

THE AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY Summer 2001 Communications

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JULY 13, 2001

Unique vets visit survival school

Stories still have meaning

From the Fairchild Air Force
Base Connection, May 25, 2001

By Staff Sgt. Martie Capoeman
92nd Public Affairs

About 80 Air Force and Evasion Society members paid a visit to the Fairchild Survival School May 4 for a tour as part of their reunion in Spokane.

According to a spokesman, AFEES brings together U.S. airmen who were forced down in enemy territory and who, with the help of the local nationals, evaded capture.

There are about 900 members in the U.S. and Canada. In addition, there are more than 600 helpers worldwide, and more are located every year, according to the AFEES newsletter.

This was a unique opportunity for the instructors to meet first hand, people who survived war by escape or evasion tactics.

This was a chance to talk to people, whose real-world experiences are the basis for Survival Evasion Resistance and Escape training, according to Master Sgt. Kuntz, Survival Evasion Resistance and Escape instructor.

Although they were guests, it was the veterans who were teaching the lessons -- those lessons already learned.

"One guy asked me what kind of parachute training we gave, so I told him," said Senior Airman Matthew Piper. "He told me, 'All they said to us, is when you get near the ground, pull the cord.'"

Even though the AFEES experiences were more than 50 years ago, their stories still hit home.

"They validate what we do," said Tech. Sgt. Mike Lyons.

"Things they did to survive are still used today."



Fairchild AFB saluted AFEES members at Spokane.



--Photo by Staff Sgt. Martie Capoeman

Ray Whitby (center) and Dale Lee, World War II veterans and Air Force Escape & Evasion Society members, share stories with Airman Nathaniel Christy about their experiences during the visit to Fairchild AFB on May 4.

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*Class of 2004

**Class of 2002

***Class of 2003

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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 CAPTIVITY, OR ESCAPED FROM CAPTIVITY TO RETURN TO ALLIED CONTROL.

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

Summer 2001

Chemin walk attracted 117

By SCOTT GOODALL
Rimont, France
July 10, 2001

The 2001 *Chemin de la Liberté* was fantastically successful, marking the 8th year for the commemorative walk across the Pyrenees.

Keith Walley, an officer in the U.S. Army, was the only American to make the entire crossing. His brother Brian was forced to drop out after the first day.

The group this year included 117 persons. Sqd. Leader Christopher Goss was there with his RAF team from Odiham. My wife Judy made the entire crossing, the first time for her to complete the hike.

Ellen van Gilst and her Orange team from the Netherlands were there again this year.

Two women and Leo Bowman actually RAN the last 19 km to Esterri d'Aneu after refusing a lift in the 4x4 vehicles which picked us up at the base of the mountain.

Two brothers hit the trail

Two Americans, brothers Keith and Brian Walley, signed up for this year's Freedom Trail commemorative hike from St. Giron, France, across the border into Spain. Dates for this year's hike were July 5-8.

Keith is an officer in the U.S. Army and recently returned from duty in Naples, Italy. Brian lives in New Hampshire.

They are the sons of Kenneth W. Walley, E&E No. 680, 389th Bomb Group, who was shot down 4 Mar 44 on a raid on the air base at Bergerac, France. He was top turret gunner of a B-24 piloted by Elbert Tucker.

Kenneth evaded through Spain and Gibraltar and arrived back in London on D-Day.

His sons believe the Freedom Trail hike is an appropriate way to honor their father, who died in 1989.

They learned of the *Chemin de la Liberté* from a recent *Stars and Stripes* article by Kristine Pike.

Refuge for the Allied forces

Dirk Vijverman writing book about 'Le Perdreau'

From Het Nieuwsblad, Belgium,
Nov. 5, 2000
(A Translation)

By ULRICH HERREMANS

Dirk Vijverman is the main promoter behind the patriotic group Groot-Haaltert, organizing a yearly event to commemorate World War II. Now Dirk wants to write a book about the *Le Perdreau* hideout, which played an important role during the war.

Whoever is allowed at Dirk Vijverman's attic can immediately sense the war era. He furnished his home in such a way that he can use a large area as a makeshift museum. The "WWII microbe" also affects his son; together they scrounge the area for artifacts and documents of the era.

According to Dirk Vijverman, some of the artifacts became very costly over the last 10 years, but once you have the collectors' bug, it is hard to stop!



Anne Feith meets Capt. Peter van Maurick aboard the ms Statendam on the AFEES cruise to Alaska last May.

+++++ DANGEROUS BUSINESS +++++

For the people involved in the safe house at the Hoogstraat, liberation of the Denderstreek on Sept. 3, 1944, arrived just in time. "They were betrayed," according to Dirk Vijverman, "the Gestapo knew about the facts and secret meetings held at Miss Peleman's house at the Hoogstraat."

A reliable source acknowledged that the occupier was planning to arrest the people involved, and have them deported to Gent on Sept. 9.

In fact, they have never received the respect they deserved for saving downed crews and risking their lives.

+++++ The fact that the Haalters refuge LP book will be published next year is no coincidence. A few years ago, another member of the group, Gustaaf Muylaart, brought me in touch with Henri Nootenboom. That was the son of Albert, who founded LP at the Hoogstraat during the war.

The son had several detailed historic documents, often including illustrations. He treasured these documents for 55 years and wanted to donate them. All the information will be sent to the WWII

archives center in Brussels, where everything is transferred to microfilm.
Secret Army

From the documents it shows that the secret Haalterse movement was founded by Mr. Nootenboom, a French-speaking tax receiver. This happened in 1941 and became the Secret Army, Zone III, Section Aalst.

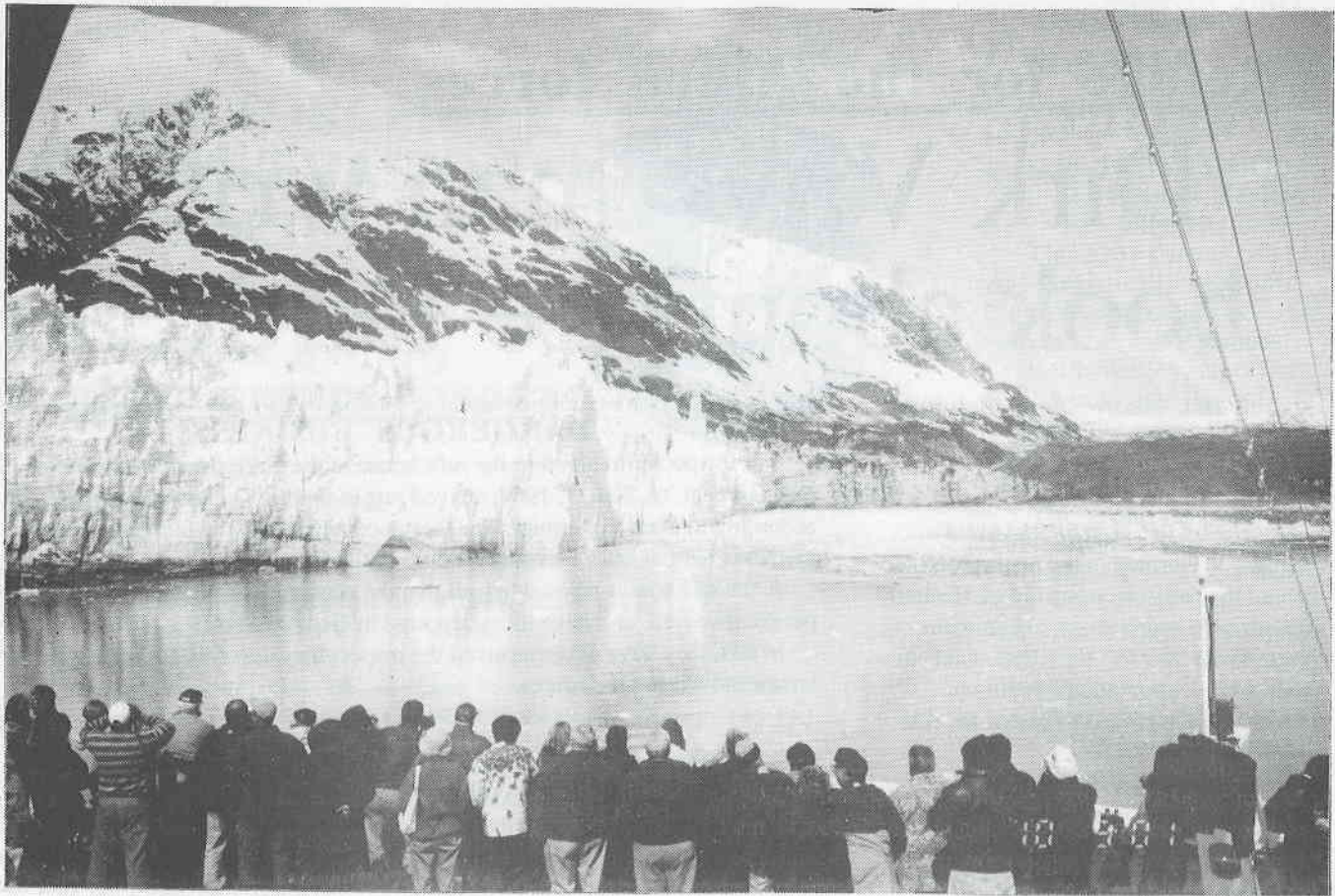
The movement had a mission statement to hide crews of downed Allied bombers, and eventually transport them via escape routes to Brussels or Sint-Niklaas.

Members also gathered military intelligence. For example, maps of radar sites or train stations were radioed or sent by pigeons to London. Based on the diary of Alfred Nootenboom, the operation of the safe house will be explained. Seven reports reveal detailed information regarding the care of hiding American and Australian aircrews in Haaltert and Denderhoutem.

There is also information regarding contacts between this safe house and the safe house in Liedekerke, founded by Doctor Van Keer.

Dirk Vijverman will organize the information in several chapters. The historic work will honor the people who risked their lives under the German occupation. Actually, these people never received much recognition after the war.

Note: Dirk Vijverman has signed on as a Friend member of AFEES.



AFEES members on the Alaskan cruise that followed the 2001 reunion were included in the rubber-necking crowd that was fascinated by calving glaciers while the cruise ship was making a slow turn in Glacier Bay. This was one of the highlights of the cruise that attracted about 80 members and guests.



This is part of the crowd that gathered on the steps of the Officers' Club at Fairchild AFB after the tour of the base where evasion and resistance are taught.

OFFICIAL MINUTES

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY, Annual Membership Meeting, May 4, 2001, Spokane, Wash.

President Richard M. Smith called meeting to order at 2:30 p.m., and declared a quorum present.

Minutes of the previous annual meeting were distributed; motion made and seconded to accept the minutes as printed; motion carried.

President Smith introduced the Directors: Ralph Patton, Yvonne Brusselmans-Daley, Clayton David, Larry Grauerholz, Paul Kenney, Francis Lashinsky, Warren Loring and John Rucigay. He announced that a vacancy on the board existed as James Goebel had asked to be relieved because of health problems. President Smith remarked that we have a volunteer, Herbert Brill. Motion was made by Francis Lashinsky, seconded by Warren Loring that Herbert Brill be elected to the board; motion carried.

COMMITTEE REPORTS:

FINANCE: Paul Kenney gave the financial report for the period ending Dec. 31, 2000. (Full statement to be published in *Communications*.) Motion made by Larry Grauerholz, seconded by Warren Loring, that the report be accepted; motion carried.

RAFFLE: Francis Lashinsky reported a better response this year than last, with many donations included. Net as of this date is \$5,704; past experience has been that there will be more returns in the mail.

MEMBERSHIP: Clayton David reported that a new membership roster was published this year, and to please keep it current by checking each issue of *Communications* for additions and deletions. New members are still being found, but the *Folded Wings* list is growing. He asked to be notified if members learn of a member who moves or dies.

NEWSLETTER: Larry Grauerholz reported that he enjoys producing the newsletter, that he always needs more material and again encouraged members to document their stories.

PX: President Smith reported that the manager, Thomas Brown, was unable to attend the reunion, but that about \$400 in mail orders had been processed this past year. He also reported that enough stock had been sold at this reunion to justify the shipping costs involved.

GREETINGS CARDS: President Smith reported that more than 600 cards had been printed and mailed with the help of many people and that Helpers appreciate the cards, as evidenced by the responses received. Clayton David asked that all address changes be sent to him.

OLD BUSINESS:

INTREPIDUS: George Baker was unable to attend this meeting as planned, but will speak at the dinner tonight.

WW II PLAQUES IN EUROPE: Some Helpers felt that the markers would be stolen from gravesites; therefore the Board of Directors decided not to pursue the project.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: Authors are welcome to offer their books at reunions, but the PX will not handle such sales.

WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL in Washington, D.C.; plans are ongoing.

MILLICENT BRILL reported that Leslie Atkinson asked to be contacted in advance when members visit France to seek out Helpers.

NEW BUSINESS:

2002 REUNION: Set for May 2-5 in Tampa, Fla., under the direction and coordination of Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans. The hotel is near the airport and McDill Air Force Base. The Order of Daedalians, a fraternal order of military pilots, is assisting her with the program.

PRESIDENT SMITH announced that the raffle drawing and presentation of Helpers' gifts would be conducted at tonight's dinner.

RALPH PATTON announced the following:

- * Last weekend, our representative, Brian McGuire, laid a wreath at Eden Camp, England.

- * Two Freedom Trail walks are scheduled this year: over the Pyrenees and in Italy; both organized by Roger Stanton.

- * Two of our members, John Bradley and Alfred Sanders, along with Canadian Stu Leslie, were featured on *Nazi Ghost Train*, which has been shown on the History Channel.

- * Books: *11 Americans Came from the Sky*, originally published in French; trying to interest an English-language publisher. Colonel Bradbury is promoting a book on the Carpetbaggers.

