

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

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Dec. 4, 2003

The French and us are mostly alike

By CHARLES WORTH WARD
Retired Editor
Times-Record News
Wichita Falls, Tex.
Oct. 19, 2003

I went to France in August to find out about the country's feelings toward America.

I wanted to see if, in light of the rift between our countries, we need to give back the Statue of Liberty, which the French gave us in honor of America's fight for freedom.

What I found in France was awful weather. I left Texas thinking I'd escape the heat, but Paris' temperature reached an all-time high. Some say France was being punished for not standing with us on the Iraq invasion. Others blame global warming, aided by America.

So why are the French so impertinent? Why all the pride?

Let's compare a few attributes:

ATTITUDE: I doubt that Americans are more arrogant than the French, but we may be a close second.

ART: I pretty much have to give it to the French.

FASHION: If it still exists, New York and Paris spar for honors, but Milan rules this realm. The noncolor black, is still the most *en vogue* on both sides of the Atlantic, but many strolling down the Champs are shod in red shoes.

AUTOS: Get real! Not even the French claim to build great cars. American cars are better. But then there's Japan . . .

CELL PHONES: Way too many. Bad manners in both countries.

SMOKING: France wins, or perhaps, loses.

FOOD: Surely the French rule. Or do they? Chinese cooked up cuisine centuries ago. French fries? We must give it to the French, but it was America's McDonald's that spread fries' fame.

CITIES: Paris is the world's finest urban scape. All others are Oshkosh.

MANNERS: They're not too good in any metropolis, but since 9-11, visitors claim the Big Apple is kinder. But you ignore the fact that the French president kissed our First Lady's hand recently.

FINE CHINA: The French do well, yet England claims this crown. Silver goes to Italy. Crystal? That goes to France.

LANGUAGE: The French led for a long time, but now English rules.

In the end, America and France are alike. They are both outstanding in many areas. The French are hard to love, as we are at times.

The French are like family. There's much to admire, but as in the U.S., there's much to lament.

After exhaustive questioning,

asking if France wants us to return Lady Liberty, I found most of the French felt she is not like an engagement ring. She is more like a wedding ring. When a marriage ends, one need not return the ring. Besides, the French have a smaller version of the statue on the Seine.

Hate us? No. France admires many things about America. The country, perhaps, even loves us, but it doesn't like the way we act -- and they are not alone in thinking the Iraqi war is an unjust war.

Moreover, France takes itself seriously. It considers itself one of the few nations strong and influential enough to call our hand occasionally.

America and France lead the world in liberty, freedom, fraternity and all that. We're more alike than dissimilar.

And during the 2003 summer of swelter, we were too similar.

Let's cool it. Let's forgive France's refusal to let us fly over their country when we bombed Libya. France, on the other hand, should forget our bungling foreign affairs on this Iraqi thing.

September brings the end of summer, and thoughts of home are coming more often.

I begin to feel it may be time to stop sweating and jump the pond soon to an America blessed with air conditioning aplenty!

A New Year's message to AFEES from Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans

"I have one wish and one promise to make for 2004:

- 1. I wish for you to join us in Philadelphia for the 04 reunion;*
- 2. And I promise that we in the planning committee will continue to work hard to make the 2004 gathering another great AFEES Reunion!"*

And a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All!" ---Yvonne

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY COMMUNICATIONS

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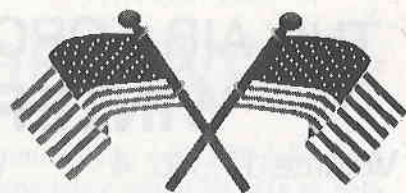
AFEES COMMUNICATIONS IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY. AFEES IS A TAX-EXEMPT VETERANS ORGANIZATION UNDER IRS CODE 501 (C)(19). IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1964 AND IS CHARTERED IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

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

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

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

WINTER 2003-04



POWs can get more benefits from the VA

The Veterans Administration wants former prisoners of war who are not receiving disability compensation, health care and other benefits to contact the department.

The agency said recently that an estimated 11,000 former POWs are not getting benefits to which they are entitled.

Included in the benefits they can now obtain are free dental treatments if their captivity lasted more than 90 days.

(Ed. note: See what could happen if AFEES members should be classified as ex-prisoners? It's up to Congress.)

Time to pay annual dues

To U.S. members & friend
members:

If you are not a Life Member of AFEES, please send dues at once to Clayton David, 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539 unless your membership card has a date later than 1/1/2004.

Send in \$20 annual dues or \$100 for a Life membership.

AFEES does not send out duns! Please use the form on Page 31 for dues, or address and phone # changes.

If you have questions, phone Clayton & Scotty at 573-221-0441, or <davidafe@packetx.net>

Even a parking meter must be fed from time to time!

Prince is presented copy of 'Stones'

By **CLAYTON DAVID**
Hannibal, Mo.

The cooperation between "The Escape" group of Holland and AFEES that brought about the English translation and American publication of *Stepping Stones to Freedom*, gained another international twist on Nov. 19, 2003.

Through contacts with His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of Holland, Albert Postma and Fred Boogart made the Prince aware of this unique situation and the Prince expressed a desire to have a copy of the book.

The process to make this happen in a proper and diplomatic manner required considerable planning and effort from both sides of the Atlantic.

Albert Postma asked Scotty (David) and me if we could come to Holland and make the presentation. Possible dates were suggested in Holland. Not willing to make the trip alone, we asked our son Lynn to be involved.

The time was chosen, plane tickets were purchased and final arrangements were made.

The copy of the book presented to the Prince contained the AFEES motto and the signatures of Chairman Ralph Patton, President Richard Smith and myself.

For the presentation, Helpers Joke Folmer and Jacques Vrij were present. They, along with Albert Postma and Fred Boogart also signed the book.

After I presented the book to H.R.H. Prince Bernhard, the Prince autographed a copy for me. It was a wonderful experience for all.

Letti Vrij, Scotty David and Lynn David were in the circle with J.A. Broekhuysen, private secretary to H.R.H. Prince Bernhard, and Lt.

Col. Rik J. F. Bergman, aide-de-camp to Her Majesty the Queen.

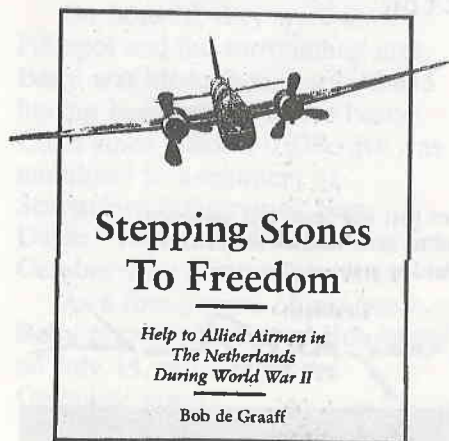
We all learned how much the Prince loves flying when he related some of his experiences and revealed that he has logged about 12,000 hours as a pilot.



Scotty and Clayton David observe closely as H.R.H. Prince Bernhard inspects the book Clayton has presented him on Nov. 19.



Jacques Vrij, Joke Folmer and Lynn David was seated to the left of Clayton. Lynn captured much of the ceremony on his video camera.





AIR FORCES

Escape & Evasion Society

8100 Connecticut Ave., Apt 1205
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RALPH K. PATTON
Chairman of the Board

November 8, 2003

M/Gen. Michael D. Maples
Commanding General
U.S. Army Field Artillery Center
Fort Sill, OK 73503

Dear General Maples:

It was with sadness that we learned of the tragic loss of six Fort Sill soldiers in last weeks combat in Iraq.

We have fond memories of the especially warm reception we received when the members of AFEES had the pleasure of visiting Fort Sill on May 1st 2003 and it saddens us to think that some of these men may have been among those who received us so well.

AFEES members know very well the trauma of losing a comrad in arms in combat, having carried the memory of the loss of a crew member or a class mate or a barracks mate with us for more than fifty years.

On behalf of the officers and members of AFEES, I extend to you and all of the troop stationed at Fort Sill, our deepest sympathy as you live with this tragic loss.

Most sincerely,

Ralph K. Patton
Chairman

PART OF A LETTER OF TRIBUTE

"The loss of every Allied plane shot down over Europe was a tragedy — every member of a crew that was found and saved and sent back to us brought joy to all his comrades. To everyone who joined in this great work and to each member of his family and to all who shared, in those days, his risks and dangers I send assurances of my deep and lasting gratitude."

Sincerely,

Life at the chateau:

Allied airmen sheltered by American countess

Following is a translation by Menna M. Hughes of the original French text featured in issue No. 15 of Le Carnets du Goelo, the annual journal of the Historical and Archeological Studies of the Goelo.

The hub of the action is the chateau du Bourblanc in Plourivo, near Paimpol, on the north coast of Brittany.

By Gordon Carter, Michel Y. Bernard and Yves de Sagazan

Roberta (Betty) Laurie was born in the Scottish borders on Sept. 24, 1891 and emigrated to Boston with her parents and became a naturalized American. Her father continued his work as a gardener.

She arrived in Paris in the mid-1920s and soon met Henry de Mauduit. They were married on Jan. 19, 1928, in Paris.

The war everyone was talking about but which nobody believed too much came on Sept. 1, 1939, and interrupted their pleasant existence. It became serious in May 1940.

On June 20, they were at Paimpol and the surrounding area. Betty was alone then, her husband having been posted to the Ivory Coast since October 1938. He was mobilised to a regiment of Senegalese infantrymen from Dakar. He returned to Plourivo in October very discreetly.

As a first gesture of resistance, Betty organised a fete at Bourblanc on July 14, right under the Germans' noses.

From the time of return to the

country, Henry du Mauduit thought of going to England. He was one of the first to do so, leaving Paimpol on Jan. 29, 1941, with four others in a small boat. They were picked up in the English Channel by the British destroyer *HMS Kelly*.

While Henry joined the Free French, Betty believed that her American nationality would protect her. She stayed at Bourblanc.

During the first few days of April 1943 Betty received a visit which was going to disrupt the peaceful existence at Bourblanc. This was a by a young man 26 years old, good looking with chestnut brown hair and blue eyes, a face lit up by a half smile. He arrived with recommendations from a doctor and the mayor of Plouezec. The visitor's name was Georges Jouanjean.

Born in Carhaix in 1917, he studied at Brest and Rennes. Called for military service before the war,

he found himself in Sedan on May 10, 1940, when the Germans broke through. Taken prisoner, he escaped on April 23, 1941 from Stalag 11B and returned to his native Brittany.

From that moment he had only one idea, to get to England. To do this he thought of using an escape route used by Allied airmen who had been shot down. At the end of December 1942 George (Geo) collected one, then two pilots whom he hid with his family.

Later on, Geo was put in touch with Louis Nouveau, alias *Saint Jean*, a member of the Pat O'Leary line which had been working since 1940 in the south of France.

The number of parachutists never stopped growing.

Geo went to Bourblanc and asked Betty for hospitality for the parachutists. He did not hide from her the risks which existed. Amazed



Betty's Military Decorations

at the number of precautions, Betty thought for a moment and then agreed on condition that no one but Geo would know her name.

By April 10, 1943, about 15 Allied airmen had taken shelter there.

During this time, with Geo in charge, the network arranged the escape of American and Commonwealth airmen to Spain via Paris. They were dangerous times, for although they wore civies, they behaved differently from the French they were pretending to be.

It was made more dangerous since Feb. 16, 1943, when Vichy ordered the STO (*Service du Travail Obligatoire*) to pick up men for compulsory work.

Already in civilian gear before their arrival at Bourclanc, clothing for the airmen was not a problem, neither were false identity cards.

One had to house and feed this large family. The attics at Bourblanc had to be converted not only into a dormitory but also as a place to live. The residents had to stay in the room the whole day. To stave off boredom they read until 2 o'clock in the morning, a collection of English novels belonging to Betty (detective stories in particular) and some London reviews that had been brought to Bourblanc. At nightfall they went for a walk in the courtyard, two at time.

The young men, full of energy and impatient to join up with their units, became anxious. They did not understand what was and was not happening. This caused a lot of worry for the mistress of the house.

Some of them naively imagined that the Germans could not touch them at her house. On the other hand, some reproached her for her apparent lack of concern when for example, she was going to play hostess to a German officer in the courtyard.

Another concern was what would the parachutists do in case there was a search of the premises? The old chateau had a huge hiding place -- a double floor, discovered by accident at the start of the Occupation and



BETTY LAURIE MAUDUIT, in 1945 photo

which would be very useful when the time came.

The major problem was the provision of fresh food supplies. In the forbidden coastal area where restrictions were already severe, it was no small matter. Supplies were provided by tried and tested friends, among them Marie Floury, who was skimping on the flour to the mills at Leff, as well as from Prigent, whose farm adjoined the chateau.

