

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY
Winter 2002-03 *Communications*

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Sgt. Joe Walters is rescued from a tree and led to safety, 1943

Photo in 8th AF Heritage Museum is admired by Belgian Historian Lucien Dewez

(More about this famous photo on Pages 6 and 7)

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY COMMUNICATIONS

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Dec. 3, 2002

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*Class of 2003 **Class of 2004 ***Class of 2005

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 2002-03

The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith

<afeesone@hotmail.com>

Since we last spoke, another Thanksgiving has come and gone. I still am grateful for all the same things I was grateful for last year.

That includes reasonably good health, a loving family and friends and many other blessings. I am super thankful that we are not yet in a shooting war!

By the time you read this, we should be settled in our winter quarters in Sunny Southern California. In mid-October, Wife Margaret fell and fractured her hip bone. That meant a week in the hospital, a steel rod in her femur, a week in re-hab and several weeks of super home care!

M. is now on a cane, but seems to be getting around OK.

For AFEES, it has been a quiet quarter. Yvonne Daley has been in Philadelphia to scope out that city for reunion 04.

Larry, our ink-stained editor, may have made a huge mistake. He took on the responsibility of arranging the May 2003 reunion in his hometown, Wichita Falls, Tex. More information in this issue.

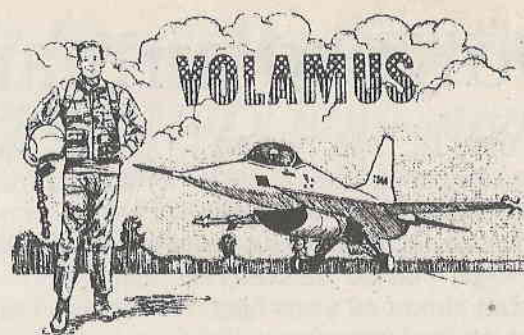
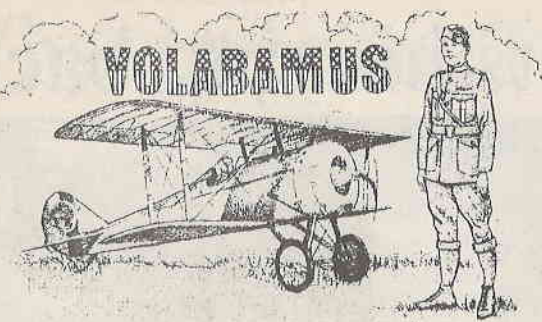
He says it's the first time he's volunteered for anything since 1942.

Have had some correspondence with Frank Caubergh, our man in Belgium. He recently has attended several dedications in his country and researched several American crash sites.

Frank refuses to accept any financial aid from us. What a guy! Thanks from all of us, Frank.

Paul and Dorothy Kenney have the annual greetings cards ready for the mail to helpers and friends in early December. The number of recipients has slipped to about 375. Another sign of the times for us "mature citizens."

Looking forward to seeing you in Wichita Falls in early May. We have been promised a wild & woolly Texas time! Join us if you can; it could be now or never.



The Order of Daedalians was organized on 26 March 1934 by a representative group of World War I pilots to perpetuate the spirit of patriotism, the love of country and the high ideals which places service to country ahead of personal safety or position.

The Order is dedicated to: ensuring that America will always be preeminent in air and space, the encouragement of flight safety, fostering esprit de corps in the military air forces, promoting the adoption of military service as a career, and aiding deserving young individuals to specialized higher education through establishing scholarships.

Daedalian membership is open to all U.S. military pilots, commissioned or warrant officers, rated in heavier-than-air powered aircraft.

To be eligible, a pilot must be either retired, on active duty or have departed the service under honorable conditions. Many AFEES members are eligible for membership.

A listing of Daedalian flights is published below. More information and application forms are available from your local flight, or from Jerry Harmon of Tampa, Fla., at <tampaharmons@earthlink.net>

NORTH EAST

4th (NAT'L CAPITAL)	HQ USAF.....	Washington, DC 20330
15th (MINUTEMAN)	Hanscom Offs' Ch 20 Schilling Cr, Bldg 1425 Hanscom AFB, MA 01731	
42nd (FIRST STATE)	P O Box 02023.....	Dover AFB DE 19902
43rd (GARDEN STATE)	P O Box 275.....	Cookstown, NJ 08511
53rd (GRANITE STATE)	P O Box 5581.....	Portsmouth, NH 03802

SOUTH EAST

1st (FOUNDER)	P O Box 11485.....	Montgomery, AL 36111
6th (SPACE)	P O Box 4182.....	Patrick AFB, FL 32925
8th (KITTY HAWK)	P O Box 10001.....	Goldsboro, NC 27532
21st (SHANGRI-LA)	P O Box 33310.....	NAS Pensacola, FL 32508
25th (SUNCOAST)	6 SV/SVBO 1904 Golf Course Ave, Ste 1.....	MacDill AFB FL 33621
31st (JABARA)	c/o Maj Harold D. Slayden, 7320 SW 109th Ter.....	Miami, FL 33156
34th (S. P. LANGLEY)	P O Box 65796.....	Langley AFB, VA 23065
39th (EAGLE)	P O Box 98557 South Base Branch.....	Robins AFB, GA 31098
40th (HURRICANE)	P O Box 5071.....	Keesler AFB, MS 39534
47th (SWAMP FOX)	P O Box 4423.....	Charleston AFB, SC 29404
48th (POPE)	c/o Lt Col Dale Stevens, 6833 Towbridge Rd.....	Fayetteville, NC 28306
57th (OSPREY)	c/o Lt Col Gough Whittemore, 411 1st St South.....	Jacksonville, FL 32250
58th (GATOR)	Box 9, 5293 Schrader Street.....	Moody AFB, GA 31699
61st (SEAGULL)	P O Box 122.....	Fort Walton Beach, FL 32549
67th (ELMER STONE)	USCG Air Station.....	Elizabeth City, NC 27909
70th (PALMETTO)	P O Box 3192.....	Sumter, SC 29151
71st (GOLD COAST)	Col Lloyd Wenzel, 204 Turtle Creek Dr.....	Tequesta, FL 33469
74th (POSSUM TOWN)	P O Box 8875.....	Columbus, MS 39701
77th (E. W. SPRINGS)	c/o LtCol Dwight Roach, 218 Loblolly Ln.....	Myrtle Beach, SC 29579
89th (PELICAN)	P O Box 40096.....	Tyndall AFB, FL 32403

NORTH WEST

10th (POLAR)	P O Box 6246.....	Ehrendorf AFB, AK 99506
11th (FALCON)	P O Box 63234.....	Colorado Springs, CO 80962
18th (MILE HIGH)	P O Box 470141.....	Aurora, CO 80047
20th (DEN EIELSON)	Maj Richard L. Barnett, 2413 Laura Way.....	North Pole, AK 99705
22nd (CASCADE)	P O Box 4370.....	McChord AFB, WA 98438
32nd (PIONEER)	P O Box 93.....	Clearfield, UT 84089
41st (INLAND EMPIRE)	P O Box 1123.....	Fairchild AFB, WA 99011
54th (FORT WARREN)	P O Box 9647.....	F. E. Warren AFB, WY 82003
93rd (GUNFIGHTER)	P O Box 4001.....	Mountain Home AFB, ID 83648
99th (BIG SKY)	Club Malmstrom, 7027 4th Avenue No.....	Malmstrom AFB, MT 59402

SOUTH WEST

5th (GOLDEN GATE)	P O Box 1385.....	Travis AFB, CA 94535
7th (HAL GEORGE)	P O Box 88051.....	Los Angeles, CA 90009
12th (OLD PUEBLO)	P O Box 15010.....	Davis-Monthan AFB, AZ 85708
13th (SAN DIEGO)	Aerospace Msm, Balboa Pk, 2001 Pan Am Plaza, San Diego, CA 92101	
17th (ATOMIC)	P O Box 18066.....	Kirtland AFB, NM 87185
27th (SIERRA)	P O Box 214785.....	Sacramento, CA 95821
30th (HAPARNOLD)	Box 6235.....	March AFB, CA 92518

33rd (THUNDERBIRD)	P O Box 369.....	Litchfield Park, AZ 85340
37th (YOSEMITE)	P O Box 571.....	Atwater, CA 95301
50th (GOLD RUSH)	P O Box 1465.....	Wheatland, CA 95692
56th (TEST)	P O Box 424.....	Edwards AFB, CA 93523
62nd (FIGHTER)	P O Box 9654.....	Las Vegas, NV 89191
65th (ZIA)	Box 1142.....	Holloman AFB, NM 88330
82nd (WILLIE)	P O Box 20752.....	Mesa, AZ 85277
88th (J. K. CANNON)	c/o Col Hubert J. Carron, 1812 Fairway Ter.....	Clovis, NM 88101

NORTH CENTRAL

9th (FRANK P. LAHM)	AFMC Box 33041.....	Wright-Patterson AFB, OH 45433
14th (MT. RUSHMORE)	P O Box 968.....	Box Elder, SD 57719
16th (CURTIS E. LEMAY)	Box 13195.....	Offutt AFB, NE 68113
26th (GATEWAY)	INACTIVE.....	Scott AFB, IL 62225
49th (JACOBSON)	c/o Lt Col Pat Travnicek, 100 7th St SE.....	Minot, ND 58701
68th (SPIRIT)	P O Box 7134.....	Whiteman AFB, MO 65305
80th (RED RIVER)	UNKNOWN.....	Grand Forks AFB, ND 58204*
83rd (AIR CAPITAL)	USPS Br Off 53298 Kansas St, Ste 2.....	McConnell AFB, KS 67221

SOUTH CENTRAL

2nd (STINSONS)	P O Box 121.....	Randolph AFB, TX 78148
23rd (DALLAS/FT WORTH)	P O Box 8236.....	Fort Worth, TX 76124
24th (ROADRUNNER)	1725 Weston Brent Lane.....	El Paso, TX 79935
29th (TEXOMA)	P O Box 6100.....	Sheppard AFB, TX 76311
35th (HENRY A. TILLET)	UNKNOWN.....	Dyess AFB, TX 79607
38th (LONGHORN)	P O Box 684713.....	Austin, TX 78768
44th (ARK. TRAVELER)	Box 1001.....	Little Rock AFB, AR 72078
46th (WILEY POST)	Box 45911.....	Tinker AFB, OK 73145
51st (CHENNAULT)	Box 51.....	Barksdale AFB, LA 71110
52nd (CAPROCK)	Lt Col Eldon Turner, 5306 77th St.....	Lubbock, TX 79424
59th (GEO. BEVERLEY)	c/o LtCol Jeffrey S. Ellis, 9082 Lawhon.....	Laughlin AFB, TX 78840
60th (FLYING TIGER)	PO Box 12655.....	Alexandria, IA 71315
63rd (APOLLO)	c/o Lt Col Allen Stein, No 2 Hacienda Lane.....	Houston, TX 77024
73rd (KUTER)	P O Box 3532.....	Altus AFB, OK 73523
75th (JAMES CONNALLY)	P O Box 154567.....	Waco, TX 76715
78th (CHEROKEE STRIP)	P O Box 9012.....	Enid, OK 73705

EUROPE & MIDDLE EAST

19th (BILLY MITCHELL)	86 SPPG/MWRRC, Rec Ctr Box 35.....	APO AE 09094
36th (L. DA VINCI)	UNKNOWN.....	FPO AE 09620*
6th (LAGUARDIA)	c/o Maj Griffin Rutley PSC 103 Box 3200.....	APO AE 09603
79th (SAUDI ARABIAN)	c/o Col John Borchert, MDS Unit 61317 Box R.....	APO AE 09803
90th (BENELUX)	c/o Maj Laura J. Koch, PSC 7 Box 231.....	APO AE 09104

PACIFIC

28th (ALOHA)	Hickam Officers' Open Mess.....	Hickam AFB, HI 96853
45th (SAMURAI)	c/o Jeff Spear PSC 78 Box 2544.....	APO AP 96326
76th (TORII)	c/o LtCol Kyle E. Garland, Unit 5135, Box 10.....	APO AP 96368
98th (BUSHIDO)	UNKNOWN.....	APO AP 96319*

Downed airman gets his ring back

BERLIN, June 13, 2002 -- (AFPN) -- When Gen. George Patton freed Carlisle Nottingham from his German prisoner of war camp in 1945, Nottingham thought he would never set foot in the country again - or see the class ring he lost there.

But almost 60 years later, the tiny band of gold and the kindness of strangers brought the former navigator back to Germany.

