

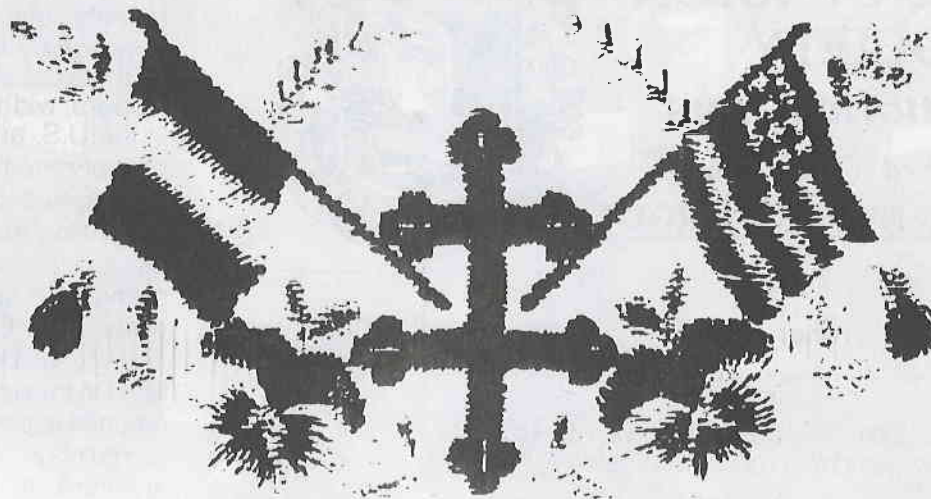
THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

WINTER 2000-01 *Communications*

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France and U.S.A. Friends Always

GLORY SKY

By Armand Rot

Treasurer-Secretary of Committee in Laon (Aisne)

(Dedicated to airmen who gave battle to the enemy for our Liberation)

THE HOPE'S WINGS
HOW OFTEN DESIRED
SYMBOLIZED IN FRANCE
ALL THE ALLIED PLANES
THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE
IN THE BLUE SKY
AND PEOPLE VIBRATED OF HOPE
TO BE LAST BUT NOT LEAST DELIVERED
BUT WHEN UNFORTUNATELY
ONE OF THESE FELL
WE FELT SICK
TO SEE IT CRASHED
TO THESE "LIBERATORS"
WE WERE ALL JOINED
TO SEE THEM AGAIN
IN SPITE OF OUR CARES
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
THEY MADE IN SKIES
WERE STUDDED WITH
MYSTERIOUS PAPERS
BUT IN THE GLORY SKY
SO BELOVED OUR ANCESTORS
THE VICTORY SIGN
PROMISED TO BE GLORIOUS

**U.S.
AIR FORCES
ESCAPE/EVASION
SOCIETY
Communications**
Published Quarterly
WE WILL NEVER FORGET



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December 8, 2000

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*Class of 2001 **Class of 2002 ***Class of 2003

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.

Winter 2000-01

New roster due soon

January 2001 is the target date for publication and distribution of a new AFEES membership roster.

It will list active members, helpers, widows and friends living in the U.S. and Canada.

Every effort has been made to have addresses and phone numbers up to date. If there is a chance you have had an area code change or address change that has not been reported, please notify Clayton David promptly.

If you wish your e-mail address listed in the new roster and have not reported it, please do so at once.

You may use the form at the bottom of Page 31 to report any new information to Clayton and Scotty David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539; phone 573-221-0441; e-mail: davidafe@dstream.net

Many veterans' groups now charge members for rosters. AFEES does not, but the 2001 roster will be mailed only to members and friends whose dues are current, plus widows and helpers in the U.S.A.

Salt Lake hosts 8AFHS reunion

A tour of Hill AFB was one of the features of the 26th annual reunion of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society in Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 17-22. The visit included lunch in the officers' club and a tour of the Hill Aerospace Museum, home to a collection of military aircraft.

The Utah Chapter of the 8AFHS conducted a re-dedication of the 8th AF Memorial at the museum, and a P-51 made several passes over the crowd.

Guest speaker at the banquet on the final evening was Dr. Stephen Ambrose, noted historian and author.

At the election of officers, Dick Baynes and Norman Grant were re-elected to second terms as president and vice president, respectively. Ivan McKinney was elected treasurer and John Pearson, secretary.

The next reunion is scheduled Oct. 24-29, 2001, in Irving, Tex., near Dallas,



COURAGEOUS HELPERS -- Resistance members honored for aiding Allied airmen, from left: Fred Boogaart, Holland; Guus van Leeuwe, Holland; Raymond Itterbeek, Belgium; Joke Verhoeven, Belgium; Lew Lyle of the 303rd who presented the awards; Mrs. Andre Dumont, Belgium; Johanna Folmer, Holland; Albert Postma, Holland; Simone Lamquin, Belgium, and Rene Baillie, France.

Nine helpers honored at Molesworth

Reprinted from *Hell's Angels*, newsletter of the 303rd Bomb Grp.

By **EDDIE DEERFIELD**

Veterans of the 303rd Bomb Group, who fought the air war more than 55 years ago to defeat Nazi tyranny, made a triumphal return to their Molesworth base in June for two days of memorable honors.

The 75 Molesworth vetrans able to make the journey, accompanied by a hundred family and friends, were treated like royalty as they gathered to dedicate an impressive memorial to their 303rd Bomb Group. The visits to the base of June 2 and 3 were filled with emotional moments and a resurgence of pride in the accomplishments of the group's 364 combat missions, the most recorded by any bomb group in the Eighth Air Force during World War II.

The return was led by Lew Lyle, retired USAF Major General, who commanded 303rd bomber formations on many of the group's strikes against enemy targets.

From the moment when the returning 303rd veterans first entered RAF

Molesworth and were welcomed by the formal salutes of scores of American servicemen to the final hours of the visit as more than a thousand British nationals cheered their entry into the main hangar, the eyes of the veterans were misted by deep emotion.

The dedication of the pemanent memorial to the courage and accomplishments of the 303rd was an emotional highlight.

Shortly after arrival at Molesworth from their Cambridge hotel on the afternoon of Friday, June 2, the visitors were escorted on bus tours of the base. So much has changed that few of the veterans were able to pinpoint with absolute certainty the wartime locations of the runways, squadron and supporting unit housing, mess halls, offices and other structures.

In a poignant ceremony during the two days of celebrations, nine members of underground resistance groups in Holland, Belgium and France were honored for their roles in saving the lives of hundreds of downed Allied airmen. Each of the five

men and four women had stories of torture, sacrifice and the loss of family and friends at the hands of occupying German forces.

The 303rd's John Snede of St. Anthony, Minn., 427th waist gunner, was reunited with Rene Baillie of the French Resistance. Baillie helped Snede to evade after his B-17 *Old Crow* was downed on the 28 June 1944 mission. The Germans had offered a reward equal to \$20,000 to French nationals for each airman betrayed.

All eyes turned to the cloudy late afternoon sky as the first faint sound of B-17 engines were heard in the distance. It was the *Sally B*, the only airworthy Flying Fortress in the UK, arriving from Duxford to make several dramatic passes over Molesworth.

Soon after the B-17 disappeared in the darkening sky, the assembled veterans were invited to enter the main hangar for an evening of dancing.

Members of the 303rd Bomb Group were joined at the celebration by about 50 veterans of the 34th, 94th, 100th, 351st, 401st and 452nd bomb groups and the 7th Photo Group.

Phil escaped German search teams

By VIRGIL MARCO
Dallas, Tex.

The briefing gave their target as a Dornier aircraft factory at Oberpfaffenhofen, 15 miles south of Munich where the Do335 was being assembled. The Germans claimed it was the fastest piston-engine fighter in the world ever to have attained production status with speed in excess of 470 mph.

Phil Campbell, the 25-year-old navigator of the Capt. Bill Lincoln crew, remembered that on Monday morning, April 24, 1944, his B-17 bomber left Covington Station (305BG) at 1000 hrs.

When interrogated five months later by a WAAC captain (probably Dorothy Hentic), Phil recalled that "We were greeted by 20 or 30 enemy Me-109s. Our ship was hit, but we were able to drop our bombs on the target. We lost altitude and tried to get back to our base alone. Over the Ruhr, flak was heavy and in the vicinity of Mont St. Jean, France, we were attacked from the rear and shot up badly. As our intercom was out, the copilot motioned for me to bail out."

"I bailed out over Mont St. Jean, where I was informed by my French helpers that the rest of the crew bailed out except for Capt. Lincoln who stayed with the ship to crash-land. He was reported to have survived the crash, but may have been wounded." A few days after interrogation, Phil found out that three of the crew in the rear of the plane had bailed out safely. Four in the front stayed with the plane, making a successful crash-landing near some woods where they were able to hide until help arrived.

Ball turret gunner James Mayfield's chute failed to open properly and he died in a German hospital. Radio Operator I.W. Denemy died instantly from from the FW190's bullets. The other crew members evaded.

Jacqueline Borgniet-Morcrette in Mont St. Jean said, "I heard the roar of the large bombers and observed them flying toward Germany during the morning of April 24, 1944." That

evening Jacqueline and her brother, Remy witnessed from their farm home a damaged B-17 flying very low.

At a German airfield in Resigny, between Aubenton and Rozoy, Luftwaffe pilots Lt. Werther and Lt. Hans-Ulrich Tartsch received orders to find and destroy the crippled bomber reported flying toward the English Channel. They ran to their FW-190s and quickly took off. Flying much faster and lower than the American bomber, the German pilots began attacking the rear of the crippled bomber.

After the first attack, Jacqueline saw a parachute come out of the bomber. She had witnessed an English fighter crash near the same spot in 1940.

Jacqueline and her brother immediately ran to where the parachute landed and saw an airman running away. Jacqueline shouted "Vive la France" and caught up with him. His uniform was tangled in a barbed wire fence, preventing him from running towards Bonnefontaine Abbey, where many Germans were stationed.

Remy gathered and hid the airman's chute in a culvert and their father, Louis Morcrette arrived to persuade the airman to stay hidden in a small woods nearby as it was dangerous for his family to be caught with an airman. Many people from the village had seen the parachute. It was on March 31, 1944, that the Gestapo arrested 10 people from Brunehamel, just 4 km from Mont St. Jean.



LOUIS MORCRETTE

The enemy was now searching homes and posting notices, offering large rewards for capture of the downed airmen. They had found the wounded James Mayfield and the body of I. W. Denemy. The Gestapo was now searching for the other eight men from the B-17.

Each night, Louis Morcrette brought Philip Campbell back to the farm. Phil spent two nights with the Morcrette family before it was necessary to move him from the area where he went down. Two Catholic priests, Father Bajard of Ivers and by Father Pire of Aubenton came to the rescue. Phil stayed with Father Bajard one day and night and then with Father Pire who had already helped two of Phil's crew members, Virgil Marco and Gene Snodgrass. He gave them a road map and sent them walking to the Catholic church in Guignicourt on the night of April 24.

On about April 29, Phil was taken to Auge where he was hidden in the home of Madame Van Wheslylan. Her address was Auge via Singy la Petit. He shared the Dutch woman's home until a relative became suspicious. German soldiers came every day to purchase eggs and milk and other dairy products.

The Gestapo was watching Mme. Van Wheslylan's farm for evidence that she was hiding an American. So the Resistance leader Gaby Pateaux had Phil moved to the hayloft in the barn for a few days. Then one night in May he followed a group of men from the Resistance to the home of Mme. Josephene Ometak, whose husband was in a German prison.

Phil stayed in her home for the next eight weeks. Her address was Laigny via Vervin. During a dark July night Xavier Babled arrived to take Phil on his bicycle to his home in St. Prevue near Sissones. That is where Phil was hiding when the American 1st Army arrived on or about Aug. 30, 1944.

Phil found transportation to England, where he was the first of his crew to arrive for interrogation. Soon afterward, Capt. Bill Lincoln, Lt. Milton Goldfeder, Lt. Albert Pagnotta, T/Sgt. Joseph Rhodes, S/Sgt. Gene Snodgrass, Sgt. William Bergman and I arrived for interrogation. The crew met at the Jules Club a few days later and discussed how

lucky we were, thanks to the French and Belgian helpers.

For the Lincoln crew, the European war was over and we would soon be flown to the States.

Postwar research revealed that the German pilot, Lt. Hans-Ulrich Tartsch, was shot down over Caen, Normandy, on June 8, 1944, and died in the effort to halt the Allied invasion. Nothing has been learned about the other German pilot, Lt. Werther.

After the war, Phil became the superintendent and assistant to the president of a small railroad, the Lehigh and Hudson. He died unexpectedly of a heart attack on April 10, 1967. Phil's widow, Barbara and her sister, Rona, traveled to France in 1983 to meet the courageous people who risked their lives to aid Phil.

After enjoying the hospitality of Phil's helpers, Barbara and Rona returned home with a piece of Phil's parachute, his bars and his wings.

Barbara died on Sept. 24, 1994. They had three daughters, Claire Dolores, Patricia Barbara and Laurie Ann.

+++++

Gaby Pateaux, one of the heroes in the Resistance in the area, died later in the French Vietnam War.

Escape/evasion reunion scheduled for April weekend at Eden Camp

Another Escape and Evasion Reunion is scheduled for the weekend of April 27-29, 2001, at Eden Camp, the modern history museum in North Yorkshire.

A Thanksgiving and Memorial Service was held there on April 29 of this year, attended by a number of Helpers/Escapers from all over the world.

Wreaths were laid by: Jean-Jacques (Union Nat. des Evades de Guerre), Dedee Dumont (Comet Line), Willy Veerman (Dutch-Paris Line), Lewis Hodges (RAFES UK), M. E. Hubert (Pat O'Leary Line), Gordon Carter (The Shelburn Line), Dr. Gabriel Nahas (The Francois Line), P. Jensen (The Danish Line), P. Broue (Les Passeurs), agents of the U.S. Dept. of Defense Joint Personal Recovery Agency, representing Ralph Patton (U.S. Escape/Evasion Society), and representatives from Canada, the SOE, Army Escape Club, Royal Navy, Bomber Command and others.

Early in 1942, Eden Camp was created to house a steady flow of POWs at the camp midway between York and Scarborough in North Yorkshire. Italians were at the camp between 1942 and 1944,

then the Germans from '44 to '48. The camp prisoners worked on local farms under control of the War Agriculture Office.

In 1986, local businessman Stan Johnson discovered that POW Camp 83 was generally intact and that 35 of the original huts were almost in the same condition as when the last 1,200 inmates left in 1948. Johnson bought the site and initially invested 750,000 British pounds to create, within the camp, the world's only Modern History Theme Museum.

