

# THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

## Winter 2001-02 Communications

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DEC. 6, 2001

### *100th veterans meet in Omaha*

# No doubt about our resolve

By MAJ. JOHN PARADIS  
U.S. Strategic Command  
Public Affairs

OFFUTT AFB, Neb. (AFPN) --

During the same weekend Air Force fliers would take off for combat in the wake of the most devastating terrorist attack in American history, airmen from an earlier generation offered some sage words of advice.

"Don't give up and give 'em heck!" the airmen said.

A group of World War veterans gathered over the Oct. 12-14 weekend in Omaha, Neb., for a reunion. They served in the 100th Bombardment Group; combat fliers who cheated death more than once and witnessed death far too often.

About 500 people, including relatives, attended the reunion.

"I was one of the thousands of young men who day after day went out to fight," said Frank D.

Murphy, who was a navigator on his 22nd combat mission Oct. 10, 1943, near Munster, Germany, when his B-17F Flying Fortress was shot down.

"I was one of those fortunate to come back, but many didn't."

Two people on that B-17 were killed, five were wounded, and Murphy and all seven other surviving crewmembers were prisoners until the end of the war.

A special bond has brought the men together every other year. But this year is different, because America is now engaged in a new war, with a new generation of airmen.

"The fact our country, indeed the free world, is now being threatened, is in the minds of those of us at this reunion," said Ralph Bradley, a bombardier with 31 missions. "We're concerned for America and for our men and

women of today's Air Force who have the responsibilities for our safety and for preserving our freedoms. Our camaraderie is tempered."

The group of veterans said that the United States is facing an entirely different type of warfare. But they are confident that the country is in good hands.

"I don't believe in a 'Greatest Generation,'" Robert "Rosie" Rosenthal told reporters.

Rosenthal flew the only B-17 out of the 14 aircraft that survived the Munster mission. He's a much sought-after veteran, especially now, as the public draws comparisons between today's servicemembers and those who served in previous years.

"We served and did our part," Rosenthal said. "But the younger people today are a great generation -- with other skills, but the same type of loyalty and patriotism."

The 100th Bomb Group, which experienced some of the heaviest losses of any combat unit in the war, was the subject of the 1949 movie "Twelve O'Clock High," starring Gregory Peck.

Like other World War II combat units in the 8th Air Force, the 100 BG had several tragic missions with significant losses in crews and command people. During the war, the "Mighty Eighth" lost more than 4,300 B-17s and B-24 Liberators. Nearly 21,000 airmen were taken prisoner or interned in neutral countries and 17,650 died.

The air campaign in Europe was a war of attrition, and it is difficult to compare the experiences of the veterans with those faced by aircrews of today. The technology and tactics are different, they said.

Veterans during the reunion echoed what Americans have been hearing from the government: that today's operation could be a very long fight and today's Air Force member will have to be just as ready, just as prepared, just as tough as they were.

During the weekend, the veterans toured Omaha, visited the base here and saw exhibits at the Strategic Air and Space Museum. They embraced old friends, clasped hands with people they hadn't seen in years and shared inspirational stories. They said they are proud to be recognized as airmen of the "Bloody Hundredth" and proud, too, of their country.

With America facing a new war on terrorism, the veterans recalled what kept them going -- a conversation that just as easily could have been in Air Force squadrons today.

"You can't give up," said Murphy, whose book on his experiences in the air war, "Luck of the Draw," was just published.

In the days since the attack, many veterans said Pearl Harbor has become a consistent comparison. As the men, who are today between the ages of 75 and 85, shared photographs and memories of their own hardships, most also wondered about the new challenges that lie ahead for the United States.

"People in this day and time don't comprehend what a job the Second World War was," Murphy said. "The magnitude is just incomprehensible. It was a tough war, and we had to win. But I have to tell you from what I've seen since Sept. 11, I don't have any doubt. We will respond and they will do a great job."

*Sign Up Now for the Tampa Reunion; See Information on Page 17*



# U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE/EVASION SOCIETY

## Communications

*Published Quarterly*

**WE WILL NEVER FORGET**



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December 6, 2001

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

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

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

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

Winter 2001-02

## AFEES greeting cards on the way to our Helpers

Following a long-standing tradition, the seasonal greeting cards from AFEES to our helpers and friends are in the mail and many of them should have been delivered by now.

President Dick Smith reports that 416 cards were mailed on Friday, Nov. 23.

Most of the cards went to helpers in France, Belgium and Holland. Others went to England, Yugoslavia, Slovenia, Greece, Germany and Australia. Eight cards were mailed to Canadian addresses and 36 went to helpers now living in the U.S.

As usual, Paul and Dorothy Kenney prepared the cards and Dick Smith and some family volunteers did the stuffing and licking involved.

The cards are intended to reassure our Helpers that AFEES members will be forever grateful for all they did for us during the war. Simply put, "We Will Never Forget!"

President Dick says he has some cards left from the mailing and they are free to members on a first-come basis. He feels that such an offer might encourage more generous contributions when raffle time comes along next month!

## Dues due?

If you are not a Life Member, Helper or a Widow receiving this newsletter, please check your membership card.

If your card shows dues paid to 1/1/2002, or earlier, please send Clayton and Scotty David a check payable to AFEES. AFEES operates on a calendar year basis and we do not send out renewal notices. Annual dues are \$20; a Life Membership is still \$100.

If you have moved or had a change of telephone or Zip code, you can use the form inside the back cover to update the Davids, who do all they can to keep our records current.

Their new e-mail address: <davidafe@packetx.net>





# AIR FORCES

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Richard M. Smith

President

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Winter Greetings from the Southern California Desert!

I am writing this on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, and I sit here and try to find something that I AM NOT thankful for:

I am most thankful that I am not flying in the skies of Occupied Europe.

I am most thankful for those brave men, women and children who risk everything so that I might be enjoying this great country and area.

I am most thankful for those who made it possible for me to have a wife and children.

I am so thankful, and grateful, for those skilled and highly trained men and women who are keeping our honor and heritage in the civilized world, on the lips, in the ears, and in the eyes of all those who cherish, and want to live in peace and harmony with their neighbors. And with all of that, not a single combat loss of life so far. Thank God for the brains and work ethics of all those who developed those sophisticated weapons that are being used daily.

The Fargo Air Museum that I mentioned in the September newsletter is doing a very good business. The AFEES display has received lots of nice compliments and interesting questions. On the day of the grand opening, I gifted my son and 14-year-old grandson to a ride in a P-51. They were enthralled with the experience.

My friend who owns the P-51 would have checked me out, but alas, my knees and hips are too stiff to bend back far enough to operate the rudder. As a matter of fact, the view from the back seat is not conducive to being checked out in 25 minutes!!!

Elsewhere in this newsletter is information on a four-day cruise, out of Miami, on the Monday after the reunion closing. Seems to me the price is right; all we have to do at the present time, is to indicate an interest.

Things have been quiet for us; our plane trip from North Dakota to California was uneventful. Condo was clean, Margaret was happy, and friends were happy to see us. This area, like all retirement areas, is growing by leaps and bounds. Makes for a good excuse to stay home and off the highways.

Stay Thankful, and we will see you next May, God willing.

DICK SMITH



# *An outpouring of support, sympathy from our friends*

**From Jean Jacques Piot, Paris  
(RAFES representative in France)  
September 12, 2001**

To Ralph Patton: "As all of you, Yvonne and I were horrified by the monstrous tragedy provoked by the terrorist attacks upon your country and her people, in New York, Washington and Pittsburgh.

"We deeply think of you who lived through those terrible hours and want to promise you and your so nice U.S. Air Forces Escape/Evasion Society and its members, our affectionate friendship and wishes of better days.

"Courage (you always showed it) and God Bless America!"

**From Raymond P. Itterbeek, Belgium  
(Guide for the Comete Line)  
September 13, 2001**

Dear Friends of AFEES: "My wife and myself

## **Wings and Halos**

**By George Olson  
Abbottsford, B.C.  
(Written Sept. 11, 2001)**

They're awarding wings and halos tonight  
To innocent victims of the terrorists' attack;  
Now as new Angels they have attained flight  
Though to love ones they can never go back.

As Angels they will now live an eternal life  
Recalled by their Creator to live at His side;  
Leaving below them all of the world's strife  
Now above in Heaven with him they'll abide.

They left their homes unaware of the fate  
That was waiting to claim them this day;  
Thousands engulfed by the terrorist's hate  
Of our religious freedom and tolerant way.

Hatred spawned this evil, immoral deed  
That has inflicted so much death and pain;  
By violence the terrorists hope to succeed  
But victory over freedom they'll never attain.

Thousands of innocents died in this crime  
Of their days on earth the sun has now set;  
Memory of them will not diminish with time  
These are victims Americans will never forget.

++++  
George Olson, an amateur poet, served in the RCAF as an air gunner on Mitchell bombers in 1944-45 and has published a book of his works dealing with those days.

have been looking on CNN, hours after hours, days after days, the horror touching your country, the innocent victims screaming on top of the W.T.C. and nobody could help them.

"We have cried, to know you were innocent victims of dreadful killers.

"Our granddaughter Alice, 11 years old, living in New York, had been two months in Belgium, and just went back the day before. She was at school, many kilometers from the WTC and they all thought it was an earth tremor. She phoned my son to reassure him.

"We love your country as much as ours; you are our friends; yourself or your fathers, grandfathers, liberated our country, and destroyed the Nazi beast; we would like to be on your side.

"Have courage, all of you; all our thoughts go to you and especially to those who perished."

**From Frank Dell, W. Sussex, U.K.  
(Chairman, Royal Air Force Escaping Society)  
September 12, 2001**

Dear Ralph Patton: "This short note out of the blue is simply to express one's feelings of shock and anger at yesterday's bombing of New York and Washington and through you, to convey our messages of sympathy and support for all Americans who may have suffered as a consequence of it.

"The ramifications are so wide that it would surprise me if families of AFEES members were not touched by it in some way.

"Come what may, you can be sure of steadfast friendship and support here."

*Chairman Ralph Patton has received messages of sympathy, support and condolences from many other friends of AFEES, including:*

Telephone Calls, From Leslie Atkinson, Mrs. Jean Pena, Mme. Herve Mocaer;

E-Mail, From Mille Martine Violo.

Letters, From Pierre and Michou Ugeux, Alice Goulian family, Roger Manach, Mille Loissette Penvan, Jacques Weber, Mme. Jeanne Pennes, Paulette Pavan, Michel Tabarant, Maurice Quillen, Jean Hallade.

**From Wim Wolterink  
Enschede, The Netherlands  
(Chairman, THE ESCAPE)  
September 21, 2001**

To Clayton David, Corresponding Secretary of AFEES: "It is in bewilderment, followed by powerless anger, that we witnessed the heinous attack on your country and its people.

"We realize that the television images only



partially show what sorrow these immoral fanatics inflicted upon those who lost loved ones in this tragedy.

"During the hard years of the Second World War you cooperated with us in freeing our country and our people from the wicked Nazi regime. We remember gratefully and with respect those of our comrades who volunteered for this task and lost their lives while performing it. Like then, now many citizens are waiting in vain for their loved ones to return.

"With this letter, we would like to express to them our heartfelt sympathy.

"The course of events strengthens our conviction that once again your country and its government will show the course in maintaining freedom and democracy among our nations. It is our wish that under these new circumstances the ties which bind both our associations remain strong and -- where needed -- are filled with new vigour and determination.

"We pray that you may feel the blessing of the Almighty."

**From Ken Woodhouse, Saskatoon, Sask.  
(October 16, 2001)**

Dear Clayton: "Like the whole real world, I was shocked by the events of Sept. 11 and subsequent events.