Nottingham met with 21-year-old Mathias Franke on June 8 at the Allied Museum in Berlin to retrieve the class ring he lost while imprisoned in Stalag Luft III during World War II. Franke received the ring as a present from his grandfather last winter and found its original owner through an Internet search.

Surrounded by German press and pieces of the Berlin Wall, Nottingham and Franke embraced as they finally met face to face in the museum's courtyard. Franke handed Nottingham a plastic box containing the ring he had not seen in almost 60 years.

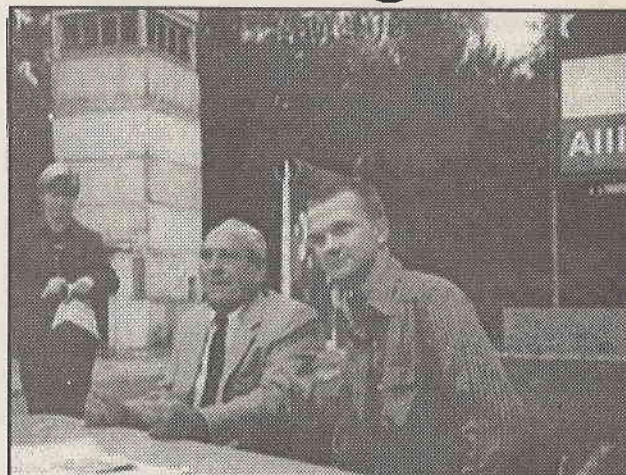
The former POW removed the gold band topped with a blue stone and tried to slip it on his ring finger.

"It doesn't fit so well any more," he said. Everyone laughed as he slipped it on his little finger instead so that the media members could take photos.

Franke and Nottingham told their story to the press and answered questions while they chatted about their lives.

Nottingham showed Franke pieces of his past, including the telegrams that informed his wife her husband had been shot down and was taken prisoner. Franke called his grandfather, who had given him the ring, on a cell phone so the grandfather could talk to Nottingham.

"This is amazing," Franke repeated, a smile



WWII prisoner of war Carlisle Nottingham and Mathias Franke answer questions from German media at the Allied Museum in Berlin after Franke presented Nottingham with the class ring he lost in the POW camp nearly 60 years ago.

constantly on his lips.

After the meeting at the museum, Franke ate lunch with Nottingham and took him on a tour of Berlin. Nottingham gave Franke some presents from home, including a postcard from his hometown, Cape Charles, Va.

Franke received a coin on behalf of the Air Force men and women who helped Nottingham make it back to Germany. Operation Warmheart at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, provided the money for round-trip airfare, and the 27th Fighter Wing's Top Four at Cannon AFB, N.M., provided more than \$300 to Nottingham for a Berlin hotel room and meals.

"I think I've done right," Franke said,

WWII VETERAN RECEIVES DISTINGUISHED FLYING X

VANCE AFB, Okla. -- On Jan. 11, 1944, a young first lieutenant helped land a battle-damaged B-17 near Cambridge, England.

Nearly 60 years later, Francis Hoad, 80, was recognized for his heroic efforts during a ceremony here Nov. 22 when U.S. Senator Jim Inhofe and U.S. Congressman Frank Lucas presented him with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Three months after helping land the crippled plane, Hoad volunteered for another crew and was shot down. The Germans captured them as their life raft floated ashore in France.



TOUR GUIDE CLAYTON -- Girl Scout Troop 138 that Debbie Dannel, director of education, was taking through the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum at Savannah, Ga., got a personal briefing from Clayton David at the Escape and Evasion exhibit last summer.

What happened to escape maps?

Chairman Ralph Patton has had an inquiry from a free-lance writer interested in the silk/nylon maps that were included in evasion kits. Ralph has suggested a survey of the membership to learn more about what happened to such maps.

(Ed. Note: My personal recollection is that the American Military Attache in Madrid liberated the goodies that we had left. My guess is that most maps wound up in hands of members of the Underground.)

If you have information that might be helpful, please contact Ralph with answers to questions like:

- *Did you have an escape map?
- *Did you use it within the first hour on the ground?
- *Was it of any real help to you?
- *Do you still have it?
- * If not, what happened to it?
- *Any other pertinent information.

Ralph promises to collect the stories and summarize the results. Contact him at Apt. #1205, 8100 Connecticut Ave., Chevy Chase, MD 20815, Ph. 301-657-4478. <ralphpatton@email.msn.com>



SIPRESS

"We don't talk anymore, Brad. All we do is debrief each other."

Air Force Academy seeks anniversary logo, motto

U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY, Colo. -- The U.S. Air Force Academy is looking for a logo and motto for its 50th anniversary.

The logo and motto will be used on programs, official correspondence, reports and other items to recognize the academy's anniversary celebrations.

April 1, 2004, marks the first day in the Academy's 50th anniversary celebrations. It was on April 1, 1954, that President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the bill establishing the Air Force Academy. Since then, the academy has graduated more than 33,500 officers into the Air Force ranks.

The 50th anniversary celebrations will be a five-year string of events and memorials from 2004 to 2009.

"The anniversary celebrations give us a chance to tell our story," said Col. James Spencer, director of plans and programs. "It is also to honor everyone who's had a part in the Academy's history."

Submissions are due by Jan. 31, 2003, with unveiling slated for April 1, 2003. Submissions can be mailed to HQ USAFA/PA, 2304 Cadet Drive, Suite 320, USAF Academy, CO 80840, or e-mailed to <action.line@usafa.af.mil>

For more information or to contribute celebration ideas, contact Nancy Burns at <nancy.burns@usafa.af.mil>

Did you serve objectively?

By KEITH McLAREN ABBOTT, 2002

At the call to arms, did you volunteer or were you drafted?

At your army induction, were you given a duty choice or shafted?

For instance, did you opt for the air corps or the infantry?

Bullet for bullet, shell for shell, there was a death penalty.

After a mission, a flyboy usually returned to a warm bed and a hot meal.

While the frost-bitten foot soldier had fingers and toes he could not feel.

At a day's end, airmen club-drunk, sang vociferously and threw glasses at a wall.

Still-on-duty infantry men kept on fighting, always waiting for an enemy stall.

Was it culinary delights at a mess hall or soggy cuisine from a mess kit?

Just for those differences alone, shouldn't a dogface, if he could, have quit?

Evasion photos rare; some do exist

By ADAM LYNCH
Monroeville, Pa.

The reason why there is almost no photographic record of escape and evasion activities in Europe in World War II is very simple. It was forbidden.

Hiding and helping Allied airmen who had parachuted into France, Belgium or The Netherlands was risky enough without having photographic evidence lying about showing those involved.

The German effort to identify *Helpers* of the evasion networks was thorough and unending. But two rare photo examples, showing French and Belgian helpers, were taken and have survived.

St. Robert Starzynski was a tail gunner on a B-17 of the 306th Bomb Group based at Thurleigh, England. His plane took a direct flak hit just as they were crossing the French coast on June 17, 1944. With growing flames streaming back from No. 3 engine, the pilot ordered the crew to bail out.

For the first couple of weeks, Starzynski evaded capture by moving from town to town, sleeping in barns, sheds, fields and sometimes in homes of French farmers willing to take a chance. In one village he even stopped in for a haircut while a German soldier waited impatiently in a nearby chair.

He survived a strafing attack by American P-38s and several close calls with German troops. The French Resistance in the town of Quillebeuf managed his protection for 10 weeks until the area was liberated by the Canadian army.

It was while in Quillebeuf that Starzynski, for a while, was cared for by a Polish farmer who had settled in France after World War I.

The picture was taken of Starzynski, in French clothing, sitting on the ground with Helper Joseph Szumanski and Szumanski's little boy. After more than two months in hiding, Starzynski

returned to England.

The picture of Sgt. Joe Walters is even more dramatic; it shows him only moments after he bailed out of his doomed B-17 of the 381st Bomb Group in the first disastrous Schweinfurt raid of Aug. 17, 1943.

Walters came down in an apple tree on the farm of Lambert Tilkin in Boirs, Belgium. A Tilkin employee took the picture and although the camera was destroyed at once, the film survived. Tilkin eventually gave the film to historian and former helper Roger Anthoine.

After asking if he wanted to surrender and hearing the answer

"No!," Tilkin and his son Albert gave Walters a glass of brandy and hoisted him up into the loft of one of the sheds of their small box factory where he was hidden under some wooden crates.

Over the next several weeks, Walters was moved from place to place, stayed with a doctor who was later interrogated and executed by the Germans, crossed the border into France, stayed in an apartment on the Champs Elysees and eventually was spirited across the Spanish border by way of the Pyrenees Mountains.

Walters was flown back to England from Gibraltar.

Gunner Joe downed on Schweinfurt raid

By LUCIEN DEWEZ
Ham-sur-Sambre, Belgium
(Friend Member of AFEES)

Joseph J. Walters, E&E 224, started his U.S. army duties on Aug. 15, 1942. He was already 29 and married. While he could have been assigned to Washington, D.C., as a code breaker, he volunteered for gunnery school.

He was in one of the 60 heavy bombers lost in the first mission to Schweinfurt on Aug. 17, 1943. He was on his 15th mission with the 381st Bomb Group.

On their way to the target, their beloved *Chug-A-Lug-Lulu* "bought the farm" and the pilot, Loren C. Disbrow said: "Let's get out of here!" That was it and Joe Walters left his ball turret for the unknown.

A few minutes later, he landed in a tree. He was helped out of his parachute harness by two Belgians: Lambert Tilkin and his son Albert. At the same time, two other Belgians were running the other way to warn the Germans. The Tilkins won the race to save Joe.

While they were taking Joe inside their small box factory, one of their co-workers took a picture. (See Front Cover). The camera was promptly destroyed, but the film survived the war.

Joe was hidden in a shed, his flying gear burned, just in time as the Germans came into the factory.

Down in Belgium

Joe's story of evasion, as related to Lucien

By **JOE WALTERS**
Brooksville, Fla.

After bailing out of our Fortress, I landed in a tree in a little village near Boirs, Belgium, on Tuesday, Aug. 17, 1943. There I stayed with a railroad conductor, Joseph Godin Peters, who lived at 14 rue de l'Etat, Boirs.

The next afternoon I left in a Chevrolet truck with a former New York taxi driver who drove me to another village where I spent the night in a foundry.

The following day I was taken to another town called Liers where I received civilian clothes. This place was a Catholic parish house which was headquarters for a sabotage ring.

On the evening of the 19th, I went to the home of Dr. Charles A. Kremer, who lived in Liege. I was treated like a king here by Doctor Kremer and his wife Christine. A friend of theirs, Jimmy Parker of British Intelligence, visited often and kept us informed on progress of the war.

Two weeks later, on Sept. 3, I proceeded by train to Brussels and was met by a man called Monsieur Katz, whose brother was the Belgian Representative in London. Mr. Katz had interest in many companies and had a company that sold frozen foods.

He was also an intelligence officer in charge of getting photographs of German installations and factories in

Belgium back to London.

Mr. Katz took two other evaders and myself to his home in the country. He sent his wife, children and maid away so that they would not know we were there.

On Sept. 8 we went to another home in Brussels. Here I lived with Mr. Rene Pirate and his wife at 8 Rue des Tournesoles. Mr. Pirate was a professor at the University of Brussels and a well-known sculptor. In the rear of his home, he had a machine shop where he turned out toys, rings, insignia and engravings which were used to aid the Underground in making passports and documents to help get our boys back to England.

Saturday, Sept. 25, I boarded a train for Blendian, which is just this side of the French-Belgian frontier.

We walked through the country for about six miles until we came to a friend's house where we surrendered our Belgian identity cards and got French ones, including the permit allowing us to visit the coast. We also gave up our Belgian money and everything with which the Germans might have been able to associate with Belgium.

After a cup of coffee we took off in the rain and walked five miles to the frontier. The guard was paid and we walked past him with no questions asked. One more stop and more questioning and we were boarding an old rickety bus -- destination Lille, France.

There was a short wait for the train that was to take us to Paris. There seemed to be millions of Germans in the station but by this time I was so used to seeing them that it didn't bother me. At six in the evening we pulled into Paris.

There were such crowds that we had to be extremely careful so our guide would not lose us. He didn't.

I spent one evening in the home of Madame Germaine Bajpai, whose brother is the ambassador of India in Washington. She was one of the main contacts for the Resistance. Because she was English, she was under constant observation and had to be very careful.

Next morning, the 26th, I was taken to the apartment of Madame Daisy Benoit, a widow whose husband had had a large steel concern in Liverpool. She was a woman of about 50 and the two of us got along famously -- she teaching me French and I teaching her English.

October the 1st, with a French student for a guide, we boarded a train for Bordeaux and arrived there the next morning. We picked up another guide and soon we were on our way south. Our ticket read St. Jean, but we left the train at Dax in south France.

