

**THE U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY**  
**WINTER 2008-09 *Communications***

Volume 20, No. 4

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS 76307-2501

Dec. 18, 2008

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**I Want You**



**At the Dayton Reunion!**

*(Details of 2009 AFEES AGM Inside)*

# U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY COMMUNICATIONS

<<http://www.rafinfo.org.uk/rafescape/afees-usa.htm>>

Volume 20, Number 4

Dec. 18, 2008

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E 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 2008-09

## The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith

<afeesone@hotmail.com>

Wife Margaret and I arrived in the California Desert on Saturday, Oct. 25. It snowed 2.5 inches Saturday night and Sunday back in Minnesota.

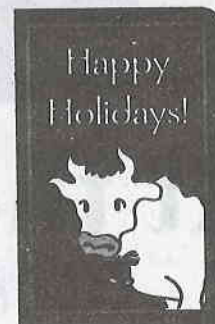
Seems to me there has not been much movement as far as the 2nd Generation goes. It is, I think, going to be most interesting while we are in Dayton for the reunion as we discuss plans for the future.

Remember the medallions that AFEES purchased a few years ago? When former PX manager Tom Brown passed away, the stock of medallions went into storage with his personal effects. Well, the medallions surfaced recently and will be offered for sale during the Dayton reunion.

As you can tell from this issue, plans for the reunion in early May are taking shape. It looks like we will have ONE BIG time!

The good folks at the Holiday Inn and at the Air Force Museum are being most cooperative. They are doing some things for AFEES that they do not usually do for reunion groups. That should make us feel most special.

s/RICHARD M. SMITH





## Author seeks evaders who met John Evans, RAF bomber pilot

Greg Lewis is the author of *Airman Missing*, a biography of RAF bomber pilot John Evans, who was shot down over Belgium in May 1944 and spent 114 days on the run.

During his time with members of the Comet Line, John, an honorary member of AFEES -- was hiding out with a number of American and Canadian airmen.

Greg thinks that perhaps some AFEES members could provide further information about these airmen.

The list includes men helped by Vincent and Marie-Ghislaine Wuyuts-Denis in Beffe, who were listed on a scrap of paper kept by the couple. John spent some time with Seattle-born Ken Griesel, 1st pilot on a Liberator, and Alvis D.

Roberts, his bombardier, from Fort Worth, Tex.

Also, Alan R. Willis (New York), Winans C. Shaddix (Alabama), Hank Gladly, George Vogle (Pennsylvania), Theodore Simmons (Ohio), Harold Ashman (Ohio), Mio Blakely (San Francisco), William Elsberry (Camp Blanding), David Talbot (Maryland), Fred Tuttle (Santa Maria, Calif.), Charles K. Weymouth (Abbot, Me.), Russell Gecks (Freeport, N.Y.), Kevin J. Doyle (Vancouver, Canada), Dick Kindig (South Bend, Ind.).

Some of the men listed above were also with John in a camp at Porcheresse run by Emile Roiseau, along with Dirvin Davis Deihl (of North Dakota), Glenn Edward Brenneke (from Iowa), San

Schleichkorn, Charles Mitchell, Gilbert Millar (RCAF from New York), along with RAF men Reginald Moreton (35 Squadron), Robert Morgan (169 Squadron), Doug Lloyd, George E H Flather (432 Squadron), Reggie A. Weedon (467 Squadron).

Greg asks that anyone with information on any of these men contact him at:

GREG LEWIS, 12A Lansdowne Avenue West, Canton, Cardiff, CF11 8FS, U.K. or email at: <saoirsepress@gmail.com>

## *A B-17G is headed for Pooler*

*From the Mighty Eighth AF  
Museum Newsletter,  
December 2008  
Vol. 1, No. 1.*

After years of effort by many dedicated people associated with the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum at Pooler, Ga., the Smithsonian has agreed to transfer a B-17 Flying Fortress to the museum.

On Nov. 18, Dr. Walt Brown received an e-mail from Dik Daso, the Smithsonian Curator.

In short, this notes states "It is my privilege to inform you that the deaccession and transfer of the Air and Space Museum's B-17G to the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum has been approved by the regents. Congratulations! When can you come pick her up?"

Dr. Brown and other museum staff have met with those who will be responsible for moving the aircraft. As would be anticipated, a great deal of preparatory work must be accomplished in a very short period of time in order to receive the plane.



*AFEES Director Beverly Patton Wand visited with Dirk Vijerman of Denderhoutem at his mini-museum in Belgium while attending the October Comete Weekend observance. The replica of the original AFEES flag was prominently displayed at the memorial service for Dedee DeJongh.*



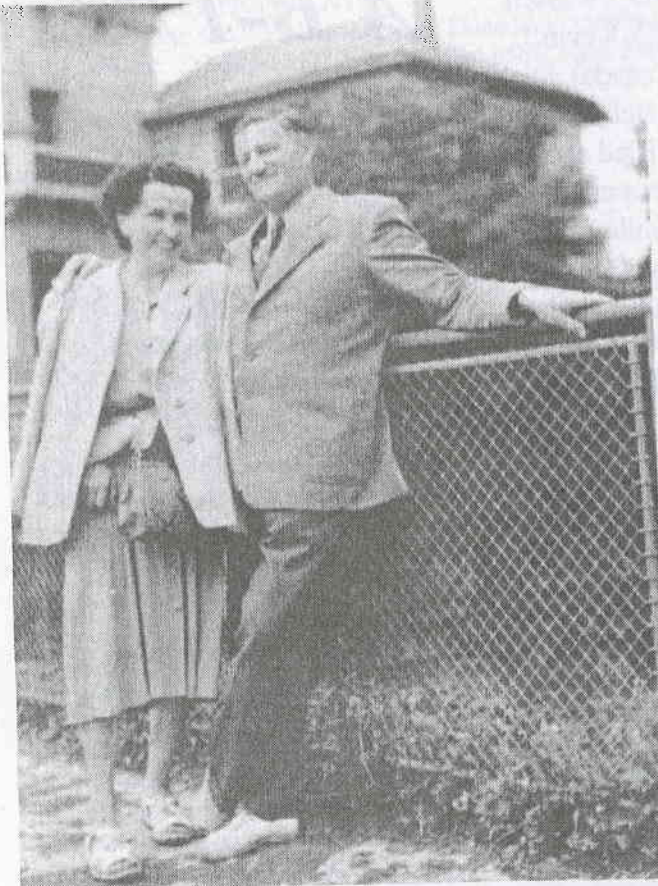
# Helpers honored at 'The Corner'

As reported in Fall issue of this newsletter, photographs and accounts of more than two dozen World War II Helpers are displayed in the new AFEES Corner at the Mighty 8th Air Force Museum near Savannah, Ga.

Published here are examples of the helper stories which are recorded in the museum.

--Photos and captions by courtesy of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum, Pooler, Ga.

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**Rina and Gaston Goumain**

Living in the small French village of Courcome, Rina and Gaston Goumain sheltered evading Allied airmen in their home.

In this 1943 photograph Gaston and Rina stand in their courtyard. As the town's butcher, Gaston's business was on the main street and their home was located behind the shop.



**Peter Hakim**

As an eighteen-year-old, Peter Hakim helped his parents hide ten airmen for six months after their B-17 crash-landed near the Hakim home in Belgium. Even with seven children, both parents willingly risked their family's personal safety.

They knew that if discovered the Nazis had no pity. The men would be shot and the women and children would go to a concentration camp.

Under the Nazi occupation of Belgium, Belgian citizens could be arrested for possessing a radio and listening to the BBC news. His father, Joseph Hakim kept his radio hidden in the hayloft and went to the barn at night to listen to these forbidden news broadcasts.

In addition to being a helper, the teenaged Peter transported plastic explosives to be used by the Belgian Resistance to help Allied forces blow up Belgian railroad bridges to prevent Nazi troops from reaching the "Atlantic Wall".

To do this he often had "to pass in front of German soldiers while innocently whistling, knowing full well that the weapons and other paraphernalia that I was carrying would have meant tragic consequences for my family if caught. But then, I, all of us, were not the only ones. Hundreds, probably thousands, of patriotic Belgians were participating in this sabotaging of the occupying forces."

\*\*\*\*\*  
Peter J. Hakim now lives in Livingston, N.J. He and several members of his family have attended reunions of the Air Forces E&E Society.





**Robert Gaultier**

In German-occupied Orgeval, France, Robert Gaultier helped Joseph Cagle evade capture by the Germans on 6 September 1943, the day his B-17 was shot down by flak and German fighters.

Joseph ran into the nearby woods and later that day Robert Gaultier found him. Robert took him to his family's storage shed and locked Joseph and a second member of his B-17 crew, Norman Wagner, in this shed, assuming that if he locked the shed on the outside the Nazis would not think there was anyone inside.

That night Robert's father came and took the two Americans to their home. There Joseph and Norman changed from flying clothes to civilian clothes and spent the night.

The next morning Robert's father took both Americans to the railroad station to catch the workers' train to Paris.

The French Resistance arranged for their care and transport until they reached Andorra, Spain. Meanwhile, the Nazis had already searched the Gaultier home while Joseph and Norman were hiding in the shed.

The Nazis returned after several days and conducted a second search of the Gaultier home from top to bottom but found no evaders.



**Betty Glimmerveen**

Helper Betty Glimmerveen lived in a second story apartment in Amsterdam, The Netherlands during World War II. In January 1944 she decided to hide American co-pilot Clayton David, after he bailed out of his battle-damaged B-17.

In her 1951 letter to David, she explained why she was willing to risk her own life by being a helper, "I had to do my duty for the sake of freedom".

Clayton stayed with her for seventeen days until the Dutch Resistance moved him to another safe house in the south of Holland on the route over the Pyrenees to St. Sebastian, Spain and freedom.

## **Medical Center project breaks ground**

**SAN ANTONIO (AFNS)** -- Military leaders, construction officials and wounded warriors joined up Dec. 8 to break ground on the start of construction on the San Antonio Military Medical Center, a \$724 million construction and renovation project at Wilford Hall Medical Center and Brooke Army Medical Center.

The construction, expected to take almost three years, will unify WHMC, or SAMMC-South, and BAMC, or SAMMC-North.





**Rosalie Exterbille Shantz**

Rose, her brother Jules, and their mother used their home in Brussels, Belgium as a safe house to hide downed Allied airmen. They successfully hid seven American and two British flyers. Even though the Gestapo searched their home on several occasions no arrests were made and the airmen were not discovered.

The Allies made regular air drops of equipment such as firearms, ammunition, and explosives to the Belgium Resistance. Resistance members used these supplies to destroy bridges, railroads and other facilities needed by the Nazis.

Rose and her brother often served as couriers in the Belgium Resistance transporting these air-dropped materials in suitcases but never knowing exactly which items they contained. She often used her ability to speak German to protect herself and her brother.

On one occasion the two of them went from Brussels to Paris to pick up two suitcases and return with them. On the long train ride back to Brussels, Rose decided that she and her brother would be safest in the company of young Nazi soldiers. Rose found a compartment filled with German soldiers and placed both suitcases packed with contraband between her and the soldiers.

She and the young soldiers carried on a friendly conversation during the entire trip. The

Gestapo checked the train twice during their journey, but Rose and her brother were never asked for their passports. Upon their arrival in Brussels, Rose and Jules successfully delivered their suitcases to their Resistance contact.

Rose and Jules often traveled to the Ardennes as Resistance agents. While there sometime after her eighteenth birthday on 17 February 1943, Jules took a photograph of Rose wearing the dress he gave her as a birthday present.



**Jeanne Vignon-Tellier**

Jeanne Vignon-Tellier (1883-1963) operated a safe house in Amiens, France, that for the Resistance became the most important one in this location.

