

# Winter 2010-11 Communicator

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In this Dec. 28, 1944 photo provided by the U.S. National Archives, OSS Capt. George Vujnovich, right, stands in Bari, Italy with a group of Allied airmen he helped rescue after they were downed over Nazi-occupied Serbia, the largest air rescue of Americans behind enemy lines in any war. Joining them are OSS colleagues who helped coordinate the rescue: Nick Lalich, standing center, with moustache, and kneeling second from right, Arthur Jibilian. On Sunday, Oct. 17, 2010, George Vujnovich was presented the U.S. Bronze Star Medal in New York at the age of 95 for his work as head of the rescue effort, Operation Halyard, in what was then Yugoslavia. (AP Photo)

## After 66 years . . .

## *George gets medal for Halyard*

NEW YORK, Oct. 18 (UPI) -- A New York man who rescued American airmen from behind enemy lines in World War II was awarded the Bronze Star 66 years after

the operation, authorities said.

George Vujnovich, 95, a retired

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(Continued on Page 3)



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

<www.airforceescape.com>

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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  
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CONTROL.

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

WINTER 2010-11

## NEW MEMBERS

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Monsieur Roger Huguen

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phone#02-96-33-33-84  
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niece of Dick Smith  
(E&E#349)

Letters, packages mean  
a lot to those deployed

RANDOLPH AIR FORCE  
BASE, Texas (AFNS) -- A  
deployment can be a lonely time in  
an airman's life, but a long-  
distance connection can make a  
big difference.

Letters from home and care  
packages during this time can  
make a servicemember's day, said  
two 902nd Security Forces  
Squadron Airmen who returned in  
August from a deployment to Ali  
Al Salem Air Base, Kuwait.

"They really make you feel  
appreciated," Airman 1st Class  
Jeremy Cross said.

## ***MORE: George gets medal (From Page 1)***

salesman from Queens, was given the award Sunday, Oct. 17, 2010, for bringing home 512 downed airmen in 1944 from what was then Yugoslavia in the largest air rescue in history, the New York Daily News reported.

"I feel deeply satisfied," said Vujnovich, who was studying in Belgrade when the war broke out and was later recruited by the OSS, a predecessor of the CIA.

"Not for myself, but for men who gave their lives to save these airmen," he said.

Born in the United States to Serbian parents, Vujnovich was familiar with the Nazi-occupied Balkans and was chosen to help in rescuing the airmen shot down while bombing Hitler's oil fields in Romania.

He orchestrated the building of a concealed landing strip in a cornfield for cargo planes to land and rescue the airmen hidden by local resistance forces.

"It was a genius plan," Tony Orsini, 87, a B-24 navigator who was one of the rescued men, said.

"I feel deeply satisfied," said Vujnovich, who was studying in Belgrade when the war broke out and was later tapped by the OSS, a predecessor of the CIA. "Not for myself, but for men who gave their lives to save these airmen."

Born in the U.S. to Serbian parents, he knew his way around the Nazi-occupied Balkans and was called on to help the U.S. rescue the airmen downed while bombing oil fields in Romania.

A secret air strip was built inside a corn field to allow cargo planes to land and rescue the Americans, who were hidden by the local resistance.

"It was a genius plan," said Tony Orsini,

87, a B-24 navigator who was one of the rescued men. "It all took place without any casualties."

Orsini, of Iselin, N.J., who hid under a bed to avoid the Nazis, recalled "the gracious attitude of the Serbian people."

And he joked about "all the rakija I drank," referring to the alcoholic beverage of choice in the area.

Yesterday he was at Vujnovich's side during the ceremony at the Serbian Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sava in Manhattan.

Lt. Col. Steven Oluic, who prepared the medal submission, called what was dubbed the Halyard Mission "an incredible feat that will echo in the annals of American History."

But until the end of the Cold War, the clandestine operation was not in the history books because it only happened with the help of Draza Mihailovich, a Serb general and rival of Marshal Josip Broz Tito, who helped the Allies fight the Nazis.

"This has been a mission that has been hidden for geopolitical reasons," said Rep. Joseph Crowley (D-NY), who helped lobby for the award.

"I understood it," Vujnovich said of the secrecy. "At the same time, I was very deeply wounded, hurt." But with a star pinned to his lapel and many in attendance wiping a tear, he expressed hope the rescue story will be remembered.

"Memory eternal," he said.



***George Vujnovich, Jackson Heights, N.Y., is a Helper member of AFEES.***



## THE PREZ SEZ...

By John Katsaros, E&E# 755  
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As your President and while on a speaking tour, I have had several interesting developments with the possibility of adding Escape and Evasion Veterans and/or their families to our AFEES membership. Many emails, phone calls and letters from potential members have contacted me, wondering if the AFEES still exists. For example:

Lt. Colonel William H. Drake USAF (Ret.) from San Antonio, Texas, wrote as follows: "I was shot down over Greece and escaped with the help of the Greek "Andarte" (The Greek Underground Helpers)." We have informed Colonel Drake, the AFEES is still in existence and stronger in membership than ever. He plans to attend the San Antonio reunion.

Mara Renier 2265 F. Rum River DR S. Cambridge, MN 55008, wrote me that she is a niece of AFEES Past President Richard Smith and she is an acquaintance of Nancy Scovil, 3517 Debina Way, Rancho Cordova, CA 95670.

She learned that "Nancy's father, Robert Costello, was shot down and helped by the French Resistance to escape and his story was printed in the AFEES newsletter of December 2009". Mara requested a copy. Our AFEES Editor, Larry "Inky" Grauerholz and Membership Chairman/Corresponding Secretary, Rich Shandor, have been a big help in this regard and as a result she and her husband will become members and plan to attend the 2011 reunion.

Rich Shandor also advised me that Nancy Scovill joined AFEES and may attend our reunion with her husband.

W. R. LeClair of 201 Udall Rd. Frankestown, NH 03043 wrote that "His father, Robert F. LeClair's B-17 ran out of fuel returning from a bomb run over Austria, crashed-landed in Yugoslavia (now Bosnia). He was captured by guerillas, tortured, and escaped to make it over the mountains to safety in Italy". W. R. Leclair was issued an invitation to join AFEES.

All members of AFEES are encouraged to contact Rich Shandor, Membership Chairman, and help to enlist potential EE's, their families, and friends in an effort to increase memberships and more especially those that never were contacted to join or have no idea of AFEES's existence. Photo copy the application on Page 31 in the newsletter for your use. Soon it will be on our web site: <airforceescape.com>. Thanks to our Webmaster, Don Thorpe.

We thank Lynn David for all his effort in setting up next years AFEES reunion. Also, "Mr. Hospitality", Col. Steve "Mac" MacIaac. Thanks to the following for donations received by AFEES: Sterling Call, Denver Hammerfahr, Bob Vanderberg, Juanita Whitby in memory of her husband Ray Whitby.

It will be great to see y'all at the AFEES reunion, at the Holiday Inn on the River Walk in San Antonio, Tex., next April.



# Story of silk escape maps released in '07

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

Starting in 1941, an increasing number of British airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the authorities were casting-about for ways and means to facilitate their escape. Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where-stuff-was, but also showing the locations of 'safe houses', where a POW on-the-loose could go for food and shelter.

Someone in MI-5 got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched-up into tiny wads, and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise what-so-ever. At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington, Ltd.

When approached by the government, the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort. By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the U.K. Licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly. As it happened, 'games and pastimes' was a category item qualified for insertion into 'CARE packages', dispatched by the International Red Cross, to prisoners of war.

Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-

secrecy employees began mass-producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW camps were located (Red Cross packages were delivered to prisoners in accordance with that same regional system). When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece.

As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add:

1. A playing token, containing a small magnetic compass,
2. A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together.
3. Useful amounts of genuine high-denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money!

British and American air-crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a 'rigged' Monopoly set by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square! Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWS who successfully escaped, an estimated one-third were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets.

Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British Government might want to use this highly successful use in still another, future war.

The story wasn't de-classified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honored in a public ceremony. Anyway, it's always nice when you can play that 'Get Out of Jail Free' card.

## BEETLE BAILEY



GREG+  
MORRIS  
WALKER





*The television show I'VE GOT A SECRET was popular some 50+ years ago. A 1958 segment brought together four evaders from World War II, with Helpers Anne and Julian Brusselmans. From the left: John Charnosky, E#E# 1794, 306th BG; Martin Minnick, E#E# 229, 95th BG; Anne Brusselmans, Belgian Helper; Host Jerry Moore; Stanley Lepkowski; Anne's husband Julian, and Paul F. Shipe, E&E# 237, 381st BG, downed Aug. 17, 1943 on the Schweinfurt mission.*

### After 67 Years!

## 'Tag found in Belgium

**By Regina (Sarnow) Brand  
Rocklin, Calif.**

My father's dogtag was found by a Belgian family, after 67 years!

My dad, Lt. Col. Hank Sarnow, was shot down over Mol, Belgium on the morning of Aug. 17, 1943. Their plane was the "OurBayBee," a B17 heavy bomber. Ann and Julian Brusselmans helped to get my dad home safely!

When my dad first hit the ground, along with a severely burned copilot and tailgunner, they were approached by a 15-year-old boy, named Emiel Joris. Dad gave this boy his dogtag,

having on it his Chicago home address and his mother's (my grandmother's) name on it. He wanted to get word to his family that he was alive.

These three crewmembers from OurBayBee were the only crewmembers not captured by the Germans. The seven other crewmembers were captured and sent to prison camps for the duration.

Emiel Joris, now in his 80s, is quite ill. He and his children, Rene' and Julianne, were contacted sometime back by Co de Swart, a Netherlands historian.

Because of his original inquiries,

Julienne, the daughter, came across Dad's dogtag and shared the news with her brother, Rene'.

Rene' recently contacted Co de Swart, and me and my twin sister, Roberta. This is all very exciting, we are so grateful to soon have our father's dogtag returned, after 67 years!!!!

We give thanks to all of those involved: Emiel Joris and his family, Yvonne and the Brusselmans family, and Co and his wife, Louise de Swart.

The AFEES' experience has been unbelievably uplifting for our family! At the last reunion, we met other family members from the OurBayBee crew. What a moment!

My twin sister is Roberta (Sarnow) Strom, married to retired Air Force Major Edward Strom. We were all at the AFEES 2010 reunion.



# Daughters learn about Dad's life

From the Sacramento (Calif.) BEE,  
Nov. 11, 2010

By Gina Kim

< gkim@sacbee.com >

Hank Sarnow told his daughters about being shot out of the sky on that August day in 1943.

He recounted the families across Belgium, France and Spain who risked death to help him to safety.

More than 11 years after Sarnow's death, his daughters learned a new

detail about his escape from Nazi-occupied Europe during World War II when a small package arrived last month carrying a thin piece of aluminum etched with the letters, "HENRY P. SARNOW."

"It's Daddy's dog tag," said daughter Regina Brand, of Rocklin.

As millions of military veterans are honored today for their service, the daughters of Hank Sarnow have a little more to commemorate with the arrival of one of their father's dog tags, or military identification, which they didn't know had been missing for the past 67 years. "It's like he's saying, 'I'm here with you,'" said another daughter, Roberta Strom of El Dorado Hills.

Just two weeks into his marriage, the 6-foot-2 Sarnow was sent to Horham Airfield in England to serve

as an Army Air Corps bombardier aboard the B-17 nicknamed Our Bay Bee. The target on Aug. 17, 1943, was a German airplane factory.