- * All honorably discharged veterans are eligible for VA medical benefits; those awarded the Purple Heart do not have to pay for physicals and pay only \$2 per prescription.

There being no further business, the motion was made and seconded to adjourn; carried.

WARREN E. LORING, Recording Secretary



President Dick Smith and Francis Heekin seem to be arguing over who caught the 31-pound King Salmon on a fishing trip during the Alaskan cruise. Dale Lee doesn't care.

Escape artists . . .

Reunion renews ties between downed airmen who evaded capture and their saviors

From the *Spokesman-Review*,
Spokane, Wash., Sunday, May 6,
2001

By Kevin Blocker
Staff Writer

Over the skies of France, halfway between Paris and Cannes, Joseph Perry, then a 19-year-old gunner aboard a U.S. Air Force bomber, gasped at the sight of a 2-foot-by-8-foot hole in the wing of his plane.

After taking heavy artillery fire from German ground forces, the plane's crew had to eject. The plane dropped from 22,000 feet to 10,000 feet in seconds. That's when he and the rest of the crew bailed out.

This story and many others like it were part of the annual reunion of the Air Force Escape and Evasion Society this weekend in Spokane. Founded in 1964, the group's goal is to encourage members who were helped by resistance organizations or citizens to continue or renew their relationships.

Almost all its members served during World War II. A banquet honoring this year's participants was held Saturday night at the Ridpath.

With roughly 1,200 members worldwide, the group is not widely known. But of all the service organizations, its members may have some of the best tales to share about surviving war.

Eligibility requires that one must have been a U.S. airman forced down behind enemy lines who avoided or escaped captivity and returned to Allied control. Other members include civilians in other countries, mostly Europe, who helped harbor U.S. airmen.

One such member is Fredrick Gransberg, a Holland resident whose family hid a navigator and gunner of a B-24 crew that was shot down in a meadow near his family's Dutch farm in early 1945.

"The (U.S.) airmen got to our house



Lt. Clayton David of Hannibal, Mo., center, stands with Jacques Vrij and Joke Fulmer of Holland, who helped him escape from the Germans after his B-17 was shot down over Amsterdam in 1944. They met again at the AFEES reunion in Spokane, Wash.

shortly after they went down," he said. "Fortunately it took the Germans an hour to get to the meadow to find the plane."

The Germans knocked on the door and asked if they'd seen any of the plane's crew. Gransberg's father told them they hadn't.

The Germans searched Gransberg's home and saw no signs of the U.S. air crew. But that was only because the Americans were dressed as farmhands and were bucking hay in a field behind the house when the Germans saw them.

"They stayed with us until the war ended," Gransberg said.

And there were Jacques Vrij and Joke Folmer, part of a resistance movement in Holland who helped hide U.S. co-pilot Clayton David when his B-17 was shot down over Amsterdam on Jan. 11, 1944.

David eventually fled the area, made

it to Paris, moved south through German-occupied France and crossed the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain.

There were Spanish residents who turned Allied airmen over to the Nazis, but David was lucky. Spanish residents traded him to the British for gasoline.

Vrij, meanwhile, was caught by the Gestapo and sent to a prison camp in south Holland. The night before he was scheduled to be executed, he escaped by sneaking under a barbed wire fence.

Folmer ended up being sent to a women's prison camp in Germany and was there for 14 months before the war ended. The only reason Folmer wasn't executed was because an Allied raid on Dusseldorf set a fire, destroying their prison records and execution papers, and the Germans would not execute her without a formal order.

As for U.S. airmen such as Perry and David, masquerading as farmers was a common tactic to avoiding Germans.

Perry walked to a nearby farmhouse after he parachuted to the ground.

Perry stayed there for a night before fleeing to the forest.

"I didn't want to take the chance of being found and putting the family in danger," Perry said.

Perry continued walking and came across a village, but as he entered, a German soldier was leaving the area on a

motorcycle. Perry figured he would be a POW because there was no place to hide.

"Me and that guy looked right at each other...and he just kept on going," Perry said. "To this day I don't know why."

French police heard of Perry's whereabouts and put him in safe keeping. There he was reunited with the rest of his crew.

For the next 64 days they would hide out together. Perry, who now lives in Redmond, Ore., said he was a city boy from Oakland, Calif., who'd never been

on a farm. "I learned to shock wheat while trying to avoid the Germans," he said.

Perry said he was seldom afraid during his evasive 64-day journey. But he said the fear of being caught often seized him in his sleep.

"I would have these dreams, and you know, once in a while, I still do," the 76-year-old man said. "And I'm running, running from the Germans."

"And when I wake up, I am dog tired," Perry said.

Spokane reunion: another winner

About 130 members of AFEES, their spouses, families and guests registered for the 2001 reunion in Spokane, Wash., the first weekend in May.

Herbert Brill of Corona del Mar, Calif., and Nontron, France, was elected to the Board of Directors. The 2002 reunion will be in Tampa, Fla., the first weekend of next May.

Official Minutes of the annual membership meeting are published on Page 5.

The alphabetical list of persons registered (*indicates first timer) at the Spokane reunion:

Baker, George Woods, Santa Monica, Calif.
 Bilke, Ted* and Luanne,* Dallas, Tex.*
 Bogard, Wayne and Claire, Fairfield, Calif.
 Brill, Herbert and Millicent, Corona Del Mar, Calif.
 Brusselmans, Yvonne, Dunedin, Fla.
 Buros, Dr. Milan, Germany
 Cagle, Joseph, Southern Pines, N.C.
 Carlson, Elizabeth and Margaret Fricke, Fridley, Minn.
 Carter, Cole*, Patti* and Kyle*, Spokane, Wash.
 (Guests of Bud Loring)
 Davey, Robert* and Betty,* Indianola, Iowa
 David, Clayton and Scotty, Hannibal, Mo.
 David, Lynn, St. Louis, Mo.
 Davis, Bill and Doris, Ormond Beach, Fla.
 Drysdale, Doug and Martha, Bozeman, Mont.
 Elskes, Sidney and James,* Spring, Tex.
 Feingold, Leah and Louis, Emerson, N.J.
 Feith, Anne, Barcelona, Spain
 Ferraro, Mel and Mary, Nelson, B.C.
 Fisher, Chuck and Betty Jean, Greensburg, Pa.
 Folmer, Joke and Mia Litivelt, Holland
 Fraser, Marguerite, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
 Fruth, Robert and Wilma and Jim,* Napoleon, Ohio
 Goan, John and Joyce, Estill Springs, Tenn.
 Goldfeder, Ada and Carol, Bethlehem, Pa.
 Gransberg, Frederick and Coby, The Hague, Holland
 Grauerholz, Larry and Ruth and Christine Zelenski,*
 Wichita Falls, Tex.
 Haines, June, Clare, Mich., and Dorothy Naughton,
 San Diego, Calif.
 Hayes, Harold* and Betty,* Central Point, Ore.
 Heekin, Frank, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Holwegner, Roland* and Betty,* Yakima, Wash.
 Ivey, Ashley and Ruth, Acworth, Ga.

Jones, Sofia,* Palm Springs, Calif.
 Kenney, Paul and Dorothy, Decatur, Ga.
 Kosinski, Tony and Jean, Chicago, Ill.
 Kubly, Ray and Ruth, Watertown, Wisc.
 Kupsick, Jack and Shirley, Cottage Grove, Ore.
 Lashinsky, Frank and Dorothy, Old Lyme, Conn.
 Lasseter, Don, Stanton, Calif.
 Lee, Dale and Alice, Sun Lakes, Ariz.
 Leslie, Stuart, Vancouver, B.C.
 Lindell, Dr. Ernie and Connie, Moses Lake, Wash.
 Lorenzi, Bob and Paula, Spokane, Wash.
 Loring, Bud and Thelma, Monument Beach, Mass.
 Lucas, John* and Ester,* Grand Forks, B.C.
 Mangerich, Agnes and Karen Curtis,* LaJolla, Calif.
 Manos, Joseph, Sacramento, Calif.
 McKee, Ralph and Elinor, Rockledge, Fla.
 Millar, Frances, Houston, Tex.
 Miller, Ed, Sedona, Ariz.
 Moran, Alex and Florence, Windsor, Ont.
 Nabelek, Igor and Anna, Knoxville, Tenn.
 Netten, Hal, Garden Valley, Idaho
 O'Connell, Brian and Betty, Plymouth, Minn.
 Onesi, Tony and Jean, Rocklin, Calif.
 Patton, Ralph and Bette, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Perry, Joseph and Lupe, Redmond, Ore.
 Pike, Kristine, Santa Monica, Calif.
 Rucigay, John and Dorothy, Ballston Lake, N.Y.
 Sauer, Gabriel and Gene, Wilmington, N.C.
 Schaeffer, Frank, Montello, Wisc.
 Scott, Dr. Carl and Elizabeth, Columbus, Ohio
 Smith, Richard and Margaret, Battle Lake, Minn.
 Solomon, Phil and Claire, Las Vegas, Nev.
 Stepnitz, Stan, Upper Marlboro, Md.
 Sullivan, Owen,* Walnut Creek, Calif.
 Sweatt, Robert and Mary, Burton, Tex.
 Van Remmerden, George, Seal Beach, Calif.
 Van Veen, Pia and Pietje, Holland
 Van Beek, Guys* and Swann,* Caldwell, Idaho
 Vrij, Jacques and Letti, Holland
 Vukovich, Joe and Georgia, Medford, Ore.
 Weyland, Francene and Dolly Riggs*
 Whitby, Ray, Alpine, Utah
 Wiens, Ross and Peggy, Edmonton, Alb.
 Williams, Clifford, Nederland, Tex.
 Yandura, John, East Vandergrift, Pa.



Several persons who attended the Spokane reunion enjoyed an excursion to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, on Sunday, May 6. The group included (in no certain order) the Bilke family, Yvonne Daley, Joe Cagle, the Elskes family, the Kosinski family, the Onesi family, George Remmerden, the Sauer family, the Sweatt family, Francene Weyland, Doris Riggs and John Yandura.

Outing on lake capped the reunion

By YVONNE DALEY

Several AFEES members who did not sign up for the Alaskan cruise really enjoyed an excursion to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, on the final day of the Spokane meeting.

Nestled among tall pines, we first had lunch in the town bordering the beautiful lake. We then boarded one of the fleet of six boats and cruised among the lake's northern bays for about 90 minutes.

The scenery was breath-taking. Both secluded homes and small cabins were, for the most part, still vacant as the tourism season was just beginning.

We saw the first floating green golf course adjacent to a grand resort. The boat had an open deck on which most of us basked in the sunshine, but soon several made it below deck as the temperature dipped.

Francene Weyland and her sister Doris, George Remmerden and I braved the strong

wind and cold. At one point, Francene decided we needed something to warm us up! She left and soon came back with small cups of brandy. We felt no more chill!

It was a day of leisure, surrounded by nature's beauty in beautiful Idaho.

+++++

France honoring U.S. veterans

The French government is offering "Thank You America" certificates of appreciation to U.S. veterans who served in France after the Normandy invasion during World War II. The certificates are intended to thank U.S. veterans who participated in the Normandy landing and the liberation of France, on French territory and in French territorial waters and airspace between 6 June 44 and 8 May 45.

Application forms may be obtained from various service organizations or the Veterans Administration. Application forms will not be returned, so veterans are cautioned to send copies of a military record showing proof of service in France between the dates mentioned.

Line smuggled intelligence

Scott Goodall, who lives in the French Pyrenees, has made a study of many escape routes used to reach Spain by refugees fleeing the Nazis and Vichy French. He says that one long-forgotten route is about to be opened up for hikers, called the Wi-Wi Line.

The line was organized by the OSS and designed to smuggle secret intelligence across the Pyrenees to Barcelona and Madrid.

Around the town of Saints-Giron, there were 22 couriers involved. One has survived. He is Marcel Carere, then a 12-year-old boy who smuggled OSS material in a fake dental plate while bicycling to school through the German forbidden zone.

Scott says he knows the route of the Wi-Wi, but does not have the name of a single American officer or the OSS command structure behind the lines, although a plaque was recently dedicated to this *Chemin de la Liberté*.



THE NEXT GENERATION -- Several descendants of AFEES members and Helpers were in attendance at the Spokane reunion. From the left:

Margaret Carlson Fricke, Luanne Williams Bilke, James Elskes, Carol Goldfeder, Karen Mangerich Curtis, Lynn David, Pia Van Veen, Jean Onesi and Jim Fruth.



A MIGHTY SLOPPY FORMATION -- A rather relaxed AFEES Board of Directors was corraled for a photo op at Spokane. From the left: Chairman Ralph Patton, John Rucigay, Herbert Brill, Paul E. Kenney, Yvonne Daley, Larry Grauerholz, Bud Loring, President Dick Smith (trying to hide), Clayton David and Francis Lashinsky.

Lynn set to try Dad's 1944 trail across the border

Inspired by his experience on the Freedom Trail over the Pyrenees Mountains in 1999, Lynn David, son of Clayton and Scotty David, has another adventure planned. On July 14-15, Lynn and his son Jonathon are preparing to retrace the April 1944 trip of Clayton and Ken Shaver, across the mountains to Spain.

Lynn and Jonathon will be assisted by Scott and Judy Goodall and a French guide, Thierry Artiers.

The hike will begin in Absense-de-Hunt, France, near Tardets and end on the road to Ochagavia, Spain.

Scott and the guide had planned to test the route in April, but a late snow made it impractical. Clayton and Ken still have vivid memories of the snow they experienced in the mountains in April of 1944.

Details of the July trip are expected for the Fall issue of this newsletter!

Belgian memorial for airman planned

In January 1944, Sgt. Abe Sofferman of the Bronx, N.Y., was a crew member of an 8th AF bomber shot down over Belgium. He was picked up by the Resistance and hidden for a month at various farmhouses.