She started helping evaders in 1941 and sheltered Allied airmen sent to her by the local Resistance in 1942 - 1945. She worked closely with Resistance leaders Joseph Balfe in Hornoy and Michel Dubois in Amiens. She received assistance from Leslie Atkinson in caring for the airmen she lodged.

Jeanne is especially remembered by Ernest Lindell, an Eighth Air Force, 384<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group navigator who stayed in her safe house from 16 January 1944 through 17 April 1944.

His extended three-month stay was caused by German infiltration of her escape line. At one point during those three months, thirteen airmen stayed as evaders in her home.



# GOLF: WHAT IT ALL MEANS

*Courtesy of Jacobus de Swart, Holland*

Golf can best be defined as an endless series of tragedies obscured by the occasional miracle, followed by a good bottle of beer.

Golf! You hit down to make the ball go up. You swing left and the ball goes right. The lowest score wins.

And on top of that, the winner buys the drinks.

Golf is harder than baseball. In golf, you have to play your foul balls.

If you find you do not mind playing golf in the rain, the snow, even during a hurricane, here's a valuable tip: your life is in trouble.

Golfers who try to make everything perfect before taking the shot rarely make a perfect shot.

The term 'mulligan' is really a contraction of the phrase 'maul it again'.

A 'gimme' can best be defined as an agreement between two golfers...neither of whom can putt very well.

An interesting thing about golf is that no matter how badly you play; it is always possible to get worse.

## William Watkins, RAF, now is listed in Spanish museum

In the Summer issue of *Communications* (page 7) appeared an article with the names of seven Allied airmen whose names were listed in a museum at Esterri d'Aneu, Spain.

One of the names listed was William E. Watkins, RAF, now deceased. His widow, Beth Watkins, saw the article and wrote:

"My husband was a fighter pilot with the 263 Squadron. He bailed out after being hit by twice by flak on Feb. 13, 1944. He was flying a Typhoon 18 fighter bomber.

"After being hidden by various families, he was taken to the foot of the Pyrenees. He then climbed the mountains in the company of a guide.

"He was taken to the British Embassy at Barcelona and after interrogation, was flown back to the UK in the guise of a student who had been trapped in Spain by the war.

"He arrived home in May 1944 and after leave, rejoined his squadron on active duty.

"I am at the moment helping Noemi Riudor with her research."

## Escape Lines reunion slated for April 24-26

Roger Stanton reports that the annual Escape Lines Reunion and Memorial Parade will take place at the Eden Camp WW2 Museum, Malton, and at the Monkbar Hotel, York, U.K.

Most events are scheduled for Friday and Saturday, April 24-25. The family of the late Al Day will plant a rose in his memory,

The reunion dinner will be at the Monkbar Saturday night.

For information, contact Hon. Sec. Roger Stanton, 5 Tansy Road, Harrogate, North Yorks HG3 2UJ, U.K., Tel: 01423 508 667

## NEW AFEES TEAM SIGNS UP

At the Savannah reunion, a group of future generationers and friends met to make plans for extending the AFEES legacy. As Father Time claims the World War II generation, young people with an interest in our society must assume positions of leadership. Younger people who signed up at Savannah and tentative assignments include:

### Membership:

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Catherine Thorpe	<a href="mailto:vivelafrancesc@yol@gmail.com">vivelafrancesc@yol@gmail.com</a>	(801) 582-6019

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Col. B.J. "Zig" Ziegler		(813) 505-7156

### Recording Secretary:

Betty F. Hennessy		(562) 921-1494
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### Photography and Scrap Book:

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Don Thorpe	<a href="mailto:dt@donthorpe.com">dt@donthorpe.com</a>	(801) 582-6019
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WINTER 2008-09

## Plans made for reunion in 2010

Plans are in the works for the 2010 AFEES reunion to be held in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Scheduled dates are May 6-9, 2010, at the renovated Crowne Plaza Hotel.

Details will be published later in *Communications*.

## Aviation History WAR FACTS

● There were 4361 crewmen that ditched in the North Sea during the war. Only 1538 (35%) were rescued. The crews from a B-17 had a better chance of being rescued than the crewmen from a B-24 since the B-24 tended to break into two pieces upon hitting the water. The majority of those who were rescued went down during the summer months when the water was warmest.

### New Member

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### New 'Friend'

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## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

# Evaders faced many skilled foes

By **GEORGE H. KELLING**  
**AFEES Friend for Life**  
**San Antonio, Tex.**

The bravery and resourcefulness of the thousands of evaders and helpers commemorated by the AFEES is a matter of record. Their exploits are all the more remarkable considering the skilled Germans and collaborators against whom they were pitted.

While the evading airmen and their helpers enjoyed the advantages of determination, local knowledge, and a certain amount of Allied assistance, those trying to break the resistance and capture the evaders had a formidable armory of advantages as well: good communications, a unified command, utter ruthlessness when needed, and the long-standing German tradition of excellent police work.

Not the least of the occupiers' advantages was the assistance of the collaborators who did their bidding.

Local inhabitants worked with the Germans for diverse reasons. Some shared Hitler's view of a united Europe. Many admired authority, others were devoted to a fight against Bolshevism.

Of course, Hitler had his share of supporters who were just searching for the easy way out, or who were afraid to do otherwise.

Two of the most dangerous, however, were skilled con men who would have been parasites on any society they inhabited.

The Belgian George Prosper De Zitter and British turncoat Sergeant Harold Cole were smart, possessed remarkable language skills, and had the con man's knack of insinuating themselves into any situation. Belgian resister Herman Bodson noted "Successful traitors needed the following qualities: Superior memory, great impersonation or acting abilities, and the ability to

deceive while rarely contradicting themselves."

De Zitter and Cole possessed those qualities to a remarkable degree.

George Prosper De Zitter was born in the Flemish town of Paschendale in 1897. During World War I his family evacuated their front-line home as refugees in France. De Zitter did not join them, since he had fled to Canada to evade prosecution for rape. While in Canada he joined the Canadian Army for a few days, then the nascent Royal Canadian Air Force for another short period. His career in Canada is not well known, but he returned to Belgium in 1929 after the statute of limitations has passed, with his confidence man skills honed and a perfect command of Canadian-accented English. Back in his home country he worked, among other things, as a car salesman, but by the time of the German invasion in May, 1940, he was back in prison, this time for bigamy. It is not certain that before the invasion he had made a deal to work for the occupiers, but shortly after the Germans arrived he was free, finding and betraying escaping allied servicemen.

About 1939 he formed an alliance with Florentina (Flore) Dings, a lady of Spanish nationality married to a Dutchman. She reportedly held a grudge against communism and the Left after the Spanish Republicans had killed her family.

Florrie and De Zitter were a pair, but De Zitter was not hindered by ideology or ideas of monogamy.

After his arrest, he noted that he worked for the Germans because the work provided him with plenty of money and plenty of women. We can't count the women, but a British report noted that De Zitter was paid 6,500 Belgian Francs for each Allied serviceman he handed over. (That was about the cost of renting a farm

for a year.)

The number of patriots De Zitter betrayed is unknown, but since he was reported to have been paid almost four million francs, he was responsible for hundreds of arrests and executions.

De Zitter successfully presented himself as a British or Canadian officer, with "Captain Jackson" the most common of his 31 known aliases. With his con-man skills and his language arts, he could easily pass as an allied agent. He was so successful that even after the war many of his contacts thought they had been working for the allies.

Based in Brussels, he recruited a circle of fellow collaborators and misguided patriots. In a typical action, De Zitter might go into an neighborhood or village, presenting himself as the Canadian parachutist Captain Jackson (or another alias), and ask around for any hidden evaders.

Communication within escape lines was difficult, and the technique was often successful. He would then go to the evaders, with papers good enough to convince the fleeing servicemen. He might tell them that, although they were scheduled to go into the underground line to Spain, he could get them out more quickly by air.

He was confident and plausible, and the evaders were hearing what they wanted to hear. He often got them to safe houses of his own, and the rest was tragedy.

Of course, it could not last forever. The resistance was well aware of De Zitter, and even with communication problems the word spread among the escape lines to beware of Captain Jackson.

One resistance newspaper showed photos of De Zitter and Florrie with

(Continued on next page)



the caption "A pair of sluts" ("*Un couple de salopards*").

The Antwerp resistance organized an assassination, but unfortunately the task was given to Dutchman Christian Lindemans, found after the war to be the successful German double agent "King Kong." Perhaps there was professional courtesy among traitors.

As the Allies liberated Brussels on September 3, De Zitter and Flore were able to join the German exodus into the Reich, where they were reportedly hidden in Wurzburg by the Wehrwolf movement.

In the chaos which reigned in postwar Germany, they were able to remain at large until 1946 when they were arrested in Bavaria. The two tried in Belgium, and faced a firing squad in 1948. Bodson notes that De Zitter spent his last night on earth howling for mercy. Intelligent, talented, plausible, and evil, George Prosper De Zitter is remembered with hate in Belgium to this day.

Just as parasites feed off specific species, the traitors seem to have gotten into the bloodstream of specific escape lines. De Zitter preyed mainly on the Brussels-based Comete' line.

Another successful con man turned traitor worked from within the Marseille-based "Pat" or "Pat O'Leary" line.

Sergeant Harold Cole was a London petty crook and confidence man, with the immense assurance such a career requires. Skillful as he was, he was often tripped up by greed; he just stole too much.

After numerous scrapes with the law in England, he seems to have joined the British Army and been posted overseas before the war. Back in England and a civilian again when World War II broke out, he joined the Royal Engineers.

Somewhere along the line he was promoted to sergeant, but then imprisoned for stealing army funds. He was in a British Army stockade near Lille when the Germans' May, 1940, offensive drove the British Expeditionary Force out of France.

# Successful traitors:

*'They were good at what they did'*

Apparently the jailer simply opened the door and left Cole to his own devices. Initially, Cole courageously aided in the escape of dozens of servicemen from Belgium and Northern France, using the con-man's combination of guile and audacity to good effect.

He became part of the Pat Line, and made numerous journeys to the Lille area to recover evaders and escort them to Marseille, from where they were taken across southern France to Spain. He married a French girl, also a resistant.

Cole established himself as a hero, but he was at heart a thief. Shortly after joining the Pat line he began relieving evadees of their money before passing them to Marseille, telling them that the money would be used for line expenses.

In the chaos of occupied France his deeds went unnoticed for some time, but ultimately the money losses came to the attention of the heads of the line. What happened next is complex, but the end result was that Cole became a German agent based in Paris.

Most of the Pat Line agents in Northern France knew Cole as a loyal Allied agent and continued to work with him, his con man talents being equal to those of De Zitter.

Cole was a treasure for the Germans, and the Scotland Yard inspector who investigated the case called him "the most dangerous traitor of the war." He is believed to have betrayed some 150 servicemen and former compatriots in the resistance.

It cannot be denied that Cole was resourceful and intelligent. As the Allies closed in on his Paris base, he too escaped to Germany. He arrived in the occupied Germany after the collapse of the Reich. Impossible as it might sound, he then presented himself as a British intelligence

officer and worked with the French and American occupation authorities in the area of Saulgau, Wurttemberg.

The occupiers seem to have accepted Cole at face value, not questioning his identity as British Captain Robert Mason. He and a French accomplice began a career of extortion of the population and the execution of one uncooperative German.

Despite his rather unappealing appearance, Cole had a way with the ladies. In addition to his wife, he had a string of willing girls, some of whom believed to the end of the war they were working for and loving an allied agent.

Indeed, Cole's touch with the girls brought about his final downfall. From Germany he sent a postcard to one of his girlfriends in Paris, and the girl, thrilled to hear from him, went to the Allied authorities to find his location.

The query led to investigation, and to his ultimate arrest in Germany. Predictably, the double agent went out with a bang, not a whimper. After his arrest, Cole was taken to the American Detention Barracks in Paris.