But the bomber was shot down over Belgium and all 10 crewmen ejected from the burning aircraft. Seven were captured. A gunner somehow bicycled to neutral Switzerland. Sarnow and co-pilot Martin Minnich landed in a wooded area near Mol, east of Antwerp, according to Sarnow's daughters.

Sarnow and a badly burned Minnich journeyed through the shadows of an underground system, used various disguises and crossed over the Pyrenees with the help of Gypsies, Sarnow's daughters said.

Sarnow openly recounted the months trekking to freedom but never talked about the first person he and Minnich encountered when they parachuted onto German-occupied soil.

A 15-year-old boy named Emiel Joris came out of a nearby farmhouse and helped them hide in a canal, after showing them how to breathe through reeds until help arrived, Joris' children have now told Sarnow's daughters.

During that short exchange, Sarnow gave Joris one of his dog tags. Sarnow's daughters believe it was so the boy could message Sarnow's mother, whose Chicago address was etched into it.

Joris' children found the dog tag while going through their ailing father's possessions.

They contacted a Dutch historian who had been communicating with Sarnow's daughters, and the dog tag soon arrived in a padded envelope safety-pinned to a note.

When René Joris and his sister, Julianne, were young, their father often talked about that day in 1943 when he helped airmen cross a canal and hide from the Germans, René Joris wrote to the Sarnow daughters in an e-mail.

The Sarnow daughters opened the package together –

+++++  
(See related story, Page 21)



*The World War II identification tag of Lt. Hank Sarnow (story on preceding page) arrived at the home of a daughter on Oct. 27, 2010, 67 years after he was shot over Belgium. Twin sisters, Regina Sarnow Brand of Rocklin, Calif., and Roberta Sarnow Strom of El Dorado Hills, Calif., met at the former Mather AFB to open the package together. The dog tag was sent to the family by Co de Swart, Dutch historian and researcher.*

*The sisters experienced a most emotional moment when they posed with their father's ID tag.*





*Clayton and Scotty David, in their Hannibal, Mo., home with the final scrapbook dedicated to service people who have escaped or evaded capture by the enemy, mostly in World War II.*

## **Part of a promise:**

# ***Clayton's book again available***

**From the Hannibal, Mo., CourierPost  
Friday, Oct. 15, 2010**

Scotty David feels a sense of accomplishment unlike anything she's ever experienced.

Almost a quarter-century after her husband, Clayton, first published his gripping tale of evading capture in World War II, the book "They Helped Me Escape" is available again.

This time, it's in hardcover.

And it's been updated with accounts of the former Hannibal couple's efforts to reunite Americans and the Europeans to whom many owe their lives.

"I'm thrilled to death," Scotty David said in a telephone interview from her new home in Columbus, Ohio. "I'm very pleased with it."

Clayton David died on May 15, 2009, at age 89. But in "They Helped Me Escape," he offered, an



observation that stands up in any generation.

"I believe that freedom is taken for granted by too many Americans and in that context it has a tendency to lose its value," Clayton wrote. "The desire to have my readers understand the value of freedom when it is lost or threatened is a feeling that propelled me."

#### Four months of hell

The Kansas native learned to fly before war came.

He and two buddies, Dale Hupe and Clifford Jackson, participated in the Civilian Pilot Training Program, and all later joined the military.

"If what we did with our future was any indication, the program paid off for the government," Clayton joked in the book.

After the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, Clayton spent the next year and a half in stateside flight training. He got his silver wings on June 26, 1943, and was awarded a commission as a second lieutenant in the Army.

In November 1943, Clayton joined hundreds of others on a troop ship to Europe. He had the unenviable task of censoring other soldiers' mail. One particular letter stood out.

"After I had cut out what he couldn't tell, the letter was basically 'Dear Mom - Love, you son,'" he wrote.

Clayton flew his first combat mission to Bremen, Germany, on Dec. 20, 1943.

On Jan. 11, 1944, he and his crew were shot down over German-occupied Holland as they made their way back from a bombing run.

"You can practice an emergency exit from a plane on the ground, but you don't practice a real jump without actually leaving the aircraft," Clayton wrote.

Clayton landed on a dike and within a couple of hours was whisked by the Resistance to the first of many safe houses.

Over the course of the next four and a half months, Clayton and other airmen survived hunger, fatigue and poor weather. In some cases, they avoided German capture by mere minutes.

In occupied Paris, the only thing that stood between a patrol and Clayton's hiding men was a steel door with a sign that warned of electrical danger.

"The police did return later in the day and searched the spot where we had been behind the steel door but found nothing," Clayton wrote. "The earlier decision to move us had been a good one!"

Clayton made it through France and walked over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain. He finally got to Gibraltar, where he was able to arrange a return to England.

Clayton and his bride, Lenora "Scotty" David, were married on Feb. 11, 1945. He retired from the reserves more than 20 years later with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

"My successful walk to freedom remains a tribute to those who walked beside me and made it possible,"

**TO ORDER**  
Copies of the Clayton David book "They Helped Me Escape," are available for \$20 each by writing to Scotty David, 4590 Knightsbridge Blvd., Apt. 245, Columbus, OH 43214

Clayton wrote. "We did it together!"

#### Finding the heroes

At least 60 people helped Clayton with his escape and evasion.

Some took great risks by opening their homes or serving a meal. Others offered a simple finger pointed in the direction he should go.

"There were those I know did not survive, and some survivors died after the war without my having much information about them," Clayton wrote.

The Davids' involvement began in earnest at a reunion of escapees in 1983.

Scotty, a retired schoolteacher, put together a small list of World War II evaders. She wrote letters to each by hand.

Clayton and Scotty soon became the go-to people in the United States for information linking servicemen and their helpers.

What made their effort so incredible was that when someone called with a search request, they didn't always have much information to work with.

After all, men who avoided capture didn't have time to get acquainted and usually didn't speak the same language as their helpers.

Moreover, helpers often used false names in case the person they assisted turned out to be a spy.

However, Scotty was able to find more than 3,000 evaders and their helpers as part of her volunteer work with the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society.

She believes her husband's helpers and others were only giving back a portion of what America was doing

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*(Continued on next page.)*



for them.

"If we hadn't gone over there to help them, they would have been taken over by the Germans or the Russians," she said.

### Work goes on

Clayton added a prologue to "They Helped Me Escape" in the late 1990s.

A few years later, he commissioned an epilogue that featured vignettes about trips the Davids, their sons, Lynn and James, and Lynn's son, Jonathan, took to Europe between 1989 and 2007.

In October 1990, the Davids joined other Americans and Frenchmen in a ceremony at the Monument National de la Liberte at Tarascon. Clayton was part of a wreath presentation.

"It was a very moving ceremony," he recounted in the book. "There were tears in a lot of people's eyes. It was something I'll always remember."

In April and May 1995, Lynn David accompanied his parents to France. He and his father traced Clayton's path to the swinging bridge that had led Clayton deeper into the Pyrenees.

In July 2001, Lynn David returned with his son and his brother. Jim David made it as far as the swinging bridge. Lynn and Jonathan kept going, and they found out just how difficult the journey had been.

The two were crossing the mountain in summer. Clayton had made the journey in waist-deep April snow.

"If you didn't have a guide and know where you were going, you could walk around out there forever," Lynn David recalled in the book. "It's not the kind of trip where you take out a map and decide 'We're going to go out and do this.'"

In November 2003, Clayton and Scotty met with His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of Holland. The Davids spearheaded the effort to get a book requested by the

Prince translated into English.

The book was entitled "Stepping Stones to Freedom," and was about how residents of the Netherlands had helped Allied airmen.

In April 2004, Lynn David returned to hike the Pyrenees at the same time of year as his father had 60 years before. The Davids final trip in May 2007 brought them together one last time with the people who ferried Clayton to freedom.

Clayton understood how important it was to preserve his story for the ages. That's why he wrote the original manuscript.

It's also why that, in the months before his death, Clayton urged Scotty to have the historical account updated and published again. On the last page of text, he gives her credit.

"If I hadn't had her support, I would not have put all the effort in," Clayton said.

Scotty moved back to her native Ohio in August 2009. She didn't make the evasion society's annual meeting in Colorado Springs this year.

But Lynn David attended, as did 150 other sons, daughters and other younger relatives of World War II veterans. Lynn serves as an officer in the group.

"They've gotten so interested in the last couple of years," Scotty proudly says of the younger generation.

Besides Clayton's hardback, there also are Scotty's scrapbooks.

She recently finished her 25th volume of articles and literature related to escapees and their helpers. Perhaps it's from her days of educating young minds, but Scotty never misses a chance to provide insight about a piece of history that is quickly losing its voice.

"I'm still here," she stubbornly says. "Did I tell you about..."

## President Bush salutes vets at AF Museum

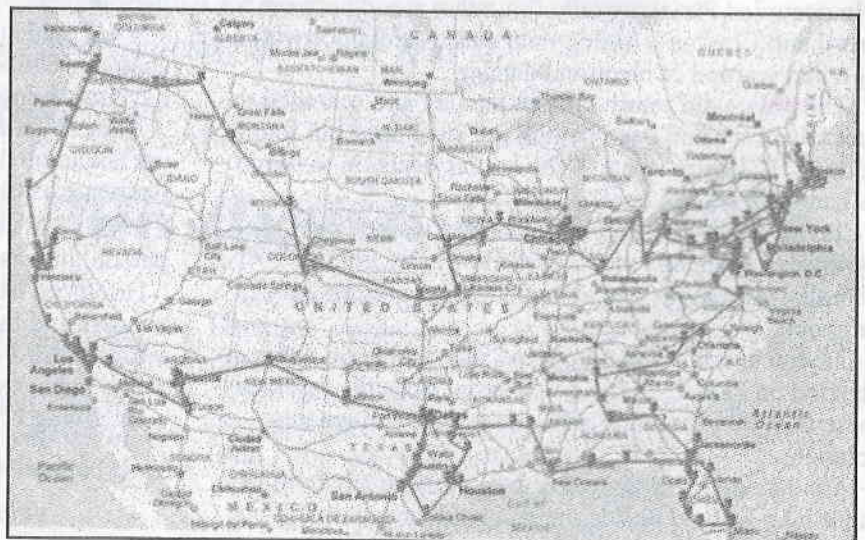
WRIGHT-PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE, Ohio (AFNS) -- Former President George W. Bush praised veterans, active-duty personnel and their families during a speech at the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force Nov. 11, 2010. The 43rd president served as the keynote speaker for a special Veterans Day tribute there.

President Bush began by talking about his move from the White House to his own house in Dallas, where he lives with his wife Laura, and their dog, Barney.

## 2010 Wings of Freedom tour

2,499 stops since the tour started and looking forward to 2011!

2010 national tour visited 112 cities.





# Chinese gave Glen a Samurai sword

By GLEN BENEDA  
Lompoc, Calif.  
14th AF, 23rd Group,  
76th Fighter Squadron  
(Flying Tigers)

On May 6, 1944, the 14th Air Force sent up the most planes for one mission since its formation: B-24s, B-25s, P-40s, P-51s and P-38s.

The target was Hankow, a large Japanese base in central China. I was with the 23rd Fighter Group led by Tex Hill (P-40s and P-51s). The 40s flew close cover for the bombers and the 38s and 51s were top cover. I was flying a P-51.