His hiding place was discovered finally by the Germans and a four-day battle ensued. The airman was shot while attempting to escape.

To honor his memory and that of the crew, a memorial will be dedicated on Sept. 17 in Belgium.

Anyone with information on the surviving family members or with information concerning the crash is asked to call Forrest Clark in Kissimmee, Fla., at 863-427-0371.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

George Woods Baker and Christy announce the arrival of a 7 lb., 13.5 oz. daughter, born July 6. She is to be named Allana after a paternal grandfather.



Facing the camera at Spokane were, from the left: Ashley Ivey, Pietje Van Veen, Ruth Ivey and Pia Van Veen.



Member Ed Miller (right) of Sedona, Ariz., visited with Bernard and Sergine Avignon of Paris, France, during the cruise to Alaska that followed the AFEES Spokane convention. Ed, a B-24 pilot, was downed Jan. 7, 1944, on a raid to Ludwigshaven. He evaded through Spain.



AIR FORCES

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Richard M. Smith

President

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From the shores of cool and sunny Ottertail Lake, Minnesota:

The 2001 reunion in Spokane is behind us. For reasons that everyone can understand, attendance was down a bit. Perhaps the quantity was down, but the quality was just as good as ever!

The visit to Fairchild Air Force Base and the SERE school was a most unusual experience and our members were able to relate to what is taught there in a two-week course. The students and instructors were just super to our group. They could hardly believe that airmen in our day received little or no training in evasion or parachute use. At the luncheon at the Officers' Club, an airman was stationed at each table. That led to some interesting conversation.

There were 78 AFEES types, wives, families and friends who made the cruise to Alaska. What a trip! There was super entertainment and the evening dinners were absolutely de luxe! Holland-America and Bon Voyage Travel hosted a delightful cocktail party for our group. It suddenly dawned on us that we must be getting older! Nobody could remember all the words to the Air Corps Song. The editor says he knows the words to the marching song we borrowed from the British -- *Rolling Home*. Perhaps we can try again at Tampa the first weekend in May of 02.

The final day of the Alaskan excursion was too long; after departure from the cruise ship, our train to Anchorage was blocked by an avalanche, then a long flight back to Spokane made for a VERY long day.

Yvonne Daley is doing yo-woman work on the 2002 reunion. She and the good folk at McDill AFB are planning one Big get-together for us. Watch for all the details in the next two newsletters.

As of now, it seems that in 2003 we will likely meet in Wichita Falls, Texas, the home of Sheppard AFB where all NATO pilots have trained for several years. They promise to provide us with an extensive briefing on their training program. Yes, you can get there from anywhere -- by air, by ground and as a last resort, the Butterfield Stage may still operate.

Hope you are having a wonderful summer!

RICHARD M. SMITH, President

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David family meets new Friend in Brussels

On Thursday, July 5, new Friend member Dirk Vijverman met with Clayton David and family members in Brussels. With a guide, they drove to Waterloo to visit the panorama-museum.

Later they visited the Belgian Army museum on the Place Cinquantenaire.

Their guide was Jean Centner, a veteran of the G2 section of the U.S. Big Red One Division in World War II. He was able to provide much information about the history of Belgium.

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NEW HELPER
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(French; father was De La Mamiere)
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Summer 2001

Survival school began in 1951

By **KENNETH E. NEFF**
Atwater, Calif.

It was late 1950 when I became an instructor for the new survival school at Fairchild Air Force Base in Spokane, Wash. I was the only one of the ten assigned to the school cadre who had ever had real experience in the field and that came from a previous trip to Ft. Carson, Colo.

Of course, my World War II experiences of being shot down behind the lines in France helped.

In early 1951, we received our first class. The instruction was to last one week and consisted of both classroom lectures and experiences in the field.

Naturally, I told the students about the lessons I learned while evading the Germans in France. Probably the one thing I stressed most had to do with eating. Specifically, eating things a person is not accustomed to.

A favorite teaching point was telling about the French feeding us CAT! Another item was what was called Black Pudding, a blood sausage. I always liked German blood sausage but the French did not put in anything to thicken it, just blood, garlic and chopped onion.

I would always tell the students, "Try it; you might like it!"

Changes for the AFEES 2001 Directory (Changes are in Bold type)

Janine O. Anderson "LF", **The Buckingham, Apt. 3L, 143 Hoyt St., Stamford, CT 06905. Ph. 203-961-0664**

James K.D. Becker "L", **19375 Cypress Ridge Ter., Ste. 1004, Leesburg, VA 20176-5190. Ph.: 703-723-9578**

Mrs. Ruth Christenson "W", **4119 West Walnut Ave., Apt. 310, Visalia, CA 93277. Ph.: 559-713-0826**

James R. Fauth, **9856 Vista Dr., Kingman, AZ 86401**

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Glenn Loveland "L", **Aladdin Villas, 409 Gemini Ave., Mission, TX 78572. Ph.: 956-519-8559**

Jacob J. Muller, Lake Placid, FL. **Ph.: 863-699-1218**

Louie F. Weatherford "L", **Wynnwood Assisted Living, 203 Wynn Road, Enterprise, AL 36330. Ph.: 334-308-9599**

Harold L. Willey, **1540 Blacksmith Lane, Greenville, NC 27834. Ph.: 252-757-3911**

Col. Jay H. Williams "L", 9154 Riggs Lane, Apt. B, Overland Park, KS 66212-1312

Alvin J. Winant, "F", New Area Code: **781-631-9589**



Bob Izzard signs autographs on his return to Bolbec, where he went down in '44.

A hero in Bolbec

From the Amarillo (Tex.) Globe News, March 1, 2001

By JENNIFER LUTZ
Globe-News Staff Writer

They treated him like royalty, a hero who returned after many decades.

Bob Izzard traveled to France two weeks ago to reconnect with friends he met while serving in World War II. The Amarilloan had been stationed on a French beach during the war.

During this trip to France, residents -- unknown to Izzard -- would greet the veteran.

"I expected the people I knew to be there," Izzard said. "But this, turning out the whole town, it was totally unexpected, but unbelievably nice."

Izzard spoke at a reception in Bolbec, France, to a standing-room-only crowd. He relived some of his wartime experiences and how the people helped him. The French equivalent to public television produced a documentary about Izzard's accounts of the war, the reason why residents recognized the veteran.

Izzard received a medal detailing his initiation into the Association of the National Officers of the Reserve of the Armies of the Air, close to 60 years after being stationed in France. The organization is for pilots who sacrificed themselves for France. This usually means Frenchmen, but Izzard's case has been an exception.

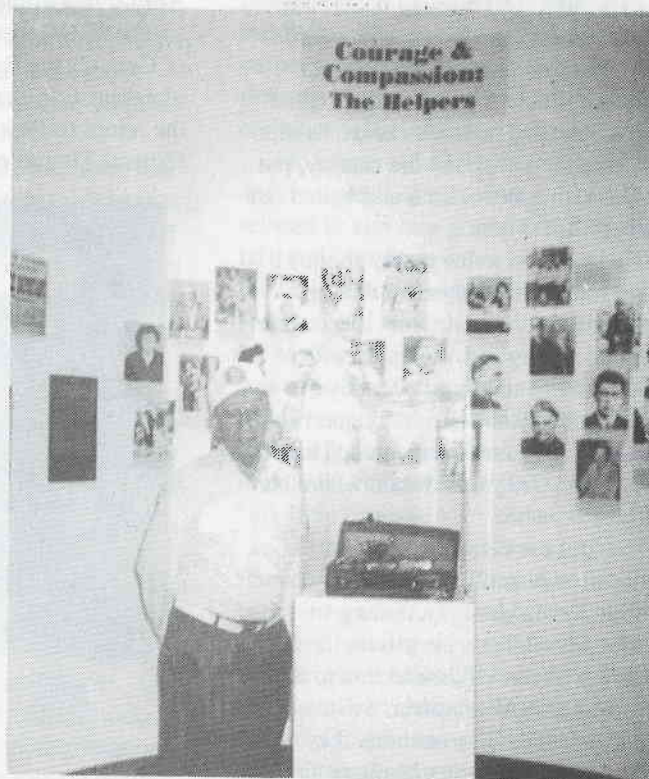
"I'm delighted to have it," Izzard said. "The medal is so heavy, you have to use it as a paperweight."

Izzard reconnected with Josie Petit, the daughter of a Resistance leader who helped him cross the Seine River to safety when the plane he flew crashed.

The visit let Izzard reconnect with Yvette Hamel, a woman who became like a sister to him. She lost both her legs when German artillery hit her, at the same time killing her sister in 1939. A few years later, the Allied 371st Fighter Group, to which Izzard belonged, took Hamel in and bought her a pair of artificial legs.



Karen Curtis (left) had a chance to visit her mother, Agnes Mangerich, the first female to become a regular member of AFEES and the author of *Albanian Escape*.



Gilbert Shawn recently visited the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum at Savannah, Ga. There he posed with the E&E exhibit, including the radio once used by Mr. Leon Bozart to relay messages between London and Belgium.



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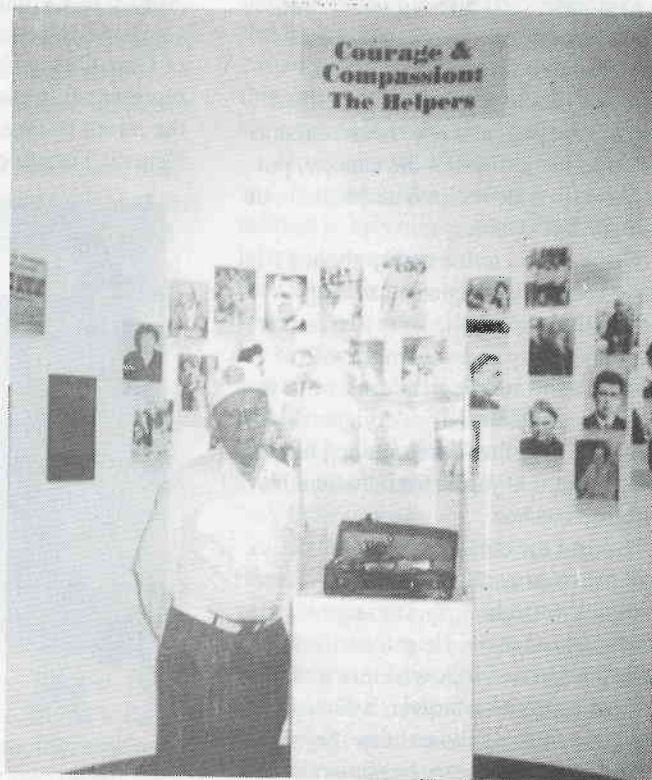
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Glenn spent 100 days with Chinese guerrillas

**AGAS FIELD HEADQUARTERS
SHANGJAO, May 1, 1945
SUBJECT: Second Lieutenant
Glenn J. Geyer
EVASION FROM SHANGHAI
AREA**

Lt. Geyer was a P-51 pilot of the 118th Fighter Squadron, 68th Wing of the 14th Air Force. On Jan. 20, 1945, he was shot down by AA over Shanghai. The following is the account of the mission and his escape, based on interrogation after his arrival at headquarters on 29 April 1945.

Lt. Geyer took off from Suichwan airbase at about 0900, 20 January with planes from the 74th Fighter Squadron and continued to target area at Shanghai. His flight of seven planes was ordered to strafe the Lungwho airdrome.

On the third pass, as he pulled up, he felt the impact of what he believed to be an explosive shell directly under him.

As he continued to fly southward along the river, his oil and coolant indicator hit the top, his cockpit filled with smoke and he made the decision to bail out. He jettisoned the canopy, put the plane in a slow climb and bailed out at about 2,000 feet.

He landed in a rice paddy about 11 miles south of Shanghai. Leaving parachute and pack, he went to a farmer standing nearby and attempted with a Pointe-Talkie and flag to convey his appeal to be taken to friendly guerrillas. Instead of this, the farmer guided him to a place about 600 yards distant where his plane had crashed.

Seeing the danger in this, Lt. Geyer went off by himself and soon saw a man running toward him, motioning to remove his clothes. He put on the man's hat and gown and followed him to the home of a guerrilla captain, a distance of about one mile. The next day they walked to the temporary headquarters of Gen. Ting Si San, the guerrilla leader in the area.

Lt. Geyer spent 20 days in this area, occasionally moving to other houses, in

the care of two guerrillas while General Ting made a trip to determine the best route of escape for him.

On Feb. 10 with General Ting and a party of guards, he went southwest for three days, moving only at night, to headquarters of Gen. Ma Pat Sun near Pinghu. He remained in the area, moving from house to house and receiving the best of care from the guerrillas, who made frequent trips to Shanghai to buy him clothing and luxury items. He received instructions from AGAS to wait until withdrawal plans could be worked out.

Lt. Geyer finally departed with General Ting and a force of several hundred men who were enroute to Western Chekiang for training. Because of Japanese activity in the area, they were forced to move carefully and found it necessary to go south as far as Haining before crossing the railroad. The crossing of the railroad and the Grand Canal was made without incident and they arrived on April 6 in a village east of Linghu.

