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June 11, 2009



Translated from a German-language newspaper in Occupied Greece

Seven North American planes were shot down after an attack on the Greek town of Salonikis. The flight crew of the planes were able to survive the crash.

A few hours afterwards they were led through the town on their way to prison.

The people of the town watched the prisoners partly with curiosity and partly with cold disdain. Hurtful curses were heard.

The prisoners themselves took no notice of the barbaric devastation that their attack on a peaceful Greek town had caused.

See story of a reunion 64 years later, Page 22.

U.S. AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY
COMMUNICATIONS

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OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

FOUNDER AND HONORARY CHAIRMAN: Ralph K. Patton,
Apt. #1205, 8100 Connecticut Ave., Chevy Chase MD 20815;
Phone 218-657-4478; Fax 301-657-4479

PRESIDENT AND COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR: Larry
Grauerholz, PO Box 2501, Wichita Falls TX 76307-2501;
Phone 940-692-6700

PAST PRESIDENT:

Richard M. Smith, 36214 Augustana Drive, Battle Lake, MN 56515-9458
Summer Phone 218-495-2106; Fax 218-495-3000

VICE PRESIDENT: Beverly Patton Wand, 37 Crescent Rd.,
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EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT: Lynn A. David, 923 S. Mason
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Betty F. Hennessy, 13141 Hart Place, Cerritos CA 90703
Phone: 562-921-1494

MEMBERSHIP & CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:

Richard P. Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson PA 16630-0254
Phone: 814-886-2735; <rshandor@hotmail.com>

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WEB MASTER:

Don Thorpe, 1087 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, UT 84105
<dt@donthorpe.com>

OTHER DIRECTORS:

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Mary Spinning Shier, 267 W. Barnes Lake Road, Columbiaville, MI 48421

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

SUMMER 2009

The Prez Sez

By Richard M. Smith
<afeesone@hotmail.com>

*Good Morning from bright and
sunny Ottertail Lake:*

For the first time in 44 years
and 11 months, I no longer have a
position on the AFEES Board of
Directors. For Margaret and
myself, AFEES has opened many
interesting doors and exposed us to
many interesting people. My time
with AFEES has been most
interesting and educational. In
Minnesota, we call it "A Good
Shed."

In all my years with the Board,
we have never had a cross word or
any unsolved problems. I was
delighted to witness the smooth
transition from one Board of
Directors to another.

I was remiss in not thanking
Gerry Dechambre for his service
to the Board. He served twice,
once early on and then in the last
few years. I also forgot Rich
Shandor and Beverly Patton
Wand, two who did much work in
the transition. I do apologize!

I wish the new Board smooth
sailing and an interesting group of
reunions like their predecessors
had. We have had some dandies!

Thanks for making all this
happen over the last 45 years.

I hope to see you in Colorado
Springs in 2010!

s/RICHARD M. SMITH

*Dayton reunion
coverage begins
on Page 9*

Harry fought his own private war

From the North Star, Parry Sound, Ont.
November 1984

Harry Middell died on Oct. 27, 1984, in his 86th year.

Most people here near Georgian Bay never heard of Harry Middell. That is, with the exception of his daughter Lemmy and his son-in-law, John Triemstra, who live in Humphrey Township and to whom Harry Middell's death means a great deal.

But his life! Ah, that is a different matter! For if you believe that the sacrifices, the deaths, the grievous wounds, the anguish of loved ones made our country a safe place to live in, freedom for you and yours, then Harry Middell's life must have that meaning for you.

His actions, his courage, his indomitable spirit was the same as those displayed by our sailors, soldiers and airmen who brought the threat of domination to a halt during World War II and gradually beat it back to the source from which it had sprung. Harry was, in all ways, a freedom fighter but his was a very private war.

He and others like him wore no uniform but fought the enemy, harassed and confused him in ways conventional forces were unable to do.

Before the German army swept into Holland and occupied it Harry sensed what was in store for his country and made his preparations. A respected and successful businessman in a village near the German border, he continued to operate his business but, at the same time, carried out clandestine operations, along with others he could trust, at great personal risk to himself and to his family.

There were dramatic forays such as when the

group, dressed in German uniforms, took over a jail and released political prisoners. Or the time when they rescued a trainload of young men destined to be taken away for slave labour.

There were other occasions. Allied airmen who had been shot down were rounded up and hidden in his own home before being passed along the escape route.

Then' there was the time when the Germans became suspicious of Harry and were about to arrest him when, with a little luck and quick thinking, he slipped away to spend the rest of the war years in hiding but continued his underground struggle against the oppressors.

The Middell family, particularly his wife Lemke, were also involved in the day-to-day living with terror but they were freedom fighters too with the same indomitable spirit as their husband and father.