The huts have been re-equipped to tell the story of the Peoples War, the social history of life in Britain from 1939 to 1945. Realistic tableaux, authentic sounds and smells have been created to "transport you back in time." In one scene there is a living room of a typical wartime home in Britain. The family are seated in front of the fire, listening to the radio as Chamberlain announces "the declaration of war." You can see the man move his arm to adjust the wireless set, the woman sighs, the tin bath in front of the flickering fire and the scene comes alive.

Other topics include Rationing, Evacuees, Propaganda, Home Guard, War at Sea, The Blitz, The Street War, Utility Clothing and Furniture, Women at War, The Land Army Girls, Bomber Command, The Pathfinders, POWs at Home and Abroad, The Red Cross, and many others.

In the Music Hall, you can sit and watch a puppet show in which some of the great entertainers of the period are portrayed and the audience is invited to join in singing "We'll Meet Again."

In 1995, a series of huts were opened to create a "Museum within a Museum." In these huts the military and political events of the Second World War around the world are covered in detail, including scenes such as Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain, Africa, The Dambusters and the Great Escape of 1942.

AFEES members interested in Eden Camp or in attending the 2001 reunion can obtain more information from Roger Stanton, 5 Tansy Road, Harrogate, North Yorkshire HG3 2UJ, U.K.



If former President George Bush can jump out of an airplane the second time just for fun, AFEES President Richard Smith must feel the same way. Last winter in the California desert, Dick volunteered for a tandem parachute leap and gave it a "Thumbs-Up."

Trying to go south

**From FAME'S FAVORED FEW,
a WWII Flier evades capture in
German-occupied France
CONTINUED FROM FALL
ISSUE OF COMMUNICATIONS
(The author and his fellow evader
had completed their stay at a
Chateau near Oise)**

CHAPTER SEVEN

By KENNETH E. NEFF
Atwater, Calif.

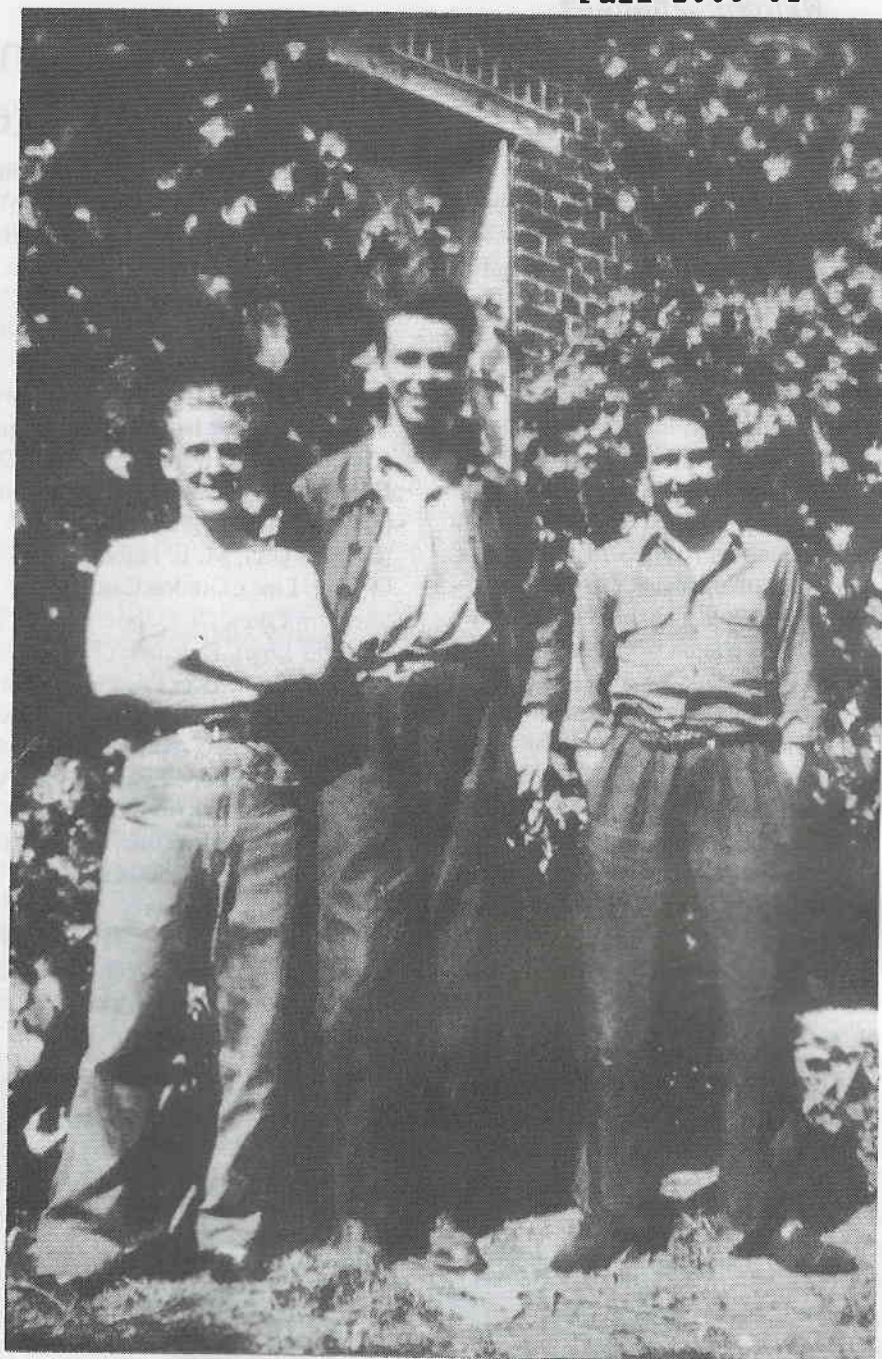
Oscar Rogers and I went back to the lieutenant to see if he had any luck getting us transportation south to the American sector where we could get a flight back to England. It was at this point that I lost track of Earl Broderick and I never saw him again.

I was standing at a stop sign when an American 3rd Armored Division water truck pulled up. I yelled at the driver and asked him if he was going back to his unit. He said, "Yes, as soon as I get this tank full of water." I asked him if had room for two lost American flyboys and he said, "Sure."

I found Captain Dick and told him what we were going to do. We went about 10 miles north of where the British had stopped, turned off the main road, and came to an Air Force MP. The driver told the AP that he had two more lost flyboys.

The AP directed the driver to take us to where the 9th AF Fighter Control convoy was bedded. The driver took off across country and came to some parked trucks. To my surprise, we found Monti and Dale from the crew I went down with.

Next morning, Dick, Dale, Monti and I talked to the colonel at breakfast. We told him all we were trying to do was find transportation south so we could catch a flight to England. The colonel said,



S/Sgt. Ken Neff on the left, S/Sgt. Earl Broderick on the right, with an unidentified fighter pilot who was passing through and spent a day in Lagny, about 60 miles north of Paris, where this photo was taken in the summer of 1944.

"This unit is due in Brussels by midnight tomorrow and if we get there fast enough before the Germans have time to blow up the airfields and dock, you could be back in England a lot faster than going south. That made sense to us.

When our convoy stopped for lunch, the four of us who were trying to get back to England went over to the colonel and told him that we had been in France for over four months and we didn't want to get killed at this late date by stupidity.

We told him, "We could like to borrow a Jeep and have the driver take us as far as we need to get transportation." The colonel told the driver to find out where the nearest POW camp was so we could start working our way south with the prisoners. That is what we did.

At last we found an American camp for German POWs. The driver pulled up and we got out, thanked the driver and told him to thank the colonel for us.

The lieutenant in charge of the camp

asked who we were and where we were going. We told him, and he said it would take about three days to get down to La Loupe, the main POW camp.

German POWs were moved only at night because the French did not like them too well. Every once in a while, when a POW truck passed, some Frenchman would rake the truck with bullets. Captain Dick and I learned that we would leave that night with a bunch of prisoners for a camp called La Lue. The drive was uneventful and we arrived at the next camp early the next morning.

The next leg of our journey was going to be made during the day since it was a short hop down to Camp La Loupe, which was the main POW camp in France. This was where all German POWs wound up. When they left there, they were shipped all over, some to camps in America, some to England, and some even to Moscow.

The colonel set us up to get some better clothes, GI types. He did not have much in sizes, so we took what he had that would fit and kept our French things. After getting clothes, we were sent over to the medics, and they gave us a good going over from head to toe. The medics said there was nothing wrong with us that some rest and three meals a day would not take care of.

In the meantime, the colonel had arranged for a vehicle to take us to an airfield near Cherbourg. When we got there, Captain Dick asked the operations officer if he had anything heading back to England. He sent us to the mess hall to get something to eat, which we did. The four of us then walked back to the Ops Officer and asked him if he been able to set up a flight to England for us.

He said, "Yes. See that old Gooney Bird setting out there? Just go climb aboard. The crew is upstairs filing a flight plan and they will be out real soon."

We thanked him for his help and walked out to the C-47. I had been in a lot of Gooney Birds, but never in one rigged like that one. It had plush reclining chairs plus a fully stocked bar. The crew chief took our bar orders and brought the drinks to us. Just then the pilot and copilot came aboard and we were soon in the air on our way back to England.

While we were over the Channel, the

pilot came back and asked us what it felt like to be going to England, as the ops officer had told him some of our stories.

Captain Dick was the first to comment, and said he did not have anything but the highest praise for the job the FFI had done for all the downed airmen. The three of us agreed.

Then we had a question for the pilot. He said, "Shoot." We wanted to know who this Gooney Bird belonged to. His answer, "It belongs to the Army Air Corps, but if you ever hear the tail number of this plane on the radio, just say 'I wonder where the Number One Man in the Army is heading now'." The number one man was Gen. George C. Marshall, the Army Chief of Staff.

After an hour and a half in the air, the aircraft approached Heathcliff. When the pilot called in for landing instructions, all he gave was the plane's tail number and the tower immediately gave us a straight

in approach.

As soon as we landed, a long black staff car pulled up to the door on the plane. You should have seen the look on the face of the driver when the four of us stepped out. He obviously couldn't believe what he saw, a captain and three sergeants. No doubt he was expecting a general officer.

The driver recovered from the shock and asked where we would like to go. We advised him we had been instructed to report to the U-Staff Headquarters on the outskirts of London.

He drove us there; we got out and went into the headquarters. We all signed in and started our debriefing. We were at last safely home from France!

**In the next *Communications*
The final chapter
BACK IN ENGLAND!**

REVIEW:

**THE MIGHTY EIGHTH IN WW II, A Memoir, by Brig. Gen. J. Kemp McLaughlin, (Ret.), University Press of Kentucky
By RALPH K. PATTON
Chairman of AFEES**

General McLaughlin tells of his rise from a 2nd Lt. co-pilot to Lt.Col. group operations officer of the 92nd Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force. Some of us can relate to his experiences during his 31 months and 40 combat missions. For many of us, it's a "deja vu all over again." (Thanks, Yogi).

In three separate chapters, Gen. McLaughlin lets other 8AF veterans tell their own story. Of special interest to AFEES members is David Alford's evasion story, Chapter 13. (The account of Dave's adventures after he crash-landed in February 1944 has been published in *Communications*.)

Chapter 7 is an especially interesting story by Pete Edris, who evaded capture for five months, only to be betrayed and captured on May 15, 1944. Pete was the pilot of AFEES member Mo Moriarity, who evaded and subsequently wrote a book based on his experiences.

Gen. McLaughlin flew his first combat mission in a B-17F. He vividly tells the story of his introduction to combat flying in the ETO.

In mid-October 1942, 2nd Lt. McLaughlin was sent on TDY to North Africa where he was assigned to fly Gen. Tooe Spatz around North Africa and Gibraltar. This was an interesting experience and sounds like the old expression, "It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it."

Although this book may not be a complete history of the 8th AF, it covers many aspects of what made the Eighth the great armada it was.

Gen. McLaughlin has some strong opinions concerning some of the general officers of the 8th AF and of U.S. ground forces and doesn't hesitate to express them. He names names and tell why he likes, or dislikes, them. His candor is refreshing and makes interesting reading.

While one may argue about the overall loss rate for the 8th AF, Gen. McLaughlin writes that from July to December 1943, the loss rate was 9.1%. He also expresses some opinions on whether the 8th AF should have tried night bombing a la RAF.

This is a good book for veterans of the 8th, but should prove especially great reading for AFEES members and friends.

Hiking to Switzerland, via the Alps

(From **SPLENDOR IN THE SKIES**, newsletter of the B-17 Flying Fortress Association, August 2000 issue)

A young Idaho farm boy had hopes of becoming a U.S. fighter pilot. As the Air Corps Aviation Cadet program was overcrowded, he soon was flying over Europe as a B-17 gunner.

This is his story.

By **ARDEN O. LANNIGAN**
Spokane, Wash.

I was cleaning the barn about noon on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, when my Dad came to tell me he had just heard on the radio that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. I was 16 years old.

Visions of being the finest pilot in the war began to swirl through my adolescent mind. "If that war lasts long enough, I'm going to be a fighter pilot," I announced to my parents.

I was eligible to join the military when I turned 17 and on May 23, 1943, I went to Spokane, Wash., to take the exams.

The call from the Army Air Corps came on Dec. 10, a letter with train tickets. Uncle Sam wanted me to report to Ft. Douglas, Utah, on Dec. 27. To meet that deadline, my mother had to drive me to the station in Bonners Ferry about 5 a.m.

My low moment came while in basic training in Denver. Our entire class was sent to gunnery school. I wanted to be a fighter pilot!

Training and more training. And then our group flew to Italy in October 1944. There we found ourselves dumped from a truck into a driving rain in front of a tent. The sign read, "429th Sqdn. 2nd Bomb Group--15th Air Force, Foggia."

We then met up with survivors of the war-torn squadron, who told us they'd sustained 80% losses on the Ploesti oil field missions. The crews, to put it mildly, were more than somewhat caustic, bitter and profane.

We raw recruits were shook to the soles of our boots, hearing how they'd bombed from only three to four thousand feet into the face of three or four hundred

This story originally was published in the regional magazine NOSTALGIA

flak guns. "Ma, where do I catch the bus to Bonners Ferry?" I thought to myself.

On Feb. 5, 1945, we were aroused at 3:30, ate, dressed carefully, and were briefed on our target: Regensburg, Germany.

About a half hour from the target, we began to pick up flak.

My first indication that something was wrong on that 10th mission was when our pilot got on the intercom to inform me that the lead bombardier hadn't been able to correct enough and we were going around for another bomb run.