About 5 miles from the target, we were attacked from above by a number of Zeros. The 51s and 38s engaged the Zeros, allowing the bombers and P-40s to continue the mission.

The Zeros shot down three P-38s and one P-51; I was in the P-51 that went down.

I bailed out and landed in a rice paddy near a small village. With the help of my Pointe-talkie, I asked

the village leader to get me to the Chinese guerrillas, which they did.

One of the P-38 pilots shot down was Lee Gregg of the 449th Sqdn. Lee was able to bail out and was picked by Chinese guerrillas. The other two P-38 pilots were apparently KIA.

About a month later, Lee and I were united by the guerrillas. We spent about two months with the Red Army, who treated us very well. We had several encounters with Japanese patrols but we evaded most of them. The Chinese would inform us of the location and if they were close, we traveled at night.

The Nationalists and the Communists were both fighting the Japanese, but they also were fighting each other.

The Red Army solved the problem by paying a local war lord to have his people take us over a "No Man's Land." They were pretty rugged-looking and Gregg and I wondered whether we would make it to the other side.

The Nationalist took us by truck to a nearby auxiliary airfield, where we were picked up by a B-25 and returned to our squadrons. The Red Army was very good to us, treating us well. They gave us various gifts including a Nambi pistol and a Japanese ceremonial sword they said had belonged to a Japanese major general. They asked us to present it to General Chenault, which I did.

## GOING BACK IN 2002

In May 2002, I went back to China with my wife Elinor and son Edward. The trip was sponsored by a Chinese-American Foundation. In Beijing, we attended a symposium for Chinese and American veterans who had fought the Japanese in World War II. The veterans took turns, telling about their experiences.

A Chinese retired general told of

## Gift from the Chinese for Gen. Chenault!

\*\*\*\*\*

his unit saving six American pilots who had been shot down. When his talk was translated for the Americans, the interpreter called out the names of the pilots, and my name was the first mentioned.

Someone at the table said, "Lieutenant Beneda is sitting over there." As a result, the general and I had a nice reunion after nearly 60 years.

A few days later, a Chinese lady came to our hotel and wanted to meet me. Apparently she had heard about my reunion with the general on television or in the newspapers. She said she was from the village where I had landed in the rice paddy, and the gentleman who had helped me was her grandfather.

He had told her about the American flyer who fell out of the sky and needed help!

Excerpt from Official Squadron History, dated 28 June 1944:

*"This evening Lt. Beneda rejoined the squadron. Beneda was really given a rousing greeting on his miraculous return. Given up for dead, he was rescued by the Red Army of guerrillas and brought back from the Hankow area.*

*"He went down 60 miles southeast of Hankow, went around the NE of Hankow, recrossed the railroad and came back the same way.*

*"He met Lt. Gregg of the 449th and they came back together, bringing with them a Japanese Sumarai sword, pistols, a photo album, flags, other souvenirs and a thrilling tale to be retold many times in the future. Prayers of thanksgiving were offered up by one and all for Glen's safe return."*

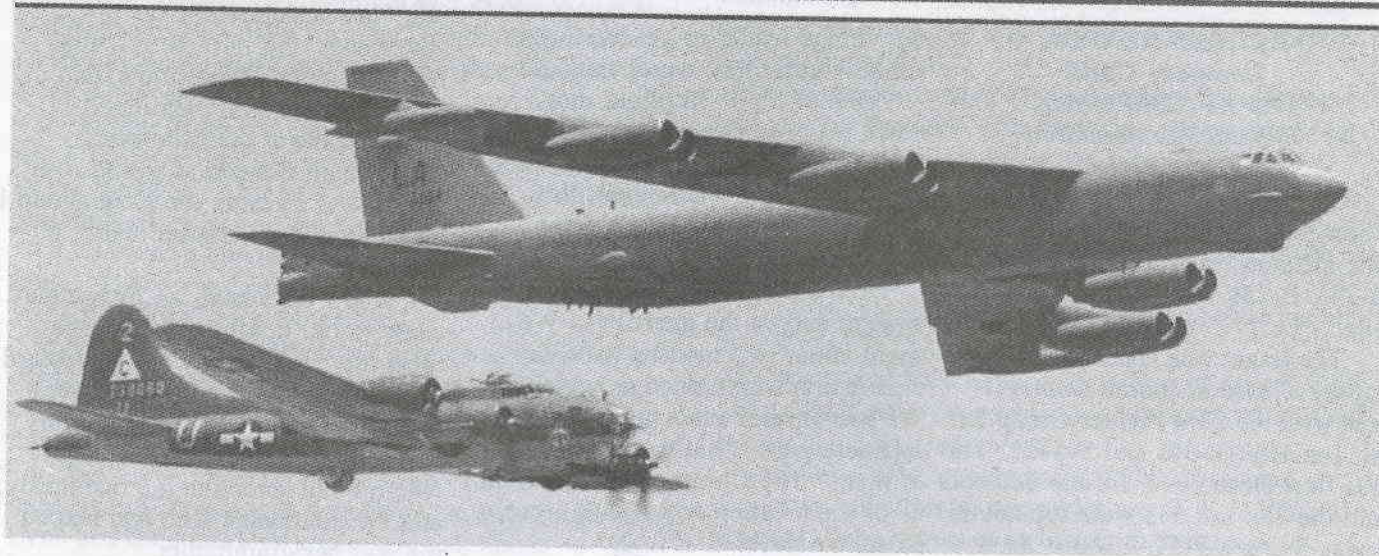
LATER: Through the Los Angeles Japanese Consulate, in November 1958, the family of the photo album was contacted in Nagasaki and it was returned.



**GLEN E. BENADA**  
14th AF, 23th Fighter Grp.



# BULLETIN BOARD



## A HERITAGE FLIGHT

*A B-17G Flying Fortress and a B-52H Stratofortress fly in formation on Saturday, May 13, during the 2006 Defenders of Liberty Airshow at Barksdale Air Force Base, La. The two aircraft represent 70 years of "fortresses." It was the first time in 50 years that they flew together in formation.*

(From the 96th Bomb Group Newsletter)

## Gen. Schwartz thanks airmen

WASHINGTON (AFNS) -- More than 1,000 attendees were on hand for the opening ceremonies of the 2010 Air Force Association Air & Space Conference and Technology Exposition on Sept. 13 at the National Harbor in Oxon Hill, Md.

During the ceremonies, Secretary of the Air Force Michael Donley, Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. Norton Schwartz and Joseph Sutter, Air Force Association chairman of the board, presented numerous awards that recognized significant contributions to the service's joint and global missions.

In his opening remarks, General Schwartz thanked Airmen for their commitment to serve with the utmost integrity and professionalism

## Week Cocoa Beach begins with proclamation

COCOA BEACH, Fla. (AFNS) -- Undersecretary of the Air Force Erin C. Conaton and Florida Lt. Gov. Jeff Kottkamp helped kick off Air Force Week Cocoa Beach during a proclamation ceremony here Oct 26.

"We rely upon the public, who are here and in other parts of the country, to help us succeed," Ms. Conaton said to the more than 500 attendees at the ceremony. "Having the proclamation the lieutenant governor has been so kind to bestow on us here in Cocoa Beach -- home of not only our Air Force units, but also our Navy and Coast Guard partners -- symbolizes the relevance and significance of the joint fight we're in today."

The proclamation was hand-carried to the lieutenant governor by members of the U.S. Air Force Academy Wings of Blue parachute demonstration team, who jumped from a C-130 Hercules and landed on the beach in front of spectators for the special delivery.

Air Force Week allows airmen the opportunity to share the Air Force experience with members of the community who may not normally interact with military personnel.



# Antique aircraft: visible reminder of WW11 history

*From the Cape Cod Times, Hyannis, Mass.*

*Sept. 22, 2010*

**H**istory came alive last week when the Collings Foundation flew three World War II aircraft to the Barnstable Municipal Airport in Hyannis, and Cape Codders turned out to pay homage to the veterans who gathered at the three-day affair.

The planes – and the men – are old now, but the lesson they have to impart rings fresh: We are capable of extraordinary feats when we work together.

## EDITORIAL

Two bombers, a B-17 Flying Fortress and a B-24 Liberator, and a fighter, a P-51 Mustang, provided the visual draw and were available for close inspection. Similar aircraft, by the thousands, made up the vast aerial armadas which America threw at Germany and Japanese forces, our bitter enemies during the Second World War.

If you were unable to be there but would like to see them, by the way, they will be at the Plymouth Municipal Airport on Sept. 27-29.

Gathered by the planes during the Hyannis visit, and gathering the respect of all in attendance, were several veterans of the Second World War, some of them former Army Air Corps air and ground crewmen. Combat crews were made up only of men during that war, but part of the lesson to be learned was the major role played by women in the construction of those warplanes. Women, too, were among the ferry pilots who delivered the planes from the factories to the airfields.

It was all part of the war effort which mobilized this country. And the lessons learned in that struggle when applied to the peace that followed made the United States a great country. Building the warplanes fostered more knowledge throughout American industry about engineering and design, construction and maintenance, organization and management. The workers who built them and the flyers who took them to war all learned more about teamwork, ingenuity, perseverance, courage, patience and priorities.

It was a vast effort which stretched from the aircraft factories to America's farms, from war fronts into almost every home. Everyone was involved and all who could bought war bonds. As

a country, we sacrificed together and emerged from the war as a greater nation.

Now we are involved in a war in Iraq, which is winding down, and a war in Afghanistan, which is building up, and which is part of a larger war against terrorism. It is a major challenge for us.

Yet we argue over tax cuts and noncritical issues and leave sacrifices to those who have volunteered to serve their country. There are no war bond drives but rather a shameful practice of pushing the costs off to our grandchildren.

Have we learned nothing? Surely we can do better.

## Bob got the 'unlucky bed' but it was the last one left

By E. ROBERT KELLEY

Shasta Lake City, Calif.

E&E# 2075, 91st Bomb Group

Joe Vukovich, E&E# 1349, was a co-pilot at the 91st Bomb Group and in August 1944 he went down on his first mission and was hidden by the French Underground. I was a first pilot at the 91st and we were assigned as Joe's crew replacement. I was assigned his bed in the pilot house of the 322nd sgn, and the assignment sergeant said it was an unlucky bed but it was the last available.

At an 8th AF reunion Joe and I first met and became close friends. At an AFEES reunion we met Don Lasseter who gave us each a chapter in his book on the French Underground called *Their Deeds of Valor*. I miss the AFEES reunions but I'm a caregiver for my wife and daughter on a 24/7 basis.

Georgia and Joe came by our house several months ago on a trip to Sacramento to visit her relatives. She was driving as Joe was having trouble walking but he otherwise looked well, so I was surprised to hear he had a heart attack and was gone in three days. He was 85, one of many of those kid co-pilots we had at Basing Bourn.

I was only at the 91st three weeks when I went down around Metz on my second mission. Fortunately my mother was born in Italy and we spoke French and Italian at home so I was able to make contact in 15 minutes on the ground, and in 13 days I was in Paris helping the French celebrate liberation.



'One more time'

# WWII bombers fly in formation

By **RICHARD SHANDOR**  
**AFEES Membership Chairman**  
**Cresson, Pa.**

It was back in March that I first read about the Willow Run "A Gathering of Fortresses and Legends." It also was to be a 100th Bomb Group mini-reunion and an 8th Air Force Historical Society event. I thought it might be nice to attend this Yankee Air Force air show, "Thunder Over Michigan".