There he managed to escape and attempted to lose himself in the City of Light. After so many ups and downs, his end was ironic. Paris police, checking for Allied deserters, attempted to arrest him in his boarding house. A shootout ensued, with a policeman wounded and Cole dead. There is no indication that the *flics* were specifically looking for Cole.

Such a complex character inevitably leaves a trail of questions in his wake. One source indicates that Cole was not just a double, but a triple agent, working for the British Secret Intelligence Service while with the Pat line and perhaps after his



defection to the Germans.

This assertion seems unlikely. Cole, the master con man, wove a web of stories. It would not be surprising if he presented himself as a master spy as well as a master escape helper. He might have initially conned secret intelligence, but the directors of the intelligence service would have had access to the reports of the Pat Line and of MI9 (the agency abetting escapes), and known of Cole's unreliability.

On the other hand, most of Cole's

other confidence tricks were all but unbelievable, but they happened.

There is no indication that Cole and DeZitter ever saw one another, but they shared a number of traits. Of course, they were both consummate con men, out for what they could get, and their con skills and innate immorality made them successful traitors.

Their ideology was the search for money, good living, and women. They were good at what they did.

## Much information is available

A note on sources. The British National Archives has made its extensive files on De Zitter available, and they are the main source for his story. The surprising fact that the British ordered King Kong to do a hit on De Zitter is found in British National Archives file KV/2/1732. Downed Allied Airmen and Evasion of Capture:

*The Role of Local Resistance Networks in World War II*, by Herman Bodson (Jefferson, North Carolina, McFarland, 2005) contains a good chapter on the traitors, in which he calls De Zitter the worst of them all, and contains information about Cole.

De Zitter's comment about his motivation, the resistance paper referring to "Un Couple de Salopards," and De Zitter spending his last night on earth crying for mercy are from Bodson's book. Bodson's wife, Tinca, is an AFEES member. On the web, [www.wartimebelgium.com](http://www.wartimebelgium.com), a site about wartime Belgium, contains an excellent article about De Zitter. If the address doesn't work, try "George Prosper De Zitter" on Google or Yahoo.

Cole is the stuff of several published books. *Turncoat: The Strange Case of British Traitor Sergeant Harold Cole "The Worst Traitor of the War"* by Brendan M. Murphy (Orlando, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1987) is devoted to Cole. The author brings up the question of whether Cole was actually a triple agent working for British Secret Intelligence.

Strange as it may seem, Cole is also the subject of a novel, *The Blue Noon*, by Robert Ryan (London, Headline, 2003). The author has done his homework and has his facts right. Of course, it is a novel, and Ryan makes no claim to historical accuracy. It is a good read. Ryan is more forgiving of Cole than I, and certainly more than the patriots he sent to their deaths would be.

*Saturday at M.I.9*, by Airey Neave is indispensable to anyone researching Cole, and contains further information about De Zitter. Neave was with the British intelligence agency (MI9) dealing with repatriation of evadees, and his information on Cole and the damage Cole did is first hand.

*Letting the Side Down, The British Traitors of World War II*, by Sean Murphy (Phoenix Mill, Sutton, 2003) contains an excellent chapter on Cole. The London National Archives files on Cole have recently been opened, but since the quoted price for copying and mailing them is some \$3,000, I have not seen them.

*This is a work in progress, and I would be glad to hear from anyone with corrections or further information.*

George H. Kelling email: [ikelling@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ikelling@sbcglobal.net)

## COLLINGS FOUNDATION Wings of Freedom Tour Upcoming Locations

- 1/16-Ocala, FL**
- 1/19** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Ocala Intl.  
Airport
- 1/19-Zephyrhills, FL**
- 1/21** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Zephyrhills  
Municipal Airport
- 1/21-Venice, FL**
- 1/23** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Venice  
Municipal Airport
- 1/23-Clearwater, FL**
- 1/26** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: St.  
Petersburg -  
Clearwater Intl.
- 1/26-Fort Myers, FL**
- 1/28** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Page Field  
Airport
- 1/28-Boca Raton, FL**
- 2/1** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Boca Raton  
Airport
- 2/2- Vero Beach, FL**
- 2/4** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Vero Beach  
Municipal
- 2/4- Pompano Beach**
- 2/6** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Pompano  
Beach Airpark
- 2/6- Fort Lauderdale, FL**
- 2/8** (B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Fort  
Lauderdale Executive
- 2/20- Keystone Heights,**
- 2/23 FL**  
(B-17, B-24, & P-51)  
Airport: Keystone  
Airpark

**CHECK OUR WEB SITE  
FOR MORE STOP DATES!  
Dates and locations  
subject to change. Check  
our schedule online for  
most up-to-date  
information. 2/8-2/20  
Aircraft will be in  
maintenance.**





*Scotty David (second from left) got together with Friend Elizabeth McDade's father, Dorothy Vadas and Susan Richter (sisters) for this photo.*

## VA offering new service

**SAN ANTONIO (AFPN)** -- The Department of Veterans Affairs is offering a new online service, My HealthVet, which is a gateway to veteran health benefits and services.

It provides access to trusted health information, links to federal and VA benefits and resources, the Personal Health Journal and online VA prescription refill service.

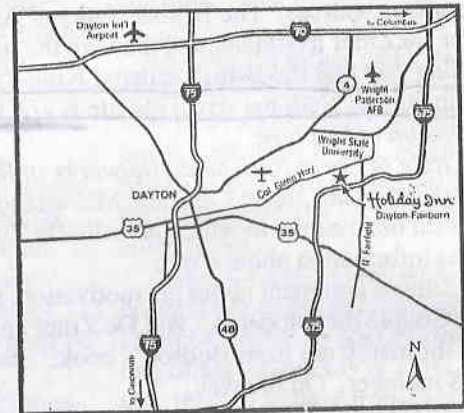
In the future, MHV registrants will be able to view appointments, co-pay balances and key portions of their VA medical records online.

My HealthVet is a powerful tool to help veterans better understand and manage their health, according to VA officials.

The Web site also features a section called "Learn About" which provides resources on a variety of topics such as computers, the Internet, phishing scams and telephone scams. Health information from A to Z plus medical dictionaries, an encyclopedia, journals and more will be available soon.

To visit the My HealthVet site, go to [www.myhealth.va.gov](http://www.myhealth.va.gov).

## DAYTON/FAIRBORN, OHIO



### LOCATION

- Located east of Dayton and easily accessible from I-675
- Located in the Wright Executive Center Office Complex
- Adjacent to Wright State University and the Ervin J. Nutter Center

### DIRECTIONS

From I-675, take exit 17 to intersection of Colonel Glenn Hwy. and Fairfield Rd. Hotel is on the left.

### GUEST SERVICES

- Fully equipped business center
- On-site audio-visual services
- Unique amphitheater
- 8500 sq. ft. of meeting space
- New executive boardrooms

### RECREATION & LEISURE

- Indoor pool
- Exercise facility

### ATTRACTIONS

- Ervin J. Nutter Center
- U.S. Air Force Museum
- Fairfield Commons Mall
- Downtown Dayton
- Beaver Creek Golf Course

### ACCOMMODATIONS

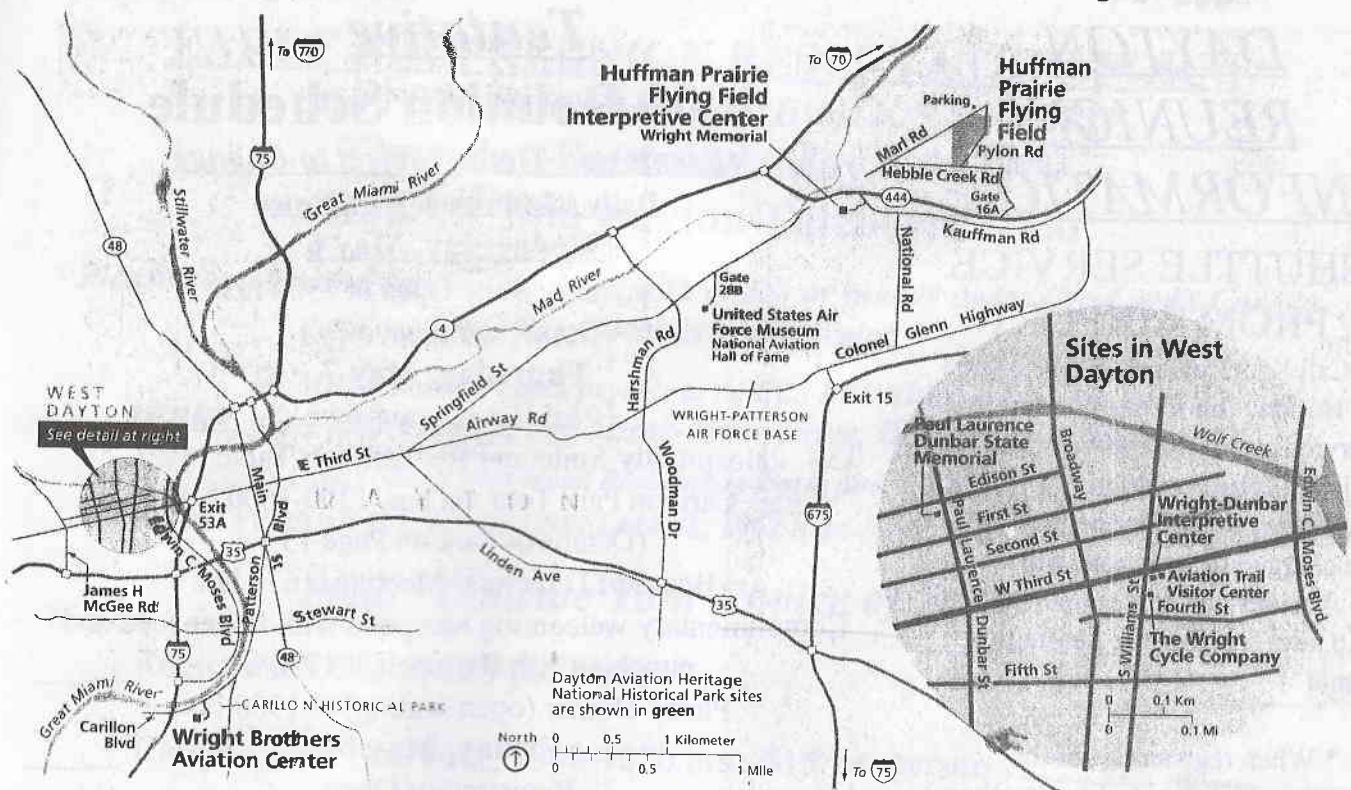
- 204 newly remodeled guest rooms
- All rooms feature electronic keycard security locks, iron and boards, remote control TV with CNN, ESPN and HBO, data ports, coffeemakers, hairdryers, modem hook-ups, and all rooms are designed and equipped especially for the business traveler
- City Chop House, the Café and Sugar's Lounge located at the hotel
- Daily express breakfast buffet

**Holiday Inn**

Dayton/Fairborn I-675 Conference Center  
2800 Presidential Dr. • Fairborn, Ohio 45324  
(937) 426-7800 • FAX: (937) 426-1284  
[www.holiday-inn.com/fairbornoh](http://www.holiday-inn.com/fairbornoh)  
e-mail: [fbnpd@cwbusiness.com](mailto:fbnpd@cwbusiness.com)

SABRE: 2925 PARS (WORLDSPAN): 2903 APOLLO: 2643 SYS ONE/AMADEUS: DAYB57





## Dayton AF Museum will host '09 reunion

The United States Air Force Museum, near Dayton, Ohio, is the national museum of the U.S. Air Force and the world's largest and oldest military aviation museum.

Its more than 300 aircraft and missiles and over 6,000 historical items tell the story of military aviation from the days of the Wright brothers to the latest in stealth technology.