Near the train station we received bicycles and were on our way to Biarritz and Bayonne. After about 55 miles we arrived in Hendaye, a city which separates France and Spain. We stopped at the outskirts of the city and spent the night upstairs over an inn which was frequented by Germans.

At dark we started up the Pyrenees. We finally reached Spain on the 5th and after a brief rest in a farm house, we were off again and this time to surrender to the Spanish police. We found the police station was only a few hundred yards from the gates where German guards were patrolling French territory.

In Spanish custody, next day we were taken down the mountain to a town called Elizondo and boarded one of those 14th century trains and arrived in Irun, just across the river from Hendaye.

After two days in jail, we were released to the American consul and went to the Norte Hotel, where we stayed until Nov. 6. After a long rough ride in a U.S. recon car, we found ourselves in Madrid.

Early morn of the 9th we left the train just a few miles from Gibraltar, a most welcome sight. The major who met us took us through customs and into Gibraltar.

Ten days later, we left Gib by plane and landed in Bristol, England, the morning of the 20th. On the 24th of December I left for Prestwick and was on the way home.

It was a home run that saved his life

S/Sgt. Peter Clark, E&E 1674, died in 1990. He wrote this account of his evasion experience many years ago and intended to submit it to Readers' Digest. He went down April 12, 1944, over Liege, Belgium.

**By PETER M. CLARK
445th Bomb Group**

The rain pounding against the windowpane broke the silence of the room. A kindly old lady sat rigid in a chair, her face showing the effects of the ordeal she was going through. She looked like any mother except for the pistol she pointed at me.

Not a word was spoken for she was French and I was an American soldier deep in German-occupied France in World War II.

Time stood still as we sat and looked at one another. My mind worked overtime trying to recollect the events that had placed me before death's door.

Five days before I had been in England, stationed at a bomber base near Norwich, hoping for the end of 25 missions so I could go home. Twenty-one missions had come and gone, each one a lifetime in itself.

Being a tail gunner in a bomber has its disadvantages. As a reminder, the standard joke by the ground crew was "If the plane does get back we will wash you out with a garden hose."

Always in position to see where you have been, never where you are going. To be the final witness to the death struggle of your fellow bomber crews, wounded like birds in flight, hit by flak or fighters. Ten men praying that this is not their day to die. Slowly they drop from protective arms, their friends and buddies to do battle alone.

United we stand; divided we fall, and fall they do. Their case is hopeless and, if they are lucky to clear before the plane blows up, the men parachute.

For Related Story, see Page 22

My job is to count each one, two, three, four.

A crash of thunder brought me out of my trance. I stirred in my chair. My legs were aching from sitting so long. As I started to move, a harsh woman's voice clears my mind, and my eyes see my captor, her face like a mask. She stirred, with her hand tightened on the gun, and a few harsh words in French reminded me where I was. She looked very much how I felt. A man had been with her when I knocked on the door.

Mission 22 had been in process, 25,000 feet over Belgium on our way deep into Germany. In a split second hopes of going home were over, one bomber lost to flak guns at the coast on our way to a target. The sun was shining brightly, its warmth reflecting through the Plexiglas dome. The few clouds were as white as cotton. As I watched the ground below drift slowly away, I wondered if my native state of Connecticut looked like this, green and wooded with small streams and roads to break up the pattern.

"Fighters, 10 o'clock high," came the call on the intercom. More calls on fighters in other directions. The first wave came through. Dark and sinister looking Me109s, each wing belching flame and death. My two 50-cal. machine guns greeted each streak of black as it came by, and I turned the turret to follow them until they were out of range.

Our bomber was on fire, riddled by fighters. "Bail out," came the pilot's command. "We are on fire."

It seemed to take an eternity to get out of the rear turret, pick up my chute and get back to the camera hatch. I buckled the chest chute to the harness, and gave one

look and a wave to the two waist gunners who were ready to go. I dropped feet first through the hole in the floor.

The wind hit me like a sledge hammer and took my breath away. My hand on the ripcord wanted to pull, but my mind said, "Hold it. Delay your jump, delay your jump, delay your jump. Remember what they said."

Twisting and turning, rolling and falling and falling, suddenly my hand reacted to my fear. The chute opened with a loud report, and I was jarred to the very last bone in my body.

I had fallen a long way and ground was near. As I came down, drifted over a large wooded area where I came to rest. The tree branches cut and tore at me as I plunged through them. I hung on high like a Monday wash. Cutting loose, I dropped to the ground and ran like a wild animal fearful of capture.

The sound of voices stopped in my tracks. Surely, I thought, capture would be soon. Suddenly I realized that the voices I heard were children singing while walking through the woods. The singing faded away and my spirits with them.

Two German planes flew low over the woods that afternoon. If they saw my parachute, German soldiers would soon be near. None came, and the afternoon went by.

As evening came, I walked back to the area where my parachute was in the trees. To my amazement, the parachute was gone. How and why, I do not know, but I think about the children. Could it have been possible?

The opening of a door brought me back from dreamland. A man stepped into the room. "Good

morning English. I rose from the road. "Sir," American these people some dry eat."

The man "Tell me "Sure American liberate you "We I which may yes!" Pull showed the dog German uniforms help and said drawing throat.

"I am "What pro Draw mine, with hand, he said America I the things This man my every man was to in one!

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run," he said I recited singles, play Slowly he relaxed.

morning," he said in perfect English. My heart jumped with joy. I rose from the chair to greet him. To my amazement, he grabbed the gun from the woman and backed away from me as if I were the devil of running and hiding from the Germans, this looked like the end of the road.

"Sir," I began. "I am an American flier. I meant no harm to these people. All I wanted was some dry clothes and something to eat."

The man with the gun said, "Tell me more."

"Surely you are friendly to the Americans that some day will liberate you," I said.

"We friends of Americans which maybe you are not one of, yes!" Pulling my dog tags out, I showed them to him. "Many mad dog Germans in flier American uniforms have same. Our people help and soon they no more," he said drawing his hand across his throat.

"I am an American!" I cried. "What proof must you have?"

Drawing a chair up close to mine, with the pistol still in one hand, he said very slowly, "In America I have been. Tell to me of the things my eyes have seen." This man was very serious, watching my every move like a hawk. This man was to be my judge and jury all in one!

A thought flashed through my brain. Is this a dream, or is this reality? Should I pinch myself to make sure? One look around the room was enough to prove to myself this was no dream. I was on trial for my life. How I wished to be home with friends and family!

"Talk," he said, and talk I did. Everything that came into my mind about America I told him. Suddenly he said, "Home run, you know?"

"You bet I know home run," I said, "and Babe Ruth too!"

His face lit up. "More home run," he said.

I recited doubles, triples, and singles, players, teams and cities. Slowly he put the gun in his lap and relaxed.

"America home run I like," he said. "Too much home run you talk about. No German know with friends you are."

I stood up to shake his hand, and he kissed me on both cheeks. I wanted to cry and did. Everyone took turns kissing me on both cheeks and embracing me. I felt ten feet high as the fear began to leave me. These were really friends, at last.

Time went fast as I could not stay. The Germans were everywhere, keeping a close watch on everyone. Hot food and dry clothes were given me, as were directions to the Swiss border. This was the first of many kind,

lifesaving deeds the French people did for me in six long months of hiding and running, evading capture until the troops came through and liberated me as well as France.

"Dear Sir," the letter began. "Could you locate," (there was my name). Who could this be writing this letter? "I hope he is safe," the letter continued. "I will tell you his tale." The author of the letter told of my being shot down in Belgium and of my escape into France up until the time I met him face to face.

Now all I have to fear is a "foul ball" at the game, where a "home run" wins the game and reminds me it saved my life.

Gibraltar residents say 'No' to joint control

By CLARAN GILES

The Associated Press

GIBRALTAR -- Residents of Gibraltar overwhelmingly rejected the idea of Britain sharing the colony with Spain, in a referendum on Nov. 7 that carried no legal weight but packed considerable political punch.

There was never any doubt about strong opposition. But the final result exceeded expectations with 98.97 percent of the 21,000-strong electorate casting a "No" vote to the question: "Do you approve of the principle that Britain and Spain should share sovereignty over Gibraltar?"

The vote was a strong rebuff to both national governments given

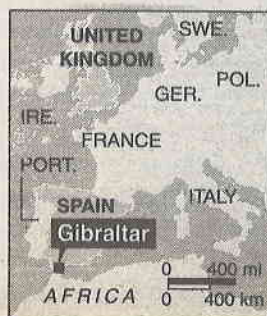
that they had reached a preliminary agreement on joint sovereignty as part of talks to resolve the near 300-year-old dispute over the British colony located at Spain's southern tip.

To rousing cheers at the election center, Chief Minister Peter Caruna said Spain must now take into account that "98 percent of Gibralterians do not want what Spain wants." He also urged the neighboring country to end what he described as the "systematic contempt with which it treats the people of Gibraltar."

He then called on Britain "to take stock of this referendum result," adding that "joint sovereignty is at a dead end."

Britain and Spain have both dismissed the vote as irrelevant, but few doubt it will have a notable effect on efforts to end their dispute. Britain has said it is prepared to share rule if residents go along. But Gibraltar insists it wants to remain British and refuses to attend any talks unless given an equal say.

British forces captured the



Gibraltar



1,400-ft. rock from Spain in 1704. Spain formally ceded it nine years later and has never given up on trying to get it back. Once a strategic military post, Gibraltar is now a major tourist resort with important offshore banking and port facilities.

The referendum was the product of talks last summer.

The old garrison town was plastered with posters saying "Give Spain No Hope," and a Spanish hit song dubbed with lyrics against shared sovereignty could be heard from shops and bars.

Under the title "The Big 'No'", the *Chronicle's* editorial said, "Gibraltar is defending its democracy and making clear that the word Gibraltar means the people of Gibraltar -- modern Europeans entitled like any other to recognition of rights and respect."



Sam F. Hartman of Beaumont, Tex., flight surgeon for the 96th Bomb Group in WWII, displays a B-17 model during the group's reunion in Irving, Tex., last year.

The saga of a '40and8' that comes to the U.S.

In late 1999, AFEES member John Oliphint (E&E 865) of Colorado Springs, Colo., a former P-47 and P-51 pilot shot down over France and captured on June 8, 1944, approached Jacques Adnet, also USAF retired, about the possibility of acquiring a "Forty and Eight" for educational purposes and for display at an American museum. That boxcar would serve to memorialize the suffering endured by millions of people who traveled in such rail wagons, including American Prisoners of War, and all of those who participated in the battle to control wartime military rail traffic.

A few months later, Adnet was able to obtain a suitable "Forty and Eight" through the good offices of Louis Gallois, President of the French National Railroad (SNCF), who donated it to the American Ex-Prisoners of War.

After John Oliphint had personally advanced sufficient funds to pay for restoration costs, the boxcar was returned to its original condition and configuration before it was ceremoniously transferred to the American Ex-POWs on May 4, 2001, in Dijon in the locale where all the work had been done by a group of dedicated craftsmen.

It was then transferred to the U.S. Air Force detachment at the French airbase of Istres, using a French Army tank carrier escorted by French National Police. The success of the operation was due to the efforts and persistence of General Francois Beck, French Air Force, and Gerard Roux of the SNCF.

Ownership of the boxcar was then transferred to the U.S. Air Force Museum. The U.S. detachment at Istres prepared the boxcar for loading and airlift. (See Fall 2001 issue of *Communications*).

On July 25, 2001, SNCF Boxcar K-219 329 was loaded aboard a C-5 aircraft operated by the 439th Airlift Wing. It arrived at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio, on Sept. 20, 2002. The dedication ceremony was conducted on Sept. 20, 2002.



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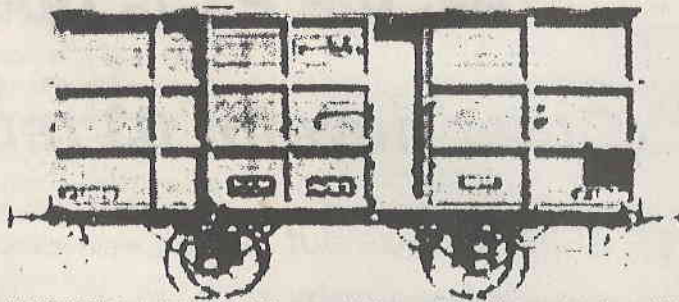
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“Forty and Eights” **in World War Two**



“WHAT’S A ‘FORTY AND EIGHT’?” YOU ASK . . .