Airmen sheltered at Bourclanc in April, May and June 1943 did not all stay anonymous. We know a number of them.

First, six of the ten members of the crew of the *Fortress Boot Hill* shot down near Plonevez du Faou on May 17, 1943. (See **Boot Hill crew . . . Page 12, Fall Communications**)

1Lt. Louis L. Haltom, pilot
S/Sgt. Roy A. Martin, gunner
T/Sgt. Glenn Wells, radio
T/Sgt. Herman Marshall, gunner
S/Sgt. Niles Londenslager, gunner
S/Sgt. William C. Martin, gunner

Their compatriots, Michael Allen Fitzgerald, Robert Biggs, Robert E. Kylius and Clayborne W. Wilson (called Clay) stayed at the chateau. Finally, a French Canadian, Napoleon Barry, and a tall airman from the RAF.

On June 12, 1943, adventure turned into drama. The day before, at Carhaix, Geo had successfully escaped from the Gestapo. He had been betrayed by Roger Le Neveu "The Legionnaire thanks to the Germans having broken up part of the O'Leary

was housing five airmen at the time.

Still believing her American nationality protected her, she hoped the Germans would not dare to arrest her. Fatalistically, she decided to stay at Bourblanc.

The next day, June 12, Betty was icing cakes for country communion when she saw lorries coming into the courtyard loaded with soldiers wearing helmets.

The Germans not only contented themselves with searching the chateau, but they also visited the farm of Joseph Prigent (Puns Crenn), who was a neighbour of Bourblanc, but without arresting any members of the family.

The Germans left empty handed.

The following day, Betty waited for the fateful moment. The captain from the German police at St. Brieuc and his deputy presented themselves at the chateau and searched it. They found nothing but led Betty away to St. Brieuc.

She recounted: "I was in such a hurry that all I took was a hat-box in which I put a tooth brush and I left like that, for two years."

Geo decided to go to Paris to tell his contacts about the situation and helped prepare a rescue plan for those left in the network. It was decided to move Geo to the southwestern region and give him priority to escape to England.

Alas! On June 18 as he was going to the house of a contact in Paris, he was caught in a trap and arrested.

First he was interned at Fresnes; then Rennes, Angouleme and

Compiègne. He experienced interrogation, torture, beatings and the water bath and spent a year in a cell before being transferred to Auschwitz, Buchenwald and Flossenbürg.

He was liberated by the Americans in May 1945.

Taken to prison at St. Brieuc, Betty was first of all, treated with a certain amount of respect. There she made the acquaintance of Joel Brannelec from Lanmodez, whom she found in St. Jacques prison in Rennes, as well as Geo's mother, taken hostage after her son's escape on June 11.

Betty would cry out to Joel, locked up not far away, "Joel, they still know nothing."

Condemned to death on Oct. 20, 1943, her sentence was commuted and she was sent to Angouleme, another prison with a sad reputation. She found herself there at the same time as Geo.

Betty was transferred to Romainville and then dispatched to Ravensbrück, where she arrived 13 months after her arrest, July 14, 1944. On July 20 she was sent to the Leipzig area to a Buchenwald camp.

It is enough to say that the two years in a concentration camp remain unspoken about; only those who were there can conceive the horror of it.

Then one day in April 1945, the advance party of General Patton's Third Army arrived at the camp. Betty and her Polish companions were set free. She flew to Paris in a military plane on April 24, 1945.

Down the years her voice says, "Oh, when I saw that Paris was still there, that's when I cried."

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HENRY de MAUDUIT?

On his arrival in England in February 1941, he enlisted in the Free French Army.

At his request, he joined a team of paratroopers, which was integrated in the Special Air Services, with the rank of captain. On the night of June 7-8, 1944, Capt. de Mauduit led a parachute

team dropped in Brittany on a mission to destroy lines of communication and establish contact with the local underground.

Henry de Mauduit returned to civilian life after May 8, 1945, with the rank of reserve major.

It was probably in their Paris apartment in the Boulevard Malesherbes, that he met Betty again after more than four years apart.

In the autumn of 1945, Betty went to visit America and gave lectures, wearing the clothes she had worn in the concentration camps. She collected funds to benefit various projects. It was at this time that she wrote to Clay Wilson, one of the flyers previously mentioned, inviting him and his wife to visit Plouriva again.

Then life picked up once more at the chateau. The mistress returned and celebrations for marriages and births in the locality took place there. Betty, very much the socialite, received many visitors, including in 1961, Lord Louis Mountbatten.

By this time, Henry was attached to the Colonial Office and held various posts in Africa from 1945 to 1952.

In their mid-60s, Betty and Henry separated and he left Bourblanc. In 1972, Betty suffered a stroke. She spent some time in a clinic and with the Maheo family at Lezardrieux before returning home, very weak. In 1973, Betty was in the hospital again.

Divorce proceedings were set in motion.

Henry de Mauduit, who had been ill since 1971, died in Paris on Dec. 13, 1974. He is buried at Quimerle.

Betty died after a heart attack on Aug. 1, 1975, age 84. Her funeral took place on Aug. 7, 1975, in the church at Plourivo, attended by a small gathering.

Colonel Remy, a good friend of Betty's, presided and gave the eulogy. He read a message from Lord Mountbatten and later unveiled a plaque to Betty's memory. The plaque can still be seen today.



'GEO' JOUANJEAN

Ray contacts his U.S. Senator about a medal

Member Ray Kubly of Watertown, Wis., is doing his part to persuade the U.S. Congress to award a medal or some form of recognition to airmen who escaped/evaded after being downed in enemy territory.

He has written his U.S. Senator Russ Feingold:

"Please consider a new medal for our veterans who were prisoners of war, escapers and/or evaders. Escapers and evaders are a unique group of veterans who should be recognized.

"I was a POW, escaper/evader. As a group we all went through some very tough times. Could you co-sponsor a resolution for a new medal? Your support would be appreciated."

Ray included the message of Brett Quillin of Granbury, Tex., to Texas Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison, published on Page 5 of the Summer *Communications*.

In search of news and information?

Air Force Link:

<www.af.mil> *Airman* magazine, Air Force Print News, photos, Air Force Radio News, fact sheets, biographies, artwork, and links to other Air Force and DOD news.

Electronic mail subscriptions:

Send requests to
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A TRIBUTE

To Dad, Lowell West

By DEAN WEST

Box 235, Flat Rock, IL 62427

*Lowell West, B-24 pilot, was shot down in Yugoslavia.
He died in 2002.*

The story of Lowell G. West began Oct. 4, 1920, in Dongola, Illinois. He was born, the oldest son of Joe and Stella West. He grew up in the area of Cypress, Ill., finished two years of high school at Cypress and graduated from Dongola High School, Dongola, Ill.

Dad entered the armed forces not long after his high school years, to become a bomber pilot for the U.S. Air Force. His duties took him to Italy, from which he flew combat missions into what was then Yugoslavia and surrounding areas. He completed 16 missions and on the 17th mission, was shot down and remained missing in action for 46 days.

Dad's plane flown on the 16 missions was named *Star Dust*. The 17th and final mission March 19, 1944, was flown on a plane called *Moo Juice* due to mechanical problems with *Star Dust*. Due to its importance, it would have counted for two missions. Being a man of intuition, going to the flight line that final day, he told his nose gunner, Earnie Nordwell, that he had a bad feeling "about this one."

The mission was so important that it was not scrubbed even though there were problems with *Moo Juice*. Flack from enemy



*Slovenian Exhibit on the back wall of the Chanute Museum
display of Escape and Evasion material.
Showcases at lower right contain artifacts of the war.*

guns was so thick, "If it had been solid you could have walked on it," was his description of the final flight.

Conversations with a German fighter pilot name *Stienolf* reveal that he was credited for shooting down a B-24 in the area where Dad's plane crashed, and is believed to be the fighter pilot who downed the plane.

Few people ever really knew Dad's heart and the struggles he endured. His entire life was overshadowed by that fateful flight and the 46 days spent evading the enemy of capture and assisting the Partisan fighters under Marshal Tito. Verification and details of his story have come to light through the tireless efforts of Mr. Bruce Magnusen of Seattle, Wash., author and researcher, whose mission in life has been to record in book and documentary film the story of his own father and of the 300+ men involved in rescuing them.

To his death, Dad struggled with having to leave one crewmember on the plane he was not absolutely certain was dead. The plane crashed just a few hundred yards beyond where Dad bailed out. His words to me have been, "Maybe I should have gone down with the plane as well."

A brief recounting of details includes that Dad did surgery on Earnie Nordwell's arm with nothing but a pocket knife. His maps and information given to a "Captain Loger" led to the destruction of a strategic bridge, helping the Resistance.

He told me about seeing a small girl hit directly by an incendiary bomb and burned white. How he was asked to comfort her mother. Using his pocket Bible, he read scripture, helping her in that awful moment of grief. How he carried a small child between buildings during an enemy attack, and hearing the bullets from enemy fighters chug into the building as he "just made it." He would laugh as he told of seeing a local farmer emerge from a manure pile into which he had jumped to escape the attack.

He had a deep admiration for "Captain Loger" and Dr. Miljenko Koe and their bravery as leaders in the Resistance and their assistance to those escaping.

Dad never knew until recently that he is still remembered in the former Yugoslavia for his actions during those 46 days there. Today, in a museum on the old Chanute Field near Rantoul, Ill., is a room labeled Escape/Evasion. Around its walls are 18 panels of pictures given the Pentagon by the former Yugoslavia. The pictures depict the bravery and effort of men like Dad. Three of those 18 panels are dedicated to him.

Bruce Magnusen, who has researched these facts and gleaned Dad's story from interviews with the people or their spouses and children in the former Yugoslavia, made this comment as I talked with him recently: "Dean, you do not understand. Your Dad is not just a hero to those people; he is truly a legend."

88,000 are missing **from all our wars** **POW/MIA talks** **end in Bangkok**

WASHINGTON (AFPN) -- The top nations involved in accounting for Americans missing in action from the Vietnam War ended a meeting in Bangkok on Oct. 24.

The senior-level talks were held by officials from the United States, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. They exchanged ideas, experiences and techniques that have been productive in accounting for missing Americans, and set a vision for future work in the area.

The meeting represented the first time all four nations have joined together in such talks since the war ended in 1975. U.S. officials work with each of the countries individually as specialists investigate MIA cases and excavate sites to try to recover and identify the remains of missing Americans.

Since the war ended, U.S. officials have accounted for more than 700 Americans from the Vietnam War, with more than 1,800 still accounted for. More than 88,000 are still missing from all conflicts.

The United States will continue its bilateral relationship in this work, said Jerry Jennings, deputy assistant secretary of defense for POW/MIA missing persons affairs. He expressed appreciation to the delegation, on behalf of American families, for their country's cooperation in the past. Each year, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam host more than 700 American specialists who review archives or conduct investigations and recovery operations.

At the end of the two-day session, the delegates said they agreed that such talks were a useful forum for improving joint cooperation on this humanitarian mission. They also agree to hold such consultations annually.

WINTER 2003-04

Date : 13/14 Feb 43	Group : 8 (PFF)	Squadron : 35	Type of A/C : Halifax II	Serial number/ W7885
Base : Graveley, Hunts		Time off : 1820 hrs		Code letters: TL-B
Operation : Lorient				
Crash site : Landeleau, Finistère				
Post in crew	Rank, name, RAF number	Fate (POW, KIA, escaped)	Miscellaneous (age, town, county or country, etc.)	
Pilot	F/O J.C. THOMAS, J/8390. RCAF	EVD Interned in Switzerland	23. Canadian	
Observer	F/O G.H.F. CARTER, J/11213. RCAF	EVD Rpt (+) 1155 : In UK 9 Apr 1943	19. British	
Bomb Aimer	Sgt R. MARTIN, 1067885, RAF (VR)	EVD Rpt (-) 1315 In UK 24 Jul 1943	28. St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.	
Flight Engineer	Sgt D.C. YOUNG, 979344. RAF (VR)	POW Stalag Luft 6 Hevdekrug		
Wireless Operator	Sgt E.R.R. TURENNE, R/86205. RCAF	EVD Rpt (-) 1314 In UK 24 Jul 1943	27. St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada	
Mid-Upper Gunner	Sgt J.N. BARRY, R/135217. RCAF	EVD Rpt (-) 1299 In UK 14 Jul 1943	24. Montreal, Quebec, Canada	
Rear Turret Gunner	F/O J.W. FREEMAN, J/10162 RCAF	KIA Carhaix Communal Cemetery, Finistère	22. Battle Lake, Alberta, Canada	

DETAILS : F/O Freeman bailed out but his parachute got caught in the aircraft's tail fins and he went into the ground with her.