Even Lemmy, only in her early teens when war ended, acted upon occasion in the dangerous job of courier, carrying important messages to members of the underground. The family's war was one which lasted for five years with the fear of discovery ever present in their minds --a nerve-wracking, terror-inducing type of conflict.

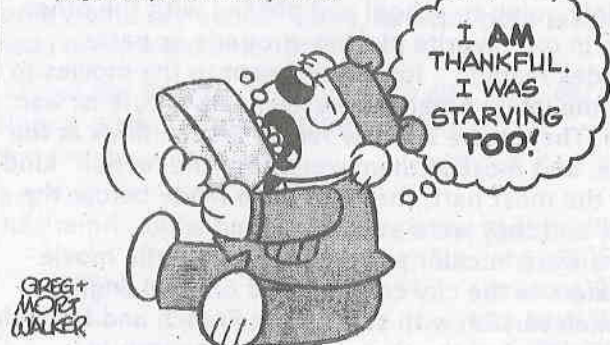
Harry eventually emigrated to Canada and lived quietly with his wife in the Grimsby area.

He did not consider himself a hero, in fact refused to allow his name to be put forward to receive the Silver Resistance Cross from a grateful country. It was only last year that his wife quietly arranged to have the medals, one for him and one for her, sent to Canada and presented.

Lemke died in March 1984 in her 81st year.



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A Young Boy and the "Good" War

© Edouard RENIÈRE

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

Reading and going to the movies

(Continued from Spring issue, pages 27-29)

As I perfected my reading abilities, I read comic books and war-related stories in youth magazines. There were stories about the sinking of the Bismarck, the Résistance fighters in France and Belgium, the exploits of British pilots notably during the Battle of Britain and in the Dam Raids, accounts of D-Day in Normandy and the battles that followed, about RAF and USAAF fighter and bomber pilots in their raids over Germany, about the Doolittle raid on Tokyo in 1942, the Marines in the Pacific.

In August of that same year came news of the atom bombs dropped on Japan, then VJ-day and the end of the "good" war, as author Studs Terkel called it years later... That was the last great explosion of collective joy that I experienced, but I have no specific recollection of what I did on that day. In 1947, we had another, more local but not less joyful, occasion to rejoice: the clock of our church came back from Germany! It had been taken down by the Germans in 1943, for the same reason that practically all church bells in Belgium, Holland and France were stolen: melting the metal so it could be used to make bullet and shell covers. By what circumstances and luck our bell was saved I don't know, but I remember that almost every citizen of our Commune, believer or not, was there to watch the proceedings and the hoisting of the bell back into place at the top of the church tower.

My life in the immediate post-war years was mainly going to school and playing with the other kids in our favorite playing-grounds or parks. Besides reading a lot, I often went to the movies to see the latest American western, adventure or war film. There were still few recent French films at the time, and most of them weren't of the "action" kind. For the most part, they had been made before the war, and they were all in black and white. American films were in color and were shown in the movie-theaters in the city centre in the original English-spoken version with subtitles in French and Flemish (the second of the three official languages in

Belgium.) We had to wait a few weeks before dubbed French-language versions (voiced-over in French studios, with Flemish subtitles) were available that were shown in less central theatres like the ones in my neighborhood. It often happened that we couldn't wait to see the dubbed version so late after the first showings in the city, so we went, Dad, Mom, my brother and I, almost every Saturday or Sunday evening to see a film in the city. If the film was good, we had a chance to see it again a few weeks later in French. I remember the trailers and the excitement at the thought we would next week see another of those fine films in a theatre not only "near you", but right downstairs.

We saw quite a lot of films in those years after the war and some of them were about the war itself. Among the many documentaries my brother and I, as well as all our friends, were so avid to see were "The Fighting Lady" about the carrier war in the Pacific, official films about the landings in Normandy, the RAF's glorious days during the Battle of Britain, the Battle of the Bulge ("La bataille des Ardennes" as we know it.) There was "The True Glory", one of the best ever made, in my opinion, summing up the war in Europe from D-Day to Berlin.

There was a spate of Hollywood war films until far in the fifties. In retrospect and having seen some on TV long afterwards, not so many of these were really good films, neither in the acting nor in the rendering of the "real" war. Some stay in my memory as being the best of the lot: "Battleground", with Van Johnson and James Whitmore; "A Walk in the Sun", with Dana Andrews; "Objective Burma", with Erroll Flynn; later, "Sands of Iwo Jima", with John Wayne, "Twelve O'Clock High", with Gregory Peck.

