return trip to England, eventually was discharged, then went about the business of living in a peacetime world.

He never forgot the Frenchman, however. After 45 years had passed, Michel began searching for the man who'd steered the boat to Freedom. He wrote letters to the mayor of French towns on Lake Geneva, seeking information about the French Resistance.

Some letters weren't answered. Another was returned because it could not be delivered, according to the ink stamping on the envelope. But one letter went to a mayor who knew the Resistance lieutenant for the sector.

He referred the May 1991 letter to Raymond Servoz of Lugrin, France. Almost incredibly, Servoz recalled the night of Michel's escape across the lake.

He even remembered the smallest details--the hot mugs of wine, the fact that Michel went sledding with a French girl on the first morning of his freedom.

By itself, this recollection was a minor miracle. Servoz was credited with helping the escape of 118 men during the war and assisted in the safe transport of Jewish children and families to Switzerland.

So many faces. So many lives.

Michel traveled to France after learning the identity of the young man in the boat. He was able personally to thank Servoz, but never had the chance to express his gratitude to Servoz's brother. Jean L. Servoz died before Michel learned his name.

Michel recently purchased airline tickets that would bring Servoz and his wife, Jeanine, and their neighbor to Wisconsin for a mid-October visit.

"I always wanted to find Raymond," Michel said. "I want this guy to be honored the way he should have been. He really stuck his neck out."

To say the least. There are many among the war dead who were involved in the French Resistance. Servoz flirted with capture and death by helping prisoners escape across a frigid lake.

"I can never make it up to him," Michel said. "This will be Raymond's first trip to America. He's hardly ever been out of his small fishing village."

Raymond royally entertained in Wisconsin

From George Michel, Racine, Wis., concerning the visit of a French helper making a trip to America:

Raymond and Jeanine Servoz did make it to Racine and what a time we had!

We had nine very interesting days during which we did everything from going salmon fishing out on Lake Michigan (Raymond caught the largest fish of the day) to going to homes for dinner with people whom we had never met but who wanted to do something for our visitors.

These previously unknown friends were wonderful. It turned out that among those invited were couples where the wives were WWII French war brides. Believe me, French and wine flowed in a most wonderful friendship.

People would see Raymond in a store and stop him to ask if they hadn't seen his picture in the paper. Such recognition gave Raymond a lot of personal satisfaction which was fun to see.

In a liquor store where Raymond insisted on going to buy some non-French wine to try (strictly for comparison purposes), the clerk who

had heard our conversation in French, picked up on it and he and Raymond got along in French like long-lost friends. After Raymond had made his purchases and was starting to leave, his new friend asked him to wait just a minute. When he returned he handed Raymond a gift of a bottle of the best French wine in the store, to thank him for what he had done. This friend had read the story about Raymond and said he wanted to do something for him.

Raymond and Jeanine visited two schools and whether it was grade school or high school, had a message for the students, no matter their ages. The 5th graders at Stoker school in Kenosha were spellbound by Raymond's account of his activities.

Every day was full of new experiences and although we started out wondering how we were going to find activities for the time that they would be here, we ended up with a list of things to be done if they come back again. We still hope to be contacted by some of the other 117 airmen that the Servoz family helped escape.

Charlotte remembers when

From the GREEN VALLEY
(Ariz.) NEWS/SUN,
Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1988

By GARRY DUFFY

A day in early May of 1945 is one that Green Valley resident Charlotte Ambach will never forget.

That was the day Soviet troops liberated the Czechoslovakian prison in which she was kept while awaiting execution at the hands of the Nazi Reich.

"I was in the cell that was last liberated," the German-Dutch native recalled

recently. "We heard them coming. Someone was shouting, 'The Russians are here!'"

And although Ambach and her mother did not know it at the time, the Soviet troops got there with little time to spare: The German military authorities had scheduled May 22 as their day of execution.

Sifting through memorabilia going back to those times, Ambach recounts the events that led up to her arrest and imprisonment by the Geheime Feld Polizei (Secret Military Police).



--Photos by Susan Pearce, Green Valley News

Charlotte Ambach, Belgian helper once sentenced to death

Charlotte Ambach worked for the Resistance in Brussels, Belgium.

Because of that, 27 Allied airmen who crashed behind enemy lines safely made it back home or returned to fly additional missions during the war effort.

"Even though I was born in Holland, I was a German citizen," the seven-year resident said. Her father was German, her mother Dutch.

Having travelled to Germany in the years preceding the war, she was aware of what was going on.

Ambach's first contact with the Resistance came after moving back to Belgium--and after the May 10, 1940 German invasion.

Quickly, Belgium was an occupied country.

Because of their German citizenship, Ambach, her mother and sister fared better than most during the occupation.

Dangerous position

An early effort to leave Belgium for France ended with the capture of many of their group in France by forces collaborating with the Germans. France's expected ability to withstand the German assault evaporated almost immediately.

"We were arrested by the French and kept with all the others--about 60 or 70 of us in a barn--who were mostly German Jews.

After finding out about their German citizenship, the authorities released Charlotte and her mother. With nowhere to go except back home, they virtually walked back to Brussels.

After having graduated from school in Belgium, Ambach was working as a secretary when her first encounter with the Resistance came about.

"I was living with my mother," she said quietly. "One day I came home and found a young man sitting with my mother."

That was Edouard Cleeren, a young Belgian military officer trained in Britain and parachuted into the countryside to operate as a Resistance organizer. The year was 1942.

The family approached work with the Resistance slowly at first.

"My mother agreed that he could me

people
be there

Tha
but Am
drawn m
activitie

In th
citizenry
for a Ger
Organ

German
material

"They
things," I
Ambach s

For se
organizati
out that d
she was no
effort.

"They
something
like and the
smiling.

From th
loyalty wen
Resistance.

Althoug
completely
the work for
terribly dan
Ambach.

But matte
so after Edou
authorities.

"He had
someone--a
contact in the

That was
Resistance o
become her f
pay for his f
the ultimate

Lon

Ambach's
27 Allied flye
lines get safe
and lengthy un
stretching thro
Spain. It was
risk.

Flyers base
over Belgium
targeting Ger
down in the Be
countryside w
members to fee

people in our house. But we would not be there at those times," she recalled.

That arrangement lasted for a while, but Ambach eventually found herself drawn more deeply into Resistance activities.

In the meantime, her German citizenship enabled her to get a job working for a German para-military organization.

Organization Todt was charged by the German government with acquiring material for the war effort.

"They would simply confiscate things," from the Belgian private sector, Ambach said.

For several months, she was with the organization--until her superiors figured out that despite her German citizenship, she was not dedicated to the Nazi war effort.

"They realized that there was something in my attitude that they didn't like and they booted me," she said smiling.

From that time on, her energies and loyalty were completely with the Resistance.

Although Germany by this time was completely devoted to its war machine, the work for the underground was "not terribly dangerous" at that point, said Ambach.

But matters became considerably more so after Edouard was arrested by German authorities.

"He had given me the name of someone--a high-level police officer" to contact in the event of such an occurrence.

That was Ernest van Moorleghem--a Resistance operative who later would become her fiance--and who later would pay for his fight in the name of liberty in the ultimate fashion.

Long escape route

Ambach's Resistance network helped 27 Allied flyers downed behind German lines get safely away through a winding and lengthy underground railroad stretching through France and into neutral Spain. It was hazardous work at great risk.

Flyers based in England would pass over Belgium en route to bombing runs targeting Germany. Those flyers forced down in the Belgian or Holland countryside would wait for Resistance members to ferry them to safe houses and



Charlotte Ambach, at her home in Southern Arizona

hopefully later to freedom.

Much of that work was done by young members of both sexes. With German agents free to patrol the streets, railroad and bus stations, the smallest accident or mistake could mean disaster.

Ambach recalled her abrupt arrest at the hands of the GFP.

"I was to meet a passeur (contact) at North Station (in Brussels)," she said. "He was a half-hour late, and I remember thinking that this was bad."

Ambach has had plenty of time to think over her first instinct. "I thought of leaving. For some reason, I did not."

Unknown to her at the time, the passeur had been compromised and was leading a secret police agent straight to Ambach.

Apparently, the American flyer had been approached on the train by German agents, and asked for the correct papers.

Not understanding German, French or Flemish, he had remained silent--until asked in English.

When Ambach approached the passeur to collect the hapless flyer, she found a gun at her head and the aviator yelling "Hande Hoch!"--German for Hands Up!

(Continued on Next Page)

HELPED BY CHARLOTTE

This is a list of evaders officially accredited to Charlotte Ambach:

July-September 1943

BRYANT
HUTCHINSON, Alan (Canadian)
LOBBAN
DUFFEE

October 1943

CLARY
SHIPE
PENNEY
FIDLER
WOOLARD
SOBOLEWSKI
HORTON

CONVERSE
LEPKOWSKY, Stanley
De GHETIO, Robert
HOLDEN

GORMAN
ALUKONIS
STANFORD, Lloyd
BURCH

November 1943

MELLOR
HORNING, Arthur
KEVIL

JUSTICE, John
BOULTER
SPICER
APPLEWHITE

Charlotte remembers

(Continued)

It was no aviator. It was an agent for the Geheime Feld Polizei.

German reaction was fast and hard.

Almost everyone associated with her was grilled by the secret police. And for Charlotte, her mother, fiancé, sister and brother-in-law, the hand of the German bureaucratic killing machine began hovering very low over their heads.

Because of the nature of the accusations against them, they were systematically labeled as non-persons bound to eventually disappear.

"You were entered as a name and given a number and that was all that mattered anymore," she said, speaking in quiet even tones. "After your name was placed a cross, and the letters N.N."

With a simple and cold bureaucratic notation in a ledger book, Charlotte and loved ones were designated *non nomen*, roughly translated to mean one with no name--a non person.

Charlotte still has the tag designating her as N.N. 4000.

She vividly remembered being interrogated by GFP officers.

"I didn't get a very tender treatment," she said of confinement in an Antwerp prison facility run by the military police.

Unbeknownst to Ambach, her family, or the GFP, someone else had been shadowing the Resistance organization prior to the arrests--the Gestapo.

"They were rather upset about the matter because they were hoping that we would lead them higher into the Resistance organization," she said of Gestapo unhappiness with the GFP's abrupt arrests of organization members.

Ambach found herself shortly back in Brussels, a special seven-cell area in the royal residence. This time, it was the Gestapo's turn.

To her amazement, Gestapo treatment was far less cruel than that of the GFP.

"They treated me nicely. They did the reverse psychology."

As it turned out, that tactic failed to produce results either. When she and Ernest were allowed to meet a single time, it was under the Gestapo hope that either or both might break down and offer cooperation in exchange for protection of a loved one.

Her mother also was there. "We



Charlotte Ambach, in 1942

knocked on the walls to establish contact with each other. We relayed information that way too."

It was on June 1 of that year that a military court handed down a ruling on the charges against the Resistance members: Death.

Transferred to Bonn via train, Charlotte and her mother shared a cell that ironically later housed her sister.

"My mother wrote above the door 'What does it gain a man to win the world but lose your soul'," she recounted. "My sister came later and knew that my mother was in the cell."

Another transfer followed, this time to confinement in Eastern Germany.

"There we stayed for quite a while," until transfer to a prison in Waldheim, Czechoslovakia in February of 1945.

During the period in Nazi hands, both Charlotte and her mother witnessed unspeakable brutality as a way of daily life.

As they were sent further east and closer to the Soviet border, they came more and more into contact with prisoners jailed purely for political reasons.

Prisoners were aware of the approaching Allied offensive.

Her first inkling that freedom might be near at hand came from former inmates who would return to stand beneath the prison and shout information to those inside.