Soon after the creation of railroad companies in the mid-1850s, the French military command realized the potential benefits of this new mode of transportation. Trains made possible the rapid transfer and deployment of large contingents of troops with their supplies and equipment of war, supplanting the legendary and long reviled marches, as well as the use of horse-drawn carriages. To expedite loading, markings were painted on multipurpose railcars, indicating the maximum number of men or horses that could be carried in each boxcar: 40 men OR 8 horses.



During World War One, American soldiers, then known as “Doughboys” or “Yanks,” traveled in these boxcars and erroneously dubbed them “40 AND 8’s.”

That tag stuck. Returning American veterans used that expression when relating their wartime experiences. This was particularly true within the ranks of the American Legion. The GI’s of World War Two did the same, as they followed the same paths taken by their forefathers.

During World War Two, the armies of all belligerents depended greatly on railway systems for most deployments of combatants and war materiel. Indeed, senior commanders felt that the outcome of that conflict would depend, in a major way, on the control of rail traffic and facilities.

To those who lived, endured, and survived primitive—if not horrifying—travel conditions that prevailed in those boxcars, and to the men who destroyed them, or denied their use to the enemy, “40 and 8’s” epitomize the mortal struggles that took place during these two tragic world conflicts.

Indeed, there is no greater universal symbol of the wartime suffering and sacrifices of millions of people of nearly all nationalities than “40 and 8’s.”

For Further Information, please visit www.40and8.com

New Members

WILLIAM H. GARDNER III
1074 Las Jardines
El Paso, TX 79912
15 AF, 484 BG
(Downed in Northern Italy)
Wife: "Mamie"

COL. HAROLD L. NAYLOR
46553 Grissom Street
Sterling, VA 20165
8 AF, 398 BG
Phone: 703-430-0096
Wife: "Miriam"

NEW 'FRIENDS'

TIM BIVENS "F"
5080 Upper Finley Road
Dyersburg, TN 38024-7144
Phone: 731-286-5900
<elcamino@ecsis.net>
(Helping preserve history of
Dyersburg AAF)

M. PHILIPPE CANONNE "F"
2 Rue Assolant
41000 Blois, France
<canonne.phil@wanadoo.fr>
(Interested in WWII Aviators)

COL. JERRY P. HARMON
"FFL"
13910 Hayward Place
Tampa, FL 33624-4413
Phone: 813-962-6317
Wife: "Kay"
(Ret. Comd. Plt.)

L/C BRIAN S. McGUIRE "F"
8132 South 93rd Street
LaVista, NE 68128-3205
Phone: 402-614-9135
<brianmac2@hotmail.com>
(Brian is contact between 303rd
BG and its old base at
Molesworth, still in use)

MARY JO (JODY) SMITH "F"
6915 East First Street
Scottsdale, AZ 85251
Phone: 480-946-5453
<fhmjs@earthlink.net>
(Jody's father, Richard Peil, now
deceased, was bombardier in
462 BG, 20 AF. He went down in
China 19 Dec. 44)

NANCY A. VALLEY "F"
9433 Forest Haven Drive
Alexandria, VA 22309
Phone: 703-360-1726
(Daughter of Col. Harold Naylor)

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Yes, the PX is open!**(Order now for 03 reunion)****TEE SHIRTS, close out \$ 10**

(2 medium, 10 EXL, 11 XXL left)

10-piece Tool Kit with AFEES logo \$8**WINGED BOOT EMBLEMS**

Lapel Pin, Pewter, 3/4 in. \$6.00
Lapel Pin, blue shield with boot, 1 in. \$7.50
Cloth, metallic thread, dry clean. \$ 5.00
Cotton, shirt patch, laundry \$2.50
SILVER WINGED BOOT \$25

BLAZER PATCH

Royal Blue \$10

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Mesh Back, Navy blue \$12
Mesh Back, White (only 7 left!) \$12
Closed Back, Navy blue \$12
Closed Back, Navy blue (no eggs) \$10

New Shipping Charges

Please add \$3.00 per order for Pins, Winged Boots, Emblems;
\$3.50 for Caps

FOR LARGE ORDERS: \$50-\$100, \$4.50; \$100-\$300, \$9.00

Make checks payable to AFEES; mail to**Thomas H. Brown Jr., P X Manager**

104 Lake Fairfield Drive
Greenville, SC 29615-1506
Phone: 864-244-8420
<tbrown104@cs.com>

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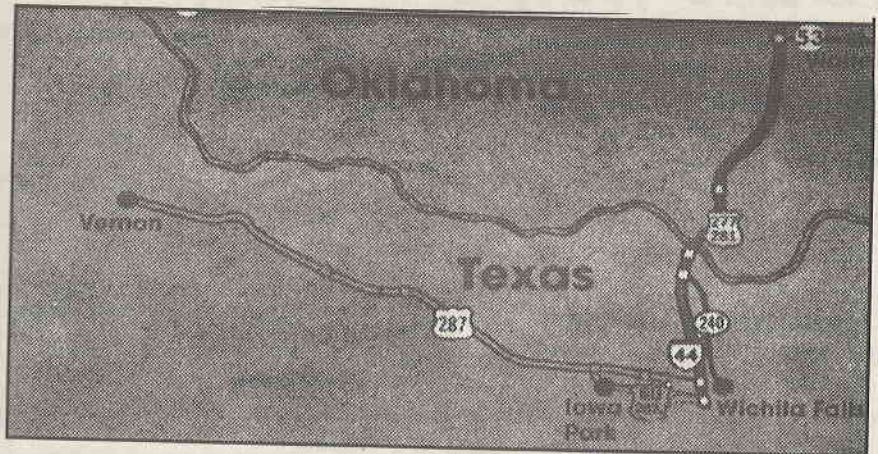
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Wichita Falls: 'City that faith built'

Although Wichita County was organized in June of 1882, the city of Wichita Falls was not recognized as a fully chartered town until September of that year.

But there were visitors to the region well before that. Native Caddos, Comanches, Kiowas and Wichitas knew this region well for millennias before Spanish explorers, hunters, traders and adventurers of all sorts recorded trips through the wilds of what is North Texas, according to records that go back as far as 1542.

According to "The Handbook of Texas," legend has it that the land that includes the original townsite of Wichita Falls was won in an 1837 poker game by J. A. Scott of Mississippi. Scott's heirs had the townsite for Wichita Falls laid out and surveyed. The original map shows a total of 797 acres making up the fledgling city.



While the Mabel Gilbert family is noted for being among the first white settlers in Wichita County, coming to the area in 1855, it was W. T. Buntin and his family who were actually able to survive in the area for any length of time. During the 1860s, the Buntins set up house in a dugout at a point on what today is Kemp Boulevard.

Over time, in a flurry of mun-

icipal activity and self-promotion, interest in Wichita Falls grew steadily. Schools were established, churches set up and county officials appointed.

With arrival of the Fort Worth & Denver City Railroad in 1882, the townsite was formally opened for sale and Wichita Falls was made available to people from all over the country. All the advertising and promotion paid off when so many came to call this thriving community home.

During the oil boom in the 1920s in the North Texas region, Wichita Falls became a major industrial and trade center. The local economy flourished with the arrival of oilfield equipment manufacturers, oil processing plants and other heavy industry-based manufacturing.

With the discovery of oil in the area, the influx of new people swelled the population figures to more than 20,000 by 1920.

Oil might have attracted them to Wichita Falls, but it was the good schools, modern city amenities and other municipal and educational facilities that kept them here over the following decades.

Today, with its major shopping centers, government facilities, medical institutions, and numerous cultural and educational opportunities, Wichita Falls wears the prestige of being a major hub for North Texas and Southern Oklahoma.

Trails and Tales tour offers look at the past

A journey to the rich past of Wichita County is provided by a two-hour Trails and Tales of Boomtown USA tour, just a few miles north of the AFEES reunion hotel.

The tour follows the trails of the famous Red River Valley of John Wayne fame and the land of the Wichita Indians.

In an air-conditioned bus, tour participants will discover why the 1918-20 oil boom at Burkburnett is one of the noteworthy periods in Texas history and see those wild, turbulent days when gusher after gusher led thousands to believe that Burkburnett sat atop

the richest pool of oil in history.

Burkburnett became famous worldwide in 1941 with the movie "Boomtown," starring Clark Gable, which chronicled the fast and furious oil-boom days.

Through the Trails and Tales tour, reunioneers can visit the sites where the oil boom happened: Fowler's Folly, the outdoor oil museum, Nesterville and the Hawkins House. On the tour, narrators will share the tales -- folklore, legends and the funny, fascinating, authentic stories.

The Tales and Trails tour is scheduled for Saturday morning of the 2003 AFEES reunion.

Base helps Wichita Falls aim high

Wichita Falls is home to Sheppard Air Force Base, which has seen both its role and its facilities increase throughout the military's downsizing of the past decade.

The base, established as Sheppard Field during World War II, now serves as home to the 82nd Training Wing and the 80th Flying Training Wing which conducts the Euro-NATO Joint Jet Pilot Training program, providing basic jet pilot training for airmen from 13 nations.

The presence of the ENJJPT program lends a distinct international flavor to life in Wichita Falls. Both permanently based instructors and visiting student pilots bring the culture of Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Turkey and the United Kingdom to the city.

Sheppard also provides training in medical service, aircraft maintenance and other technical fields.

And those programs are growing. Since 1990, more than a quarter billion dollars in construction and base improvement has added runways, housing, training centers and administrative buildings to the base, which now provides training to members of all U.S. military services.

Other new construction projects include a new dormitory for returning Air Force members assigned to course work at Sheppard and an \$11.3 million

Mountains on the prairie

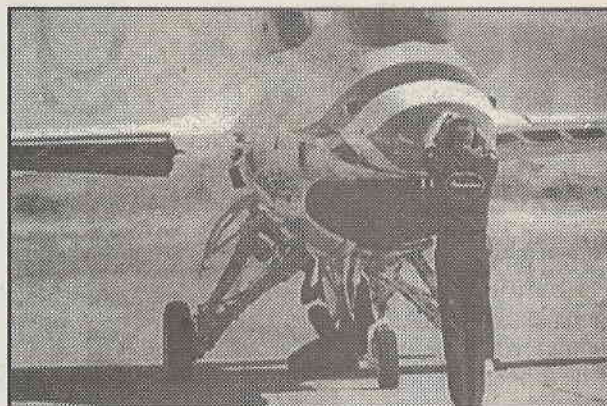
The Wichitas are a funny little Oklahoma mountain range situated on a small section of 59,000 acres that comprise a national wildlife refuge of the same name, located about an hour's drive from Wichita Falls, Texas.

Mount Scott, the highest peak in the Wichitas, is only 2,464 feet and easily accessible by car. But since it rises from a basically flat surrounding terrain, the panoramic view from the top is spectacular over more than a 25-mile radius. There is adequate parking and historical markers provide information on the area's rich history.

The Wichitas were the heart and soul of what once was Comancheria, an undeclared country unto itself within which the proud and fierce Comanches roamed freely until the latter half of the 19th century.

Quanah Parker, the last war chief of the Comanches, made frequent trips to the Wichita Mountains to contemplate the vast multitudes of eagles that soared in and out of their lofty aeries to forage the broad and fertile plains below Mt. Scott.

Today, herds of buffalo, elk, deer and Longhorn cattle roam throughout much of the refuge, just as they did the open prairie before the settlers came.



logistics complex.

Sheppard is one of 13 air education bases in the country. Some 68,000 students -- including experienced personnel in need of refresher courses -- are accommodated at Sheppard each year.

Joint training among branches of the U.S. service is another mission. A few years ago, Sheppard began hosting student soldiers, Seabees and Marines. About 300 are now on base, and the number is expected to grow -- especially now that a \$14.3 million bio-medical training facility has been completed.

Sheppard is the largest employer in the Wichita Falls metropolitan statistical area, with nearly 4,000 permanent party military personnel and an equivalent number of civilian employees. On average, there are some 5,500 students on base at any one time. Total payroll is nearly a quarter of a billion dollars annually.

Sheppard's impact, though, is not only financial. Because of the presence of the base, many military retirees from all services choose Wichita Falls as their home.

And Sheppard's impact on the social activities of the city is undeniable. Each Fourth of July, Sheppard swings open its gates to the community for a gala Independence Day celebration. Volunteers from Sheppard's Civil Engineers, as well as other units, frequently provide much-needed manpower to some of the city's largest events. And Sheppard's community organizations each year raise tens of thousands of dollars for local charities.

Wichita Falls' residents, too, embrace the personnel at Sheppard in a number of ways. It was at Sheppard that the Air Force's Squadron Adoption Program was initiated, in which community organizations provide a home away from home for airmen during holidays and adjustment periods.