I did not consider it as a once in a life time chance to see many World War II heavy bombers, as I already had attended the 2005 Thunder Over Michigan air show, where there had been eight B-17s and two B-24s.

But how many times in my life time would I have a chance to see 10 World War II heavy bombers flying together. Would this or something close ever happen?

So in June I finally decided to make the trip to Michigan and skip the 2010 8th Air Force Historical Society reunion in Arizona. It was a tough choice but finances made it an easier decision.

After all it was a chance to see eight B-17 Flying Fortresses in the air at the same time, and honoring the men of the 100th Bomb Group and the men of the 8th Army Air Force.

On Friday evening there was a Welcoming Banquet. Mark Copeland, 8th AFHS News editor, presented two bottles of champagne to 8th AAF vets. One went to the oldest vet, over 95 years old and the other went to the youngest, 84 years old.

On Saturday we were bused over to Willow Run where we had a private 40' x 80' tent with chairs to shelter the over 500 8th AFHS attendees.

The air show started with a B-52 bomber fly over. The B-52 pilot did not fly with his plane as he had already planned to be with the sixty-five 8th AAF vets on the ground.

We watched a WW II battle reenactment with tanks, half tracks, deuce & half trucks and jeeps, which also involved a simulated P-51 strafing attack.

The Yankee Air Force B-17, "Yankee Lady" started the show by dropping a member of the Misty Blue Parachute Team from the bomb bay with an American Flag.

The Horseman Aerobatic Team performed in their P-51s. The USAF Viper East F-16 Demonstration Team showed the capabilities of this highly maneuverable jet fighter. The F-16 and two P-51's performed the "Heritage Flight". The "Screamin Rebels" and the Canadian Harvard team flew a nine ship AT-6 formation before they split up and the "Screamin Rebels" performed their aerobatic routine. Dan Cutshall then demonstrated his F-100 Super Sabre. We then witnessed the take-off of the Collins Foundation B-24J Liberator. Unfortunately, due to mechanic problems, the B-24 had to cut its flight short and landed early. The highlight of the show was the mass takeoff of the eight B-17 Flying Fortress bombers.

They made several passes with a P-51 flying top cover over them. Next 3 B-17's and the P-51 flew the missing man formation.

After that John Mohr flew an impressive routine in his 1943 PT-17 Stock Stearman. The USN East Coast Demonstration team showed us what the F/A-18 Hornet can do.

Saturday evening started with a banquet and concluded with an 8th AFHS symposium. This program featured five members of the 100th Bomb Group and the theme was their role in the March 3, 4, 6 and 8, 1944 Berlin bombing missions.

The next day was more of the same air show except one B-17 suffered mechanical problems and did not fly on Sunday. However, the B-24 had been repaired and flew with remaining 7 B-17s. Then the B-24, a P-51 and two B-17s flew the missing man formation.

During both days the B-24 and the eight B-17s were open for tours.. There were more than 60 aircraft on static display, including an Alabama Air National F-16.

This F-16 sported a Square B for the 95th Bomb Group and the name "Superstitious Aloysius" on the right side and a Square D for the 100th Bomb Group and the name "Our Babe" on the left side.

The emblems and names coming from the pilot and crew chief, whose grandfathers had flown in planes with those names with the respective bomb group.

A nice highlight occurred at the Sunday Farewell banquet I met the nephew of Jim Law, a now deceased Evader and AFEES member. He bought a Turner AFEES book, which happens to have his uncle's story in it.

After the banquet I spent a couple hours in the hospitality room. I talked to a Dutch researcher specializing in the Stalag Luft III POW camp.

Also meet Frank Perez, a World War II POW and ball turret gunner, who was a great guy. I think I will always remember this quote from him, that he always had air cover on a mission, "Either friendly or German".

Seeing these World War II bombers in the air brought back memories of the stories I had heard and read of 1,000 plane bomber formations.

+++++

## More than 60 aircraft on display at Thunder over Michigan show





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Arrival Date:	Departure Date:
Number of Adults:	Smoking Preference:
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\_\_\_\_\_ Registration fee, \$25 per person ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ 4/14/11 Morning City Bus Tour, \$6.50 per person ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_ 4/15/11, 2000-2100 hrs., River Cruise, \$7 per person ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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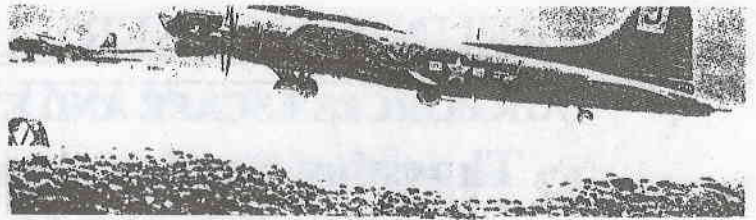
**IMPORTANT: Emergency Contact (Name and Phone Number):**

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



## The Sky Was Never Still

*By Roger Freeman, 8th Air Force Historian & Author*



The old man sat in the English pub,  
As he had for many a year  
And listened to the stranger's talk  
As he sipped a temperate beer.  
A stranger asked how long he'd lived  
In the village here about.  
"Why all my days," the old man said  
An age, without a doubt.

"I envy you " the stranger sighed,  
"Your tranquil village life,  
The gentle fields, the muted sky,  
Devoid of urban strife."  
The old man smiled a wistful smile,  
"That's just a townie's dream,,  
For I have seen the sky aflame  
And heard the meadows scream."

"I've known a thunder at each dawn  
That shook the very ground  
As warplanes sent to gain the clouds,,  
From airfields all around."  
"They called some Forts, others Libs  
And there were fighters, too.

I've counted hundreds at a time,  
Yes, what I tell is true."  
They'd climb and soar the flocks of  
rooks,  
And 'round and 'round they'd mill,  
From north and south, from east and  
west,  
The sky was never still."  
"Sometimes they'd be a wondrous  
sight,  
A sight beyond compare,

The bombers going out to war,  
Forging the frigid air."  
"Four miles above, just silver specks  
Like sunshine on the dew.  
And trailing lines of cloud-like white,  
Across the cosmic blue."  
They set the heavens all a-throb,

That did not fade away.

For others rose to meet the night,  
Invisible to stay."  
"And when was this?" the stranger  
asked,  
"And who were those you saw?"  
The old man drank and then replied,  
"It happened in the war."  
"They were but boys and many died,  
Some lost without a trace  
For then the sky in foreign parts

Could be a violent place."  
"Yes, they were but boys, and me a  
child,  
But I remember well,  
And if you've the time to spare  
There's more that I can tell."  
The stranger said that he must go,  
"Perhaps another day,"  
Indifferent to the old man's tale,

He quickly slipped away.  
The old man turned to inward  
thoughts,  
His memories to tend,  
He knew that those who were not  
there,  
Could never comprehend.  
Those who'd not known the crowded  
skies,  
The sounds that drenched the land,  
Or stood in awe and wonderment  
Would never understand.

The old man left the English pub,  
And stood awhile outside,  
The evening vault was milky blue,  
Cloud-free and stretching wide.  
He raised his head and scanned the  
sky,  
That held so still and clear,  
And in his mind a memory,  
And in his eye a tear.



Major Eveland's Story**With the Lamy's in Perigueux**

*Continued from Fall issue  
of Communications, Pages 20-24*

He had a wife, Marie, and three children. Marilou, Annick and Claude. His only resource, financially, was his police salary. His quarters were very modest, consisting of a kitchen, living room and one bedroom. I never did learn where they all slept, because Stanley Plytinsky and I were ordered into the only bedroom they possessed. There was no bathroom within the house, but an outhouse in the back yard. The food was meager and they shared with us in a most generous manner always trying to get us to take the largest helpings 'so as to build up our strength for the trip over the Pyrenees Mountains, which was yet to follow. Stanley and I ate lightly, saying our stomachs had shrunk and that we couldn't possibly eat any more.

While staying with the Lamy's in Perigueux, each day the hours passed slowly. About a block away and across the street was a building which I assumed had been built as a school building but was now being used as a barracks for German soldiers. On several occasions they formed one or more platoons and held close-order drill, marching and maneuvering back and forth in the street directly in front of Lamy's home. Normally, we kept the window curtains tightly drawn, for maximum security reasons, but sometimes we carefully parted the curtains enough to watch the soldiers drill. They were close enough for us to see their faces. Mostly, they looked like typical teen-agers. Some, however, looked especially clean cut, perhaps handsome. It seemed unreal that our job was to kill them - or as many of them as we could! But I realized that they had been

indoctrinated to impose Hitler's madness on all of us. they had to be stopped.

I do not recall how many days Stanley and I stayed with Renee and his family. The details, of the departure are likewise unclear. After the war I heard from Madame Lamy. After our departure they continued to harbour and assist escapees and evadees. At one time, Renee knew of several people in the Paris vicinity who were awaiting an escape connection. He decided to take a train through Paris to collect these people and assist them. He was in the marshalling yard aboard a French passenger train when P-51's strafed the marshalling yards. He was killed by an American fighter! They were an heroic family. Madame continued her work with the French underground throughout the balance of the war. I have been told that the Stars and Stripes, at the end of the war, published an article about this heroic couple and their contribution to the war effort. I do not know the date or the issue number of that publication.

As I moved from family to family, and place to place, I was requested to convey certain messages to London, if I should succeed in getting there. This brings up the matter of the map, which, if nothing else, proved my lack of knowledge of intelligence gathering. Several of my hosts put me in touch with individuals who were in close touch with various groups of French underground units. This was both before and after I arrived at Perigueux. Since I did not speak French I found it very difficult to remember the names and locations of these underground units. Three or four had fed me information as to their needs in hopes that I might

**From the Memoirs  
of I. Wayne Eveland  
Helena, Mont.  
(Deceased since 1990)  
E&E #478, 401st BG**

succeed in my escape back to England so that I could convey specific messages for them to London. Several suggested suitable places for parachute drops and my job was to try to memorize these locations. Also, I had to memorize certain coordinated radio messages, which would be broadcast from London radio to notify the French if I had arrived safely in England and delivered their messages. These French people listened at certain hours of the day and night. As the messages grew in number, I became afraid of being confused. Therefore, I had one of the Frenchmen bring me a map and I very carefully took a pin and punched through the point on the map where the parachute drop was supposed to occur, or where the Maquis leadership was located, etc. It was my belief that should my memory "fuss up" I would be able to look at the map, hold it to the light, and at least find the pinpoints and then I'd be able to restudy and get the message straight - have it all comeback to me clearly.

Toward the latter part of my escape route out of France and before arriving at the Pyrenees Mountains, I had an interesting visit to a Maquis encampment in the woods. I had been told to stay a considerable distance behind a Frenchman who walked ahead of me, taking various paths through this wooded area. I tried to stay as far back as possible without losing sight of him. Sometimes I did lose sight of him as the path curved



here and there through the trees and the bush. At one point this happened, but I was not greatly concerned because I knew I was among friendly people.

All of a sudden there was a rifle muzzle touching my stomach! Behind the rifle was a man in camouflage clothing. He had moved so quickly he had caught me by surprise! He looked very stern and all business! For a moment I thought something had gone amiss. He motioned for me to walk ahead and fell in behind me. Now I had a guide in front and a guard behind.