Initial word of Allied troops in the area came in the form of reports that black soldiers had been seen near the village.

"We thought that meant they were French-Senegalese," she said. "But they were Americans."

But liberation did not come from American troops. It came on May 6, when Soviet troops took the prison in Waldheim, releasing all prisoners in the facility.

"The door just opened and I saw a sleeve with a key in the hand," she said of sudden liberty. "We just stood there. In came a 'very small and skinny young man wearing a Russian uniform,'" she continued.

"Everyone was crying. All the women were falling down over each other trying to kiss him."

Charlotte and three others went to the men's prison to try to learn the whereabouts of loved ones. Those inquired about were not there.

It was about that time that she got her first glimpse of an American from the expeditionary force.

"I still remember going down the street and seeing a very tall guy," Ambach said. She asked him if he were "a Yank."

After some time spent in a Russian refugee camp, both Charlotte and her mother were transported by Allied train back to Belgium. Things were not the same.

"We didn't have a home," she recounted.

Her sister and brother-in-law also had safely returned and offered their home.

Everyone in Ambach's family got home safely after the war. But not everyone in Charlotte's life survived.

She learned that Ernest had been executed.

For Charlotte Ambach, her work with the Resistance was something that had to be done, regardless of the danger and without concern over how it would be viewed in the future.

Charlotte's efforts later would be honored. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the United States Medal of Freedom for her at the request of President Harry S. Truman.

From Britain came the King's Medal of Courage. Her home country responded by designating her a knight of the Order of Leopold II.

Shoe

http://hazareilly.com

WKE

Hum
on fl

Linda M
County Sta
rich vein of
serious pub
maintenance
Dash-Ones
mechanical
repairs by th
Here are
complaints
and replies

Pilot's N
Crew Ch

Pilot's N
cockpit."
Crew Ch
cockpit."

Pilot's N
eak on right
Crew Ch

Pilot's N
riend or Fo
Crew Ch
n OFF mod

Pilot's N
rattle lever
Crew Ch
ere for."

The best
Pilot's N
issing."
Crew Ch
ing after br

Shoe



Humor prevails on flight line

Linda Martinez of *The Ventura County Star* in Ventura, Calif., found a rich vein of humor in such generally serious publications as Air Force maintenance documents, most notably the Dash-Ones, where the pilots note any mechanical glitch in their aircraft for repairs by their maintenance crews.

Here are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by Air Force pilots and replies from the maintenance crews:

Pilot's Note: "The autopilot doesn't."
Crew Chief: "It does now."

Pilot's Note: "Something loose in cockpit."

Crew Chief: "Something tightened in cockpit."

Pilot's Note: "Evidence of hydraulic leak on right main landing gear."

Crew Chief: "Evidence wiped off."

Pilot's Note: "IFF (Identification Friend or Foe) inoperative."

Crew Chief: "IFF always inoperative in OFF mode."

Pilot's Note: "Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick."

Crew Chief: "That's what they're here for."

The best one of all:

Pilot's Note: "Number 3 engine missing."

Crew Chief: "Engine found on right wing after brief search."

AFEES PX PRICE LIST

Your purchase supports AFEES

Winged Boots

Lapel Pin, 3/4 in. Pewter	\$6.00
Tie Tack, 3/4 in. Pewter, with Chain.....	6.00
Lapel Pin, 1 in. blue shield with boot	6.00
Tie Tack, 1 in. blue shield with boot & chain	6.00
Cloth with metallic thread (dry clean only)	5.00
Cotton Sport Shirt Patch (can be laundered).....	2.50
(Silver on dark blue)	

Blazer Patches

Royal Blue Only	\$10.00
Blue with metallic thread	15.00

AFEES Merchandise

Car License Plate	\$10.00
T-Shirts, sizes S, M, XXL	10.00
Lapel Pin, blue and silver	6.00
Clock, Helping Hand logo (with battery)	15.00

Official AFEES Caps

(One size fits all)

Mesh Back, Navy Blue	\$12.00
Mesh Back, White	12.00
Closed Back, Navy Blue only	12.00

Add \$1.50 per order for shipping & handling

Make checks payable to AFEES; mail to:

FRANK G. McDONALD, PX Manager
1401 Brentwood Drive
Fort Collins, CO 80521

Phone (970) 484-2363

Airmen go back to Slovakia

By THOMAS S. THOMAS III
Mendham, N.J.

Having last visited Slovakia via parachute in December 1944 and having been hidden by peasants for about six months, I was intrigued when I received an invitation from General Husak of the Slovak Republic to return at my own expense to help celebrate the Slovak Uprising of 1944.

Thanks to Jim Downs of Oceanside, Calif., I was given names of others who might also go. First was Roy Madsen of Salt Lake City, another evader who marched along the Tatra Mountains to Banska Bystrica and to freedom by being flown out from Tri-Duby Airport.

Volunteers from the 15AF who measured up to this hazardous mission were Jim Street, Portland, Ore., and Henry Long, North Plainfield, N.J. Jim flew one of the six B-17s flown in to pick up evaders and former POWs liberated in the Slovak Uprising. While the 15th had two other major targets that day, the six planes with fighter escort landed, unloaded supplies for the Partisans and took off with the liberated group of about 40. This was inside Nazi lines in an area under Partisan control.

I went down two months later in a Slovakian area southwest of this area, near Trnava.

After arriving on Aug. 26, 1997, via a rental car we four drove to Spacince, a village where I spent four months hiding from occupation troops. Visiting the old house was an emotional experience--to make it a sad reunion was the fact that all but one of the family of five had passed on. We were warmly greeted by the Nadasky's godmother who now occupies the house. The commendation letter from General Eisenhower still is the prize possession in the household.

The next day we visited Polomka in central

Slovakia, an area where some 24 OSS personnel were overrun and captured in the mountains on Dec. 26, 1944. After paying our respects at the memorial and to the local people, we drove back to Banska Bystrica. The following day we took an active part in the memorial of the Uprising, held at the Broken Heart Museum.

Returning late to Bratislava, we took part the following day in the observance of the Anti-Fascist uprising. We met Col. George Varn, the American liaison officer to the Slovak Republic.

On Aug. 30 we raced to Vyskovec, across the border in the Czech Republic. Hammered by rain and wind, we were able to assist at the unveiling of a new Stele to the 28 downed airmen who were lost in 10 bombers from a Nazi fighter attack of 89 planes on Aug. 29, 1944. The Czech people greeted us graciously, despite the stormy weather.

The names of our 15AF crew members are kept in the cemetery nearby where they were first buried. It is a tribute to their memory that the Czechs have not forgotten after 53 years of the sacrifices made in WWII. Lt. Col. Cukr joined us from Prague for the unveiling.

It was a moving experience as we placed our remembrances at the stele, and even more so when the national anthems were played, followed by the rifle salute echoing over the valley.

A reception followed at which Czech girls and their partners performed dances native to the area.

Next day, a visit was made to Rencin, after which we went to Prague for a couple days before our return flight to New Jersey by Czech Air.

Note: Czechoslovakia became the Czech Republic (Bohemia and Moravia) and the Republic of Slovakia in 1993.

Guests at Uprising anniversary celebration

From SOBOTA PLUS, PRAVDA,
(Bratislava Newspaper)
August 30, 1997

By BORIS VANYA

In an arriving hall of an airport in Bratislava, Roy Madsen, Marion Street (nicknamed Jim), Henry Long and Thomas S. Thomas looked like "classic" tourists from countries lying beyond the ocean. Madsen had been already in Slovakia five times; for the others, it was the second flight to Slovakia. The first one took place 53 years before under much more dramatic circumstances.

Roy Madsen brought with him American pilots, veterans of World War II. He knew a bit about the local culture from previous visits, and furthermore, he

had acted as a missionary of the Mormon Church in Bohemia from 1947 to 1949 and had learned some of the language from our western neighbors. Thus, he became the natural leader of the four, who came to us to celebrate the 53rd anniversary of SNU. The first stop was the Hotel Forum where the pilots told their stories.

He Did Not Know Where He Was

"I finished high school one Friday and by the next one I was already in the Army. The United States had entered the war," Roy Madsen starts his story. Madsen was born February 16, 1925, in Ogden, Utah. "In March I arrived in Italy on an American aircraft. September 13, 1944, when I was returning from a flight attack on the German territory (the aim

was sixty miles south of Berlin), we were surprised by air defense and enemy jets. The plane took several shots, and it was not possible to stay in the air. One fellow from the crew stayed in the plane and died, another was severely injured by Germans on the ground. We had no idea where we were." The bomber crashed down near Sobotiste. Thanks to the generosity of local people, American pilots met partisans. Their way went through Lubina, Zilina and Martin to the heart of the uprising, Banska Bystrica. "On October 7 airplanes came for us and took us back to Italy," Roy said as he glanced toward Jim and Henry sitting next to him.

J. Street, born February 17, 1925, in Redmond, Oregon, and Henry Long, born

Four for
1944, aft
(memori
Jim Stre

July 14, 192
spent a much
Slovakia in
by fate to so
cases of the
Army. Stre
bomber, and
technician.

"Octob
mission. Wh
bomber Cent
at the Tri Du
to bring mate
and evacuate
American arm
successful," s

He Land

Thomas S
October 31, 1
Jersey. Before
realized in the
13 months of
navigator and
Carolina. "A s
Thomas recalle
century of men



Four former U.S. airmen place floral tributes in memory of 15th Air Force fliers who perished on Aug. 29, 1944, after their planes were attacked by German fighters. The ceremony took place in front of a Stele (memorial) at Vyskovec in the Czech Republic near the Slovakian border. From the left: Roy Madsen, Jim Street, Henry Long and Thomas S. Thomas. (Photo courtesy of Thomas Thomas)

July 14, 1923, in Plainfield, New Jersey, spent a much shorter period of time in Slovakia in 1944. They also were waved by fate to southern Italy, where there were bases of the 15th American Airforce Army. Street was a pilot of a B-17 bomber, and Long was an engine mechanic.

"October 7 we set off for a secret mission. While most of the 15th Army bombed Central Europe, six planes landed at the Tri Duby airport. Our purpose was to bring material help to Slovak partisans and evacuate members of the British and American armies. The mission was successful," said the former pilot.

He Landed in a Tree

Thomas S. Thomas was born October 31, 1924, in Morris Town, New Jersey. Before finishing high school, he enlisted in the American Airforce. After 13 months of training, he became a navigator and joined a crew in South Carolina. "A short training followed," Thomas recalled from more than half a century of memories.

"I underwent a flight over the ocean. In Italy, we joined the 464th bomber group. A mission, during which we were shot down, was my seventh. We bombed targets near Bratislava. After fulfilling the mission, we were supposed to return to Italy, so we turned 180 degrees according to the plan. The leading plane started turning to the northwest. Since the radio was quiet, we did not know what was happening, but we found out later. The pilot of the leading plane thought that he was in front but in fact was behind the other formations. Somewhere above Devinska Nova Ves, thirty Messerschmidts attacked us and four members of the crew died immediately. I landed with my parachute in a tree. Some men, who might have seen the flames from the plane crash, appeared after a while. They stood just below the tree in which I hung but did not look up, so I shouted," Thomas continued in his memories of Dec. 6, 1944.

From One Village to Another

After several minutes Thomas was

surrounded by more than one hundred people. "I tried to communicate with them, but nobody could speak English or French. When someone who could speak French was finally found, Germans started to surround the place. Onlookers ran away and I stayed alone." Thomas was lucky; he managed to hide and the following day, he walked to Spacince. "I did not think I would stay there long but I spent more than three months there. I found out that one of the younger boys admitted to someone that they were hiding an American pilot. To stay longer would be dangerous for everybody. I went to another village and knocked at the door of a house where Justin sent me. Its owner worked in Canada sometimes. He was very frightened that they would find me there, so I only slept there and continued the journey."