L'odysee de Gordon Carter

(The Odyssey of Gordon Carter)

Gordon Carter was shot down on his 13th operation. It was the beginning of an incredible odyssey.

Pontivy. I had an address where help could be found." The Grand Cafe in Pontivy was the place.

There, Gordon Carter and Napoleón "Nap" Barry met Guy Lenfant, a colorful and daring Free

(Translated from Ouest-France, Wednesday, 24 September 2003)

Gordon Carter joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in June 1941. He was trained as an air observer (navigator/air bomber) and posted to 35 Squadron in the U.K.

He flew his first operation on 13 September 1942. On 13 February 1943, Gordon Carter's Halifax bomber was hit by flak on a raid to Lorient. Unable to extinguish fire in two engines and with hydraulics gone, the pilot gave the bail out order.

Gordon Carter landed near the hamlet of Kerlescoat in central Brittany. "I wanted to reach



After World War II, Gordon Carter returned to Brittany to marry Janine, the girl he met during his adventures with the Resistance.

rench agent organising the exception of arms drops in Brittany. The two airmen stayed in Lenfant's house for about ten days. After many events, a maritime operation was organised in a small cove of the north west of Brittany, near Sibiril, Finistère.

"We had ID papers issued to us. We were supposed to be bombed-out victims of the raids on Lorient."

A Royal Navy motor gun boat was to pick them up on 9 March 1943. The pre-agreed BBC message -- *"la plume de ma tante est rouge"* (my aunt's quill-pen is red) -- was heard on the radio.

They huddled on the beach. Sadly, no boat came.

"We later learned that the boat went to a wrong beach nearby."

Lenfant entrusted the airmen to the monks in the Trappist monastery at Timadeuc in Central

Brittany. Georges "Geo" Jouanjean, a member of the Pat O'Leary line, took them in charge. The idea was to take them to Paris and then to Spain.

They took a train to Paris in Morlaix, only to find that Geo's contact in the French capital had been arrested. Geo barely avoided being caught by the Gestapo.

They spent the rest of the day in Paris. They lunched in a restaurant crowded with Germans.

"We sat in a corner. Geo boldly told the waiter who we were. He could have denounced us with a gesture. Instead, he served us a meal as if it was quite natural. What impressed me most in France were little actions like this. This refusal to accept the occupation. More than heroic actions."

They returned to Brittany where eventually a solution was found for

Gordon. He evaded in the *Dal'ch Mad* (hold tight in Bretton), a derelict fishing boat leaving Treiboul harbor with 16 Frenchmen on board on 7 April 1943. They reached Great Britain after a two-day trip. Nap Barry's journey to Great Britain was arranged by the Oaktree line. He arrived in Gibraltar on 15 July 1943.

Gordon Carter returned to 35 Sqn and logged 51 missions with Bomber Command's elite Pathfinder Force. He was shot down again on the Leipzig raid of 19 February 1944 when the RAF lost 78 bombers.

This time he ran out of luck and became a POW in Stalag Luft 3 at Sagan, Silesia. After VE-Day, Gordon returned to Brittany to marry Geo's siser, Janine, the girl he fell in love with during his evasion.

B-17 F 42-29745

305th Bomb Grp - 364th Bomb Sqn
fell at sea 20 miles off Plymouth



Morlaix



B-17 F 42-29627 Midnight
94th Bomb Grp - 410th Bomb Sqn
crashed at Plourin-les-Morlaix



B-17 F 42-29767 Boot Hill
96th Bomb Grp - 338th Bomb Sqn
crashed at Plonévez-du-Faou

Pontivy



B-17 F 42-29663

305th Bomb Grp - 364th Bomb Sqn
crashed at Moëlan-sur-Mer



Lorient

Groix

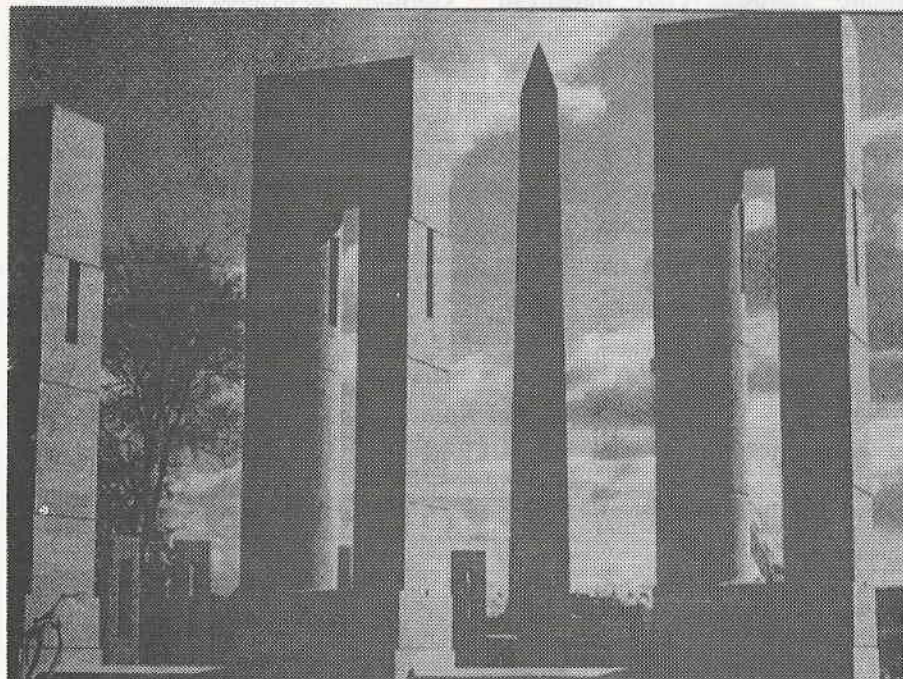
B-17 F 42-5063

305th Bomb Grp - 366th Bomb Sqn
fell at sea between Plouhinec and Riantec



B-17 F 42-5219
305th Bomb Grp - 364th Bomb Sqn
crashed at Brech

B-17s Lost on Lorient Raid of May 17, 1943



A view of the Washington Monument through the pillars of the National World War II Memorial in Washington. The WWII memorial is scheduled to open in April 2004 and to be dedicated May 29, 2004. A visit to the memorial is planned to follow the next AFEES reunion in Philadelphia.

WW2 Registry will preserve memories of the great war

<www.wwiimemorial.com>

The WWII Registry will preserve the memory of America's War II generation within the physical memorial and through the World War II Registry of Remembrances.

It will list individual Americans who contributed to the war effort.

Any U.S. citizen who helped win the war, whether a veteran or someone on the home front, is eligible for the registry. Names in the registry will be forever linked to the memorial's bronze and granite representations of their sacrifice and achievement.

The registry combines four distinct databases that can be searched for names of those whose service and sacrifice helped win the Second World War. The registry includes the names of Americans who are:

- * Buried in American Battle Monuments Commission overseas military cemeteries.
- * Memorialized on ABMC Tablets of the Missing.
- * Listed on official War and Navy Department Killed in Service rosters now held by the National Archives and Records Administration.
- * Honored by public enrollment in the Registry of Remembrances.

(To enroll, key up the website shown above)

Roger got shots of downed B-17

Roger Cornevin-Hayton of Normandy was especially interested in the story, *Tail Gunner: "I love them people,"* in the Fall 03 editor of the AFEES newsletter, Pages 10-11.

He saw another 384th Bomb Group B-17 crash nearby on the same mission on July 4, 1943.

One of the crewmen, Sgt. Charle Mankowitz (E&E 264) was hidden in the forest for 47 days.

Roger writes: "I witnessed a B-17 crash for the same raid on Le Mans. On July 5 (the next day) at 9 o'clock in the morning I took my old Kodak, my fishing articles and I went to the crash point.

"Only the noise of the running water in the little river amongst the poplars where I used to fish with my father and my brother. No sentinel in the vicinity.

"It was totally forbidden and dangerous to take photographs. I was 15 years old and I will never forget the discovery of the two victims.

"I secretly took six photos but I waited one year to get them developed, until liberation of our area on Aug. 12, 1944.

"In fact, four B-17s were shot down in this area."

New slogan needed for co-ed Academy

U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY, Colo. (AFPN) -- The U.S. Air Force Academy's Association of Graduates is seeking a new slogan to affix to the ramp leading into the cadet area here.

"Bring Me Men" was the previous slogan. It was based on an 1894 poem by Sam Walter Foss, which reads in part, "Bring me men to match my mountains. Bring me men to match my plains," and was put in place in 1964. The academy became co-ed in 1976, but the name remained until earlier this year.



Lawton, Okla., Mayor Cecil Powell looks over 1,000 American flags that have been placed in a flower bed in support of Fort Sill soldiers deployed to Iraq and their families.

Lawton, Ft. Sill united in grief from loss of their six soldiers

From the Dallas Morning News
Saturday, Nov. 8, 2003

By ARNOLD HAMILTON

LAWTON, Okla. -- Two front and center rows sit empty these days at First Baptist Church, yellow bows adorning each end and blue stars affixed to the cream-colored pew backs, each bearing a soldier's name.

They are poignant reminders of a nation at war, of the sacrifices of deployed church members and their families -- and of a long, powerful love affair between a southwestern Oklahoma city and its Army post, united in joy and grief, ambition and economy.

"This is a military town," said Mayor Cecil Powell. "Anytime you have one of your own (killed) -- there's a deeper sense of hurt.

"These are people that we intermingle with in the shopping centers and the grocery stores. You never get braced for something like this."

Lawton (population 92,757) and Fort Sill are reeling from the loss Sunday, Nov. 2, of six of their soldiers, killed when their CH-47 Chinook helicopter was shot down in Iraq by a surface-to-air missile.

A message of condolences by Chairman Ralph K. Patton of AFEES appears on Page 4.

Our members were royally entertained at Fort Sill during the 2003 reunion in Wichita Falls.

Airport shuttle serves Hilton

Upon arrival at the Philadelphia International Airport, reunioneers should claim their baggage and then proceed to the ground transportation desk which is in the baggage-claim area.

Then Dial 19 on the phone and you will be advised where to board the shuttle.

It is best to make reservations for arrival and for departure. To do so, call 1-800-559-2040.

Shuttle Fares
To Valley Forge
Hilton Hotel, payment
by cash is \$21 1-way,
\$37 Round Trip.
For Credit Card
users, it is \$26
1-way, \$41 RT



Hilton Valley Forge ready for you!

King of Prussia, Pennsylvania

Situated just minutes from historic Valley Forge National Park, and 20 minutes from Center City Philadelphia, the Hilton Valley Forge artfully combines tradition with service from the moment you step foot in the lobby to meet the varying needs of guests.

The Hilton is comfortably located on 9 acres of beautifully landscaped grounds with sweeping residential and scenic views. The deluxe guests room features coffee maker, hair dryers, voice mail, data ports, 2-line telephones and oversized workdesks with pull-out laptop tray. The Hilton also features web Tv, pay-per-view movies and cable television.

Executive suites offer a private sitting area and luxury sites have wet bars, whirlpool baths and a dressing area.

The Hilton Valley Forge boasts over 21,000 square feet of flexible meeting space, including the largest ballroom in the Valley Forge/King of Prussia area. Rooms can be set for as few as 10 or as many as 1,000 people.

The 348 newly renovated guest rooms, including 54 suites, will easily accommodate your overnight requirements and complimentary parking accommodates more than 525 cars.

DINING

Kobe Japanese Steakhouse and Sushi Bar, open five nights a week, feature a sushi bar and delicious seafood and steak specialties prepared hibachi style right at your table.

Maxwell's Restaurant and Pub serves American cuisine for breakfast, lunch and dinner, seven days a week.

FREE TIME CHOICES

During free time, guests can get energized in the health club or enjoy the tropical indoor-outdoor pool.

Feel like shopping? A complimentary shuttle service can



escort you to nearby King of Prussia Shopping Plaza.

The Hilton also features coin-operated washers and dryers, a full service hair and nail salon, as well as a gift shop and full service business center.

Hilton Valley Forge is located on

Route 202 North (DeKalb Pike) in King of Prussia. Just two minutes from Pennsylvania Turnpike Interchange with Schuylkill Expressway; 20 minutes from Center City Philadelphia; 30 minutes from Philadelphia International Airport.



IMPORTANT: AFEES Helpers should make Hotel reservations for Philadelphia with AFEES REUNION 2004, c/o Francene Weyland, Treasurer, 11644 SW Egret Circle, Unit 101, Lake Suzy, FL 34269-8732 U.S.A.