"It seems that there are so many people in this world that hate and yet envy the U.S.A. that such emotions are fertile ground to those who seek power and popularity through violence. No tiger likes having its tail pulled so they should have expected retaliation.

Canada has approximately 12% of your population, and considers itself a peacemaker, so our effort in this affair will be very small. While some bleeding hearts complain, be assured that Canada is behind you as you shock would-be terrorists and the countries that harbor them, to make them think again before a repeat of this terror is contemplated."

Since the events of September 11, Clayton and Scotty David have had phone calls, letters and e-mail messages from many of our helpers and friends. The list of those who have contacted them to express concern and offer sympathy and condolence includes:

Mme. Simonne DeCorte-Hellbois, Belgium  
American Air Museum in Britain  
John Neal, Canada  
Jean and Paule Arhex, France  
Mme. Helene Le Fevre, France  
Mme. Marie-Rose Dreue Guyot & family, France  
Mme. Elie Toulza et family, France  
M. et Mme. Paul Thion, France  
Mme. Denise Heches, France  
Andrie Besse, France  
Mr. CorLof, Holland  
Bert and Colleen Monster, Holland  
Mr. Albert Postma, Holland  
Jacques Vrij and family, Holland  
Anne Feith, Spain  
M. Louis Coum, Caen, France



## America at its best!

**By Brig. Gen. Arthur F. "Chip" Diehl III  
Office of the Secretary of the Air Force,  
Director of Marketing**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19, 2001 (AFPN) -- I have never been prouder in my 25 years of serving our great nation -- our American spirit has never shined as bright as when we came together in response to the tragedies of Sept. 11.

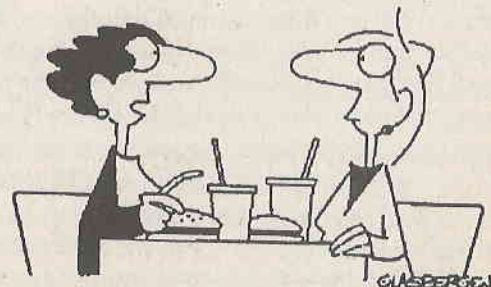
From coast to coast, from the Rockies to our plains, citizens and families, churches and communities, businesses and charities . . . everyone united to comfort, console and recover from the harrowing depths of sorrow.

At the same time, our armed forces are responding to the call of the commander-in-chief, as we have since George Washington rallied his fellow citizen soldiers to defend their homeland. Now, our men, women and forces have deployed and have been called to act -- flying combat missions against state-sponsored terrorism. I am proud -- we, my brethren in arms, are proud. We said we were ready, and our airmen have proved us right!

My pride has swelled even higher when I again see our "total force" and notice how our "citizen airmen" are stepping forward. Our Reserve and National Guard brethren are among the first to volunteer for active duty.

Day after day, they serve as some of our best, most capable "reserve" forces. I feel they are among our most cherished national treasures, often unsung, but always ready.

As our nation has united with the world, so, too, has our total force team united, come together to support our president and defend our freedoms. Total Force is for real -- combining our active-duty forces with our Reserve and National Guard components to form one seamless, strong, tremendously capable team.



"It takes me 30 minutes to workout:  
10 minutes to find my sneakers, 10 minutes to look  
for the VCR remote, 5 minutes to rewind the aerobics  
video, and 5 minutes to talk myself out of it."





Ray Sherk and Don McLarty pose with the camp doctor who provided them with clothes and food after their escape from an Italian prison camp.  
From left: Lando Sciuba (son of the doctor), Don, Ray and Dr. Toronto Sciuba.

## Don returns to Italy

# San Martino trail attracts 650 hikers

By SUSAN McLARTY  
Toronto, Ont.

This year, my parents and I celebrated my father's 79th birthday in a most unusual way. As an escaped 21-year-old prisoner of war, roaming the Italian countryside in the fall of 1943, hungry, tired and scared, I don't think Don McLarty could have imagined that he would be back in that same area celebrating his birthday with good food, wine, cake, champagne and 200 new friends from all over the world!

But that's where we were, there to participate in the First International San Martino Freedom Trail Event. The objective of the event was to commemorate the brave Italian people who assisted and protected Allied escapers and evaders as they made their way south through Italy to the Allied lines after the signing of the armistice in September 1943.

My father was born in England, but moved to Argentina as a child. When WWII broke out, he and three friends embarked on the adventure of their lives. They came to Canada on a Norwegian freighter, their transportation sponsored by the British Community Council in Argentina.

All had dreams on being a "Fly Boy" in the Royal Canadian Air Force. My father was the only one to complete the rigorous training course required to be a fighter pilot.

While in St. Catharines on training, he fell in love with a beautiful Red Cross volunteer, who refused to commit herself to any of these fly boys, for fear of losing her heart to a man destined to die in war-torn skies. He left Canada determined to come back from the war and make this woman his wife.

In the North African desert on Oct. 9, 1942, he was shot down and literally landed at El Daba Airfield, the main German field in the region! Not surprisingly, he was captured and subsequently transferred to a transit POW camp in Bari, Italy, then to PG78, a camp in Sulmona, 120 km east of Rome.

His chance for freedom came with the signing of the armistice in September 1943. On Sept. 12, there was a mass exodus of prisoners from PG78, my father and Ray Sherk among them. Prior to crossing the Allied lines, they were to spend the next six weeks on the run from the Nazi forces who occupied Italy after the armistice.

There were more than 80,000 Allied prisoners in Italy at



the time of the armistice. Within the next 12 months, between 5,000 and 10,000 of them made it to the Allied lines, all after protection by and assistance from the local people.

The Monte San Martino Trust, the organization responsible for the Freedom Hike, was set up in 1989 as an educational charity. It was founded by a number of former British POWs. The trust recognizes the courage and generosity of the Italian people (described by Sir Winston Churchill as a "great spontaneous gesture of humanity") by awarding bursaries to young Italians to go to England to improve their English language skills.

In awarding the bursaries, precedence is given first to students who can demonstrate that help was given by their families to the prisoners of war and second, to students who come from areas in which it is known that substantial help was given many POWs.

The San Martino Freedom Trail event was organized by Roger Stanton of the U.K., who has researched and traveled the wartime escape routes of Europe. Purpose is to commemorate the people who assisted, at great personal risk, Allied servicemen. This event allowed us, the next generation, to offer a very public *Thank You* to the people of Italy for our fathers' safe return.

Objectives of the Freedom Trail Hike were to raise funds for the Monte San Martino Trust and to complete the 65-mile route from Sulmona to Castel di Sangro, via former WWII safehouse villages, in four days. The route passes through villages where many local people were executed for assisting escapers and evaders on the run. Many villages were destroyed.

It was intended that this year's hike would lay the foundation for an annual commemorative event. Each year the route is to change slightly to include other villages, maintaining the starting point of Sulmona.

The event this year took place in the Abruzzo and Maeilla national parks, in some of the wildest and most beautiful country in Italy. Abruzzo National Park is the last major

refuge in central Italy for the bear and the wolf. It is also a bird watchers paradise, including Golden Eagles.

My parents and I arrived a couple of days before the event. My father's great friend and fellow escaper, Ray Sherk and his daughter Alison, also arrived early.

The day before the event, we were taken to PG78, the POW camp that is now a NATO facility. We had the first of many wreath-laying ceremonies, with the mayor of Sulmona and the Italian army.

The officers' area, where my father and Ray were housed, was no longer standing, but they pointed out the guard towers, the mess hall and the playing fields.

Next was a visit to Roccacasale, where townspeople had hidden my father and Ray in a cave above the town and fed and protected them for 16 days.

Roccacasale is a medieval village perched high in the mountains overlooking the Sulmona Valley. As we began to wander about the village, a woman came out of her house and asked "San Martino Freedom Trail?" Though she spoke no English and we spoke little Italian, we soon determined that her husband was the grandson of the Shepherd Bartolomeo, who had taken Ray and my father up the mountains and hidden them in his shepherd's hut.

Ray's walking stick, his companion on our hike, had been a gift from Bartolomeo. We were invited into his grandson's home for coffee, broken English/Italian chatter and much smiling.

Soon we were joined by a large group of cousins and friends.

The Freedom Trail Hike began with a ceremony on May 17 in Garibaldi Square in the centre of Sulmona. Italian President Ciampe was guest of honor and officially opened the San Martino Freedom Trail. Thousands of persons attended the ceremony, including all school children in the area.

We started the hike with 650 people; 150 from outside Italy, representing Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, the U.S., Australia, New Zealand and Canada.

The others were Italians: school children of all ages and other interested persons. Several organizations contributed to the success of the hike.

Each of the four days we hiked to a mountain village. There we would have a wreath-laying, followed by a wonderful dinner. A campsite would be set up in the village playing field.

The actual hike was quite demanding. Of the 650 people who started, only 150 completed it. We virtually climbed up and down a mountain every day!

The scenery was spectacular, so natural and wild, with medieval mountain towns perched on the mountainsides, and incredibly warm and friendly people.

The first day we hiked 12 miles to the village of Campo di Giove. There an Italian woman named Anna Maria Di Fiore had a photo taken 30 years ago when my father had visited. Anna Maria Di Fiore's father, Antonio, had hidden my father and Ray Sherk in a mountain hut for two days.

Anna Maria's daughter Federica had just been awarded a San Martino Trust Bursary in recognition of the help her grandfather had given my father. She was scheduled to go to England in June.

Next morning Anna Maria collected me at the campsite and



**Don McLarty with the mayor of Sulmona**



drove me to see the hut where her father had hidden my father and Ray. Here we were, the two daughters of these two very brave men. Her father may well have saved my father's life!

Had it not been for her father's bravery, I may never have existed. And now her daughter was off to London on the adventure of her life because of the help her grandfather had given my father. In that instance, I felt a great sense of intimacy with Anna Marie.

That day we hiked the mountain that Ray and my father had run up to escape the Germans. As I hiked that mountain, I thought about my father, only 21, tired and scared, wondering if he was going to make it home alive. I thought of how proud I was of him and how much I loved him.

The entire experience was full of wonderful moments. Ray Sherk did the whole hike, all 654 miles! He had his own private Italian support team the entire time and received a standing ovation at the closing ceremony. I thought how lucky my father was to have had Ray by his side for six weeks in 1943.

I had Canadian flag pins to give out and in return, I received service medals, hats and boxes of candy. One Italian hiker got really creative and recited hours of romantic poetry as we walked! Others held umbrellas for me as we walked in the rain, loaned me their walking sticks, insisted on taking my pack to make walking easier and shepherded me into cafes for a hot espresso when we had bad weather.

Our last day in Sulmona was the perfect finale. Ray and my father were taken to meet Dr. Toronto Sciuba, who had been the official camp doctor. He provided Ray and my father with clothes, money and safe houses along their route. Dr. Sciuba is now 93 and greatly appreciated seeing Ray and my father and getting their thanks for his help so long ago.

The final buffet dinner coincided with my father's 79th birthday. There were some 200 people there, including our Italian friends. The chairman of the San Martino Trust gave a wonderful speech about my father. My father responded and



**Susan McLarty (left) with Ray Sherk and his daughter Alison just before beginning the walk. All three completed the hike, 65 miles in four days.**

we had cake and champagne all around.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime experience for all of us. I've already decided that I want to do it again in five years with my three nieces.

I want to thank Roger Stanton for managing this event. I also wish to thank all associated with the Monte San Martino Trust and all my Italian friends.

P.S. -- My mother is the beautiful Red Cross volunteer from St. Catherines!

## LEATHEROLOGY

Flying long hours over the Himalayas, Europe and the Pacific,

Could hardly qualify as a happily-lived World War II picnic.

We remember transport planes struggling with their burdens like ancient oxes,

And heavy bombers glued together in concentrated firepower 10-plane boxes.