The American navigator was lucky again. After several kilometers he came to a village whose name he has forgotten and hid himself in a haystack. "A woman

(Continued on Next Page)

...back to Slovakia

(Continued)

who came to collect eggs found me. She told me to stay and later invited me to her home. Six days later Germans came for hay for their horses, and then a young girl helped me. She brought me a pistol from a house at first. Then she offered to help the Germans and threw down hay from the upper part of the haystack where I was hidden. I managed to run away to another house and a man named Stefan hid me." When a front came closer, people left the village and Thomas stayed alone again. But two days later Stefan came back together with two Russian soldiers and Thomas, after a long trip through Kyjev, Odessa and Italy, returned home on May 21, 1945.

All four soldiers settled down in the United States after the war. They returned to schools, finished their educations, and formed families. Long and Street are in Europe for the first time in 53 years. Thomas was in France seven years ago. Madsen was in Slovakia five times and is glad to be here again. Thomas was in contact with his friends from Slovakia, especially with the Nadasky and the Chynoransky from Horna Krupa, until the mid-60s when contact was lost.

His words in conclusion: "I would be glad if somebody, based on my story, knows me, possibly some of the children who were younger than me at that time. I would also like to thank the Slovak women who prepared a beautiful funeral for my four colleagues from the crew of T. Stevens. Their bodies were later moved to France. I would again like to thank all Slovaks who helped us. Thanks forever."

P.S. The Nadasky family are all dead except Rosa, the daughter, who lives near Spacince. The Chynoransky family still lives in Horna Krupa, except the mother, who passed away in 1986.

MARCH FOUNDATION OPERATES THE MUSEUM

The March Field (Calif.) Museum is alive and well after being divested from the Air Force following the 1996 realignment of March AFB. It is now operated by the March Field Museum Foundation as private nonprofit museum primarily dedicated to the preservation of Air Force aviation history.



DUAL PRESIDENTS -- Dick Smith (left) president of AFEES, visited with Raymond De Pape, newly elected president of the Canadian branch, RAFES, during the Canadian AGM at Brockville, Ont.

Canadians salute helpers at AGM

Several Helpers were feted during the September weekend conference of the Royal Air Forces Escaping Society's Canadian branch at the Royal Brock in Brockville, Ont.

Gord Stacey, the outgoing branch

president, said honoring helpers is important to the 55 former airmen who attended.

"The people who were helped want to be given a chance to reciprocate," Stacey explained, adding the first helper was brought to Canada in 1967 as part of the nation's centennial.

The RAFES Canadian branch was formed in 1965. The group now has a membership of about 150 with members found in every province across Canada.

Over the past 29 years, almost 200 helpers have been honored by the Canadian branch.

In addition, the group extends financial assistance to helpers in need and is dedicated to maintaining friendships that have endured more than 50 years.

Stacey was shot down on April 27, 1944, while carrying out a night raid on a railway viaduct near Montzern, Belgium.

Ray De Pape, elected branch president for the 1998-99 term at the meeting, was shot down near the German/Belgium border in October 1943. He walked for seven days until he was confident he was in Belgium. After finally getting help, De Pape was given a false identity card and a work permit.

Ray De Pape named to lead Canadians

Raymond De Pape, newly elected president of the Canadian branch, RAFES, was born in Swan Lake, Man., and joined the RCAF in December 1941.

On the night of Oct. 3, 1943, his Halifax was shot down after bombing the ball bearing works in Kassel. He landed in an open field and was on his own for seven days, living off fruit and vegetables from gardens.

After contacting resistance members, he crossed into France and from Paris, travelled to Dax by train with an RAF pilot and a young Dutchman. He was taken across the Pyrennes by Basque guides and the Bidassoa River by the famous Florentino.

After the war, he worked in Vancouver as a nutritionist in animal feed and moved to Toronto in 1964. In 1981 he was transferred to Belgium. He retired in 1984.

He and the former Anne Van Ryssel have four children.

AFEES members in attendance at Brockville were President Dick Smith, Russ Weyland, Bud Loring and Tommy Thomas.

This page intentionally left blank

(Hotel Reservation form on Reverse)

HOTEL RESERVATION FORM
AIR FORCE ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY
MAY 7 - 12, 1998

Reservations after April 15, 1998 will be accepted on a space and or rate available basis only.

Mail to: Fairview Park Marriott
 3111 Fairview Park Drive
 Falls Church, VA 22042

OR

**FAX THIS FORM DIRECTLY TO
 THE HOTEL BY APRIL 15, 1998
 FAX # (703)204-0576**

Attn: Reservations

Or Call: 1-800-228-9290 or 703-849-9400

_____ Single Occupancy \$79.00 _____ Double Occupancy \$79.00
 Indicate choice. These rates do NOT include 6.5% tax per room, per night.

Arrival Date _____ Time _____
 Departure Date _____ Time _____
 Name _____
 Phone Number _____
 Street Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Requests:

☐ 1 King Bed ☐ 2 Double Beds
☐ Smoking ☐ Non-Smoking

Share with _____

All reservations must be guaranteed for late arrival to a credit card or guaranteed with a check or money order covering the first night's stay.

☐ Check or money order enclosed, Amount \$ _____ (Please be sure to add 6.5% tax)

Guaranteed by Credit Card:

Amex _____ Diners _____ Discover _____
 Mastercard _____ Visa _____ Carte Blanche _____

Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

Once my reservation is guaranteed to this card, I understand that I am responsible for (1) one night's room and tax which will be billed through my credit card in the event that I do not arrive and do not cancel my reservation by 6pm on the date of arrival.

 Signature

The Fa
 hotel is
 and dov
 Washin

Directio
 -From
 Exit 8
 Fairvi
 -From
 Contin
 Hotel i
 -From
 Arling
 the left

The Fai
 note c
 ing
 in the C

Handica
 accomm
 to park

Hotel dir
 -J. W. 's
 -The Clu
 -Room s

Currently
 Dependin
 Northern
 the Metro
 Dunnlori

For RV h
 Ask for in

The hotel
 wheelchai
 wheelchai

FAIRVIEW PARK MARRIOTT

Falls Church, VA (Washington Area)

703 849-9400
1998

HOTEL LOCATION

The Fairview Park Marriott is located at 3111 Fairview Park Drive, Falls Church, Virginia 22042. The hotel is five minutes from shopping at Tysons Corner Center and the Galleria. It is convenient to museums and downtown Washington, D.C. The hotel is 14 miles from the National Airport and 20 miles from the Washington/Dulles Airport.

Directions if driving:

- From Richmond: Take I-95 north. Exit to I-495 (Capital Beltway) N. Frederick. Take Capital Beltway to Exit 8 (Arlington Blvd. - Route 50 east). Exit; follow signs for Fairview Park exit. Exit; follow signs for Fairview Park South. Hotel is on the left.
- From Baltimore: Take I-95 south, toward Washington. Exit I-495 west toward Northern Virginia. Continue on I-495 to Exit 8 (Arlington Blvd. - Route 50 east). Follow signs for Fairview Park South. Hotel is on the left.
- From Washington, D.C.: Take Route 66 west to I-495 south, toward Richmond. Exit I-495 at Exit 8 (Arlington Blvd. - Route 50 east). Follow signs for Fairview Park; exit Fairview Park south. Hotel is on the left.

HOTEL EXTRAS

The Fairview Marriott has 397 guest rooms. Each guest room features a hairdryer, iron/ironing board, and remote control color TV. An indoor/outdoor pool, saunas, whirlpool, health club, exercise room, and jogging path offer opportunities for guests to relax. Complimentary morning coffee is available 6:30-10am in the Club Lounge.

Handicapped accessible and non-smoking rooms are subject to availability. Please request these special accommodations when making your hotel reservations. Parking is complimentary. There is space available to park RVs if a guest of the hotel. Check in time is 4pm; check out is 12noon.

Hotel dining:

- J.W.'s Steakhouse*, serves American favorites. Open for breakfast 6:30am-noon; lunch/dinner noon-11pm.
- The Club Lounge*, offers cocktails in an elegant library atmosphere. Open 11am-11pm.
- Room service is available 8am-11pm.

AIRPORT SHUTTLE

Currently, Super Shuttle ground transportation is \$18pp from both National and Washington/Dulles airports. Depending on the number of stops will determine the time it takes to arrive at the Fairview Marriott. Northern Virginia Sedan is \$25 per car from National; \$30 per car from Dulles. From National, you can use the Metro service. Take the Orange Line to the Dunnloring Metro Station. The hotel will pick you up at the Dunnloring Station.

NEAREST RV PARK

For RV hookup service, call the Lake Fairfax Park at (703) 471-5415 or Bull Run Park at (703) 631-0550. Ask for information, reservations, and directions to determine which is the most convenient for you.

WHEELCHAIRS

The hotel has one wheelchair for use on site. Health Care Concepts (703) 750-0914 rents standard wheelchairs at \$16 per day or \$26 per week. Please call Health Care Concepts should you need to rent a wheelchair for the reunion. They do not deliver rentals.

C'est notre 'Marie Octobre'

(From "La Depeche," Toulouse, Oct. 10, 1990)

During the dark hours of the occupation, Marie-Louise Dissard was called "Francoise." It was she who headed the reseau of the same name after the capture of its creator and chief Albert Guerisse called "Pat O'Leary".

The Reseau Francoise specialized in saving flyers and military personnel, Anglo-Saxon, who fell in occupied Europe. It operated from the North of France all the way to the Spanish border. Toulouse was the pivoting turntable.

Some no doubt recall the strange "clients" of the Paris hotels and Arcades, hidden under the noses of the occupying forces, all of this thanks to the diligent efforts of "Francoise".

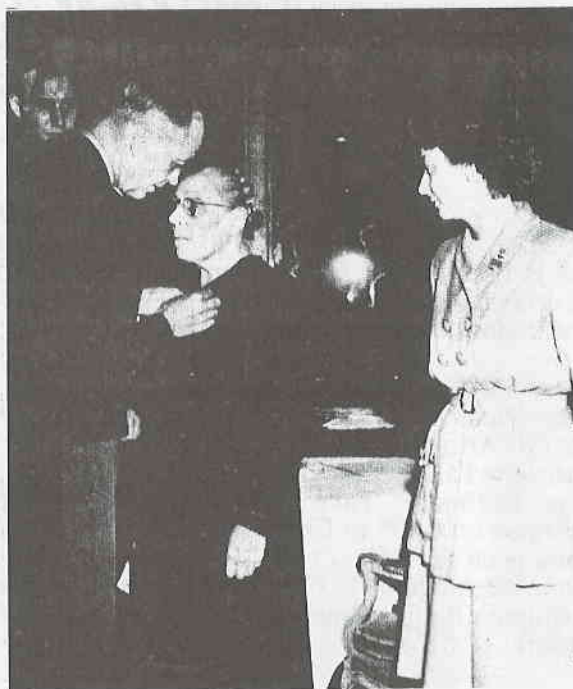
Retired city hall secretary during the "Big War" the beginning of the 1940s find her as a hat maker in a small shop Rue de la Pomme. Her profession permits her to travel without restrictions. Marie-Louise "Francoise" is a woman of strong character. People who are familiar with the heroine of "Marie Octobre" by Julien Duvivier will understand. Past forty, a little on the heavy side, measuring 1m.60, she knows how to command. During this period she deployed an incessant activite and never hesitated to put her life in danger on numerous occasions.