I was quite amazed when I arrived at the camp. There were about 100 men going about various duties. I was led to a hut in a thicket where I met the commander. Several others were present, each of who knew a little English, and with their help the commander and I were able to converse reasonably well. He showed me most interesting things. In one area, under the trees, he showed me three German army vehicles, including a truck. He explained that the Germans no longer sent troops, vehicles or supplies through this area unless they did so in battalion strength. The reason for this was because this Maquis unit would ambush them along the roads. If the Germans entered the area in strength, of course, the Maquis just let them pass through, or tried to pick off a straggler. He also explained that his Maquis unit controlled a rather wide area of the countryside. I no longer remember the size of the area but I was amazed to think that the Maquis in occupied France could be of sufficient strength to do this during WWII. (Again, my recollection could be in error.)

The Frenchmen in the unit did not wear uniforms as such. However, they proudly showed me that most of the clothing that they had were dyed

German uniforms. They laughed and bragged a bit and let me know how wonderful it was to kill the "Bosche" (as they called them) and at the same time get their sidearms, rifles and also clothing. These items of clothing were then dyed and not easily recognizable as German uniforms. The Maquis unit also liked to get the clothing from the young Frenchman who had been drafted into work battalions at age 18 or 19. The Germans, of course, clothed them and directed them in roadwork and other assignments in various areas of France. The Maquis would find a group of eight or ten of these boys with one or two German guards whom they could quickly "dispatch". Then they would disrobe them on the spot and take their clothing back to their unit where it was quite badly needed. They knew that the Germans would have to give them (the boys) new clothing.

The Commander had a considerable list of needs that he wished for me to convey to London should I be fortunate enough to get there. I memorized the items and the quantities that he was requesting. In addition, he had something of a formal inspection. He assembled the troops and, as a visiting major, I went down the line inspecting their clothing, their shoes, equipment, guns, and, of course, relayed this information to London on my debriefing there. The Commander also gave me some parachute air drop information as well as some radio codes to be broadcast if I succeeded, in getting back to London. I presume this was all done after my debriefing.

I stayed with a couple of other families for short periods in the vicinity of Perigueaux. I believe it was from Perigueaux that I took the train to Carcassonne. The plan was for a small group of evades including Plytinsky and myself to ride in a railroad coach and to watch a young



**Col. I. Wayne Eveland**

couple and be sure that we got off the train when they did. The young couple was either in love or were good actors as they were most ardent in their attentions to one another. It was a long ride. We disembarked when the young couple disembarked at Carcassonne. It was midnight. We met our appointed guides at the station and we started a long march into the countryside to an assembly point in the mountains somewhere on the French side of the Pyrenees. It proved to be extremely difficult. We walked at least the first night and possibly a second. We arrived at what I believe had been a logging camp deep in the mountains. The Basque guides had trouble keeping our group of Americans, French and English on their feet, due to our terrific exhaustion.

In the previous many weeks since being, shot down, and especially while in Bordeaux and some of the other places where I had been in hiding, I had slept lightly - very lightly - in direct contrast to my normal youthful deep sleep. If a dog barked perhaps even a city block or more away, I was immediately awake. If an auto or truck passed the house at night, I heard it and listened, determine if it stopped or passed on. Week by week my nerves became more frayed. (After the war I read an article written by a retired Scotland Yard officer, who stated that after years of searching out and apprehending fugitives, he could watch the people for example, at a railway station - and he could pick



out the individuals who were fugitives. He could tell they (were on the run, but of course he couldn't know why they were on the run. But he could detect the tension they carried on their faces-and in their eyes - something special possessed only by people on the run.

We stayed at the assembly point for

## ABOUT THAT DAY IN 1943

By René JORIS

<rene.joris@skynet.be>

MOL, BELGIUM

### Related stories, Pages 6 & 7

Dear Sarnow Family,

We were very pleased to get some news from you.

Thanks to the efforts of Co de Swart, we can have contact now. Before 2 years, when we met Co for the first time, we didn't even know the name of your family.

Unfortunately he came one year too late to talk to our father, Emiel. At that time he was bedridden after his brain hemorrhage.

When we, my sister Julienne and I, were young we often heard our father talking about that day in 1943, how he helped those airmen to cross the canal and how they had to hide from the Germans who were chasing them, and how angry he was that afterwards somebody else took the accreditation of what he did in his place.

Now we regret that we did not ask him more details about the event, but at that time we were too young and not really interested in war stories.

For us it was also a pleasant surprise that the tag showed up after so many years.

some days, recuperating and waiting for a good full moon. While I was there one group started over the mountains but I did not accompany them because I had a bad leg muscle and realized that I could not make the trip. I left with the next group. There were about 19 of us possibly more, which included English, French, and Americans, at least one New Zealander and four or five Poles. We took off just before dark. We thought by nightfall of the next day we would be safe in Spain. Instead it took us three days, probably the most perilous days of my life.

One of the Englishmen had a pair of shoes that were much too large for him. He tried on my shoes and wanted to trade with me. I explained that large shoes, in freezing climates, were definitely preferable to tight shoes, or even properly fitted shoes. He continued to insist that I trade. Finally I did. His shoes were so large for me that I found some burlap and I wrapped strips of it loosely around my feet before putting on the shoes. In spite of this, I still suffered frostbite - but not as severely as the Englishman. I was told later that the Englishman eventually had to have his feet amputated. Had I refused to trade, it is most probable I would have lost my feet.

Toward evening we started south headed over the remaining mountains to Spain. It began to snow and before long we were in the middle of a full-fledged blizzard. We had to cross small streams where the ice would not hold us, so we ended up with wet feet. The mountains ran mostly east and west, and our heading was south, crossing ridge after ridge. There were no paths or roadways, or if there were, we did not dare use them. We would climb each steep and slippery slope, then make our way down the other side - only to find another mountain ahead of us. Soon we were all exhausted. We took rest periods of

up to five minutes each, but found it difficult to keep one another awake. We knew if anyone slept it was not likely we could wake him and he would die. Practically all had some measure of frostbite but several became badly frozen. Our food ran out. The blizzard continued. We carried one another as best we could.

One of our evadees pleaded to be left to die. He had come to the end of the line. I was the senior officer of the escapee party. I told him no one had the right to die! We would all live and no one was permitted to quit! In fact, I "chewed him out"! So we continued to carry or drag him, and others. One man went delirious from exhaustion and snow blindness. As we descended to the bottom of each mountain we could look up and see another ahead. The Basque guides would say in Spanish and French and by gestures, only one more mountain to go!! This is the last, then Espana! We knew they lied but it helped us to keep going! We passed a deserted cabin where one of the Basque guides, also badly frozen/and the snow blind and frozen American were left. Someone would return for them later. At some point I pulled a muscle in my left upper leg. Each step was agony and I could not keep up. I fell behind. A guide came back to hurry me along. He put the muzzle of his rifle at the base of my skull and nudged me forward. I marched - pain or no pain! Near the end of the ordeal I lost consciousness and had to be carried.

In Spain, in the village of Alp, we were quartered in a sheep barn and twice a day our Basque guides would bring us, mashed potatoes, wine and sometimes a piece of bread. Since the blizzard continued, we were most fortunate to have shelter, even if we shared it with the sheep. There was straw in the barn and we kept from freezing.

*Continued on next page*



We were notified one night that we would be moved to Puigcerda, a small town nearby where we would be met by a Spanish captain with a lorry. He would drive us to Barcelona where all of us and especially the sick and frozen would be placed in the hands of the British Consulate.

I remember the walk to Puigcerda. I think it was not long but considering the physical condition of myself and the others it was almost like, the Pyrenees again only not quite as bad and definitely not as long. Those who could not walk we carried and as I recall, we had two donkeys to help. We met the Spanish captain who had the truck and a driver.

On the way to Barcelona we went through a couple of checkpoints. Having a Spanish captain in front with the driver kept the lorry from being searched. I don't know what the driver told the sentries guard posts but he told them the right things because they didn't come to the rear of the lorry to inspect the contraband. Eventually we were delivered inside a garage in Barcelona.

We now had one last important leg of our journey and that was to present ourselves at the British Consulate there in Barcelona where we understood they knew how to get us to Gibraltar and back to England.

Arrangements were made for me and others to be quartered at a small hotel or pension. It was complete

with concierge to whom one showed an identity card coming and going. On one floor was a small restaurant. At some tables only German was spoken and at other tables only French. Other tables mixed languages, not all of which I could identify.

At our table there was practically no speaking. We had been briefed to transfer food to our mouths keeping the fork in our left hand at all times in the Continental manner. Also, of course, to say as little as possible to one another.

In due time arrangements were completed for us to proceed to Madrid and to Gibraltar for the flight back to England. Prior to leaving on the Madrid leg I was quartered in a Spanish home with a Spanish family for two or three days. I remember it was the first time I ever saw the operation of a charcoal brazier, which placed under the table and the tablecloth draped over the table, thus retaining some of the heat while you ate.

By train we eventually arrived at Gibraltar. Even though dressed properly and having the luxury of good food and lodging for a short interval we were a sorry and emaciated lot. I was nicely greeted by the British. I recall seeing the British flag at Gibraltar. Other than Old Glory, I could not remember anything quite so beautiful!

After arriving in London. I was anxious to convey the messages I had collected in France. Intelligence officers, both British and American were anxious to hear.

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## *Escape/Evasion Reports Available On Line*

Escape and evasion (E&E) reports of American airmen are now available online, thanks to the staff of National Archives II (NAII) at College Park, Maryland.

To access them, go directly to their Archival Research Catalog at: <http://www.archives.gov/research/arc/>. Then enter "escape and evasion" and the name of the airman in the search field. His name will appear. Click on it.

The name will appear again but this time with archival location information. Go to the "Digital Copies" tab and click on it. Next, click on the "Download PDF Report" icon.

You will have to click on it one more time. You now should be in the airman's E&E report.

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# Maquis bands received orders from Allied HQ

By JOHN E. FARIS  
Westlake Village, Calif.

E&E 1472, 452nd Bomb Group  
MIA: May 29, 1944

The French Resistance Movement, as I understand it, grew out of a need for intelligence gathering on the Continent during the early years of the war. It lacked the hierarchy and organization of a national military command, and was really more of a collection of "bands"---all working to oppose the Bosh, but each specializing in certain kinds of work.

For security reasons, these bands seldom communicated on the local level. All the intelligence data was sent to London, where the representatives of all the occupied nations studied and acted upon it.

At the local level, the units that operated in France were referred to as the Maquis. The word "maquis" is a descriptive term for the dense and thorny thickets that grow in the Mediterranean regions of France. It was applied to these guerilla warriors because they would evade the Germans by beating a path through such underbrush after carrying out their destructive missions against German railroad and communications facilities.

These groups were small, but extremely active. Their supplies (from England) came by "air drop" and their communication was via shortwave radio.

As the war's tempo quickened, more and more was asked of the Maquis by those in charge back in London. Their scope of activity was broadened to include the recovery and repatriation of downed Allied pilots or air crews who were lucky enough to have evaded German capture. This was a very important step in the future organization of the maquis. It required organized transportation between the various

Underground units; however, this in itself meant increased security risk for all.

In May 1943, all the independent maquis were loosely federated under the National Resistance Council. Later, on Feb. 1, 1944, these same guerilla fighters were put under the direct command of the French Forces of the Interior. The Supreme Allied Command recognized this group--and put it to use in the June 6, 1944 invasion.

While the Allies now recognized the Free French as an army, therefore making it subject to the wartime protection of the Geneva Convention, the Germans felt otherwise. Just because a civilian slips on an arm band, that does not make him a soldier.