We remember crew members becoming resourceful in emergencies like cunning foxes.

And when the air war was winding down, the foolish and unconscionable Axis maverick,

Continued to mobilize its battered machines and manpower to randomly rake havoc.

Even after enduring brutal flying weather, last-ditch fighter attacks and deadly flak packets,

You could tell the Army Air Corps survivors by their distinctive brown leather A-2 flight jackets!

--Composed in 2001 by Keith McLaren Abbott,  
Cleveland, Ohio

\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*



## Allen goes back to crash site and visits Slovak museum

By MIMI GOSNEY

Allen Wisner, now living in Lowell, Mich., visited Slovakia in October 2001 with his family. He was a P-38 pilot with the 82nd Fighter Group and was shot down June 26, 1944, on a bombing run to Vienna, Austria.

His plane crashed in a corn field outside the village of Slovensky Grob, Slovakia. Allen landed on the roof of a house in nearby Pezinok after he bailed out.

Injured in the bailout, he was helped by men from the local firehouse.

On his visit recently, he met a man who was a young boy at the time and shared memories of what happened that day so many years ago.

Allen and his family were greeted this time by the mayor of Slovensky Grob and welcomed to the village. The town keeps a book recording important events and visitors. Allen and his family, Miriam, David and Cathy, were asked to register in the book, which will be illustrated to reflect the story of Allen's crash.

Allen visited the Slovak National Uprising Museum in Banska Bystrica, where he shared his story on video, helping create a living history. Mary Cernbanova, SNP archivist, showed the visitors photos of other American pilots and crews.

The museum is interested in the history of American pilots who found themselves in Slovakia during the war. If AFEES members are willing to share their story, the museum would be pleased to add it to their growing archives.

Allen was aided by Slovaks and managed to evade capture. He was liberated many months later by the Russian army.

Not all U.S. pilots were so fortunate. Ray Allen flew beside Allen and crashed into a swampy area. He perished in the crash.

Several memorials, some including parts of the downed planes, exist in Slovakia, marking crash sites.

Jan Babincak is a member of the group of history buffs interested in crash sites. He explained to Allen that

searching is a tedious process, but one that has many rewards, especially when a crash site is finally identified.

Fall of the year is the best time to search for crash sites, as the ground has been plowed and plane parts can more easily be spotted. A metal detector makes the job much easier.

America lost more than 50 aircraft over Slovakia during the war. Some have yet to be identified.

---

*Mimi Gosney, now a Peace Corps volunteer in Slovakia, attended the 2000 AFEES reunion in Columbia, Mo., and made a presentation on the life of her father who was a war correspondent executed by the Germans.*

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## March museum worth a visit

The March Field Air Museum, with all its World War II aircraft, military aviation artifacts and memorabilia, has attained the status of a formidable memorial to the United States Air Force.

Found by Gen. James Mullins in 1979 when he was commander of the 15th Air Force, it is located at March Air Reserve Base, close to Riverside, Calif. The entrance to the museum grounds is just off I-215 and is readily accessible.

The museum includes a spacious parking lot, a courtyard, a WWII type hangar, a P-38 building, an aircraft restoration building, and 50+ military aircraft on static display.

The courtyard is landscaped and structured to facilitate the recognition of military units.



*Allen Wisner visited his crash site in Slovakia recently and left with several treasures.*



# They rode with rabbit furs

By **JACQUES LEROUX**  
St. Martin, France

In 1944, Samuel Deutsch, a young American of 23, was mechanic and upper turret gunner on a B-17 irrespectfully named *Big Stupe*. Big Stupe was part of the 384th Bomb Group based since June 1943 at Grafton Underwood, about 100 km north of London.

On April 13, Samuel was on his 23rd mission with his usual crew. The Target: a ball bearing plane in Schweinfurt. This important industrial center was not only well protected by anti-aircraft guns, but also benefited from the cover of German fighter planes.

The plane, piloted by Lt. Ferris Heffley, was near the target when it was attacked by several FW 190s. Engines 2 and 3 were hit with No. 3 set afire. The pilot ordered bombs released. Still losing altitude, plans to return to England or reach Switzerland were abandoned.

Near Nancy, the plane was again attacked by fighters. By then, the plane was only about 100 meters above the ground, making bailout out of the question.

Altho gravely wounded, Lt. Heffley managed to crash land the plane without setting it on fire.

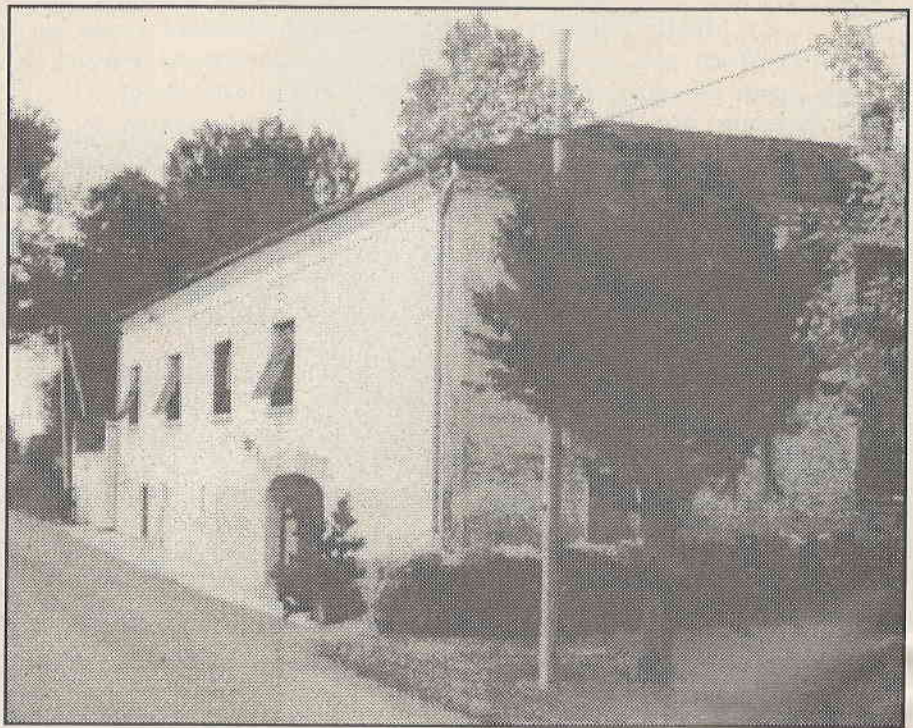
The crash site is northeast of the village of Rambucourt, about 20 km from Toul in Lorraine. Four wounded crewmen, unable to escape, were taken prisoner by the Germans and another was caught after he attempted to escape on his own.

A nearby farmer managed to round up the four unharmed airmen and turned them over to the local Resistance who reached the site before the German patrol. The last crew member, bombardier Lt. John Betolatti escaped and eventually reached England before the other evaders.

The four with the Resistance were Lt. Walter Mabe, co-pilot; Sgt. Samuel Deutsch, upper turret; Sgt. Robert Bechtel, ball turret and Sgt. George Allen, waist gunner.

Allen became separated from the group. He eventually headed for Switzerland and was arrested at the border.

Mabe, Deutsch and Bechtel remained



**Water Mill of Encor (Seysses-Saves, May 17, 2001)**

Switzerland and was arrested at the border.

Mabe, Deutsch and Bechtel remained hidden in Toul for a month. Finally, on May 14, plans were made to have them escape through the Pyrenees since the Swiss line was temporarily disrupted.

Concealed in a truck among rabbit furs, they were taken to Epernay where they boarded a train to Paris. They were accompanied by Bernard Gorin, a fur and scrap-iron dealer who looked after them.

On the evening of May 23, all three men and their guide arrived by train in Toulouse. They were housed in a hotel operated by M. and Mrs. Mainscher. On May 25, Colonel "Franck" (Francois Bistos) took charge of them and asked Mr. F. Penent of the Andalousie network to shelter them until they left for Spain.

On May 29, 1944, Mr. Penent led the three men to the Encor Windmill in Seysses-Saves where Mr. Armand Delhom lived. He also was a member of

the network and accepted the evaders.

His son, M. Jean Delhom, age 24 at the time and himself part of the Andalousie network, remembers:

"It is Col. Franck, accompanied by Mr. Fernand Penent, who brought the three Americans to the Windmill. They arrived one evening in a front-wheel drive. A couple of the airmen knew a bit of French and I believe Samuel Deutsch was one of them.

"They played with Anne Marie, my brother Joseph's small daughter. Each day we gathered around the dining room table. We took photographs of them in the garden and noted names on the back of each photo.

"They were dressed in civilian clothes. I well remember the day they left us -- it was the morning of June 6, 1944, D-Day.

"Col. Franck and M. Penent came to fetch them in two cars. I never knew what happened to them after 1944."

## Photos helped to trace a B17 crew

Jacques Leroux, a historian from St. Martin near Mirande, specializes in tracing the fate of downed Allied planes in Southwest France during World War II. He also is interested in escape lines.

In 1995, Mr. Leroux was contacted by Guy Labedan, agent of the History



Committee on the Second World War, who told him that three American airmen were helped by M. Delhom in Sysses-Saves in 1944. Jacques met with Jean Delhom, who confirmed the facts and handed him three photos depicting the airmen who were sheltered by his father, Armand Delhom. Names on the back of each photo allowed Jacques to trace data on the plane, details of the crew's mission and the reason for the crash. This information was relayed to Jean Delhom on Sept. 28, 1996.

In February 2001, Jacques was asked to research the circumstances of a 1944 crash in France with a certain William Shade as radio operator. Amazingly, it so happened that Sgt. Shade was the radio operator on Samuel Deutsch's crew.

Samuel Deutsch, an AFEES member, now lives in California. He says he has never forgotten the people who saved him from capture. Samuel told Jacques that he never knew the identity of the Windmill residents. His description of the Encor Windmill in his E&E report was that of a farmhouse near Toulouse.

## DFC awarded 57 years later

IRVING-ON-THE-HUDSON, N.Y. --

First Lt. Bill Lyons had a lot on his mind. The United States had just celebrated Victory in Europe on May 8, 1945, and Lyons, in New York on leave after fighting in the European front, was faced with a big decision: continue serving in Japan or go to college.

He went to school. But it was this decision that led to his receiving one of the military's highest honors -- the Distinguished Flying Cross -- 57 years late.

Since Lyons was on leave and then in college when he was initially put in for the award, "it just fell between the cracks and disappeared from my thoughts," Lyons said.

Benjamin A. Gilman, congressional representative for New York's 20th District, presented Lyons with the DFC at the World War II memorial here during a ceremony Oct. 13.

Lyons was recognized for his success in shooting down two German Messerschmitt BF-109s and severely damaged an ME-262 during a campaign that lasted from Sept. 1, 1944, to March 28, 1945.

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# Going back to the Chateau!

*Robert Vandegriff, 379th Bomb Group, was shot down Sept. 3, 1943, in Normandy and evaded until he was betrayed and arrested on a train Nov. 22, near the Spanish border.*

*He spent the next 16 months at Stalag Luft 17-B.*

*He has documented his story in "More European Adventures than I'd Planned On."*

*This is an account of a trip made by Robert and his wife Jinny to France in 1994.*

**By ROBERT A. VANDEGRIFF**  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Again, France beckoned. My wife Jinny and I planned a trip back to where I spent some exciting months during the war. Returning to Normandy became a reality in September 1994.

It was there that I had been befriended by members of the French Resistance which included Madame Rene Goumain, my helper. That spring I had written to her daughter, Janette Molay, who lives near Paris and asked if she would be our guide and interpreter if we came to France.

I knew she spoke fluent English because she had worked for the U.S. Embassy in Paris for almost 20 years. By return mail, her answer was "Yes!"