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**HOTEL RESERVATION FORM**  
**Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society**  
**ANNUAL REUNION & AGM**  
**Thursday-Sunday, April 29-May 2, 2004**  
**Hilton Valley Forge, King of Prussia, Pa.**  
Double or Single Occupancy: \$91 inclusive  
(Rate also applies two days prior to 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)

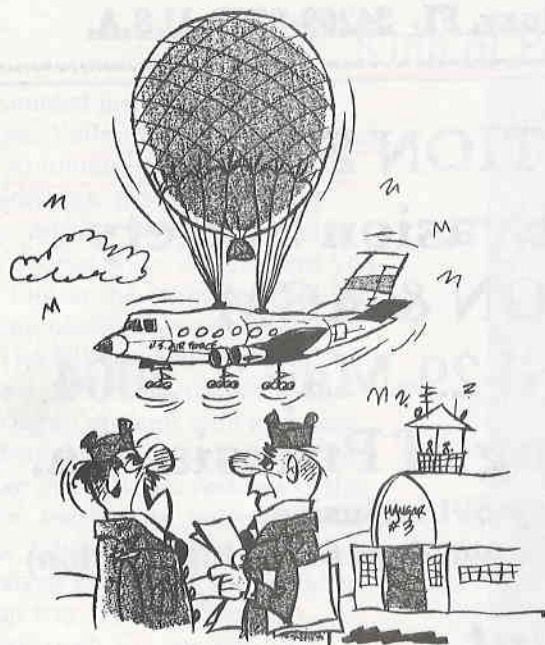
**All except Helpers should mail this form to hotel  
or call 1-800-HILTONS or call the Hotel at 954-427-7700  
and mention Escape and Evasion Society Reunion**

**HILTON VALLEY FORGE**

**251 West DeKalb Pike  
King of Prussia, PA 19406  
Phone 954-427-7700**



# Here Jake

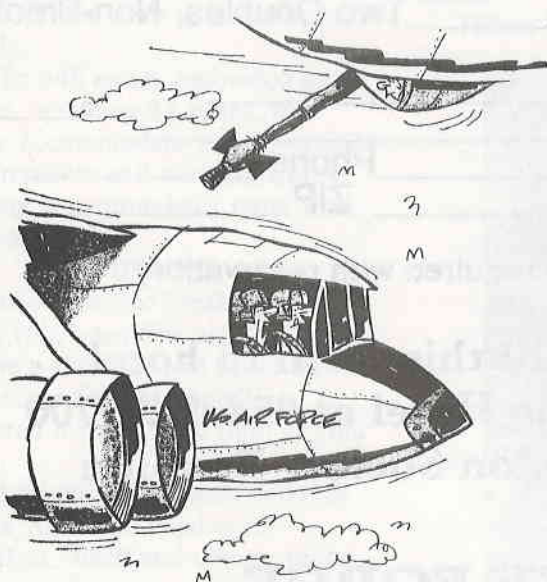


"O.K., so much for your vertical takeoff idea, Burton.  
Now what happens?"



"We turned down your promotion for your own  
good, Argyle. We didn't want putting you in a  
higher tax bracket on your conscience."

The best of  
**"JAKE"  
SCHAFER**



"No, I don't know where the gas cap is. ... I  
thought you did."



"But sir, if I lose weight — it may jeopardize our  
reputation for being the best-fed base in the Air Force."



## AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY

## ANNUAL REUNION AND GENERAL MEETING

**THURSDAY - SUNDAY, April 29-May 3, 2004**  
**Valley Forge Hilton, King of Prussia, Pa.**

*Please complete this form and return form with check or money order (No Credit Cards) not later than April 16, 2004. Your check is your receipt.*

*Make check payable to AFEES Reunion and mail to*

*Francene Weyland, AFEES Treasurer, 11644 SW Egret Circle,  
 Unit 101, Lake Suzy FL 34269-8732; Phone 1-941-624-2646*

\_\_\_\_\_ **Reservations for the total reunion package, \$230 per person, which includes Registration fee and all events listed below . . . . . \$** \_\_\_\_\_

If you do not select the total Reunion Package, please indicate events of your choice:

\_\_\_\_\_ Registration Fee @ \$30 per person . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Thursday Welcoming Buffet @ \$30 pp . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Friday, City Tour @ \$40 pp . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
     (Includes Luncheon at Union League Club hosted by Eileen and Bruce Hooper)  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday Night Banquet @ \$42 . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Sunday Breakfast Buffet @ \$16 . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Sunday, Valley Forge Tour with Box Lunch @ \$40 . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Sunday, Helpers Dinner @ \$32 . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**OPTIONAL TOURS Not included in Reunion Package**

\_\_\_\_\_ Thursday, Lancaster/Amish Tour, with Lunch @ \$56 . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**--OR--**

\_\_\_\_\_ Thursday, Army War College with box lunch @ \$38 . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL ENCLOSED . . . . . \$** \_\_\_\_\_

**SPECIAL NOTICE: For Saturday banquet, please indicate your choice of Entree,**  
**Prime Rib \_\_\_\_\_ or Stuffed Flounder \_\_\_\_\_**

A post-reunion excursion to Washington, D.C. on Monday, May 3, is not included in the reunion schedule. At hotel registration time, you may register for the tour. Participants are expected to pay \$38 per person for the tour, which includes box lunch.

(Helpers should send both Hotel form and Reunion Registration form to Francene Weyland, AFEES treasurer, at above address. )

For more Reunion information, contact Yvonne Daley Brusselmans, 1-727-734-9573

**NAME BADGES:** List names as you wish them to appear on badge:

NAME (Please Print) \_\_\_\_\_ Service Unit \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Guest(s) Name \_\_\_\_\_

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



### Aerial Gunner

*(Thoughts of a Flight Engineer)*

Chase the dread of war away,  
 Tonight we drink and sing and play,  
 We live this moment, no wish deny  
 The war is sleeping; tomorrow we fly.  
 Pedaling back to the bomber's nest,  
 The fog above may mean a day of rest.  
 In the early hours, still dark of night,  
 It's destiny calling at cots flagged white.  
 Those chosen tread a somber beat,  
 Bombers are fueled and men must eat.  
 The Airmen's Mess feeds these flying men,  
 Now awake, each man his courage regirds.  
 Their step increases, their voices regained,  
 Questions of target not yet explained.  
 Behind the curtain a course is laid down,  
 A blood red ribbon to some German town.  
 An eruption of sound as the curtain is drawn,  
 Some souls here will miss the next dawn.  
 The dark is aging as each silent band,  
 Quietly gathers at their own hardstand.  
 A check of the craft from nose to fin,  
 Then all the creatures vanish within.  
 Like waves striking a rocky shore,  
 The bombers engines sputter and roar.  
 Then they lumber in a menacing gait,  
 Angry about their bothering weight.  
 With motors full rev and brakes still on,  
 Down the runway they hurriedly flee,  
 All praying they can outrun gravity.  
 Motors, wings, and hands of skill,  
 Lift and hold us above the land;  
 Now slowly circling in rising flight,  
 Gathering together above the night.  
 The land is ending, it's water ahead,  
 The sea's freezing cold waters we all dread.  
 Over the water all gunners test fire.  
 To protect his crew, each gunner's desire.  
 The higher we go, the colder it gets,  
 At sixty below zero a man still sweats,  
 The coast of France is on the horizon,  
 Soon spotty black death will be rising,  
 The twisting turrets search the clock around.  
 The nearing I.P...means soon we will turn,  
 Steady on line tho your soul may burn.

For flak never came from a friendly gun.  
 It's guts and honor holds the plane steady,  
 For the test of flame the Air Corps is ready.  
 The Germans below with radar so clear,  
 Steadies his aim as we all draw near.  
 Many black steps the heavens climb,  
 Black notes without reason or rhyme.  
 Lesser men might have easily turned away,  
 These men hold true all through the fray.  
 A plane is spinning down like a broken toy,  
 Let me count ten, Lord, as chutes deploy.  
 Feel that lift? Like a kite at play,  
 The bomb run's completed, it's bombs away.  
 The flak is slowing as we make our turn,  
 The words repeated, "let's return to base."  
 The target is burning way down below,  
 The props steadily turning, a long way to go.  
 The "hour" is called, the guns point high,  
 "Jerry" is coming; some mothers will cry.  
 Remember to lead and make the burst short,  
 The rounds in the can are all you've got.  
 Each "Jerry" takes aim, breaks in a curve.  
 We hate their guts, but admire their nerve.  
 The plane off our wing has friends aboard,  
 Fingers of fire shatter and sever the cord.  
 Out of control; a sad, wounded bird,  
 Some Hun hunter is thinning the herd.  
 Follow her down 'til she's out of sight,  
 Praying now, but you'll be drinking tonight.  
 Some friends are gone; may never return.  
 The next time out it could be your turn.  
 The group's been lowering at a steady pace,  
 Now we can remove the mask from our face.  
 We've crossed the water once again,  
 Converted from killers to gentle men.  
 I thank the Lord for every round trip,  
 Pray He will never desert our ship.  
 Thanks to the ground crews all over the base,  
 The ground pounders lot is a harried pace.  
 We the riders, the favorite son,  
 Without the "walkers" no task is done.  
 We've been debriefed, relived the day;  
 Now we're set loose to sleep or play.  
 The drink I had plays havoc with me,  
 The rhymes in my head hum tauntingly.  
 Tomorrow again the air war goes on,  
 'Til air supremacy we, or they, have won.  
 (by Paul J. Kuchinski, 456th Bomb Group)





## *the power of the 15th AF*

At the End of WWII--- General Nathan F. Twining made the following address:

*"Every member of the 15th Air Force can take a just pride in the record of this organization. Perhaps some of you do not fully appreciate how magnificent that record is or clearly realize the scope of our operation in Europe. Following are some of the facts which summarize history of the 15th Air Force."*

During the 15 months the 15th Air Force was in operation this is what was accomplished:

- \* It destroyed all gasoline production within its range in southern Europe.
- \* It destroyed 6,286 enemy aircraft in the air and on the ground.
- \* It knocked out all major aircraft factories in its sphere.
- \* It crippled the enemy's transportation system over half of once occupied Europe.
- \* It came to the aid of hard-pressed ground forces and spearheaded the advance of allied armed forces.
- \* It dropped 309,126 tons of bombs on military installations in 12 countries.
- \* It flew 151,029 heavy bomber sorties and 89,397 fightersorties against the enemy.
- \* The above records were accomplished but not without the cost of lives and the loss of 3,379 aircraft.

*Reprinted from "Vapor Trails Talk",  
97th Bomb Group Reunion Association  
newsletter, Peter Moschoginis, Editor*

+++++

***NOW HEAR THIS!***  
**The PX is being phased out**

***The stock  
won't last  
much longer!***

**10-piece Tool Kit with logo . . . . \$8**

### **WINGED BOOT EMBLEMS (A very few left)**

Lapel Pin, Pewter, 3/4 in. . . . . \$6.00  
Lapel Pin, blue shield with boot . . \$7.50

### **OFFICIAL AFEES MERCHANDISE**

License Plate . . . . . \$12  
Decals, exterior or interior . . . . 6 for \$2  
Bolo Tie, Southwestern. . . . . \$5  
Note Pad & Pen, AFEES logo . . . . \$3  
Lapel Pin with U.S. flag & logo . . . . \$2

### **OFFICIAL AFEES CAPS (A few left, mixed styles)**

Mesh Back, Navy blue . . . . . \$12  
Closed Back, Navy blue . . . . . \$12  
Closed Back, Navy blue (no eggs). \$10

### Shipping Charges

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

FOR LARGE ORDERS:

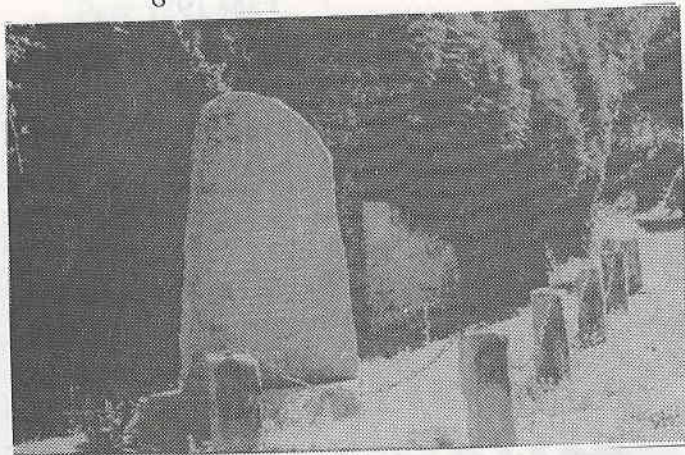
\$50-\$100, \$4.50; \$100-\$300, \$9.00

**Make checks payable to  
AFEES; mail to**

**Thomas H. Brown Jr., AFEES PX Manager**  
104 Lake Fairfield Drive  
Greenville, SC 29615-1506  
Phone: 864-244-8420  
<tbrown104@cs.com>

+++++





*Close to the coast at Plouha, a memorial commemorates the House of Alphonse. The wall behind is all that is left of the place.*

## *Night of anguish at the House of Alphonse*

*Translated from Ouest-France,  
Wednesday, 24 September 2003*

The House of Alphonse, near Plouha, was a stopping place on the road to liberty. One of the last missions nearly ended in tragedy.