SHE JUMPED FROM THE TRAIN

Here is an example:

One day, returning from a mission around Lyon, she is arrested on the train by the Gestapo. She asked to use the restrooms. Her sinister guardian angels accompanied her. They untied her hands and after giving them a lesson in savoir vivre she asked that they turn around. She then jumped from the train (in motion) and miraculously sustained no serious injuries. A similar incident saved her from the Buchenwald camp in the very difficult year of 1943.

Told by her cleaning lady that the Germans were surrounding her neighborhood, she borrowed the woman's apron and shopping bag, poured some cheap red wine on herself and went out, smelling and



U.S. General Lewis decorates Marie Louise Dissard with the Medal of Freedom with gold palm while Andree de Jongh awaits her turn, Aug. 16, 1946. (Photo from "Women in the Resistance," Margaret L. Rossiter, Praeger, 1986.)

acting like a drunk on her way to the wine store.

Truth or legend, "Francoise" will always be a figure of the resistance in Toulouse and certain American servicemen, honored today at City Hall owe her a lot.

For all those who have been part of this period in history (and for others) as recently written by Mr. Pierre Laborie, assistant professor at the university of Toulouse-Mirail, to remember is important at a time in history when it was easy to find a thousand good reasons to submit (or at least not to make a choice) so many decided otherwise, knowing well that death for them would not knock at their door hazardly.

Mme. Francoise aided 700 airmen

Excerpted from RESISTANCE R4 Historical Magazine, March 1979
11 rue Victor Capoul, Toulouse
(Translated by Jacqueline Guy Kervizic, Houston, Tex.)

By CHRISTIAN MOULY

After the birth of Marie-Louise on Nov. 6, 1881, in Cahors, the family Dissard moved to Toulouse a few years later. In her teens, she showed a gift for sewing, embroidery and lace-making and tried her hand at drawing and painting.

In 1913 she became secretary at city hall in Toulouse and 1917 began to teach at the school Rue des Chalets.

When her nephew, Commandant Boutin, became a war prisoner in 1940, Marie-Louise was left alone. When De Gaulle gave, from London, his historic call and on her 59th birthday, Nov. 5, 1940, she decided to become active in the Resistance.

Marie-Louise Dissard was already very active when she met, in 1942, Albert Guerisse, code named Pat O'Leary. His

house, 12 rue du ~~Docteur~~-Paul-Meriel, served as a mail drop for the distribution of orders and documents. She joined the reseau, taking an active part in the operation of lodging and transporting groups transitting through Toulouse. She served as Number 40.068, chief of the Toulouse section and region under Doctor Guerisse.

The year 1943 was a tragic one for the reseau of Pat O'Leary and it was dismantled. The chief was arrested and imprisoned in Marseille. At the origin of

these captures, happening simultaneously in Lyon, Marseille and Toulouse, was Gestapo Agent Roger le Legionnaire. Many Resistance agents were neutralized and deported immediately.

Marie-Louise, after miraculously escaping the trap, was obliged to leave Toulouse and temporarily settled down in Bergerac. She was now in her 60s but her physical health did not, in the least, keep her from going from one town to another, borrowing and begging for any possible form of transport to get there.

She still worried about restoring the indispensable freedom rescau for the escapees. In view of this, she met the English Counsel, Sir de Beaumont, in Barcelona, and representatives of the War Office in Geneva. Officially accredited in 1943, she had the money to fund the rescau (buying clothes, shoes etc.), and returned to France the first day of March 1943 and on the 2nd she baptized it the "Rescau Francoise." She was at the head of an organization that officially recruited 211 members.

When she leased on July 15, 1943, a villa under the name of Marie-Louise Dissard, no one guessed that this renter, of fragile appearance, with square shoulders that are already deformed by rheumatism, dressed with extravagant dresses resembling church robes, accompanies fugitives to Spain via Perpignan.

She did not go unrecognized in the

After the Liberation, Francoise explained: "I have proven that in my functions as chief of Rescau by the War Office, Section evasions, on 15 May 1943, that I have sent through Spain and Andorra approximately 700 English and American airmen as well as some English escapees from Germany or Italy and who were hiding in Switzerland."

"To assure the liaison with the British Consulate in Geneva, I frequently went to Switzerland. I also sent through Spain French patriots wishing to continue to fight with the French Forces in England."

streets when she strolled along the boulevards, a shopping bag or a velvet purse (or satin) on her arm. People often turned their heads when she passed them. She wore unusual straw hats, with flowers of multicolor feathers, some of them garnished with fruits, and a veil. She walked slowly, leaning on her cane. When she met with acquaintances, she never stopped talking of the good old times, for this good Toulouaine did talk a lot!

Four "children" are on the platform of the Station Matabiau waiting for the train in the direction of Perpignan. There are four of them, silent. They surround the old lady who is speaking to them, or

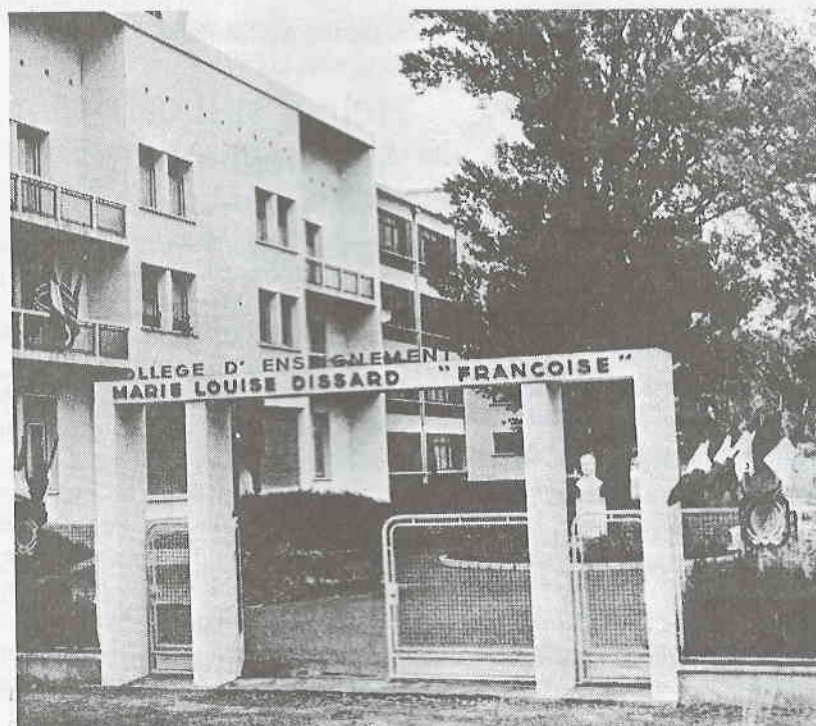
seems to be, a cigarette in her mouth. The youngest holds a satchel in his hand. Nothing seems different than the other passengers strolling along the platform.

On the train taking them a few minutes later to the South, Marie-Louise thinks about all the work she did to make them appear like teens. It is true that she dyed their hair well and that the clothes are impeccable. They do not look like Englishmen. Nonetheless, she will be more at ease when these young people are in the hands of the helpers of the Rescau Papillon in Perpignan. It is during one of these situations that she is arrested by the Gestapo in 1943 but succeeds in escaping.

The German Control points are becoming more and more numerous in town and in public places; the occupant spies' information network does not permit mistakes. The Germans know that the rescau helping the escapees is working again and they want to abolish it quickly. Francoise is always active and worried with the coordination and unfolding of the rescau's mission, the recovery of "Packages," lodging, food, false papers, transport etc., all necessary to circulate and sneak through the carriers.

She has accomplished in this area some real exploits, counting on her sense of quick repartee and a real talent in the art of makeup and disguise. One day, to go through a control point on the rue Paul Meriel, which was enclosing the entire neighborhood, she does not hesitate to put on an old cook's apron, darken her hands and face, drink red wine and with

(Continued on Next Page)



Mme. Francoise, the Toulouse connection

(Continued)

the wine bottle visibly coming out a bag, she goes in front of the German soldiers who are armed to the teeth.

With her strong accent from Toulouse and to give herself more assurance, she calls, "Eh, drunks, is this German Soldiers!" She goes to the closest one and starts to examine him, acting insane, touching his uniform to check the thickness and quality of the fabric. "This beautiful material," she says at the very moment when the German, tired of this drunkard, sent her away with a kick in the rear end. She goes on fussing, readjusting her old blouse. She crossed the watch point.

The presence of the Occupation troops puts the population under a rigorous control. Apprehensions and tortures multiply. Repression becomes implacable. The traitors are openly seen with the Germans. The fight of the Resistance has to become a military organization. Clandestine life is the only chance for escaping this spider web which chokes every-day life from the population.

Marie-Louise, who cannot live in her apartment any longer since it was closely watched, is obliged to live from day to day, taking maximum care in carrying out her mission.

Leaving her apartment and hotel rooms, she lives in caves, attics, garages from one to several days. These places become safe asylums for herself and those she sends to Spain. It was during the first months of 1944 that she decided to again move into her apartment.

She continued to lodge fugitives. On May 22, 1944, in spite of the German surveillance, 18 people waited for one day and a night at the right time. Marie-Louise gives them new clothes, bringing in the necessary food, finally organizing the liberating "Promenade" to the

On Sept. 22, 1942, a Toulouse police chief wrote in a memo: "Mademoiselle Francoise Dissart, ex-employee of Municipal Services, shop owner of the Poupee Moderne, living 12, rue Paul Meriel, is declared steeped in prejudice in the socialiste doctrines and supportive of the English cause, expressing openly her Anglophile sentiments and always telling of her wishes and hope for the victory of that country. One must think that she does not have all her mental faculties and we do not doubt that she cannot have much influence on her entourage and we do not give credit to those assertions."



Ariegeoises Mountains.

Such was the life of Francoise until the Liberation. A surprising dose of audacity, a fierce will, and an exuberant spirit. This surprising heroine had, in effect, kept her simplicity and her "speak-your-mind" attitude that characterized her so well.

Marie-Louise Dissart left so many proofs of her courage that it seems impossible to report them wholly.

Francoise died in 1957, crippled, ill and alone.

The anonymity of her death, that year, seems incredible. Since then, her friends have worked in order that future generations will be aware and know of her. It is important that she is remembered.

Posthumous Honors

On May 17, 1962, General de Gaulle, President of the French Republic, when on a trip to the Lot region, inaugurated a plaque placed on the house where she was born, 4 rue Marichal-Foch in Cahors.

The editor is one of the Allied airmen who Francoise Dissart dispatched to Spain via Perpignan. May she RIP.

Gisele Renaud aided her parents

Bill Rendall of Kinderhook, N.Y., reports that he has learned from Corinne Garcice that her mother, Gisele Renaud, had passed away in France on Aug. 27.

Bill says he first met Gisele as a 17-year-old girl who accompanied her father, the Chef de Gendarmerie at Vertus, Leon Bouche, when he brought Bill his first false ID card at the bakery of Lucien Mouillet in Coligny.

Gisele and her mother, Marcelle Bouche, often accompanied Chef Bouche on arms drops to the sector of which he was Sous Lt.

When Chef Bouche was arrested by the Gestapo during the night of June 18-19, 1944, Gisele and her mother were able to destroy Resistance records in the apartment above the office where he was being interrogated. They were able to escape and go underground in the forest until the area was liberated in September.

Chef Bouche died as a deportee at Neungamme on May 2, 1945. Mme. Bouche, Medalle de la Resistance and Croix du Commandant, was buried with honors after her death in May 1992 at the age of 94.