On Sept. 5, we flew from Cincinnati to Paris to be the Molay's houseguests.

Janette had been able to arrange, through the tourism office in Bernay and through a librarian, to locate the name of the owner of the Chateau de Comte de Beaudicour, where I had stayed with two other Americans and John Brace, an Englishman.

The owner of the chateau, Mr. Henri de la Fresnaye, knew little of what his uncle, the Count de Beaudicour, had done during World War II. He was anxious to meet us and hear the story of my association with his uncle.

Jinny and I had said, while planning our trip, that if we could just find the chateau, our trip would not be in vain.

One morning we started on our way, using the French map Madama Rina Delaire had given us in 1977 with marked locations where I had been befriended back

in 1943.

In Evreux, the train station I knew in 1943 had been blown up and replaced by a new one. A cafe I visited in 1943 and heard "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is now a vacant lot. However, we did eat next door and talked World War II with the cafe owner who remembered those hectic days so long ago.

It was then on to Epinay, a crossroads town. There we were admiring a beautiful flower garden when the owner came out. I explained I was looking for a "Baker" who had helped me the first night in France. While talking with a woman, her husband came across the street to join us. To our surprise, the woman had been eight years old and her husband ten years old when they saw my plane, *Stump*

*Jumper*, blow up and catch fire on Sept. 3, 1943.

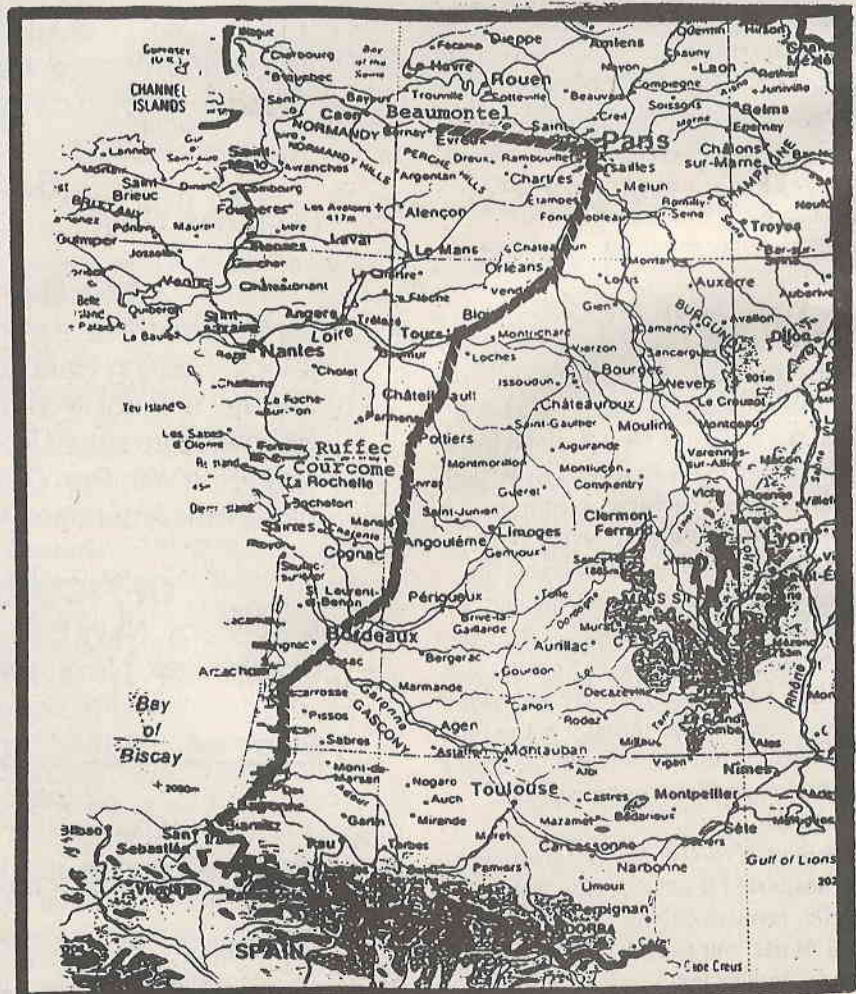
We were told that a German plane had been following us. It was here I learned we had been shot down by a fighter, not by flak.

The next day, the time had come for us to be at St. Pierre du Mesnil--Chateau du Blanc Buisson at 4 p.m.

We drove up the long lane and around a curve and suddenly the chateau came into view. As we neared the chateau, I shouted to everyone in the car, "There's my room," and pointed to the second floor window in the tower on the right.

We cross the bridge over the moat and drove in the courtyard parking area. There were flower gardens everywhere.

Monsieur and Madame Henri



**The route taken by Robert Vandegriff and his fellow evaders from Beaumontel to the place of their capture near Biarritz.**





**ROBERT AND JINNY  
VANDEGRIFT**

Dominique de la Fresnaye came out to greet us and give us a warm welcome. They both spoke fluent English.

We entered the chateau and were greeted by the white marble stairs to the upper floor. To our left was the door to a parlor, and the piano from 1943 was still there, the one John Brace had played when we arrived 51 years before.

Finally we arrived at a paneled room, the room I remembered. I told the host to get a screwdriver or a pick and to trip the catch through a small hole in a panel in the far right corner. He brought a screwdriver, tripped the catch and the panel opened out into a small room. We could see that the room could hold four men back in '43.

When we returned to the first floor, awaiting us was Pierre Jibourdel, who was 11 years old in 1943. He had seen our plane blow up and knew where part of the plane came down, leaving a hole in the ground visible even in 1994. It was decided we would all visit the hole in the ground.

The depression was still visible, but after 51 years it was nicely covered with grass.

Next we were shown a shed where a large piece of *Stump Jumper* was used to repair the back wall. A piece of the wing now hangs on our family room wall.

After some time here, we said good bye to Pierre, our guide to the field, and to Henri and his lovely wife. We were driven back to our B&B and that night, we climbed into bed exhausted, both physically and emotionally, after one of the most unforgettable days in our lives.

We had visited the Chateau!

# U.S. Air Force Museum portrays a storied past

By **CHRIS McGEE**  
U.S. Air Force Museum  
Public Affairs

WRIGHT-PATTERSON AIR  
FORCE BASE, Ohio, Nov. 13, 2001  
(AFPN) -- Each year, about 1.2 million visitors pour through the doors of the U.S. Air Force Museum to interface with Air Force history. What they soon discover is a place that projects a striking image of the service's present and future as much as it preserves and portrays the Air Force's storied past.

The museum's collection of modern and futuristic aircraft has come into sharper focus in the weeks following the start of Operation Enduring Freedom.

The 24-hour news blitzkrieg featuring around-the-clock footage of U.S. airpower pummeling Taliban targets has crystallized the museum's role in informing the public about the Air Force's revolving mission, and the weapon systems and platforms it uses to perform that mission.

"As proud as we are to educate the public about people, aircraft and campaigns from previous eras, we're just as proud of our efforts to show them what our nation's Air Force brings to the fight today," said retired Maj. Gen. Charles D. Metcalf, museum director. "We provide our visitors an opportunity they can find few other places, which is the ability to see up close a number of aircraft that the Air Force is operating today, as well as those that will help the Air Force continue its transition to a true aerospace force with global reach and global strike capability."

The museum's modern flight hangar holds more than 70 of the museum's aircraft and missiles, including airframes representative of those participating in Afghanistan operations or homeland defense, such as the B-52 Stratofortress, F-15 Eagle, F-16 Fighting Falcon and RQ-1 Predator Unmanned Aerial Vehicle.

Although many of these museum aircraft may be different models from those currently active, they still offer visitors a more tangible point of reference for what they hear and see on the news.

Other related aircraft on exhibit at the museum include the B-1 Lancer and two AC-130 Spectre gunships. One of the gunships saw combat action in Desert Storm, when its crew intercepted and attacked a convoy of retreating Iraqi troops on the Al Jahra highway, inflicting significant damage.

"Displaying these aircraft not only informs the public about Air Force capabilities, but it helps keep the service close to the citizens who support it with their tax dollars," Metcalf said. "This is one way the Air Force maintains accountability to the American taxpayers, by showing them the incredible capabilities they purchase and sustain."

Thanks to a constantly growing aircraft collection, the museum is fast becoming a place where the emerging dimensions of the future aerospace force -- characterized by stealth, precision, global reach and even unmanned systems -- are etching themselves on the tableau of public awareness.

Besides the Predator, visitors to the modern flight hangar can view the F-117 Nighthawk stealth fighter and the YF-22, the prototype of the Air Force's next generation air superiority fighter. The museum plans to roll out a B-2 Spirit stealth bomber in 2003, which will mark the first permanent public exhibit of the aircraft that has come to symbolize for many the essence of the potency and potential of aerospace power.

Museum visitors can gain a greater appreciation for technological advances and how they have transformed the nature and lethality of air power over the years, said Dr. Jeff Underwood, museum historian.

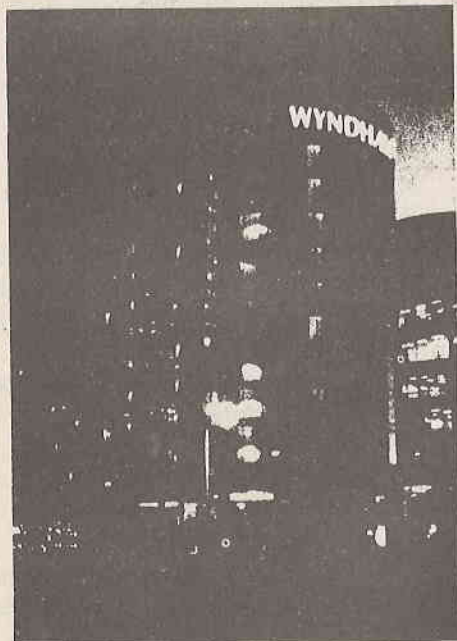
"The U.S. Air Force Museum has a long tradition of displaying aeronautical technology in a manner that illustrates the past, present and future directions of air power," Underwood said.

For example, one can follow the progress of stealth technology from the earliest Tacit Blue aircraft to the current and future capabilities as demonstrated in the F-117A stealth fighter and the F-22 Raptor, respectively."





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Number of floors .....	11
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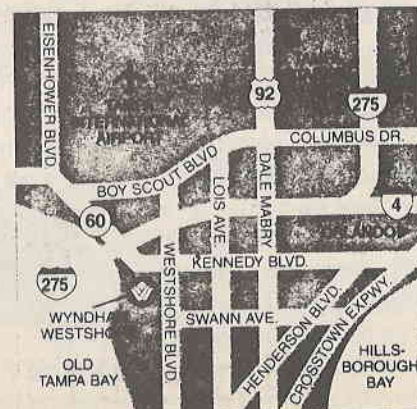
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# Wartime life in Paris . . .

## Maps and pins and string

By **MONIQUE PITTS**

Charlottesville, Va.

(From *Plane Talk*, Newsletter of  
Virginia Chapter, 8th AFHS  
(Continued from Fall Issue)

### PART TWO

We put maps on the wall with pins and woolen strings to mark progress of whichever army, in all directions; we learned world geography in a vivid way, Asia, the Pacific, Norway, Russia and Central Europe, Italy, Africa.

Names like Rommel, Montgomery and Leclerc (Free French Forces in Africa and later the first to liberate Paris) became familiar. A cousin rigged an antenna for our radio to hear the BBC and the Free French broadcasts. I have not forgotten the jamming which made it hard to hear.

Until November 1942 when British and the American Forces invaded North Africa, France was divided in two zones: Paris in occupied zone, the South in the so-called free zone (the line went in a diagonal from southwest to northeast) then all of France became occupied.