Sensory-rich exhibits, hands-on educational programs and information and entertaining special events bring the Air Force story to life. Visitors are invited to walk through four presidential aircraft including President Kennedy's *Air Force One*.

The museum complex includes three main museum buildings, with an IMAX theater, restaurant, gift shop and aviation book store.

Located a mile from the main museum are the Presidential and Research and Development/Flight Test Hangars.

A Memorial Park adjoins the parking lot and contains various memorials honoring individuals and organizations associated with the U.S. Air Force.

*The Museum is located at Gate 28B, Wright-Patterson AFB.*

## Carillon Park tour included in reunion fare

A visit to Carillon Historical Park in Dayton is included in the program for the 2009 AFEES reunion.

Among the exhibits at this 65-acre outdoor museum is the original 1905 Wright Flyer III, the world's first practical airplane.

The Wright Flyer, housed in Wright Hall, was restored under the personal direction of Orville Wright.

Wright Hall, flanked by the Wilbur and Orville Wright wings, is connected to a replica of the bicycle shop in which the Wright brothers built the 1903 airplane.

These buildings comprise the John W. Berry Sr. Wright Brothers Aviation Center, one of four units of Dayton Aviation Heritage National Historical Park.

*For more on Carillon Park, call 937-293-2841*



# DAYTON REUNION INFORMATION

## SHUTTLE SERVICE FROM AIRPORT

Call Kris Davis at 937-431-4603 at Holiday Inn for the charter van service at Dayton International Airport for reservations. The one-way price of \$20 per person will be charged to your hotel bill.

Van service ceases operation at 5 p.m. Try to arrive before that time!

\* When registering for the reunion, please give your bomber or fighter group number and your squadron number, as well as your Air Force unit.

### PLEASE:

\* Provide an emergency telephone number to contact if needed.

\*Good idea to bring a copy of your medicine list with you.

\* For entrance to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, an ID or passport is required. All Helpers must present a form of identification and their country's passport.

\* AND PRETTY PLEASE:  
Bring your blue lanyard for your name tag.

\*Entire family should register together for events.

s/Francene Weyland  
AFEES Treasurer

# Tentative **2009 Reunion Schedule**

(Events and Times Subject to Change)

Daily schedules will be posted

## Wednesday, May 6

Hospitality Suite Open at 1300 hrs.

(Dinner on your own.)

## Thursday, May 7

Breakfast on your own.

Hospitality Suite and Registration Table open

Carillon Park Tour via bus, 1300-1600 hrs.

(Details of park on Page 13.)

Board of Directors' Meeting, 1630 hrs.

Complimentary welcoming reception with finger food and punch. Cash Bar open at 1730 hrs.

Plated Dinner (open seating) at 1900 hrs.

## Friday, May 8

Registration Open

Maximum of 100 guests are invited to visit restoration of the

*Memphis Belle* at Air Force Museum, 0900-1300 hrs.

Lunch on your own at museum cafe

OPTIONAL, especially for Ladies, 1000-1330, bus to "The Greene," an 800,000 sq. ft. shopping mall.

Dine in a pedestrian-friendly "Town Square" setting with tree-lined promenades and street-level stores. Lunch on your own.

Hospitality Suite open.

Evening meal on your own.

## Saturday, May 9

Breakfast on your own.

Memorial Service at Hotel, 0915 hrs.

Annual General Membership  
meeting to follow.

(Hospitality Suite open after meeting)

Directors' Meeting

Depart for AF Museum, 1730 hrs.

Dedication of E&E Exhibit with ribbon cutting.

Followed by reception and with Cash Bar

Banquet served under wings of a B-17 or B-24 in the Museum  
Gallery of Planes.

(Open seating. Choice of entree tickets will be enclosed in  
registration envelope.)

## Sunday, May 9

Farewell Breakfast, 0730-0939



**EARLY BIRD REUNION RESERVATION FORM****AIR FORCES ESCAPE AND EVASION SOCIETY****Thursday-Saturday, May 6-9, 2009****Holiday Inn, Dayton-Fairborn, Ohio**

*Please complete and return this form with check or money order (No Credit Cards.)  
Your Check is your receipt.*

**MEMBERS:** Make check payable to AFEES REUNION and mail to:

**AFEES, c/o Yvonne Daley, 1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin, FL 34698-3250**

**HELPERS ONLY:** Send both Hotel Reservation Form and Reunion Reservation Form to:

**AFEES, c/o YVONNE DALEY-BRUSSELMANS, 1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin FL 34698-3250**

***Please Indicate Your Choice of Events***

Number

_____	Registration Fee @ \$25 per person .....	\$ _____
_____	Carillon Park Bus Tour, 1300-1630 hrs., \$15 per person .....	\$ _____
_____	Thursday Night Dinner, \$32 per person .....	\$ _____
_____	Friday W-PAFB Museum Tour OR, Greene Shopping Center tour, \$9 per person .....	\$ _____
_____	Saturday Banquet at AF Museum, \$38.50 per person .....	\$ _____
	Choice of Entree: Beef _____ Chicken _____ Fish _____	
_____	Sunday Farewell Breakfast, \$15.10 per person .....	\$ _____
<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED .....</b>		<b>\$ _____</b>

**(Total of all events is \$134.60 per person)**

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

Cell Phone, 727-804-3664; <gadabout127@msn.com>

**NOTE:** If you have a blue AFEES lanyard from a past reunion, please bring it for use at registration.

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

NAME (please print) \_\_\_\_\_ Service Unit \_\_\_\_\_  
 Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Guest's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mailing address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City, State and Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

**IMPORTANT: Emergency Contact (Name and Phone Number):**

Any Special Needs? \_\_\_\_\_



**8th Air Force Bomb Groups in England  
World War II Missions Flown and Losses  
+ \*3rd Air Division 45th Combat Wing**

Group	Station	Aircraft	Missions	Losses
34th	Mendelsham 156	B-17	170	34
44th	Shipham 115	B-24*	343	153
91st	Bassingbourn 121	B-17	340	197
92nd	Podington 109	B-17	308	154
93rd	Hardwick 104	B-24*	396	100
94th	Bury St. Edmunds 468	B-17	324	153
95th	Horham 119	B-17	320	157
96th+*	Snetterton Heath 138	B-17	321	189
100th	Thorpe Abbots 139	B-17	306	177
303rd	Molesworth 107	B-17	364	165
305th	Chelveston 105	B-17	337	154
306th	Thurleigh 111	B-17	342	171
351st	Polebrook 110	B-17	311	124
379th	Kimbolton 117	B-17	330	141
381st	Ridgewell 167	B-17	296	131
384th	Grafton Underwood 106	B-17	314	159
385th	Great Asfield 155	B-17	296	129
388th +	Knettishall 136	B-17	306	142
389th	Hethel 114	B-24*	321	116
390th	Framlingham 153	B-17	300	144
392nd	Wendling 118	B-24*	285	127
398th	Nuthampstead 131	B-17	195	58
401st	Deenethorpe 128	B-17	256	95
445th	Tibenham 124	B-24*	282	95
446th	Bungay 125	B-24*	273	58
447th	Rattlesden 126	B-17	257	97
448th	Seething 146	B-24*	262	101
452nd	Deopham Green 142	B-17	250	110
453rd	Old Buckenham 144	B-24*	259	58
457th	Glatton 130	B-17	237	83
458th	Horsham St. Faith 123	B-24*	240	47
466th	Attlebridge 120	B-24*	232	47
467th	Rackheath 145	B-24*	212	29
486th	Sudbury 174	B-17	188	33
487th	Lavenham 137	B-17	185	48
489th	Halesworth 365	B-24*	106	29
490th	Eye 134	B-17	158	40
491st	Metfield 366	B-24*	187	47
492nd	North Pickenham 143	B-24*	64	12
493rd	Debach 152	B-17	158	41

Note: Additional losses incurred by 8th in other than "combat." The above tabulation represents a record of planes lost only on "combat" missions, primarily on the continent. Not taken into account are such losses as crashes in England when returning from a raid, losses in training, ferry flights, etc. When all causes are counted, the 8th AF aircraft losses are:

B-17s: 4,754; B-24s: 2,112; P-47s: 1,043; P-38s: 451; P-51s: 2,201

Reprinted with permission, 490th BG Assoc. Bombs Away, Boca Raton, FL, Vol. 22, No. 3, 2002.



**Holiday Inn**  
Dayton/Fairborn I-675

**HOMEWOOD SUITES**  
Hilton

**Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society Reunion**

**May 4-12, 2009**

**EARLY BIRD HOTEL RESERVATION FORM**

Please complete this form and send to

**Kris Davis, Holiday Inn Dayton/Fairborn, 2800 Presidential Drive, Fairborn OH 45324**  
**Phone: 937-431-4603; FAX: 937-426-1284 <kris.davis@hdaytonfairborn.com>**

**HOLIDAY INN – DAYTON/FAIRBORN -- \$103.50 per night, inclusive**

(Check room type)

Standard Double \_\_\_\_ King Leisure (1 King bed) \_\_\_\_ King Sofa (1 King and 1 Sofa bed) \_\_\_\_

**HOMEWOOD SUITES -- FAIRBORN-- \$114.75 per night, inclusive**

Standard Double (2 double beds) \_\_\_\_; King Leisure (1 King bed) \_\_\_\_

**ROOM RATES APPLY THREE DAYS BEFORE AND THREE DAYS AFTER REUNION.**  
**Reunion Hotel Rates guaranteed only until April 18**

**HELPERS ONLY: Send both Hotel Reservation Form and Reunion Reservation Form to:**

**AFEEs, c/o YVONNE DALEY-BRUSSELMANS, 1962 Brae-Moor Drive, Dunedin FL 34698-3250**

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_

First Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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

City/State/Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

ARRIVAL DATE:		DEPARTURE DATE:	
Number of Adults:		Smoking Preference:	
<b>Payment Method</b>			
Check Enclosed (y or n)			
Visa Number			
AMX Number			
MC Number			
Other CC Number			

Name on Credit Card: \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date: \_\_\_\_\_

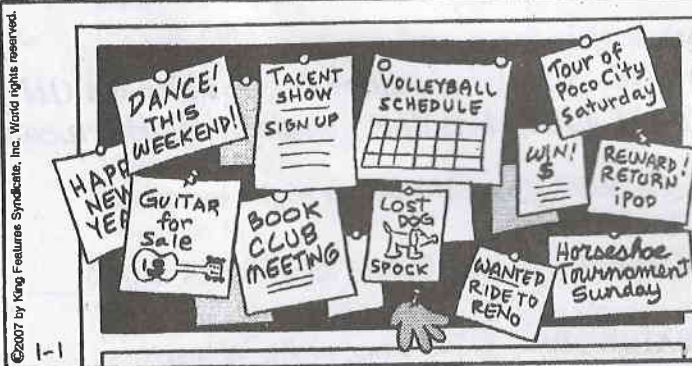
Signature: \_\_\_\_\_



Shoe



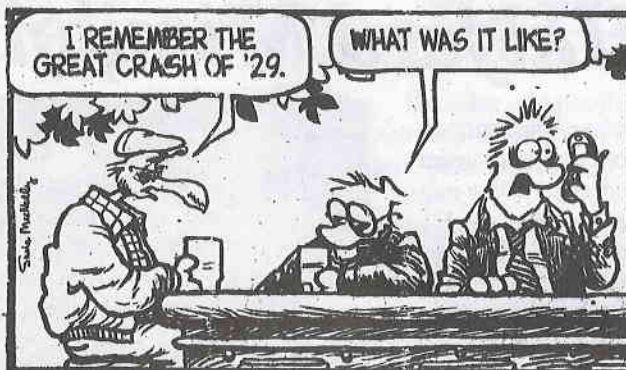
Beetle Bailey



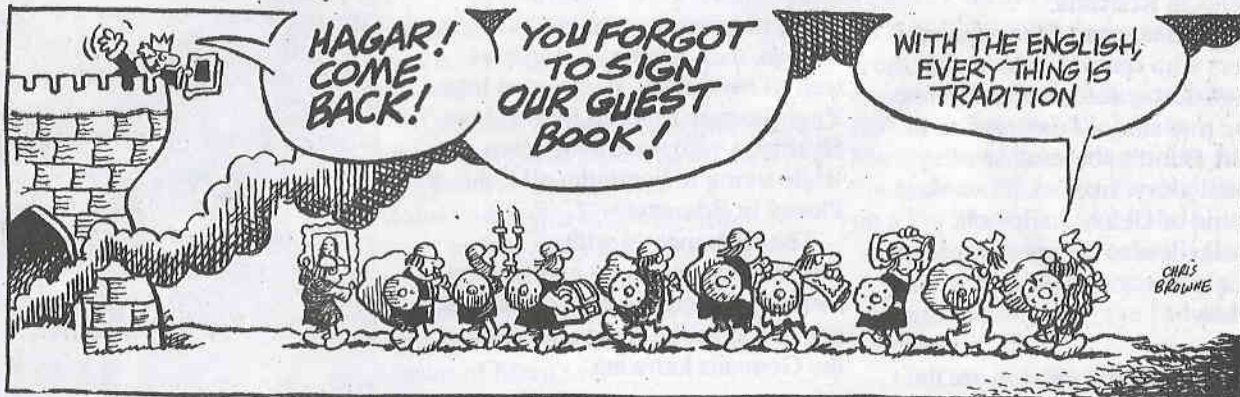
We couldn't afford your medication AND your life insurance, so I cancelled your medication.