Here Lt. Geyer stayed at headquarters of Gen. Chang Bang Fi. An AGAS representative met him here and expedited the return to Free China by advising General Ting to continue the trip in spite



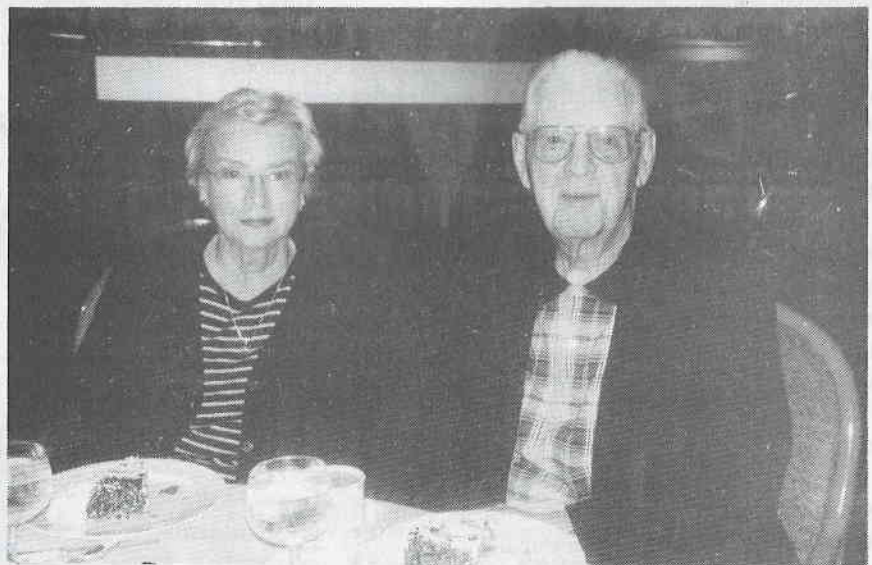
Lt. Glenn Geyer in P-51C prior to Shanghai raid where he was shot down Jan. 20, 1945.

of obstacles caused by Red activities.

They continued south, passing Hangchow to the west and crossed the Hangchow-Wuhsing Highway.

On April 19, he arrived at AGAS Post in Fenshui, where he parted company with General Ting and his soldiers. On April 25, Lt. Geyer went by river sampan to Shunan, thence to Shangjao, AGAS headquarters, arriving April 29, 100 days after being shot down.

Lt. Geyer states that the cloth map and flag were useful in making initial contacts, but all further needs can be attended to by the guerrillas. He was convinced of the loyalty and cooperative spirit of several guerrilla groups in the Shanghai area.



Ernest and Connie Lindell of Moses Lake, Wash., volunteered to operate the PX table at the reunion since Tom Brown was not able to attend. Dr. Lindell was honored aboard the cruise ship on his birthday.

Maryse: in the role of Cinderella

By **MARYSE McKEON**
(nee de la Marniere)
Tampa, Fla.

Colonel Bernard Scheidhauer and his wife had three children. The son Bernard, who was the same age as my eldest sister, had long before left for England. He and a few friends had crossed the Channel to join General de Gaulle.

One of the couple's daughters had lost her husband, an officer in the French Army. He had been killed early in the war. The younger sister's husband, also an army officer, was in prison in Germany. The whole family hated the occupiers as much as we did and they brought my family into the Resistance.

The network we joined was charged with rescuing British, American and Canadian airmen who had been shot down, sheltering and hiding them and getting them back to England. They were often taken to the Island of Guenoc, which faced l'Aber-wrac'h, a fishing village some 20 km from Brest, where British submarines came and picked them up.

The colonel eventually let my parents in on the secret and asked them if they would be willing to help. The couple was taking in more and more airmen, putting some up at their daughter's place in the country, and their apartment had become a true barracks. They had no room left.

My parents accepted without hesitating one second, which I very much admire. They were involving the whole family. And now that I have children of my own, I realize that I might not have had the courage to take such risks.

After the war, when Dad was asked why he had made that critical decision, he answered the journalist who was interviewing him, "How else would I have found dancers for my daughters?" How considerate of him!

I will never forget the day we were at the colonel's place and came into contact with our very first Yankees, as we called Americans at that time, although many of them came from the southern part of the United States. We had never seen Americans in our lives; that they should be there in the midst of the German occupation was too good to be true!

AIRMEN AIDED BY THE DE LA MARNIERE FAMILY IN THE BREST AREA

Harold Nielsen
Jim Adams
Lionel Drew
Harold Thomson
Vernon Clark
Duane Lawhead
Charles Bronner
Joe Quirk
Ray Bye
William Dunning
Floyd Carl
Eugene Martin
Walter Hargrove
William Rice
Allen Priebe
Harry Minor
James Quinn
Marion Hall
Ernest Hugonnet
William Hawkins

The poor guys were bored. It was obvious they needed to have a little fun. We four girls were ready to oblige. We didn't have to be begged to dance and flirt. Boys had become a rare commodity in Brest and our "Yanks" were much more than boys; only real men go to war and pilot airplanes.

I was all the same a little upset that first day when one of them told me that it was time to learn English. I had studied the language at school for six years, and it was my best subject. No doubt, my accent left much to be desired, and I am ashamed to say that things haven't changed much on that front although I have now spoken it for many years. But when we played Lexicon with them, we won anyway because their spelling was lousy.

The day we were introduced to the network leader didn't end without a bit of trepidation. We knew the lady; we had spat on her head from one of the second floor windows (one of our favorite games), and she had complained to the maid about it since our mother was out. The good girl had never told on us, but was the lady going to talk now? She didn't and acted as though she were meeting us for the first time.

We paid a visit to our new friends every day, and we were very well

received, but we couldn't wait to have some of them at home. Then they would be really ours.

That long awaited moment finally came. One of the members of the network delivered the two parcels. All these airmen who sometimes came from far away and had to travel across the whole of France to get to us, carried false IDs describing them as deaf and dumb so they wouldn't have to answer questions the Germans might ask.

Unfortunately, neither of the Limeys was a glamor boy. I was somewhat disappointed. It was a pity we couldn't exchange them for two of the guys hiding at the colonel's. For want of a better deal, I took possession of Bill, a sweet doll of a guy. My quasi-twin made do with the other one, a lanky Briton by the name of Harold. The latter did have one great asset though: he was a marvelous tango dancer, which Bill was not.

A few days later, we received another package, and that time I wasn't disappointed. It was a Yank, tall, dark-haired, sporting a short moustache. My family has always said he looked like a carpet peddler, but I think the reason for that was because he arrived carrying a carpet over his shoulder.

No matter, I fell for him right away and dropped Bill completely. I even refused to kiss him goodbye the day he left, and I remember that he ran around the table to try to catch me. It was very funny, actually. Girls can be really cruel!

My Lionel, the carpet peddler, who was actually a fruit grower from Florida, called me his little "lettuce". He had found it funny when I told him that the French like to call those they are fond of "my little cabbage".

The three, Bill, Harold, and Lionel stayed with us a long time, and we led a very pleasant life, dancing all day long, flirting -- what more could you ask? A nasty fright occasionally spiced up the ordinary. One day we were all dancing in the dining room when someone rang the bell. We immediately turned off the record player. One of us opened the door. It was a Kraut. What a party pooper! The idiot was on the wrong floor.

We seldom went down to the cellar during air raids. Dad, who had ordered us

to do so and knew how obedient we were, would call from his clinic to make sure that we were no longer in the apartment, so we had taught Harold to pick up the phone and say, "Everyone is down in the shelter."

In the evening, from time to time, when these poor guys could no longer take their confinement and needed a breath of fresh air, we took them for a stroll in the street after nightfall. We would cautiously lead the way as they trailed behind.

Better yet, when the weather was nice, we would all sunbathe together on the roof. The Germans who lived just across the street could see us quite well, but how could they have suspected who these guys were? As we were to learn later, however, the good people of Brest were convinced that these foreigners basking in the sun with us for everyone to see were Germans.

And then one of us, my eldest sister, I believe, had a brilliant idea: we would celebrate the end of each month. Two of our pals, who were also part of the Resistance in another network, and who spent a lot of time with us, were also invited to these monthly parties. Our merry celebrations took place when we were sure Mom would be playing bridge and Dad wouldn't be in Brest. At any rate, we would be left to our own devices. Each of us, save the airmen, had to procure a bottle of alcohol of some kind, which wasn't easy at the time. Several such gatherings went by most pleasantly and without a hitch.

Finally we did run into trouble. When our mother came home, she found us all sprawled out in the living room, completely zonked.

To the Americans, Mom couldn't say much, but she was under an obligation to bawl out her daughters, and this she did. No more end-of-the-month parties, what a misery!

For my part, I went into serious business. To be in the Resistance with the rest of the family was OK, but I didn't find my role to be important enough. So I began handing out propaganda leaflets. It made me feel important.

From time to time, when Germans accosted us in the street, my quasi-twin and I would answer them, "Leave us alone, we have no use for you; we have



Maryse de la Marniere with Evader William Hawkins, now living in California. Photo taken during the war in Brest.

all we need at home, the house is full of Americans." Our little game was stupid and could have spelled tragedy for many people.

My parents had entrusted the two of us with the interrogations, making sure the airmen were not spies. We would test their knowledge of slang, which we were good at, thanks to our boarders. Also, they had to know a few ribald songs, such as "Roll Me Over."

Once the airman passed the first test, we would bring him home. He then would be grilled by the Americans, who quizzed him on all sort of things.

It was a sad day when our three guests were to depart. They were going back to freedom. We, on the other hand, were glum!

The message on the BBC the following day was that "the cyclamens are red," which meant that the submarine had reached its destination.

Many more airmen were to come, and since a 17-year-old heart quickly heals, I didn't cry too long, but I remembered Lionel nonetheless.

The objective was to boat out to the island a dozen or so men. The group included Belgians, Frenchmen, Americans and Englishmen who had come from different parts of Brittany. Some had

been in hiding for weeks, others for only a few days.

They were driven, as usual, to l'Aber-wrac'h. Being entitled to gas coupons and Ausweise in his capacity as a surgeon, Dad provided assistance in such cases. Another member of the network owned the shuttle buses connecting Brest and Lannilis.

A fishing boat then was to come and pick them up and take them to the island. It could take several trips to get all them to their destination, but they were finally reunited and then had only to wait for the submarine to come by.

An hour passed, then two. They all peered anxiously at the ocean, trying to pick up the signal which would have answered their own. Another hour went by, and another, then daybreak. The submarine had not come.

We later learned that it had come by, but that no signal from the island had been detected. In the morning, the fisherman who had brought the guys in discovered they were still there. The first thing was to bring them back and hide them again.

Mom decided to go and wait for them at our old manor, the only place where we would have space for all of them. She brought me along, as well as my

two sisters, to help. Beds had to be made, food had to be procured and cooked. The difficult part was to get the castaways back. The Germans had suddenly begun to watch the coast.

On the evening of the third day, the fisherman in his little boat managed to bring the whole bunch back. How miserable they looked: shaggy, with rings under their eyes, unshaven. But their morale, more than anything else, had been undermined. In the idleness they had had to endure, they had quarreled like fishwives.

The second day at the manor didn't resemble the first. We all danced our troubles away.

There was much work after Mom sent my sisters back to Brest so they could care for our boarders left behind at the apartment. I slept in a tiny maid's attic room to make space for these gentlemen. I wasn't afraid of ghosts; it just felt as though I had been turned into Cinderella.

I got up at six in the morning, and the hard day began. Feeding all these guys was not easy, especially as they had arrived from the island hungry as wolves. A few times, wanting to please everybody, I was ill-advised enough to make french fries. French fries for a dozen guys in a fryer meant for six; it was a challenge! Attracted by the smell, they made things even more difficult by forgetting their national differences and invading the kitchen, where I had to keep them whistling so they couldn't gobble up everything before mealtime.

The few food tickets that Resistance fighters managed to steal from town halls were not enough. So Mom visited a farmer she knew to be anti-German and bought an animal. The farmer brought it over and slaughtered it in the courtyard of the manor. Mom became an excellent butcher and caterer.

Occasionally, we had to walk to the village, do the shopping and carry heavy baskets back. Alphonse often would come along to help.

The stay in the country lasted about 10 days. We had to get back to Brest, the family and the other airmen. It was decided that we would split up and that the guys would go back to the families they had previously stayed with.

Some of the poor guys were lucky enough to reach England. Others ended up being caught by the Gestapo.

Alphonse and Shorty the Belgian were among those, and died in concentration camps.

Big and Tall, the other Belgian, was arrested but managed to survive. He was still alive when the war ended, at any rate.

We learned that he had refused to tell his captors our name, pretending not to remember it. My family was convinced that he didn't give us away because he

was in love with me, which I doubt. He was almost old enough to be my father!

We did return to Brest, and I was glad to get home. I had played the part of Cinderella long enough!

On April 17, 1947, Maryse de la Marniere was awarded a certificate attesting that she was an Agent of the French Combattants, June 1943-Sept. 1944.

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e-mail: tbrown104@cs.com

For a teenager, it was a perfect job

By ROGER ANTHOINE
Peron, France

She sat there, big and awesome in the mist. A B-17 pancaked nose down on the wet snowy ground, its huge fin making it easily recognizable as the *Forteresse Volante* I had been told about. Our informant had been specific; the aircraft was almost intact. Indeed it was; only the tail showed some damage on this example, the first one to come my way.

This was the last day of 1943, and for two years now I had been investigating unlucky aircraft -- Allied and German -- whose wings had been clipped in our region of Southern Belgium.

In the beginning, the "job" had only been part-time, that is until Gestapo interference forced abandonment of my technical studies. Presently, apart from helping in my parents' business, I was more or less free to pursue covert activities in the wake of my father's involvement in making life difficult for the German invaders.

Since before the war, I had been in love with aviation, and for a teenager, the war provided a wealth of occasions to indulge my interests. Because of this, I had been channeled into a job of gathering intelligence to be forwarded to London. This meant, in that order:

- * Ascertaining type and identity of downed machines;
- * Rescuing sensitive equipment, mostly radios, sometimes weapons, from German aircraft for the Allies to study;
- * Destroyed same in Allied machines to prevent the Luftwaffe from getting acquainted with them;
- * Helping downed Allied aircrew to escape custody and return to England.



Author Roger Anthoine examines a few parts of the Norden bombsight assembly that survived the war. This gyro is one example.

The Belgian Underground had had some success in such endeavors. The *Comete* escape line is so well known that it needs no comment here.