The Germans took over the naval base of Toulon. In order not to be used by the Germans, the French fleet, our beautiful fleet, scuttled; a few submarines and ships managed to escape to North Africa. People were crying.

Italians occupied the Alps and Corsica; I visited a family friend in the Alps and went to the local swimming pool with their niece, a beautiful 18-year-old. There were special hours for the French, and special hours for the Italian soldiers. One day as we left and the Italians were already in the water, we passed on our way out the lobby where they had all left their Tyrolean hats with a white feather, neatly lined up on benches.

The temptation was too strong, nobody was around, so we removed every single feather. I can still laugh about it but I never knew what happened when the Italians found their hats because we did not stick around to see!

There was a curfew from about midnight till 5 a.m. We had to rush to

catch the last Metro leaving the head of line about 11 p.m., otherwise we were stranded and had to stay the whole night indoors somewhere else. Nobody in the streets, no groups of more than 3 persons on sidewalks for fear of arrest.

We went to the movies: alas, no more American movies. The Germans showed once a German movie: *President Kruger*. Big success, everybody rushed to see it. The Germans congratulated themselves for what they believe to be successful propaganda against the British, showing the Boers in South Africa rebelling against the British.

What we heard most of all in the movie was President Kruger in a fiery speech shouting to the crowd: "It is not possible to tolerate on our soil an enemy; we have to fight." We applauded. When the Germans finally realized what the French saw in that movie, they withdrew it.

School started at 8 a.m. (on Berlin time, that was really like 6 a.m.), so in the dark until dawn filtered through the windows, electricity was on a little in the morning, then cut until noon, off again and back on in the evening, same thing for gas.

**BOMBARDMENTS:** When air raids started, we waited to hear if rumblings and explosions occurred, and how far. At first we went to the shelters, then merely gathered downstairs. We met our neighbors often for the first time.

The janitor let us go upstairs on the top floor which was empty, to watch red sky and explosions in the north or west where the factories were. I lost a classmate in Nanterre (west side) and my sister's best friends' whole family died in Saint Ouen (north side.)

The bomb fell directly on the house. Nothing was left of their house and the whole family was pulverized; one egg stood intact in the rubble. Those bombings were at night, by the British. Paris was spared heavy bombing. After the Liberation, the Germans bombed the railroad station St. Lazare, in the center of Paris.

We were not allowed to go anymore

to our family house in Normandy near the cliff in the Dieppe region; it was part of the forbidden zone along the Channel coast for construction of the Atlantic Wall. After the liberation, when allowed to return, we had to be cautious of landmines, walk in narrow paths on the cliff fenced with ropes marked with white cloth.

Jews had to wear the yellow Star of David solidly sewn on their coat; they could not go to public places like cinemas, theaters, concerts. They had to ride in the last car of the Metro. My beloved classmate Janine and her whole family were arrested, deported. We had no idea of what awaited them. They never returned, except the father and the brother.

### RESISTANCE

It was like living in two parallel worlds. One almost normal, school, jobs, family life. The other: death, danger, hiding, weird happenings or encounters.

My father was an aeronautical engineer. He became director of a big nationalized factory of aircraft engines. In 1939 he resigned and enlisted as a major in the air force, in ground personnel. In June 1940 he was near Dunkirk when the officer in charge was killed next to him. My father became the commanding officer.

His group held at Dunkirk, delaying the takeover by the Germans. They embarked at Dunkirk, their ship caught fire, they returned to Dunkirk and embarked on the French ship *Sirocco*, went to England and as soon as possible, my father went back to France with his men. They retreated all the way to Agen, South West, where the Armistice found them on June 17, 1940.

For people like my parents and many other Frenchmen, there was no doubt that the fight had to go on, that one day the Germans would be out of France. De Gaulle made a speech on June 18 that circulated in France, asking the French to fight on and rally around him. The armistice was felt as shameful by many.



# A network called Samson

as a relief by others.

Both my father and mother worked in the underground. My mother belonged to a network called Samson, a relay to repatriate fallen airmen or providing escape for French people wanting to go to England or North Africa.

My father established two businesses; one in Courbevoie (west of Paris) and the other in Algiers in 1941, which allowed him to travel back and forth between Paris and Algiers. He received secret orders from London to join De Gaulle and he left Algiers in 1943 to go to England. My father left Algiers, went to Tunisia where he reached the Gaullist Free French Forces and was given proper papers. Then he flew as he could to Egypt, the Gold Coast and finally to England.

## THE PATRIOTIC SCHOOL

The British quarantined all foreigners arriving in England to debrief them. They were justly afraid of spies infiltrating. My father was finally debriefed, then trained at the Patriotic School before being sent back to France. The question was how to land in France. He was trained as a parachutist in Scotland by the Poles, at age of 46. Finally, he was sent to the cognac region (Charente) in a Lysander.

He immediately reorganized the region devastated by treason and collaboration. He was hidden and helped by a wonderful group of resistants, of various ages, social backgrounds, whole families. He

was the leader: DMR (regional military delegate) and of course had a different name, plus a code name: Hypotenuse (other DMR were Circle, Space, Angle, Segment etc.) He forbade contacts with the Germans.

He organized several maquis (from the Corsican name of the bush where bandits would hide; the name was given to hidden camps where Frenchmen trained or simply took refuge, sometimes sheltering fallen American airmen) and the parachuting of arms, the sabotage of railroads. He came to Paris twice. We saw him in a safe house and caught up on his activities.

The chief of the Gestapo in Bordeaux, Dohse, was a very clever man; he spoke excellent French. He knew of the presence of the DMR and wanted to catch him. The radioman was arrested, slapped and threatened and turned around and released, all without knowledge of the resistants.

When my father went to see him in order to send messages to London, the Germans were waiting.

Taken to prison, interrogated, he gave only his name, rank and affirmed that he was a French officer.

Left alone in his cell, awaiting the *special brigade*, his hands tied behind his back, he managed to turn his belt around and made the cyanide pill fall on the floor where it broke into pieces.

He licked the pieces on the ground and died a slow death, very painful, instead of

the instant death supposed to occur (February 1944). We know that from Alsatian interpreters working at the prison.

Dohse was tried after the war, and later wrote his memoirs.

We soon learned that a French Gestapo agent was on his way to see my mother. She told the janitor that the police were coming and to tell the officer that she was not at home. He came, rang the bell. We were flat on the floor, holding the dog to prevent his barking. He went away after a while.

My mother stopped any contact except the usual ones, because it was assumed that we would be followed. We were told in March by the DMR of Brittany that my father was dead.

Until the liberation of Paris (Aug. 26, 1944), we could not say anything. Friends and even my grandmothers thought my father was still in Algiers.

In May and June 1944, exams took place. We had to take them at 6 a.m. two days in a row to avoid the air raid alarm and cheating in the shelters.

I remember D-Day, June 6. A heavy rain kept falling, but who cared, we had great expectations, as if the roof had been lifted.

We certainly learned French geography in detail for the next few months, back to the maps and the pins on the wall.

**Coming in the Next Issue:**

**PART THREE  
LIBERATION!**

\*\*\*\*\*

**Model of a RAF  
Lysander.**

**(Note the ladder  
on the side.)**

\*\*\*\*\*





# Scotty David: 'The lady who finds people'

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald-Whig, Nov. 7, 2001

By EDWARD HUSAR

*Herald-Whig Staff Writer*

HANNIBAL, Mo. -- Scotty David of Hannibal has been on a mission for 17 years.

She spends hours each week trying to reconnect former Air Force servicemen with Europeans who helped them evade capture after being forced down behind enemy lines in World War II.

Mrs. David has been successful in her mission -- and has friends around the world to prove it.

She and her husband, Clayton, are long-time members of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society. Founded in 1964, the society's goal is to reunite evaders and escapees with those who helped save their lives.

Mrs. David became active in the AFEES in 1984 after she attended the organization's annual reunion in New York. Only 21 people were there, and the small turnout inspired Mrs. David to launch a campaign to find more evaders and the people who helped them.

Mrs. David obtained several lists of known Air Force evaders and started writing letters. She also began contacting all the European "helpers" she could find.

She has written more than 5,000 letters and managed to locate about 2,700 evaders or escapees and close to 1,000 helpers, many of whom subsequently joined the AFEES.

Hundreds of people have shown up at subsequent AFEES reunions, including many evaders and helpers who hadn't seen each other in years.

In 1989, Mrs. David started putting together a series of scrapbooks focusing on evaders/escapees and the helpers who came to their aid. She loaded the scrapbooks with photographs, letters, military reports and newspaper clippings from around the world.

To date, Mrs. David has completed 16 scrapbooks that total more than 1,000 pages and features pictures or stories



***Scotty David of Hannibal, Mo., shows some of the 16 scrapbooks she has assembled focusing on wartime evaders/escapees and the Europeans who helped them avoid capture.***

about 628 evaders/escapees and 410 helpers.

Mrs. David's scrapbooks and her personal logbooks have evolved into one of the world's most comprehensive historical collections on matters dealing with evaders and escapees.

Meanwhile, Mrs. David has become

one of the world's foremost authorities on the whereabouts of evaders and their helpers, many of whom have died over the years.

People from across the country now seek Mrs. David's help in finding particular individuals. Mrs. David says she frequently gets calls from former



evaders who invariably ask: "Do you know my helper?" In many cases, she does -- or can at least provide an address.

"Every time we go to Europe, we have people come up and say: 'You're the lady who finds people. Please find my American,' " Mrs. David said.

Mrs. David got involved in the AFEES because her husband spent 4 1/2 months evading capture after the B-17 bomber he was co-piloting was shot down in Nazi-held Holland in January 1944.

Clayton David eventually returned to safety by traveling primarily at night through several German-occupied countries. He received help from about 60 Dutch, Belgian and French citizens who hid him in their homes, helped him board trains and guided him across mountain ranges. He ultimately reached Spain where a deal was struck to reunite him with his bomber group in England.

The Davids are both active in the AFEES. Clayton helps put out the quarterly newsletter while Scotty stays busy with her scrapbook project and other work aimed at shedding light on the evader/escapee issue.

Mrs. David believes evaders have never received enough recognition for their successful efforts to avoid being captured.

"They did not give up and become POWs," she said. "They should get a medal or a ribbon or something."

Clayton David said he's grateful to see his wife making strides to collect and preserve the stories of Air Force servicemen who evaded capture. He said many evaders were sworn to secrecy upon returning to their military units and never spoke about their experiences.

"We have had untold numbers of men who have gone to the grave with their stories," he said.

## Bomber book is out

Ralph Conte of Mineral Wells, Tex., is the author of a history of the 416th Bomb Group (Light), 9th Air Force. It is titled *Attack Bombers We Need You*.

Ralph was a bombardier-navigator with the group's 669th Squadron and his book helps to flesh out the fairly thin history of the medium and light attack bombers in World War II.

The 416th flew the A-20 Havoc and the A-26 Invader.



**Present at the dedication of the memorial to Louise and Ernest Heller were, from left: Kurt and Beth Johnson of the U.S., Barry and Shirley McKeon of Australia, and Mme. Leone Cleuet and her son, Jean Claude Cleuet, of Fouquieres lez Lenz.**

## The Hellers are honored

On Sept. 13, 2001, after much contact work and advance planning, Dr. Barry McKeon and his wife Shirley of Australia honored Ernest and Louise Heller with a memorial dedication ceremony at Billy Montigny, France.

The Hellers were residents of Billy Montigny from 1936 to 1956, when they moved to Australia. Dedicated to the cause of freedom and friendship, they assisted many evading Allied airmen during World War II.

Mrs. Heller was born in Vienna, Austria, and died in Brisbane in 1998. Her husband was born in Budapest, Hungary, and died in 2000.