Shoe



Hagar the Horrible



## Changes/corrections for membership directory

(Changes are Underscored.)

1. CM Sgt. Joseph Barron, 1611 Dyes Ct., Scott AFB IL 62225-6330
2. Mr. Douglas Duerr, 1008 Brianna Ln, Bethel Park, PA 15102-3795
3. Mr. William Mattison, 501 Cabot St Unit 1, Beverly, MA 01915-2580
4. L/C George Mong (L), 615 Rouse Ave Apt 139, Youngsville, PA, 16371-1609
5. Mr. Cobern V Peterson (L), 12765 Bren Forest Way, Manassas, VA 20112-3451
6. Mr. Leonard Rogers, 1202 Loma Dr., SPC 5, Ojai, CA 93023-3866
7. Mr. Woodie Rose, 3403 S Vine Ave., #A-3, Tyler, TX 75701-8539
8. Mrs. Marijeanne "W" "L", 904 Dakota Ave, Alliance, NE 69301-2837
9. Col Timothy Smith, USAF, 283 E Goettler St., Apt E, Scott AFB, IL 62225-1725
10. Mrs. Marjorie Steinmetz, 1 New Ballas Pl., Apt 424, St. Louis, MO 63146-8702
11. Mr. John Vasquez, 2867 El Sobrante St., Santa Clara, CA 95051



# The story of the Halyard Mission

From the journal of  
the OSS Society  
Spring 2008

(Reprinted with permission.)

More than 60 years ago, a handful of U.S. soldiers parachuted behind enemy lines in Yugoslavia to save 50 airmen whose planes were shot down while trying to bomb German oil fields in Romania.

Art Jibilian, one of the original soldiers who spent six months on the mission, has waited all these years for the true story of the mission to be told. But it's not because of personal glory. Instead, it's to clear the name of Gen. Mihailovich, a Yugoslav leader who protected the airmen and made the rescue possible.

Jibilian and his mission are the subject of *The Forgotten 500*, a recently published book by Gregory Freeman. "For the first time," Jibilian said, "the true story of the operation has been published, including Mihailovich's key role in the rescue. It's a story the American people should know."

The historical novel focuses on the Halyard mission in 1944, in which Jibilian and a few other soldiers spent six months with Mihailovich in Yugoslavia, eventually rescuing more than 500 airmen from behind enemy lines.

Although Mihailovich and his soldiers provided information and support for the mission and located and protected the downed airmen, Jibilian said he was betrayed by the U.S. and British governments, who said he collaborated with the Germans. Mihailovich was eventually captured by a rival general and executed.

Jibilian said details of the operation were kept quiet over the years because of politics, and he simply wants the Serbian people and Mihailovich to get the credit they deserve. Now that the book is out,

he said he wants to live long enough to see it turned into a movie in order to reach a wider audience. "We just happened to be the three that were lucky enough to bring this thing to fruition," Jibilian said. "But it was Mihailovich and the Serbs who did the brunt of the work."

The Halyard Mission was a top-secret mission executed by the OSS. Jibilian, then a radio operator, as well as two others, parachuted into Yugoslavia in order to locate about 50 airmen who were shot down while trying to bomb the oil fields at Ploesti in Romania.

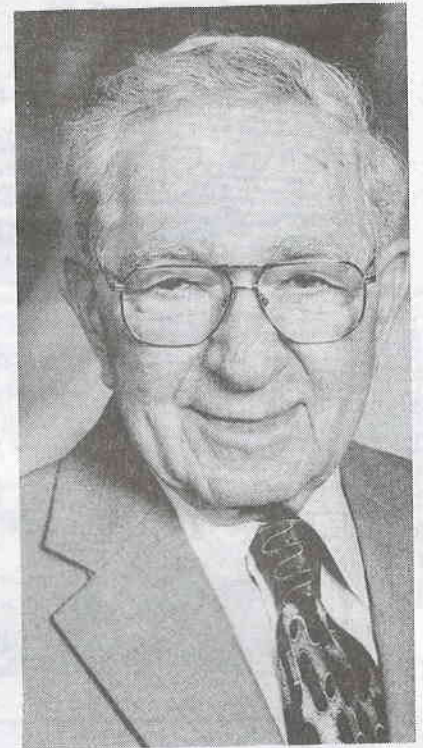
The team met up with Mihailovich, and their goal was to locate the airmen, set up an airfield and evacuate the troops, all without the Germans knowing.

But when they arrived, they discovered there weren't just 50 soldiers hiding throughout the country, there were more than 500.

Mihailovich's soldiers hid the airmen and funneled them toward Jibilian and the OSS. "What started out as a ten-day mission stretched into six months during which time we brought out 500 airmen," Jibilian said.

The mission was often dangerous and difficult. The airfield set up to evacuate the airmen was a short distance from a German garrison, and American fighter planes dive-bombed the post as a distraction. In addition, many of the downed airmen were injured. Jibilian still has shoulder problems after lifting wooden oxcarts over large stones to avoid jarring the wounded soldiers inside.

Little food was available, but Jibilian said Mihailovich and his men sometimes went hungry to make sure the airmen had something to eat. When they left Yugoslavia, they returned the favor by giving up their shoes to the Serbs, an item that was difficult to find at the time.



**ARTHUR JIBILIAN**

After returning to the United States, Jibilian and the other members of the rescue mission were disturbed by the way in which Mihailovich and his men were abandoned by the Allies. Now he's hoping to get word out about the book in order to clear Mihailovich's name. "Even today," he said, "few know the true story. All we really wanted was to have this story be told, that Mihailovich be given credit for it, and for the airmen to be able to say thank you."

*Arthur Jibilian, who now lives in Fremont, Ohio, is a Helper Member of AFEES.*

**For Art's story,  
see interview  
on next page.**



# Helper recalls Halyard missions

By JERRI DONOHOE  
AFEES Friend Member

Stukas and Me-109s strafed and dive-bombed the area, and then German foot soldiers hunted the OSS team.

Art Jibilian, who now lives in Fremont, Ohio, and the two other Americans fled up a mountain. Suffering from dysentery, and shivering in his summer uniform, Art toted 20 pounds of radio equipment through snowdrifts.

Art had parachuted into Yugoslavia with Lt. Eli Popovich and Col. Lynn Farish on March 15, 1944. When the Germans intercepted his radio signals, they chased the team for five days and six nights before giving up. The Americans then gathered airmen shot down during raids on Ploesti and organized their return to Italy. Art received a Silver Star for the 2-month mission.

A Navy radio operator from Toledo, Ohio, Art volunteered for the OSS when recruiters came looking for men fluent in foreign languages. Art spoke American, but the OSS needed him for his radio skills.

On Aug. 2, 1944, Art and Capt. George Musulin and Lt. Mike Rajacic jumped into Pranjani, a Chetnik stronghold. For the "Halyard Mission," they planned to locate and evacuate 50 Americans reported to be hiding there.

Despite food shortages and the threat of reprisals, local people had followed Loyalist General Draja Mihailovich's directions to feed and shelter Americans. Art's team found 250 downed airmen.

Serb peasants, Americans and Mihailovich's troops built a landing strip so C-47s could pick up the evaders on the night of August 9 and early morning of Aug. 10, 1944.

After that, Mihailovich's followers continued to bring rescued airmen to the OSS team for evacuation, so Art remained in Yugoslavia until Dec. 29, 1944.

Because of Mihailovich, 513 Americans, British, French, Italians and Russians reached Allied lines.

After the Halyard Mission, Art returned to the Navy, and later, to civilian life.

The Allies had abandoned Mihailovich, however, even before the Halyard Mission, opting to back Tito in Yugo-slavia's civil war. The communists branded Mihailovich a collaborator, and gouged out his eyes when they captured him in 1946.

Appalled, Art and OSS officers joined evaders to intercede on their benefactor's behalf. But Mihailovich was killed by firing squad in July 1946 and buried in an unmarked grave. After Mihailovich's execution, President Harry Truman awarded him the Legion of Merit.

In 2004 Art flew to Pranjani's airfield for the dedication of a plaque commemorating the evacuations. He traveled to Serbia again in 2005 when Mihailovich's

daughter finally received her father's Legion of Merit award in a small, private ceremony in the American ambassador's home.

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**FOR AN ACCOUNT OF THIS  
CEREMONY, SEE PAGES  
20-21 OF FALL 2006 ISSUE  
OF Communications**

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Art, too is receiving some belated recognition. In June, the experimental Aircraft Association (EAA) in Toledo took him to Michigan to meet with evaders from the Halyard Mission. Art then flew on a B-17 to Toledo's Metcalf Field where dignitaries spoke in his honor. A total of 513 flags surrounded the podium, representing the Halyard evacuees.

On Dec. 7 at Metcalf Field, Art's congressman presented him with a resolution of the U.S. House of Representatives acknowledging his role in rescuing American airmen.

## *More boot camp for new recruits*

*By The Associated Press*

SAN ANTONIO -- Air Force recruits started an extended boot camp last month designed to give them more combat training, the biggest change in the branch's basic training since the Viet Nam war.

About 740 recruits got their hair cut, were issued uniforms and began going through medical checks at the start of the new training at Lackland Air Force Base, said a base spokeswoman. Boot camp will last 8 1/2 weeks, two weeks longer than before.

The extension adds a large field exercise nicknamed the "BEAST," the Basic Expeditionary Airman Skills Training.

The course, set up on a mock airfield, will put together security and other skills.



**ART JIBILIAN,  
OSS Radio Operator**



# Internet links helpers and evader

The Marshall Foundation's World War II-Korean War Memories Project recently played a role in reuniting a World War II Air Corps pilot with the Dutch family who hid him from the Germans when he was shot down in 1944. In November 2004, Memories Project Director Joellen K. Bland received the following e-mail message from Jean-Jacques van Giels:

"During World War my grandmother and grandfather helped an American pilot. His name was Walter S. Hern Jr. His plane was shot down close to the Dutch town of Huybergen. The underground brought him to my family, van den Boom, who had a butchery in the town of Bergen op Zoom. They hid him there from the Germans and he stayed with them from the beginning of September until the liberation of Bergen op Zoom on October 27, 1944. A few days later he left my family and went back to the United States.