We dropped this time, but not before picking up a blast close enough to send a shudder through old "Kathleen" and her occupants.

A chill settled over me as I saw our squadron seem to climb sharply, and then I realized it was us losing altitude. Our pilot, Maurice Porter, called our group leader and told him of our plight. He advised us to send out a distress signal.

After bailout, the snowflakes and I floated through darkness in a detached sort of atmosphere. It was growing dusk. I

landed hard and the gusty winds blew my chute along the ground.

I finally stood up, shaking and sweating. I discovered that I was in mountainous country; no trees, deep snow, just rocks here and there, and a lot of swirling snow.

Time to take stock of my situation. I had on the best cold weather clothing money could buy: woolen underwear, olive drab shirt and pants, an electric flight suit, fleece-lined coat and boots. My GI shoes were tied around my belt.

It was rapidly turning from dusk to pitch black. I was startled by a noise behind me and saw our radio operator, Ken Hoffman of Mollara, Ore. "Ken, what are we going to do?" I asked him. By now the snow was swirling hard.

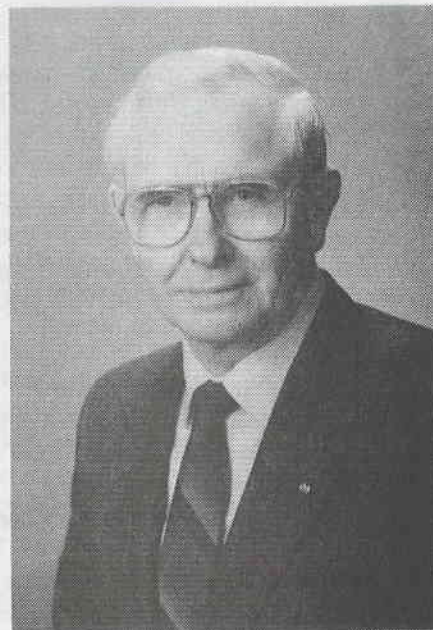
"Well," Ken said, "we can go for a walk and walk right off one of these cliffs, or we can find a little shelter, hole up, and think this out." We found a rock ledge on the downwind side, spread one chute on the ground and covered ourselves with the other.

Dinner was half a can of cheese apiece from my K-ration.

We tried to sleep but the blizzard increased and howled. The night seemed to stand still. After what seemed an eternity, daylight arrived. We started to walk through waist-deep snow in the



A. O. LANNIGAN
B-17 Gunner, 1944



A. O. LANNIGAN
In Spokane, 1999

The Tenth Mission Crew:

Pilot - 1st Lt. Maurice D. Porter, Portland, Maine
 Co Pilot - 2nd Lt. Donald M. Fishback, St. Louis, Missouri
 Navigator - F/O John E. Skoba, Los Angeles, California
 Toggler - S/Sgt. John P. Olinik, Detroit, Michigan
 Engineer - S/Sgt. Charles E. Smith, North Carolina
 Radio Operator - S/Sgt. Kenneth L. Hoffman, Molalla, Oregon
 Ball Turret - S/Sgt. Christian L. Fredrickson, Price, Utah
 Right Waist - S/Sgt. Arden O. Lannigan, Bonners Ferry, Idaho
 Left Waist - S/Sgt. Glenn W. Machovec, Fort Dodge, Iowa
 Tail Gunner - S/Sgt. Franklin T. Wartman, Minneapolis

only direction possible, away from the cliffs.

One afternoon we sighted a ski lodge, so we approached warily. The door was locked, but we broke in. Later, we heard a shout and went to the door to see who was coming. Two more of our crew, waist gunner Glenn Machovec and toggler John Olinik. Both were exhausted. We had been able to start a fire and there was ersatz coffee and tea -- that was all.

We slept and slept and dreamed of food. Another blizzard closed in for several days.

In poking around, I found an excellent hand-made map, with contours marked by dotted lines. I concluded that we were near the Swiss border and plotted a course complete with Mickey Mouse compass headings.

After four or five days, the snow was frozen solid and we started out. The wind came up again and visibility was near zero, but using my compass, I led, even though some of my travel companions doubted its accuracy.

After we crossed the border, we knew we weren't out of danger. I had read about a German patrol crossing 10 miles into Switzerland to get an escaping crew. Illegal, but they did it.

I didn't know how many days had passed since we'd bailed out into the Alps. I'd lost track of the hours and days.

Finally, Ken whooped, "Look, a building!" Sure enough. There it was, less than half a mile away, obviously another ski lodge. It was dark by the time we reached it and found it heavily shuttered with a metal plate over the lock. Ken crawled up on the verandah and using the approved "Lannigan method

of illegal entry," broke open a door. Incidentally, an American team later inspected the damage and reimbursed the Swiss government because we'd reported it.

Ken opened the front door and we flopped inside. We gathered mattresses and blankets from the lofts and put them down in front of the fire, and then went reconnoitering. We found an insulated root cellar pantry -- with enough food for an army. Canned venison, sausages, potatoes, rice, onions, oatmeal, canned milk. Army doctors told me later that they didn't know why we didn't all die from the way we gorged ourselves the next three or four days.

From my map, I decided we weren't far from civilization, so we packed light lunches and started off. Within an hour, I spotted three men in green pointed hats with feathers coming up a trail. They hadn't seen us.

Soon the men came over a rise and we were face to face. Their leader threw up his arms and said, "Welcome to Switzerland. For you the war is over." They spread out a lunch right there, but after the recent gorging we weren't very hungry. They told us in broken English that we must hurry because we had a long way to go.

We were taken to a chalet and offered food again. Later, a man in civilian clothes arrived and the boys in green grinned and said, "Swiss FBI." That we understood.

That night we were fed and housed in barracks along with about 15 or 20 of the civilian militiamen. Next morning, we arrived at a village and were taken to the train station. We were in Bludenz.

Somewhere between Bludenz and Zurich that night we were housed in a

small hotel -- hosted by a Swiss Army captain who spoke perfect English. That evening, we met up with our tail gunner, Frank Wartman. He had bailed out alone after us, but had landed inside Switzerland.

Next day we caught the train to Zurich and upon arrival, were invited to lunch as guests of the Swiss!

A charming gentlemen plied us with booze and all the while questioned us not too subtly about the new Mickey (B-17s with radar controlled bombing capability.) We never told him anything useful; not because we were smart or sober; but because none of us had ever been near a Mickey ship.

The record shows that we arrived at the American Embassy in Switzerland on March 2. We'd bailed out Feb. 5, a month earlier.

A few days later we were at dinner in Zurich and someone came in and hollered, "We're being repatriated." He continued, "We're being turned loose; they're releasing nine Germans for every one of us, and that's a fair trade."

The American Legation's General Legg threw a party to end all parties in the biggest Zurich hotel. Afterward, all of us 1,700 American internees were poured into a train for Geneva -- through customs -- and out on a train station platform on the French side. Technically, we were civilians.

I had an inkling that all was not well when I saw an American Army Jeep roar up. Inside was an infantry captain and a master sergeant. The captain never acknowledged us in any way -- we might as well have been enemy prisoners.

The sergeant reached over to the back seat, took out a power megaphone, tested it, and in a Southern drawl, said, "Gentlemen, may I have your kind attention, as I have an important announcement to make. (You could have heard a pin drop.) You are now back in the United States Army, so fall in."

Arden Lannigan lives in Spokane with his wife Jan. He keeps in touch with Ken Hoffman, who now lives in Oregon. After the war, Arden studied at Gonzaga Law School and managed the old National Bank Building in Spokane. He is past president of the Downtown Rotary Club, which meets at noon on Thursdays at the downtown Ridpath.

Danes helped crew reach Sweden

By **ERIK DYREBORG**
Hillerod, Denmark

This is the story of a B-17 (401st Bomb Group) which crashed on the Isle of Bornholm in the Baltic Sea in May 1944, their escape through Bornholm and their evasion to Sweden and return to England.

The crew took off from Gander, Labrador, on 22 April 1944 at about 2300 hours for Deenethorp, England. During the trip they ran into a raging storm with ice and had to make an emergency landing at Nutts Comer, Ireland, with only 189 gallons of fuel left.

The crew made their first mission on 23 May 1944 over France, where they bombed rail yards at Bainsville. The second and final mission was to The Big B -- Berlin, on 24 May. About 500 planes went to Berlin that day.

The pilot, John Whiteman, saw Berlin for the first time from 100 miles out. It looked like a big mass of black flies -- Flak! He told himself, "Holy S...! How can a plane survive in that mess?" **THEY DIDN'T!**

Just after bomb drop, they took a direct hit in #2 engine and soon took another hit in #4. They were headed back to England when they decided they could not make it and on the present heading, they would be forced to ditch in the North Sea about 75 miles from the U.K.

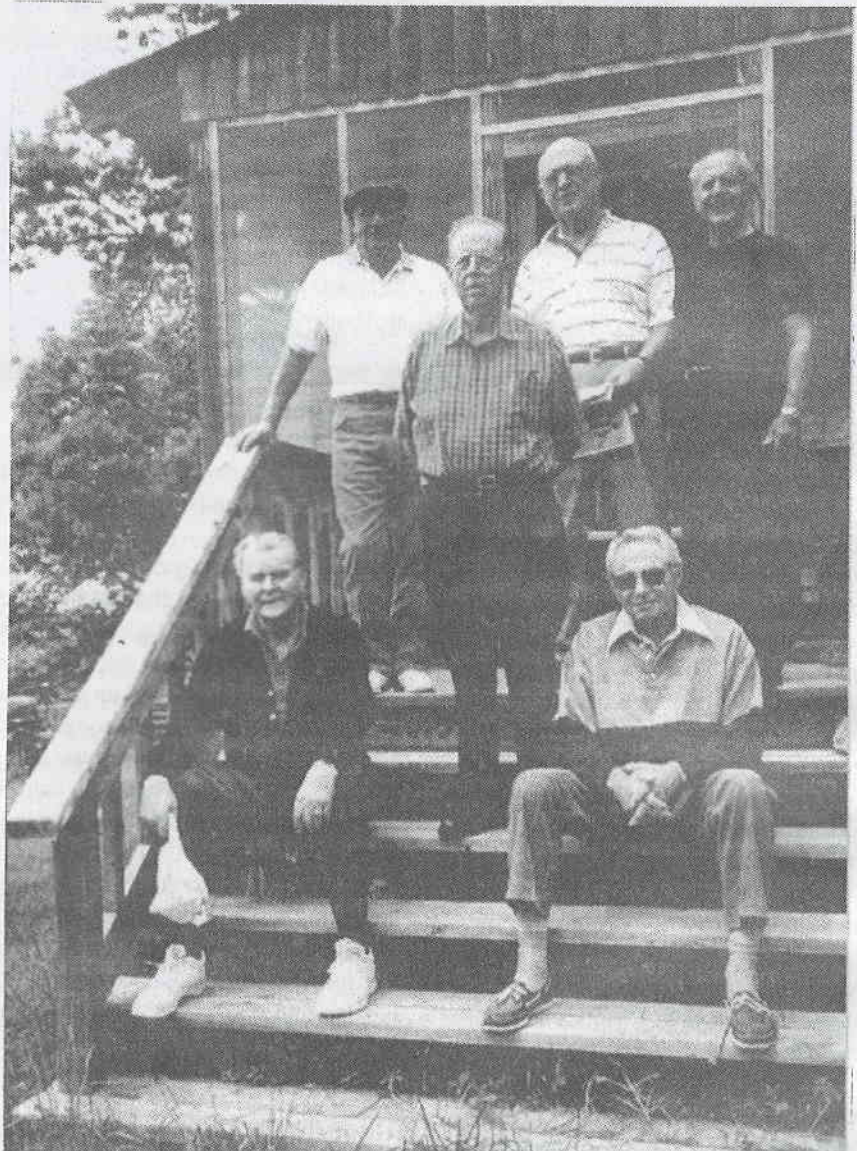
They decided to head for Sweden. During the operation, they were in heavy clouds and rain. Their heading took them to the tail of Sweden, but they overflew.

They were nearly out of fuel when they were over the Isle of Bornholm, running on two engines. The pilot decided to make a forced landing. No one was injured and all crew members got out of the plane PDQ! They had landed near the small town of Sose.

They soon met a farmhand who told them that they had landed on Bornholm, German-occupied territory and he directed them to the a large forest on the island. He told them to get out of there as the Germans would probably be there any minute. The airmen scattered and disappeared in various directions.

* * *

RINGLE and STEVENSON:
They made it to the northern coast to



THE FIRST REUNION IN BLACKSBURG, VA.

May 24, 1998

Standing: Nunn, Liddle, Carraway and Yemma; seated: Whiteman and Ringle

Melstead Beach, where they stayed in a cabin on the beach for a day. The following night they walked along the coastal path and found the safe house of Mr. Kaas Hansen, where they hid for several days.

They were given clothes, false IDs and on 31 May policeman Dinesen took them aboard the steamship *Carl*, passing 16 armed German soldiers. They arrived in Sweden 1 June and both came back to the U.K. on 11 June.

NUNN and YEMMA: After knocking down a German soldier and taking his weapon, they came to Allinge

on the north coast of the island, where they stole a rowboat and started rowing the 25 miles toward Sweden. After a tough trip, they arrived at Simrishamn. On 5 June they were both back in England.

O'BANNON and CULLITON:

They walked with no problems to the most northern town of Sandvig, where some people showed them a rowboat that they could "borrow." The next night they began to row and a few miles at sea, they were picked up by a Finnish steamer. The captain was OK and he dropped them off at the Swedish harbour of

THE CREW:

401st Group, 615th Sqdrn.

2nd Lt. John S. Whiteman, pilot;
2nd Lt. Horace H. Shelton, co-pilot;
2nd Lt. Seymour Ringle, navigator;
2nd Lt. James A. Stevenson,* bombardier;
S/Sgt. William G. Nunn, radio operator;
S/Sgt. Richard H. O'Bannon,* top turret gunner;
Sgt. Heath N. Liddle, ball turret gunner;
Sgt. Marwin L. Carraway, right waist gunner;
Sgt. Orlando J. Yemma, left waist gunner;
Sgt. Jack R. Culliton,* tail gunner.
*Now deceased.

Trelleborg. On 5 June they were also back in England.

WHITEMAN and LIDDLE/ SHELTON and CARRAWAY:

They paired up and followed about the same route to Vang on the west coast and ended up at Gines Minde. They were picked up by two Danes and brought to a safe house in Hasle. On 1 June they were shipped out of Teglkaas on a fishing boat with 10 other Danes who were also on the run. All arrived in Simrishamn on 2 June and were back in the U.K. on 11 June.