On 23 July 1944, two of Shelburne's leaders, "Leon" Dumais and Francois Le Cornec, brought five evaders to the home of Jean and Marie Gicquel, owners of Alphonse's House. They were to lie in hiding until the next evening.

That night, a patrol of Russians serving in the German army came near the house. The soldiers were drunk. Something attracted their attention.

They knocked at the door. Jean Gicquel unsuspectingly opened the door to them. Panic-stricken when he saw them, he slammed the door and had time to warn the evaders who went into hiding in the attic.

Menacing, the soldiers dragged Jean Gicquel into the courtyard. Marie heard bursts of submachine gun fire. "I thought my husband was dead," she said. The Russians had fired into the air, to scare. As a result of this uncoordinated shooting, one of them was wounded in the groin. One of the soldiers

took Jean Gicquel to the house of a neighbor; he wanted to find a cart to carry the wounded.

A Russian stayed with Marie and her six-week-old baby in the house. All was quiet. The evaders thought that all was clear and moved. The Russian heard them. He yelled, "Monsieur, madame, baby, kaput!" Then he calmed down.

The other soldier came back with the cart. They loaded the wounded and went away, leaving Jean Gicquel and his wife. They felt the best thing to do was to run away.

The Russians informed the Gestapo. But they couldn't find a trace of the Gicquels. As a reprisal, the Germans set fire to the House of Alphonse on Sunday, 24 July 1944.

On this very evening, Jean left France with five evaders from Bonaparte Beach. Marie and her baby stayed in hiding in safe houses until the area was liberated.

The House of Alphonse would live forever in the legend of the Resistance.

The five evaders included one American, Maj. William A. Jones (E&E 834), USAAF, 367th Fighter Group. Others were Maj. Oswald Cary Elwes, British Special Air Service; Maj. Smith and Cpl. E. Mills, both British SAS; and MI9/SPG 2057 F/Sgt. Thomas Philip Fargher, RAF, 234 Sqn.

## **Reseau Shelburn a great success**

*From NOSTALGIC NOTES, 94th Bomb Gp.,  
December 1976*

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

Operation Bonaparte was the code name given to the "Escape by Sea" mission of the resistance network named "Shelburn." Two French Canadians from Ottawa and Montreal were parachuted into France in November of 1943 by British Military Intelligence to organize and operate an escape network to try to help the hundreds of Allied airmen who had been, and were continuing to be shot down during the massive Allied air raids on Germany and the occupied countries.

Great numbers of airmen were holed up in Paris and Brittany, thus endangering the lives of hundreds of patriotic Frenchmen who were hiding them.



Something had to be done to relieve this pressure.

With Sgt. Major Lucien Dumais in command and Sgt. Ray LaBrosse as radio operator and second in command, the organization of Réseau Shelburn began to take form. Both Dumais and LaBrosse had escaped from France earlier and had volunteered to go back to organize Shelburn.

Dumais had been captured at the ill-fated Canadian raid on Dieppe in August 1942; he escaped from a German POW train and made his way to Marseille from where he escaped by way of the Pat O'Leary line.

LaBrosse had parachuted into France with Val Williams in February 1943 to organize a sea escape route, but their group was infiltrated by the Gestapo, and LaBrosse was forced to escape to Spain when his leader, Williams, was arrested.

Taking advantage of the contacts that LaBrosse (code name "Claude") and Val Williams had made in Brittany in early 1943, Dumais and "Claude" went to work to build the most successful escape network of World War II. Not one airman was ever lost once he was in the hands of Shelburn, nor was an agent or helper ever captured by the Gestapo.

In Paris, an organization was set up to interrogate, make false papers, shelter and to pass airmen on to Brittany. This was under direction of Paul Francois Campinchi, a French lawyer, who had worked with LaBrosse and Val Williams on the ill-fated Oak Tree Mission earlier in 1943. Marcel Cola, a Ford Motor Co. executive in Paris, recruited a nucleus of English-speaking agents to work with him in finding housing in and around Paris and to do preliminary interrogation. One of these agents was Anita Lemonner, later Mrs. P. K. Hartman of New York City.

The transfer of airmen from Paris to Brittany was dangerous work, work that took courage, patience and great acting ability. One of the greatest of these



**"La maison d'Alphonse," the rendezvous house before going to the beach.  
Burned down by the Germans in July 1944.**

helpers was Rene LeOiseau, who on numerous occasions guided a total of 35 airmen from Paris to St. Brieuc and Guingamp.

On arrival at St. Brieuc or Guingamp, the airman was taken in charge by the Brittany organization under the direction of Francois LeCornac. Guides like Andre Chareton and Fernand Trochel met the trains and escorted airmen to homes in the area including their own. Airmen were usually kept in the area of Plouha three days -- it was planned to move them in and move them out -- timing was all important.

Moving them out was part of Francois Kerambrun's responsibility. Owner of a garage in the town of Guingamp, Francois carried supplies for the Germans by day and carried airmen by night. His truck was the main mode of transportation to the last rendezvous at the House of Alphonse.

La Maison d' Alphonse was a primitive Breton dwelling belonging to a sailor named Jean Gicquel who lived there with his wife and newborn baby. This tiny stone place was about 3/4 of a mile from the cliff and the beach where the airmen would meet the small boats from the British Corvette 503.

Unknown to the 24 airmen in the Maison d' Alphonse, on the moonless night of March 18, 1944, the BBC had broadcast a code message at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. that evening. "Bonjour tout le monde a la maison d'Alphonse" meant that the high-speed diesel gunboat of the Royal Navy was ready to leave Dartmouth and that all systems were go.

Under the command of Lt. Commander Mike Marshall, with David Birkin as navigator and Lloyd Bott as engineering officer, the 503 boat worked her way between German patrol boats to anchor two miles off Bonaparte Beach, prepared to pick up her cargo of grounded airmen on signal.

In the short space of three hours, 24 subdued airmen had been brought from a radius of 50 kilometers to this small farmhouse less than two kilometers from the coast. As midnight approached, Capt. Harrison issued his last instructions.

"This is the most dangerous part of your escape; do EXACTLY as you are told. When you leave here, follow the man in front of you very closely; don't deviate one step left or right. When you get to the cliff, sit down and dig your heels and hands in tightly. Don't slip or you might take the whole line down with you. And above all, keep your damned mouth shut."

Led by Pierre Huet, a former pilot with the French fleet air arm, the apprehensive fugitives headed out into the dark unknown. Patrols, mines, coast defenses and weak hearts were a few of the hazards between La Maison d'Alphonse and Bonaparte Beach. Pierre had the mines located, LeCornec and his men had the patrols spotted and timed, and Job Mainguy, a former sea captain, had the German coastal defense well located.

Numbering 35 now, the escape party reached the



beach without incident and Capt. Harrison (actually Lucien Dumais), from a spot halfway up the cliff sent his Morse letter B to the Corvette anchored offshore. The signal was flashed every two minutes with a masked flashlight; below the signaler was a blue light hidden in a cove off the beach to direct the small boats to the exact spot on shore.

The minutes seemed like hours as the party on shore waited for the boats. Impatience stimulated low-throated conversation -- where the hell are they? Can they find this slight indentation in the coast? This came to an abrupt halt when the sky lit up bright as daylight, followed instantly by the loud roar of a giant coastal defense cannon. The first surprising salvo was followed by a second and a third -- then, silence again.

Have the Krauts sunk the boat? How will we ever get back up the cliff? What do we do now? More signals to sea. More impatience. More nervous conversation. More waiting. Finally, at 3:00 a.m., five plywood skiffs rowed in on the gentle swells. In five minutes all the airmen were aboard and headed out to meet the Corvette anchored off shore, out of reach of German searchlights.

As Capt. Harrison and his courageous band of French patriots wave adieu to the men that they had risked their lives to help, they turned to climb back up the cliff to begin planning the next mission.

## *Polish men rescued a P-51 pilot*

*Charles Goss was a P-51 pilot with the 357th Fighter Group, based at Leiston, England, when he went down Oct. 19, 1944, while providing escort for a bombing raid to Ludwigshafen, Germany.*

*He has written about his experiences.*

**By CHARLES G. GOSS  
Tulsa, Okla.**

I was not scheduled to fly Oct. 19 and was planning to go to London on a three-day pass. Chuck Weaver, my friend, had planned on going to London. Then he found he was scheduled to fly, so I also

scheduled to fly the same day. Chuck came back, but I didn't.

While we were circling the target, German gunners filled the air with flak. My plane was hit and the engine failed.

I tried without success to restart it. Then a sense of calm came over me; I knew what I had to do.

At about 5,000 feet I prepared to parachute from the plane. I landed in a wooded area at the top of a large tree. When I bailed out, I was injured when my right leg hit the tail.

This was a tall tree with moss on the bark, so it was difficult to get my leg past the limbs as I climbed down. I finally put my arms around the tree and with the slick moss, I could slide most of the way to the ground before I let go and fell the rest of the way.

The time was about noon.

I walked on the same heading that I was going in the plane. My walking put me in wooded areas and open areas.

I would walk in the woods in daylight and open areas at night.



**Panorama of the rugged Brittany coast near Plouha. Thanks to Réseau Shelburn, 135 Allied airmen departed this beach for England.**

The men and women of *Operation Bonaparte* made eight trips to the beach to deliver 128 airmen and 7 agents to British gunboats for passage to England. In addition, Réseau Shelburn under Canadians Dumais and LaBrosse sent 98 men to Spain with another 74 in the group that was rescued from the Forest of Freteval in August 1944.

Three hundred and 65 airmen owed their freedom to Réseau Shelburn.

Some of the hazards were getting through barbed wire entanglements, people coming up behind me on bicycles when I was on a roadway, looking at me, but continuing on their way. Many flowing streams were a source of water. I filled my bag; the escape kit had chlorine tablets to put in the water, so I was able to have liquids to drink.

It was the morning of the fifth day. By this time I was good at hiding behind a tree as cars passed. But this day there were two horse-drawn wagons. When I moved, men in the second wagon saw me. They stopped and came over to where I was. Leopold Pietruszewski was one of them. A Polish man.

No one could speak English. I got out my language phrase card and when I came to the one Leopold recognized, I could point to different phrases. This way we were able to communicate.

The two wagons with the men had to go on to work. They were slave laborers digging German gun emplacements. I was to stay in the same location until dark. When



they came back, they would contact me.

They were most generous with the food they had for their lunches. They gave me fruit, meat and bread. I had not eaten for five days.

Many things went through my mind while waiting for the evening darkness. Would I be turned in and would someone come to capture me? But from the sincere actions and joy these men showed, I felt they would return at dusk.

At dusk, I heard the wagons and I soon heard someone whistle. I came out of the thicket and Leopold was the person I met. We walked to where he was living and he took me to the barn which was part of a German house. He helped me up to the loft which was to be my hiding place for about 15 days.

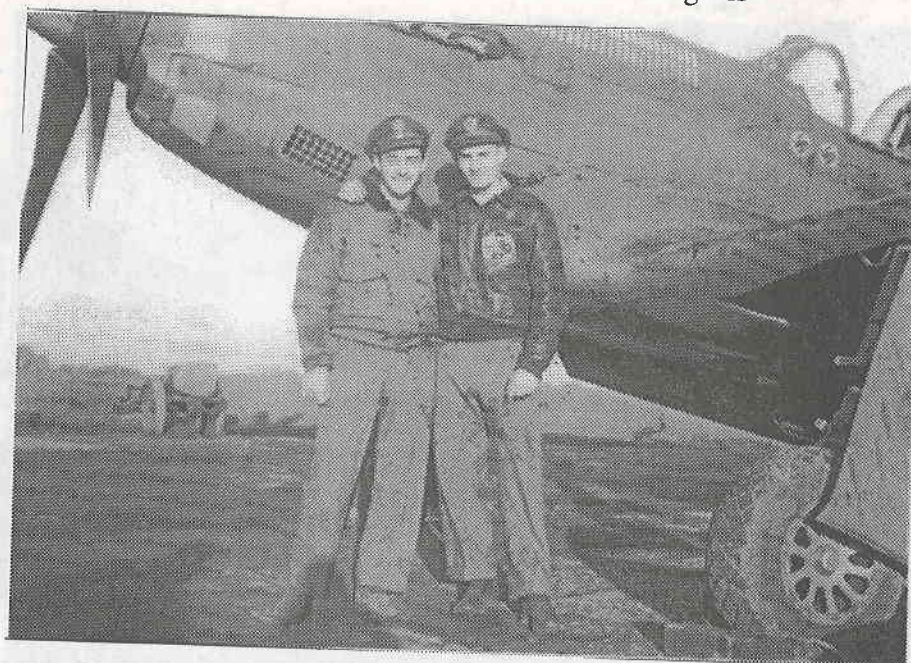
Leopold was so faithful in helping me. He would get the leftovers from their meals, chunks of bread, an egg, and canned meat. Years later when I talked to him in Chicago, he told me it was difficult to do this. He was able to get the ladies to save the pieces of bread, etc. so he could bring it to me. If they were caught it would have been the end to those who acquired the food, Leopold and me.