A trip to the Ardennes

We youngsters who had lived through the war years and especially those my age who hadn't

understood too well what had happened around us in those times were eager to learn a maximum on the "historical" events. Our history teacher was in his forties. Some were saying he had been a résistant during the war, but he himself always stayed evasive about it, just saying there was a job to be done and that it was only normal. In 1948, when I was ten and the youngest of my class, that teacher organized a trip through the Ardennes region for our group. He took us to places like Bastogne, Laroche, Houffalize, towns and villages where many damaged houses could still be seen, the reconstruction having barely started, as everywhere in Belgium at the time, especially in rural areas. Our family wasn't traveling much in those days and except for one trip to the seaside, this was my first visit outside Brussels. The teacher explained the terrain (wise thing I had taken a good map with me), gave details about the Battle of the Bulge and about the American and German forces that had fought there only a few years back.

On the Place Mc Auliffe in Bastogne, we climbed on top of a Sherman tank (it still stands there) and from there we left towards Henri-Chapelle to visit the US military cemetery there. I think it was still a temporary burying place at the time because I don't remember having seen any big building or monument anywhere around, as there is in the present-day beautiful resting place. There were 10,000 graves there our teacher told us. All we could see were crosses, white crosses all over on that large, barren field. The teacher told us that the men buried there were young people from all over the United States, many of them 18, 19, 20-year olds... These boys could have been our older brothers or cousins and they were resting here in our country so far from their homes. That thought and the sight of so many graves really struck us and moved us very deeply. I remember on the return trip right after that sad visit, nobody said very much in the motor-coach, except an occasional "Have you seen those crosses, all those crosses !? God !..."

It was from that time on that I became still more interested in everything that could be read about the war, especially the US part in the conflict. I read (more and more in English as I was learning it as a third language in school and had a little help and encouragement from my father) stories about the "ordinary" American doughboys, flyboys, sailors, leathernecks who had passively or actively participated one way or the other in the conflict. I read, among many others, Bill Mauldin's "UP FRONT", Ernie Pyle's "BRAVE MEN", Bert Stiles' "SERENADE to the BIG BIRD", "YANK, the GI Story of the War", "CARRIER WAR". I bought booklets issued during and right after the war by Information

agencies about battles in Africa, Europe, the Pacific. I acquired back issues of "LIFE" Magazine from late 1944 and 1945 that could be found here, even some copies of "YANK The Army Weekly" of the same years where I began to really understand the little picture in the words of the US servicemen themselves. I am an avid reader of all kinds of books and articles covering many subjects and I can't explain why I'm so particularly interested in stories about World War Two but that's the way it is...

Finis

What I had started writing as a short description of my "memories of war", has become a rather lengthy thing after all. I think this is due to the fact that, in order to facilitate the comprehension, I had to expand on my memory "flashes", thoughts that are oftentimes nothing more than just that: flashes, pictures, "still shots", often detached from any context and that sometimes came, and still occasionally come, to my mind. I am surprised to note that, strangely, almost all of these memory flashes are in black and white or shades of gray, sometimes blurred on the sides like when they showed somebody's dream in old movies. Very few scenes in my recollections of that time are in color. One of these few is about the wounded Germans at the Place Morichar infirmary where I always see the red blotches on the bandages.

A final note: The fact that I wrote this modest piece is because I wanted to share my experience as a child during the war in an occupied European country with Americans who were also involved in the conflict or lived his or her own experience through it. My thoughts go especially towards US veterans, whether they were in the European Theater of Operations or in the Pacific.

I want to expressly state here that I, along with many Belgians of my generation and older, will ever be grateful to all the men and women, from many nations and especially in the US Armed Forces, who came to liberate us from a totalitarian regime. If any veteran isn't sure of why he fought or why he or she was involved, I dare hope he or she has no doubts about it anymore. This seems so banal, some would say almost corny, to write but I really mean every word of it.

From the bottom of my heart to all those "old soldiers" and to those who passed away,

MERCI & God

Bless You.

Brussels, March 2002.
© Edouard RENIÈRE
Dieweg 296
B - 1180 BRUSSELS
BELGIUM

Thousands honor Doolittle Raiders at 67th Reunion

WASHINGTON (AFNS) --

Thousands of people, young and old, gathered to honor five of the nine surviving Doolittle Raiders at the 67th Reunion in Columbia, S.C., April 16 to 18.

On April 18, 1942, the Doolittle Raiders, led by then-Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle, became the first to bombard Japan following the attack on Pearl Harbor.

"Early on, everybody thought leaving the flight deck of the carrier was the biggest challenge of the trip," said retired Lt. Col. Richard E. Cole, Colonel Doolittle's co-pilot. "As it turned out, it was the easiest thing, and I had a special advantage because I was sitting next to the best pilot in the world. I admire all of the guys; I fly with his hero.

"I was amazed, dumbfounded and proud," said Colonel Cole. "I was born and raised in Dayton, Ohio where they had the first test base. I used to watch Colonel Doolittle."