Special services sponsored by local churches, ceremonies honoring service members sponsored by local organizations and military discounts offered by businesses also herald the strong relationship between Sheppard and the people of Wichita Falls.

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**AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY ANNUAL REUNION
AND GENERAL MEETING**

**WEDNESDAY -- SUNDAY, April 30-May 4, 2003
HOLIDAY INN, Wichita Falls, Texas**

**Please complete this form and return form with check or money order (No Credit Cards)
by April 10, 2003. Your check is your receipt.
Make check payable to AFEES 03 REUNION and mail to:**

**AFEES 03 REUNION
PO Box 2501
Wichita Falls, TX 76307-2501
U.S.A.**

Number
of Persons

_____ **Reservations for the total reunion package, \$210 per person, which
includes Registration fee and all events listed below: \$**_____

If you do not select the total reunion package, indicate events of your choice:

_____ **Registration Fee, \$25 per person \$**_____

_____ **Thursday, May 1, Trip to Ft. Sill, Okla., lunch at OC @ \$25 \$**_____

_____ **Thursday: Chuckwagon Dinner, Entertainment, Cash Bar, @ \$30 . \$**_____

_____ **Friday: Sheppard AFB Tour, NATO Briefing, lunch at OC @ \$25 .. \$**_____

(Friday dinner on your own.)

Saturday Morning: Trails & Tales Tour of Burkburnett, Tex., @ \$15 ... \$_____

Saturday: Helpers Dinner with International Theme @ \$35 \$_____

Sunday: Buffet Breakfast @ \$15 \$_____

Sunday Evening: Annual Banquet @ \$40 \$_____

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$_____

Name Badges: List names as you wish them to appear on badge:

NAME (Please Print) _____

Spouse's Name _____

Guests' Name(s) _____

Your Mailing Address _____

City, State, ZIP and Telephone Number: _____

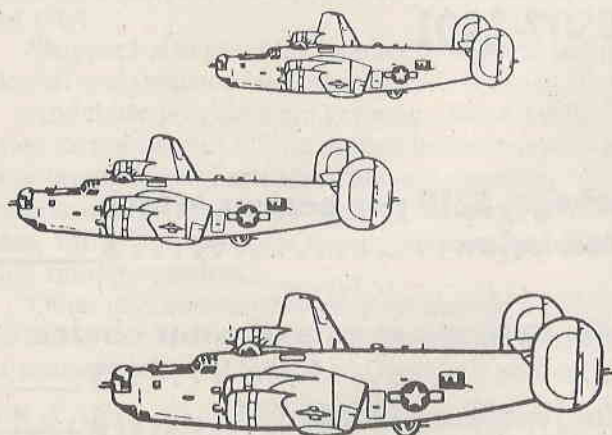
Any Disability or Dietary Restrictions? If so, please indicate _____

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REGULATIONS FOR FLIGHT ENGINEERS

(Author Unknown)

If the Flight Engineer will kindly observe the following rules. It will be a hell of a lot easier for the rest of the crew. Regulations are listed in their order of priority.



1. Keep the navigator awake.
2. Don't get smart with the crew -- remember your pilot is still learning to fly and he is more scared than you are.
3. Wake up the navigator.
4. Don't ask embarrassing questions of the crew, such as:
 - a. Where are we?
 - b. Where are we going?
 - c. What time will we land?
 - d. Is that a German fighter outside my window?
5. Tell jokes, but don't interrupt the radio programs.
6. Pour coffee and give a cup to the navigator to help him keep his eyes open.
7. Don't use the relief tube, use the sextant opening.
8. You just woke up the navigator.
9. Don't ask for the comic book from the Reverend-Sir-In-The-Front-Seat until he has finished it. Where are your manners?
10. If the left engine fails, discuss it quietly with the navigator before telling the pilot. You may scare him.
11. Take notes of anything you see. It will help your case before the board.
12. Check the navigator.
13. Brace yourself for every landing, you could get airsick after the first bounce.
14. When leaving the aircraft, bow to the East and give thanks.
15. Go back and wake up the navigator.

**IMPORTANT -- Helpers should make hotel reservations with
AFEES REUNION 03, PO Box 2501, Wichita Falls, TX 76307-2501 U.S.A.
<afees44@hotmail.com> or 1-940-692-6700 for information**

HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

**U.S. Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society
ANNUAL REUNION**

***Wednesday-Sunday, April 30-May 4, 2003
Holiday Inn, Wichita Falls, Tex.***

*Double or Single Occupancy: \$79 plus 13% tax
(Rate also applies two days prior and/or two days following reunion)*

Please Print

Please reserve _____ Room(s) for _____ Persons
Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____
Estimated Arrival time _____ Departure Time _____
Check-in Time: 4 p.m. Check-out Time: Noon

Please indicate number of rooms for each category:

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

Name _____
Sharing with _____
Your Mailing Address _____ Phone _____
City and State _____ ZIP _____

(One night's deposit or Credit Card required with reservation)
Reservations subject to availability if received later than Tuesday, April 8, 2003

**All except Helpers should Mail or Fax this form directly to Hotel
or call 1-940-766-6000 and mention AFEES Reunion**

**HOLIDAY INN Hotel & Suites
401 Broad Street, Wichita Falls, TX 76301
Phone 940-766-6000; Fax 940-766-5942**

Free Shuttle from Wichita Falls Airport; Courtesy Phone in Baggage Claim area.

Here's Jake



"The Air Force Song, 'Off we go into the wild blue yonder.' It won't apply to you any more, Burton."



"I have a good idea. Let's close all the bases then reopen only the ones we think necessary."

The best of

"JAKE" SHUFFERT



"Check this out. There's something fishy about his meteoric rise through the ranks at age 23."



"A hole in one? Wow! Do it again, dear. I wasn't watching."

Archer City, Texas is all Booked Up

In downtown Archer City, Texas (pop. 1,800) not more than a block or two past the town's only traffic light, a bustle of activity comes in the way of a busy crossway.

It's not a marked crossway. But throughout the day, patrons of Booked Up No. 1 trickle back and forth across the highway to explore the rest of the massive book store, some of it across the street in Booked Up No. 2.

They look left, wait for a semi to fly by. They look right. Then they're off.

And when they're done there, they can head to the other two Booked Up buildings, the latest Booked Up No. 4 on the corner of the courthouse square.

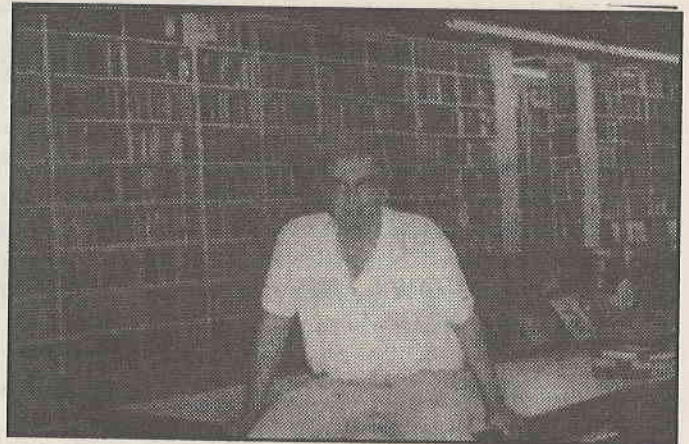
Each locale houses its own categories.

In Building No. 4, you're likely to find a '70s book on Candice Bergen or maybe a little something on the history of Egypt. Building No. 3: It's got the old stuff -- the 18th and 19th-century books -- as well as pamphlets and translations. Building No. 2, that's where you can find galley proofs or children's books.

Then there's the Archer City progenitor of it all, Building No. 1, the former Blue Pig Bookstore.

And in the center of that: the owner, Larry McMurtry, who you wouldn't even know is the Pulitzer Prize-winning author.

In the 1980s, McMurtry decided to turn his



LARRY McMURTRY

... Texas' Best Story Teller

hometown of Archer City into a "Book City U.S.A.," like other small book towns, the most famous in Hay on the Wye, Wales, a small community whose economy depends on dozens of second-hand bookshops.

All Booked Up locations are open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday-Saturday. To get there from Wichita Falls, take Texas 79 south about 20 miles to the Archer City courthouse square. All are located with a block.

COWBOY ETIQUETTE

These unwritten rules were strictly followed by the trail crew

- *No one eats until Cookie calls
- *Cowboys eat first, talk later
- *Eat with your hat on
- *If you enjoy the water bucket, refill it pronto
- *Food left on the plate is an insult to the cook
- *When Cookie calls, everyone comes a runnin'
- *It's OK to eat with your fingers. The food is clean
- *If you ride by the campfire and Cookie's nowhere in sight, stop and stir the beans
- *No running or saddling a horse near the wagon, and when you ride off, always ride down wind from the wagon

AND FINALLY

STRANGERS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT THE WAGON

Especially for **A FEES**

• May 6th - May 12, 2003

The Grand American Queen -she's the largest steamboat ever built, a soaring triumph of American ingenuity yet a river lady as gracious and congenial as her older sisters. In 1995 she answered Steamboaters' call for yet another proud paddlewheeler on which to discover the rivers of America. Although her designers filled her to the brim with today's technological advances, her many public rooms and accommodations bustle with the opulence of the American Victoria period. Woodwork glistens and antiques fill her spaces... Come along and experience this Grand Lady.

Free airfare from Home City if booked by Dec.30th!
Visit Pittsburgh, Wellsburg, Marietta, Blennerbassett, Huntington, Maysville and Cincinnati.

Leave Wichita Falls on Monday, May 5 by bus to Dallas where we will board our flight to Pittsburgh. We will transfer to our hotel where we will have the evening free. Next day we will have a tour of the highlights of that city and then be transferred to the American Queen for our 6 day cruise. At the end of the cruise, we will return to our home city or to Dallas, whichever we choose.

Cruise Theme - Barbershop

Sail from Pittsburgh to Louisville

Rates include Port Charges and tax

CATEGORY- C

TEXAS DECK/OBSERVATION DECK- OUTSIDE
OUTSIDE STATEROOMS OPEN ON TO DECK VIA BEAUTIFUL WINDOWED FRENCH DOORS, TWO SINGLE BEDS AND PRIVATE BATHROOM WITH SHOWER..

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
\$1959.00	Free Air	bathtub & shower
	Deposit by Dec.30	

CATEGORY- B

TEXAS DECK/OBSERVATION DECK/CABIN DECK- OUTSIDE
OUTSIDE DELUXE STATEROOM-2 SINGLE BEDS, LARGE MIRRORS, AMPLE STORAGE AND A PRIVATE BATHROOM INCLUDING A TUB WITH SHOWER..

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
\$2179.00	Free Air	bathtub & shower
	Deposit by Dec.30	

CATEGORY-A

SUN DECK/CABIN DECK-OUTSIDE
OUTSIDE SUPERIOR SUITES-OFFER QUEEN SIZE BEDS, RICHLY APPOINTED ACCOMODATIONS, PRIVATE BATHROOM INCLUDING TUB WITH SHOWER..

Per Person	Per Person	2 lower beds
\$2249.00	Free Air	bathtub & shower
	Deposit by Dec.30	

One Night Pkg in Pittsburgh with hotel, transfers, and tour, add'l \$159.00 per person
Insurance is reasonable and available

Don't delay - call today - 1-800-945-2565 ex.148

THE DELTA QUEEN STEAMBOAT CO.



Two trips planned to follow '03 reunion

A Mediterranean cruise and a steamboat trip on the Delta Queen down the Ohio are on the agenda immediately following the AFEES 2003 reunion in Wichita Falls, Tex.

Both excursions are being arranged by Shirley Callighen of Bon Voyage Travel.

The Mediterranean trip offers two nights in Rome and three in Barcelona, with the aerial section on British Airways.

The Grand American Queen is the largest steamboat ever built. Those attending the reunion would leave Wichita Falls on May 5 for a flight to Pittsburgh, Pa. From there, it is a 6-day cruise down the Ohio River to Louisville, Ky.

Details are offered on these two page. For information and reservations, contact Shirley Callighen, Bon Voyage Travel, 4361 East Broadway Blvd., Tucson, AZ 85711. You can reach her by phone at 1-800-945-2565 Ext. 148, or by e-mail at <scallighen@travel.com>



FOR AFEES MEMBERS AND GUESTS

10 Day Mediterranean Cruise - Rome to Barcelona plus 2 Nights Rome and 3 Nights Barcelona May 5th - May 21, 2003

from \$3100 per person
(with 2-category cabin upgrade)

After our Reunion in Wichita Falls, leave hotel Sunday at 10AM for Dallas where we will board British Airways at approximately 4:30PM for our flights to Rome. We will arrive May 6th at approximately 5:05PM and be transferred to our 4 Star hotel in Rome. After a restfull evening, we will have a morning City Tour on May 7th and have a free day and evening in Rome. On Thursday May 8th, after a free day to explore Rome, we will transfer to our ship for a 10 day cruise aboard the M.S.Noordam, departing at 6PM.that evening. After our leisurely 10-day cruise we will arrive in Barcelona at 10am on Sunday May 18th, where we will be transferred to our 4 star hotel in Barcelona. We will have a City Tour of Barcelona and then 3 nights to explore the City. We will be transferred the early morning of Wednesday May 21st to the airport in Barcelona for our return flights on British Air leaving at 7:10am, changing in London and arriving in Dallas at 2:30PM the same day (May 21st). Additional nights in Barcelona are available upon request.