My implication started during the height of the RAF night bombing offensive when in October 1941, a Whitley was shot down in a nearby village. Too many others to our like followed. Since the summer of 1943, American machines had begun to fall prey to Luftwaffe fighters and flak.

With the USAAF arrival over Western Europe came the U.S. subversive

agents. One of them was known only as Jules, although later events led me to believe he was an OSS man named J. E. Stewart.

He was well versed in aviation matters and that was enough to make us instant friends. Jules made me privy to details of such equipment as the IFF, the British G-Box and the purely American jewel, the Norden bombsight.

Back to my Fortress. It had come down the previous day, around noon, Thursday, Dec. 30, 1943. The mission had been a raid on Ludwigshafen, which the machine did not reach. Enemy interference had disabled the Fort.

I was to learn later from evading crewmen that the copilot, Lt. Jack Jernigan of Oklahoma City, had brought her to an excellent wheels-up landing. The plexiglass nose was shattered but the was of slight importance to the survivor who scattered in the countryside.

Local police had deliberately waited until later in the afternoon to notify the Germans; the same applied to us (the Anthoine family in their inn at Boussu-

Fate of the crew of B-17 No. 239795

William Osborn, pilot, evaded until captured April 8, 1944

2 Lt. Jack Jernigan, copilot, same

Edward Cobb, navigator, evaded, POW from April 15, 1944

Nelson Campbell, bombardier, returned to U.K. June 10, 1944

George Daniel, radio operator, POW, Dec. 30, 1943

William Woff, engineer, returned to U.K. May 21, 1944

Lyle Fitzgerald, ball gunner, KIA, Dec. 30, 1944

Vincent Reese, waist gunner, killed with Underground, April 22, 1944

Earl Wolfe, waist gunner, POW, Dec. 30, 1943

Lawrence Evans, tail gunner, KIA, Dec. 30, 1943

=====

Irz-Walcourt, some 20 miles north of the crash site). So it was the next day before I was able to set out for the site.

This was uphill through the woods, south of village of Cerfontaine.

Ironically, the precise spot was chosen later by the Luftwaffe as a dispersal site for its Florennes-based fighters and now is the home of the local flying club.

It had begun to snow the night before and the day was foggy. Visibility was a few hundred yards.

The Fortress lay, forlorn and deserted, its tail pointing skyward. I concentrated on the markings, a large "C" in a white triangle with a smaller yellow "E", and a serial number: 239795.

Years later that I learned that the triangle C meant the 303 Bomb Group and that figures in the serial were the same as another B-17 lost the same day by the 390 Bomb Group near Wimpy in France, 24 miles across the border. Only two of the digits were transposed, reading 239759.

Marking on the left side of the nose read *Women's Home Companion*.

Having never heard of the magazine, I understood the wording to mean, *Addict of ill-famed houses*.

The front of the aircraft, now at ground level, displayed a wealth of black boxes. Kneeling on the wet soil, I

noticed a parachute pack on the copilot's seat.

First things first. The boxes obviously were the bombsight assembly. Getting it out of the nose was hampered by electrical connections. My pruning knife helped and I was able to lift the 40-some pounds of apparatus out of the nose. This I carried about 50 yards away into snowy bushes overgrowing a fence.

Then back to the plane to retrieve the parachute. I crawled into the nose and up the passageway to the pilot's seat. From there, I looked down the fuselage into the waist section.

This was the surprise of the day! There sat a German soldier, dozing on a bench. He apparently had not heard me walking around the aircraft, sawing through the electric cables, removing the bombsight, crawling into the nose. I later learned that the sentry was an elderly man and this may explain his dulled senses.

Sneaking backward on my back, lifting the parachute above my chest, I made another mucky exit and this time, trying to make as little noise as possible, went to hide the 'chute in the bushes near the Norden. This I carried to the edge of the forest, strapped the contraption on the bicycle I had left there and decided to go hide it before returning for the parachute.

This was the only casualty of my first encounter with an American aircraft. The Norden/C-1 assembly was so heavy that, added to my weight and the rough surface of the path, it caused the bicycle's rear wheel to acquire an interesting 8-shape. It was my mother's bike and she was not amused when I returned home.

On the far side of the forest was a small farmhouse where I asked asylum for my prize. The matron in charge accepted and directed me to the barn.

After that was settled, I proceeded back to the plane and the precious parachute. There were several reasons for that: to deprive the Germans of one more piece of booty; parachutes and aircrew gear had a special appeal for this would-be aviator; and finally, its silk made excellent material in occupied Europe. Bringing it home would certainly soothe my mother and compensate her for the bent bicycle wheel.

Alas! When I made it back to *Companion*, it was still there and now under the quite visible guard of the Wehrmacht soldier, but the precious chute had disappeared from the bushes! I presumed the soldier had come out of the cozy waist, had noticed my footsteps in the snow and had followed them to discover the stolen item.

As it was, the Norden/C-1 soon was on the way to a secure resting place where it would be identified and reported to OSS with my other information. It was later dismantled to avoid undue curiosity in case the Germans would search our premises.

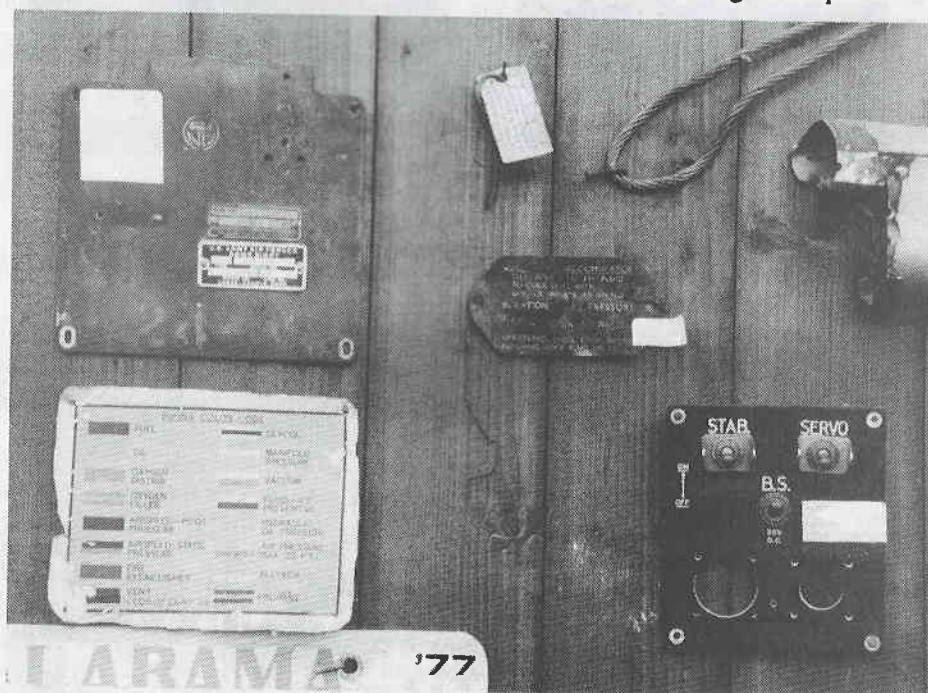
Companion was left under guard at Cerfontaine for a couple of weeks until German salvage teams had time to come and dismantle her for transport to the salvage depot in Paris-Nanterre.

In 1993, a monument was dedicated near the spot the *Companion* belly-landed; at least two of the crew came back to Cerfontaine after the war: Jack Jernigan and Willie Wolff.

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Willie Wolff of Tobaccoville, N.C., was honored two years ago in the town hall of Cerfontaine, Belgium. For details, see page 3 of Fall 2000 issue of *Communications*.

Roger Anthoine is the author of *"Aviateurs-Pietons versas las Suisse"* (U.S. Evaders to Switzerland), published so far only in French.



Souvenirs gathered at the site of WWII crashes, including B-17 Piping Color Code (light aluminum plate) and two dark square plates from Norden/C-1 assembly of the Cerfontaine B-17.

LETTER OF APPRECIATION
FROM SURVIVOR TO JOLLY
UNIT COMMANDER AND
CREW

Dear Col. Morse & Crew:

Thanks again for pulling me from that impossible spot. I shall never forget you and "the big footprint."

My only association with you only reinforced what I have heard since the action started. You are the only heroes over here and I hope you know that all the fighter pilots realize it. No man with a Jolly patch will buy a drink when I am around.

I will send you Xmas cards for life -- for giving me back my life and getting me home for Christmas.

May God protect all of you and speed you on your mission.

Sincerely,
FORREST B. FENN

Jolly hoists up downed pilot

(The dramatic story of how AFEES member Forrest Fenn was rescued by a Jolly Green Giant helicopter crew during the Vietnam War.)

From the DAEDALUS FLYER,
September 1969

It was late in the afternoon and the Jolly Green Giants were airborne for the second time that day. This time an F-100 pilot was down in very bad territory.

Only brief contact had been made with the downed pilot (Maj. Forrest Fenn) and darkness soon engulfed the area. Rescue appeared impossible in the darkness so back to base for a first-light effort the next morning. For these men it had been a long day which began at 0200.

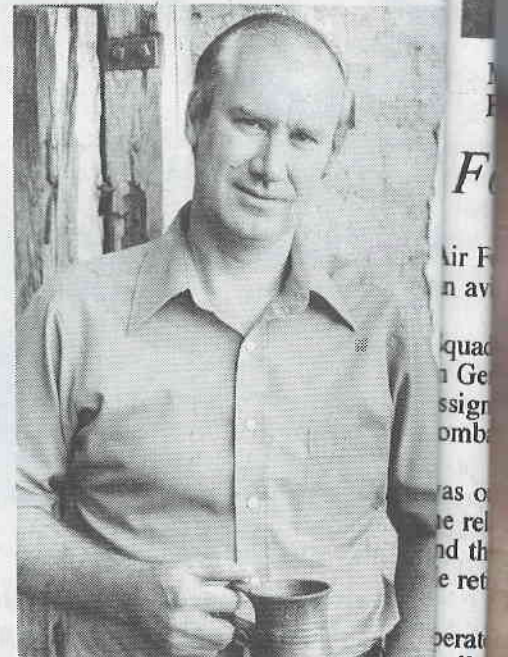
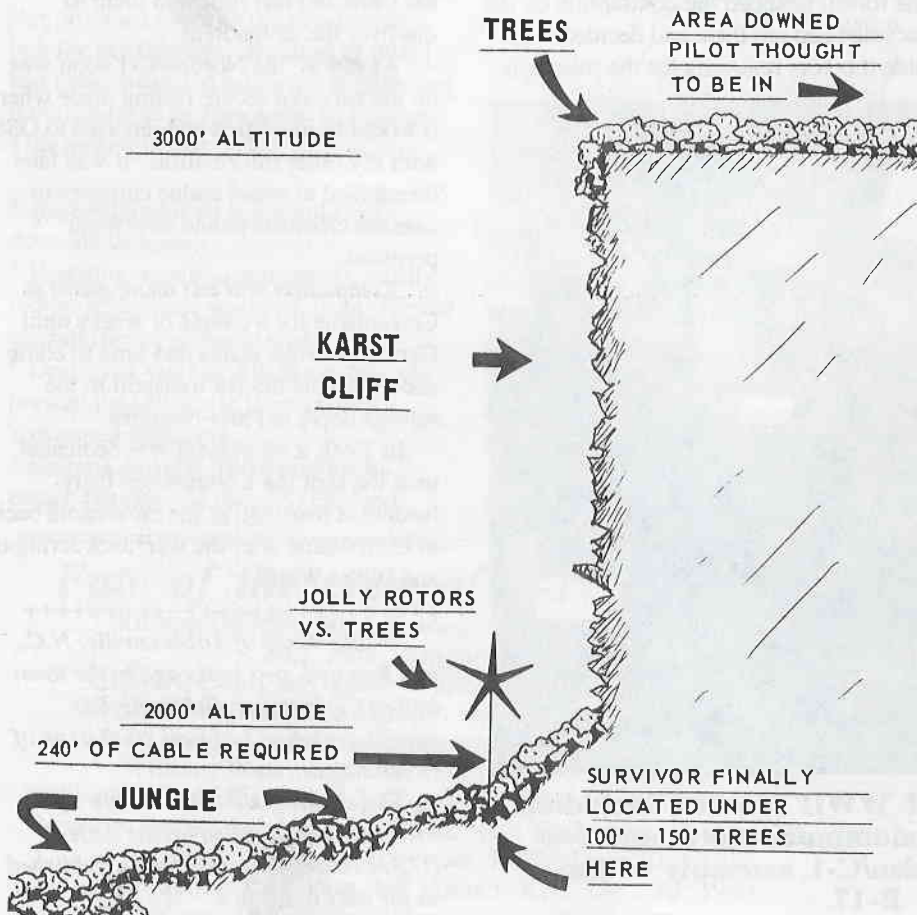
Repeating the previous day's takeoff,

the Jollies were off again into the darkness enroute to orbit point over relatively safe terrain. For about an hour the Forward Air Controllers and SANDYS (escorting fighters) called for the survivor to come up on beeper of voice, without results.

Then, by a stroke of good fortune, one of them got far away enough from the suspected location (see diagram) to hear the survivor who was at the bottom of a cliff on the other side of the area.

On bailout, the pilot (Major Fenn) had tried to land atop the karst but missed by a narrow margin and had to kick himself away from the cliff on the way down. By another act of providence, his chute neither snagged on the karst nor deflated in the descent. He was in excellent condition and had landed clear of bad territory.

The rescue became a problem of fitting the Jolly down into the trees without hitting them and staying clear of the cliff. By paying out 240 feet of cable, the 331st save by the unit was hoisted up and hauled on board.