"On your Memories Project website I found his name. I understand that he donated his 'Escape and Evasion Memoir' to your Foundation.

"My grandfather passed away in November 1984, but my grandmother is still alive and at the age of 89 years. In her name I have a few questions: 'Do you know if Walter Hern is still alive, and is it possible for us to contact him? Is it possible to get a copy of the memoir he donated to your Foundation?'"

Mrs. Bland put Mr. van Giels in touch with Walter Hern Jr., and van Giels wrote back in January 2005: "With the address you gave me I got in touch with Mr. Walter Hern, and after 60 years, it

## New law allows military hand salutes

**WASHINGTON (AFNS)** -- Veterans and servicemembers not in uniform can now render the military-style hand salute during the playing of the National Anthem, thanks to changes in federal law that took effect in October.

"The military salute is a unique gesture of respect that marks those who have served in our nation's armed forces," said Dr. James B. Peake, secretary of Veterans Affairs.

The new provision improves upon a little known change in federal law last year that authorized veterans to render the military-style hand salute during the raising, lowering or passing of the flag.



**WALTER S. HERN JR.**  
**446th Bomb Group**

was possible to give my Grandma a letter from Walter, the American pilot, who was hidden by my grandparents during World War II.

In his memoir, Hern recalled: "The Van den Booms had three small children and a Belgian live-in nurse and housekeeper. In addition to myself, there were three others, plus an elderly Jewish couple, in hiding in the four-story Van den Boom house. It was amazing! The Van den Booms had all these people hiding in their home directly across the street from the headquarters of the city's German commandant, and they still provided him a room.

Hern, who was later rescued when the Canadian army reached Bergen op Zoom, thanked the Van den Booms for risking so much for him, and collected addresses in order to write when he could. However, he eventually lost contact with the family and therefore was delighted to get in touch with Mrs. Van den Boom again. But for her and her family's kindness and courage, Hern might not have survived his ordeal in The Netherlands in the fall of 1944.



# Dutch Helper's family visits Walt

By WALTER S. HERN Jr.  
E&E # 2609, 446th Bomb Group  
San Juan Capistrano, Calif.

In 1944, after bailing out of a B-24 bomber that had two engines knocked out by AA fire on a mission to Ludwigshafen, I managed to evade capture during a long weekend from Saturday morning until Monday.

I made contact with 4 brothers from a Catholic monastery who helped put me in contact with the *Netherlands Underground* under the leadership of Peter Huygens whose aids guided me to the home of a family in Bergen op Zoom -- Jac and Cor Van den Boom and their three children, a daughter Pauly, 4 years old, a daughter, Marijke, 2 years old, and a son, Mario, two weeks old.

I was hidden there along with Jac's brother, Leo, and a Jewish couple in their 60s, until the Allies liberated the town.

Sixty years later, in 2004, I was reunited with the family via the Internet when I was contacted by the grandson of the Van den Boom family, Pauly's son, Jean-Jacques.

His grandmother Cor, now 93, had my picture on the wall, and when she told him the story of hiding me in their attic, Jean-Jacques found information about me through the George C. Marshall Foundation in Virginia, and contacted me via e-mail.

We have stayed in touch ever since. My wife and I were thrilled a few months ago when he emailed me that he and his mother, Pauly van Giel, and his girlfriend, Nicole Hjbregts wanted to come to California to spend a weekend with us.

It was so exciting to be able to sit down with them and talk about my experiences back in 1944. Pauly van Giel was only 4 years old at the time and did not remember all the details of what we had to do to hide from the Germans.

There was one event in 1944 that

Pauly had forgotten. The Canadian Army ad forced the Germans to exit the city. They moved across the Zoom River and started shooting 88 mm. artillery shells into their former city headquarters building which was just across the street from the Van de Boom's butcher shop and home.

One day when the shooting started again we all rushed to the basement bomb shelter. When I got there Cor was screaming, "The girls are not here!" Jac rushed out of the basement, back into the house to find the girls. I told Cor I was going with him to help find the little girls. He was already upstairs shouting the girls' names and looking into each room.

I did the same and found the 2-year old in one of the rooms. I yelled at Jac that I had Marijke and headed for the basement. He apparently did not hear me and kept looking and finally he got back to the basement with Pauly.

Needless to say, Cor was very happy to see that her girls were safe.

Meantime, the shelling continued. One shell exploded near the front

door of the butcher shop, damaging the entrance door and breaking glass windows. Across the street, where the Canadians had taken over the former German commandant's headquarters, the Canadians had parked a tank in front of the entrance to keep non-military people out. One of the 88mm. shells glanced off the tank and bounced into the building, killing the commanding colonel and several others.

Pauly brought me lots of photos. The flash drive had 245 pictures which I transferred to my computer. In addition to family pictures there were photos of the Netherlands' Margraten Cemetery where William Nunn, our pilot, Raymond McCreary, our navigator, and William Yorlo, a gunner, are buried. Pauly, her husband, Herman, Jean-Jacques, and Nicole toured this beautiful cemetery and took many pictures for us.

She brought pictures of the annual celebration of Bergen op Zoom's October 1944 liberation from the Germans. Pauly and Peter Huygens, the head of the

(Continued on Next Page)



*The Van den Boom family*



**MORE about Walter . . .**

underground who put me in the hands of the Van den Boom family in 1944, are shown placing flowers at the monument during the October 2008 celebration.

My brother-in-law, who lives a block away, brought two of his sons and some family members to meet our visitors. They were enthralled with the stories and photos brought to us from Holland.

Since our visitors' trip was made to spend time with us, we did not plan anything special except for a visit to a local fire station. Jean-Jacques and Nicole both worked for the fire department in Bergen op Zoom and were interested in seeing how a California fire station operated. The Orange County Fire Station in San Juan Capistrano gave them a warm welcome and a tour of the local station which they greatly enjoyed.

We did manage to tour some of the landmarks in downtown San Juan Capistrano and dined in some of the better restaurants.

Then, all too soon, the visit was over.

**My Dutch Friends**

**Peter Huygens:** He became Deputy-Director of the Foreign Agriculture Service in the Netherlands Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. He remained a close friend after the war, and came to visit my family in California in 1973.

**Bram de Korte:** He also became a close post-war friend. We corresponded regularly and exchanged First Day of Issue stamp collections for years until his death a few years ago.

**Jac and Cor Van den Boom:** We kept in touch after the war, and my mother sent packages of food to them each Christmas for many years. Jac passed away a few years ago.

Cor celebrated her 93rd birthday on July 4, 2008. I sent her an email birthday card and told her that the whole United States was celebrating her birthday because it was July 4th!

**BOOK REVIEW:*****'Only One Returned'***

By Kathryn Christenson Janiszewski

There is a newly published book titled *Only One Returned*. This is Richard A. Christenson's story, which takes place the end of 1943 and the beginning of 1944 in Europe. Richard passed away in 1980, but his daughter, Kathryn Christenson Janiszewski, relates the story in his voice.

Richard's wife Ruth is a member of *The Escape and Evasion Society*, and Ruth, Kay, and one of the Resistance workers attended the meeting in Toronto a number of years ago. Ruth was able to obtain his declassified debriefing documents in 1995.

Kay used that, letters from the Resistance people who sheltered him, and interviews with her mother, some crewmembers, and one of the Resistance workers. She was able to bring a level of personal emotion and involvement to this venture and to put forth the heroics versus the evils that war brings out in human beings.

The story begins with the 27-year-old, young lieutenant's arrival in Alconbury, England as a B-17 pilot. He landed his very disabled plane, Rosie Redskin, in a farmer's field near Versailles in France on his eighth mission. After several days of hiding and asking for help, the French Underground rescued him.

During his 4 1/2 months *Missing in Action*, he was passed more than ten times through the Underground to those who kept him safe. He developed a life-long friendship with one family, Agnes Knocker Frisque, where he remained for six weeks.

The story delves into the danger, availability of food, humorous incidents, the bravery and goodness of the French helpers, Gestapo sightings, and the fear that accompanied him at all times.

His final mountain to climb was literally a mountain to climb – the Pyrenees in the south of France. It was an excruciating climb in December, with poor clothing, terrible shoes, sparse food, biting cold, snow, altitude, rough trails, the possibility of slipping and falling, and the constant watch for German patrols.

During the telling of the story, Kay does numerous flashbacks to his intense pilot training and the life of an early-married couple during this time. The young couple and their baby daughter traveled across the United States as he moved through his pilot training.

*Only One Returned* is about 100 pages and displays numerous photos, maps, and documents. It has been described by several readers as an interesting, easy read and so enjoyable. The website for more information and ordering is





## WW2 Escape Lines Memorial Society (ELMS)

- ELMS is a non-sectarian, non-political and non-nationalistic Society, dedicated to the memory and support of the 'Helpers' of the Escape lines who assisted allied escapers and evaders during WW2.
- We are a UK-based voluntary organisation, and have many members, friends, representatives and supporters in 26 countries around the world. We actively seek contact with former helpers, escapers, evaders, their families and descendants.
- The Society will assist and give help, when needed, to the men and women of the former WW2 Escape Lines who risked their lives to assist allied escapers and evaders in the cause of freedom.
- We aim to foster relationships between nations, and second and third generation escaper, evader and helper families.
- We work to educate and inspire future generations on the role of the Escape Lines and their selfless 'helpers' in WW2. Links are being forged between schools in UK and schools on mainland Europe, in an endeavour to promote international understanding and friendship.
- We carry out research to build up an accurate historic information archive on all European escape lines.
- We organise Freedom Trail walks [our 'walking memorials'] along former escape line routes to re-trace the footsteps of the 'helpers' and evaders, and through sponsorship, raise funding for the 'helpers' and the Society.
- The Society will support and promote, all historically accurate escape line routes and escape line museums in former safe-house villages and mountain areas. Currently, the Society is organising or supporting 'Freedom Trail' escape line routes in Norway, Denmark, Holland, France (4), Italy (2), Crete, and Poland.
- ELMS members take part in the above Freedom Trails as walkers, supporters, helpers and veterans, attending also, the commemorative events that take place.
- In addition, the ELMS Reunion / Memorial Weekend, for all members, takes place annually on the last weekend in April in the UK. The Reunion is based on York, and the Memorial Service is held at the Eden Camp WW2 Theme Museum at Malton, North Yorkshire, where our Escape Lines Museum, and our 'Helper Memorial' are situated.
- There is another Reunion, in Brussels / Belgium, in October each year.

Should you wish to know more about our Society or our activities, please contact our Secretary on 01423 508 667 [UK], or visit our website [www.escapelines.com](http://www.escapelines.com).



## A Young Boy and the "Good" War

© Edouard RENIÈRE

*With my heartfelt thanks to the late Paul GRISSO (1922-2003) – 106<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, 442<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, Company G – POW 1944-1945 – for fine-editing the text.*

### The Germans in our midst

*(Continued from Fall issue, pages 24-29)*

The only direct contact I ever had with a German soldier was sometime at the end of 1943 I think, when we were playing with my brother near the "Porte de Hal", one of the ancient gates to the inner city of Brussels. It had been snowing and it was rather cold. A German soldier about the age of my father and seeming to me from my 5-year-old perspective, a really big, tall individual, approached us, told us something in a language we didn't understand and offered us some candies. My brother immediately told me to not accept them and that we had to leave immediately and go home (our parents had told us never to accept anything from a German, that they might have put poison in the food they'd hand us, etc.,)

Disappointed at not getting the sweets we never had a chance to get in all those years, but having to obey my big brother, I followed him as we turned our backs on the German and began to run for home. I turned to see if he was following us and I saw him just standing there, not moving an inch and with such sadness in his whole attitude that I hesitated until my brother told me to hurry up. I'll never forget the look in the eyes of that soldier and it was years afterwards that I really understood what must have been going on in the poor guy's mind. He probably had children of his own in Germany and was surely sick and tired of the war.