Cabin Categories based on availability. Reservations with \$700 deposit by January 3 to January 10, for free 2 category upgrade - example, pay for category K, receive category I --- see back for example rates.

Balance due: February 5, 2003 .

Trip Includes: Round trip AIRFARE from Dallas

Category K Cabin (most categories are available)

5 Night Package (2 nights Rome-3 nights Barcelona)

All Transfers - Dallas, Rome, Barcelona, Dallas

2 City Tours - Rome and Barcelona

Insurance (on K Category Cabin) Minor increase for higher categories

Rates based on 20 Passengers participating.

All Tipping included

Especially for Afees

DAY	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART
Thurs.	CIVITAVECCHIA (ROME), ITALY		6:00pm
Friday	Early morning passing Stromboli Volcano Scenic cruising Aeolian Islands and Strait of Messina		
Saturday	Dubrovnik, Croatia	8:00am	5:30pm
Sunday	Corfu, Greece	7:30am	4:00pm
Monday	Valetta, Malta	Noon	6:00pm
Tuesday	Palermo, Sicily, Italy	9:00am	6:00pm
Wednes.	Scenic cruising Strait of Bonifacio		
Thurs.	Mahón, Minorca, Spain	8:00am	5:00pm
Friday	St.-Tropez, France	8:00am	10:00pm
Saturday	Sète, France	8:00am	6:00pm
Sunday	BARCELONA, SPAIN	7:00am	



Call Shirley Callighen, Bon Voyage Travel, at 1-800-945-2565, Xt. 148

For two young men:

A time of adventure and peril

(As described by Bob Augustus, "Attacked by Bandits" and Pete Clark, "A Home Run Saved My Life" and the French story by G. Charot, "Le Maquis de Revin.")

By VIRGIL MARCO
Dallas, Tex.

On April 12, 1944, the heavy bombers were directed to the Schweinfurt, Germany, area. The 445th Bomb Group was assigned Zwickau as a target.

As the group was crossing the border they received orders to abort because of bad weather. As the group was turning back into Belgium, south of Leige, the Luftwaffe attacked.

Bob Augustus and the a waist gunner of the Sam Schleichorn crew damaged or destroyed two enemy fighters. Bob was in the ball turret and unable to see what was happening. The plane took several hits.

When the intercom and power went out, Bob decided it was time to leave the turret. When he opened the turret door he was greeted with a wall of flames. The plane was on fire, and it appeared that everyone had left.

After recovering his chute, he went over to the starboard gun and fired one last burst at fighters lined up on a B-24 next to his plane. He attached his chest chute to his parachute harness and dived out the hatch.

As he drifted down he could see that he was going to land in the middle of a herd of cows. Somehow he missed landing on a cow, but he made a direct hit on a "cow chip."

Gathering his chute from among the cows, he ran to woods nearby and buried his chute in leaves.

When the Joe Pavelka crew of the 445th Group was suffering the same fate of the Sam Schleichorn crew, they abandoned their burning plane from which the tail gunner,

Pete Clark, was a member.

Pete's chute brought him down in a large tree in a forest after delaying the opening of the chute to about 8,000 feet. Hanging 15 feet over the ground and with the help of some children having a picnic, Pete managed to get loose from his chute and on the ground. It was an hour past noon. "How can I avoid capture," he thought and he began to run through the forest.

Going further into the woods, Bob found a place to hide, catch his breath, and examine his situation. He had injured an ankle upon landing and found that he also had burns on the face and hands.

It was then that he heard someone running. He looked around and saw another guy from his group in a big hurry. Bob yelled and the airman came over. He was Peter M. Clark from the Pavelka crew. He told Bob that everyone called him Pete.

Bob and Pete decided to wait until sundown before heading for France. While they were waiting, the sound of people laughing and singing was coming closer. They looked from their hiding place and in the distance, saw a group of young people carrying baskets, having a great time.

They noticed that as the young people moved along, they would occasionally drop something out of their baskets. When the young folk were out sight and the area appeared safe, Bob and Pete went to see what had been dropped.

They picked up a couple sandwiches and went back to their hiding place to have their first food in Belgium. The local patriots apparently knew they were hiding in the woods and would need food. This was their way of helping without alerting the enemy.

Bob and Pete then went down to the edge of the woods where they saw a farmer plowing his field. As he

Peter M. Clark died in 1990 and Bob Augustus died in May 2002.

approached their hiding place, Bob and Pete stepped out of the woods and asked him their location. The farmer waved his arms about and shouted what sounded to them like "les allemands" and went away. It wasn't until weeks later that Bob and Pete found he was telling them that Germans were in the area.

As daylight began to fade, they headed out of the woods. At daylight they found a haystack into which they crawled to get some sleep.

Later that morning, Bob and Pete left the haystack and walked to a farmhouse and knocked on the door. The farmer who answered the door knew they were Americans from their uniforms.

He invited them to sit down and eat. His wife found civilian clothes for them and a pair of shoes for Bob. They gave the two Americans a road map and pointed out that they were south of Liege. The farmer and his wife seemed nervous and anxious for the Americans to leave, so Bob and Pete took the map and hit the road for France.

They felt safe in peasant clothes and decided to walk in the day. Next afternoon they went through a village when a boy on a bike went by whistling the French National Anthem and dropped a bag of food for them.

Two days later they found themselves nearing the border. Here they had their first encounter with the Germans. As they walked through a small town, they turned a corner and almost ran into a group of German soldiers marching down the middle of the street.

They soon became hungry and headed for a house at the edge of

some woods.

It was at this house that they made a big mistake.

They failed to notice telephone lines into the house. Only German collaborators were allowed phones. Bob knocked on the door and a well-dressed, middle-aged woman answered. Bob explained in his French/English that they were hungry and would like some food. She told them in English to wait and she would bring food.

Bob had a strange feeling about the phone wires and told Pete they should get out of there. They ran into the woods in a due west direction.

The journey had brought them to a small village, Ham-sur-Meuse, three miles from Givet. They approached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Renverses and asked for food and shelter. Inside, Mrs. Renverses invited them in with her gun pointed at them.

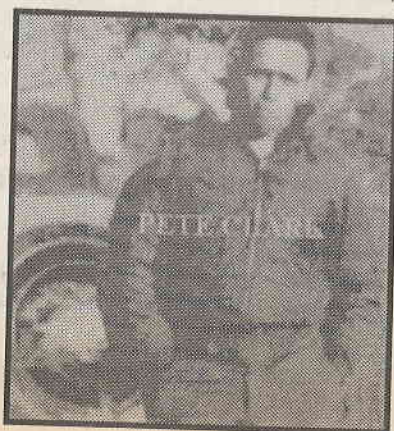
Mr. Renverses phoned a friend, Henri Ozanna in Givet, and said to him, "No one in Ham can speak English. We have two men and we do not know if they are English, American or German. Since you speak a little English, we need your help in identifying them."

Henri said he had been to America and asked Pete, "What do you know about baseball?"

Pete answered, "Single, double, triple and home run -- Babe Ruth." Heri grabbed Pete and embraced him. Pete and Bob were saved.

They had dinner and wine before climbing into the most comfortable bed ever created, according to Bob.

Next morning after breakfast,



they met two men who told them it was too dangerous for them stay there and that they would be moved that night. Two other men came that night and took Bob and Pete to a loft where they were placed under armed guard.

The men told them they were French Maquis of Revin, and they could not help them until their identity was confirmed. Next morning the Americans were taken out to the yard to have their pictures taken.

Nine days passed.

Early one morning they were awakened by the two men who told them they were indeed who they said they were, and were now members of the Maquis.

A few days later, Bob and Pete helped four Frenchmen build a shelter in the side of a hill. When completed, it contained a bed of logs, wire and brush that slept five and could not be seen for 50 feet away.

Later, other people were brought into the camp, including a RAF gunner and an OSS agent, Victor Layton.

Bob's card identified him as Louis J. Busse, born in Flanders, working as a clerk in Liege for the Atlas Construction Co.

Bob and Pete were still there in June when the Normandy invasion took place. The Maquis moved Pete to another camp where he met survivors of the Capt. Bill Lincoln crew, Al Pagnotta, Mickey Goldfeder and John Rhodes. Bob never saw Pete again.

On Monday, June 12, there was bad news. Revin was isolated and German troops were guarding exits of the city and patrolling the streets. There were several arrests.

Later in the day, 2,000 German SS and 1,000 French Vichy under the command of Col. Grauboski attacked the camp.

By the third day of fighting, the Maquis commander, Col. Prisme, began his plan to escape the trap.

The commander, a combatant of Argonne, had not forgotten the difficulties of night guard changes in

the forest. When the Germans began changing the guard at 11 p.m., Prisme began sending his men scampering across the highway under darkness. The Germans failed to spot them because they were too busy with the formality of the guard change.

Maquis members who surrendered were massacred in the forest by German soldiers. A total of 105 Frenchmen, 83 of them from Revin, paid with their lives.

By now, the 3-day war was over. The Allied airmen had been evacuated, leaving in small groups.

Pete Clark left with Joe Rhodes. They went to Remilly-Aillicourt where they found help from Jean Cordier. After eight days there, they were liberated by advancing U.S. troops on Sept. 3, 1944.

A commander of the Maquis of Revin, a French Foreign Legion Captain Chavanne, suggested that Bob leave with Red, a RCAF gunner, and Lt. Al Pagnotta. They took his advice and headed for Belgium.

After the three had split up, Bob was moved to a town called Theux near the German border, where he stayed with a woman and her 9-year-old son. Bob lived upstairs over the dress shop she owned.

Every night Bob could hear the Germans hauling stolen loot in cabbage wagons to their warehouses at the edge of town.

After Bob had been there a while, he awoke one morning to the sound of gunfire and bombs. Some P-47s were attacking the warehouse and the roads outside of town. The roar of tanks could be heard in the distance. There were several explosions in and around the town.

In the afternoon, things quieted down and Bob could hear the approaching tanks. It was all over as American tanks came down the hill toward the blown-up bridge that separated them from the town.

For six months, Bob had had a price on his head: \$10,000 or get someone out of a concentration camp. Never once was he turned over to the Germans.

Yeager makes last military flight

By Leigh Anne Bierstine

Air Force Flight Test Center Public Affairs

EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE, Calif. (AFPN) --

Aviation legend and retired Air Force Brig. Gen. Chuck Yeager gave the F-15 Eagle one last ride Oct. 26, bringing his 60-year flying military aircraft to a close in front of thousands of fans at the open house and air show here.

Yeager, with Edwards test pilot Lt. Col. Troy Fontaine in the back seat, opened the event by climbing to just over 30,000 feet and impressed the crowds with his infamous sonic boom. Yeager first broke the sound barrier at Edwards AFB in October 1947 when he accelerated his rocket-powered Bell X-1 to the speed of Mach 1.06 and shattered the myth of the sound barrier forever.

The crowd hushed as Yeager landed and taxied under an archway of water gushing from two Edwards fire trucks per Air Force tradition. For his final military flight, Yeager was accompanied in the air with longtime friend and colleague retired Maj. Gen. Joe Engle flying his own F-15. The two legendary test pilots have been flying together for decades.

"This is a fun day for us because we get to fly good airplanes and do something we've loved to do for some time," Yeager said.

After retiring from the Air Force in 1975 with more than 34 years of service, including combat in World War II and Vietnam, Yeager served as a consultant at the U.S. Air Force Test Pilot School. Besides the 40 years he spent flying with his colleagues at Edwards, the general recalled some of his most memorable times as those when he was flying combat missions.

"That is why the Air Force paid me," said Yeager of his combat time. "That's how I've always looked at it. Flying was my job."



Retired Brig. Gen. Chuck Yeager salutes Maj. Gen. Doug Pearson, commander of the Air Force Flight Test Center at Edwards AFB, Calif., after exiting an F-15 Eagle on Oct. 26 at the base open house and air show. The flight marked the close of Yeager's 60-year career flying military aircraft.