Germans on Bornholm had many patrols out looking for the airmen. About 250 German troops were involved, but found no trace of any of the airmen. The official German report:

24 May 1944: Soldiers searching for U.S. airmen; no result.

25 May: at 0815, Matrosgefreiter Zschek assaulted and robbed of his

weapons by two U.S. airmen; 120 soldiers are searching; no result.

26 May: 84 soldiers searching; no result.

27 May: Patrol of 25 men searching at Sandvig; no result.

28 May: A bike patrol searched the area of Hammeren, Sandvig and Allinge all day; no result.

THE DANISH PEOPLE

The Danish fisherman Ernst Petersen helped at least six U.S. airmen evade to Sweden as well as Jews and other people. He made at least 11 trips to Sweden; on the last trip he and his family and two policemen also evaded to Sweden -- the Gestapo was coming too close!

Policeman Ebbe Hasselholt was also doing a lot for refugees. He was sailing "control tours" on the steamship *Carl* to and from Copenhagen via Sweden. He worked closely with Ernst Petersen.

In April 1994, the daughter of the fisherman, Elizabeth Munvh Petersen, wrote letters to four of the U.S. airmen. A month later, she received the first reply from Nelson Liddle and a regular correspondence began.

Nelson then started to search for other crew members and four years later, they had their first reunion in Virginia.

The pilot, John Whiteman, visited Bornholm in October 1998. Radio operator Bill Nunn visited in 1982.

+++++

Erik Dyreborg, born on Bornholm in 1945, is preparing a book about B-17G No. 42-31619, the crew and the Danes who helped them evade. He expects the book to be out by yearend; the title will be "The Escape from Bornholm 1944."

His e-mail address:

erikd@theescapefrombornholm1944.com

Two tours scheduled for reunion

(See *Reunion Reservation Form*
on Page 15)

Two optional tours are included in the program for the 2001 AFEES reunion in Spokane, Wash.

First: a tour of the city on Saturday, May 5. It includes historic homes and attractions as the group passes Spokane Falls, where the city began, along the grounds of the former EXPO 74 site, now Riverfront Park, then up the Hill for a view of the city.

Then there's a visit to the majestic St. John's Cathedral and Manito Park with its sunken gardens and flower-filled conservatory.

The group will have a chance to see the historic Brown's Addition, where many old mansions are being restored to their original splendor.

The stop for lunch (not included in the tour price) will be at the Flower Mill.

Then, it's a visit to Patsy Clark's Mansion, built in 1898 for mining tycoon, Patrick Clark. And then, a tour of the Crosbyanna Room at Gonzaga University for an opportunity to see Bing Crosby memorabilia.

The AFEES group will leave the Ridpath Hotel at 9:30 a.m. and return by 1:30 p.m. Cost of bus transportation and tour guide is \$19 per person.

See Lake Coeur d'Alene

On Sunday, May 6, a day trip to Lake Coeur d'Alene is planned for those not signed up for the Alaskan cruise.

The bus will leave at 11 a.m. and return at 4 p.m. After lunch in one of the fine restaurants in Coeur d'Alene, the group will board a cruise boat for a 90-minute trip on the lake, which National Geographic reports as one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. The cruise route passes along the famous floating green at the Coeur d'Alene Resort Golf Course. (Bring your camera!)

The price of \$30 includes bus transportation, guide, the cruise on the lake and return to the Ridpath Hotel.



Author Erik Dyreborg

Shoe



AFEES PX has it! December Only Special!

TEE SHIRTS -- (M-L-EXL-XXL) --Only \$10!
10-piece TOOL KIT, with AFEES logo \$8.00

WINGED BOOT EMBLEMS

Lapel Pin, 3/4 in. Pewter 6.00
 Lapel Pin, 1 in. blue shield with boot 7.50
 Cloth with metallic thread (dry clean only) 5.00
 Cotton Sport Shirt Patch (can be laundered) 2.50

BLAZER PATCH

Royal Blue Only \$10.00

AFEES MERCHANDISE

Car License Plate \$12.00
 Clock, Helping Hand logo (with battery) 15.00
 Decals, exterior or interior 6 for 2.00
 Southwestern Style Bolo Tie (postage paid) 5.00
 Note Pad with Pen (Things to Do) 4.00
 Lapel Pin (American Flag & AFEES) 2.00

OFFICIAL AFEES CAPS

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

Add \$2.00 per order for shipping & handling

Make checks payable to AFEES; mail to:

THOMAS H. BROWN JR., PX Manager
104 Lake Fairfield Drive
Greenville, SC 29615-1506
Phone: 864-244-8420
e-mail: tbrown104@cs.com

AFEES holiday greeting cards are in the mail

Again, following tradition, seasonal greeting cards to our helpers and friends overseas should be in the mail by the time you read this.

As usual, Dorothy Kenney has prepared the cards and forwarded them to President Dick Smith for him and his family members to get them into the mailstream in early December for overseas delivery before Dec. 25.

The cards reassure our Helpers that AFEES members will be forever grateful for their assistance during the war.

This year, cards are going to many nations around the world: Albania, 1; Austria, 1; Australia, 4; Belgium, 86; Canada, 9; Croatia, 1; Czechoslovakia, 2; Denmark, 12; France, 302; Greece, 1; Holland, 120; Italy, 5; Luxembourg, 1; Slovak Republic, 8; Slovenia, 1; Spain, 1; Switzerland, 1; United Kingdom, 9; Yugoslavia, 5; United States, 43, for a total of 613.

Attention: Airmen downed in Serbia

Miodrag D. Pesich, president of the Society of American Pilots Rescued by the Chetniks of General Mihailovich's Army, asks such airmen to write an account of their experiences and send it to him at 11233 RALJA, posta restante, Yugoslavia, Serbia.

His phone is (381) 11 863-493; Fax: (381) 11 397-2613.

ALASKA

May 6-13, 2001 from \$909

Join fellow AFEES members after the Spokane reunion for the cruise adventure of your dreams in beautiful Alaska! Depart Sunday, May 6, 2001, for early morning flight to Vancouver, B.C., where we will board Holland America's ms for a 7-day cruise featuring scenic Glacier Bay.

When explorer John Muir sailed the Inside Passage, he could hardly tear himself away from the rail for fear of missing some new marvel. "Never before," he wrote, "have I been enveloped in scenery so hopelessly beyond description."

DAY	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART
SUN	VANCOUVER, B.C		5:00PM
MON	CRUISE INSIDE PASSAGE	-	-
TUE	KETCHIKAN	7:00A	3:00P
WED	JUNEAU	8:00A	6:00P
THU	SITKA	8:00A	6:00P
FRI	CRUISING GRACIER BAY	7:00A	4:00P
SAT	CRUISING COLLEGE FJORD	4:00P	8:00P
SUN	SEWARD, ALASKA	9:00A	

Cabin rate includes all port charges and tax

CATEGORY- C

LOWER PROMENADE DECK- OUTSIDE

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
Catalog rate	Group rate	bathtub & shower
\$2,727.00	\$1,399.00	

CATEGORY- D

MAIN DECK- OUTSIDE

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
Catalog rate	Group rate	bathtub & shower
\$2,620.00	\$1,339.00	

CATEGORY- E

A DECK- OUTSIDE

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
Catalog rate	Group rate	bathtub & shower
\$2,513.00	\$1,279.00	

CATEGORY- F

A DECK- OUTSIDE

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
Catalog rate	Group rate	bathtub & shower
\$2,407.00	\$1,219.00	

CATEGORY- I

LOWER PROMENADE DECK-INSIDE

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
Catalog rate	Group rate	shower
\$1,820.00	\$1,029.00	

CATEGORY- L

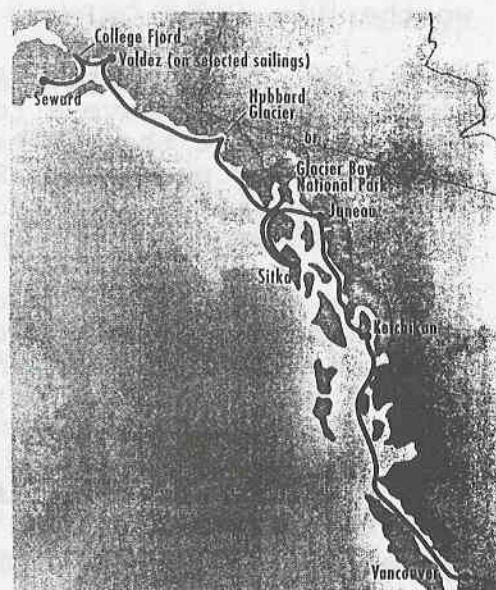
MAIN DECK- INSIDE

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
Catalog rate	Group rate	shower
\$1,580.00	\$909.00	

ADD \$489.00 FOR ROUND TRIP AIRFARE FROM SPOKANE AND \$55.00 FOR TRANSFERS TO SHIP.

CANCELLATION INSURANCE IS AVAILABLE FROM 76.00 TO 139.00 PER PERSON ACCORDING TO CABIN PRICE.

Cruise for 7 Magnificent days aboard the "STATENDAM" HOLLAND AMERICA



Ketchikan brings you to the heart of the Tlingi Indian culture with optional sightseeing to the world's largest display of totem poles. A water-front city, enjoy a kayak adventure through the city center.

Juneau is Alaska's state capital and one of the ports for Salmon fishing. If your not up for the adventure of the catch, enjoy a salmon bake, pan for gold, sightsee the Juneau Icefield or walk up to Mendenhall Glacier.

Arrangements for the cruise are being handled by Shirley M. Callighen of Bon Voyage Travel, 4361 East Broadway Ave., Tucson, AZ 85711-3589. She can be contacted at 1-800-945-2565, ext. 148, by Fax at 520-795-5948 or by e-mail at: scallighen@bvtravel.com
IMPORTANT: DEADLINE FOR ALASKA CRUISE RESERVATIONS IS JAN. 3, 2001



AIR FORCES

Escape & Evasion Society

Richard M. Smith
President

WINTER

76543 Bogonia Lane • Palm Dessert, CA 92211
Phone: 760-345-2282 • Fax: 760-345-9908

SUMMER

36214 Augustana Drive • Battle Lake, MN 56515
Phone: 218-495-2106 • Fax: 218-495-3000

From Palm Desert, Calif., 1 December 2000:

A note for our AFEES Membership

Margaret and I had a nice, but brief summer. June in Minnesota was cold and not conducive to lake life. Now we are back in Southern California, but it still is cool and not conducive to desert living. Other than complaining about the weather, we are A-OK!

Plans for the Spokane reunion next May 2-6 are shaping up nicely. We will have a tour of Fairchild Air Force Base, and a lecture on what the military is doing these days to train and prepare their people for Escape and Evasion situations. We will have lunch at the base and have been promised an instructor or trainee at each table. There should be plenty to talk about!

Our normal reunion schedule is being slightly revised. Since it will be necessary for the Alaskan Cruise group to leave Spokane on Sunday morning, the annual Memorial Service will be conducted late afternoon on Saturday, to be followed by a social hour and then, the annual banquet.

As of now, we have at least 60 persons signed up for the week-long cruise. If you are interested, you must contact Shirley Callighen of Bon Voyage Travel in Tucson at 1-800-945-2565, Ext. 148, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, at least by the end of December. After the cutoff date, the discounted cruise rate for AFEES will revert to full price. There will be ample time to cancel your tour plans and have all your money refunded. Trip insurance for mature people like us is strongly recommended.

AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton has been invited to an important meeting in Paris at the *Palais du Luxembourg* in early December. Many European dignitaries will be attending. World War II Resistance and Escape and Evasion are among the topics to be discussed. The seminar is being partially sponsored by the Hoover Institution. A full report on the meeting should be available for the Spring newsletter, to be published in early March.

Hope to see many of you in the Great Northwest next May!

DICK SMITH, President

2001 AFEES Reunion Reservation Form**WestCoast Ridpath Hotel, Spokane, WA 99201****Wednesday -- Sunday, May 2-6**

Please detach or photocopy this form, fill in proper information, then return form with check or money order payable to AFEES to:

Shirley Callighen, Agent**4361 East Broadway Blvd.****Tucson, AZ 85711****Phone: 520-795-8400; Fax, 520-795-5030**

REUNION PACKAGE includes Thursday evening Welcoming Buffet, Friday evening Helpers' Buffet, Saturday Gala Banquet, admission to Hospitality Suite, PX and Memorabilia Room.

Number
of Persons

_____ Make reservations for Reunion Package @ \$135\$ _____

_____ Registration Only (Included in Reunion Package) @ \$30 ... \$ _____

_____ Thursday Welcoming Buffet Only @ \$33 \$ _____

_____ Friday Helpers' Dinner Only @ \$33 \$ _____

_____ Saturday Banquet Only @ \$39.50 \$ _____

Additional Optional Activities:

_____ Friday Day Trip to Fairchild AFB & Luncheon @ \$19 \$ _____

_____ Sunday Excursion to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho @ \$30 \$ _____

(Lunch at Coeur d'Alene not included in excursion price)

TOTAL Enclosed ... \$ _____

(Alaskan Cruise Group leaves at 6 a.m. on Sunday, May 6 and returns May 13)
Rooms have been reserved night of May 13 for those who wish to extend their visit.

Full Refunds will be made for Reunion activities (Optional trips not included) if cancellation is received by April 15, 2001. After that date, refund amount will depend on vendor policies. Please call 1-800-945-2565, ext. 148, (9 a.m. -- 5 p.m. MST) for more information. Your cancelled check will serve as confirmation.

Name Badges: List name(s) as you wish them to appear on badge:

Name (Please print): _____ Helper Yes ___ No ___

Spouse's Name _____

Guests' Name(s) _____

Address _____ City/State _____

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

Staying at Ridpath? Yes ___ No ___ Flying? ___ Driving? ___ RV? ___

Reservation Deadline: April 15, 2001

THE REUNION

Autumn leaves, rustling together to the appointed place, the old warriors come.

Pilgrims, drifting across the land they fought to preserve.

Where they meet is not so important any more... They meet and that's enough for now.

Greetings echo across a lobby. Hands reach out and arms draw buddies close.

Embraces, that as young men they were too uncomfortable to give, too shy to accept so lovingly.

But deep, within these Indian Summer days they have reached a greater understanding of life and love.

The shells holding their souls are weaker now, but hearts and minds grow vigorous remembering.

On a table someone spreads old photographs; a test of recollection.

And friendly laughter echoes at shocks of hair gone gray or white, or merely gone.