#### On forced labor and the coming invasion

Time went by and I heard about sons of neighbors or acquaintances who had been deported to Germany on forced labor. Most of them came back in the months following the liberation of the country, some after the end of the war in Europe. In 1946, I saw the last one coming back; he had walked all the way from somewhere in Russia. Some of the men never came back and as far as I know, nobody ever heard of them. There was also sometimes talk of the actions of the "Résistance", and the retaliatory measures taken by the Germans after sabotage-action (trains derailed, German soldiers or officers shot, etc.,) but that matter was

so taboo that most people talked more openly about it only after the liberation.

The months went by and the positive evolution of the conflict (the Germans were really not invincible after all) made it so that everybody sensed that an Allied invasion was imminent, somewhere in France (logical) or even on the Belgian Coast (could be, since the Channel is narrower at that point.) In the meantime, my brother's only shoes and mine were in such a bad shape that our parents, who hadn't the means to buy expensive leather footwear bought us wooden shoes to go to school. Not only did we feel sort of ashamed to have to wear such footgear, but those clogs were really a pain in the...feet, because they were rather heavy and cumbersome. They were open in the back, with no strap, so with each step you had to press your toes downward so the naked wooden insole would stay close to your heel, otherwise the heel of the shoe fell down on the ground, each step sounding like a beetle hitting the cobblestones and we thought we could be heard coming a block away. Besides, you couldn't run with them without risking a sprained ankle. I don't remember how long we had to wear them, but those wooden clogs were pure physical and mental hell.

My father, who had emigrated to Britain with my grand-parents a few years before World War One and lived there till their return in 1923, had been to school in the city of Blackpool and of course learned to speak and read English fluently. In fact, French being my mother-tongue, that was the language we spoke at home, but I've always perceived a very slight English accent to the way my father spoke in French. Anyway, being fluent in English, my father listened regularly to BBC-radio, something which was absolutely verboten by the Germans. Anybody caught listening to the BBC could be arrested and put in jail, most of the times either to be sent to a labor camp in Germany or even sentenced to death, most often by shooting or hanging. I remember him standing on a stool every evening to be able to put his ear to the loudspeaker of the radio that had been put on a shelf up a wall of the living-room. He always put the volume so



low that we could barely hear anything. As a measure of precaution, he often asked my brother and I to go listen from the inside of our apartment's door if anybody suspect was coming *up or going down the stairs and could have guessed what was going on inside.*

He always tuned in to hear the news bulletin and when there was nothing special, he just said so. I didn't understand exactly why he was acting in that secretive way, but I learned some strange-sounding words like Stalingrad, Roosevelt, Churchill, "the Allies", "the Americans"... When there was some Allied victory, he soon told us and the neighbors about it and everybody considered him as some kind of "war correspondent" who kept everybody informed. I'll never forget his excited voice when on June 6, 1944, he spoke about "le débarquement" (the landing) in Normandy, telling everybody that "Ils ont débarqué" ("They have landed"), the Allies have landed, the Americans are coming... And since then, although we had to live through the bombings and the hardships and the privation, even I could feel there was something really big happening, that as the adults said, we were going to be liberated (another new expression...) soon.

In the summer of that year, during the holidays, we were playing in different places not far from home. One of these places was a large square, the Place de Parme (now Place Morichar), and we played football (soccer), marbles, hide-and-seek, "war" with wooden rifles and swords. On one side of the square was the back of a public secondary school, a wing which was being used by the Germans as an infirmary. In the days following D-Day, we saw a lot of trucks bringing German soldiers wounded in Normandy or elsewhere in France. From day to day, the stream of trucks seemed to be growing as the casualties mounted. We saw mainly walking wounded, some on crutches, many wearing bandages around their heads. We kids weren't really so interested in the lot of those "Boches", but in a strange, almost sadistic way, we were happy that those Nazi bastards were being paid back in their own coin.

In August we heard that the Allied advance was progressing rapidly, then that Paris had been freed, that the Germans were in retreat all over the place, that the British and Americans (not forgetting Canadian, Czech, Polish, Belgian forces) were going to liberate Belgium everyday now. Then "They've crossed the border"... "They're coming... They're coming..."

#### Their last day in Brussels

Near midday on Sunday, the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September 1944, I was with my brother in a second-hand book- and magazine-shop not far from home.

When we got outside, we saw that the cupola of the Palais de Justice (Court of Justice) was in flames, engulfed by thick black smoke. As I remembered that everybody said it was a very tall building (in fact, at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, when it was built, it was the largest building in the world), I thought that it would crumble and certainly fall upon us, at least the cupola, being on top of the structure. My brother didn't have to order me to run for home; I beat him to our building, running the fastest kilometer I ever ran in my life. My mother was relieved when she saw us coming, we told her what we had seen, and she told us not to go out anymore in the afternoon as we usually did on Sundays before we all together went to pay the weekly visit to my father's parents. They lived in another Commune about 3 kilometers away and the ritual pilgrimage was scrapped that afternoon because of the uncertain evolution of events.

In their retreat, the Germans had put the official building on fire, mainly in order to destroy their embarrassing archives. After the Germans hurriedly left the premises, many people formed a chain to carry buckets of water to fight the fire alongside the firemen, or to get a maximum of papers out of the burning structure. The fire was rather rapidly mastered but the cupola was entirely destroyed and had to be restored after the war.

After lunch, my father took my brother with him, leaving for I didn't exactly know where nor why, somewhere near the Gare du Midi (Southern Railway Station.) Being "too small", I was left home alone with my mother, and all I could do was look out the window of our apartment on the street side. I saw German trucks full of soldiers, staff cars, motorcycles, individual soldiers on foot, some running, others on bicycles, all wanting to get away from the approaching Allied soldiers.

From my ideal position about fifteen meters above ground, I could see about 100 meters to the left and 300 meters to the right, so I could follow their retreat for a relatively long time. The atmosphere was really one of panic for those troops and they all seemed to head for the Railway Station, turning left on the church square down the street. My mother was worried sick but didn't forbid me to keep looking, thinking the Germans were too preoccupied with their retreat to begin shooting at people at their windows.

There was a temporary lull in the streaming of troops and vehicles when suddenly I saw a German soldier on his bicycle (most probably stolen under the menace of a gun from a Belgian civilian, as were most of the cycles the fleeing occupation troops were riding on), pedalling furiously down the street at very high speed, his helmet and gasmask container dangling on his back, both trying to



follow him as best they could, he was cycling so fast. Arriving on the church square, he made an oblique left turn towards the station, but the front wheel of his bicycle caught in one of the streetcar tracks. That blocked his move and sent him flying through the air, and then sprawling on the ground a few meters away. I started laughing like mad as I had once at the cinema when they had shown Charlie Chaplin movies. Before he had a chance to regain his spirits and stand up, the German trooper was kicked in his behind by passers-by who took turns at it before running away to safety. After all, he was armed and could react in a mean way.

After a few moments, he finally stood up, dusted himself up, checked his equipment and bones, looked around (there wasn't a soul to see anywhere near him any more), and got laboriously back on his bicycle. The front wheel made a buckling, crumpling movement when it turned, but the guy somehow managed to get ahead on his miserably diminished mount, disappearing from sight, a lonely, humiliated, frightened member of the Army of the Thousand Year Reich, pedaling towards what would certainly be a very dark future. Even after all those years, I can't help smiling when I recall that incident, in later years feeling more and more sorry for the poor guy on his busted bicycle, and wondering about his fate.

In the afternoon of that same September 3, the first British tanks and the Welsh Guards reached Brussels. From here on, my memories jump from one flash to the other, not necessarily in real chronological order. I remember people, droves of them, in the streets, dancing, singing, shouting, hugging the soldiers, jumping on their tanks with flowers, accepting the chewing gums, the chocolate, the cigarettes... While my brother (lucky boy) was still with my father in the city, I went on a stroll with my mother to see the British troops at the Porte de Hal, near our home. There was a throng, the tanks could barely advance through the chanting, happy crowd and I couldn't see so much of it because I was too small. I could only some times catch a glimpse of a tank, or only the threads of halftracks or legs of soldiers through the legs of the people lining the boulevard. We made our way back home via another avenue and I saw people hurtling furniture from balconies, other people putting the furniture pieces on fire in the middle of the sidewalk or of the street, wherever they had landed. My Mom told me the furniture belonged to "collaborateurs", a term which meant absolutely nothing to me, but that I added to my vocabulary of strange, war-related terms, as were "Stuka", "Spitfire", "Gestapo", "Kommandantur", "résistants", "tank".

Everything that anybody seemed to think about

was rejoicing, searching for friends or acquaintances they had not seen for a long time, heading for the city centre to fill the streets, dance in the streets, fill the cafés, dance in the cafés or on the sidewalk in front, applaud and hug every passing Allied soldier. My brother and I jumped on the open-door streetcars, overflowing with passengers, everybody riding for free, the conductor being so happy himself that he didn't bother to ask for fares. When we couldn't get inside the car or hang outside clinging to the handrail in the middle of the open doors, we just climbed in front or on the back of the tram where there was a thick black metal bumper. We had a glorious sight riding on the boulevards, passing in front of the Bourse (Stock Exchange), the square black with people, some military vehicles, soldiers mingling with the crowd, everybody really MAD with joy.

I think there was no school on September 4, and my brother and I just had to venture out into the street to see the action. There were young men in black Citroën front-wheel drive automobiles, rifles in hand, with brassards marked "F.I." ("Front de l'Indépendance", one of the Resistance organizations), searching for German snipers and collaborators, some of whom were still firing. Sometimes, you could hear shots and shouts in the distance, with the F.I. guys scrambling to join in the fight behind another block. We saw some women with shaven skulls, walking alone, with a dazed look. People nearby were shouting insults at them, in words I didn't understand and which my brother didn't want to explain. At the time, I suspected he didn't understand either and was only faking that he did.

When we got home, our father had returned from one of his outings and had brought back various objects he had "found" at I don't know which former German-occupied building. There was a German helmet, seemingly brand-new, with a red-white-and-black insignia on one side; a Wehrmacht gas-mask in its case; a MAUSER pistol, without bullets (my mother: "Thank God ! Thank God "); some German insignia, coat buttons with the swastika; a Belgian French-language geography book without its cover, which I promptly asked to keep. That book, with its photographs of Belgian sites and especially its maps, was the start of my love for maps and geography and I must say I looked at it almost everyday for a long time afterward. The Mauser, helmet and gas mask were put in a little closet above a box-room in a corner of the kitchen and stayed there for years until, for some unknown reason after my father passed away, my mother gave it all to a cousin of mine, who probably has still got them in an attic somewhere.

In the evening, my father, who had left again in



the meantime, brought home with him two British soldiers he had met near the station. They were named Bill and Tom, and looked very tired but happy to be in other "premises" than in a ditch alongside a road or in a foxhole or riding in a truck. One of them lifted me in the air as if I was a Soviet gymnast and seemed so happy to find himself in a familial environment, with somebody, my father, speaking his language. They had cigarettes ("PLAYER'S Navy Cut" and "LUCKY STRIKE" and "CAMEL") for my father, chocolate ("CADBURY'S") for my brother and I. It was the first time I remember having eaten chocolate; it was de-li-cious. They had oranges... and chewing-gum ("CLARKS" and "WRIGLEYS"). I put one gum in my mouth and began chewing. After a while, for some unknown reason, I went outside on the little balcony on the inner-side of the apartment and when I came back, the fruity taste of the chewing-gum having vanished, I had swallowed it. When the adults saw me coming back inside, they asked what I thought about the chewing-gum. Bill and Tom nearly choked laughing after they learned I had swallowed it.