Of the thousands who gathered during the three-day event, many came to pay their respects for the raiders' symbolic act that took place only a few months after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Some of the attendees commented that this would probably be the last time the raiders would participate in a reunion in Columbia. Previous reunions of the Doolittle Raiders in Columbia were organized by members of the Celebrate Freedom Foundation.

Ken Breivik, public affairs director for the Celebrate Freedom Foundation, who coordinated both the Doolittle Raiders' 67th "Where Victory Began" reunion, as well as the group's 60th reunion said, "We consider Columbia the home of the Doolittle Raiders."

To pay tribute to the raiders, a visible reminder of the length of the USS Hornet's flight deck was displayed from the doors of Columbia's Aeronautics Commission Hangar adjacent to an Air Force B-1 Lancer bomber, which displayed the

Five of nine attend reunion in So. Carolina

official Doolittle Raider crest. The crest reads "Toujours au Danger" or "Always into Danger."

As hundreds of spectators gathered at the hangar April 17, four Doolittle Raiders -- Colonel Cole, retired Maj. Thomas C. Griffin, retired Lt. Col. Robert L. Hite and retired Lt. Col. Edward Saylor -- and retired Staff Sgt. David J. Thatcher passed the official Doolittle Raider crest to the aircrew of the 34th Bomb Squadron's flagship B-1.

For the raid 67 years ago, the Doolittle Raiders were drawn from the World War II version of the 95th, 34th, 37th and the 89th reconnaissance squadrons of the 17th Bomb Group.

Col. Buck Shawhan, 28th Operations Group commander at Ellsworth Air Force Base, S.D., oversees the present-day 34th and the 37th bomb squadrons.

"As airmen, we understand the significance of the original acts the Doolittle Raiders performed in World War II," said Colonel Shawhan, "and the original Doolittle Raiders were the first airmen to strike against Japan in World War II, flying their B-25 in a surprise attack against Japanese mainland."

"When they took off, they had no idea they would ever see their families again," said Colonel Shawhan. "They had no idea what kind of impact they would have."

U.S. Air Force Academy Cadet Helen "Meg" Wildner, granddaughter of Doolittle Raider Lt. Carl Wildner, navigator on the second B-25, will graduate from the Academy in 2010. She reflected on the importance of the raid.

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MIA crew recovered in Germany

HENRI-CHAPELLE, Belgium (AFNS) -- A line in the Airman's creed states, "I will never leave an Airman behind."

For the McMurray Crew 801 with the 492nd Bombardment Group, that promise was fulfilled, albeit 60-plus years after their B-24 bomber went down during World War II.

An international crowd gathered Feb. 20 at the Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery and Memorial in Belgium to honor the McMurray Crew's nine members who were listed as missing in action. Their remains were recovered in a field southwest of Berlin in 2002.

At the ceremony, nine rosettes -- small flower-shaped pendants -- were placed next to each crew member's engraved name to signify they are no longer missing.

"When we actually find a rosette by the names of the missing, it's closure. For these parents, there's not a grave, so that's why the name on the wall is so important," said Army retired Brig. Gen. Steven R. Hawkins, director of the European region for the American Battle Monuments Commission.

Relishing a rarity

Of the 3.5 years General Hawkins has spent working as the director for American cemeteries and battle grounds in Europe, he has only seen three other rosettes placed next to MIA servicemembers' names. Finding the remains of missing military members, especially from World Wars I and II, is rare.

And the story of how the Airmen with the McMurray Crew were found is even rarer.

Enrico Schwartz, a German native who works for an IBM company, has

been part of the Allied Aircrew Research Team since 1998. During the past decade, he's helped recover the remains of American servicemembers, including the nine with the McMurray crew.

"The main part for me is giving closure," Mr. Schwartz said. "There's no closure when there are still open wounds."

It took four years of researching and interviewing witnesses to find the nine men's remains.

"It started as a favor, and when I learned how much impact this has, I carried on," Mr. Schwartz said. "This, to me, I eliminated the war issue and the historical issue and saw it as the current case -- there are sisters, brothers, mothers out there still -- this is what drives me."

From the years of personal time and expenses Mr. Schwartz spent, to the number of Belgians, Germans and other non-Americans present, it was clear these nine American Airmen had an impact beyond their graves.

"I'm glad I'm here today to pay respects to those who secured our freedom," said Rick Vissers, a Belgian native who works on infrastructure at the NATO Programming Centre. "Two words: Thank you."

Mr. Vissers spoke of the long-time friendship between Belgians and Americans that stems from their support for one another during the war.

"My town was a rest area in World War II -- Americans needed ammunition and fuel and were invited by local the people to get inside," he said. "They became so close that after 60 years, they still know each other."