The plan was to wait until the Americans came closer and then we would try to make it through the front lines. During this stay in the loft, Leopold was able to come up almost every day. The days he missed were a real concern to me, when I didn't know if something had happened to him and if so, should I take out on my own. However, things went really well.

I was moved from the hay loft to a chicken coop. It was cold but I did survive. I was here a few days and then we thought we could make it through the lines. The group turned out to be Leopold and four other persons, two of them quite young.

We walked until we came to a canal. Later, we went into a house where we found K rations so we knew Americans had been there.

We waited until morning which



**Charles Goss (left) and his friend Chuck Weaver  
at Leiston Air Base, England, 1944.**

was Nov. 17, 1944, and I heard a halftrack coming down the road. I went out to the vehicle and told them what we needed, that the Polish men and I needed transportation. The driver said he had wounded men in his halftrack, but another would be along real soon. I thanked them.

Soon the second halftrack came up and I told them our situation and they had room for us. We all climbed into the halftrack and were transported to the army outpost. We were all put up for the night after a good meal.

Next day a dentist from Kansas in the U.S. Army had a German ambulance and he took us to army headquarters at Luneville, France.

We had to wait at the guard house until a major came from the headquarters building. I was still in my flight suit and did not have any rank to identify me. The major greeted us and I acknowledged why we were there.

The major told me they were confronted with Germans trying to get through the lines who spoke good English, had perfect American uniforms and papers.

I told the major the background of Leopold and the three other Polish men. How they helped me

for so long and how we made it through the lines.

For my interrogation, I was taken to a colonel's office. I went up to his desk, introduced myself and started to tell him about the area we had walked through. He jumped up from behind his desk, got a chair and asked me to sit down. Then he informed me the American army had put up the heaviest artillery barrage in the area we had walked through.

After interrogation in Paris, I returned to London and was interrogated again. From there, I was able to get back to my group before returning to the U.S.

The decision that Leopold and his three friends made was to serve in the Polish unit of the British Army so they could fight the Germans. The Polish men had to go through prisoner of war channels.

This was the last time I saw Leopold but he had my home address and I learned from his letters he was wounded twice while fighting.

After the war, I was privileged to see and talk to Leopold in Chicago, where he lived. It was so great that he could speak English. I always tell people the first time I met Leopold, he could speak seven languages but English was not one of them.



# Joe Balfe helped over 200 airmen

By VIRGIL MARCO

Dallas, Tex.

Joseph Balfe was born in Manchester in 1897 of Irish descent. He served in the Irish Guards during World War I and married a French woman in 1918. He became naturalized as French in 1937.

In 1940 he was working as chief clerk for the Southern Railway at Dunkirk and when the Allied retreat began, he fled with his wife and family to the south of France, eventually returning to Hornoy, Somme.

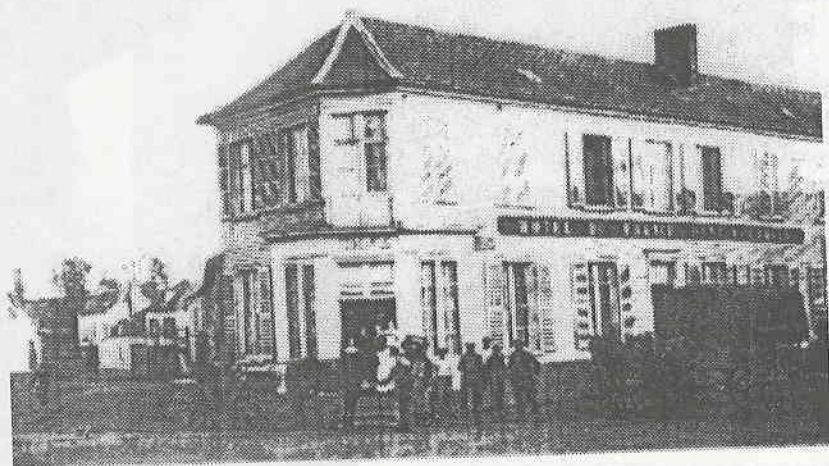
In July 1940 Joe Balfe was arrested by the Germans and imprisoned at Amiens for six weeks, obtaining release on claiming Irish (neutral) nationality.

In July 1943 he began assisting and harboring allied airmen who had parachuted in the Somme area. In the hotel that he and his wife operated, the Germans were billeted in the front and the allied airmen in the rear.

The underground in Paris collected allied airmen but later Joe Balfe began providing help for the airmen in the village of Hornoy at the Hotel de France. Joe Balfe is credited with the rescue of 150 airmen, but as certain records were destroyed when a colleague was arrested, it is probably more than 200. Some of the airmen were actually harbored in his cafe whilst German soldiers frequented it.

Towards the end of 1943 Joe Balfe became leader of the Resistance in his community and continued until liberation.

There was an instance when the postmaster informed Joe that he had intercepted a letter addressed to the Germans informing on the Balfes. Bernard, the village policeman, at great risk to himself, informed Joe that the Gestapo was coming for him and his wife. Joe and his wife escaped through a tunnel that ran from the hotel to the town hall. The Gestapo was so



**HOTEL DE FRANCE**

## HORNOY Somme -- Rue de Molliens

infuriated by his escape that they burned the hotel to the ground.

His two sons were smuggled through the French Underground to the United Kingdom to join the Allied Forces.

As one of the leaders of the escape and evasion group in the Paris area for one year prior to the liberation of France, he worked tirelessly to effect the escape of more than 150 aviators.

He lodged, clothed and conveyed the evaders despite the fact that his hotel was compelled to billet a considerable number of German soldiers and almost certain death awaited him had he been discovered.

He was awarded the Medal of

Freedom with gold palm by the U.S. Forces in the European Theatre for his heroic deeds.

Listed here are some of the American airmen helped by the Balfe family:

2nd Lt. Frances X. Harkins,  
0735310, 390th Bomb Grp.

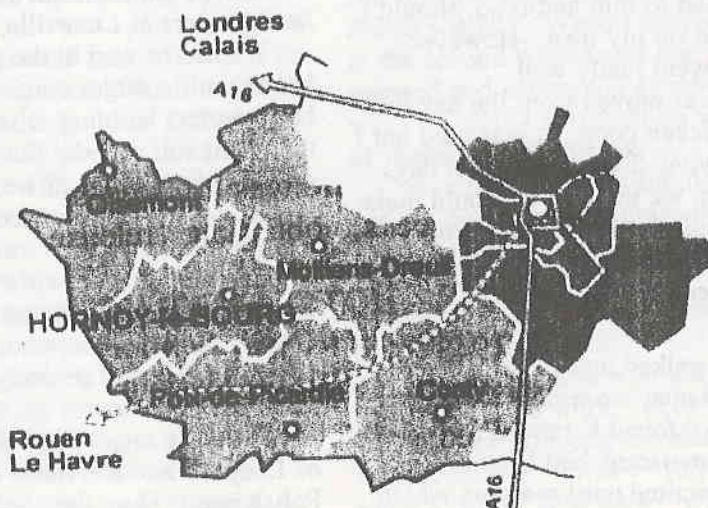
S/Sgt. Milton J. Mills Jr.,  
35649131, 379th Bomb Grp.

S/Sgt. Walter A. Mise Jr.,  
34684088, 384th Bomb Grp.

2nd Lt. H. Mays, 02044853,  
94th Bomb Grp.

2nd Lt. Earnest V. Lindell,  
0753009, 384th Bomb Grp.

(Information from the National Archives supplied by Joseph Balfe's grandson, Andrew Dale.)





## Military Awards and Decorations Air Force (including Army Air Corps & Army Air Forces)

### Request for medals:

[http://www.archives.gov/facilities/mo/st\\_louis/military\\_personnel\\_records/awards\\_and\\_decorations.html](http://www.archives.gov/facilities/mo/st_louis/military_personnel_records/awards_and_decorations.html)

### Military records for veterans or next of kin:

[http://www.archives.gov/research\\_room/vetrecs/](http://www.archives.gov/research_room/vetrecs/)

### Here is the address if you do not have a computer:

#### Where to write for medals:

National Personnel Records Center  
Air Force Reference Branch  
(NRPMF)  
9700 Page Avenue  
St. Louis, MO 63132-5100

#### Where medals are mailed from:

Headquarters Air Force  
Personnel Center  
AFPC/DPPPR  
550 C Street West, Suite 12  
Randolph AFB, TX 78150-4714

#### Where to write in case of a problem or an appeal:

Headquarters Air Force  
Personnel Center  
AFPC/DPPPR  
550 C Street West, Suite 12  
Randolph AFB, TX 78150-4714

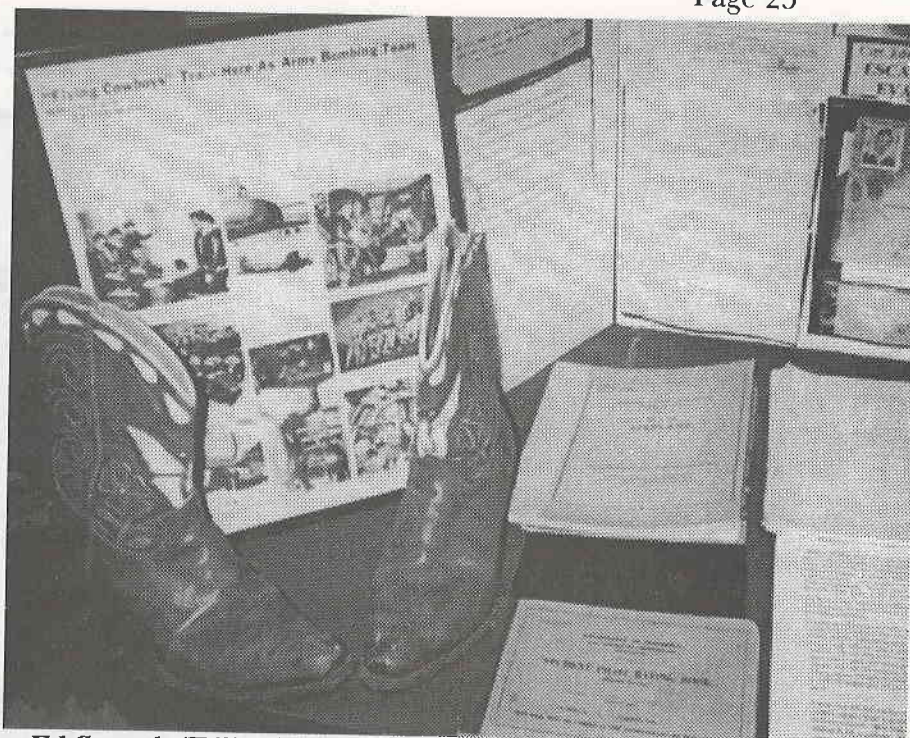
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## Bumper Sticker of the Year

If you can read this,  
thank a teacher;

If you reading it in English,  
thank a WWII veteran.