Representing U.S. fliers helped by the Hellers at the dedication were the granddaughter of Charles Carlson, Beth Johnson and her husband Kurt. Other Americans aided by the Hellers were Cliff Williams and Bill DuBose.

## HELLER

Josephine (Louise) nee Hollesch

Ernest Heller

Born: Vienna, Austria, 1907  
Died: Brisbane, Australia, 1998

Born: Budapest, Hungary, 1899  
Died: Brisbane, Australia, 2000

**Residents of Billy Montigny 1936 - 1956**

**Honoured Members of the Resistance, World War II**

Erected by their Australian Friends

In Honour of all Resistance Members, and of Those Whom They Succoured

And of Family Who Perished in The Holocaust



# 'Francois' a French war hero

By **VIRGIL MARCO**  
Dallas, Tex.

The government of France, grateful for the services given by Ovide Borgniet, awarded him the following decorations:

La Croix de Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, La Croix de Guerre avec Palme, La Medaille de la Resistance, La Croix du Combattant Volontaire

G. H. Lallerent, a leader with the French Resistance, met Ovide (Francois) Borgniet in 1941 when, with his family, he moved to Rumigny again after having evacuated down to Villeneuve sur lot (south of France) during the German invasion in World War II.

Mr. Lallerent was attracted to what he called a serious, sensible, intelligent young man who quickly gain influence on the young people of his age. Ovide, born in 1920, was the eldest son of a six-children family.

As a son of a soldier of 1914-18, Ovide was brought up in the love of motherland and admiration for those soldiers. The defeat of the French armies in 1940 upset this young man. As soon as he knew of the call of the French general who refused defeat and called for resistance, Ovide became a "Gaullist."

In April 1942, Mr. Lallerent was entrusted by Adrien Fournaise to form an underground group. He thought of Ovide Borgniet first. Ovide, filled with enthusiasm, realized that he was finally going to act for the liberation of France.

For two years, Ovide organized fighting groups, sought useful information for the Allies, and gathered arms and explosives.

As soon as September 1943, with a group from Rumigny, Ovide planned camps for underground groups and each night with the aid of a flashlight, dug in the woods to arrange a hiding place for the expected parachuted arms.

On Jan. 14, 1944, Mr. Lallerent and Ovide attended a district meeting of the

underground that Mr. Fontaine had planned at Brunehamel. Here they discussed strikes against the enemy.

They had just left Mr. and Mrs. Menesson's grocery a few minutes when the Gestapo burst in. The street was full of German soldiers and policemen in plain clothes. They walked down the street quickly, aware that at any time a burst of gunfire could pour into their backs. They had a narrow escape and all the more important, they were carrying important documents.

Three of the district executives, Morcau, Fournaise and Fontaine, were arrested or shot by the Gestapo and Mr. Lallerent was now in charge of the area of signy L'Abbaye which spreads over four cantons in the Ardennes and over four cantons in the district of Aisne.

Ovide Borgniet became his assistant district executive.

On March 22, the French Forces of the Interior (FFI) headquarters decided to blast high voltage lines that supplied factories working for the German army. Ovide took care of this task at 5 a.m., cutting power in the whole district.

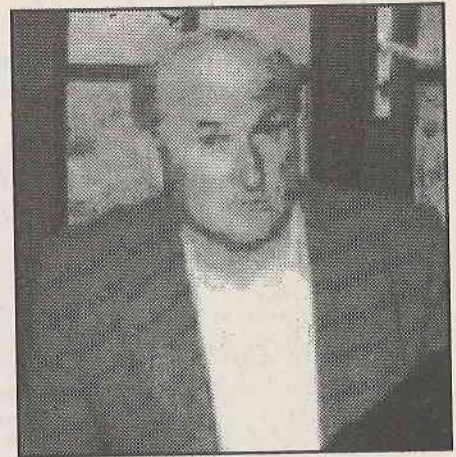
When he was summoned for compulsory work for the Germans, he was daring enough to go to Charleville to receive his boots and allowance. Then he quickly came back to his district to continue his life as a rebel.

Now wanted by the German police, on June 20, 1944, he joined the underground group, Baionnette. Almost daily he directed attacks or sabotage missions. Each night railway tracks were interrupted, delaying the transport of enemy troops to the Normandy front.

On July 14, he celebrated the French National Day by attacking a German car near Lafere.

On July 23, he destroyed farm equipment, preventing a large farm from harvesting its crops for the Reich army.

On July 29, with five of his men, he



**Ovide Borgniet, 1983**

attacked a German truck and killed a Nazi non-commissioned officer.

On Aug. 9, he attacked enemy trucks near Brunehamel.

On Aug. 25, in daylight, he attacked near Fiep d'Arbois a convoy of 30 armored cars and killed two Germans.

On Aug. 30, at the Terre Desmoines, Ovide participated in an attack on a retreating German column that stopped and surrendered.

On Sept. 1, he assisted the American army by patrolling Rumigny.

On Sept. 2, Ovide came to his native village, freed by himself and his companions. The day before, he begged the American forces not to bomb Rumigny. This was the home of his family and all the people he knew and loved.

With his country again free, Ovide Borgniet signed for the army for the rest of the war. He was sent to the G/2 Battalion formed at Mezieres.

In 1948, he married Jacqueline Morcrette at Mont St. Jean and soon he built a construction company at Rozoy-serre. Jacqueline had saved an American flyer, Lt. Philip S. Campbell, on April 24, 1944, from being captured by the Gestapo.

On Feb. 7, 1984, Ovide lost his life in an auto accident when exiting the circle in Rozoy. He had never forgotten his life in the Underground. Each year he came to find friendship at the anniversary, "Freedom of the Ardennes."



*This brief history of the life of Ovide Borgniet is taken from the eulogy delivered by G. H. Lallerent.*



**A story of determination . . .**

# A hard way to sign up

By JOHN A. NEAL  
Calgary, Alberta

Most of us wartime airmen remember very well that day, 55 or 60 years ago, when we walked, drove, took the bus, the streetcar, or the train, or any way we could, to the closest Recruiting Centre. Sometimes it was just around the corner and sometimes it was way across the country. Whatever it took to get there, we were ready to get into that plane and show the Luftwaffe what we could do with it.

Ah, the dreams of our youth! Sometimes we showed the Luftwaffe and sometimes they showed us. But no matter what we encountered when we met the Enemy, it was never as easy as our first step; joining up.

But there were many of our *Compadres* who did not have it easy when they tried to become fliers. Just to put on the uniform, and learn to fly a plane, they had to go through all kinds of hazards just to get to the recruiting centre. One such fledgling pilot was Bernard Scheidhauer, a native of France who lived in Brest when the Germans took over his country in 1940.

Bernard was one of the 50 fliers shot by the Gestapo after *The Great Escape*, and I learned of his story after delivering a print of "Stalag Luft 111 -- Tunnel Martyrs" to the next-of-kin in Paris last year.

## A DECISION TO ESCAPE

Bernard decided, in the summer of 1940, that he would escape to England, and join the Royal Air Force. His ambition had long been to be a pilot and this would be denied as long as the Germans were in his country. So the summer was spent making his plans to get away, and come back by plane.

But he could not achieve this escape by himself; the English Channel was too wide and often very rough. So he enlisted the help of five other young men eager to serve France from outside their country. They were Jean and Guy Vourc'h, the latter a medical student, Marcel Laurent, Charles de la Patelliere, and Robert Alaterre. A fishing boat, the *Petite*

*Anna*, was found at Douarnenez south of Brest, and Guy Vourc'h negotiated the purchase for the crossing to England. Once he had assured the owner that it would be returned, the boat was his.

The owner and Bernard tested the engine. The compass was boxed by a local fisherman, Chancerelle, and the navigation plans made by Marcelle Laurent. Each of the six had a task to perform which would hopefully land them on the coast of Cornwall.

One old-time sailor commented that the *Petite Anna* was 99% more likely to be their coffin than their salvation. The voyage nearly confirmed that prediction. They started out Oct. 20, 1940, on a black evening, with another boat leading the way out of the bay. Soon L'Isle Tristan showed up, the lead boat turned back, and the *Petite Anna* gained the open sea.

During preparations for what they had hoped was a fast crossing, the fledgling sailors had loaded only 180 litres of petrol, which they thought should last until England. For provisions, they carried bread, sardines, 7 bottles of wine, 3 chocolate bars and a litre of rum. There was enough water for 24 hours. They hoped to arrive Falmouth or Penzance around 9 o'clock in the morning.

## DODGING GERMAN PATROLS

To evade German patrols, they skirted far to the west of L'Isle d'Ouessant, off the Brittany coast, using up both time and fuel. By 6 o'clock in the morning, they were almost out of fuel and the English coast was not in sight. There was nothing but the calm sea as far as the eye could see. Unfortunately, Guy Vourc'h took this opportunity to become seasick and this lasted for days.

The calm sea did not last. About 10 o'clock the second evening, a violent wind came up from the northeast, the direction they were headed. Facing the wind used up what little fuel they had left, and the boat was not designed to use sail in this type of wind. All night long the boat was tossed around; one moment up on a creast and the next, hurled fiercely down into the sea. All six kept their eyes

peeled but saw nothing through the storm.

This kept up until Oct. 26. They were about out of food and water, and the only thing to try was a soup made from leftover sardine oil and sea water.

On Oct. 25, three German planes passed over without spotting them. The next day, two more flew past at near sea level.

Jean Vourc'h wanted to hang his white shirt to the mast as a sign of distress; he thought life as a prisoner might be preferable to drowning at sea.

By Oct. 27, the wind began calming. Putting up a sail caused the boat to vibrate, but it did act as a rudder to help keep them on the way to England.

By now, worn out and dehydrated, the passengers began having hallucinations about food and water. Then on the 30th, the wind changed again and about 3 o'clock a light rain began and they were able to gather some drinking water.

All that night, the wind and spray continued until morning when they spotted some small islands off the coast of Pembrokeshire. About 11 o'clock they passed an enormous rock, but there was no sign of life. By now, most of the passengers were joining Guy Vourc'h in offering prayers for deliverance.

## PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED

Finally, their prayers were answered. An English merchant ship, the SS Craighorn, sailing along the south coast of Wales, came upon the struggling *Petite Anna*. Intrigued by the presence of a small boat in these waters, and obviously in difficulty, the ship hove to and picked up the passengers.

The Frenchmen were fed and given fresh clothing and they found their composure was beginning to return. By nightfall of Oct. 31, the Craighorn entered the port of Milford Haven, with six very relieved passengers aboard.

This is but a part of the story of Bernard Scheidhauer and his determination to fight for France. It does show the side of a aspiring pilot who found the recruiting centre a lot further away from home than did most of us!



# Museum exhibit tells evasion story

From the Fargo (N.D.) Forum  
Sept. 13, 2001

By JOY ANDERSON

Richard Smith has a special connection to the Fargo Air Museum.

He not only piloted vintage aircraft like the ones displayed at the museum. He was shot down in one.

Smith, a World War II veteran who spends his summers at Otter Tail Lake, was gunned down over France in 1943 in a B-17 named Destiny's Tot. After being shuttled through the French Underground, he was shipped back to England and brought back home.

Now, he has another connection to the museum. Smith, as president of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, has created a display of memorabilia from his time in France, shown at the new museum which opened to the public Sept. 30.

Smith's story begins on his 13th bombing mission in Germany, his plane lagging behind formation with engine damage.

German fighters found and finished off the wounded plane, shooting off its entire rear end, Smith said in the written account of his evasion. The entire crew bailed out in parachutes, and all survived.

It was his first time parachuting, but that was the least of his worries.