The rugged slender bodies lost forever. Yet they no longer need to prove their strength.

Some are now sustained by one of "medicine's miracles,"

And even in this fact they manage to find humor.

The women, all those who waited, all those who love them, have watched the changes take place.

Now, they observe and listen, and smile at each other; as glad to be together as the men.

Talk turns to war and planes and foreign lands. Stories are told and told again,

reweaving the threadbare fabric of the past. Mending one more time the banner of their youth.

They hear the vibrations, feel the shudder of metal as propellers whine and whirl, and planes come to life.

These birds with fractured wings can see beyond the mist of clouds, and they are in the air again, chasing the wind, feeling the exhilaration of flight, close to the heavens;

the wild and blue yonder of their anthem.

Dead comrades, hearing their names spoken, wanting to share in this time, if only in spirit, move silently among them. Their presence is felt and smiles appear beneath misty eyes.

Each, in his own way, may wonder who will be absent another year.

The room grows quiet for a time. Suddenly an ember flames to life. Another memory burns.

The talk may turn to other wars and other men, and of futility.

So, this is how it goes. The past is so much the present.

In their ceremonies, the allegiances, the speeches, and the prayers,

one cannot help but hear the deep eternal love of country they will forever share.

Finally, it is time to leave. Much too soon to set aside this little piece of yesterday,

but the past cannot be held too long for it is fragile.

They say, "Farewell...See you next year, God willing," breathing silent prayers for one another.

Each keeping a little of the others with him forever.

Rachel Firth

+++++

HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

Special Reunion Rate: \$75, plus tax

(Single or double occupancy)

Wednesday -- Sunday, May 2-6, 2001

Please Print

Please Reserve _____ Room(s) for _____ Persons

Estimated Arrival Time _____ Departure _____

Please indicate number of rooms requested for each category:

_____ King Smoking _____ King Non-Smoking
_____ Two Doubles, Smoking _____ Two Doubles, Non-Smoking

Name _____ Sharing With _____

Mailing Address for Confirmation _____

City, State _____ ZIP _____ Phone _____

Credit Card Number for Guarantee _____ Exp. Date _____
(One Night's Deposit or Credit Card Required with Reservation)

Reservations subject to availability if received later than Monday, April 2, 2001.

**Mail this form directly to hotel
(or call 1-800-325-4000 and mention AFEES)**

**WestCoast Ridpath Hotel
515 West Sprague Avenue
Spokane, WA 99201
509-838-2711
Fax: 509-747-6970**

+++++

Here's Jake



The best of

"JAKE" SCHOFFER





DISPLAY -- AFEES president Richard Smith points to his crew photo at the Regis University display. At left is Mariea Monday-Richardson, the Regis graphic artist who did the graphics, banners and layouts for the display.

Display at Regis University focuses on AFEES members

A unique display of World War II memorabilia, featuring Army Air Corps units, is on display at Regis University's Dayton Memorial Library in Denver, Colo. The display, to be available for viewing through Jan. 28, 2001, is concentrated on the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society (AFEES) and the 487th Bomb Group, a typical B-17 unit.

The display became a reality through the efforts of Aurora, Colo., resident, retired Lt.Col. Clarke M. Brandt, who contacted members of AFEES and of the 487th and encouraged them to provide articles for the display.

Among items of interest on display: photos of 487th commanders, a cut-away drawing of a B-17; photos of several bombers showing nose art prevalent in WWII; two ID cards made by the French Underground for Lt. Warren C. Tarkington, plus the beret he was provided; and a photo sequence of S/Sgt. Robert A. Vandergriff and some of his helpers in 1943, plus photos of the houses where he was hidden. An easel shows a map with photos of four airmen and markers indicating their landing site and colored yarn showing their evasion routes.

The 487th BG was activated at Alamogordo, N.Mex., on Sept. 22, 1943. Its first combat mission was against targets in Liege, Belgium, on May 7, 1944. Lt.Col. Bernie Lay Jr., the group commander, was shot down on his fourth mission on May 11.

NEW MEMBERS

James E. Frolking
18675 Parkland Dr., #301
Shaker Heights, OH 44122-3401
8th AF, 479 FG; E&E 2614
Wife: "Patty"
Phone: 216-752-1829

Arthur W. Mattson "L"
8781 Glen Loch Drive
Houston, TX 77061-2933
15th AF, 455 BG
Wife: "Lucille"
Phone: 713-643-2528

NEW 'FRIEND'

Richard A. Tarkington
1655 Ivanhoe Street
Denver, CO 80220-1419
Wife: "Jane"
Phone: 303-321-7659
(Son of W. C. Tarkington, E&E 420)

Archives to open OSS documents

In a major release of declassified records, the Nazi War Criminal Records Interagency Working Group (IWG) will open at the National Archives and Records Administration at College Park, Md., about 400,000 pages of declassified OSS records.

The IWG was established to oversee government declassification efforts in accordance with the Nazi War Crimes Disclosure Act of 1998, which mandated the declassification of records relating to World War II war criminals and war crimes.

The main body of records consists of documents that remained classified when the first OSS records were released to the public in the mid-1980s.

These records consist primarily of prisoner of war interrogation reports, refugee and emigre debriefings, documentation of OSS clandestine missions into France and Norway, and reports on a U.S. government program known as Safehaven, to identify and block from flight German financial assets and other war spoils.

For more, call National Archives Public Affairs at 301-713-6000, or visit the National Archives home page:
<http://www.nara/iwg>

--From Plane Talk, Virginia Br., 8AFHS

Confederate Air Force decides to change name

By the Associated Press
Sunday, Nov. 19, 2000

MIDLAND, Tex. -- The Confederate Air Force soon will be operating under a new name that doesn't contain the word "Confederate."

The organization's membership voted Saturday to make the change, saying it has become a public relations problem trying to get booked at air shows, officials said.

For the next 14 months, until January 2002, the organization will operate as the CAF. In the meantime, a committee will begin reviewing suggestions and come up with four recommendations, from which a name will be chosen next July.

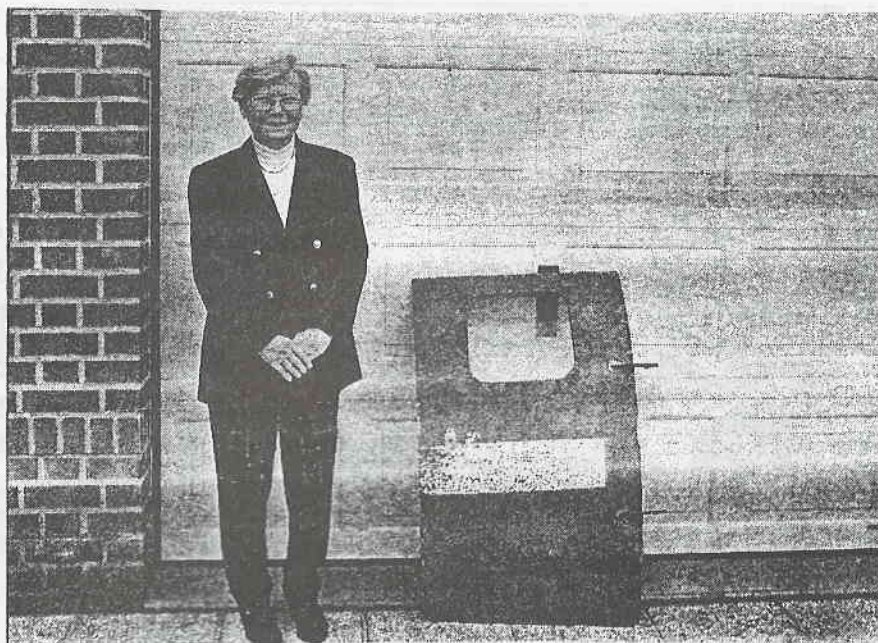
Many leaders have expressed concern that the name does not reflect what the organization actually does.

Eighty-two percent of the 2,200 CAF members who voted were in favor of a name change.

The 9,000 members of the Confederate Air Force maintain about 140 airplanes that flew during World War II, including the B-24 Liberator, the P-38 Lightning and the only B-29 Superfortress still flying. The organization, which flies these planes at air shows across the country, tries to preserve the shrinking number of warbirds and educate the public about them.

The Midland-based organization, formed in South Texas, got the name in the 1950s when somebody painted it on the tail of a P-51 Mustang fighter. At the time, the handful of original members thought it was funny, so the name stuck.

Names already suggested include Commemorative Air Force, which would retain the CAF acronym. There are also suggestions for Colonel's Air Force -- for the fact that each member is named a colonel -- another inside joke.



Mme. Godelieve Pena with the escape hatch door of the B-17 *Immortal Lady* before the door was taken to the United States by her son John. The 482nd BG plane went down Feb. 8, 1944, in northern France.

B-17 escape hatch returns to U.S.

In 1969, Mrs. Godelieve Pena greeted AFEES member Carl Mielke as a long-lost brother for whom her parents had risked their lives to shelter in early 1944 after his B-17 had been shot down in northern France. This reunion of AFEES members and French Helpers was the start of a mutual admiration society of Helpers and the "boys" they risked their lives to help during World War II.

The story, with pictures, was published in *Parade* magazine.

Carl Mielke died in 1979, but his family and the Pena family have been in close contact since that time. As recently as June 2000, Carl's great niece visited the Penas in their home in Laucourt, France.

Mrs. Pena, who also sheltered Dean Tate and William Lessig, was instrumental in locating the escape hatch door from the B-17 *Immortal Lady* and arranging for her son John to bring it to the U.S., where it is likely to be placed in a museum.

On June 24, 2000, David Helsel was royally received by the village of Monchy-Humieres, France. The day's events were spelled out in great detail in a two-page newspaper story headlined "Monchy-Humieres receives the American Hero while the French Resistant remains quiet." (See translation of the story on the next page.)

In a recent letter to AFEES Chairman Ralph Patton, Mrs. Pena wrote, "It was for me a great moment to see the French and American flags together on the monument and to hear the *Marseillaise* and the *Star-Spangled Banner* in the cemetery with our country people who remember. I think that it is good for you to see that we don't forget you in our little village."

Were you near Montereau in April 1944?

From the Air Force Times, Oct. 23, 2000

Seeking American Air Force officer shot down in raid in early April 1944. He found shelter at the rectory of a priest Father Henri du Halgouet and was later taken to a seminary at La Brosse-Montceaux, near Montereau. He

was sheltered there for some time and then delivered to a Resistance group to be smuggled out of France.

Anyone with information is asked to contact: Robert and Elizabeth Rapley, 6-1900 Marquis Ave., Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 8J2, Canada; e-mail: rwrapley@cyberus.ca

Monchy-Humieres receives a hero

Translation of Newspaper Article from the Oise Weekly, June 28, 2000

On June 24, 2000, the village of Monchy-Humieres received with honors an American aviator who was forced down from above the village in February, 1944. The ceremony was organized by the Mayor with a musical reception for David Helsel, a speech by Bernard Maman, the Mayor, the placing of sprays of flowers at the Monument of the Dead, a visit to the place where the airplane fell, and finally a champagne toast for the occasion in the school yard.

However, someone remained in the background away from the publicity. Someone modest who, however, had played a large role in the story of the life of this Yankee gunner who had come to deliver this country and Europe from the Nazi yoke.

This person is none other than Jean Vervel. An unknown hero, "as there are lots of others." (it is he who said this), a hero for whom David parted from a group of tourists visiting Paris, for the goal of meeting him and thanking him again for having saved his life.

The very official ceremony was accentuated musically by the Valiant of Chiry-Ourscamp, which interpreted the hymns, the official music, but also in front of the Monument to the Dead the song of the partisans.

Everyone becomes almost impatient in front of the Town Hall of Monchy-Humieres on this Saturday, June 24, 2000. The beginning of the ceremony was announced at four o'clock. The former Resistance fighters are there, the

fanfare is there, the Mayor Bernard Maman has just arrived, Jean Vervel discreetly arrives and mixes in the crowd of villagers. The band waits on the road in ceremonial uniforms.

A group arrives at the top of Vaubrun Street, on which appears a man alert and smiling. It is the man that everyone is waiting for. It is David Helsel. The mayor goes to meet him, extending his hand; the two men greet each other at length. Behind David arrived some members of his family, his wife and Michele Castagnino, the interpreter, an English teacher at Clermont.

Bernard Maman takes the microphone and makes the presentations. In his speech he explains that it is the second time that David comes to Monchy-Humieres. The preceding time was Feb. 8, 1944. That day in the sky in a B-17, heading for Frankfurt, Germany, it encountered the enemy fighter and the airplane crashed. Of its eight occupants, David and John Bernier (of whom there has been no news since the war) were the only ones to escape the Germans. Having been lucky, as one might say, to "fall" on the Vervel family, on the sisters Micheline and France at first who discovered them hidden in the cemetery and afterwards on the brothers Jacques and Jean, members of the Civil Military Organization.

David recuperated and stayed eight days on the farm of their father, Gaston Vervel. After the war, this man received the Medal of Freedom.

The crowd listens to the Mayor, applauds the hero, and it is afterwards that France Fleury, President of the French

Forces of the Interior, makes a speech. She does not forget the fliers or the other men who are still buried in French soil.

In front of the Monument to the Dead the national anthems of the two countries were played and then they placed sprays of flowers on the monument, followed by a minute of silence. David Helsel gave a military salute, the Star Spangled Banner with 48 stars representing the U.S. flag of 1944, joined the French flag.

Jean Vervel then suggested to the flyer to find again the hiding place that had served him 56 years before, which he did without hesitation, explaining that he would have found it again "with his eyes closed."

David Helsel explained how he and John Bernier had arrived there and their discovery. Micheline Vervel showed the American the first and last name carved on the family gravestone. It was that of her sister, France. The flyer spoke of his wounds and the manner in which the Vervels had cared for them. "As good as in a hospital," David said.

The cortege comes down again toward the Town Hall where a friendship drink is served in the school yard. David Helsel will go into the main room of the Town Hall to look at the exhibit prepared by Alain Samadet, helped with the archives by Mr. Vandlaer and Mr. Noddin, and by Gerard Regnier, who helped with uniforms and vehicles.

Jean Vervel, during this time, stayed close to his brother and sister, far from the honors. As Jean says, "Anyone would have done that. I was not drafted. I was in the class of '40, then what to do -- I did only what was necessary."

Their correspondence continues to this day

In 1944, after a journey across the west of France, David Helsel returned to England, then to the United States.

Returned to civilian life, he worked first in a factory making bottles, and then until retirement, in a petroleum refinery. Married with one child, he continues to make speeches in schools and churches.