Gisele was honored at the dedication of the National Police Training Academy in memory of her father. The family has been honored with pictures and accounts at the 8th AF Memorial Library in Savannah, Ga.

Helper still carries American pliers

From Cornell Ilescu, 2085 Placentia Ave., #3, Costa Mesa, CA 92627:

"I am interested in locating crew members shot down near Ploesti by German AAA. My father and I helped rescue and hide three of them in the woods. I was about 5 years old and these Americans gave me chocolate candy and a pair of pliers which I still have.

"The American fliers, my father and I were captured by the Germans after three days. I remember them often because I emigrated to the U.S. in 1971 and have strong feelings from my childhood meeting with them. I would like to meet them today to thank them for what they did for my country during WWII."

Danish helpers may join us in Washington, D.C.

AFEES President Dick Smith has been in touch with Kim Juhler of Bramming, Denmark, regarding Danish helpers and air crew members they aided.

According to information Dick has received, here is a list of Danes and airmen they helped:

Frede A. Olsen, doesn't have any names
Mrs. Gerda Munch, helped B-24 crew #42-29479, Bobst and Rosier
Hans West, helped a B-17 crew May 24, 1944
Johannes Romer Olson, B-24 crew #41-29479, Hutchins and Jones
George Holm, helped B-17 #42-3535, Laurin and Standish, also helped Howard, Heikkila and Hutchins (AFEES members)
Mrs. Kirsten Madsen, helped Howard and Holm
Karl Tranberg Hansen, helped B-17 #44-6461, Kosdeda and Bodwell
Sigurd Nielson, helped B-17 #42-30336 and G. D. Bell
Gunnar Tranberg, Karl Muller and Erik Larson, all of Gram

Dick hopes that Kim Juhler, the Danish representative for the Carpetbaggers Association, and Danish helpers may be able to attend the Washington reunion.

LATER INFORMATION PROVIDED BY CLAYTON AND SCOTTY DAVID

Floyd N. Holmes (EE 684) died July 18, 1981. Jack C. Wengert (EE 685) died June 21, 1994. Both were 801BG MIA on May 7 and freed May 27, 1944.

Lt. Robert L. Bobst (EE 622), 448BG, MIA April 29, 1944, out May 10, 1944. Died Jan. 21, 1987.

Lt. Laurin H. Derosier (EE 623), 448BG, MIA April 29, 1944, free May 10, 1944. Last address in Colorado Springs, Colo.

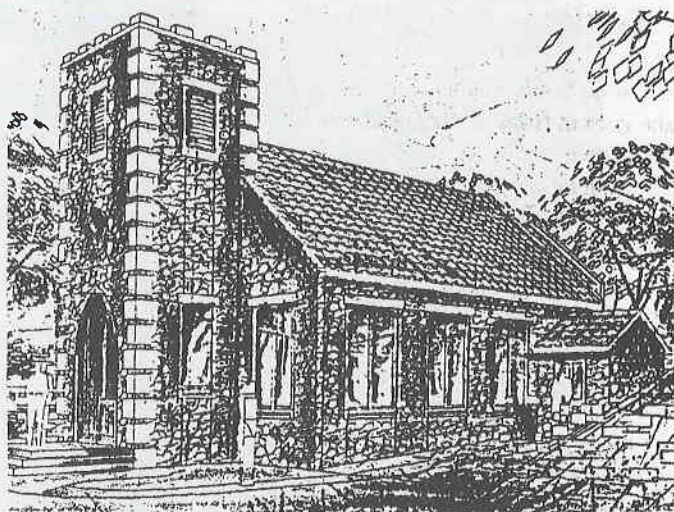
Four other members of the crew evaded and came out at the same time. They were: Lt. Orland T. Howard (EE 621), last address in Eugene, Ore.; Sgt. Russell D. Leonard (EE 624), died Nov. 26, 1995; Sgt. Wm. L. Hutchins (EE 625), died May 12, 1979; St. Albert L. Heikkila (EE 626) died Jan. 9, 1996.

Raoul A. DeMars (EE 587), 96BG, went down April 11, 1944, returned April 27, 1944. The entire crew of ten went out of Denmark to Sweden and to England. Russell A. Lauer (EE 594) was on the crew. Sgt. Glenn Standish (EE 601), 447BG, MIA April 11, 1944; returned April 27, 1944. Six of that crew are believed to have returned, including Lauren M. Davis (EE 600), last address: Shawnee, Kan.

Glydon D. Bell (EE 298), 385BG, Fayetteville, N.C., joined AFEES on July 25, 1997. He was MIA Oct. 9, 1943; returned Dec. 29, 1943.

Russell S. Bodwell, 92BG, Glenn Head, N.Y., was helped by John Kozdeba. Bodwell was MIA Feb. 26, 1945, and returned March 15, 1945, from Denmark via Sweden.

There are other airmen who came out of Denmark.



Memorial Chapel planned for 8th AF Heritage Museum

Directors of the 8thAF Historical Society have approved a fund drive to build a chapel in the Memorial Gardens at the Heritage Museum in Savannah, Ga.

Plans have been developed to construct a memorial chapel patterned after the many historical stone chapels which were near every base in East Anglia during World War II. It will be place of meditation, reflection and honor for veterans, families and generations to come. Services for all denominations, individual and group ceremonies and weddings are just a few of the uses which the chapel will serve.

According to a press release from the museum, it will be like no other chapel on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Each donor will be permanently recognized in a roll of honor volume to be placed in the chapel archives.

Checks should be made payable to The Eighth Air Force Historical Society and sent to 8AF Historical Society, 65 Beddington Lane, Strasburg, PA 17579. Note on your check that the donation is for the chapel fund.





AT HOME IN CANCAVAL -- Jim Armstrong of Thomasville, Ga., (EE #339) posed for this picture in October 1994 with Philippe and Virginia d'Albert-Lake in their home in Pleurtuit, France. Virginia was recovering from a broken wrist. In the words of Jim, "Virginia was truly a gallant and brave American who put her life on the line and paid the price to reach out and help downed airmen. We will not forget!"

A brave American lady passes away

From the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times,
Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1997

By CRAIG BASSE
Times Staff Writer

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla. -- Virginia d'Albert-Lake, an unsung hero of World War II who saved the lives of nearly 100 American and British airmen shot down over Europe, has died at age 87.

Mrs. d'Albert-Lake, a former St. Petersburg resident who was imprisoned for about a year in Nazi concentration camps for her exploits, died Saturday, Sept. 20, 1997, at her home near Dinard, France.

In recent years, she amassed a large collection of awards, including France's Legion of Honor, as well as the Croix de Guerre and the Liberation Medal of Freedom. Four years ago, she received the Maltese Cross from a U.S. Veterans of Foreign Wars post in France. The VFW called her work "Beyond any reasonable call of duty."

"I'm thrilled to get such lovely awards," she said in 1993. "But I don't really see it. I did the only thing I could do at the time."

Born in Dayton, Ohio, she moved to St. Petersburg at a young age and graduated from St. Petersburg High School in 1929.

Her mother wanted her to marry a nice St. Petersburg man and live in an orange grove near home. But she had other ideas.

After graduating from St. Petersburg Junior

College and Rollins College, she became a teacher. While traveling in France she met Philippe d'Albert-Lake, an executive with a travel bureau, and fell in love.

"My mother was devastated," Mrs. d'Albert-Lake once said. "She didn't want me to marry a Frenchman and move away."

After the Nazis occupied Paris in 1940, she and her husband joined the French Resistance and began hiding pilots in apartments, barns and their own home until they could get them to safety.

After the Allies invaded France in 1944, she was arrested. She was shipped to Ravensbruck, the Nazi camp for women. After about nine months, she was sent to another prison camp. American troops liberated her on April 21, 1945.

Survivors include her husband, a son, Patrick, Paris; a sister, Eleanor Roush Smith, Reston, Va.; a brother, Dr. Franklin W. Roush Jr., St. Petersburg; and three grandchildren.

Message from Philippe d'Albert-Lake, Oct. 2, 1997:

"Virginia went off peacefully after a most painful period when she did not even know us. She did not suffer and finally went to sleep with a smile on her face.

"The funeral in the Anglo-American Cemetery in Dinard was perfect and so many people loved her and admired her."

Dangerous work, but worth it!

(From "Autobiography of an American Woman in France," by Virginia d'Albert-Lake)

The hideout in the garden of our country cottage was practically finished. All day long we had worked without stopping. A stranger would never have guessed that at a stone's throw from the house was a refuge large enough for two people.

We had dragged a piano box to a hollow among the trees. We had camouflaged it with rocks and moss and a thin sprinkling of pine needles so that it looked like any of the other hillocks which surrounded it.

Life was dangerous during these days of German occupation. Every day hundreds of arrests were made, hostages were shot and French citizens were sent to forced labor in Germany. We did not feel secure; we wanted a hideout for the day they would come for us.

We were gazing with satisfaction on our day's efforts when suddenly Philippe seized my arm:

"Listen," he whispered.

There was the sound of a car straining to climb the hillside road which led through the woods to our secluded house. We ran to the high terrace back of house, from where we had the advantage to see in all directions.

A small truck came into view and as it stopped, a man climbed out. It was M. Renard, our baker. My husband called to him; he turned to approach us.

"Excuse me," he said, speaking directly to me, "but I have something to say privately to M. d'Albert." I assented and turned toward the house. I had barely reached the door when I heard Philippe calling to me.

"I must leave for a few minutes; don't worry, I won't be long."

I wondered what was happening. It seemed strange that M. Renard whom we hardly knew should want to speak privately to Philippe and then wish to drive away with him in so abrupt a



Virginia and Philippe d'Albert Lake, 1940

manner.

The time seemed long. I disliked staying alone in a place so isolated and at a period so fraught with uncertainty. Suddenly the silence was broken by the shrill ring of the telephone bell. I grabbed the receiver. Yes, it was Philippe!

"Come to the bakery, will you?" He sounded rather excited. I sensed that I should not ask "Why", so I only replied "Yes, of course."

I threw on a coat and ran as quickly as I could down the wooded path to the winding dirt road which stumbled its way across the rocky fields to the village. After ten minutes I arrived at the shop breathless and intrigued.

It was closed to the public at this time of the afternoon, but the door was opened when I knocked and M. Renard led through the storeroom to the dining quarters at the back. I was conscious of the delightful odor of freshly baked bread, the precious article to which we had the right to only half a pound a day.

On entering the family dining room, I found Philippe and, seated in chairs in a semi-circle, three young men, one of whom stood out particularly because of his black hair and Asian features.

"Bone joor," they said, almost in unison. At once I recognized the agreeable accent. "Oh, but you are Americans," I cried out. I was shaking with excitement. These were the first American men I had seen in three years! "Are you American?" "Yes, of course, but tell me what you are doing here!"

For the next three hours they told us their stories and how they were airmen of the same crew shot down over France, their experiences in the air, the fatal crash, where they were from in the States, all about their families, just as homesick men will do when they find sympathetic ears to listen.

The dark-haired Willy was from Hawaii. He was an oculist; a graduate of Ohio State University. There was serious, lovelorn, just married Bob from California, and Harry, a jolly factory worker from Detroit. They seemed so happy to be able to relax for a few hours and to talk with us who spoke and understood English. The Renards were not familiar with the language, but Philippe and I translated all the important and interesting things for them.

M. Renard insisted that we stay for supper--a supper that turned out to be a banquet. The host, in honor of the occasion, uncorked his best bottles of wine and his wife exploited her culinary art to the utmost. Willy could not bear anything alcoholic, but he wanted to be polite, so forced himself to drink and, after each swallow, he made such a sour face that we cried with laughter.