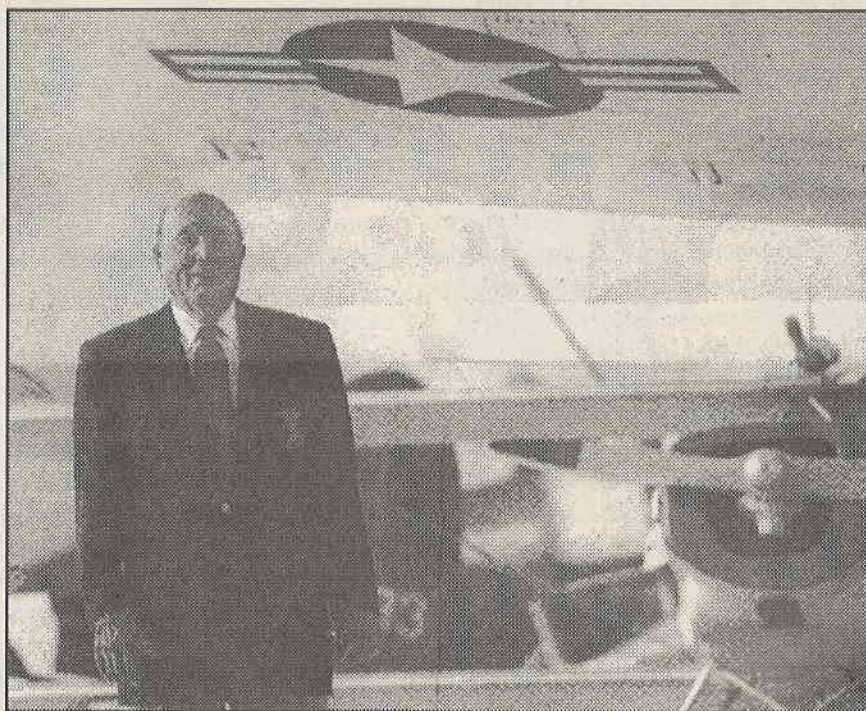
"When your life is on the line, there's no hesitation," he said.

## Fargo air museum takes flight

Under the wings of a DC-3 named the Minnie H, the Fargo Air Museum board of directors snipped a purple ribbon Thursday morning, Sept. 6, symbolizing the opening of the new museum.

About 80 guests gathered around the gleaming vintage aircraft in the museum's hangar at 1620 19th Ave. N in Fargo for the ceremony.

The ceremony was the culmination of 2 1/2 years of work for Darrol Schroeder, chairman of the museum's board of directors. Schroeder, a retired major general in the Air Force and North Dakota National Guard, and others thought the Fargo AirSho could be a



**Richard Smith, president of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, stands among the planes at the Fargo Air Museum on opening day.**

Three young Frenchmen found him on the ground and brought him to a farmhouse, where he met up with two of his other crew members, Smith said.

He spent two weeks in the country before moving to Paris, where he and his fellow evaders were taken out to bars, movies and parties by their Resistance worker host, Smith said.

Finally, they took a train for St.

Brieuc on the Brest Peninsula, using false identification papers. Smith's I.D. said he was a French geologist, but he didn't know how to speak French.

"The key to the whole thing was that the French refused to acknowledge their occupiers," he said, so when he showed his papers to German officers wordlessly, he was only doing what everyone else did.

At last, with 25 other evaders, he was led to a beach near Plouha, France, to climb down a steep cliff to the water, in the dark, helping to carry one of his injured crew members. A British motor gun boat hauled them back across the English Channel, most of them sick all way, he said in his account. He had been on the run from the Germans for an entire month.

There were some sticky moments. When Smith and three other evaders were being transported to Paris, the limousine they were riding in was stopped by a train. A German staff car pulled up beside them.

"At that point, we were instructed to just start shooting and running, because we didn't have any papers," Smith said. Fortunately, the officers moved on

permanent installation.

One of the main purposes of the museum will be education, Schroeder said. Another will be hospitality.

"We're already booking events. We think it's going to be one of the main events centers," Schroeder said.

Airplanes won't be the museum's only attraction. Schroeder hopes for a NASA display, an emergency medical helicopter display and air traffic controller display, just to name a few.

Museum hours are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday and 12-5 Sunday. Admission is \$5 for adults, \$3 for children.



without examining the car.

And when they were staying in Paris, German officers were living only two floors below them. Every night, one of the officers would come up to the apartment where they were hidden to have coffee beans ground, Smith said.

If the French Nationals who helped them had been caught, they would have been shot, Smith said. Their families would have been shot. And if the village was small enough, the entire village would have been shot. "And it happened," he said.

But they helped him anyway and after the war, he contacted and became good friends with some of them.

His organization, the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, has 900 members now, mostly World War II veterans.

But they weren't able to tell their stories until recently. All evaders were sworn to secrecy for 50 years, Smith said, so that the Germans could not track down Resistance workers.

But now, via his display at the museum, his story can be told.

## The Duke rejected by OSS

A staffer of the National Archives has discovered an interesting OSS job application, filed in Los Angeles on Aug. 2, 1943 by one Marion Robert Morrison, nicknamed "Duke."

The applicant was 36 years old, six-foot-three, 212 pounds, blue-eyed, of ruddy complexion. When asked for any qualifications which might fit him for a position with OSS, he wrote:

"Swimming, small boat sailing, played college football, deep-sea fishing (seven marlin in two years), hunting (good field shot), horseback riding (have done falls and posse riding), not as easy as it sounds."

Even though he named Cmdr. John Ford as one of his character witnesses, Marion Robert Morrison, aka John Wayne, was not accepted by OSS.

--From the OSS Society newsletter

# Ode to the Eighth

*The English girls loved you*

*The German cities hated you*

*You littered Europe with bombs and fallen comrades*

*You learned to like the bitters and hate the weather*

*The cold was always there but so was the hope*

*I still see you there children in leather and green*

*So much younger than you seem*

*Adapting, adjusting and bringing about death*

*Certain and doubtful all in one breath*

*Odds are against you, what do you have to lose?*

*But lose you will, if not your own life then someone you knew*

*Your livelihood riding cold on dedicated ground crew*

*And never turning back*

*Life in a tin can, work in a freezer shot at day by day*

*Boredom and terror never far away*

*Fighters and flak stalking your every move*

*Pubs and English lovers never open long enough to soothe*

*Lives that ended too soon, terror that lasted too long*

*Your being there far away now written on*

*An airfield in marble stone*

*In November they bring you poppies hoping somewhere you're well*

*Remembering the good times, remembering your hell*

*They see you in their memories*

*They visit your mates at Madeney*

*They remember your presence, they remember your fight*

*They remember you most, as those who fought in broad daylight*

*They call you "our lads" in villages and in dales,*

*From Norwich to Lavenham*

*From Framlignham to Deenethorpe the story is passed down*

*Of the day the Yanks brought new hope to town*

*From Fortresses, Liberators and Mustangs the stories live*

*In small churches, pubs and in village halls*

*To that most sacred of places behind the altar of Saint Paul's*

*You who fought without hate*

*You the immortal young men of the American Mighty Eight.*



Mark Brotherton





# D.C. VA Museum will tell the story

WASHINGTON -- Plans for a National Veterans Museum were unveiled at a reception here recently given by the Department of Veterans Affairs.

"Our nation's veterans have made tremendous contributions to our country and its history," said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Anthony J. Principi. "This new museum will tell that story to generations of Americans, both born and not yet born."

The National Veterans Museum, to be located at VA headquarters here, will tell a story of homecoming -- the universal experience shared by all soldiers as they return to family, friends and community.

Exhibits will show the impact of events like the Bonus Army of 1932 and the GI Bill of 1944 on U.S. society.

In remarks at the reception, attended by members of Congress and leaders of America's veterans service organizations, Principi said he hoped the new museum would be "world-class" in scope and design. He vowed to create an institution where veterans and their families can feel at home while in the nation's capital, and where they can reconnect with old friends and comrades.

Principi said he also plans to link the museum with the capital's other veterans memorials, including the Vietnam

Veterans Memorial, the Korean War Veterans Memorial, the Women in Military Service to America Memorial, and the World War II Memorial now under construction.

No timetable has been for construction of the museum.

**From the Dallas Morning News,  
Sunday, Nov. 4, 2001  
Letter to the Editor**

## This Is War

"I am so tired of hearing that our boys are making mistakes by bombing civilians. That's war and there are always casualties in war.

"I was in Paris, France, during the war and one night my mother and I were looking out our window at those wonderful Flying Fortresses going over when we saw a bomb falling. It fell on a convent one block away from our home but fortunately did not explode. It was a mistake, of course, and we were very lucky, but I am sure that the wonderful men in that plane did not do it purposely. *It was war.*

"The 5,000 in New York were not at war. They were Americans going to work, with families at home, in a country that gave them jobs, freedom, etc. After you have lived, as I have, with the misery of war, occupation, death, loss of freedom, you appreciate values and this great country of ours.

"I was a member of the French Underground at age 14. I saw fear in people's eyes. I was hoping I'd never see another war in my lifetime."

JACQUELINE GUY KERVIZIC  
Rowlett, Texas

## 2 helpers deserve more

*Ken B. Woodhouse, RCAF, believes that two French helpers deserve more recognition in a Paris school building. He writes as follows:*

**By KEN WOODHOUSE  
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada**

For some years I have known that two of my French helpers, Maurice Cavalier and his wife Marguerite, died in a concentration camp. Maurice was headmaster of the Lycee St. Louis le Grand in Paris, and he and his wife lived on the second floor of the building.

I believe that Manny Rogoff and Bill Spinning of the USAAC and Ken Lassier, Russel Barnlund and myself, RCAF, were sheltered there.

Over the last few years, I have been seeking information on this couple through my helpers, Olympe St. Leger and Jean-Jacques Piot of Paris.

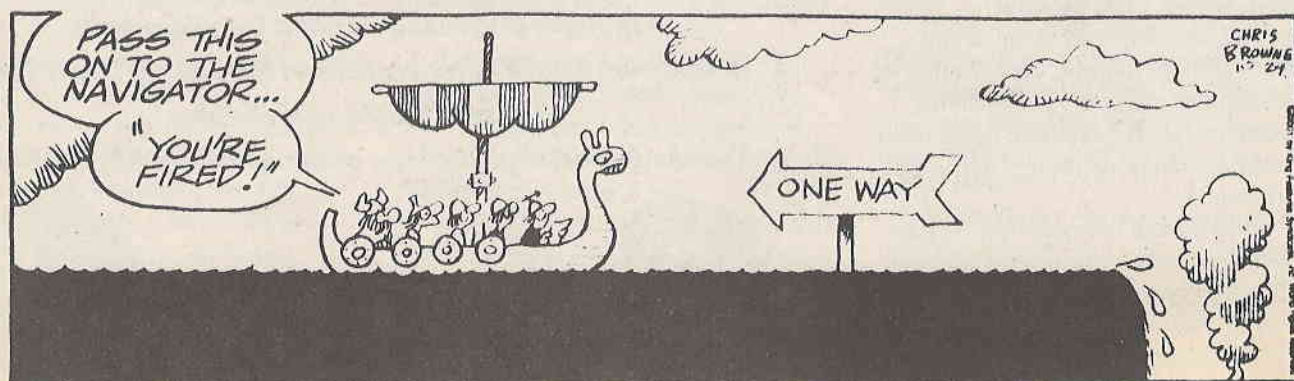
J-J Piot contacted the Lycee St. Louis, only to learn that they knew little more about the couple other than Maurice occupied the post of Attache d'Intendance and that a plaque had been erected at the base of the stairway leading to the headmaster's apartment on the second floor, dedicating the stairway to Maurice Cavalier.

I decided that the two Resistance heroes were practically unknown in the building.

J.J. is trying to correct the situation by perhaps placing another plaque telling the story for generations to come.