During the years he has tried to make contact with John Bernier, the Canadian gunner with whom he had escaped the Germans. In addition, he wrote first to France Vervel to thank her and then to Jean. Their correspondence, which began some 50 years ago, continues today.

After the war, Jean Vervel took over with his brother

Jacques, his parents' farm.

All this time, the Vervel heroes have kept silent about their courage and bravery. For Jean, "It is normal what we did, everyone would have done it; what changed everything is that we were in a network. We were able to help the airmen return to England, but if they had been found by nonresistants, they would have been doomed."

S/Sgt. David G. Helsel (E&E 538) now lives in Parker, Pa. As a member of the 379th Bomb Group, he went down north of Paris on Feb. 8, 1944. After being aided by the Resistance, he returned to England six weeks later.

The Pyrenees: a test in human endurance

Pilot Ed Spevak and his crew (94BG) went down May 17, 1943, on the Lorient mission. He was one of the first Americans (E&E 59) to evade through Spain and Gibraltar. This is part of his story.

**From the Watertown (S.D.)
Public Opinion
Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1983**

Paris in 1943 had a vivaciousness that not even Adolph Hitler's war machine and a world in conflict could subdue. Lt. Ed Spevak was a hunted man when he arrived there that spring, but he still found the French capital exciting.

He and two fellow crew members from the downed B-17, *Midnight*, were escorted to Paris by Joe, a French Underground operative, and a French-Canadian intelligence officer they knew only as Paul.

Spevak, Lt. Donald "Nick" Nichols and Sgt. Donald Parks were tense as they crammed into the train at Le Mans that took that on the three-hour ride into Paris. They broke into pairs with their escorts when they arrived in Paris, keeping a distance between each other to avoid suspicion as they moved through the city.

Spevak, escorted by a Resistance operator, got his first ride on the Paris Metro on the way to his first Paris hideout, an apartment.

Staying in Paris was both enjoyable and dangerous. They were safe in the anonymity of crowds, but neither man had identification and the Germans frequently cordoned off large groups of subway travelers to check papers. Germans also cordoned off neighborhoods to make house-to-house inspections.

The next month was spent nervously waiting for Paul to find a network to replace one recently smashed by the Gestapo. Finally, Paul returned with a woman from another network and they prepared Spevak for the trip to Spain.

The first step was a 24-hour crowded train ride through the Demarcation Line, the line from east to west through France

and tightly patrolled by German troops and dogs.

Fake identification papers were prepared for Spevak. His new identity was a clergyman named Jean LeBon. Underground contacts also gave him money, which they received through airdrops from the British. He had everything he needed, even new clothes, to make the Demarcation Line crossing. The only thing he lacked was a knowledge of the language and he prayed nobody would require him to speak during the trip.

The train was late. Spevak waited with another evader, Allen Fitzgerald, and two French escorts for two hours in a park near the railway station. When it arrived, Spevak's heart pounded as they boarded.

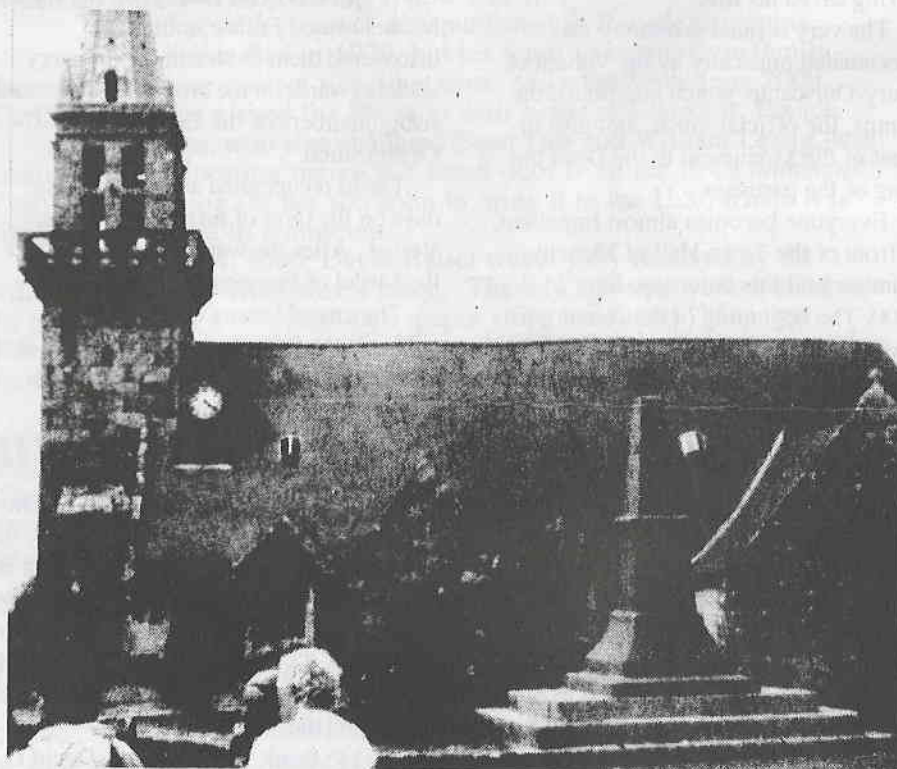
He and Allen had to stand during the entire trip in the aisle of the crowded passenger car. Spevak felt very conspicuous.

The military blockade at the



LT. EDWARD SPEVAK

Demarcation Line eventually slid into view as the train stopped. A German officer entered the car and demanded people one by one to present their papers. He inspected each identification and spoke to some of the passengers in an authoritative tone. Spevak's heart felt as if it were in his shoe. He looked nervously for escape routes in case something went wrong. When the officer stepped up to Spevak, the American quickly handed his false identification to



The church in the Brittany village of Le Cloître, where 1st Lt. Edward Spevak and two of his crewmen were hidden from the Germans after being downed on May 17, 1943.



VISITORS -- *Ed (second from left) and Aylene Spevak (second from right) with the family of Jean Pouliquen in a Paris suburb when the Spevaks visited in 1983, 40 years after Ed was shot down on a bombing mission to Lorient.*

the German. The officer grunted.

But before the officer could ask any questions, a Frenchman whom Spevak hadn't seen before stepped up. The burly man didn't have a work card and an argument between him and the German erupted.

The officer, seeing the man was making more trouble out of the incident than he cared to put up with, left the car. Spevak guessed the stranger must have noticed something was suspicious about Spevak and Allen and intervened to distract the German officer.

Every stop at a station was another chance to be captured as they traveled on, but the anxiety eventually wore Spevak and Allen out. They slept on the car floor that night although people had to step over them. The fugitives were too tired to care.

As they approached the base of the Pyrenees Mountains which divide France from Spain, they switched to an electric train. They saw huge German military installations and airfields along the route. They watched Germans practice assault maneuvers in small boats as they passed through Toulouse.

Their destination was an insignificant train stop in the Pyrenees where they met a truck. The truck took them to a border town where Germans and police were all around. One of their escorts left them at the border and returned to Paris. The other said he would go with them through Spain because he was trying to escape to Africa.

Spevak, Allen and their remaining

escort waited on a nearby mountain until 11 p.m., when they were met by the party that was to take them into the Spanish Pyrenees. The 25-person group, which included two guides and six smugglers, walked through agonizingly rough terrain in single file for eight days. Some days were spent hiking 16 hours without food or rest. Sheer willpower was all that kept Spevak plodding along.

They traveled mostly at night to avoid German patrols which made climbing the sheer mountain precipices more dangerous than they were in daylight. They sneaked through villages, forded cold, fast-moving mountain streams and ate wild berries when they ran out of food. Orchards along the way containing apples, plums and pears gave them better sustenance.

The pain from the walk and lack of food only increased the tension in the group. The nights were freezing and the days unbearably hot. Spevak's feet ached and he lost weight. But the guides shouted "Allez! Allez!" to keep the group moving. Finally, they reached Andorra, south of the French border, where they rested.

The next leg of the trip to Madrid proved worse than the previous one. They kept clear of Spanish police and military who would arrest them, and maybe shoot them because of the smugglers in the group. Sardines, potatoes and some bread, whatever the guides could find, were all there was to eat.

Spevak thought it was amazing that the guides knew where they were going in

the dark. When in doubt, the guides used their machine guns to clear the path ahead of them in the pitch of night. The group became separated occasionally and even lost, but the guides managed to regroup and get back on the route.

Near the end of the trek, the guides pushed them into a 12-mile forced march to a town to meet a train that would carry them to Barcelona. They stopped about a mile before reached the town to clean up and split into smaller groups to avoid suspicion. They missed the train by five minutes.

The group hid from a swarm of police near the rail stop and waited an hour for the next train. Some members of the group hopped aboard that train, but too many policemen blocked the way for Spevak and Allen to get on.

The wait for the third train was excruciating as the Americans watched police walk all about the train station. They had come too far to be arrested now. The patrols then stepped out of their way long to enough to board the train and they rode for six hours to Barcelona and the English embassy.

Three days were spent comfortably in Barcelona before they left for Madrid on July 29, 1943. Spevak stayed three weeks in Madrid, again as a guest of the British, and then rode the train 500 miles to Gibraltar and freedom. Three days later, the RAF flew him to London.

After a month in London debriefing for intelligence purposes, Spevak was flown to the United States as a VIP seated in a DC-4 next to Elliot Roosevelt, son of the president.

It took a while to shake the pride of being one of the first U.S. pilots to make a successful escape through France. It took much longer for the lingering terror of being hunted to fade. But until now, Ed Spevak kept the story to himself.

A RETURN TO FRANCE

In the fall of 1983, Ed and his wife Aylene (now deceased) returned to the village of Le Cloître, where his plane went down on May 17, 1943. The Spevaks spent 10 days in France, attempting to retrace his steps from 40 years earlier, and contacting some of the French people who aided him.

Michael Allen Fitzgerald, 305BG, E&E 60, lived in New Jersey after the war. He is now deceased.

U.S. pilot memorialized by windows

From the International Herald-Tribune, Toulouse, July 29-30

By Joseph Fitchett

PARIS -- On Aug. 2, 1944, as Allied troops were fighting through northern France on their way to liberating Paris, a 22-year-old fighter pilot from Texas led a strafing run against a German military train that was halted at the town of Remy under heavy camouflage.

The attack hit paydirt -- carloads of highly explosive war materials. But the blast, which hurled parts of the railroad into the sky, damaged Lt. Houston Lee Braly's P-51, which crashed through a brick wall and set a house on fire.

The villagers braved the flames and exploding ammunition and dragged the dead pilot from the wreckage. Then they heaped the body with flowers, defying German reprisal threats.

"They did it because they saw the American as a martyr for our cause, one that they felt sure was going to win, and they wanted the Germans to know how they felt," recalls a descendant of a villager.

Now, more than a half-century later, some Americans want to show their appreciation. Although the village has been largely rebuilt, its 13th century church has never had the means to replace the 700-year-old stained-glass windows that were blown out by the explosion. On Saturday, a project officially known as "Windows for Remy" reaches its official climax with the consecration of \$200,000 worth of new stained-glass panels paid for with contributions by hundreds of American donors.

The lingering French-American bond was discovered by Stephen Lea Vell, a military aviation buff, when he rode a bike into Remy six years ago during the commemoration of the liberation of Paris and met the villagers.

Upon his return to the United States, Mr. Lea Vell, then a 57-year-old pilot for United Airlines, told and retold the story of the villagers. The story had hit him particularly hard because, as a pilot flying frequent trans-Atlantic routes, he was irritated by what he saw as knee-jerk anti-French attitudes that seemed to be spreading in the United States and even in media reporting of France.



The village church in Remy, north of Paris, had stained-glass windows blown out on Aug. 2, 1944. A plaque in the village honors Lt. Houston L. Braly, P-51 pilot who died in the attack on a munitions train.

In Remy, he had found that wartime memories had never died, and in the United States he found Americans wanting to do something in return.

Veterans of Lt. Braly's unit, the 383rd Fighter Squadron of the 8th Air Force, were particularly moved, but they hesitated to act. "Why single out Remy?" they asked. After all, many people in occupied Europe had helped the Allies. But they eventually decided that Remy would symbolize all the communities in France and surrounding countries who helped rescue Allied airmen in World War II.

Done by French artisans after the villagers voted on designs, the rose-window and six other panels depict the story of St. Denis, the patron saint of France, a martyr who was beheaded and then carried his own head into the grave to wait for resurrection day. At the foot of one window, a small script, which villagers did not let the Americans donors see until the window was finished, dedicates the memorial to the dead airman.

A key guest of honor is Roy Blaha, 79, the wingman (and best friend) of the lost pilot. Limping back to base in England in a damaged craft, Mr. Blaha had to be pried out of his cockpit with crowbars because his fuselage had been

badly bent in the blast.

Also on hand will be directors of the nonprofit committee of the Remy project, most of them veterans of the 383rd and several of them men who were shot down and save by partisans. The project has brought them back together: Manuel Casagrande, retired owner of a produce business in California; Elmer Giery, retired head of a Virginia pharmaceuticals company; Paul Goldberg, an Air Force officer retired in Illinois; Gordon McCoy, retired California banker; Brad McManus, a Realtor in Pennsylvania; Clyde Voss, a retired Northrop aircraft executive in California.

The heroine on the French side is Nicole Quertelet, 91, widow of a roofer she met after World War I. (Her husband came to help reroof the church in Remy, located in flat country near Compiègne that was a battleground in both of this century's major European conflicts.)

After defying the Germans over the American airman's body, she worked secretly over the next few weeks to make three flags using bedding materials she had managed to hide from the Germans. She made a Free French flag showing the Cross of Lorraine and a Canadian flag -- many Canadians are buried in local war graves from trench fighting there in the 1914-18 conflict.

The third was an American flag, which she carried in September 1944 as she ran to the edge of town to greet the first American troops on their arrival. The day before, a young man from Remy had raced through the village shouting, "The Americans are coming," and been shot dead by German soldiers.

For decades after the war, the Remy story was forgotten outside the village until the day Mr. Lea Vell ran across a photograph taken after the front lines moved over Remy by a U.S. intelligence officer and sent to the 383rd Squadron. It showed a grave marked by a fighter prop, the blade salvaged from Lt. Braly's plane to mark his initial grave. The story drew Mr. Lea Vell to the village, starting the project culminating this weekend.

More on the Windows for Remy project on the next page.