The soldiers then left with my father and we never saw them again. My father kept a correspondence with them well into 1945, and in April or May, he told us one of them had been killed in Germany, was it Bill or Tom, I don't remember. That was the first time anybody I knew had died and that news hit me like a bomb: "killed", that means he's dead... To this day, I regret not having found in my parents' papers any address or the photographs of both of them in uniform I remember that they had sent my father for Christmas 1944... How I would have liked to thank the surviving member of the pair, and not only for the sweets...

The celebrations for the liberation went on joyously for days and you could feel, even at my age, that people were happy, really happy, and there wasn't that gloomy atmosphere anymore. Of course, the war was still raging, there were still regions of Belgium that had not been liberated, there still wasn't enough food, there were still quite a lot of Belgians, civilians and soldiers alike, in captivity somewhere in Germany. But I remember that, practically every evening, my parents took us with them, my brother and me, to enjoy strolls in the city centre, with temporary stops in cafés, of course, simply, as almost everybody else in the whole of Brussels, to enjoy the atmosphere and the freedom to go wherever you wanted.

#### Life at school

I had entered primary school in September 1943 and our life at school didn't make a lasting impression on me, as it was mostly listening to the

teachers, learning the rudiments of reading and writing and playing mostly football (soccer) or marbles in the school playground.

I remember that one of my companions, who had entered the class at the same time that I did, at one time suddenly didn't come to school anymore. We learned afterwards that he was Jewish and that he and his parents had been arrested in November, 1943, presumably denounced by a collaborator. A few weeks after the liberation, around November '44, a boy, his name was Kahn, joined our class and we wondered where he came from, as he had not been with us since the beginning of the school-year nor the year before. We learned he was a Jew and had been hidden together with his parents for all the duration of the occupation in an attic in the house of non-Jewish Belgian people who, like many others, had taken the risk of harboring them to spare them deportation to Germany and, possibly, to an extermination camp.

#### Back to the cellar

In August, 1944, already, the Germans had sent rockets to bomb London and other British cities, with heavy damage and many civilian casualties. Shortly after the liberation, on September 6, the Germans sent one V1 rocket-bomb towards Belgium from a base in Germany. It landed in a field near the city of Hasselt, making no damage nor casualty. This alerted the Allied military authorities to the obvious target: the port of ANTWERP, vital to the supply of Allied forces advancing toward Germany itself. Expecting more rockets, an early-warning system had been organized, on the model of what had been done, with relatively good results, in England.

On October, 13, at 10:00 a.m., a V1 rocket suddenly appeared in the Antwerp sky. When flying, the V1 rocket made a crackling sound, much like a two-stroke motorcycle engine, but when its motor stopped and didn't make that sound any more, it meant it was going to fall. That first rocket hitting at Antwerp fell near the Royal Museum of Fine Arts and killed 38 people, with 140 wounded, 45 of which in critical condition. Hundreds of houses in the vicinity had their windows broken and roofs damaged. A few hours later a second rocket exploded: 14 dead, 15 wounded. A third fell that day but made no victims. The advance-warning system had not worked. This was not due to bad planning, but to the proximity of the launching sites, not so far from the Belgian border.

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TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

**V-1 rocket-bombs fall  
on Brussels, Antwerp**



# **-FOLDED WINGS-**

## **MEMBERS**

15th AF Leslie M. Avery, Washington, Mo., 463rd BG,  
July 7, 2008

#419 Louis Feingold, Emerson, N.J., 95th BG, Oct. 25, 2008

14th AF William B. Hayes, Farmington, Ark., 23rd FG,  
May 22, 2008

15th AF Cliff C. Mabry, Wilmington, No. Car., 376th BG, 2008

15th AF Richard T. Sykes, Van Nuys, Calif., 1st FG

## **HELPER**

Mme. Yvonne LAPEYRE, member of Comete, Nov. 21, 2008

## **Louis Feingold, evacuated by gunboat**

Louis Feingold, (E&E # 419) 89, of Emerson, N.J., passed away on Saturday, Oct. 25, 2008, at home with his family at his side.

Lou was born in Brooklyn, NY, and later resided in Emerson, N.J. for 49 years. Lou was a self-employed garment contractor and owned Pride Dress Co. in Lyndhurst, N.J. Lou retired in 1993.

He served as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Force, 95th Bomb Group. He was a navigator on a B-17. On his 20th mission over Ludwigshafen, Germany, his plane was shot down in occupied France in December 1943.

Lou evaded capture through the Shelburne escape line organized between the Allied forces in England and the French Resistance in 1943. He was hidden and aided two months by the French Underground. He traveled from Paris to the Brittany coast, staying in several safe houses, and receiving two different false identities to avoid capture. At the coast, he was met by a British gunboat and escaped to England.

In 1978, Lou was reunited with the French Resistance fighters who helped him escape. He was an active member of the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society.

Lou is survived by his wife of 54 years, Leah Ruth, and his children, Richard, of Hackensack, and Laurie and Andrew, both of Westwood.

WINTER 2008-09

## *Seasons' greetings are mailed*

More than 250 of the traditional AFEES Seasons' Greetings folders went into the U.S. mail on Dec. 6, 2008.

Following a long-standing pattern, the cards were prepared and printed by Dorothy Kenney, widow of long-time director Paul Kenney.

The cards this year feature a winter wonderland scene with six children skating on a small pond, with a dog and sled in the foreground.

Again, Clayton and Scotty David prepared the mailing list and their address is shown as the return.

President Richard Smith says that he stuffed and stamped all the envelopes. (Ed. Note: I suspect he enlisted some family *volunteer* help!)

By nation, the 2008 cards went to helpers and friends in: Australia, 2; Belgium, 34; England, 4; Holland, 52; France, 129; Others (Germany & Spain), 2; Canada, 6; and U.S.A., 29.

Grand Total: 252.

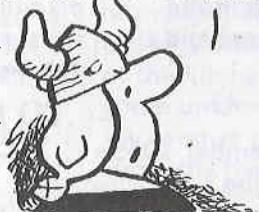
Hagar the Horrible

HONI, I'VE TRIED TO SHIELD YOU FROM THE HARSH REALITIES OF LIFE OVER THE YEARS...



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BUT NOW YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO LEARN THE ONE BASIC AND INESCAPABLE FACT OF LIFE...



MEN DON'T PICK UP THEIR DIRTY CLOTHES!





# Lou among group of vets honored

From the North Haven (Conn.)  
Citizen, Friday, Sept. 19, 2008

One by one, North Haven's men and women who served in World War II stepped up to receive an honor for what most felt was simply their

duty, but which was in fact an act of heroism.

That humble spirit characterizes their entire generation, a group of people who literally changed the course of the world through their service.



## MORE THAN FRIENDS

I have traveled half way around the world, and met thousands of people and maybe more,

But of that amount, the ones who really count are the men in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Oh, how I wish I could find them; we would gather like we did in those days of olden times,  
We'd sit and reminisce about things we were missing,  
then toast those ties that forever bind.

Their fond memories will never fade from my heart.

They will be my blood brothers forever.

What I wouldn't give to fly with them once again!

Those airmen! It will probably be never.

*Composed in 2005 by Keith McLaren Abbott*

First Selectman Janet McCarty said that the veterans possessed "an unbelievable bravery, but a quiet bravery," McCarty said, "because these people were being quiet about their amazing deeds."

The veterans --about 80 in number -- were gathered with family and friends in the North Haven High School Auditorium this week to be honored with the Connecticut Secretary of State's Public Service Award. It was the 63rd ceremony that Secretary of State Susan Bysiewicz has led to recognize WWII veterans across the state.

Louis DelGuidice (E&E # 405, 93rd BG) recalled a story about his experience aboard a B-24 Liberator. DelGuidice was a radio operator on the plane, which was shot down over France, then occupied by the Germans, on Jan. 7, 1944.

"We had to bail out," he said. "I was lucky to have landed on a friendly French farm."

DelGuidice was taken in by the Millereaux family and hidden in the home above the pharmacy they owned.

He was led by the French Resistance over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain, and eventually made his way back to England.

**Note: Send roster changes to Richard Shandor!**

**AFEES membership dues are \$20 per year; life membership is \$100.  
Changes of address and telephone and checks (payable to AFEES)  
should be sent to**

**Richard Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson PA 16630-0254;**

**Phone: 814-886-2735; <rsandor@hotmail.com>**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_ CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP Code \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ E-MAIL (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_

COMMENTS \_\_\_\_\_



# The editor has the last word

By LARRY GRAUERHOLZ

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OR

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WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- From what I hear, the 2009 reunion in Dayton will be one to be long remembered. The future of AFEES will be determined; it is my hope that our society will continue to function with the input of the next generations.

Our society is unique among WWII veterans' organizations; we should continue to honor our slogan, WE WILL NEVER FORGET!

Yvonne Daley, our reunion organizer, and Francene Weyland, her No. 1 aide, are putting together a good 'un for us.

Must mention that Yvonne has another job; she has been named to the board of the 8th AF Museum at Savannah. My advice to board members: when Yvonne speaks, better pay attention!

Elsewhere in this issue (Page 3), you will see an article about a B-17G coming to the 8th AF Museum early next year.

Yvonne says that if anyone in the Savannah area (or anywhere else) would like to attend the coming-out

party for the plane, she could arrange an invitation.

Date for the first public showing is Feb. 12.

Officers of the Air Force Navigator/Observer Association are considering a reprint of the 1996 AFNOA History with Turner Publications. The roster and the deceased list would be updated. If interested, contact Dick Mansfield at <rhmans2542@cfl.rcom> or Ron Barnett at <ronaldbarnett@yahoo.cvom> for more info.

Turner Publishing Co. has made a deal with AFEES for the remainder of the 1992 AF Escape Book. The blue hard-covered book provides a great history of our society, including membership rosters and much other information that should be of interest to our members.

While they last, the books will be on sale at Dayton for \$10. By mail from Richard Shandor, the price is \$12.50. List price at publication was \$34.95.

Do you know a bargain when you see one?

HELP! Vice President Frank Lashinsky has received an inquiry about a film, possibly called "Shelburne," that shows a context of

the experience of growing up in Brittany during our war.

Contact Frank or me if you have an idea where the film might be available.

J. W. Bradbury sends word that another Doolittle Raider is gone. Maj. Gen. David M. Jones (Davie) died Nov. 26 in Tucson, Ariz. Burial was in Arlington National Cemetery.

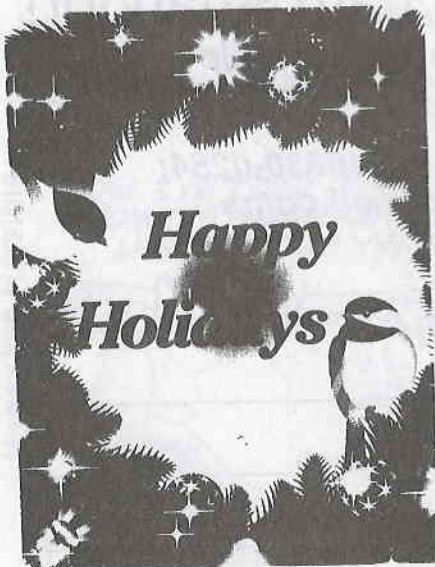
From Scott Goodall in southern France comes word that the Chemin de la Liberte Association in Saint Giron has a new website:

<[www.chemindelaliberte.com](http://www.chemindelaliberte.com)>

It is all in French, but the site is linked to many other sites, including AFEES, ELMS and the two Comete Line sites.

Mia Lelivelt, Dutch helper who attended many reunions while her health permitted, has this advice for our members on her holiday card: "Good Luck, health and humor to enjoy life!"

The Sunday School teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, when little Jason interrupted, "My Mommy looked back once while she was driving," he announced triumphantly, "and she turned into a telephone pole!"



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AFEES Publications

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