\*\*\*\*\*



*Ed Spevak (E/E 59) was part of the Flying Cowboys crew with the 94th Bomb Group. So it seemed that using his boots in a Veterans' Day display at the Cincinnati Union museum recently was the proper thing. First Lt. Spevak went down May 17, 1943, on the Lorient mission and went out via Foix and Andorra.*

*(See graphic on Page 11.)*

## MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY UPDATES

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** type)

1. Robert G. Borst, **8895 Willowwood Way, Jessup, MD, 20794-8923**
2. Sandrad A. Comstock "F", **50 Silver St., Branford, CT 06405-3723; Phone 203-481-8804**
3. John Chernosky, W. Babylon, NY (New AC: **631-422-1706**)
4. William L. Cupp, Winter address: 1201 8th Ave. W., **P25, Palmetto, FL 34221 <cuppbbp@earthlink.com>**
5. Clarence L. Larrew, **1181 S. Sunkist St. Apt. 53, Anaheim, CA 92806-5446; Phone 714-491-1267**
6. George W. Michel "L", **W180 S8510 Manor Dr. Apt. 1031, Muskego, WI 53150-7313; Phone 262-679-1093**
7. William "Scotty" Rendall "L", **3701 Grapevine Mills Pkwy., Apt 722, Grapevine, TX 76051-1911; Phone 469-549-4170**
8. Mrs. Mary Jane Stead "W", **2700 Burcham Dr., Apt. 501, East Lansing, MI 48823; Phone 517-203-3041**
9. Ray L. Stewart, **221 N 40th Ave #210, Yakima WA 98908-2932**
10. Harold C. Talling, **2010 York Rd., Jamison, PA 18929-1608; Phone 267-488-0281**
11. Kenneth R. Williams, **39 Tobey Ct., Pittsford, NY 14534-1856; Phone 585-381-0670; <Kenusaf@Rochester.RR.com>**
12. 8th AF Hist. Society, **1752 Trail Rd., St. Paul, MN 55118-3720**



# Jane Birkin: 'Papa etait passeur'

*Jane Birkin's father, David, enrolled in a Resistance network and made several visits from England to Brittany during WWII. After her father's death, Jane, a singer/dancer, purchased the house in Pratar Coum with a view on the bay where her father used to dock at the risk of his life.*

**(Translated from Ouest-France, Sept. 24, 2003)**

## **What was your father's role?**

Dad was a "passeur" -- a navigation officer on MGB 318. He made trips from England to France to extract Allied airmen hidden by inhabitants in Lannillis and from the Brest area. From an attic over a cafe on the Lannillis square, coded messages were transmitted establishing the spot and the time of the rescue.

As an example, a message read, "George Henri's starched collars are ready for pick up at the laundry shop." During moonless nights, the airmen would be waiting among the rocks, covered with seaweeds to evade detection by nearby German patrols.

A man by the name of Edouard Tanguy who lived on the coast was there to assist in the operation. These missions were considered so dangerous the area was nicknamed "L'Aber-Wrach's coffin."

## **What made your father join that particular resistance network?**

Dad was suffering from double vision and tuberculosis which made him spit blood. In order to enlist in the navy, he contacted his previous doctors and asked them to cheat a bit. He then memorized the eye test which he passed.

Once settled in the navy, he begged his captain to let him go to sea. Having no knowledge of navigation, he taught himself by studying the manuals. Mother still



*From her home at L'Aberwrach, Jane Birkin can overlook the beach where her father carried out his clandestine duties on moonless nights during World War II.*

smiles remembering how her poor husband was seasick during heavy storms and upchucking on his charts.

## **What were your mother's memories of that period?**

She was extremely angry her husband was not at home for their first Xmas eve together. Her husband, at that time, was battling freezing water while keeping the boat from hitting rocks on the coast. Any splinter of wood on the boat detected by German patrols would have given him away as to his clandestine activities.

Here she was, a new bride to a handsome navy lieutenant who without a word of explanation would suddenly leave. Sworn to secrecy, he kept her in the dark about his whereabouts. Per chance, while attending a concert in England, she found out his secret and rushed to a

nearby telephone and called him. "Know what you are up to," she said.

He replied, "Shut up!"

She prayed. He always carried a gun, his black knife, two buttons which screwed together to form a compass, and a cyanide capsule which had been implanted behind his teeth. Her husband only thought of the lives he was saving and he was reminded of his days as a Boy Scout.

## **After the war, what were your father's comments on that period of his life?**

The real heroes were the French, he often said. Thousands of families of modest means suddenly had to justify the larger consumption of eggs, for example. As a young girl at the time, I believed all of the Frenchmen were part of resistance groups.

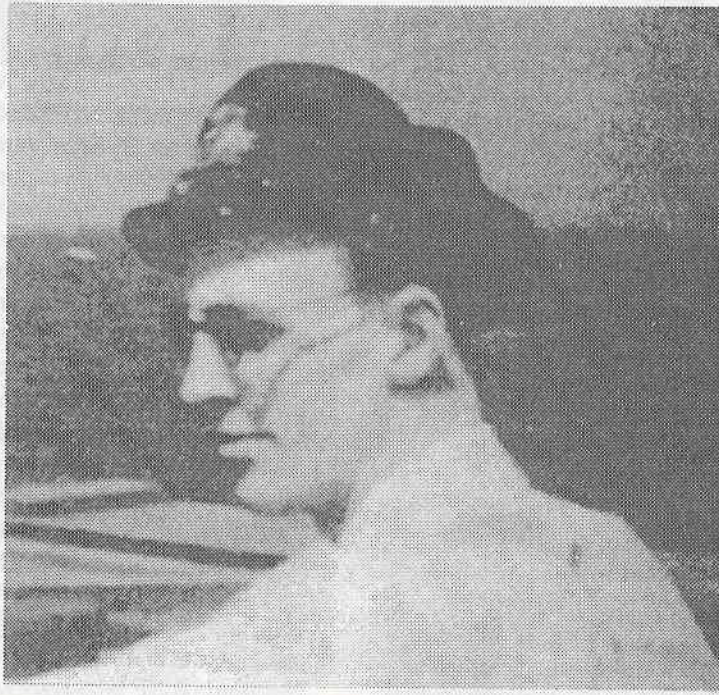
My father was awarded the *Legion d'honneur*. Had he wished, a



he could have stayed in the navy. However, he chose instead to acquire a farm on which he raised us. He reveled in being reunited with his war contacts; some of them he had never been able to discern their facial features during the moonless nights.

When he died, Mother and I decided to spread his ashes along the coast. In fact it took place on the Bonaparte Beach where he made his last pickup.

There, Jean Tanguy, who often used a signal light to manifest his presence to the MGB, right under the nose of German patrols, was handed Dad's ashes. As he walked down the pebbled beach, we heard him say, "Adieu David; Adieu David."



*Lt. Commander David Birkin was navigation officer on the Royal Navy's Motor Gun Boat No. 318.*

## Maguy never regretted resistance

**Translated from *Ouest-France*,  
Wednesday, Sept. 24, 2003**

Maguy de Saint-Laurent was 18 when, on 29 September 1941, a RAF bomber made an emergency landing on Saint-Efflam Beach at Plestin-les-Greves, on the northern coast of Brittany, near Lannion. The crew were able to evade capture temporarily. But those who helped them paid a high price for their act of resistance.

In 1941 the Resistance was in its infancy. As a young woman, Maguy de Saint-Laurent simply felt she belonged to this side. "My father, an officer, died just before the war. He would never have accepted the

defeat."

Francis Reece (New Zealander), James Appleyard (Canadian) and Henry Smyth (British) were flying a Blenheim. The plane was hit by flak during a raid on Saint-Nazaire. One of the tanks was pierced and they ran out of fuel.

An emergency landing had to be made. On this moonless night they saw a beach. The impact of landing was rough but the crew were uninjured. They figured they had made it back to the UK.

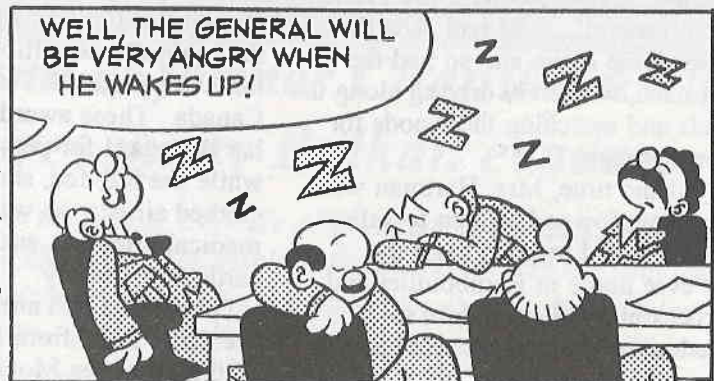
"On 2 October, the parish priest came to see my mother," says Maguy de Saint-Laurent. He asked her if we could hide the airmen. No hesitation. They spent a day in the chateau, "Before they were evacuated to a quiet little cave in the property." Anxious days. A first departure was organised on 7 October. Alas, the scheduled truck didn't come to the rendezvous.

A new opportunity on the 8th: "Mme. Tilly, a bonesetter at Bigard agreed to take the airmen in charge in her car. She said she had no gas and had to go and find some. It was a dreadful moment. We didn't know if she would come back with gas or with Germans."

Eventually all went well on this day. The airmen were later taken to Nantes. Alas, they were found. The Gestapo uncovered all the line.

Marie, Maguy's mother, was arrested in April 1941. She died in the Ravensbruck concentration camp. Maguy never regretted this act of resistance. "We couldn't have said no, never."

Beetle Bailey





# Heroine of French Resistance dies

NEW YORK -- Anita (Anne) Lemonnier Hartman, who began working through the French Resistance Movement to rescue downed flyers in early 1943, died Aug. 25, 2003, at the age of 94. Born in France and educated in England, she made New York City her home in 1954.

Mrs. Hartman is believed to be the only member of the Resistance whose efforts on behalf of France and the Allied countries resulted in being decorated and honored by all four countries.

She, as well as her mother (Mme. LeMonnier), were awarded the Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian honor presented by the United States. She also received the Croix de Guerre from France, the

King's Medal for Courage in the Cause of Freedom from England and the Medal of Freedom with bronze palm from Canada, among other medals and citations; including those from Presidents Eisenhower and Johnson for her work in rescuing, convoying and assisting Allied airmen who were shot down over occupied France.

Her niece Martine Goddet and nephew Michel Goddet, both living in France, survive. Marianna Dryl, her friend, companion and caretaker for many years, also survives.

Mrs. Hartman was buried in Arlington, a private cemetery in Pennsylvania where she rests in peace together with her husband and next to her mother.

## Farewell Salute to 'Anne' Hartman

By DIANE O'DAY CANTOR  
Farmington Hills, Mich.

On Sept. 25, 1944, the Germans marched out of France as the country celebrated its liberation. Exactly 59 years to the day Anita (Anne Lemonnier) Hartman, one of France's most decorated heroines for her work with the French Resistance during World War II, died at the age of 94.

On Aug. 2, 1944, the nine members aboard the B-17 crew flying *Moonglow* were shot down over France. Three, including the pilot, were picked up by the Germans and sat out the rest of the war in a POW camp.

The other five were MIA. Four of those men, including the bombardier (my father Edward F. O'Day), connected with the French Underground. They had seen the plane come down and so had the Germans, who were driving along the roads and searching the woods for crewmembers.

At the time, Mrs. Hartman was escorting downed airmen to safety. She collected my dad from the LeFevre home in Rambouillet and successfully delivered him to freedom on August 18. He had flown his last mission.

He was to be hers -- France would be liberated a week later. He spoke about many of the dangerous circumstances they encountered along the route, including several close calls involving the Gestapo or the SS. Despite the odds she managed to deliver him safely to freedom, as she had done for so many other aviators fortunate enough to connect with the underground.

Her background made her perfect for the job. She was a French woman raised in an English boarding school. She was disciplined and fluent in the languages necessary for the work she would be doing.

After the war she married P. K. Hartman, a naval captain, moved to New York and lived a quiet, modest life, despite probably being the only member of the Resistance to receive the highest recognition possible by the U.S., England, France and Canada. These awards recognized her disregard for personal safety while she hid, fed, sheltered and clothed airmen; as well as procuring medical attention and identification cards as necessary.

She also aided airmen by escorting them from France by way of the Pyrenees Mountains to Spain.

The honors bestowed recognized her work with several resistance groups including Shelburn's Operation Bonaparte and the Comete line.

She began her work with the Bourgogne line in November 1943. For this line she (and her mother) hid airmen in their Paris apartment.

Men they harbored included:

1st Lt. Elton Pete Hoyt III, Mentor, Ohio, B-17 pilot

1st Lt. William Cook Jr., El Paso, Tex., B-17 navigator

S/Sgt. Herbert Gebers, Holstein, Iowa, radio operator

George Whitehead, Cambs, England, RAF bomber pilot

Harold Williams, Liverpool, England, RAF Mosquito navigator

Joseph Oliver, Brixton, London, England, RAF Mosquito pilot

Through the Shelburn line they harbored:

S/Sgt. Robert K. Fruth, Smyrna, Tenn., 93rd Bomb Grp.

Harold Vines, West Fork, Ark., gunner

Stuart Barr, Philadelphia, Pa., co-pilot

Robert Sidders, Hastings, Neb., radio operator

During her time with the underground, she personally escorted



32 men to safety, knowing that capture meant almost certain torture and death. She was very aware of this as she had replaced Virginia d'Albert Lake, who had been captured.

The Germans picked up Mrs. Hartman and released her three times. During one interrogation she could tell that the Austrian interpreter knew and did not betray her. It was just one of many moments of grace that allowed her to continue her work.

Other such moments reported include an occasion when a hastily assembled German road block appeared at the end of a narrow street where she leading three American flyers who did not even have the customary forged identification papers. She was able to lead the men away without raising suspicion.