Ralf Klodt, a German photojournalist at the ceremony, echoed Mr. Visser's gratitude toward American troops, as the 78th infantry division liberated his hometown, Konigswinter, during World War II. Mr. Klodt said regardless of which side of the war people were on, it's important to remember the positive stories that still thrive today. "It's about the human aspect of war; what

have they experienced," he said. "It's the German side, the Allied side, the civilian side. It's important to keep it alive and to tell the right stories."

Fog of war

A thick fog and steady rain didn't deter the patriotic group of onlookers at the ceremony. A row of Belgian children waved small American flags as a group of older Belgian men clutched their full-sized Belgian flags. Also present were local mayors, and military representatives from Greece, Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey and Slovakia.

Airmen from NATO headquarters in Brussels, NPC, Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, Belgium; the U.S. Embassy; Aviano Air Base, Italy; Geilenkirchen AB, Germany; and Spangdahlem AB, Germany, were present for the ceremony.

Staff Sgt. Ralph Oliver, a NPC material manager, stood at parade rest next to a pedestal holding the rosettes during the entire ceremony.

"For me, it was an honor. This is one of the things I enjoy doing in the military," Sergeant Oliver said. "I'm glad and grateful to be honoring our fallen comrades. It was cold, but I think it was well worth it. I held my military bearing as much as I could."

The SHAPE International Band played "Ruffles and Flourishes" and other patriotic music, and the Spangdahlem AB honor guard gave a 21-gun salute to the fallen Airmen.

Capt. Apphia Fairhurst, deputy project leader for Network-interoperable Realtime Information Services and NPC Integrated Solaris Platform, read some of the Airmen's biographies during the ceremony, and said the event was a wake-up call for young military members.

"The biggest thing had been all of us are about 21 to 28 and that was the age of (the B-24 crew)," she said. "A lot of us took it a lot more seriously once we found out the ages of the people involved."

For each of the nine fallen Airmen, someone from their home

state placed a rosette next to their names. Staff Sgt. Melissa Johnson, from the NPC customer service desk, placed a rosette next to Staff Sgt. Walter Schlosser's name, as they both are from Michigan.

"Especially when you hear about personal stories, it's just unbelievable after this many years that they're finally being given the proper respect," Sergeant Johnson said.

Tech. Sgt. Tommy Van, a NPC computer programmer, was the NCO in charge of the event, and had his hands in the process since November 2008.

"The most rewarding thing for me has been getting in contact with the families and learning the history," he said. "It gives you a sense that these are real people. This really puts a name on a face with a personal impact."

Honoring Airmen

Air Force leaders at the ceremony reminded today's generation that we can never leave Airmen behind.

"I think it's an attribute that should stick with all our Airmen. No matter when, there's always people looking for those who are lost," said Maj. Gen. Thomas B. Wright, the SHAPE deputy chief of staff of operations.

General Wright was the keynote speaker at the ceremony, and during his speech, he referenced the Airman's creed and the significance it should hold for all Airmen, past and present.

The responsibility given to the members of the McMurray crew was astounding by today's standards, said Lt. Col. Cindi Deiana, a SHAPE special adviser for international affairs, as they were all under the age of 30 and the highest ranking officers were first lieutenants.

"I think that the crew is an example of so many of the Army Air Corps that took an extraordinary request and made it common place," Colonel Deiana said. "It's amazing what we asked of Airmen in World War II. It was typical. We asked things of Airmen that are inconceivable today."

Carpetbagger Jim was 'Jean Pierre'

From *THE PLAIN DEALER*
Cleveland, Ohio
March 16, 2009

Sgt. Jim Heddleson awoke in a roar of flame and gunfire as ammunition carried by his B-24 bomber --now a jumble of burning wreckage strewn around him --cooked off in the darkness on a French hillside.

For a moment, all Heddleson knew was that somehow, miraculously, he was still alive.

The 20-year-old radio operator had been aboard *Worry Bird* -- one of a secret squadron of black-painted bombers, code-named *Carpetbaggers*, that dropped containers of arms and supplies, and Allied agents, to Resistance groups in German-occupied countries across Europe during World War II.

Little did Heddleson suspect that on this April night in 1944, he would become part of that cargo and wind up fighting with French partisans for the next four months.

When he joined the 801st/492nd Bomb Group in late 1943, he was warned of the dangerous work ahead. The *Carpetbaggers* flew only at night, alone, in planes stripped of most of their weaponry to save weight, skimming the countryside at treetop level to evade radar, fighters and anti-aircraft guns.

Heddleson, now 85, still living in his hometown of Louisville, east of Canton, Ohio, also recalled being advised that any loose talk about their missions would result in imprisonment or a firing squad. "Then someone said that if we were captured by the Germans, we could also be shot," he said. "Some future, huh?"