## Retirement home debuts in Gulfport

WASHINGTON (AFNS) -- More than 100 residents at the Armed Forces Retirement Home here have moved into a brand new complex in Gulfport, Miss., that replaces the facility that was destroyed five years ago by Hurricane Katrina.

Emotions were running high as the 135 residents prepared to leave AFRH-Washington Oct. 4, and along with it, the deep friendships they've forged during the past five years.

The Armed Forces Retirement Home in Gulfport evacuated 416 of its residents Aug. 30, 2005, after Hurricane Katrina decimated the complex. Some buildings were knocked to the ground and the steel-and-concrete perimeter around the facility was destroyed.

Many of the residents rode out Katrina at the facility before moving in with family members in the area or taking up residence at the Washington home within 72 hours of the hurricane.

## Medallion available for marking graves in private cemeteries

WASHINGTON (AFNS) --

Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric Shinseki announced June 29 that the Department of Veterans Affairs is offering bronze medallions to attach to existing, privately purchased headstones or markers, signifying a deceased's status as a veteran.

"For veterans not buried in a national or state veterans cemetery, or those without a government grave marker, VA is pleased to offer this option that highlights their service and sacrifices for our country," said Secretary Shinseki.

The new item can be furnished instead of a traditional government headstone or marker for veterans whose death occurred on or after Nov. 1, 1990, and whose grave in a private cemetery is marked with a privately purchased headstone or marker.

Under federal law, eligible veterans buried in a private cemetery are entitled to either a government-furnished grave marker or the new medallion, but not both. Veterans buried in a national or state veterans cemetery will receive a government headstone or marker of the standard design authorized at that cemetery.

The medallion is available in three sizes: 5 inches, 3 inches and 1 1/2 inches in width. Each bronze medallion features the image of a folded burial flag adorned with laurels and is inscribed with the word "Veteran" at the top and the branch of service at the bottom.

Next of kin will receive the medallion, along with a kit that will allow the family or the staff of a private cemetery to affix the medallion to a headstone, grave marker, mausoleum or columbarium niche cover.

Information on VA burial benefits can be obtained from national cemetery offices, from the VA website at [www.cem.va.gov](http://www.cem.va.gov) or by calling VA regional offices toll-free at 1-800-827-1000.



# WWII P-47 pilot due to have rank restored

The general who directed the air war in the waning days of Vietnam is due to have his former rank reinstated by the Air Force, nearly 40 years after he left the service in disgrace over allegations that he ignored rules of engagement and led his subordinates in a cover up.

In an Aug. 4 statement, the Pentagon said that President Obama had posthumously nominated Maj. Gen. John D. Lavelle to the rank of general after the Air Force Board for the Correction of Military Records found the former commander of the 7th Air Force had rightfully executed his orders and had not participated in falsifying records.

"In 2007, newly released and declassified information resulted in evidence that Lavelle was authorized by President Richard Nixon to conduct the bombing missions," the Pentagon release stated.

"Further, the Air Force Board for Correction of Military Records found no evidence Lavelle caused, either directly or indirectly, the falsification of records, or that he was even aware of their existence." Lavelle died in 1979.

Lavelle had been demoted to major general in October 1972 after weeks of congressional hearings over allegations that he had ordered pilots under his command to ignore rules of engagement that restricted jets from bombing targets unless they were shot at.

An enlisted intelligence Airman alleged he was instructed to falsify reports claiming pilots had been engaged and were exercising "protective reaction" when bombing airfields, military trucks and surface-to-air missile radars. The intelligence specialist, Sgt. Lonnie Franks, sent a letter outlining his allegations to Sen. Harold Hughes, D-Iowa, then a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, who launched an investigation and congressional hearings into the matter.

A media firestorm erupted during the hearings with major news outlets such as Time and Newsweek claiming Lavelle was waging a "private war" by defying White House restrictions on the air campaign and ordering his subordinates to falsify reports bolstering his actions.

But after audio recordings of conversations between President Nixon and members of his White House staff were declassified in 2007, demonstrating the president had authorized the general's actions, Lavelle's family petitioned the Air Force to review his demotion, said Air Force spokeswoman Beth Gosselin. In 2009 the Air Force BCMR found that Lavelle's retirement grade was the result of "incomplete records," Gosselin said.

Lavelle took command of the 7th Air Force in 1972 after a career that included almost 80 combat missions flying P-47s during World War II.

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## Remains of ace finally returned

DeAnn Cardarella

*From The Tribune-Democrat  
Johnstown, Pa.*

Thanks to the efforts of retired Air Force Col. James E. Moschgat, additional remains of Lt. Col. Boyd D. "Buzz" Wagner, the first World War II ace, have been returned to the place he calls home – Cambria County, Pa.

Recently, Moschgat served as a special escort, alongside Army Capt. Christopher Wooten. The pair conducted a military transfer, giving Grandview Cemetery possession of the gold-plated box containing the additional remains of the local hero.

Moschgat accompanied Wooten from the Army's Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii, where the remains were positively identified.

A DNA match to Wagner's last surviving relative, nephew Boyd Gilbert of South Carolina, confirmed the remains were Wagner's.

It was 1942 when Wagner went missing after taking off on a routine flight out of Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. Twenty-five miles out and six weeks later, the P-40K he was piloting was discovered.

A war hero had fallen. He was buried in 1943 with more than 12,000 mourners graveside. The service was photographed for Life Magazine and Time.

### One to write down

CANANDAIGUA, N.Y.

(AFNS) -- Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki has announced the establishment of a new telephone hotline to provide emergency support and resources to homeless veterans. He made the announcement as he toured the facility at the VA medical center in Canandaigua.

Family members, workers at community agencies and non-VA providers also may call the hotline at 1-877-4AID VET to find out about the many programs and services



# *Ex-POWs visit Tinker for a salute*

TINKER AIR FORCE BASE, Okla. (AFNS) -- It's a length of time no prisoner of war can forget: the time he was held captive. World War II veteran Warren Ledbetter's memory is no different.

He entered the Japanese prisoner of war camp in 1942. He wouldn't emerge from captivity for more than 3 years.

He knows that 1,266 days of his life were spent as a prisoner of the Japanese. He entered the camp as a 21-year-old and emerged, after an Allied victory, at 25.

An infantry radio operator, Mr. Ledbetter was taken prisoner following the joint U.S. and Filipino surrender at Bataan in April 1942.

Mr. Ledbetter's story is one among thousands of former U.S. POWs. Mr. Ledbetter, along with seven other World War II and Korean War veterans received special honors Sept. 17 at Tinker AFB, Okla., as part of the National POW/MIA Recognition Day.

Mr. Ledbetter, like the other men gathered for the Tinker AFB event, said he can never erase the memories of his grueling captivity. But even at almost 90 years old, he is still honored to be shown so much respect for what they sacrificed.

"The American military has a long tradition of placing men and machines in harm's way to rescue the one American," said retired Chief Master Sgt. Ralph Humphrey, while addressing the audience gathered at the Tinker AFB club. "No matter the service, there are few missions more honorable than rescuing POWs."

In 2003, shortly after the start of combat in Iraq, Chief Humphrey helped coordinate the rescue of Army Private Jessica Lynch, which was the



***Tinker AFB airmen greeted former prisoners of war during POW/MIA Recognition Day on Sept. 17 at the Oklahoma City base. The veterans visited the base for a breakfast in their honor and shared their stories of war and captivity with today's airmen.***

first successful rescue of an American POW since World War II and the first ever of a woman.

The rescue was further proof of how much each American servicemember is revered, Chief Humphrey explained.

"I met the rescue team upon their arrival back to the base, and I approached one giant Navy SEAL and he said 'this mission is why I became a SEAL,'" Chief Humphrey said.

In Mr. Ledbetter's case, he avoided the fateful Bataan Death March due to existing injuries, but was tethered to a life of hard labor on a farm in the Philippines. He slept on bamboo slats suspended over a dirt floor. There was never enough to eat.

"We ate rice mostly, but we also ate weeds, potato vines and potato flowers," Mr. Ledbetter said. "There's no training to prepare you for an experience like that."

He joined the army at 16, and finally, at 25, walked away from the coal mine labor camp in mainland Japan as a free man following the Allied victory.

He retired at Tinker AFB in 1962, as a chief warrant officer four, in ground communications.

POW survivor Robert Boulware will never forget his 19th birthday. He spent it in a German POW camp in what is now Poland. At only 5'8", and 119 pounds, he was the "perfect size" for a tailgunner on a B-17 Flying Fortress. He made five successful bombing raids over North Africa and Italy before his plane was shot down by anti-aircraft guns over Vienna, Austria on July 17, 1944.

Mr. Boulware bailed out, but not before he made sure eight other people made it out first. He was captured immediately after touching down, and held by German fighter pilots. In April 1945, Mr. Boulware saw the end to his capture, following the Allied victory.

"We had nothing to eat and nothing to drink," Mr. Boulware said of the final months of his capture, in which he was forced to march hundreds of miles north into Germany with his fellow prisoners. He weighed 70 pounds at the time of his release.



# Airman seeks justice for Serbian general

By The Associated Press  
Oct. 28, 2010

BELGRADE, Serbia (AP) — An American whose U.S. Air Force bomber was shot down over the Balkans during World War II is on a new mission in the region: Correct a historic injustice against a former Serb guerrilla leader.

In the summer of 1944, Lt. Col. Milton Friend's B-24 Liberator was downed by German fighter planes over central Serbia.

He said Gen. Draza Mihailovic saved his life — and those of 500 of his fellow airmen — in the largest air rescue of Americans behind enemy lines during a war.

The former Air Force navigator, now 88 and living in Boynton Beach, Fla., is to testify at a Belgrade court at a hearing to exonerate the Serb general, whom Yugoslav communists sentenced as a Nazi collaborator and executed in 1946.

Mihailovic was not "a villain, but a hero," Friend said in an interview with The Associated Press.

"He saved 500 people and helped them rejoin their families. He did not save only 500 lives, but thousands of their future generations now living in the United States," Friend said.

About 500 U.S. pilots and other airmen were downed over Serbia between 1942 and 1944 while on bombing runs targeting Adolf Hitler's oil fields in neighboring Romania, according to U.S. government field station files, stored in the National Archives.

Along with the Americans, some 100 British, French and Canadian airmen also were saved in the rescue operation, dubbed "Halyard," a word meaning a rope used to raise or lower a flag.

Friend said the airmen were hidden in villages by Serbian guerrilla fighters, known as Chetniks, who were led by Mihailovic. The prewar

military officer launched the first Balkan resistance against the Nazis in 1941, before also turning against the communists led by Marshal Josip Broz Tito.

"Mihailovic told us that an American escape committee has been formed and that an airstrip will be built to help our rescue," said Friend.

"They fed us as gave us rakija" a strong Serbian plum brandy, Friend said. "Of course, at first we thought it was water, but we soon found out we were wrong. I still have the taste of that brandy in my mouth."

Three American intelligence agents strapped with radio transmitters were airdropped on Aug. 2, 1944, near Mihailovic's headquarters in central Serbia to set up the rescue operation, Friend said.

One of the three OSS agents was Capt. George Musulin who played football at the University of Pittsburgh and also was on the Pittsburgh's Steeler team, in 1938 called Pirates, Friend said.

"He landed with his parachute on a chicken coop and killed some chickens because of his size," Friend said. "He immediately offered 10 dollars to the villagers, but they, of course, refused."