Gaily time went by and we almost forgot what we were risking. There, just on the other side of the door, men and women were passing in and out of the bakery, choosing their bread, counting out their bread tickets, laying down their "sous". They were not always French. Sometimes they were German. If
(Continued on Next Page)

Dangerous work, but worth it!

(Continued)

anything had happened to let them know what was going on in that room, just beyond the shop, it would have meant arrest, probably torture and perhaps death.

As the evening wore on we realized that it was time to become serious again. Already, it was 11 o'clock--the curfew hour. If we were stopped by a German military patrol on the way home, that would mean trouble, too. Bob, Harry and Willy were leaving on the next stage of their journey the following day. I promised to come down the next morning to see them off. We said good-night, tiptoed out into the street, crept through the shadows and along unfrequented narrow paths until we could breathe again inside our own four walls.

We did not sleep much that night. Instead, we talked over the whole evening, discussed the boys and made a big decision--we would work in the Underground. Dangerous, yes, but we would be careful. It would be worth every risk just to meet more boys like those tonight, and lead them from right under the German noses back home and to the work yet to be accomplished.

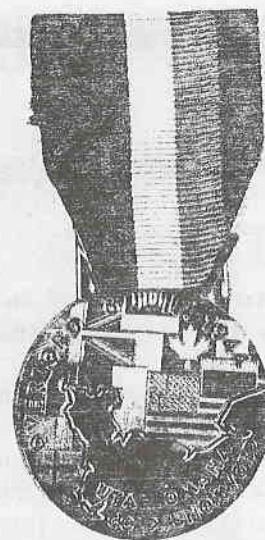
The next morning I went back to the

bakery. I had taken along some pre-war issues of Readers Digest to help the fellows pass the hours of waiting and relieve the nervous tension that was already back on them with the thought of the next move. We lunched together at the bakery, after which Renard received a mysterious phone call.

He slipped a Colt into his pocket and indicated to the boys that they were to follow him. We tearfully kissed them goodbye, then quickly packed them into the rear end of the bakery truck and let the canvas drop. It was the curtain falling on the prologue of a new play.

The three American airmen mentioned in this story, the first to be aided by Virginia and Philippe, were members of the Jim Armstrong crew of the 384BG, downed on the Stuttgart raid of Sept. 6, 1943. Willy was Lt. Wilbert Yee, now living in Hawaii. Bob was Lt. Robert Stoner from California, and Harry was Sgt. Bruno Edman, believed to have returned to Michigan after the war.

All three were arrested Nov. 18, 1943, on the train from Toulouse to Pau. They were POWs until being liberated in April 1945.



The Jubilee of Liberty Medal French honor U.S. veterans of D-Day

From the Chicago Tribune
Monday, October 13, 1997

On Sunday, France honored 94 D-Day veterans in a ceremony hosted by American Legion Post 134 of Morton Grove, Ill.

At a gathering in the northwest suburbs, French Consul General Gerard Dumont presented the veterans with Jubilee of Liberty medals and thanked them for their role in rescuing France from Nazi Germany.

The ceremony honored veterans from across Illinois who served in all branches of the military during the invasion that started June 6, 1944, and was one of the most important battles of World War II.

France held elaborate 50th anniversary ceremonies in 1994. Soon after, the government minted the medals and started issuing them to veterans because officials realized that many could not attend the commemorations in France.

"Because we have suffered we have cause to remember with emotion and gratitude what we owe to you and your country--allowing us to reclaim freedom and dignity after four years as an occupied country," Dumont told the veterans. "That is why myself and the people of France thank you and salute you."

Bob Starzynski of Chicago (306BG, EE #1356) was one of the veterans honored by the French government at the ceremony on Oct. 12.

AIR FORCES

ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

M. Philippe d'Albert-Lake
Cancaval
Pleurttuit 35730
France
Cher Ami:

On behalf of all the members of AFEES, but especially those who were helped by Virginia, I am sending the enclosed contribution in memory of a very courageous lady.

We truly regret that we were unable to be present when the services for Virginia were held but our prayers and our sympathy were with you at that most difficult time.

Our sadness at the loss of Virginia is ameliorated somewhat by the memory of this beautiful lady who suffered so much to help so many of us. "Nous n'oublierons pas Jamais."

On behalf of the members of AFEES I extend to you, and to your son, our deepest sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

Nov. 3, 1997

RALPH K. PATTON, Chairman, AFEES



FROM THE MEMBERS
OF THE
AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

May
hope and peace
be with you always

HOLIDAY GREETINGS GO INTO THE MAIL

The traditional AFEES seasonal Greeting Cards to Helpers went into the mailstream in early December.

The cards, expressing sentiments of the season, are mailed annually to helpers, many of whom have a limited knowledge of the English language and therefore, do not regularly receive *Communications*.

Paul and Dorothy Kenney design the folders and have them printed. Ralph Patton maintains the mailing list, which is checked against the records of Scotty and Clayton David. This season, President Dick Smith and his family stuffed the folders into envelopes and prepared them for mailing.

A total of 635 Season's Greetings folders were mailed this year, about 40 to helpers in the U.S., 8 to Canada and about 575 to European addresses.

(Shown is the message of this year's Greeting Folder)

Library to house military section

A major military history collection is planned for the new Wichita Falls, Texas, Public Library. The city is remodeling a former department store building to house the library in downtown Wichita Falls.

Ground was broken in March of this year for the project with completion anticipated in January 1998.

Included will be a special section for books, videos and other historical military documents.

Many individuals and military organizations in the North Texas area have pledged to donate to the project. Uniforms, medals, insignia, military patches, paintings and photographs have been contributed. Efforts are being made to collect personal experiences, diaries and related documents.

One rare gift is a bound set of *Stars and Stripes* from World War I, covering the period from Feb. 8, 1918, to June 13, 1919. Another is a POD cover from a rocket fired on Baghdad during Desert Storm.

Further information is available from Lloyd L. (Bill) English, PO Box 668, Wichita Falls, TX 76307, or from the *Communications* editor.

UPDATES TO 1996 AFEES ROSTER

(Updates are in **bold type**)

Stephen Bachar "H", 85 Woodrow Wilson Dr., Gassville, AR 72635-8004; Ph.: 501-435-6816

Col. Leecroy Clifton "L", Cibola, TX 78108-2215;
Ph.: 830-625-0103

Albert M. Cobb, **174** Sutart Circle, Lake Junaluska, NC 28745

Col. William L. Cramer "L", **405 Country Club Lane, Hopkinsville, KY 42240**

Norman Elkin, (Winter only) **7575 E. Indian Bend Rd., Apt. 2049, Scottsdale, AZ 85250**

Max Gibbs, **438 Woodland St., Belding MI 48809-2122**
Ph.: 616-794-0426

Coleman Goldstein "L", **46 Rolling Ridge Rd., Amherst, MA 01002-1419, Ph.: 413-549-1042**

Elwood L. Howard, **171 Marine View Dr. SE, Ocean Shores, WA 98569-9743; Ph.: 360-289-2001**

Mrs. Jacqueline Guy-Kervizic "H", 14043 Cashel Forest Dr., Houston, TX 77069-3507

Edward F. Logan Jr., **PO Box 1896, Hendersonville, NC 28793-1896; Ph.: 704-697-6088**

Eugene J. Rimmell "L", c/o **Harry Rimmell, 20304 Middletown Rd., Freeland, MD 21053-9627**

George Van Remmerden "H", Seal Beach, CA;
Ph.: 562-431-8893

Frank N. Schaeffer "L", **N2885 Highway 22, Montello, WI 53949**

William O. Slenker Jr., 4129 Royal Wood Blvd., Naples, FL **34112-8844; Ph.: 941-774-9270**

Mrs. Bettie Smith "W", **7400 Crestway Dr., Apt. 501, San Antonio, TX 78239-3090**

Mrs. Lillian E. Walker "W", **828 Knollwood Vlg., Souther Pines, NC 28387-3006;**
Ph.: 910-695-2687

Chuck Carlson told his story

(From the Morris (Minn.) Tribune, July 8, 1997)

By Liz Morrison

Falling from 20,000 feet, the American flier heard no sounds. Above, the fuselage of his B-17 spun through the air. Around him, German fighter planes blasted gunfire. Far below on the ground, a Nazi airfield loomed.

On October 20, 1943, Charles V. Carlson fell out of the sky over Nazi-occupied Belgium and began an 11-month odyssey of evasion, hiding, and sabotage.

Now Carlson, a longtime Morris teacher, tells the compelling story of his wartime adventures in a recently published biography, *The Road Home*. Written by Carlson's niece Ann Jacobson Robertson, *The Road Home* is an eyewitness account of the life of an Allied airman trapped in enemy territory during World War II.

The ill-fated October 20th bombing mission was supposed to be a "milk run" -- slang for a low-risk mission.

It was the third combat mission for Carlson, the bombardier in a ten-man B-17 crew, flying with the 96th Bombardment Group out of Snetterton Heath, England. That morning, Carlson's crew took off for Duren, Germany in a 21-ship combat formation. Over Belgium, their plane developed engine trouble and couldn't keep up with the formation. As the pilot turned back to England, a dozen German fighters attacked through the clouds.

The plane was hit; "Bail out!" the pilot ordered.

As Carlson bent to pick up his parachute, a bullet slammed through the center of it. Shortly after that, a navigation device on the aircraft exploded pitching Carlson, in his damaged chute, out through the blasted belly of the plane.

Sitting Duck

It was a four-mile fall -- Carlson's first ever parachute drop. He landed in the crown of a tree near the Nazi airfield. His back was injured, his eyebrows were singed off, and burned into his face was the outline of an air force helmet.

Worse, he had no weapons, no compass, no map, not even a knife to cut the shroud lines of his parachute, which

=====

**Charles V. Carlson, 80,
EE # 1665, died in Morris,
Minn., on August 6, 1997**

=====

held him suspended helplessly, 30 feet above the ground.

"This is about the worst way you could come down in enemy territory," he told his biographer, Ann Robertson. "Now I had to get down as quickly as possible and put as much distance between me and this place as possible." By hoisting himself up on the shroud lines and then letting go, Carlson at last freed himself from the tree.

But he landed hard and broke his right foot.

Carlson knew the Germans had spotted him as he rode his parachute down, and it wasn't long before he heard the search plane. He hid in a ditch full of manure. Later that day, cold, wet, and stinking, Carlson met an elderly Belgian man.

It was one of many pieces of remarkable good luck, Carlson said. The man, Henri Cnudde, was part of Comet, the Belgian Resistance.

After dark, Henri Cnudde led Carlson to the first of more than a dozen places in Belgium and France where he would hide during the next 11 months. Carlson layed low in Stambrugue, Belgium, for several weeks, recuperating from his injuries in relative safety. But later, there were many close calls.

Close encounters

The most frightening one took place in January 1944, at a train station in Renaix, Belgium. Comet had sent a young woman named Monique to guide Carlson to Tournai on the French border. For Monique's safety, Carlson was not supposed to accompany her, but rather follow her at a distance and do whatever she did.

But the train was more than three hours late. Waiting at the station, Carlson began to attract attention. Some youngsters taunted him. Then a patrol of German soldiers arrived. Monique slipped away.

"But all I could do was wait," Carlson said. "I had no papers of any kind." Not only that, he stuck out like a

sore thumb in the roomful of short Belgians. "I'm not very tall," Carlson said, "but I was head and shoulders above everybody else."

The German officer spoke with the station master, then shouldered through the crowd, pushing Carlson out of his way.