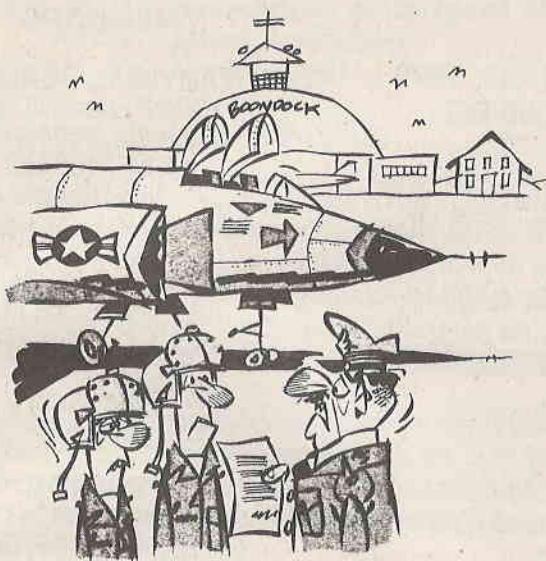
A form from the French Ministry of Defence indicates that Maurice Cavalier was born Oct. 29, 1895, and died Jan. 13, 1945, at the Cora concentration camp in Germany. I have been told that his wife died at Dachau about the same time.

Hagar





# Here's Jake



"Just in case they close this base while you're up there flyin' around, here's your alternate."

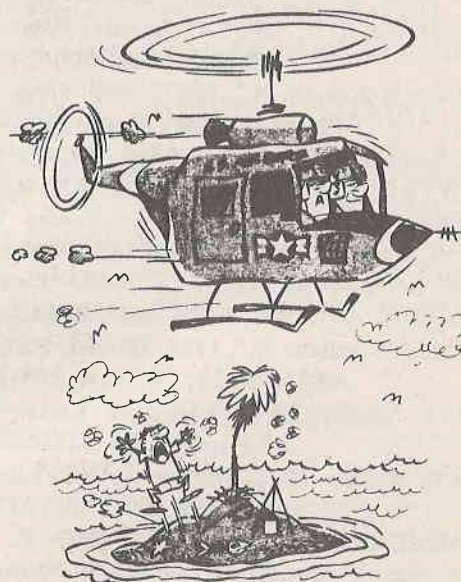


"I had a large bottle of red ink on my desk. Any of you guys seen it?"

The best of  
*"Jake" Shuffler*



"It happened when I pressurized the cabin, sir. I think it's a severe case of metal fatigue."



"Why should we pick him up; what's he ever done for us?"



**-FOLDED WINGS-****MEMBERS**

- POW Eugene W. Dingledine "L", Washington, ill.,  
96 BG, May 12, 2001
- # 135 Edwin R. Myers "L", Leavittsburg, Ohio, 381 BG, 1999  
#1414 Michael Ruta "L", Palisades Pk., N.J., 390 BG,  
April 6, 2001
- #754 Jack W. Stead "L", Dearborn, Mich., 447 BG, Oct. 4, 2001  
#267 James S. Wilschke "L", Pompano Beach, Fla., 305 BG,  
Oct. 1, 2001
- 15AF Marshall D. Word, Norman, Okla., 451 BG, Aug. 17,  
2001

**Changes for the 2001 roster**(Changes are in **BOLD FACE** type)

1. Harry Ackerman, Texas. New Phone: **817-577-8257**
2. Mrs. Bobbye D. Barker "W", **710 Toliver Drive, Molalla, OR**  
**97038-7354; Phone 503-759-3923**
3. Iris Bennett (Mrs. George F.) "W", **22932 Osprey Ridge,**  
**San Antonio, TX 78258-2579; Phone 210-495-3430**
4. Capt. J. M. Bickley, **845 1st Colonial Road, Apt. 108, Virginia Beach, VA**  
**23451-6161; Phone 757-437-1329**
5. L/C Robert B. Blackburn, **26812 Redcliffe Road, Murrieta, CA 92563**  
**Phone 909-461-4120**
6. Armando Carlino, Winter Phone, W. Palm Beach, FL **561-642-4936**
7. Norman Elkin, new Area Code at Scottsdale, AZ, **480-607-9660**
8. Wilmont C. "Bill" Grodi, **1720 Carmel Drive, Lawrence, KS 66047**
9. Harold L. Hayes "L", **2465 Jeremy Street, Central Point, OR 97502-3590;**  
**Phone 541-664-4523**
10. James H. Hix Jr. "L" **2055-C Scenic Highway A-316, Snellville, GA**  
**30078; Phone 770-972-8453**
11. Glenn B. Johnson "L", **18875 SW 93rd Loop, Dunnellon, FL**  
**34432-2755; Phone 352-489-4831**
12. Mrs. Jacqueline Kervizic "H", **8406 Navigation Drive, Rowlett, TX**  
**75088-6668; Phone 214-607-1080**
13. Francis J. Lashinsky, **8015 Gatehouse Woods, PO Box 125,**  
**Cornwall, PA 17016-0125; Phone 717-228-0792**
- 13a. Eugene P. McDonnell "L", **2945 Lincoln Drive, Apt. 9,**  
**St. Paul, MN 55113-1340**
14. Leonard J. Schallehn "L", **1728 Dorset Hill Road, East Dorset, VT**  
**05253-9626; Phone 802-362-4164**
15. Merlin B. Smith "LF", **117 Hudson Lane, Monroe, LA 71201-5818;**  
**Phone 318-340-0270**
16. George R. Stricker, **1812 Shumard Oak Lane, Irving TX 75063-8402;**  
**Phone 972-402-0525**
17. Mrs. Henrietta O. Thomas "W", **1885 E. Skyline Drive #226,**  
**South Ogden, UT 84403; Phone 801-479-3734**
18. Henry F. Wilson, Kathleen, GA. New Area Code: **478-987-5373**
19. Ken Woodhouse, Canada; Phone **306-374-2056**

**E-MAIL CORRECTIONS/CHANGES**

1. John Chopelas "F", Killeen, TX <chop33kk@hotmail.com>
2. Clayton David, Hannibal, MO <davidafe@packetx.net>
3. Francis Lashinsky, Cornwall, PA <franklash@earthlink.net>

Winter 2001-02

**New Members  
and Friends****MEMBERS**

MARVIN E. BERGER  
1306 Paper Mill Rd.  
Glenside, PA 19038  
15 AF, 463 BG  
Wife: Gwen  
Phone: 215-233-4439

DR. JOHN M. GAMBARDILLA  
66 Knollwood Drive  
Branford, CT 06405-3938  
14 AF, 373 BG  
Wife: Nina  
Phone: 203-488-7069

**FRIENDS**

Dr. SAM F. HARTMAN  
545 North 23rd Street  
Beaumont, TX 77706-4935  
8 AF, 96 BG  
(Flight Surgeon)  
Wife: Margaret  
Phone: 409-892-6135

M. JACQUES LEROUX  
La Sadeillane, 32300  
St. Martin, France  
(Researcher of lost planes in  
Southwest France)  
Wife: Nicole  
Phone: 05 62 66 52 25

M. LAURENT VITON  
La Poste 76110  
Goderville, France  
(Researcher of lost planes and  
crews over Normandy)

**Replacing Documents**

You can replace official documents by contacting the records center in St. Louis, Mo.

The request should include a signed letter with your full name, retired grade, Social Security number, and an explanation of your requirements. A standard Form 180 Request Pertaining to Military Records may also be used.

Mail your request to: National Personnel Records Center at NPRC/NCPMF-C, 9700 Page Ave., St. Louis, MO 63132-5000.

There is a small fee for copying documents.



# A letter from France to our membership

By M. CLAUDE VIGNON

Secretary of the Association of Helpers of  
Allied Airmen in France  
(A Translation)

To Ralph Patton, Chairman of AFEES:

The Association of Helpers of Allied Airmen held its annual convention in Paris on October 12, 2001. On that occasion we have, naturally, evoked, with a very deep emotion, the terrifying events which struck the United States in New York and Washington on September 11.

At my request all the gathered members made a minute of silence to honor the memory of the victims who died or were wounded because of that attempt, and those of the rescuers who lost their lives giving help.

People were also anxious to agree to let me send you this letter in order to express to AFEES members our feeling of touched compassion, of deepest sympathy, as well as our firm belief that the United States will be able to overcome their misfortune, reinforcing their attachment to moral and human values that we are sharing together.

Please convey our heartfelt greetings to all AFEES members and friends.

+++++

## Have you moved? New Area Code? New ZIP? **AFEES wants to keep track of you!**

Please complete and clip or copy this form to remit dues or to report changes  
(Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make checks payable to AFEES)  
Send checks and changes to Clayton C. David, Membership Chair, 19 Oak Ridge Pond,  
Hannibal, MO 63401-6539, U.S.A.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Amount Included \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_

Comments \_\_\_\_\_

# Albert

By JOHN A. NEAL  
Calgary, Alberta

He was the kind of a man that we liked to call 'Erk'  
But please, don't ever confuse that with 'Jerk'  
He kept our planes up there in the sky,  
By ensuring that they were always ready to fly.  
He'd rotate our props, and straighten our frame,  
He'd pick up the pieces, and take most of the blame.

In the time of the war, he was a hero to all,  
Especially to those with a tendency to fall.  
We honour our "Erk" in the Fall of our life,  
He's left us with memories, of a Man, and his Wife.  
My frame is a bit straighter, my Prop is in sync.  
My flight is much higher, which he did by instinct.

He'd never look down, or belittle our work,  
He shares all his jokes, even the one about 'Turk.'  
We shall miss all his visits, and his coffee Supreme,  
The stories about life, and the results of his dream.  
His whimsical smile, which he would never reveal,  
And never once was a harm, that he would then  
have to heal.

So, please Bert, when you're at the front of His line,  
Ask God to prepare his 'Hangar' Divine.  
We'll bring all our 'Prangs,' and our annual checks,  
That we can spread out on the Holiest of decks.  
Get out all the spanners, the wrenches, and more,  
And as you play on your harp, we'll even the score.

+++++  
John Neal has written this tribute to his friend,  
Albert Grimshaw, an aircraft maintenance man during  
the war, who passed away Nov. 1, 2001.



# The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

<afees44@hotmail.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- My wife Ruth and I had some very special guests a few weeks ago.

Jacques Leroux and his friend Alain Quesney came by for a visit on their way back to Southern France from the 2001 Confederate Air Force AirShow in Midland, Tex., where both were inducted into the CAF as Guest members.

We had a delightful time, showing them a part of Texas they knew only from the movies. We fixed them up with several souvenirs, including a packet of Texas pecans and a Cowpokes calendar produced by our friend and neighbor, Lex Graham. Lex' "Cowpokes" calendars are distributed all over the U.S. and Canada.

Tickets for the annual AFEES fund-raising raffle will be in the mail about the middle of January. John Rucigay has volunteered to help Frank Lashinsky with the project.

The deal is the same this year: \$2 a ticket or six for 10 bux. Many members also include an extra donation when they send in their raffle stubs.

We are getting our money's worth out of Yvonne Daley, a new member of the



board. She is doing a super job of planning for the Tampa reunion next May. Depending on the level of security at that time, our visit to MacDill AFB may be aborted. If so, she has an alternative activity lined up.

Yvonne wants you RVers to know that there is no RV parking at the Wyndham Hotel, but it is possible that they can be parked on the airbase. More later on that.

PX Manager Tom Brown has a real jewel in the current inventory, a sterling

silver flying boot, the AFEES emblem. It is a beauty!

The November issue of *Kiplinger's Retirement Report* includes a two-page article on the escape routes over the Pyrenees.

## AVIATION DEFINITIONS

De-icer: De person dat puts de ice on de wing.

Engine Failure: A condition that occurs when all the fuel tanks become filled with air.

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