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Dozens of U.S. military cargo planes flew in over the months to pick up the airmen. Serbian villagers had helped them build an airstrip by the village of Pranjani, some 100 kilometers (60 miles) south of the capital, Belgrade.

According to historians, U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt then decided to follow British Prime Minister Winston Churchill's lead and abandon support for Mihailovic in favor of Tito's partisans, the strongest grass-roots guerrilla force fighting the invading Nazis and Italian fascists.

"This was a purely political decision," Friend said. "In the first two years of the war, there were no partisans fighting the Nazis in Yugoslavia."

Increasingly isolated, Mihailovic was alleged to have later collaborated with the Germans. After the war, when communist Yugoslavia was established, he was sentenced to death in what many claimed was a rigged trial.

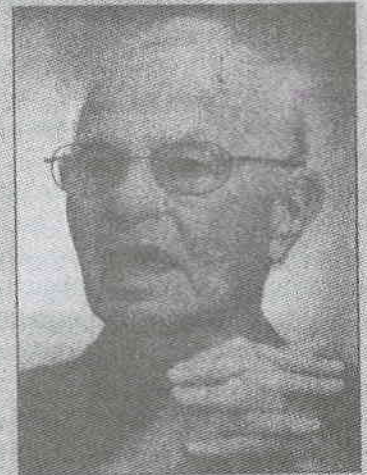
He was put to death in 1946, and his remains were buried at a secret location because the communists feared the grave could one day become the shrine for his loyalists.

U.S. President Harry Truman posthumously awarded Mihailovic the Legion of Merit for the rescue.

However, historians say the honor was classified secret by the U.S. State Department for decades to avoid disrupting the friendly U.S. policy toward Tito.

Mihailovic "did not save only 500 lives, but thousands of their future generations now living in the United States."

Milton Friend,  
World War II navigator



DARKO VOJINOVIC / AP



# Belgian student became a courier

By STEPHEN MILLER

Shortly after German troops invaded Belgium in 1940, Gaston Vandermeerssche, a Belgian university student, bicycled 800 miles to the south of France and became a spy.

Mr. Vandermeerssche, who died Nov. 1 at age 89 in Milwaukee, joined the resistance and ferried microfilm documents over the Pyrenees to Spain, where intermediaries sent the information on to London.

Later in the war he helped organize the Dutch underground, which came to comprise hundreds of agents and safe houses. After his network was penetrated by the Germans, he tried to escape, but was arrested near the Spanish border. He spent 24 months being interrogated in prison, but by his own account never broke.

His wartime exploits are in few history books, but espionage experts and Belgian state archives corroborate his account.

Born in Ghent, Mr. Vandermeerssche was the son of a furniture maker. He was a student at Ghent University when war broke out, and immediately joined the Belgian army.

When the Germans occupied Belgium, he worked for the resistance, distributing an underground newspaper.

Frustrated and in danger, he fled Belgium via bicycle and joined the resistance in Toulouse, France. He became a courier, making weekly trips from Brussels to Toulouse to Barcelona.

The last leg involved trudging over snowy passes in the Pyrenees by moonlight. The microfilms he carried bore information collected by members of the underground on shipyards, gun emplacements and the like. On the return trip, he carried money to fund the resistance.

Mr. Vandermeerssche began

setting up safe houses and clandestine mail drops, delving deeper into espionage. His contacts included Britain's MI6, which dropped him by parachute on a mission to organize the Dutch underground, according to Nigel West, a World War II espionage authority.

Mr. Vandermeerssche told an interviewer that he found a nascent underground in place in the Netherlands.

"They had groups—twenty, thirty, forty people organized—and they couldn't send the messages. They had no radio. At that time, the British were using pigeons," Mr. Vandermeerssche said in the 1999 oral history "A Time To Speak."

But much of the Dutch underground was compromised by German infiltrators, to the point where dozens of intelligence agents were apprehended while parachuting into the Netherlands.

Mr. Vandermeerssche was arrested in Perpignan, France, in 1943 with a cache of microfilm stuffed into butter tubs. His German interrogators suspected his role in the Dutch underground, but couldn't prove it.

"I was so young, the Germans did not believe that this kid was the head of that large network," he said in the oral history. "And I told them, 'Are you crazy? I couldn't have done this.'"

Months of brutal interrogation and solitary confinement failed to break Mr. Vandermeerssche's will. He was betrayed by another member of the underground, and was sentenced to death in a military trial. But he was freed by American troops near the end of the war.

Although shattered by his experiences in prison—he said he couldn't eat or sleep normally for a decade—Mr. Vandermeerssche resumed his studies, earning a Ph.D. in physics. He ran Ghent University's electron-microscope department.

In 1965, he moved to the U.S. and later became an executive at the

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Co. He specialized in tribology, the physics of surface abrasion, a topic that interested brewers whose can labels were damaged during shipping.

Mr. Vandermeerssche seldom spoke about his wartime experiences, even to his family.

He was decorated by five countries and in 1980 was named honorary French consul for Milwaukee.

In the 1980s, he began visiting Europe to reconstruct his wartime activities, and recounted them in a 1988 book, "Gaston's War."

He came to believe that his spy networks had been purposely exposed by his masters in London, as a diversion to convince the Germans that D-Day invasions were planned for the Low Countries instead of Normandy. He called it "le grand jeu"—the great game—in his memoir.

"Now I'm not bitter at all," he said in the oral history. "It was an honor that I was used for the big purpose."

## *Annual greetings cards in the mail*

The traditional AFEES seasonal greetings folders to overseas helpers and friends went in the post in early December.

For many years, the annual messages have conveyed our best wishes and eternal gratitude for their wartime assistance.

Richard Shandor, who maintains the AFEES mailing list, reports that a total of 284 messages were sent this year.

Many of our helpers and friends are gracious enough to respond by sending a note to Richard, whose name and address are listed on the envelope.

This year, by nationality: England, 10; Spain, 2; Holland, 60; France, 150; Canada, 20; Belgium, 40; Italy, 1; Germany, 1.



# 'Tiny' Mulder helped many evaders

Mejuffrouw Trijntje "Tiny" Mulder was born in Beesterzwaag, Holland on 2 April 1921 and died 4 November 2010 at the age of 89 years. Trijntje Mulder, subject of The Netherlands, from September 1943 to May 1945, devoted herself at the age of 22 years old to the cause of helping military personnel parachuted into Netherlands for combat and intelligence missions. Documented evidence places the number of airmen helped by her at seventy-two, and so effectively and enthusiastically did she perform her self-chosen, hazardous, duty that 50 airmen have written letters of appreciation to their Dutch benefactor.

She started her Underground Activity in September 1943 when Capt. Wijbenga got a message that an airman had come down somewhere in the area of Drachten, so he sent his courier Tiny Mulder (alias: Tiny Eringa, Rixt Inia, Anne-Marie ten Oever; known by the Allies as "Tiny") to him, because she could speak English. The difficulty was that the pilot could not stay in Holland, but had to go back to England. After this first one, more airmen came down, so it was necessary to have a person who would organize and take charge of this part of the Underground. The airmen were then brought to several addresses which were prepared for the most part by Trijntje. During the airmen's stay Tiny would have them complete a questionnaire and have a photographer take passport pictures.

She centered her activity in the Province of Friesland but in escape and evasion networks in all parts of The Netherlands, her name was a by-word. Possessing the ability to speak fluent English, Mejuffrouw Mulder was intelligent, courageous and impervious to the stress of helping escaping airmen. These attributes she used without restraint as she transported a total of 72 airmen along the evasion route running from Friesland to Drachten. When it was impossible to transport by train, Mejuffrouw Mulder convoyed the evaders on bicycles or on foot to outwit enemy patrols and the Gestapo.

While her planned operation was to take the airmen to Drachten, quite often she took them to more distant contacts when she deemed this would result in extra security for the airmen. To do this she sometimes travelled through half the country to find a suitable means of escape to return the airmen to England.

Tiny Mulder's escape and evasion activities not only served to inspire her compatriots but her enthusiasm for the perilous task was also a source of encouragement to the escaping airmen, who were impressed by her amazing resourcefulness and her zest for confounding the enemy.

She was the principal transport agent of the airmen organization in the province of Friesland, which had almost perfect provisions for the reception of evading military personnel. She was the principal contact of the evaders handled by this organization. She was consistently mentioned E&E and RAMP reports. She transported by bicycle and by train a total of 72 fliers from Friesland to the south. Often it was Drachten, where her contact was M. R. Vermeulen. From there another organization took them further south.

On some occasions she took evaders to Arnhem or Nijmegen in Belgium. As a result of her World War II activities, the United States awarded her the Medal of Freedom with Silver Palm. After the war she was reporter for 40 years for "Friesch Dagblad".

The following 48 airmen were Thankful and Never Forgot the Help Tiny provided them:

Ronald	Aitken	RAF	USA	Frank	Kettner	USA	Edwin	Pollock	USA
W.	Cottam	RAF	USA	Michael	Kopeza	USA	Milo	Raim	USA
P.	Coyne	RAF	USA	Laurence	Lord	USA	Thomas	Reilly	USA
James	Davies	RAF	USA	Joseph	McDonald	USA	Howard	Richardson	USA
George	Lloyd	RAF	USA	James	McGahee	USA	Allen	Seamons	USA
Fred	Baulter	RCAF	USA	Thomas	McGalliard	USA	Robert	Sherman	USA
Charles	Durdin	RCAF	USA	William	McDonald	USA	Carl	Spicer	USA
Arnold	Livesey	RCAF	USA	Frank	McGlinchey	USA	Stanlet	Stabzkoewicz	USA
Lloyd	Logan	RCAF	USA	William	Mineer	USA	Walter	Tyson	USA
Roy	Beislone	USA	USA	John	Moon	USA	Merlin	Verberg	USA
James	Culloty	USA	USA	Paul	Moseley	USA	Fred	Warren	USA
Anthony	DeBendictus	USA	USA	Marlowe	Olson	USA	Max	Weinstein	USA
James	Graham	USA	USA	Robert	Owen	USA	Horace	White	USA
Charles	Hadfield	USA	USA	John	Owens	USA	Cleo	White	USA
William	Hammond	USA	USA	Max	Palenica	USA	Valliad	Wilkie	USA
Virgil	Jeffries	USA	USA	Omar	Patterson	USA	James	Wilson	USA



# **-FOLDED WINGS-**

**E&E#1844/Capt. Robert E. Nance, 8th AAF, 100th Bomb Group, 418th Bomb Squadron, Thorpe Abbots:** died on 12 September 2010. On 20 July 1944, he was flying his 32nd mission in a B-17, "Belle Of Berlin". As it was a "Pathfinder" plane, equipped with radar, it was the group leader on a mission to bomb a refinery at Merseburg, Germany.

Just as the bombs were released, his B-17 received an unexploded flak hit between #2 engine and the fuselage, making a large hole in the wing, allowing the fuel to pour out of the wing tank. After leaving the formation, they called for fighter support. After the B-17 crashed near Breda, Holland and the crew got clear of the aircraft, P-51's strafed the plane setting it on fire and destroying it.

Then he made his way to Belgium, where he made contact with a Belgian. Some of his Belgian helpers were Jacques Ver Schiren, Louis Vander Bergh and Robert Janssen. Robert fought with the "White Brigade" in Belgium until 4 September 1944 when he made contact with British forces.