When the train to Tournai finally arrived, Monique and Carlson were the only passengers, so they sat together. To avoid talking to the train conductor, Carlson stuck his ticket in the brim of his hat and pretended to be asleep. "But I think the conductor had a pretty good idea who I was," Carlson said.

There were other close calls.

At a remote farm where Carlson stayed for several weeks, someone was discovered watching the place with binoculars.

In the spring of 1944, Carlson and another American flier were hiding out with the foreman of a mine and his daughter. Late one night, the Americans had to leave in a hurry. Comet believed



CARLSON carried this picture of Elizabeth Roe in his pocket when he was shot down. The photo survived 11 months behind enemy lines.

the miner's daughter was a German collaborator and had betrayed them.

That night, the Underground took Carlson and the other American to a large house where German soldiers were billeted on the third floor. Despite the danger, the woman of the house -- Carlson never learned her name -- agreed to take the fugitive Americans. They hid out in the first-floor parlor. The trouble was, the other flier snored, and Carlson and the woman had to keep waking him up so he wouldn't give them all away.

Waiting and worrying

Fifty years later, sitting in his comfortable living room, Carlson vividly remembers how he felt about endangering the lives of those who harbored him.

"I worried terribly, terribly. If they had been caught with an American flier, more than likely the Germans would have shot them right on the spot. At every place I stayed, I tried to figure out a way to get out if the Germans came, to protect the family." Barking dogs often signaled the approach of a German patrol. For years after the war, Carlson was uneasy whenever he heard the sound of dogs barking in the night.

He worried about his own family at home, too. "My mother was not too well when I left," he said. The Underground did manage to get a message to his girlfriend, though. Elizabeth Roe (Carlson proposed to her the very day he got home from the war) received a cryptic telegram in February. It said: Charlott has a new job and enjoys it very much.

"So we knew he hadn't been killed," Elizabeth said. "It wasn't easy waiting. I kept myself busy every minute. That's how I coped."

What kept Carlson going? "We always felt that we were going to win the war," Carlson said. "We never doubted that. There was no time when I felt despair or hopelessness."

He drew encouragement from the Resistance workers, too. They were fervent in their support of the Allies, Carlson said. One of the most devoted was Madame Louise Heller, an Austrian woman who lived in Billy-Montigny, France, with her Hungarian husband, a photographer. The Hellers supplied military intelligence to the Allies. And Mrs. Heller hid, lodged, and fed 21 Allied soldiers, including Carlson. "Imagine rounding up tobacco for that many!"

Carlson said. "We all smoked."

Liberation

By late spring of 1944, the Allied invasion was expected and Carlson worked with the French Resistance to prepare. One night, he went with the Underground to pick up an Allied air drop. There was a big box full of French money -- counterfeit, of course, printed in England. Carlson also helped destroy one of only three large mobile cranes in all of France. The Germans depended on the cranes to keep the railways open.

By September, the Germans were retreating. On September 4, they withdrew from Fourquieres, France, where Carlson was hiding in the vegetable pantry of a cafe. A few hours later British tank battalions arrived. That night, a British soldier knocked on the door of the cafe.

Carlson recalled the encounter for Ann Robertson: "He said in very bad French, 'Would it be possible to have a cup of tea?' 'Hell no,' I said. 'Come on in and we'll give you some coffee.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Heller gave a celebration dinner for 16 of the Allied soldiers they'd hidden. There were toasts, and they drank the Germans' champagne.

Growing up, Ann Jacobson Robertson heard only snippets of her Uncle Chuck's story, she said in a telephone interview from the Red Wing Republican Eagle, where she is news editor. "One of my uncles said, 'Your Uncle Chuck's a war hero. We don't talk about it.'"

To Robertson and her cousins, Carlson was "somebody who taught us to

fish!" she said. "I always thought he was the greatest guy. But he was just my Uncle Chuck. I could have summed up what I knew about his life in a paragraph."

It was Charles and Elizabeth's oldest daughter, Margaret Fricke, who first asked Robertson to write down the story. "They got tired of waiting for me to do it!" Carlson said.

Robertson spent about a year writing the book, working in her spare time from tapes Carlson recorded and "oodles of letters from the Hellers" and others from the Resistance who had hidden him.

Carlson's son, Jim, published the book this winter. Of course *The Road Home* has great meaning for Carlson's family and friends, said Robertson, 36. But his personal story is significant in a larger context too, she believes. "It's important not to forget the sacrifices they made for us," she added that writing her uncle's story has given her a "deep appreciation for what he did."

Carlson taught junior high science in Morris for nearly 30 years, retiring in 1980.

His family says he never talked much about the experience of war, which shaped him and most of the men of his generation.

Sometimes, though, he shared those experiences with his students. There was something important to learn from the French and Belgian people who risked their lives for him and other Allied soldiers, he told them:

"I was trying to impress on them that ordinary people can be very brave."

FOLDED WINGS

MEMBERS

- #288 Lionel E. Drew Jr., Savannah, GA; 306BG, Nov. 27, 1997
- 15AF Ralph F. Fuchs, Senecaville, OH; 459 BG, Sept. 3, 1997
- 20AF George A. Hanlon, Huntington Beach, CA; 444BG, March 1996
- 8AF William Powell, Bella Vista, AR; 385 BG, Aug. 5, 1997
- 15AF Alexander Richard, Madison, ME; 460BG, Mar. 12, 1994
- #1365 Bert I. Smith, San Antonio, TX; 355BG, Nov. 28, 1996
- #1094 Theodore R. Stablein, Albuquerque, NM; 410BG, Sept. 19, 1997

HELPERS

Virginia d'Albert Lake, Pleurtuit, France, Sept. 20, 1997

Clouds and a collision over Greece

From *The Raven*, publication of the 301st Veterans Association, September 1997 issue

By NEIL F. DALEY
Bronxville, N.Y.

This is in response to an article in *The Raven*, #31, submitted by William A. Betts, Clarion, Pa., and entitled, "Do You Remember?" It involved a mission to Greece on January 11, 1944--dense clouds, and a collision.

Well, Willy, I remember quite vividly. I was assigned as a fill-in navigator on the crew of Lt. Dick Williams on said date. (It was my 12th mission). The rest of the crew were veteran combatants, with the exception of the copilot, Lt. Tom Shields, who was on his first mission. Target for the day was the shipping and port facilities of Pireaus Harbor, Athens, Greece. We flew out of Cerignola, Italy. All went well until we hit the coast of Greece, where we ran into dense clouds. Visibility was practically nil and, as we were still climbing, the pilots literally had to fly by the seat of their pants. And they did. Up, up, up we went, steady as a rock--17,000, 18,000 feet came and went without a dent in the clouds. We expected to break out at about 19,000 feet, but we never made it.

Without warning, a flash suddenly ripped through the nose of the plane, barely missing the bombardier, Lt. Jerry Elkins. Apparently he saw something, for he turned to me and yelled, "Get Out!" I didn't have to be told twice because a moment before I had seen, vaguely, Capt. Goen's plane, with wings afire, fall off and head earthward. I also noticed that the wings of our plane were sheets of fire. It was then that I dove at the escape hatch, landed atop it just as the plane heeled over and started down. I was lying right on top of the escape hatch but I couldn't move. Centrifugal force had me in a steel grip and wouldn't let loose. Then the plane started to tumble in its mad descent and I was spun around in that small compartment like a teddy bear in a washing machine. It all came to a sudden end when something (it may have been a walk-around oxygen bottle) smashed into my head and knocked me out.

When I came to, I was in the air. I hadn't the vaguest idea how I had gotten there. My parachute--or what was left of it (about half of it was ripped off when I was either dumped or flung out of the plane)--was open above me. All I could see was a bunch of ragged ends, which the wind seemed intent on collapsing. That woke me up fast. I grabbed the shroud lines and ripped them apart and continued to do so until I landed on the side of a mountain. Very hard. My knees buckled and smashed into my chest, breaking a few ribs. A doctor told me later that my solar plexus was crushed. Much later I found out that I had a hairline fracture of my lower back and more cuts and bruises than I could count. But I was alive. Two other members of the crew bailed out and survived--Don Rappalaye, radio operator, and Monte Odgens, photographer. The rest of the crew died in the plane, which was nestled in the mountain about 500 yards above me.

Surprisingly, as yet I didn't feel any pain, but I soon found out I couldn't stand or walk. Consequently there was no way I could check the plane, but it was evident that no one on board could have survived that crash. The only way I could move was to crawl, and then only downwards. So off I went.

Thankfully, I didn't go very far when four Greeks showed up, one them a priest. None spoke English and I, of course, could not speak Greek. They did

nothing but stare while I kept pointing at myself and repeating, "American, American," to no avail until suddenly I saw the priest's eyes light up and he uttered something to his companions. Before I could stop them, strong arms reached down and yanked me to my feet, almost killing me. The yelp that came out of me stopped them and after that they handled me with care.

In due time I was delivered to the monastery of Poretsu at the foot of the mountain. The monastery had no modern conveniences, was hundreds of years old and was tended by a few nuns and the priest. Before long I was talking to a Greek who could speak English fairly well. He asked what they could do for me. After a little thought, I said three things: (1) If possible, get a doctor. (2) Check my plane for possible survivors. (3) Search the area and bring any survivors to the monastery.

He advised that it would take six hours to get a doctor, but they would do it; that the people were already out searching the area and that he would check the plane and its environs immediately. He told me one other thing before he left: "Don't worry about the Germans. If they head this way we'll know and have you out of here long before they arrive."

"I have to tell somebody what happened to me"

Within a few hours, three men had been picked up and delivered to the



DAYTON DATE -- The 15th Air Force was well represented at the 1997 AFEES reunion by this group of rather well-fed former airmen. From left: Ralph Fuchs, Russ Weyland, John Yandura, Frank Ramsey, Tommy Thomas, Francis Lashinsky and John Rucigay.

monastery. Sgts. Rappalaye and Odgens, radio operator and photographer of the plane I was flying in, and Sgt. Bennett from another plane. All had parachuted down and seemed in good shape. Just as it was getting dark they brought in another man. He appeared to be pretty well banged up and a little on the wild side and kept repeating, "I have to tell somebody what happened to me." Finally, I piped up and said, "Tell me what happened to you." What he related was one of the truly amazing stories to come out of the war. His name was Sgt. Jim Raley and he was the tail gunner on Capt. Goen's crew, in the plane that flew right next to mine, which I had seen go down. Well, somewhere along the line it blew to smithereens with nothing remaining but the tail section, which remained intact with Jim in it and unaware of the plane's condition. He knew he was having a rough ride, couldn't move because some ammunition boxes had fallen on him, thought he was going to die and prayed for it to happen fast. Glory be, at the last moment the tail straightened out and landed like a plane, knocking down four big trees in the process. When it finally came to rest, he opened the door that led to the fuselage and almost dropped dead when he found nothing but air. All in all, 16 Americans survived the debacle.

Hide-and-seek

We spent the next 86 days under the wings of a British underground army, who undertook to get us out of Greece and back to our own lines of hide-and-seek with the Germans. Jim Raley, two other men, Lt. Aaron Siegel and Sgt. Sid Sherris, and I were unable to walk properly during that time and spent long hours on the backs of mules or burros during our travel. Funny thing, although we talked about it, not one of really knew what knocked us down.

Be that as it may, on the night of April 6, 1944, we were all gathered on a lonely stretch of beach a few miles north of the town of Zacharro on the Ionian Sea. A lamp was shining steadily out to sea, the only direction from which the beacon could be seen. It was the fourth attempt to get a ship in for us. Sixteen Americans waited with bated breath.