P-51 pilots who were in the air over Remy, France, on Aug. 2, 1944, were honored at the dedication of church windows last July 29. From left, standing: Dick Davis, Clyde Voss, Bill Diffenbaugh, Bill Hess, Cap Ritter, Bob Dwyer (partly hidden), Ed Chevlin, Brad McManus, John Bannister, Gordon McCoy, John Shepherd (associate member), Dick Ogle; kneeling: Elmer Fiery, Manuel Casagrande, Paul Goldberg, an unidentified Frenchman, Roy Blaha. (See related story about the Windows for Remy project on preceding page).

Americans and French celebrate new Remy windows

About 150 Americans and hundreds of French citizens gathered to celebrate the new stained glass windows in St. Denis Church in Remy, France, on July 29, 2000.

The celebration included a parade, church ceremony, wonderful food and the gracious hospitality from people of Remy. Buildings of Remy displayed French and American flags flying high.

The events began with a parade, led by a French military band. Members of the 364th Fighter Group followed, with Roy Blaha carrying the U.S. flag handmade by Mme. Juliette Quertelet during WWII, the same flag that greeted American troops liberating Remy in September 1944.

Joining the parade were French military veterans wearing the uniforms and carrying the flags of their original units. Also participating in the parade were restored WWII French and American military vehicles with the drivers wearing vintage uniforms.

A ceremonial stop was made at Braly Crossroads, near the site where Lt. Braly crashed. Speeches by Mayor Panse and other Remy citizens, members of the 364th and the Braly family were followed by the singing of the *Star Spangled Banner* and the *Marseillaise*. Taps was played by a long bugler. While waiting outside the church, four U.S. F-16

fighter jets flew over in the missing-man formation.

After the ceremony, during a reception near the community center, directors of *Windows for Remy* were made honorary citizens of Remy.

Two special reunions took place during the afternoon. The first was between Clyde Voss, 383rd pilot who was shot down over Holland, and Charles Verbruggen, now living in Belgium. After Clyde was downed in 1944, Charles helped him escape to friendly territory in a fake Red Cross wagon. A few days later, Charles was captured and imprisoned by the Gestapo. This was the first meeting of the two since.

Paul Goldberg, another a 383rd pilot who was shot down over France in 1944, was joined in Remy by Rene Loiseaux and his wife. Rene and his father had rescued Paul and hidden him in their home. Paul and Rene had not seen each other in several years.

In early evening, there was another reception, another wonderful meal and dancing to a band playing Glenn Miller tunes. The day ended with a fireworks display and lighting of the church windows.

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A video of the events of July 29 in Remy is available from *Windows for Remy*, PO Box 644, Linden, CA 95236.

For more info, visit website www.remy.org

2001 Freedom Trail hikes set

By **ROGER STANTON**

The next Freedom Trail challenge will be the San Martino Freedom Trail, based on the town of Sulmona in Italy, May 16-21, 2001.

The event will extend over a six-day period (four-day walk) and is dedicated to the *Conradini* of the Italian countryside who assisted Allied escapers in WW2. The route will begin at Sulmona, pass through many of the former wartime safe-house villages where escapers were hidden, and finish at Castel de Sangro.

Midway stops and overnight locations will be in these villages. Total distance over four days is about 60 miles.

The event has been planned so that walkers can complete the entire route, or the daily distances. A non-walking veterans' group will visit some wartime locations.

Walkers who complete all four stages are to sign the visitors book at Castel de Sangro. The book will be closed at midnight by the mayor of Sulmona and returned to Town Hall until the same weekend in 2002.

Transport is being arranged to meet teams who arrive by air at Rome airport.

St. Girons Trail

The next St. Girons Freedom Trail, dedicated to the Pat O'Leary and Dutch-Paris lines, is scheduled for July 12-15, 2001. The commemorative walk begins in St. Girons in Southern France and climbs through snow to nearly 10,000 feet before crossing the border into Spain.

After the first day, walkers are in the mountains; they should be prepared for hostile weather conditions.

Total distance over four days is about 60 miles. Transport will be available from the Toulouse airport.

Information is available from Scott Goodall, L'Escrabiche, Lescure 09420, Rimont, France; Tel. 0033 56 1963588.

Comete Freedom Trail

France--Spain, Sept. 14-16, 2001

The second annual Comete Freedom Trail, dedicated to helpers of the Comete Escape Line, will begin with a ceremony at Anglet in extreme southwestern France on the evening of Sept. 13.

The next morning, the walk starts

Information on these Freedom Trail events scheduled for 2001 is provided by Roger Stanton of the U.K. For information, contact him at 5 Tansy Road, Harrogate, North Yorkshire, HG3 2UJ. Phone/Fax: 01423 508667.

from St. Jean de Luz, through Ciboure, where wreaths will be laid on the graves of Florentino and Kattalin Aquire. The route continues to Urrugne, with flowers and wreaths to be laid in memory of Francia Usandizanga, who ran Comete's last safe house in France. She died at Ravensbruck.

The walk continues to Francia's farmhouse, on through low hills, forest and low mountainous terrain to a steep descent to the River Bidassoa. All walkers are expected to cross the river.

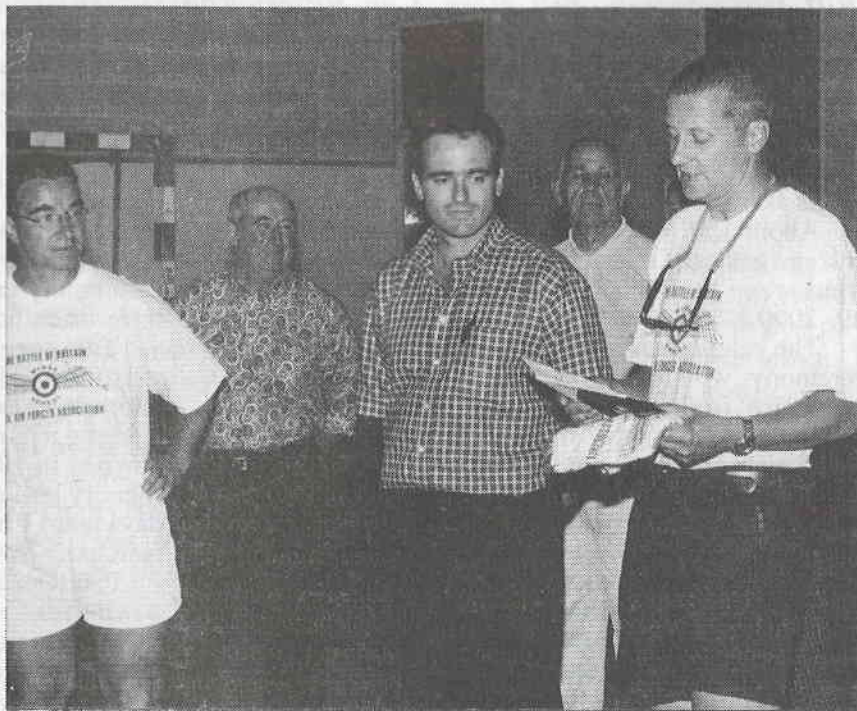
At this crossing point, a wreath will be laid on the memorial to Count d'Ursel and American Jim Burch, who died at this point on Dec. 14, 1943. Walkers are expected to make their own arrangements

to remain overnight on the river bank.

Next morning walkers are to continue through rough country and steep hills to a lunch stop at Sarobe farm, another safe-house location, arriving at Renterria early evening. Overnight in the area, and then on through low hills and mountainous terrain to San Sebastian, via the safe-house farm of Jean Labaru at Harnani, who disappeared in a German concentration camp in 1944. Arrival in San Sebastian early evening.

Although not as high as the St. Girons route, the daily distances are greater. Total distance: about 55 miles.

All Freedom Trail walkers must expect to be totally independent, and carry all they need on their backs.



AT THE FREEDOM TRAIL FINISH -- RAF Squadron Leader Chris Goss (at right) delivers a message from AFEES at the conclusion of the 2000 Chemin de la Liberte commemorative walk. Standing to his left are Bernard Gondran, mayor of St. Girons, and the mayor of Esterri d'Aneu, the terminus of the annual event. Goss read a message from Chairman Ralph K. Patton to the audience in the gymnasium to conclude the event.

LA NEBULEUSE de la RESISTANCE FRANCO-AMERICAN COLLOQUE

PARIS, FRANCE

DEC. 4, 2000

Presented by
RALPH K. PATTON

U.S. Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society

First, I would like to thank the officers and members of Club Temoin for the invitation to speak to this conference.

The unrecognized men and women of the French Resistance have been a subject very dear to my heart since Jan. 5, 1944, when I was the co-pilot of a B-17 of the U.S. Army Air Corps that was shot down by German FW 190s a few miles north of Lorient.

The heavy bombers of the 8th Air Force started flying combat missions in June 1942. Between that time and the end of the European war in May 1945, over 60,000 of its airmen were shot down over western Europe, 26,000 were killed in action and 30,000 were taken prisoner. Thanks to the Resistance, over 4,000 men of the U.S. Army Air Corps were able to evade capture and return to Allied control.

Combat crews knew that most French people were sympathetic to the Allies and that they would willingly help downed airmen, but it was never suggested to us that organized escape lines were actually in place. The return of an airman who had been shot down had an electrifying effect on the morale of the crews still flying combat.

At noon on Jan. 5, 1944, seven of our crew parachuted safely from our crippled B-17G. Unfortunately, three were killed in the air battle over Lorient or were unable to evacuate the airplane when it broke up. We were returning to England after having bombed a German airfield at Merignac, near Bordeaux.

I opened my parachute at 8,000 feet and landed safely in front of a farmhouse where the farmer and his wife had been watching the FW 190s attack our airplane. Unable to speak or understand a word of French, I could not communicate with the farmer or his wife, so I ran for a near-by forest. I later learned that the farmer picked up my parachute and hid it and then told the Germans that he had not seen any airmen.

Within minutes of landing, I had the good fortune to meet up with Glenn Johnson, our first pilot, and Jack McGough, our bombardier. The three of us walked in an easterly direction until about 4:30 in the afternoon. When it began to get cold and dark we decided that we had to approach someone for help. After watching an isolated farm house for 15 minutes we decided to try our luck. Desire Gerone answered our vigorous knock on his door with a puzzled expression and a hesitant invitation to come in and sit by the open fire.

By sign language we were able to make Desire and his mother and brother understand that we were American airmen from the plane that had been shot down that afternoon. His mother prepared a large kettle of hot soup while Desire opened a bottle of his best wine.

We were quite comfortable sitting beside a warm fire. After having had a bowl of soup and several glasses of wine the brother motioned to us that we should follow him outside. Fifteen minutes of walking brought us to a large two-story house where we were greeted by Mr. Denmat and his wife. After an hour of strained sign language conversation, we were served coffee and cookies and led up to the second floor where each of us was directed to his own bedroom. On our first night in France we were privileged to sleep in down-filled comforts on a full stomach, our minds put at ease by several glasses of wine.

After a good night's sleep and a hearty breakfast, Mr. Denmat pointed us in an easterly direction and wished us *Bonne Chance*. Mr. Denmat had no connection with the organized resistance.

On our second night in France, we tried to sleep in an open field but it was too cold so we walked most of the night. It was easier to walk at night; one could safely walk on the country roads and through small villages; the only hazard being barking dogs.

Shortly after noon on our second day we were stopped by a teacher who motioned for us to follow him. While standing in the middle of the road trying to communicate with the teacher, we spotted a gendarme on a bicycle about 100 meters in front of us, headed in our direction.

It was clear that the gendarme had seen us, so all we could do was await his arrival. The gendarme and the teacher had an animated conversation for a few minutes and then the gendarme shook his head, seemingly in disbelief, mounted his bicycle and headed up the road.

By sign language the teacher told us that he did not think the gendarme would report us to the Germans, but he was not certain, so we had better stay off the road. We were warned not to move around much as there was a German observation tower on the hill across the canal.

Shortly after dark the teacher returned with his wife, who brought a large tureen of hot soup. After we had eaten what we considered to be gourmet soup, the teacher led us to the edge of the town of Plelauff where there was a haystack about 20 meters from a farm house. He pushed aside the wall of the haystack to reveal a large opening. After he saw the three of us hidden in the center of the haystack, he indicated that he would return in the morning.

Just as we were about asleep, we were aroused by the barking of a very angry dog. After about 10 minutes of continuous barking, the farmer came to find out why his dog was so excited. The farmer parted the hay and shined his

lantern directly onto our sleepy faces. In unison, we shouted "Americain--American." With a smile on his face, the farmer covered up the opening in the hay, took the dog by the collar and led him back into the house. Ten minutes later the farmer was back with a bottle of calvados and a loaf of bread.

Before dawn the next morning the teacher arrived with bread and hard-boiled eggs for our breakfast and then led us through the town of Plelauff. The schoolteacher apparently was still apprehensive about our chance meeting with the gendarme the day before and decided that it was too dangerous for him to continue with us. As we parted company, he gave us a map and suggested that perhaps the brothers at the Abbaye de Langonnet, about 20 km to the south, would help us. I never did learn the name of the teacher from Plelauff. Apparently, the gendarme did not report his encounter with the Americans.

Before the teacher left us we had met two more American airmen alongside the road. In the darkness, I was able to recognize Isadore Viola, our left waist gunner. The other man was Lt. Norman King, navigator from another B-17 that had been shot down at almost the same time as ours. We now are now five American airmen wandering around in the center of Brittany with a price of 10,000 francs on our heads.

Shortly after noon on the third day we arrived near the town of Plouray, population 2,000. We knew that we couldn't walk through the center of town in broad daylight, so

we circled the town on the west side by walking through plowed fields. We climbed over many hedgerows and crossed many streams before we reached the main road south out of Plouray, enroute to the Abbaye de Langonnet.

Lucien Quillo, an 11-year-old boy, spotted the five of us as we came back on the road. When he was late in returning to class after lunch, the teacher wanted to know why he was late. An excited Lucien whispered to Toni, the teacher, that he had been watching five Americans walking down the road. Toni immediately turned her class over to M. Daniel, the other teacher in the two-room school, and came looking for us.

In the meantime, we had been intercepted by a Frenchman who had been wounded in the leg by the Germans in 1940. Mr. Dorlot found it incredible that the five of us were boldly marching down the road in broad daylight. He suggested rather forcefully that we get off the road by following him. He led us to a nearby village and into the basement of a small bistro where we were served a lunch of roast beef and a pot au feu while seated beside three hogsheads of red wine.

After consuming beaucoup hot soup and several glasses of red wine, we had forgotten that there was a war on and that we were in big trouble.