He flew on four missions over France, dropping canisters loaded with guns, ammo and supplies, plus propaganda leaflets (which Heddleson later learned were used by the populace for an improvised hygienic purpose during the wartime paper shortage).



Jim Heddleson, E&E# 885, of Louisville, Ohio, shows how he looked as a sergeant serving with the Carpetbaggers, a secret squadron that dropped supplies to resistance fighters in occupied territories during World War II.

His fifth flight started routinely enough. The B-24 was on its final approach, wing flaps down, bomb bays open, for a drop at St. Cyre de Valorges, near Lyon. Heddleson had gone to an open hatch in the tail to exchange recognition signals, flashing lights, with people waiting below in a clearing surrounded by high hills. Suddenly the plane shook violently, as if the aircraft or its wingtip had hit something.

Heddleson fell across the hatch. Another crewman plummeted through the open "Joe hole" where the bottom ball gun turret had been removed so agents could parachute from the plane.

The engines raced and roared. Heddleson heard the bombardier shout, "Pull up! Pull up! We're gonna crash!" The plane gyrated wildly, shook from another impact, then everything went black.

Worry Bird had slammed into a hill, breaking in half. Five crewmen

in the front section were killed. Heddleson and the tail gunner were thrown free as the rear fuselage tumbled and broke apart.

They found each other amid the burning remains of the plane and exploding bullets. Staggering on battered but fortunately unbroken legs, they limped to the nearby woods, then turned and watched *Worry Bird* erupt in a final fireball.

The pair spent the next few days traveling across the countryside, begging food from startled French civilians and eluding Germans searching for them with dogs and planes. (A third surviving crewman, who had fallen from the B-24 before it crashed, had been captured;.)

Their luck held, and they eventually met a man who told the airmen to stay in a vineyard where they had hidden, then returned an hour later with a note, in English, from the local school master, who

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promised to meet them at 5 p.m.

The teacher kept his promise and after bringing them food, left to bring back a member of the local Resistance, or Maquis, who was so heavily armed that "he looked like a walking arsenal," Heddleson said.

Both airmen were given guns, and Heddleson recalled that as he hefted his weapon, he thought, "Oh, my goodness, what are we getting into?"

What indeed. Ensuing weeks were a blur of motion as the airmen were shuttled from one hideout to another, narrowly escaping capture several times. Heddleson learned that the Germans had posted a 25,000-franc reward on the heads of downed Allied airmen.

The fliers were given civilian clothes and identity papers, fully aware that if caught, they could be shot as spies.

They started working with Maquis groups in the area, assembling Carpetbagger-dropped weapons and training partisans in their use. They accompanied resistance fighters in raids on the homes and shops of suspected collaborators.

As the D-Day invasion of France neared in June, the underground was ordered to destroy railroads and bridges that the Germans could use to resupply their coastal defenses.

Heddleson went along on one such mission to blow up a railroad trestle. The French set four timers, hoping to catch a German train just as it crossed. Two trains safely passed. "Then all hell broke loose" as the explosives detonated, Heddleson said.

He suddenly found himself ducking and dodging flying debris, including huge timbers and twisted tracks, then frantically bicycling away

as German troops converged on the scene.

After D-Day, Heddleson hoped he could return to his unit in England, but it was another two months before he and a handful of other escaped fliers could hop on a British plane that landed by moonlight in a field behind enemy lines.

"We had only three minutes to get aboard, and if you didn't make it, you were going to stay," Heddleson said. "I dove into that plane."

Nobody had to tell Heddleson that he had been the beneficiary of some very good fortune. More than 25 B-24s and 208 Carpetbaggers were lost in those lonely flights over enemy territory.

After the war, Heddleson wound up back in Louisville and is a retired senior works engineer of the Hoover Co. He and his wife, Ruth (now deceased), raised four sons and the couple twice traveled to France, where they visited the scenes of his wartime exploits.

A monument has been erected on the hillside where the B-24 crashed, and a square in the little town of St. Cyr de Valorges was named for Heddleson. They stand as enduring reminders of the days when Americans came to help the French fight for freedom, long before the first Allied soldiers set foot in Normandy on D-Day.

The former aviator has enough of his own reminders -- the medals, commendations, faded photos, his old flight jacket and even a few salvaged pieces of *Worry Bird* -- to bring back the time when Army Air Corps Sgt. James J. Heddleson became "Jean Pierre Etaix," the French Resistance fighter.

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Officers-elect hold meeting following AGM

May 9, 2009

Dayton Holiday Inn

A meeting of AFEES officers-elect followed the General Session and was opened at 1205 hours. President-elect Larry Grauerholz called the meeting to order and stated he has never been in a veterans' group that has meant more to him than this group.