Chuck was helped by a wood cutter

Chuck Yeager, E&E 660, 357th Fighter Group, bailed out March 4, 1944, when his P-51, escorting B-24s, was attacked by FWs.

He landed in woods with blood dripping from a head wound. He treated his wounds and studied his map. He was about 50 miles east of Bordeaux.

He soon came across a wood cutter, who led him to a farm house, into a barn and up the ladder to the loft. His helper put Chuck in a tool

room, shut the door and began to stack hay in front of it.

Soon he heard German voices in the barn and the hayloft. Finally he heard the hay being moved and the man told him that the Germans had gone. Chuck followed the man into the house and upstairs where a woman was bed-ridden. She spoke perfect English and questioned him carefully to make sure he was not a German plant.

When she was satisfied, she said

they would help him and a local doctor came to pick the shrapnel out of his wounds and treat them.

One night the doctor returned with civilian clothes for Chuck and an axe to strap on his back to pass as a wood cutter. They both took off on bicycles and traveled two days on back roads to arrive at Nerac, near the town of Roquefort, and to the house of a farmer named Gabriel.

He bedded down there for about 2

week until Gabriel led him into the pine forests and Chuck was turned over to the Maquis, led by a man named Robert, who spoke fairly good English.

One day Robert told Chuck to follow two of the men to town. When they stopped, Chuck was transferred to another truck with several other men. Finally a Frenchman distributed maps and explained the route. When they stopped about midnight, the guide left them to pair off and leave at

first light. Chuck's companion was a navigator, probably Omar (Pat) Patterson.

Chuck walked about 20 miles south, turned himself into the local police and was jailed.

He found that the jail bars were brass and his trusty knife soon cut them away. He made his way to the local pensone, signed in, had a hot bath, ate a meal, and turned in.

On March 30, 1944, the American consul arrived to take him in charge.

Detachment 101 helped rescue Allied airmen

Detachment 101 of the U.S. Office of Strategic Services, also known as the American-Kachin Rangers, operated in the CBI Theatre from April 14, 1942, to July 12, 1945.

It was the first U.S. unit to form an intelligence screen and employ a large guerrilla army deep in enemy territory. It pioneered the art of unconventional warfare, later incorporated as fundamental combat skills for Army Special Forces.

Formed in 1942, Detachment 101 supported Stilwell's and later Sultan's, Northern Combat Area Command in Burma as an intelligence-gathering unit and as an organization for assisting in the return of downed Allied airmen to friendly lines.

By the spring of 1945, however, Detachment 101, commanded by Col. William R. Peers, had organized a large partisan force behind enemy lines in northern and central Burma. Reaching a peak strength of over 10,000 native Burmese Kachin tribesmen and American volunteers, the detachment operated as mobile battalions, screening the advance of British and Chinese forces moving on Mandalay and Lashio.

Completely supported by air, they employed mainly hit-and-run tactics and avoided pitched battles against better trained troops.

During Detachment 101's tenure in Burma, its forces eliminated over 5,000 Japanese troops, assisted in rescuing over 300 downed Allied airmen, derailed nine trains, blew up 56 bridges, destroyed 252 vehicles and eliminated numerous dumps and other enemy installations.

Detachment 101 was awarded a Presidential Unit Citation.

For more information on OSS-101, visit <www.oss-101.com>

The Partisan's Song (The Song of the Resistance)

*Paroles by Maurice Druon and Joseph Kessel
Translation/adaptation by P. Joubert*

My friend, can you hear?
Black hawks over our land
are flying.

My friend, can you hear:
Our country being chained
is crying.

Forward volunteers
From the suburbs and the fields
let's get fighting.

Tonight enemies
Will be made to pay
For blood and tears.

Up here from the mine
And down there from the hills
Friends are coming.

Let's take out the guns
Grenades, ammunitions
And get fighting.

This way, go, killers
Use your bullets and blades
And do them quick!
Careful, dynamite is a powerful
thing. Set them blowing!

Here we go breaking
Doors and bars of the jails
For our brothers.

Hatred's chasing us

And hunger's pushing us
In misery.

In other countries
All the people in their beds
Just lay dreaming.
But here can you see
We go marching and killing
We go dying . . .

Here everyone knows
What he wants, what he does
As he passes.

My friend if you fall
Someone else from the dark
Takes your place.

Tomorrow dark blood
Will be drying on the roads
In the warm sun.

Sing along my friend
In the night Liberty
Is here listening.

My friend, can you hear;
Black hawks all over our land
Are flying.

My friend, can you hear:
Our country being chained
Is crying.

Contributed by Elsie C. Ambach



Many dignitaries attended a Sept. 6, 2002, dedication of a memorial in Outer, Belgium, honoring the crew of the B-17 which crashed near there on June 23, 1944, killing two crewmen.

‘Dank u wel, lieve Belgen’

“Thank you very much, lovely Belgian people”

--Mrs. Marion Blany-Mangan

(From a Belgian Newspaper,
Sept. 5, 2002)

MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR AMERICAN PILOT

On Friday, Sept. 6, war veterans and representatives of Belgian and American military and also sympathizers will meet at the Suski garage Schokkaert on Lebeke street in Outer.

There then, will be a plaque unveiled in memory of Danny Mangan, the pilot of the B-17 bomber *To Hell and Glory*, who died there on June 23, 1944, when his plane came down because of a short circuit.

A witness to the crash is still alive today. Dirk Vijverman, together with members of the *Vaderlandslievende Kring*, organized the ceremonies.

They searched and found the witness to the crash, Gustaaf Van Den Steen. He says, “I was almost 19 and on my way home from work with my dad. The plane came down from over Denderoutern, made a turn above Nederhasselt, and finally crashed on a pasture where now the Susuki garage is located.

“We saw the pilot fall above the Keylandstraat. We were the first ones there, but could not help the pilot. He was dead.

“Then we ran, because being 19, I would have been picked up to work in Germany.”

Two crew members died in the crash.

The ceremonies Friday will be attended by a representative of King Albert and authorities of the American military.

Also, a sister of Danny Mangan will be in attendance and Dick Ennis, the still living radio operator of the B-17.

Frank Caubergh represents AFEES at Sept. 6 ceremony

By FRANK CAUBERGH
Vise, Belgium

The Sept. 6 ceremony honoring 1st Lt. Danny Mangan was a great event, with the presence of military, civilian and religious personalities. The representative of the King of Belgium, a minister,

numerous patriotic organizations with their colors, a large crowd, national anthems, hands on the heart, jets overhead, and flowers profusely.

This in telegraphic style is the description of the ceremony I had the honor and pleasure to attend as representative of AFEES.

Except for the King's wreath, the one presented by AFEES was the largest and most impressive.

I spoke with the sister of Danny Mangan. When I told her that I am a Member/Helper of AFEES, she could not help giving me a big kiss - still appreciated in spite of our age!

Present also was Dick Ennis of Miamisburg, Ohio, the radio operator of *To Hell or Glory*. He said he would like to become a member of AFEES.

Another crew member was Ewell Riddle of Heflin, Ala., who recently passed away. He was hidden by local people for six months until Liberation in September 1944. I met him at our reunion in Atlanta in 1986.



Dirk Vijverman, president of the Patriotic Association of Haaltert, holds a photograph of American pilot 1st Lt. Danny Mangan. Standing with Dirk is Gustaaf Van Den Steen, who witnessed the crash of *To Hell and Glory* on June 23, 1944.

Memorial dedicated

By DIRK VIJVERMAN

Haaltert, Belgium

(Friend Member of AFEES)

On Friday, 6 September 2002, we have the inauguration of the memorial about the crash of the B-17 *To Hell or Glory* on June 23, 1944, when the pilot Danny Mangan and crewman Albert Huff died at Outer.

At this event we have the presence of radio operator Richard (Dick) Ennis of Ohio and his wife, and especially Mrs. Marion Blany-Mangan, sister of Danny Mangan, from Poulsbo, Wash.

This happened in the presence of Air Attache Col. David Tunstall, U.S. Embassy, Brussels; the president of the Belgian Parliament, Mr. Herman De Croo; the representative of our Majesty, King Albert II, the honour guard of USAF Ramstein, the band of the Belgian Air Force, the representative of the Belgian Minister of Defence and other guests.

After the unveiling of the memorial, the USAF made a fly-past overhead. The local priest, Rev. Peter Kiekens, led a prayer on the field near the place of the ceremony, to remember the two airmen who perished.

The Patriotic Association of Haaltert has a website with information, photos of events, and history of plane crashes: <http://www.users.skynet.be.Patriothaaltert>

BOOKS

Dutch Underground risked lives, and more

Shot down behind Nazi lines in German-occupied Holland, Thomas Wilcox, E&E 2712, tells his story in a book, *ONE MAN'S DESTINY, Air Combat in World War II*.

He was a radio operator/gunner with the 344th Bomb Group. Flak struck his B-26 Marauder while flying deputy lead on his 67th mission over Europe. He bailed out on Sept. 23, 1944, near Venlo, Holland. It was the day before a replacement crew was scheduled to take over. It became his longest mission.

Two months later, he was liberated by the British 2nd Army and returned to the U.K., then home.

Recognition and thanks is given to the courageous and resourceful men and women of Holland who risked their lives in the Dutch Underground

The 6x9 paperback contains 223 pages with photos, illustrations and index. The price is \$10



Visiting with helpers Nico and Virrie in Holland, 1984

postpaid in the U.S. You can order from the author at 1316 SE 10th Place, Cape Coral, FL 33990-3769, by phone at 239-772-4409 <TCWMEW@yahoo.com>

A few are among the 'lucky ones'

THE LUCKY ONES, Airmen of the Mighty Eighth, by Erik Dyreborg, 6x9 Paperback, 422 pages, iUniverse, \$24.95

The Lucky Ones is a collection of stories gathered from the wartime experiences of a few U.S. airmen who served in the Air Force Bomb Groups in England during WWII. The stories in this collection, narrated by the airmen themselves, recount the harrowing adventures airmen endured in their most trying missions over Europe.

These are stories of encounters with enemy fighters, struggles to control flak-damaged planes,

gruelling crash landings, and desperate bailouts from burning planes.

Many airmen, fortunate enough to survive these experiences, were captured by the Germans once on the ground. Their treatment at the hands of their captors is painfully retold. Miraculously, some airmen managed to evade captivity and escape the Germans, sometimes as an entire crew.

These are stories of other

heroes who survived what seemed certain death. These are the stories of the lucky ones.

Order *The Lucky Ones* from your book seller or the publisher at 5220 S. 16th St., Suite 200, Lincoln, NE 68512.

The deeds of valor

By WILLIAM C. HAWKINS
Costa Mesa, Calif.

When enemy fighters disabled my P-51 Mustang over Brest, France in March 1944, I flipped it over, disconnected the wires and tubes, set the canopy hurtling off into the wind, locked both knees against inner sides of the cockpit, unsnapped my harness, then relaxed my legs and tumbled out. It was like being thrown off a bucking horse.

After parachuting to the ground,

Erik Dyreborg was born June 30, 1945, on the Danish island of Bornholm in the Baltic Sea. He is a researcher of World War II in Europe and especially, the 8th Air Force. He has published a book in Danish titled The Escape from Bornholm 1944.



I faced uncertainty. Would I be shot or captured when German troops came? Did I have a chance to make it back to England across the Channel or by hiking over the Pyrenees to neutral Spain?

In any case, I knew I would need a great deal of help.

The assistance I needed came from dozens of French civilians who risked everything, including their lives, by feeding, housing and transporting me. After four incredible months, they finally led the way to a secluded beach where I joined other stranded airmen in boarding an English motor gunboat that would take us to repatriation.

Between the latter months of 1942 and the end of WWII, thousands of young Allied pilots and bomber crews fell from the sky into occupied Europe and faced the same conditions that I encountered.

Some 26,000 died; more than 20,000 were taken prisoner. Over 3,000 though, made "Home Runs" back to England with the remarkable help of Underground patriots.

Now author Don Lasseter has produced a new book, "Their Deeds of Valor," spelling out remarkable details of those adventures. Using scores of interviews with evaders and helpers, he tells their stories with a combination of narrative and quoted oral histories in the pattern of the late Stephen Ambrose.

Necessarily limiting the episodes to a manageable number, he chose France as his setting. While each chapter is basically a separate story, many are intertwined when airmen and their French Samaritans repeatedly crossed paths.

The book strikes a balance between descriptions of aviators' adventures and accounts of French heroes. Civilian men risked immediate execution for aiding airmen, while women were sent off to endure savage treatment in concentration camps.

Previously known for his 11 non-fiction books about notorious criminals, Lasseter has successfully shifted to the WWII genre. He spent more than three years in

research, traveling across the U.S. and throughout France to interview surviving participants.