My father, who received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his efforts that day, never thought of and always dismissed any talk of his "heroism." A word of such extraordinary weight, he would say, belongs to Anita Hartman. He told me it didn't take courage to be shot down, but it took "a hell of a lot of courage" for Anita Hartman to step into the fray, knowing the consequences she and her family could face if she were apprehended.

"Honey, they didn't want me. I was just a bombardier." The Germans had watched the plane go down, apprehended three members of the crew and were combing the countryside looking for the others. My father once asked her why she was risking her life to save his. She answered him, "I had to do something or go mad."

She was recruited by the local grocer after expressing her distress for the Allies. At the end of the conversation she was told that if she really wanted to do something to come back in two days. The grocer would have two flyers for her to shelter.

Her mother would continue to take in the airmen as Mrs. Hartman would undertake the dangerous task

of interrogating aviators before assigning housing to make certain they were not spies.

In June 1944 she reported that several men with the Comete line asked Mrs. Hartman if she would hide them from the Gestapo "and our flat became the temporary headquarters of the line."

She asked a member of the Comete line what she could do to help. That's when she began "checking up on the aviators, fetching and conveying them to the first relays." This is when she adopted the code name "Anne".

She interviewed and checked on more than 60 aviators. By then she had conveyed to her flat and, with her mother, was harboring:

Jim Kennedy, Canadian, "fetched from Villejuif"

John Larkin, Thunderbolt pilot, "fetched from Mme. LeFevre"

Russell J. Katz (now Russell J.

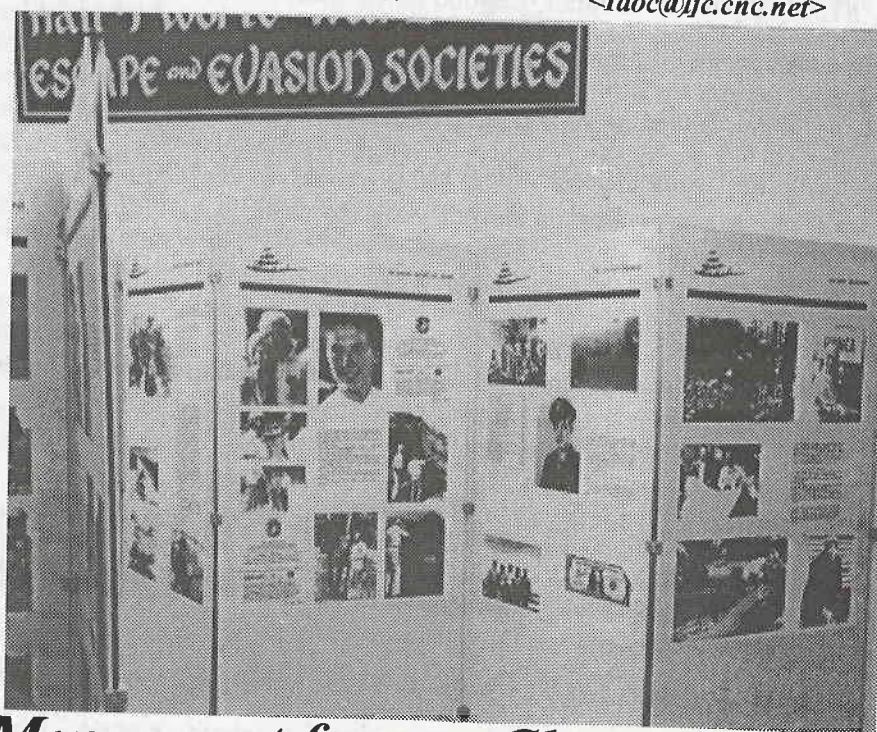
Cotts), B-17 co-pilot, "fetched from Mme. LeFevre"

Edward F. O'Day, B-17 bombardier, "fetched from Mme. LeFevre"

She also conveyed many men, including Larkin, Cotts and O'Day, as well as John P.T. Finn, County Kildare, Eire; Walter Pryer, Rugby, Warwickshire, and Gaston Lapierre, a French Canadian.

She leaves behind a remarkable legacy that touches many people in many countries. She will be missed, but never forgotten.

*Diane O'Day Cantor, the author, would like to hear from anyone who was helped by Mrs. Hartman or is related to someone who was. She can be contacted at 34585 Quaker Valley Road, Farmington Hills, MI 48331; Phone: 248-477-1152 <Idoc@ljc.cnc.net>*



## ***Museum at former Chanute AFB features many Balkan evaders***

*The museum at the former Chanute AFB includes two walls dedicated to Escape and Evasion. The display of Canadians faces the wall that shows American evaders. The exhibit originally was displayed in Slovenia. The U.S. wall (shown here) is based on 20 stories of Americans aided by the Partisans in the Balkans.*



# **-FOLDED WINGS-**

## **MEMBERS**

13 AF Albert C. Alt Jr., Manchester, Mo., 347 FG, May 30, 2003

# 926 Hacib W. Brinn, Brooklawn, N.J., 93 BG

#1863 Douglas W. Hooth, Grand Ledge, Mich., 493 BG, Oct. 20, 2003

#2416 Douglas K. Hooverkamp, Jupiter, Fla., 379 BG, Mar. 7, 2003

#1077 Edward F. O'Day Jr., Yountville, Calif., 385 BG, Mar. 30, 2002

#1095 Col. Henry Shane, Frederick, Md., 305 BG, Mar. 7, 2003

#564 Irving J. "Bud" Shwayder, Englewood, Colo., 351 BG,  
Aug. 23, 2003

#1024 David W. Souder, Laguna Hills, Calif., 381 BG, June 2003

## **HELPERS**

Anita ("Anne" LeMonnier) HARTMAN, New York, N.Y.,  
French Helper, Aug. 25, 2003

Mme. Jacqueline BORGNIET, Rozoy, France, November 2003

Georges B. FROMAGEOT, Le Vesinet, France, Oct. 8, 2003

Mr. Wiet ABERCROMBIE, Uitgeest, Holland, Nov. 9, 2003

Dr. Cornelius JASPERSE, Bergeschenhoek, Holland, Oct. 20, 2003

## **B-17 bombardier aided by Anita**

Edward F. O'Day Jr., age 84, of San Francisco, Calif., died March 30, 2002.

A 1st Lt. bombardier with the 385th Bomb Group, he received the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroism on a mission over France on Aug. 2, 1944. He would not salvo the bombs while over Paris despite the imminent danger of an explosion.

He was rescued by the French Resistance and escorted to safety by Anita Hartman (nee: Lemonnier, Paris).

The mission is described in the December 2000 issue of the 385th Bomb Grp. Association newsletter.

WINTER 2003-04



# *flying fortress*

**By MICHAEL McCONNELL**  
(Grandson of the  
late Paul McConnell )  
*Oct. 13, 2000*

I thought I saw your face  
the other day  
Dancing in the sky high above  
It was you . . .

I felt your breeze  
Touch the leaf of a tree  
And you looked at me with a smile

So many emotions I can't  
remember, though I can't forget  
Even with an empty mouth  
You spoke many words  
And with your motionless touch  
I felt you.

I looked into your eyes  
And I could see  
We are your legacy  
We are your life's work  
We are your gift.

Be free  
You've taught us well.

Only in our dreams can we truly  
fly  
So Grandpa, spread your wings  
And fly your Fortress.

Until the day we meet again . . .  
And we both walk together.



# History project tells story of veterans

WASHINGTON, D.C. (AFPN)--

The letters, memoirs, audio interviews and photographs are "everything that you could imagine," said Ellen McCulloch-Lovell, director of the Veterans History Project. The project is an effort which began two years ago by Congress to preserve the stories and memories of America's war veterans.

The letters speak of combat and what war was like, she said. There are also stories of pranks and funny misfortunes that occurred while veterans were on leave. But most stories, she said, speak of the closeness and camaraderie within the military — "my buddies, my unit and loyalty," she said. "Loyalty is a very big theme."

Another theme often written about is love and longing for families and friends back home, she said.

The project is stepping up efforts to ensure the words of thousands of veterans are told to an even greater audience, McCulloch-Lovell said. During November, the Veterans History Project began airing a series radio broadcasts called "Coming Home." The series features the oral biographies of 18

war veterans who tell of their war experiences and life in the military. It is being aired via Public Radio International, which develops and supplies noncommercial audio content to affiliate stations throughout the country.

"Nobody on the show is famous," McCulloch-Lovell said. "It's all the individual stories of people who served."

The project has also expanded features on its web site, to include more digitized letters, photos and individual stories. Site visitors can now "see and listen" to the stories of 23 veterans at [www.loc.gov/folklife/vets/](http://www.loc.gov/folklife/vets/).

And there is no shortage of stories to tell, she said.

In the two years since the project began, McCulloch-Lovell said interest by veterans wanting to share their stories has increased immensely. For the past year, her staff of about 15 has been receiving as many as 200 submissions each week at the project's office, located inside the Library of Congress Folklife Center here.

"I think the older veterans are not sitting back and waiting for someone to interview them," she said. "They're sitting down and

writing these remarkable memoirs and personal stories and are sending them to us. We have a memoir that is 20 pages long. And we have another memoir that is 900 pages."

Still, she said, even with the increased flow of mail arriving daily, the project staff tries to read each and every story.

"We try to see and read everything that we can," she said. "We can't quite keep up with it, but we really try to be familiar with the individual stories in the collection."

On the importance of the Veterans History Project, McCulloch-Lovell said that 100 years from now people will be able to look back and understand why veterans served.

"A student, or family member or a historian or journalist is going to be looking at this collection and understanding the experience of people who went through war and how it changed them and how it changed the country," she said.

"Certainly our goals are to collect and to preserve the stories," she said, "but I think we also have two very important goals—that we honor the service and that we educate future generations about what it's like to serve."

+++++

New Year's message to AFPS from Yvonne Doley-Brusselmeier  
I have my wish and my promise for 2004  
I wish for you to join us in Philadelphia for the AFPS  
and I promise that we at the AFPS will continue to work hard to make the  
2004 gathering as close to AFPS as possible  
And a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All! —Yvonne



# The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

<afees44@hotmail.com>

OR

<archerco@wf.quik.com>

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Our leader, AFEES President Richard Smith, isn't kicking butt these days.

Instead of lolling in the California sunshine to avoid those Minnesota winters, he has been in a lengthy rehab program in Fergus Falls. Dick endured complicated surgery on both feet some weeks ago and has been having a difficult time since. That's why his usual message on Page 2 is missing. A card or note from members might give him a lift when he needs it!

Get well soon, Dick, we need somebody to pick on. To add to his misery, Notre Dame had just a so-so football season this year!

Fanny Duerr spent some time in Calgary this summer, visting with Wilhelm and Willemena Niekirk and other friends. You will recall that Willemena's wedding dress was probably made from Fanny's husband's parachute and the dress is now on display in a Calgary museum.

In this issue you will find some skinny on the '04 reunion in the Mr. Wiet ABERCROMBIE

early to mark the date on your new calendar.

Reunion Planner Yvonne Daley and her partner, Francene Weyland, are making plans for a big 'un.

Yvonne's new e-mail:

<gadabout127@msn.com>

The Friday luncheon at the Union League Club will be hosted by AFEES Friends Bruce and Eileen Hooper. That probably means dressup. More on that later!

Please keep in mind that the timing of certain reunion events is still subject to change. Definite details will be in the Spring newsletter, out early March.

Let me try again on the e-mail address for Bob Horsley, editor of the Australian Branch RAF Escaping Society. I left one letter off in the Fall issue. Try this to reach Bob:

<rmhorsley@austarnet.com.au>

It seems to be nearing the end of the road for WWdeuce veterans' organizations. Jay Vinyard, chairman of the Hump Pilots Association, says the corporation will be dissolved in 2005.

John Neal reports from Calgary that he is seeking a publisher for

Some of you with self-publishing experience might be able to help him at <NealPigeon@aol.com>.

The French Embassy in Washington recently received a letter from a Frenchman named Dr. Jack Quillet, age 89. He helped with the evasion of Capt. John A. MacKay, who was flying a P-38 when he went down June 12, 1944, on a strafing mission to Ploermel.

John was liberated on Aug. 4 of that year. In the meantime, he must have joined a Resistance group headed by a Colonel Bourgoin. Dr. Quillet, who last saw John near the village of Josselin, was seeking information with the hope that John, who died several years ago, was still alive and able to arrange a reunion.

## THAT'S HOW IT IS

Two Wal-Mart greeters were sitting on a bench at the entry way when one turns to the other and says, "Slim, I'm 78 years old now and I'm just full of aches and pains. I know you're about my age. How do you feel?"

Slim says, "I feel just like a new born baby."

"Really, like a new-born baby?"

"Yeh. No hair. no teeth and I