Paul Rees said that there is no problem regarding the tax status of AFEES as the organization continues.

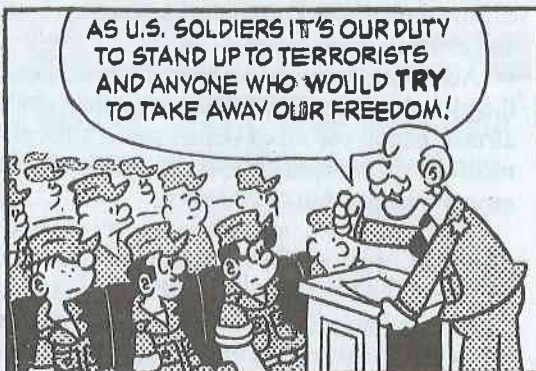
Several persons were nominated to the Board of Directors and were approved.

Richard Shandor said he will check into the legality of adding Helpers as members. He suggested that the "life" category of membership be eliminated for future members. He said that membership dues might be \$20 per year; \$50 for three years.

Larry adjourned the meeting at 1230 hrs., at which time a group photo was taken of the officers and directors who were present.

--Submitted by Betty Hennessy,
Recording Sec.-Elect

Beetle Bailey





E&E exhibit opened during reunion



Capt. Jack Ilfrey (E&E # 759, 20th FG) of San Antonio, Tex., avoided capture twice during WWII. He is now deceased.

**From the *SKYWRITER*
National Museum of the U.S. Air Force
May 15, 2009**

During World War II, air operations were often conducted far behind enemy lines, and thousands of U.S. Army Air Forces airmen evaded capture after they were brought down. Others who were captured escaped from prison camps and made their way back to Allied territory.

Escape and evasion during WWII demanded skill and courage to return with honor, and a new exhibit dedicated to telling this story was opened last weekend to the public in the National Museum of the U.S. Air Forces Air Power Gallery.

The exhibit contains artifacts such as hand-made escape tools, false IDs, button compasses, and escape and evasion maps.

According to museum research historian Jeff Duford, the global nature of WWII brought new challenges that airmen had never faced before and for the first time, they received specialized equipment and formal instruction in escape and evasion techniques.

"In Europe, an airman had a good chance of making it back to friendly lines if he could evade initial capture by enemy forces," said Duford.

Evading airmen had help along the way as well. Resistance movements in Belgium, the Netherlands,

France, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia worked with Allied intelligence to form escape networks.

Countless other Europeans also acted independently to help downed airmen. At the risk of death and torture to themselves and to their families from the German secret police, brave Helpers fed, clothed, and sheltered Allied airmen. Several hundred Helpers were sent to concentration camps as punishment and paid for their service with their lives.

Among the stories featured in the exhibit is that of Capt. Jack Ilfrey of San Antonio, Tex. (now deceased), an ace who ended the war with eight victories, and escaped being captured twice.

In November 1942, on a ferry flight from England to North Africa, Ilfrey diverted to an airfield in neutral Portugal because of a malfunctioning drop tank. The Portuguese seized his P-38 and Ilfrey was to be interned. However, while sitting in the cockpit showing the Portuguese how to fly the now refueled aircraft, Ilfrey quickly started it up, took off, and flew to Gibraltar.

Then in 1944, Captain Ilfrey was shot down by anti-aircraft fire while strafing a train near Angers, France..



Renee Atkinson, widow of the late Leslie A.G. Atkinson, and their son Eric from France were special guests at the Dayton reunion. Leslie was instrumental in working with Ralph Patton to develop the membership roll for the Air Forces E&E Society.

After bailing out of his burning P-38, he evaded until he met Jean Voileau. Her family hid Ilfrey for two weeks in their home. The Voileau family gave him food, clothing, false identification, and a bicycle.

Ilfrey posed as a deaf and mute French farmer named "Jacques Robert," and rode the bicycle nearly 150 miles to friendly lines in Normandy. Ilfrey returned to fly combat missions until the war ended.

More information on Captain Ilfrey, as well as stories of how other airmen avoided being captured during WWII, can be found in this new permanent exhibit.

"Our hope is that this exhibit will help the public gain a better understanding and appreciation of the brave sacrifices that were made all over the world by airmen and civilians during WWII," said Duford.

The National Museum of the United States Air Force is located on Springfield Street, six miles northeast of downtown Dayton, Ohio. It is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., seven days a week.

Admission and parking are free.



Among the overseas guests for the 2009 reunion was Frank Dell, former chairman of the Royal Air Force Escaping Society.

+++++

A PROMISE . . .