From the National Archives, he retrieved files of more than 200 evaders and 120 helpers. The book is a panorama, detailing escapes from flaming aircraft and Resistance struggles laced with accounts of betrayals and death, all offset by glimpses of romance and humor.

The author reveals secret operations of the U.S., Great Britain and France to identify European helpers and compensate the most deserving for losses suffered in the process of aiding downed airmen. "Project Patriotism," coordinated by a branch of the military labeled "MIS-X," handed out more than \$300,000 in cash, along with extensive medals for heroism.

When Don interviewed me two years ago, I put him in contact with a woman whose family had sheltered and fed me. Maryse de la Marniere was a spirited teenager at the time who loved meeting American pilots. She subsequently provided Don with a marvelous account of her adventures from the viewpoint of a romantic teenager. The story of her family's help to several evaders

takes up a full chapter.

Both Don and I were saddened to learn of her death earlier this year.

Their Deeds of Valor is a tribute to Maryse and to the legions of Europeans who gambled everything to help aviators in the struggle for freedom. And it pays overdue homage to the sacrifices of young men who flew bombers and fighters in combat to break Hitler's chains.

Andy Rooney, in his book "My War," said, "Many of the best and most heroic stories of the war were told afterward by men who were lucky enough to avoid being captured when they landed in France and were absorbed by the French Underground."

Don Lasseter tells these stories admirably in 462 pages, with more than 80 photographs. It is available in both hardcover and full-sized paperback. You may order by calling 1-888-795-4274, through your favorite bookstore website, or you can find it in most bookstores.

Don Lasseter attended recent AFEES reunions in Columbia, Mo., and in Spokane, Wash., to conduct interviews with several members.

Those stories are in the book.

The full story of raising a P-40

By CLAYTON C. DAVID

In the Summer 1998 issue of *Communications* and the December 1999 issue, we were given a brief look into the experiences of Michael Mauritz and the P-40L Warhawk he ditched into the Mediterranean Sea off Anzio, Italy, in 1944. Now you can read the full story in a 238-page book, "The Secret of Anzio Bay," written by Lt. Michael Mauritz with Francine Bartolacci Costello.

This book tells a story of courage, compassion, and generosity at a time when darkness nearly succeeded. From his personal journal, Michael is able to let the reader understand learning to fly, preparation for combat, and that helpless feeling that goes with giving up your airplane. His capture and escape is a story of its own, but the recovery of his plane 54 years later set the stage for the climax to the event.

His return to Anzio Bay brought closure for many and a chance to show humility and gratitude. Mauritz captivated the Italian media with an unexpected message and was lauded as an "ambassador of peace."

In these times, when the media's emphasis seldom tells a story of faith outside the belief in ourselves, here is a book for all seasons and a great gift for Christmas. Thanks to good publicity work by his daughter, Donna Robare, the book is available at most bookstores for \$14.95. It may also be ordered by calling 1-800-827-7903.

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

#2068 Robert C. Augustus, Fort Myers FL, 445 BG,
May 14, 2002

12th AF Eugene B. Boward, Springfield VA, 47 BG,
Sept. 29, 2002

#318 Charles A. Fisher, Greensburg PA, 384 BG,
Sept. 13, 2002

#2355 James J. Goebel, Conroe TX, 445 BG,
Sept. 30, 2002

#1919 Joseph "Bill" Lincoln, Erie PA, 305 BG, Sept. 14, 2002

998 Jacob L. Rawls, Clarksville TN, 361 BG, July 28, 2002

#1917 Fred A. Tuttle, Atascadero CA, 801 BG, Dec. 10, 2001

HELPERS

M. Charles LE MEUR, Bouchain, France, Nov. 8, 2002

Mr. Ivo MATUSIC, Matulji, Yugoslavia (Postoffice notice)

Eugene B. Boward

Eugene Bartram Boward, a mechanical engineer and WWII veteran, died Sept. 29, 2002, of cancer at a hospital in Arlington, Va. He was 81.

He graduated from Hagerstown (Md.) High School in 1943 and worked as a draftsman until he enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1943.

He took part in 51 combat missions over Italy, Corsica, and Southern France as an A-20 aerial gunner and photographer with the 86th Squadron, 47th Bomb Group, 12th Air Force, before being shot down over northern Italy in November 1944.

He and several other downed airmen evaded capture for nine days before they reached U.S. lines.

After the war, he attended Rose-Hulman Institute in Terre Haute, Ind., graduating in 1948 with a degree in engineering.

Following several engineering jobs, he began a Civil Service career with the Dept. of the Army that included assignments to Ft. Detrick, Md., Aberdeen Proving Ground,

Md., and the Army Materiel Command, Alexandria, Va.

Survivors include his wife, Sue, his son, Gary; his brother, Gerald, and two grandchildren.

Richard F. Wolfe

Richard F. Wolfe, tail gunner with the 464th Bomb Group, 15th AF, died July 14, 2002. He had lived in Robbinsdale, Minn.

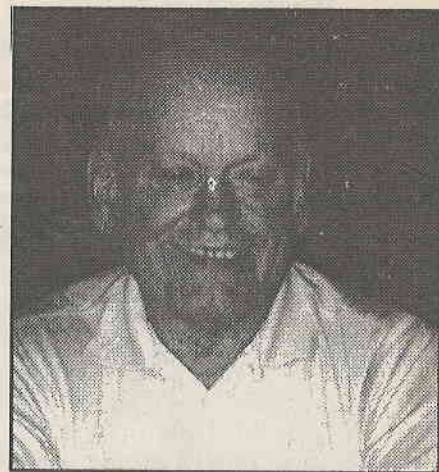
After he went down on a Polesti oilfield raid in July 1944, he spent 39 days in the mountains of Yugoslavia, foraging for food and sleeping on the ground.

He and four other evaders finally managed to catch a ride out on a C-47 flown by the Russian air force. The plane had landed at night to pick up wounded Partisans.

They were flown back to the American hospital at Bari, Italy.

Dick is survived by his wife Inez, one daughter and one son.

During the ceremony at the cemetery, a B-24 flew overhead.



JAMES J. GOEBEL JR.

James J. Goebel Jr. of Conroe, Tex., a past president of AFEES, passed away Sept. 30, 2002. He was born May 19, 1923, in Brooklyn, N.Y.

A pilot with the 445th Bomb Group, 2nd Lt. Goebel went down near Namur, Belgium on April 24, 1944. He was aided by members of the Comete line and eventually crossed the Alps to Switzerland on May 31, 1944.

He joined Eastern Airlines in 1951 and retired from Eastern in 1983 as a captain after a 32-year flying career.

He served as president of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society 1993-96, and as a director of AFEES until he was forced to resign because of health problems in 2001.

Survivors include his wife, Joan, seven children, and 10 great-grandchildren.

Joseph (Bill) Lincoln

Joseph "Bill" Lincoln died Sept. 14, 2002, at a medical center in Erie, Pa., 11 days before his birthday. He would have been 87 on Sept. 25.

A pilot with the 305th Bomb Group, Capt. Lincoln crashed near Aubenton, France, on April 24, 1944. He was helped by a Frenchman who ran a grocery store in Revin, by Rene Conreur, a Belgian truck driver, and other members of the Underground.

He and Lt. Milton Goldfeder were liberated by the U.S. First Army on Sept. 9, 1944.

2001 Roster Updates

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type)

(Includes New Postal Addresses, Corrections,
Telephone Changes, New e-mail addresses.)

1. Mrs. Mary K. Akins "WL", mailing address:
570 Boston St., Hemet, CA 92545-2385.
(Residence and phone number unchanged.)
2. William E. Bendt "L", **101 W. River Rd., Unit
250, Tucson, AZ 85704-5117**
3. L/C Reuben Fier, **2672 NW 28th Ter., Boca
Raton, FL 33434-6028.** Phone: 561-218-2954
4. Silas M. Crase "L", **1401 Forest Ave., #18,
Columbus, GA 31906**
5. Henry Flesh, Hopkin, MN. Ph.: **954-546-7317**
6. Flamm D. Harper, **5620 Obannon Dr., Las
Vegas, NV 89146-0335**
7. Wesley Bob Izzard, **204 Crestway Ter.,
Amarillo, TX 79106-5435.** Ph.: **806-374-5930**
8. M/Gen. L. E. Lyle "FFL", **205 St. Charles
Circle, Hot Springs, AR 71901.**
Phone: 501-321-1956
9. George S. Monser "L", **1920 W. Willow
Knolls Drive, Apt. 328, Peoria, IL 61614-
1265**
10. Clare M. Musgrove "L", St. Joseph, MI. New
AC: **269-429-1160 <cmusgflo@aol.com>**
11. Bernard W. Rawlings "L", **102 Rappahannock
Drive, Chocowinity, NC 27817.**
Phone: **252-946-9189**
12. David Shoss "L", **5455 LaSierra Dr., Apt. 604,
Dallas, TX 75231-4147**
13. Thomas C. Wilcox "L", **1316 SE 10th Place,
Cape Coral, FL 33990-3769.** Phone:
239-772-4409 <TCWMEW@Yahoo.com>
14. Earl E. Woodard "L", **<N8SGMA@aol.com>**

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Moved recently? New Area Code? New ZIP?

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 _____



Listen Up!

If you are a member or Friend member of AFEES, and have not yet become a Life Member, please check your membership card.

AFEES does not mail notices for dues and operates on a calendar-year basis. So if your card shows "Dues paid to 1/1/2003" or an earlier date, help us get 2004 started by sending in your \$20 check right away.

Make the check payable to AFEES and enclose the form at the bottom of this page to notify us of any changes in address, phone number or e-mail address.

Widows of members and Helpers are not expected to pay dues.

The address for membership accounting remains: Clayton and Scotty David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal MO 63401-6539. Phone 573-221-0441, <davidafe@packetx.net>

A gentle reminder: You save AFEES money and keep Clayton from tearing out the rest of his hair by helping him keep our records up to date.

The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ
<afees44@hotmail.com>
OR

archerco@wf.quik.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Just where is this place called Whiskey Falls anyway? That's the nickname applied to this fair city back when Oklahoma was dry and the Sooners had to cross the river to obtain liquid refreshments.

Simply put, this burg is midway between Fort Worth and Amarillo, right on US 287 and the main line of the Burlington railroad.

And yes, you can get here -- many other people have. The most popular way is to take a 25-minute flight on American Eagle from the Fort Worth-Dallas airport.

There are options. Skylark vans (940-322-1352) provide shuttle service several times daily and will pick you up at your gate and deliver you to the hotel.

And another choice, one preferred by many of our family members: Fly Southwest Airlines into Will Rogers Airport at Oklahoma City and take a 2-hour trip down I-44 in a rental car.

We are all saddened by the passing of Jim Goebel, a director and past president of our society. Jim was a jolly good guy, full of fun, like the good Texan he was. He seemed

to enjoy life to the fullest. He truly will be missed.

Just as this issue was headed for the printer, the mail brought me an English-language version of "OPERATION AIR BRIDGE, Serbian Chetniks and the Rescued American Airmen in World War II," by Miodrag Pesic. Great book!

Mio, president of the Society of American Pilots Rescued by General Mihailovich Army, at age 18 joined the Chetnik Movement, fighting the Germans and at the same time, the Communists in the civil war in Serbia.

If you were downed in the Balkans and were aided by the Chetniks, this book is for you. Chances are your name is in it. It contains many first-person accounts (some have been published in this newsletter) and many, many photographs. And it is well indexed.

Mio tells me that if he sells enough books, he can afford to make our reunion next May. The price is \$30 U.S., shipping included, which is more than fair for this 294-page hard-cover book.

He can accept personal checks. Contact him at: Miodrag D. Pesic, 11233 RALJA, Yugoslavia. His phone is +381 11 868-493.

I am seeking a member (or Friend) who was helped by the

Chetniks to prepare a review of the book for the next issue. Any volunteers out there?

A ROSE BY ANY NAME

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house. After eating, the wives left the table and headed for the kitchen. The two men were talking and one said, "Last night we went out to a new restaurant, and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly."

His friend replies, "What's the name of the restaurant?"

The first man knits his brow in obvious concentration, and finally says to his companion, "Aahh, what is the name of that red flower you give to someone you love?"

His friend replies, "A carnation?"

"No, no. The other one," the man says.

His friend offers another suggestion, "The poppy?"

"Nahhhh," growls the man. "You know, the one that is red and has thorns."

His friend says, "Do you mean a rose?"

"Yes. Yes, that's it. Thank you," the first man says.

He then turns toward the kitchen and yells out, "Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

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Nevada City CA 95959