Because his B-17 was a "Pathfinder", it had carried a 12 man crew. Seven men became POW's and four others; Abromonitz(#1842), Bonitz(#1843), Griffis(#2001) and Cargile(#2002) also evaded. Capt. Nance was not an AFEES member.

**E&E#1349/1st Lt. Joseph Vukovich, 8th AAF, 91st Bomb Group, 322nd Bomb Squadron, Basingborne, England:** passed away peacefully on 31 August 2010, with his wife Georgia of 32 years by his side.

On 13 August 1944, Joe was co-pilot flying his first mission in a B-17G over German-occupied France, when the plane took heavy flak damage at bombs away causing the plane to catch fire. He and the crew bailed out.

Joe's parachute was hit by enemy flak causing him to fall faster and hit the ground very hard. A French civilian pointed and Joseph made a quick decision and ran in that direction. With injured feet and a burnt face from the explosions in the plane, he hid in a stack of wheat and evaded capture by the Germans.

Later that day he made contact with the French Underground, they treated his facial burns with pure alcohol and then hid him in an attic. Joe was later reunited with two other crew members and the three of them were hidden for close to 30 days before they were liberated by the Canadian Army.

Two of his French Helpers were Leon Le Blanc and Paul Dessolliers. Of the other crew members, the pilot was KIA, three others became POW's and four others evaded. The evaders were Calder(#1190), Britton(#1350), Rogers(#1351) and Seilers(#1490).

After the war Joe became an instructor pilot and was honorably discharged in November 1945. Capt. Vukovich's story is told in Don Lasseter's book, "Their Deeds Of Valor". Joe was awarded the air medal and the Purple Heart. He was buried with full military honors at the Eagle Point National Cemetery.

He and his wife attended many AFEES reunions. Joe was a true Gentleman and Patriot.

**E&E#2880 2nd Lt. Leonard A. Pogue, 8th AAF, 493rd Bomb Group, 863rd Bomb Squadron, Debach, England:** completed his life's journey on 16 November 2010. Leonard was a Bombardier and was shot down on his 6th bombing mission on 2 November 1944.

His B-17G named "Straighten Up and Fly Right" crash landed near Leimuiden,



Holland. Immediately the Dutch people came up to the crew's aid. They took eight men to a fruit farm where they were hidden. They were moving the ninth man, who was wounded when the Germans arrived and captured him.

Lt. Ashley Ivey (#2883) and Leonard were sheltered together until 18 March 1945 when they rejoined Allied Forces. Jan Lommerse, Jaap Versilewel De Witt Kamer, Mr. Daniels, Capt. Krol, Mr. Anamaet, and Mr. De Cleryk were some of Lt. Pogue's Helpers. Cobb (#2881), Hall (#2882), Larrew (#2875), Proudfit (#2753), Atherton (#2874), and Walter (#2873) were also evaders.

Leonard had stayed in contact with several Helpers and/or their descendants. He never forgot the risks his Helpers took.

**E&E#318/1st Lt. Carroll(Mike) Leroy Fisher Jr., 12th AAF (to be come the 15th later), 2nd Bomb Group, 429th Bomb Squadron, Massicault, Tunisia:** left this world on 25 September 2010 after a pedestrian-auto accident. Mike was flying his 6th bombing mission after flying three as a co-pilot.

The mission to Istres Le Tube, France on 17 August 1943 was to be a "Milk Run". While on the bombing run his B-17F, "Danny Boy" took several hits, damaging engine #1 & #4, Mike ordered a salvo of the bombs.

Moments later he rang the alarm bell and called on the intercom "get the hell out of here". The flight engineer picked up Mike's parachute and handed it to him. Shortly after that the right wing fell off and the plane did a quick snap roll and spin, knocking him back toward the bomb bay.

He fell out and caught his left foot on the plane and kicked it free with his right foot. Then he fell for a while before pulling his rip cord. After that he could see five chutes open above him but no chutes below. When he hit the ground he must have been knocked out because when he woke up some Frenchmen had taken his equipment and hidden it.

They then helped him over to a road, where he met Sgt. Barrett. From then on they were together. One of the meals they enjoyed while being sheltered by the French was a potato and snail omelet.

After a couple months they were moved to Perpignan, France. Then on 17 December 1943 they arrived into Spain after crossing the Pyrenees. The fate of the rest of the crew was three were KIA and three more became POWs. Two other crewmen also evaded, Taylor (#315) and Ochocki (#316). Mike and his sons attended the 2010 AFEES reunion.

## *Pentagon opens POW/MIA exhibit*

WASHINGTON (AFNS) -- Defense Department officials dedicated a portion of the Pentagon to military prisoners of war and troops missing in action Sept. 15, honoring one of the military's guiding principles: never leave a comrade behind.

Michele Flournoy, the Pentagon's policy chief, hosted the ceremony on the building's third floor.

The hallway is lined with information, artifacts and photographs underscoring the service

and sacrifice of more than 80,000 MIAs and POWs from the present conflict in Afghanistan and dating back to World War II.

"No matter how far away or how long ago, we will do everything humanly possible to bring all those missing servicemembers home," Ms. Flournoy said. "We do this for the sake of their family members, and we also do this for all who serve today."

The display exhibit was designed in the corridor, because thousands of

people -- servicemembers, defense civilians and tourists -- walk through it each year, Ms. Flournoy said. The exhibit's location, underscores the importance the DOD places on recovering prisoners of war and those missing in action.

The nation celebrated National POW/MIA Recognition Day Sept. 17. Created by Congress in 1998 as part of the Defense Authorization Act, the observance is recognized on the third Friday of September each year.



*Ernest Lindell, E&E# 370, 384th BG, passed away Aug. 16, 2010.  
Constance and Ernie attended their first AFEES reunion in 1992  
and every reunion after that up to 2008.*

## *Ernest was only one of crew not captured*

Ernest V. Lindell of Moses Lake, Wash., passed away Aug. 16, 2010 at age 89. He was born May 8, 1921 in North Dakota to Ernest O. Lindell and Vivian L. (Peterson) Lindell, the oldest of three children.

The family moved to Longview, Wash., when he was very young and he attended schools in Vancouver and Longview. He attended college in Bellingham until the United States entered WWII.

Ernie served in the Army Air Corps from 1941-1945. He was a navigator on a B-17 in England until his plane was shot down over northern France on Jan. 14, 1944.

He was the only one of his crew not captured by the Germans and he escaped via the French Resistance through occupied France, walking over the Pyrenees Mountains and into neutral Spain, arriving on May 8th, his 23rd birthday, then back to England on June 8th, 1944.

After the war, he completed college and Dental School at University of Oregon Dental School in 1951. On Sept. 9, 1950, during his last year of school, he and Constance Arlene Nelson from Rathdrum, Ida., were married. Upon graduation he went on active duty with the United States Air Force for two years during the Korean Conflict.

Upon discharge, he and his family settled in Moses Lake where he practiced dentistry for more than 36 years.

He loved duck and pheasant hunting, fishing, and sailing his boat on Lake Pend Oreille.

He is survived by his wife Connie Arlene and four children:

## **Seven WWII airmen buried at Arlington**

By Michael Tolzmann

**ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, Va. (AFNS)** -- The remains of seven airmen missing in action from World War II were buried July 15 at Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors.

The airmen are Capt. Joseph M. Olbinski, Chicago; 1st Lt. Joseph J. Auld, Floral Park, N.Y.; 1st Lt. Robert M. Anderson, Millen, Ga.; Tech. Sgt. Clarence E. Frantz, Tyrone, Pa.; Pfc. Richard M. Dawson, Haynesville, Va.; Pvt. Robert L. Crane, Sacramento, Calif.; and Pvt. Fred G. Fagan, Piedmont, Ala.; all U.S. Army Air Forces.

According to information provided by the Defense Prisoner of War/Missing Personnel Office, the airmen were aboard a C-47A Skytrain that departed Dinjan, India, May 23, 1944, on an airdrop mission to resupply Allied forces near Myitkyina, Burma.

Fifty-eight years later, a missionary provided U.S. officials a data plate from a C-47 crash site, located approximately 31 miles northwest of Myitkyina.

## **Please send roster changes to Richard Shandor!**

**AFEES membership dues are \$20 per year; \$50 for three years.  
Changes of address a/o 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Street address or other \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_ 9 digit zip code \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

Related to Evader? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_ Evader's name \_\_\_\_\_

Are you a Veteran? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_ If yes, what Branch \_\_\_\_\_ Years \_\_\_\_\_

Prefer to receive *Communications* electronically -- Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Other comments \_\_\_\_\_



# The editor has the last word

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

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- I might as well confess: About 40 or 50 of you DID NOT receive the FALL 2010 newsletter. That was the one with the photo of the Colditz Prison on the front.

What we have here is a low-grade SNAFU. To you young folks, that was a phrase often used in WW2. Roughly translated, it means "SITUATION NORMAL, ALL FOULED UP."

There was a problem with some of the mailing labels. As a result, some members failed to get a copy and some got more than one.

Richard Shandor and I assure you that such a messup won't happen again. Should you like a copy of the Fall issue, I have extras and would be pleased to send you one upon request.

In the center section of this issue, you will find information concerning the San Antonio reunion in mid-April.

Lynn David and Beanie Spinning Shier have arranged a long weekend of activities. This is a tentative schedule, so there may be adjustments to be reported in the upcoming March number.

So if you Early Birds use the reunion reservation form in this issue, any adjustments in prices will be handled at reservation time.

One more thing: If you have a blue lanyard from a previous reunion, please bring it along for use at registration.

For more on San Antonio attractions, try this: Holiday Inn website:

<[www.hi-riverwalk.com](http://www.hi-riverwalk.com)>

Maj. Gen. Charles Metcalf, director of the National Museum of the Air Force at Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio, has accepted from Lenora (Scotty) David 20 of her scrapbooks containing photographs, documents and other materials

detailing activities of the USAF E&E Society.

Scotty and her late husband Clayton David, have contributed immensely to the preservation of Air Force history and tradition.

For many years, Scotty's scrapbooks have been a major draw at AFEES reunions. She plans to be with us in San Antonio.

It is comforting to know that such a storehouse of information focused on escape and evasion has found a permanent home at a major AF installation.

In the December 2010 issue of the Canadian RAFES newsletter, produced by Roy Brown of Toronto, Ray Sherk writes:

"Heather and I were invited to attend the 70th anniversary of the Battle of Britain ceremonies by the Earl of March at Goodwood (Westhampnett airport on September 21st. It was the 10th annual Goodwood Revival and a remarkable event.

"I flew with 129 Squadron at Westhampnett from August 1941 to March 1942

"The Earl invited pilots who had flown from there (his property). There were 9 of us, plus Mary Ellis, a famous ATA pilot who had been busy delivering Spitfires to us, and others."

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During WWII, many planes and crews crashed or landed in Portugal.

More than 600 men went down there because of mechanical failure, lack of fuel or enemy action, according to Carlos Guerreiro, who has recently opened a website in Portuguese and English which includes many of these stories.

For more, open:  
<[www.landinportugal.org](http://www.landinportugal.org)>

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

A Sunday school teacher was telling her class the story of the Good Samaritan, in which a man was robbed and left for dead. She describe the situation in vivid detail so her students would catch the drama.

Then she asked the class, "If you saw a person lying by the side of the road, all wounded and bleeding, what would you do?"

A thoughtful little girl broke the silence, "I think I'd throw up."

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