Forrest Fenn seems more relaxed in this 1982 photo

Book Review

Canadian on the run

BEHIND ENEMY LINES, A Canadian Airman trapped behind German lines in World War II, a memoir of RCAF F/O Jim Moffatt, by Mary Thomas

By RALPH K. PATTON

Our Canadian friend, Jim Moffatt, past president of the RAFES (Canadian Branch), has somehow inveigled his sister into writing, in vivid detail, his amazing six months with the Belgian Maquis. Jim was the only survivor of a mid-air collision between his Halifax and a Lancaster bomber.

Jim bailed out of his crippled bomber into the southeast corner of Belgium, near the border with Luxembourg and France. He intended to head directly for Switzerland but after a series of incidents, he ended up fighting with a Belgian Maquis unit.

Jim's story will be interesting reading for AFEES members from the 8th and 15th air forces in that Jim flew at night. The dangers of flying at night are graphically detailed in this well-written book.

We all are aware that the 8th lost 60 bombers on the Schweinfurt mission, but little known is that the RAF lost 108 4-engine bombers on the Nuremburg mission of March 30, 1944. This was more than 11% of the planes dispatched.

Behind Enemy Lines is an exciting adventure story of a downed airman who was pressed into service as a member of a Belgian Maquis group. Nothing was easy for Jim Moffatt, even his liberation by an American recon unit had complications.

Jim and his sister, Mary Thomas, did a lot of research and the result is an interesting book that every E&E collection should have.

You can order Behind Enemy Lines from the author at 810-49th Ave., Lachine, Que H8T 2T2. Price is \$19.95 Canadian; \$16.95 U.S. Add \$2.50 for postage.



Maj. Forrest Fenn prepares to board his F-100 at Tuy Hoa, Viet Nam, in this 1968 Official Air Force photo.

Forrest began as an aviation cadet

Forrest Fenn was born and raised in Temple, Tex., and joined the Air Force in 1950 just out of high school. He went into pilot training as an aviation cadet.

His first fighter squadron was the 85th Fighter Interceptor Squadron at Scott AFB, Ill., where he flew the F-86D. After duty tours in Germany and in Arizona, he volunteered for Viet Nam and was assigned to the 31st Tactical Fighter Wing at Tuy Hoa, where he flew 328 combat missions in 348 days.

On his 327th mission on Dec. 20, 1968, he was shot down. He was on the ground overnight and picked up the next day, as explained in the related article. He was granted permission to fly one more mission and then returned to the States and served in the Training Command. He retired with 20 years of active service.

In 1972, he built an art gallery in Santa Fe, N.M., which he operated for 17 years before selling out. Now he writes and owns a small company called One Horse Land and Cattle Co. He also owns a prehistoric Indian ruin which is being excavated and written about.

He has a wife (Peggy) and two daughters.

Back to Rienne, to again say thanks

*From the 306th Bomb Group
Association Echoes, April 1993*

J. Louis Rodriguez (E&E 2181) was on his 14th mission when his plane was shot down Feb. 25, 1944, on a mission to Augsburg. He tells of those days in Belgium and France, avoiding the Germans. Following the 306th reunion in England in 1992, Lou and his wife flew to Brussels and then drove on to Rienne. This is his story of that visit.

**By J. LOUIS RODRIGUEZ
North Stamford, Conn.**

Rienne is a tiny village on the Belgian border with France, just north of

***M. Desire Paquay died
in Rienne, Belgium on
Feb. 24, 2001, at age
94.***

the Ardennes Forest. Rita and I had dropped in on Desire Paquay in 1978 on a previous trip to Europe and had a most delightful and emotional visit with him and his wife.

I first met Desire Paquay the last week of April 1944, at the same house he lives in today in the village of Rienne. At that time I was part of a group of Allied airmen being hidden by a Belgian

Maquis unit operating in the Ardennes near the Belgian village of Alle.

We were supported by an Underground group in the village and received air drops of arms and explosives from the RAF. There were seven of us downed fliers in the Maquis group, five Americans and two RAF.

We had made a decision that we would strike out on our own for Switzerland. The escape route to Spain had pretty well been broken up by the Gestapo. We agreed that our best hope for rejoining our units was through Switzerland. The Maquis group offered to help us in any way possible.

We decided we would travel by train close to the border as we could get and strike out on foot from there. We had French identity cards which had been provided for us, utilizing the escape photos in our kits. However, we lacked the French work cards which had become mandatory for French citizens.

It turned out that F/O Colin Grannum and F/Sgt John Quinn, the two RAF men, had such cards. They told me that they had obtained them from a person named "Desire" in the village of Rienne. I went with the two RAF men to Rienne to attempt to obtain work cards for the rest of our group.

We went from Alle to Rienne by tram and there met Desire, his wife and 11-year-old daughter.

We stayed with Desire for a week; his hospitality was boundless. The food, wine and comfortable bed were a welcome change from the austere existence in our cabin in the forest. At the end of the week, Desire provided us with five *cartes de travail* which would enable our group to travel with more security.

Our group included, in addition to the two RAF men, Ben St. John (E&E 2350, now living in Palm Harbor, Fla.), and Sergeants Lawson and Farr. We left the Ardennes on May 3, 1944, bound for Switzerland. One of our Maquis friends served as guide to the rail station at Sedan and bought train tickets for the six in our group.

We entered Switzerland on May 9, crossing the border at a deep canyon of the Doubs River in the Jura Mountains, walking the last 75 miles from Besancon.



A grateful Louis Rodriguez places his arm around his 1944 benefactor, Desire Paquay, during a 1992 visit.

Escape: from the Russians

By **CARL FREDRICKSON**
Orange, Calif.

The draft board caught up with me while I was a student at the University of Minnesota in February 1943, resulting in my joining the Army Air Corps. After more than a year of intensive training, I was assigned as first pilot on a B-17 bomber.

Then my time had come to go to battle as a member of the 303rd Bomb Group, based at Molesworth, England.

A two-week training period was required before I would fly my first mission. While I waited, I watched our squadrons take off every day in early morning and return late afternoon. Each day there were planes that did not return.

I was only 22, and I began to realize that fear was with me every waking moment. One evening, the fear led to nausea and I could not finish my meal. On the way to quarters I was drawn to a small Protestant chapel along the road. I needed to get down on my knees.

I told God that I had to lead nine other men into combat and that I needed Him to take away my fear and provide me with the spiritual strength for the task at hand. That prayer was answered before I reached my quarters. Even during missions, I never again knew fear. Excitement, yes, but not the debilitating fear.

My tour of combat began in the fall of 1944 after Belgium and much of France had been liberated. During my first few missions I made four emergency landings because of battle damage. I limped into Brussels twice with two engines out, and into Paris twice with one engine out. There were no injuries to the crew.

My last mission on March 28, 1945, was to Berlin, with a 10 to 11-hour flight time expected and with poor weather conditions all the way.

Seconds after bomb release, a German

AA shell exploded beneath our plane.

We had four major problems: (1) One of four engines was operating. (2) A large section of the right wing tip was missing. (3) The oxygen supply was leaking. (4) Enemy fighters were attacking our squadron.

We started a descent from 30,000 feet to 20,000 because of the oxygen problem. We continued to descend and headed east toward the Russian front, expecting to make a belly landing.

We finally broke out of the clouds at about 400 feet and into a rainstorm. I spotted a plowed field with a 30-ft. cliff at the midpoint. With God's help, we cleared the cliff and bellied in.

The crash apparently had not been witnessed because of the weather, but it took only a short time to determine that we were still in German-occupied territory. We fled the scene and soon managed to reach Russian-held territory.

The Russians housed us in three Russian hospitals in Poland until a month after the war ended on May 6.

One day near the end of May, we were told that two soldiers would escort us on a freight train to Berlin to be repatriated to U.S. military control. After some five hours of travel, I decided that we were headed southeast toward Warsaw, not westward to Berlin. We learned from conversation with Polish citizens on the train that we probably were headed to labor gulags or perhaps assassination.

I realized we had to escape from the two soldiers before we reached our destination. After a few days, I observed that when we stopped at towns, the soldiers left us while they procured black bread and water for us. The two soldiers obviously believed that I could not run because of my leg wounds.

Our chance came at one of the small towns. I saw a freight train on an adjacent track starting to pull out in the

opposite direction. I opened the door on the opposite side of the car, jumped out and scrambled aboard a car of the other train. My crew followed.

I told the crew that we would jump off the train after an hour, which would give us about a 20-mile head start. We chose a section of track with ample adjacent undergrowth to hide in after we jumped. When the train was out of sight, we hid in a wooded area to rest and plan our next move.

Before we left the hospital, nurses asked for our military clothing so it could be cleaned for the trip. Two days later, they brought us civilian clothes and told us our uniforms had been lost. This turned out to be a blessing. Now we could melt into the Polish citizenry and not be detected.

It was evident that the Russian commissar back at the hospital had planned our trip to a labor camp. I believe his motive was to prevent us from returning to our military and revealing how the Russians were treating the Polish people.

Our goal was to get to Berlin on our own. It was a long trip and we walked, hitchhiked on freight trains, hitchhiked by automobile and used stolen bicycles. We stole the bicycles from the Russians late one night. My crewmates took turns towing me by attaching a rope to my bike.

About three days later while we were asleep in an abandoned house, our stolen bikes were stolen! There are thieves all over the world, it seems. Most of our travel was on freight trains.

We eventually arrived in Berlin, but at this time, the Russians would not allow the other Allies to occupy the city.

On about June 10, we escaped from what became Communist East Germany into British-occupied territory and finally, to U.S. military control.

I was down to 119 pounds.

Repository records stored in cardboard boxes

Since 1960, the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis has served as repository for military service and medical records. A former NPRC director said, "It's like one huge file cabinet."

The center is working diligently to install sophisticated computer systems, but currently operates as it did 50 years ago.

After the war and nine months in military hospitals, Carl finished his college degree and became an aeronautical engineer. He is now writing a book about his experiences. All the crewmen who flew with him on March 28, 1945, are deceased.

France gives a high honor to American

*From Special Forces Club Newsletter
Spring 2001 Issue*

(Adapted from an article by John-Thor Dahlburg in the Los Angeles Times, November 1999)

When Stephen J. Weiss, longtime Los Angeles resident, stood stiffly to attention and was kissed on the cheeks by a French general, it was one more remarkable moment in a remarkable life.

An enlistee in the U.S. Army more than half a century ago, he began smoking because it was silly for an 18-year-old to suck his thumb. He was an infantry private in Italy during World War II; participant in the invasion of southern France; went AWOL in Grenoble, hoping to party with the locals, then rejoined his unit; ended up fighting behind enemy lines with the French Resistance and the Office of Strategic Services.

Postwar, three strikingly different careers followed: as an editor at CBS and Consolidated Film Industries; as a Beverly Hills psychotherapist and, currently, as a London-based university lecturer and author on the raw realities of war.

"I never should have made it," said Weiss, 74, nursing a beer in a Paris cafe and looking back on his life. "But I made it."

Weiss had just been awarded the French Legion d'Honneur, becoming, according to high-ranking veterans of the French Resistance, the first American granted that distinction for having risked his life with this country's underground.

"France has become my spiritual and cultural home," Weiss said in a speech at the ceremony. The links have grown so intense that the veteran has left instructions that, upon his death, he is to be cremated and the ashes cast into the Rhone.

In 1990, President Jacques Chirac specifically expressed the wish that more be done to "reward Franco-American friendship," said Bernard Gilles, secretary-general of the Medal Holders of the French Resistance, to which Weiss already belonged. Weiss's was one of three dossiers to be approved by the French head of state in May 1999, Gilles said.

The ceremonies brought tears to Claudette Reynaud, 66, whose father hid Weiss and several other American soldiers from the Nazis in the hayloft of their farm in southern France. She thought back to when she was an 11-year-old girl and Weiss and the other young foreigners in olive drab came bolting through a peach orchard, desperate for shelter.

"I have a lot of emotions thinking about those Americans who came to save us," Reynaud said. "With this medal today, it is all those Americans who are honoured."



Stephen J. Weiss was among the first U.S. citizens to receive the coveted Legion d'Honneur for work with the French Underground.

After coming ashore on the Mediterranean shore of Provence in August 1944, Weiss and seven other men of the 36th Texas Infantry Division were separated from their unit during a firefight with the Germans. They hid in the loft of the Reynaud's farmhouse, then donned ill-fitting blue uniforms of the French police and were driven through German lines.

In the village of Alboussiere, Weiss was introduced to a captain in the Resistance, Francois Binoche, who had lost his arm in a gunfight. With only three years of French from his Brooklyn high school to help him communicate, Weiss was taken along on a mission to blow up a road bridge, where he stood guard with an old breech-loading rifle, and on an expedition to hunt for enemy stragglers.

Later that August, he was recruited by a captain in the OSS for behind-the-lines missions with the French. Through mid-September that year, Weiss helped cut telephone lines in southern France, guarded the OSS radio operator and went on night missions to recover material dropped to the Resistance by parachute.

After the war, Weiss kept in contact with the underground fighters and ordinary French people he had met, and came to the scenes of his wartime exploits whenever he felt the need of "replenishment."

For the Weiss family, the ceremony, held at the Paris museum honouring the French Resistance, was a joyous moment in a year that had also been marked by loss and sorrow. The very month that Chirac approved the decoration for Weiss, the woman to whom he had been married for 23 years died at the age of 68. They had been divorced since 1982, but remained close, Weiss said.



AIR FORCES

Escape & Evasion Society

Frank Lashinsky

Director

15 Wychwood Road, Old Lyme, CT 06371-1838
860-434-2434

RALPH K. PATTON
Chairman of the Board

Members respond generously to Helpers' Fund raffle

This year there were 472 members who responded generously to our Helpers Fund Raffle. Doing so, as a token of their gratitude to our Helpers, citizens who placed their possessions, family, and themselves at great personal risk by their acts. The 472 donors, totaled 57.42% of the members who received letters asking their cooperation in the raffle. The average donation was \$15.74, since many, added a supplemental donation, in addition to their \$10 donation for the raffle.