By mid-afternoon Toni, the Plouray schoolteacher, found us soaking up the sun in the tall grass of a field about 100 meters from the bistro. With great emotion, Toni assured us that she would get us back to England as she had done a year earlier



Members of AFEES shown as part of the crowd at the military ceremony at the Boone County Courthouse in Columbia, Mo., on Memorial Day 2000, the conclusion of the 2000 reunion in that city.

with another American airman. She advised us to stay in this open field until after dark, when they would return for us.

At 6 p.m. Toni, followed by six French men and women, returned to our hiding place and led us over a number of "petites chemins" two km to the schoolhouse in Plouray.

We five Americans stayed in the Plouray schoolhouse for five weeks, a most difficult time for all concerned. Providing food for five hungry young men became a community activity. The school children brought their teacher milk, butter and eggs. The local butcher supplied meat, the baker delivered bread, and every visitor brought cider or wine.

We had visitors almost every evening, including Mr. Veley, the mayor; Mille Louissette, the town telephone operator who assured the Gestapo that the town had never seen an American airman; Mr. Letolguenec, the notaire; Mr. Lheridaud, the departmental school official; Mr. Machadoo, the butcher, and Mr. Pailly, owner of the only hotel in town. We suspect that all the children in Toni's class knew that we were hiding in the schoolhouse.

Josephine Veley and her fiancée Marcel Pasco, both of whom lived with their parents near the school, were partners with Toni in taking care of us.

During the fifth week at the Plouray school, Toni decided that she should talk with leaders of the local resistance about moving us to another hiding place. Mr. Lheridaud drove Toni and me 10 km to the town of Gourin, where we met the mayor, Mr. Kergaravat. He immediately grasped the seriousness of the situation and ordered us to split up and be moved as soon as possible.

On a moonless night in late February 1944, Lt. King and I were guided to a bistro about 4 km south of Plouray where we spent two weeks with Jean Violo, his wife Francine and her two sisters, Yvonne and Marie.

Two weeks later, we were moved to the Hotel Tournebride, where we stayed in a third-floor apartment with Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Garnier, whose home had been destroyed during one of the many bombings of Lorient and who now were living in the hotel operated by their nephew Joseph Goulian and his wife Alice. Before the war Joseph had been in the merchant marine and had made several trips to U.S. ports.

After two weeks in the hotel we were moved to the farm of Louis and Baptist LaNaor, who had been waiters at a resort near Grenoble, but had returned to the family farm to avoid being sent to Germany.

On the fourth day at the LaNaor farm, Mr. LeCren and his two sons, Rene and Desire, from the town of Gourin came in a camionette to take us to the train station for the journey to Guingamp. On arrival at the station we were met by Andre Chareton, who led two of us to the home of M. and Mme. Desire Laurent, a local policeman. Their home was two blocks from German headquarters.

On the second evening Francois Kerumbran, Mathurin Branchou and George LeCun came to the Laurent house to listen to the BBC. When the 6 o'clock news broadcast "bonjour tout le monde de la maison d'Alphonse," the Frenchmen knew that a motor gunboat had departed Dartmouth, England, to pick up airmen on the northern coast of Brittany near Plouha.

After an hour and a half of bumps and turns in the small

truck of Francois Kerumbran, we arrived at the house of Jean and Marie Gicquel, later known as the House of Alphonse. On arrival at *La maison d'Alphonse* we were briefed by "Captain Harrison of British Military Intelligence Service," actually Sgt. Major Lucien Dumais of the Canadian army who had been parachuted into France to organize *Reseau Shelburne*.

Present at the House of Alphonse were some of the French members of *Reseau Shelburne*, Francois LeCornac, Job Mainguy, Pierre Huet, Jean and Marie Gicquel, Maria Therese LeCalvez, and Jean and Jeannette Trehiou. At midnight, 26 airmen and French guides departed La Maison d'Alphonse for a 2-km walk to the rendezvous with MGB 503 of the British Royal Navy. After several exciting hours at sea we arrived safely back in England. I had been in the hands of the French Resistance for 62 days.

Although I have told you my story, I today represent over 900 members of the U.S. Escape & Evasion Society who have had similar experiences. Most of the leaders of escape networks were recognized by American, British or French authorities, but thousands of unknown French men and women who risked their lives to help us were not. It was dangerous to know names, so we did not ask.

Immediately after the war British and American authorities made a sincere effort to locate and recognize those men and women of France who helped Allied airmen, and for many years the Royal Air Force Escaping Society and the U.S. Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society have honored hundreds of "meconnue" in England and in the U.S.A.

Many of the brave men and women of the French Resistance who risked their lives to help Allied airmen are deceased, but they are not forgotten by the airmen.

"Nous n'oblerons pas jamais."

The Paris conference was sponsored by the Club Tmoin of Paris in partnership with the Hoover Institution of California. Chairman Ralph was accompanied by his daughter, Beverly Wand. On the trip, they made a visit to Brittany, where they had lunch with 31 men and women of Reseau Shelburne, including most of Ralph's surviving Helpers.



"I'm sorry, George is outside trimming the hedge!"

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

- #720 Walter T. Bressler, Centre Hall, Pa., 448 BG, April 27, 1998
 #60 Michael A. Fitzgerald, Harmon Cove, N.J., 305 BG
 15 AF Charles Sam Jones, Belleville, Ill., 2641 Sp. Grp., Oct. 7, 2000
 #380 Paul H. McConnell, San Juan Cap., Calif., 381 BG, Oct. 9, 2000
 15 AF John R. Nelson, Tucson, Ariz., 5th BG, March 21, 2000
 #58 Joseph P. Normile "L", N. Bethesda, Md., 351 BG, April 28, 2000
 8 AF Donald P. Ogilvie, Winter Park, Fla., 384 BG, Sept. 3, 1998
 8 AF Robert E. Rugh, Trinway, Ohio, 389 BG, July 1, 2000
 8 AF Robert A. Titus "L", Columbus, Ohio, 95 BG, 2000
 #1186 Roy E. Waller, Colorado Spgs., Colo., 489 BG, June 6, 2000
 #2219 William E. Wyatt, Cincinnati, Ohio, 92 BG, July 1998

HELPERS

Mr. Piet van Veen, Leimuiden, Holland, Nov. 9, 2000

Joseph P. Normile

Joseph Patrick Normile, E&E 58, a longtime government auditor who retired in 1996 from a subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations, died April 28, 2000, at a hospital in Washington, D.C., of complications following heart surgery.

He was a certified public accountant who spent 17 years with the House subcommittee on surveys and investigations before retirement.

A D.C. area resident since 1963, he was a native of Rochester, N.Y.

A navigator with the Army Air Corps, his B-17 was shot down June 28, 1943, over Brittany. He and the copilot managed to reach Tours and then Toulouse on their way to successfully evading capture.

After the war, he graduated from Cornell University.

Survivors include his wife of 49 years, Patricia, of North Bethesda, Md., two children and a sister.

Doris Shoss, an AFEES favorite

By A Friend

We will all miss our Doris Shoss. Her great humor we all enjoyed, and she did love AFEES. She helped out in many ways. I think we women (and men) enjoyed her fantastic taste in clothes. She always looked great.

But most of all, we will miss her happy face and great attitude. She was such a fun person and such a void is left for members and friends of AFEES.

+++++

Doris Mae Levine Shoss, wife of AFEES director David Shoss of Dallas, Tex., passed away on Nov. 11, 2000.

She was born in Wichita Falls, Tex., on March 7, 1926.

Her family and friends will always remember her as a wonderful wife, daughter and mother. She was brilliant, fun-loving, generous and vivacious.

Survivors include her husband of 55 years, three daughters, and grandpets Tarzan, Cheeto, Didgit and Dakota.

Funeral services were conducted on Monday, Nov. 13, in Dallas.



DORIS LEVINE SHOSS

Piet B. van Veen

Petrus Bernardus van Veen, active in the Dutch Underground, died Nov. 9, 2000, at age 81.

He helped several airmen to evade capture and was also the prime organizer for the 1995 celebration marking the 50th anniversary of liberation in Leimuiden.

'Operation Dear Abby' program open to everyone

WASHINGTON (AFPN) -- Anyone interested in participating in a special holiday mail mission to spread goodwill and cheer to military men and women around the world can do so through "Operation Dear Abby," according to Military Postal Service Agency officials.

The operation, started 16 years ago by Abigail Van Buren -- known through her nationally syndicated column as "Dear Abby" -- encourages Americans to send cards and letters to service members stationed overseas during the holiday season.

To ensure the mail is received within the required time frame and adheres to Defense Department security guidelines, officials say the mail must be limited to first-class letter mail weighing 13 ounces or less.

When sending mail to a specific area, people are asked to address it to the closest geographic hub, which will distribute the mail to all services in the area that it supports.

Here are this year's addresses:

Europe and Southwest Asia

Any Service Member
 OPERATION DEAR ABBY
 APO AE09135

Mediterranean Basin

Any Service Member
 OPERATION DEAR ABBY
 FPO AE 09646

Far East

Any Service Member
 OPERATION DEAR ABBY
 APO AP96285

Pacific Basin

Any Service Member
 OPERATION DEAR ABBY
 FPO AP96385

Addresses will be valid only until Jan. 15.

True patriots are the people who work to make things better

From the Dallas Morning News, Nov. 11, 2000

By JOHN M. HOWISON

Today is Veterans Day, so the Star and Stripes will wave from flagpoles, including mine. It also strikes me as a good time to think about patriotism.

There is more to patriotism than flying the flag, saying the Pledge of Allegiance, honoring our heroes and enjoying parades and fireworks.

Obviously those are worthy things to do, and we are expressing our patriotism when we do them. But patriots ultimately are to be judged by how they lead their lives.

Here are some examples of what I think is true patriotism.

Patriots demonstrate their loyalty by obeying the law, even when they disagree with it or find it burdensome. They pay their taxes without cheating and respect the rights of other citizens, whether or not they like them.

Patriots do their civic duties, even those that aren't required by law. They take part in the political process. Failing to vote in local, state and national elections may be legal, but it isn't very patriotic.

Real patriots register to vote, even when doing so exposes them to the risk that they will be called upon to support the American system of justice by serving on juries.

Patriots remember that the government is made up of citizens like themselves and that it is led by people we voted into office and can vote out.

Our democracy is one of the attractions that has led millions of people to come here and take part in making ours the most powerful and imitated nation on Earth.

Patriots remember that our government, despite all of its faults, is widely regarded as the best that has been tried and that our Constitution allows us to make it even better.

Patriots are aware that our system of government -- not withstanding its warts -- never has been more honest than in the present generation.

In a democratic society like ours, we can regret particular changes, but we demonstrate our ignorance of history if we claim it was better in "the good old days."

Patriots know it is our government that has created and enforced the freedoms that our heroes sometimes have given their lives to preserve.

Patriots understand it is our government that has preserved the free-enterprise system and made us the richest nation in history.

Patriots also realize that the market may have given us more and better goods and services than anyone else but doesn't assure us an education, universal health care, environmental protection or basic human rights for all of us, including the weakest and least provident.

And patriots keep in mind that trashing our government or demonizing those who differ from us isn't patriotic. If I am to call myself a patriot, I must accept the possibility that those who lack the good sense to agree with me today may prove correct in the end.

I must accept the fact that all of us are patriots who try to make our nation -- our government and our economy -- better.

John M. Howison is a World War II veteran who lives in Bogota, Tex.

A gentle reminder: dues may be due!

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

(Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make check payable to AFEES)

Send checks and changes to Clayton David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539.

Phone: 573-221-0441; e-mail: davidafe@dstream.net

Name _____ Amount Paid _____

Address _____

City and State _____ ZIP _____

Phone : (_____) _____ Comments _____

The editor has the last word

By **LARRY GRAUERHOLZ**
afees44@hotmail.com

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- President Dick Smith wants you fashion plates out there to know that there will NO formal dinner on the Alaskan cruise that follows the Spokane gig. So cancel that order with the tailor to get fitted for a tux; just suit and tie will get you by.

Suppose my striped overalls will be Out of Uniform at the captain's soiree?

Dick and Shirley, the Tucson travel agent who is handling arrangements, have done a first-class job making certain that we have a great time at the May reunion.

By the by, you Rotarians can make up a meeting without leaving the reunion hotel. The Downtown Rotary Club of Spokane meets at the Ridpath Hotel on Thursday noon.

The Chinese water treatment I have been laying on Scott Goodall, our good AFEES friend in the South of France, has paid off! A few days ago, Scott sent word that he now is on the Internet and would like to thank his friends for encouraging him to get on line. You may recall that, in the fall issue, I gigged Scott about his failure to move into the Cyber World.

Now you can contact him and his charming Judy at ScotGdill@aol.com

For the record, I still owe them bigtime for taking such good care of us while we were in St. Girons last year.

Those of you who went out over the Pyrenees might be interested in seeing the video produced by the *Adventures in Travel* series, entitled "Basque Country, where France meets Spain, plus The Pyrenees."

It includes the festival of San Fermin in Pamplona, Spain, the streets of El Encierro, better known as "the running of the bulls" venue, and explores the customs and sporting events of the historic Basque region. Also, bicycling through the narrow Pyrenees passes and other sights in the high country.

Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans tells me that her book on the Belgian Resistance work of her mother, Anne, is at the printer and she hopes to have the book for sale at the Spokane reunion.

The book is due out Jan. 15. It will have about 120 illustrations and a 6x9 format with color on the cover. Chairman Ralph Patton has written the foreword.

Yvonne is taking her new job as AFEES director seriously! She has a snazzy business card bearing the AFEES logo. Ask to see her new card; it worked for me! Of course, Yvonne is getting braced for our 2002 reunion in Tampa.

Sherri Ottis, the Mississippi teacher and Friend member, reports that her book entitled *Silent Heroes: Downed Airmen*

and the *French Underground* is to be released in April by the University of Kentucky Press, which plans to make it their lead title for the spring publishing season.

Sherri was in Belgium and France in September to take part in ceremonies surrounding the 60th anniversary of the Comet line. I tried (unsuccessfully) to con her into a report for this issue. (Perhaps next issue, Sherri?)

Snoopy, the Peanuts cartoon World War I ace, will appear on a U.S. stamp next year. Snoopy appears flying his imaginary Sopwith Camel atop his red doghouse.

The 466th Bomb Group Association's next annual reunion is scheduled next April 18-21 at the San Remo Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. Contact Lou Loevsky at 973-226-4624 for details.

The USPS has announced a hike in the price of mailing letters overseas, effective Jan. 7. The cost of sending a 1/2 oz. letter to all countries except Canada and Mexico will jump to 80 cents from the current 60 cents.

EVER WONDER: What Geronimo would have said if he jumped out of an airplane?

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