Then about 2 a.m. a ship (a gunboat) crept over the horizon and blinked out some coded message. The Englishman

who was tending our lamp blinked out an answer, whereupon the ship sped in toward shore. It came to a few hundred yards out. Rubber rafts with accompanying sailors were lowered and rowed into shore where, after some hasty "thanks and goodbyes," they picked us up and delivered us out to the ship. We got underway immediately. That evening, we were landed in Taranto Harbor, Italy. End of journey.

A few days later, in 15th A.F. Headquarters, Bari, Italy, we finally found out what had really happened to us on the fateful morning of January 11, 1944. Members of the crews that had returned safely from the raid brought home the following answer:

As previously reported on that date, we had reached the coast of Greece and were climbing through dense clouds when the sky blew up, thereby knocking a number of us down. What was responsible? The answer was rather simple. The 301st was the last of four groups going in on that raid. Two of the planes, in either the 97th or 99th bomb groups, apparently got into trouble and turned back. They ten made a fatal mistake. Instead of turning to the right away from the 301st B.G., which was following behind, they turned to the left and came right across the front of our

group. The plane on the left, piloted by Lt. Long, saw them at the last moment and dove off and avoided getting hit. The second plane in line, piloted by our leader, Colonel Barthelmess, was struck in the tail section and bent into a sort of L-shape. The colonel brought it home and landed it, where it promptly broke in two. No injuries. The third plane, pilot unknown, was hit squarely and blew up. The resultant amount of carnage that was rendered by that unfortunate pilot who made the wrong turn, is as follows:

(1) At least four B-17s from the 301st bomb group blown down.

(2) At least two B-17s from the 97th or 99th B.G. blown down.

(3) Two P-38 fighter planes (escort), which were observed entering the fatal zone, then seen no more.

(4) As far as fatalities of crew members, I have heard numbers from 54 to 84 died in the debacle. I don't know which number is right or if either of them is right. I do know that the number was substantial.

I don't know what happened to the survivors, except Jim Raley, who I get to see about once a year in Florida. Incidentally, he received a battlefield commission, stayed in the service and rose to the rank of Lt. Colonel before he was finished.

An insider's guide to Washington, D.C.

Here's some insider tips from Washington travel veteran Jeff Newell on how to enjoy the nation's capital:

DON'T FORGET: Walking shoes and a good map that pinpoints exact building locations.

AVOID: Driving yourself around. It's more hassles that you want. Walk or take a tour-mobile, which you can hop on and off all day for one price.

GOOD TO KNOW: The times that places you want to see are open. Some close as early as 2 p.m., while others are open into early evening.

BEST VIEW: From the top of the Washington Monument, but if you don't want to stand in line, the view from the top of the Lincoln Monument steps is splendid.

BEST VALUE: Everything.

Admission to all federal buildings, Smithsonian museums and zoo is free.

TOURS NOT TO MISS: Interior of White House (call your congressman's office at least a month in advance to obtain); Holocaust Museum; FBI and Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

BEST TIME SAVER: Don't stand in line for lunch. Stop at a hot dog stand like a busy D.C.er would.

BEST WASHINGTON SURPRISE: In a city filled with gray limestone, it has to be the architectural carving and brightly painted vaulted ceiling of the Great Hall of the Library of Congress. It rivals the hallways leading to Rome's Sistine Chapel.

—By Kathy Matter

Airmen learn survival at Pensacola

By The Associated Press

PENSACOLA, Fla. -- After Ralph Gaither was released from a prisoner-of-war camp in Vietnam, he devoted the rest of his Navy career to improving the survival training that helped save his life.

The retired commander saw those efforts reach a milestone with a ribbon-cutting ceremony formally opening a \$6 million survival training center for the Air Force and Navy at Pensacola Naval Air Station.

"My sojourn as a survivor began with training," Gaither said during the

ceremony. "As I was captured by the Vietnamese, instead of being totally in shock at the fact that I've been captured, running through my mind was all the background and lessons my instructors had taught me."

Gaither, now a vocational teacher at Escambia High School in Pensacola, spent seven years and four months as a POW after his F-4B Phantom II was shot down in October 1965.

Working out of a rickety old seaplane hangar, Gaither led efforts to bring realism and authority to sea and

land survival training. At the time he began, the Navy was losing one of every six aviators who parachuted or ditched into the sea. Now the ratio is only one death for every 24 crash victims.

The Air Force joined the standardization effort in 1994 by moving its water survival training to Pensacola. It had been forced out of Homestead Air Force Base near Miami by Hurricane Andrew in 1992 and then temporarily operated at Tyndall Air Force Base near Panama City.

About 7,000 students go through Navy and 1,200 through Air Force water survival training here every year.

Many Air Force students, however, go through the Navy's training because they fly in naval aircraft, said Lt. Bill Davis of Fort Wayne, Ind., head of Pensacola Bay operations for the Navy.

Year-end means it's dues time

If your membership card doesn't say, "Dues paid to 1/1/99," it is time to ante up your AFEES dues. The annual membership fee is \$20. Checks, payable to AFEES, should be sent to Clayton C. David, Membership Chairman, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539.

And hey, Life Memberships still are only \$100!



THE KENNEY CLAN CONVENES -- The family of Paul Kenney, AFEES treasurer, got together August 1 at the Heritage Center near Savannah, Ga. Paul says they all enjoyed lunch at the museum and spent five hours studying the exhibits. All were impressed with the warm welcome, the friendly staff and the knowledgeable volunteers. Shown standing, from left: Sandy Frincke, Southfield, Mich.; Dorothy Kenney; Sarah Baker and Susan Baker, Dunwoody, Ga.; Paul Jr. and Ilene Kenney, Missouri City, Tex.; AFEES member Sylvia Beall, Tampa, Fla. Kneeling in front: Jim Kenney, son of Paul Jr. and Ilene; Gary Kenney of San Jose, Calif.; Allison and Erica Kenney, daughters of Ann and Gary; Ann Kenney, Gary's wife; Larry Baker (Susan's husband) and Paul Kenney of Stone Mountain, Ga.

The editor has the last word

By **LARRY GRAUERHOLZ**

WICHITA FALLS, Texas -- This burg is buzzing these days about a movie being made at Sheppard AFB. Nearly a couple hundred airmen showed up the other day for a chance to be extras in a movie to be made for German television, "Jets, the Journey of a Dream."

The script tells how four young German pilots are chosen to join the elite and attend pilot training here as part of the NATO program. An American broadcast is possible if the movie does well in Germany.

Oh yes, interior shots off base will be filmed in of all places -- California!

The AF Navigators Observers Association is prospecting for members. You flying bookkeepers interested? Then contact Edward Chan, 1065 N. 5th St., New Hyde Park, NY; phone 516-775-0251.

Richard Parkes (Hoodown House, Kingswear, Dartmouth TQ6 0AZ, U.K.; phone 01803-52248) says a reunion is planned for next April for veterans of the 15th MGB, which evacuated many airmen from the Brittany coast during the war. He hopes to have some French helpers present and suggests that visitors from the U.S. might want to join in.

Plans are cooking for the 1998 AFEES reunion in the D.C. area. You will find a hotel reservation form in this issue and convention details will be coming your way later.

President Dick Smith says that guests of members for only one or two events will not need pay a registration fee.

There are, at the present, no vacancies on the AFEES Board of Directors. However, should any member wish to serve on the board, they should so notify President Dick in time to get their name on the ballot.

The qualifications are simple: Just a willingness to contribute some time and manpower to our Society. Of course, the pay scale is rather piddling. Actually, it is nothing. Here's another chance to volunteer!

Columnist Ann Landers had a good answer (as usual) recently for a reader who asked her "to please quit printing those boring, repetitious 'how we met' letters

that come from the over-70 World War II vets. They are putting your under-70 readers to sleep."

Ann's response: "Those old war stories may not appeal to everyone, but you shouldn't ignore the many readers who love them." Along that line, I have racked up a lot of mileage with kids and grandkids in telling how Ruth and I met: On a bus in 1942 on the way to Jackson, Miss.

Sonny Fassoulis, our double evader whose story was featured in the Spring *Communications*, is one of six European evaders whose adventures are described in "Aircraft Down!" by Brig. Gen. (Ret.) Philip D. Caine. The book is now available in book stores everywhere; list price is \$24.95. General Caine says he will be glad to autograph copies for AFEES members upon request.

When General Caine was deputy commandant at the AF Academy, one of his jobs was SERE (survival, evasion, resistance, escape). He is author of several other books.

Chairman Ralph Patton has a comment on the dust jacket. I hope to have a review in the next newsletter.

John D. Vallely of the U.K. writes to mention that the newsletter includes many names he is familiar with, having worked with IS-9 in Paris in 1945. He says he met Francois Le Cornic, the late Ray La Brosse, Dedee De Jong, Pat O'Leary, Nancy Fiocca and others whose names crop up in articles he has read in these pages.

One of our readers points out that often in evasion stories, Spain and Switzerland are referred to as places of "safety." Both of course were officially neutral, but with a certain German bias.



Better that they should be called neutral countries, rather than safe havens.

Russell Tickner (E&E #1006), now deceased, went down June 2, 1944, over Paris. He was a bombardier with the Bill Evans crew of the 491BG on their first combat mission.

Now his widow Jan (2112 Tickner, Conroe, TX 77301) is preparing a book on the military experiences of her late husband. She would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have known Russell in the Freteval Forest or when he was in training at Big Spring, Tex., or Pueblo, where the crew was formed.

Yvonne Daley, known to our members as the daughter of Belgian Resistance worker Ann Brusselman, had a strange experience on a recent trip back to her native land. While she was stowing her luggage for the flight to Brussels, another passenger recognized the AFEES logo on the tote bag Yvonne had received at the Dayton reunion.

The fellow passenger was the son of Samuel Ferguson, a tail gunner who bailed out in France and made it to Switzerland on his own. He was eventually repatriated to the U.K.

Former Santa Ana AAB personnel are invited to the 23rd reunion and luncheon at Orange Coast College, Costa Mesa, Calif., next April 25. Info is available by writing PO Box 1764, Costa Mesa, CA 92628; phone 714-631-5918.

One of our members who visited Savannah over the recent Thanksgiving holiday reported that the Heritage Museum was doing a great business, perhaps due at least in part to the seasonal Florida-bound traffic. The feeling is that as the museum becomes better known, it will gain in stature as one of the nation's leading military museums.

JOKE DU JOUR: Plumber: "Sorry I'm late." Housewife, "That's okay, while we were waiting for you I taught my grandson to swim."

THE SAGE SAYS: Don't stop thinking. You might forget to get started again.

That's all folks; now it's back to the pecan shelling. May you and yours have a Happy Holiday Season!



AFEES Membership & Life-Membership Application Form



Regular AFEES membership is \$20 per year, including first year.
Includes all rights and privileges. Life Membership is \$100 with
no annual dues or assessments. Includes all rights and privileges.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ PHONE () _____

Duty Info: GROUP _____ SQDN _____ AIR FORCE _____ CREW POSITION _____

WIFE'S NAME _____ TYPE AIRCRAFT _____ WHERE WENT DOWN _____

WHEN, DATE _____ HELPERS _____

NOTE: Use extra sheet of paper if necessary. Give all the details you can.

Tell briefly the names of crew members and Helpers

Enclose check or Money Order, a **TAX DEDUCTIBLE** contribution for paid up dues

Send to Clayton C. David, Membership Director, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A.

From AFEES PUBLISHING
19 Oak Ridge Pond
HANNIBAL, MO 63401-6539

NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
WICHITA FALLS TX
Permit No. 16

Change Service Requested

Mrs Mary K. Akins "L"
560 Mt. Hood Drive
Hemet, CA
92343