The total donated was \$7429.

After expenses for envelopes-letters-labels-raffle books, postage, and raffle prizes are deducted, and interest is added, AFEES cleared \$5828.29. This is goes to pay the cost of recognizing Helpers at our reunions.

Raffle Winners

First Prize \$500	Mrs Russell (Francene) Weyland,	Mc Henry IL
Second Prize \$250	Neal T Cobb	Carmel IN
Third Prize \$100	W.A. Thurston	Spokane WA
Fourth Prize \$75	Chuck Haupt	Sun City AZ
Fifth Prize \$50	Robert Blackburn	Downey CA

I am gratified, that despite the decline in our membership, the raffle continues to be a reliable support for the Helpers Fund

On behalf of the Officers and Directors of AFEES, in addition to myself, I want congratulate the winners, but most of all to thank all who made this raffle a success by their generous and active support.

Frank Lashinsky

'Rendezvous 127' captures wartime fears and feelings

BELGIAN RENDEZVOUS 127 REVISITED
By Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans

Reviewed by Ralph K. Patton

High school and college English required one to write numerous book reports, but a report was mostly read by the teacher only. How do you objectively review a book written by a dear friend, knowing that your report will be read by hundreds of interested readers?

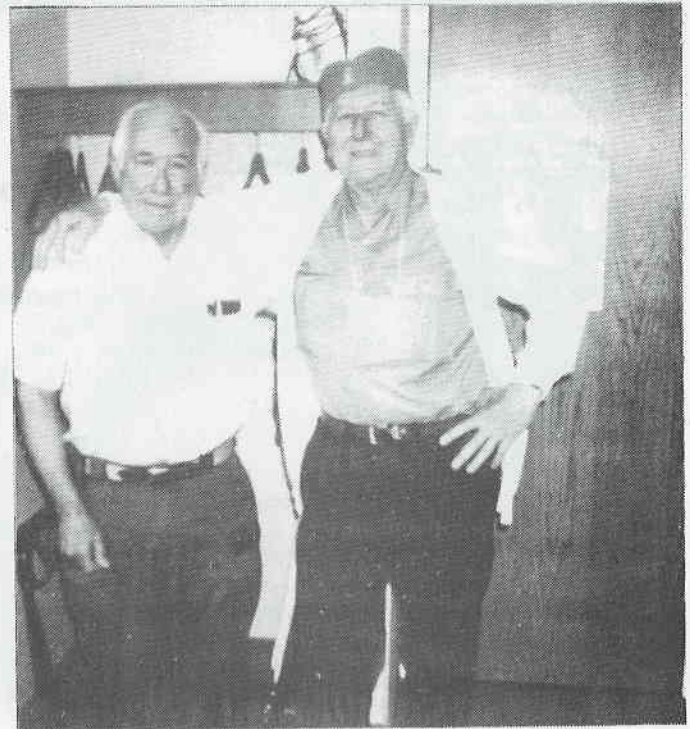
To begin with, I liked the book. Did I like it because a friend wrote it, or because it was good? Read it and judge for yourself. I can only give you my impressions.

Little Yvonne Brusselmans was old enough to know that her mother was sheltering airmen and to vividly recall some of the dangers and narrow escapes associated with this activity. With the benefit of her mother's diary and her book, published in 1954, Yvonne takes us with her and her family from the day of the German invasion of Belgium on May 10, 1940, until its liberation on Sept. 3, 1944.

The story of the Brusselmans family's attempt to reach England is action-packed, well-told, and totally frustrating, even to the reader. All American airmen helped by Madame Anne Brusselmans will appreciate more than ever what this family suffered in order to provide a safe haven for them.

Most recent books on escape and evasion have been written from an airman's perspective. *Belgian Rendezvous 127 Revisited* is different. It captures the feelings and fears of a Helper as colored by the memory of a young lady then in her early teens. Yvonne's love for and admiration of her mother is quite evident as one reads this thrilling account of how one Belgian family served their country and humanity.

BELGIAN RENDEZVOUS 127 REVISITED might not make the New York Times best seller list (on second thought, it might!), but it certainly should make the AFEES best seller list. You can order it directly from AFEES Director, Yvonne Daley Brusselmans at 1962 Brae Moor Drive, Dunedin, FL 34698. It is \$17, plus \$1.50 book rate postage, or \$3.95 priority mail.



Robert I. Wilson (left) and Miodrag D. Pesich met at the May 2000 Escape & Evasion reunion in Columbia, Mo.

Robert rescued by the Chetniks

By MIODRAG D. PESICH
President, Association of American Pilot Rescuers
Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Robert I. Wilson of Peoria, Ill., and I met last year during the reunion of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society in Columbia, Mo.

Robert was born in Sacramento, Calif., the third generation of immigrants in America. His father was Scottish and his mother was Czech (Bohemian). After World War II, Robert worked as a mechanical engineer for Caterpillar in Peoria, where he still lives in retirement.

While I was chatting with friends in the library, Robert approached me with a paper bag in his hand. He emptied the contents on the table. It was his mementoes from the Second World War.

They included photos of his aircrew from a plane knocked down, photographs of the Chetniks who rescued them, and the photo of a knife that was given to him by the Chetnik commander Gasha.

Then, the map of the place his B-24 crashed, photos of Chetnik emblems, even the photo of the handle of his parachute. Then he told me his story:

"I belonged to the 483rd Bombardment Group of the 15th Air Force. On our return from a raid on Ploesti, my damaged Liberator crashed near

the village of Bunare in Serbia on 15 July 1944. The entire crew successfully jumped from the aircraft which crashed in flames.

"We were rescued right in front of the Germans' noses by the Chetnik commander Jovan Petrovic, called Gasha, who took us to a safe place in a village called Misevic, on the hillside of Juhor Mountain. I stayed for six weeks in the homes of Serbian villagers in Misevic and Crnce. On Aug. 27, 1944, we were evacuated from the Chetnik airport in Galovica Poljana to Italy.

"I have many fond memories about my stay with Serbian families. All of them behaved as true friends and allies," Robert said, finishing his story.

After my return to Yugoslavia, I wrote a lengthy story about Robert and it was published with photographs in a weekly magazine called *Pogledi* (Views).

The aircrew of Robert I. Wilson was one of about 60 crews of American airmen rescued by Gen. Mihajlovic's Chetnik forces in 1944 in Serbia.

I have written a book about Serbian rescuers of American aircrews and am trying to have it published in English for distribution in the U.S.A. The title is *Operation Air Bridge*.

For more about *Operation Air Bridge*, see Page 26, Spring 2001 issue of *Communications*.



The Chetnik emblem, worn on caps



AMERICANS WITH CHETNIKS -- From the left: A Chetnik, Robert L. Marshall, Antony J. Orsini, Donald E. Lohendorf, Robert I. Wilson, another Chetnik, Michael O'Keefe, Leonard M. Brothers, another Chetnik, Roy J. Bowers, Lawrence T. Norton, William B. Harwell, another Chetnik, Russel W. Burney.

A toast to those American bombers

By **VIRGIL MARCO**
Dallas, Tex.

On the morning of June 6, 1944, the invasion news swept across France. The prospect of being free again created French patriotism beyond belief. This excitement reached the village of Remilly-Allicourt, where at the crack of dawn many young men were seen peddling their bicycles as fast as they could to the nearby woods to become a Resistance fighter.

Jean Cordie did want more than anything to be one of the young men joining the Resistance. However, his wife, Alcidie, gave birth on April 18 to a new baby boy they named Francis. Because of his new responsibility to Alcidie and Francis, Jean had to find another way to serve his country and the Allied cause.

One of his friends with the Resistance informed him that two American airmen had traveled to their village looking for help. They needed food and shelter for a few days before heading for Switzerland.

Jean was more than happy to offer help. The two Americans were Joseph A. Rhodes, a B-17 top turret gunner with the 305th Bomb Group and Peter M. Clark, a B-24 tail gunner with the 445th Group.

Joe went down April 24, 1944, near Leuze, France, and Pete's bomber was shot down on April 12, 1944, south of Liege, Belgium. Both with help walked to Revin, France, near the French-Belgian border, where they met while hiding with the Maquis of Revin.

Shortly after D-Day, the ranks of the Maquis became so large that the Gestapo became suspicious of the activity in the nearby forest. On June 12, the Maquis was attacked. The war lasted three days.

Most of the Maquis members were annihilated in the battle or murdered when captured. Joe and Pete managed to escape. They left about June 20, hoping to reach safety in Switzerland.

They traveled by train to Sedan, where they met a friendly truck driver who gave them a ride to Remilly-Aillicourt. They soon met Jean Cordier and became his "Dutch cousins," invited to see his new son and attend the upcoming baptism.

Many of Jean and Alcidie's friends arrived at the church for the baptism where he introduced his Dutch cousins and let everyone know that they could not speak French.

During the baptism ceremony, the familiar roar of heavy bombers flying toward Germany caused a pause in the proceedings. Everyone was silently listening to the planes when a woman spoke out in a loud voice, *"If there were only some Americans here, I would offer them a drink!"* She did not realize that she was seated next to two Americans, Joe and Pete.

After eight days with the Jean Cordier family, Joe and Pete decided that it was time to continue their travels. They found a ride to Miercourt, where they

found refuge with another French family until Sept. 3, 1944, when they were liberated by advancing U.S. ground forces.

Today, Francis remembers this story, told him by his father who died last January. His mother died of cancer in 1969. Francis found a photo of Joe and Pete in his father's effects and is mailing it to Joe Rhodes, who now lives in Virginia. (Joe, the Editor needs this photo for publication!)

Francis and his wife, Nicole, have two daughters, Catherine and Caroline. Caroline lives in California and Catherine lives in Sedan, France. Francis speaks and writes English quite well. He and Nicole are planning a trip this summer to visit Caroline.

+++++

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY FINANCIAL STATEMENT (Cash Receipts and Disbursements) For Year Ending Dec. 31, 2000

RECEIPTS:			
ANNUAL DUES		5,373.00	
LIFE MEMBERSHIPS		1,800.00	
GIFTS		1,430.00	
POST EXCHANGE - RECEIPTS	2,156.38		
- DISBURSEMENTS	679.00	1,477.38	
INTEREST		666.48	
RAFFLE - RECEIPTS	6,630.78		
- DISBURSEMENTS	1,397.63	5,233.15	
MISCELLANEOUS		175.00	
TOTAL RECEIPTS			16,155.01
DISBURSEMENTS:			
NEWS LETTER		3,871.31	
MEMBERSHIP		800.09	
POSTAGE		1,492.72	
REUNION - DISBURSEMENTS	32,350.62		
- RECEIPTS	29,822.50	2,528.12	
MISCELLANEOUS		1,648.47	
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS			10,340.71
			5,814.30
EXCESS OF RECEIPTS			33,001.93
CASH BALANCE - BEGINNING			38,816.23
CASH BALANCE - ENDING			
SUMMARY OF ENDING CASH BALANCE			
CHECKING ACCOUNT		25,705.61	
CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT		13,110.62	
TOTAL		38,816.23	

Don't water the wine; 'It'll rust your pipes'

By **HERBERT RUUD**
Seattle, Wash.

I was on my first mission as an engineer/top turret gunner on a B-17 when the plane was shot down by the Germans and crashlanded 40 km north of Bordeaux. It was Jan. 5, 1944, at 10:40 a.m.

As the German fighter pilot watched and followed, the pilot ditched the plane. All the crew safely evacuated. Knowing they had been followed, the crew soon set the plane afire and prepared to get away.

Three officers stuck together and went one way, seeking safety. Three other enlisted men and the bombardier ventured off together. The other three men formed another group.

With radio operator Elton Aldridge and waist gunner Humbarto Rocha, I started walking. The area was swampy and it was cold, but fair. We walked about two hours, our footsteps breaking ice in the mud and water. As we walked, we could see smoke from the burning place and could hear the .50 caliber ammunition aboard the plane exploding.

We soon found some French people in the woods, gathering fuel. We traded our flight suits for the clothes of the wood gatherers. We also gave them our escape kit money, our sidearms and rations before starting out again.

The three of us approached several farmers before we found someone willing to help us. We finally were admitted to a farmhouse occupied by a woman, her daughter and the daughter's son, who was about 17 years old. We were given food and comfort and I slept in a big bed under a big down comforter; I will never forget it.

Fortunately, we had found folks associated with the Resistance. The youth went into Bordeaux and notified his father, who was a member of the Underground. He came to the farm with two Frenchmen and interrogated us. We convinced them of our authenticity and they agreed to help us. The youth rounded up three more bicycles and took us into Bordeaux, right under the noses of the Germans.

We stayed at the father's paint shop, where we hid out for several days, moving often to escape detection.

One day the Frenchman caught us watering down the wine to make it last longer and cautioned us not to dilute the wine because "it would rust our pipes."

Meanwhile, the Underground was working on our behalf and arranged for us to be taken to the railway station where we were hidden in a false compartment beneath the coal car behind the engine. In this tight space, the three of us traveled as far as the train could take us, to the base of the Pyrenees.

After that, we were transferred to a Cadillac powered by a charcoal burner in the trunk.

The French then turned us over to Basque smugglers who were to take us across the mountains into Spain.

The smugglers, or by a more polite name, contraband runners, knew the way. Humbarto Rocha spoke Spanish, so he could interpret.

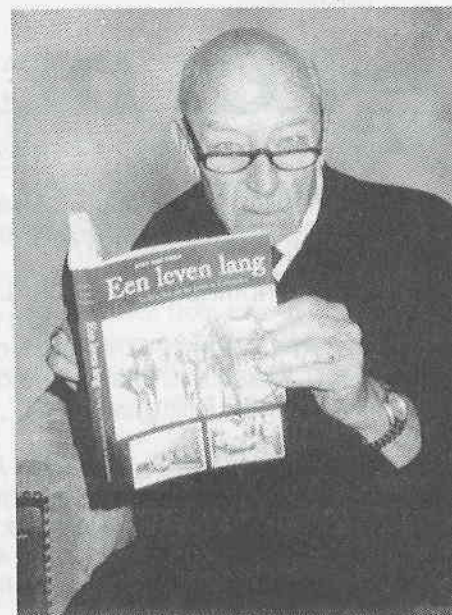
The Basque led us to the top of the Pyrenees and pointed to a small stream winding through the rocks. Leaving us there, the guides told us to follow the stream down the mountain and we would reach safety.

We crossed the border near a village. In the village we were arrested by the Spanish Civil Guard and held in a small hotel, under guard, for about two weeks before the U.S. government checked us out and escorted us to Pamplona.

The team of officers (including the editor) evaded via Barcelona and we were all reunited at the military attache's office in Madrid. Then it was on to Gibraltar, where the British took over our care.

A month later, I was flown to London for interrogation and returned to the U.S. on April 1, 1944.

Both Herbert and the editor were members of the Richard Stakes crew, 96 Bomb Grp. After the war, Herb worked for the Hoover Company for 43 years in California and Seattle. Nowadays, he gardens, walks for his health and is active in the Rotary Club of West Seattle.



Piet van Veen and his book

Piet van Veen of Leimuiden, Holland, was proud of having lived to the year 2000, and writing and editing "his book." Born Oct. 22, 1919, he died Nov. 9, 2000, in Leimuiden.

In 1947, he married "Pietje" and became the father of four children. In 1950 he started his own tailor shop.

During the war, he joined the Dutch Resistance movement. As a Helper, he attended many AFEEs reunions.

Francis Xavier Harkins

Francis Xavier Harkins, 79, of Midlothian, Va., died Jan. 2, 2001.

He was a career civil servant with the Dept. of Transportation (FAA). He was a member of the Disabled American Veterans, the Knights of Columbus, the Air Force Escape & Evasion Society, the 390th Bomb Group Veterans Association, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Survivors include his wife of 57 years, Doris; one son and four daughters.

Odette Bizouarn Dumais

Odette Bizouarn Dumais, widow of the late Captain Lucien A. Dumais, passed away April 6, 2001, in Quebec. She was 77.

Her husband was captured at Dieppe, escaped from a POW train, made his way to Marseille and escaped from France via the Pat O'Leary line.

He later volunteered to be parachuted into France as c/o of Réseau Shelburne, which was responsible for the evacuation of 94 American airmen in early 1944.

Captain Dumais died June 10, 1993.

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

- #272 William H. Booth "L", Greensburg, Pa., 100 BG, April 6, 2001
 #1411 Merrill A. Caldwell, Hampton Cove, Ala., 390 BG, April 27, 2001
 #1099 Thomas W. Cannon "L", Henderson, Nev., 354 FG, March 31, 2001
 12 AF Eldon H. Dahl "L", Bozeman, Mont., 99 BG, Oct. 2000
 #115 Francis X. Harkins, Midlothian, Va., 390 BG, Jan. 2, 2001
 9 AF Ike K. Killingsworth "L", 371 FG, Longview, Tex., May 16, 2001
 #716 Walter A. Mize "L", Athens, Ga., 384 BG, July 2000
 8 AF Max Palenica, Phoenix, Ariz., 453 BG, Dec. 9, 1999
 #1859 Theodore M. Peterson "L", Bountiful, Utah, 379 BG, May 14, 2001
 #540 David Warner "L", Melrose, Mass., 92 BG, July 17, 2000

HELPERS

- Mme. Lisa FLAMENT, Waterloo, Belgium
 Mr. Desire PAQUAY, Rienne, France, Feb. 24, 2001
 Mme. Odette DUMAIS, Quebec, Canada, April 6, 2001
 Mr. Bernardus G. WIJS, Rotterdam, Holland, April 20, 2001
 Capt. Nick A. LALICH (OSS Yugo.), Baltimore, Md., May 11, 2001
 Mr. Charles P. van der SLUIS, Schiedam, Holland, Feb. 15, 2001

Ike Kiel Killingsworth

Services for Col. Ike Kiel Killingsworth, 83, were conducted Wednesday, May 23, 2001, in Longview, Tex. He died May 16 in San Diego, Calif.

A lifelong educator and civil servant, Col. Killingsworth was an instructor at Midwestern State University and later, at the U. S. Air Force Intelligence School at Lowry AFB, Denver, Colo. He retired from the Air Force School of Aerospace Medicine at Brook AFB, San Antonio, Tex., in 1977 and moved to his family home and farm in Longview.

In World War II through Vietnam, Col. Killingsworth flew more than 100 combat P-47 missions.

On Aug. 27, 1944, he was leading a flight of Thunderbolts on a mission to cut rail lines from Dijon back to the Loire River. His plane was hit by German fire and he bailed out. He was taken to Alligny-Cosne where, as the first American to arrive there, he was received by the mayor and the townspeople who gave him bouquets of flowers, handshakes and embraces.

A spontaneous parade was formed with Killingsworth carrying the French

flag and the mayor, the American flag.

He was returned to Allied lines and taken to Patton's 35th Infantry Division headquarters. He was flown back to England, where he resumed flying on Sept. 11, 1944, and flew 20 more missions.

On the 40th anniversary of his bailout, the town of Alligny-Cosne used a special postmark on mail in honor of the occasion. The cancellation showed a P-47, a parachute and his picture.

Edgar Mathias Demel

Edgar Mathias Demel of Houston, Tex., died Feb. 16, 2001. He was born Sept. 14, 1923.

As a bombardier with the 460th Bomb Group of the 15th Air Force, he was shot down twice, wounded, captured and became a Prisoner of War. He received the Purple Heart, POW medal and four ETO battle stars.

He attended Texas A&M University, where he received a degree in architecture with the Class of 1945.

He retired in 1989 as manager of architecture with Houston Power & Light Co.

Services were held Feb. 19 at St. Michaels Catholic Church in Needville.



Theodore M. Peterson

Theodore Melvin Peterson, a longtime resident of Bountiful, Utah, died May 14, 2001, in the Norwalk (Conn.) hospital. Death was attributed to pneumonia caused by complications following a fall.

He was born in Woods Cross, Utah, on Oct. 24, 1919, and married Heann Grace Wendrich on Dec. 26, 1942, in the Salt Lake Temple.

A B-17 pilot, Lt. Peterson was shot down over occupied France and escaped with the aid of the French Resistance. Years later, he reunited with those who assisted him and became an active member of the Escape & Evasion Society.

As a member of the 379th Bomb Group, he was shot down bombing submarine pens at St. Nazaire on May 29, 1943. With Underground help, he made his way to Spain by way of Plourhan, Paris, Toulouse and Foix. He went over the Pyrenees to Barcelona, Madrid and Gibraltar. He returned to England on Aug. 16, 1943, one of the first Americans to evade capture.

In 1987, he was invited to Plourhan for the dedication of a monument made from engine parts from his plane that had been submerged in the ocean for 42 years.

After the war, the Petersons settled in St. George, Utah, where he established a real estate and insurance brokerage. He served on the city council and was president of the Rotary Club. After 17 years they moved to Las Vegas, Nev., where they lived until 1970, when they returned to Davis County.

He was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and served in many leadership positions in the church, including bishop, high councilor, counselor in two stake presidencies, associate director of Temple Square and a full-time mission to the Chicago Temple and sealer in the Chicago and Salt Lake temples.

In charge of Halyard Mission

Nick Lalich led a OSS rescue team

From the Baltimore (Md.) Sun
May 2001

Nick A. Lalich, a retired U.S. Department of Commerce trade specialist who served with the Office of Strategic Services in Yugoslavia during World War II helping to rescue and evacuate downed Allied flyers, died May 11, 2001, of esophageal cancer at the Gilchrist Center for Hospice Care in Baltimore. He was 85.

He retired in 1984 from the Department of Commerce.

The son of Serbian immigrants, Mr. Lalich was born in Lorain, Ohio, and raised in Cleveland. He earned a bachelor's degree in industrial arts from Ohio State University in 1938 and a master's degree from Columbia University in New York. He was an industrial arts teacher in Cleveland shortly before America entered World War II.

He entered the Army as a Signal Corps officer, but his knowledge of the Serbian language attracted the attention of the OSS, the predecessor agency to the CIA, which recruited him.

Mr. Lalich's daughter, Stephanie L. Adams of North Baltimore, said her father led a colorful life that included "lots of secret missions" for the United States in the Balkans during World War II.

A 1988 article, "Heroes of the O.S.S.: Nick Lalich," in the magazine

Serb World USA recounted his exploits.

While serving at OSS headquarters in Bari, Italy, Mr. Lalich was a key figure in one of the war's greatest rescue efforts.

Allied bombers based in Italy destroyed the vital oilfields at Ploesti, Romania, which supplied Nazi Germany with 7 million tons of oil a year. About 350 bombers were lost in the raids, which began in 1943 and ended in 1944.

Many of the planes were shot down as they crossed Yugoslavia, and their crews were rescued by the Yugoslavs. When the Air Crew Rescue Unit plan, code named "Halyard Operation," was formed in 1944, Mr. Lalich was put in charge of the mission. In four months, about 550 airmen, mainly Americans of the 15th Air Force, had been rescued by the unit.

Mr. Lalich and crews aboard C-47 airplanes flew perilous night missions, landing in farm fields and at other landing strips to pick up the airmen.

"Not one plane, not one life was lost. It was superb," said George Vujnovich, fellow OSS officer and friend for nearly 60 years. Vujnovich was the OSS control officer in Bari.

"(Mr. Lalich) was absolutely fearless and very courageous," said Mr. Vujnovich of Jackson Heights, N.Y.

While working for the OSS, Mr. Lalich became close to Gen. Drasha Mihailovich, the Chetnik leader who

headed a rival resistance group to Marshall Tito's guerrillas.

After the war, Mr. Lalich fought unsuccessfully to save General Mihailovich from execution by the Yugoslav government, which had charged him with treason and collaboration with the Nazis.

Former U.S. Rep. Helen D. Bentley, a Maryland Republican and a childhood friend of Lalich's late wife, said Lalich was proud of his heritage and of the role Serbs played during the war.

"He was a very proud Serb who found the (1999) U.S. bombing of Serbia heartbreaking," she said. "He did deplore the actions of former Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic and others of that ilk. And he always talked about how the Serbs had tied up 30 Nazi divisions, which saved the Allies during World War II. Later, he spent many years touring the U.S., telling the story of the exploits of Serbian-Americans during the war."

After the war, Mr. Lalich was discharged as a captain and later worked for the CIA in Greece from 1952 to 1957. He then was an account executive for a major advertising agency in New York.

After moving to Baltimore in the early 1960s, he joined the Department of Commerce.

In 1952, he married Mira Vukceovich, who died in 1993.

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The editor has the last word

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

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Take it from me, the word **PAMPER** took on a new meaning for those of us who topped the Spokane reunion with a cruise to Alaska.

Travel Agent Shirley Callighen promised the group that "You will be pampered like you've never been pampered before." So true.

From early morning freshly-squeezed orange juice to the precisely turned down blanket at evening, the crew of the ms Statendam seemed to be intent on providing the answer to every whim!

Of course, there was entertainment and action aplenty. And as a special surprise, our daughter-in-law won a free Holland-American cruise at Bingo!

The award for the best wisecrack at Spokane must go to Bob Davey of Indianola, Iowa. When President Dick was introducing first-time reunioneers, he asked Bob, "And what brought you folks to Spokane this year?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Bob came back with, "My wife's 1994 Lincoln."

On our layover in Salt Lake City on the return from Spokane, my AFEES cap caught the attention of Duran Vickery of Louisiana, a WW2 fighter pilot. He said he was a friend of AFEES member Tom

Grima of Metairie. Vic, we would welcome you as a Friend member.

MIA Hunters is a self-funded, not-for-profit organization based in Shakopee, Minn. It is operated by Bryan Moon and his son Chris, who have made several successful searches of WWII missing servicemen.

Military Historian Stephen Ambrose has written a tribute to those men who flew the *OTHER* 4-engine bomber. *The Wild Blue: the Men and Boys who Flew the B24s over Germany 1944-45* will be in the bookstores in August.

From Dalhart in the Panhandle to Harlingen in the Rio Grande Valley, Texas had 65 army air fields in WW2. Tom Alexander, an Air Force navigator now living in Fredericksburg, has written *The Stars Were Big and Bright*, which contains a brief description of each airfield, an index and a state map showing locations.

Now we have a U.S. postage stamp that honors the nation's 25 million veterans. The 34-cent stamp featuring the American flag waving against a blue sky and the phrase "Honoring Veterans" has been on sale since May 24.

The 485th Bomb Group's next reunion will be Sept. 6-9, Hilton Hotel

Downtown, Harrisburg, PA. Contact: Lynn Cotterman, 6425 Dorado Beach, NE, Albuquerque, NM 87111.

A nice note from Jacques and Letti Vrij showed up in the mail, addressed to members of AFEES:

"We returned to our home in Rijswijk (Holland) and would like to thank you very much for your hearty reception at your reunion in Spokane. We could speak with old friends and we could meet new friends. We don't forget these special days!"

There's a reason this issue of *Communications* is reaching you about a month late. In late May, my bride of 57+ years went into the hospital for minor surgery and had a heart attack the day after surgery. That led to open heart surgery and a lengthy convalescence.

Ruth is doing fine, but things have been in the hectic mode around here for the past few weeks.

As friend Joe Manos puts it: As the years go by we more or less "Wing It" and take what comes.

I expect to resume the regular publication schedule, with the next issue due out in September.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Trouble with being a leader is that sometimes you can't tell whether people are following you or chasing you.

--Stolen from the *Scandal Sheet*

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