**More Dayton Reunion
photos and coverage
in September issue!**

AFEES Transitional Team Meeting

**May 8, 2009
Dayton Holiday Inn.**

The meeting was opened at 1600 hours. Lynn David, acting chairman, said the website (airforceescape.com) had been developed by Don Thorpe and has been up for three months.

The next reunion is currently scheduled for the Crown Plaza Hotel in Colorado Springs, Colo., on May 6-9, 2010. Lynn has visited the Cadet Chapel which is reserved for our Memorial Service. The service will be followed by a half-hour tour.

The Officer's Club at the Academy offered to host the banquet and/or a luncheon. A Wednesday lunch at the Academy with the cadets may be an option. A bus will take attendees to the Bomber Groups Memorial.

The Crown Plaza is all on one level; and the management is willing to commit to the prices AFEES had in Savannah, Ga.

Lynn said the projected AFEES meeting following Colorado Springs is San Antonio, Tex..

Rich Shandor said the new IRS rules treat offspring as eligible to be counted as qualifying members of any veterans' organization. Carl Scott said all veterans' organizations have civilian staff members, but civilians cannot vote.

Rich said AFEES does not have by-laws. Larry Grauerholz said that by-laws were once developed, but never were approved.

Larry said only evaders are able to vote now. The vote at the general meeting last year was 19 to 1 to continue AFEES. There are about 29 evaders at the conference this year. Lynn said *Robert's Rules of Order* can be used for a "point of personal preference."

Discussion ensued regarding transfer of AFEES

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funds. Lynn said it is important to keep the funds in the minutes for clarification. Larry said about 200 copies of the newsletter are sent to addresses in Europe and approximately 400 copies go to evaders in the U.S. and Canada.

Lynn extended sincere appreciation to Rich for the extensive work Rich did with the membership roles. Lynn then discussed the list of those who volunteered at the meeting last year to help with AFEES. The list was sent around the room and updated by those present.

Lynn suggested that AFEES continue the contribution effort to support the attendance of Helpers. Don suggested that the newsletter and Christmas Cards be developed online.

Larry recommended that AFEES continue to have an evader as president. Should any current members choose to resign within the following year, it was suggested that a slate of officers be developed and available for consideration at the general meeting. A possible slate of officers was suggested.

The order of business should include the minutes from last year and the determination of the continuation of AFEES, followed by a determination of whether current officers wish to continue to serve in their offices.

Beverly Patton Wand and Mary Spinning Shier said the current flag is "encased," not retired. An analogy was presented regarding the flag of the original 13 Colonies and the current flag of the United States. Mary offered to help develop a new AFEES flag that could include symbols to reflect the routes over the Pyrenees Mountains as well as the Shelburne Escape Line.

The question was posed whether AFEES will move to promote more education so that "we will never forget." It was suggested that ongoing communication is needed for all. At the general meeting, it will be important to discuss the continuation of officers and the filling of any open officer positions.

Lynn will check with Ralph Patton prior to the meeting.

The meeting was adjourned at 1800 hours.

Respectfully submitted by:

Betty Hennessy, Sec.



THE NEW CROP -- New officers and directors were named at the annual membership meeting in Dayton, as the leadership of AFEES is shifted to descendants of evaders and helpers.

From the left, standing: Peter Hakim, Paul Rees, Richard Shandor, Larry Grauerholz, Carl Scott, Don Thorpe, Beverly Patton Wand, Betty Hennessy.

Seated: Jerri Donohue, Ann Grauerholz, Mary Spinning Shier, Margaret Fricke, Lynn David. Not shown: Directors Sandra Comstock and Steve Mac Isaac.

AFEES has a change of command

A slate of officers and directors was named at the annual membership meeting at the reunion in Dayton last month.

After membership voted for AFEES to continue, the following individuals were selected to serve:

PRESIDENT: Larry Grauerholz, E&E 439

VICE PRESIDENT: Beverly Patton Wand

EXECUTIVE Vice President: Lynn David

SECRETARY: Betty Hennessy

TREASURER-Elect: Ann Grauerholz

MEMBERSHIP Chair: Richard Shandor

DIRECTORS: Margaret Fricke, Carl Scott, Paul Rees, Don Thorpe, Steve Mac Isaac, Peter Hakim, Sandra Comstock, Jerri Donohue, Mary Spinning Shier
COMMITTEE VOLUNTEERS:

Beth Fricke Johnson, Cheryl and Larry Boyd, Keith Janes, David Allison, Catherine Thorpe, Lois Hamilton, Cody Watson Jr., Bill Donohue, Elizabeth McDade

Pending the adoption of by-laws, the terms of the above persons are indefinite.

Reunion attracts a total of 170

The Dayton reunion must go down
in the books as one of the most
popular in the history of AFEES.

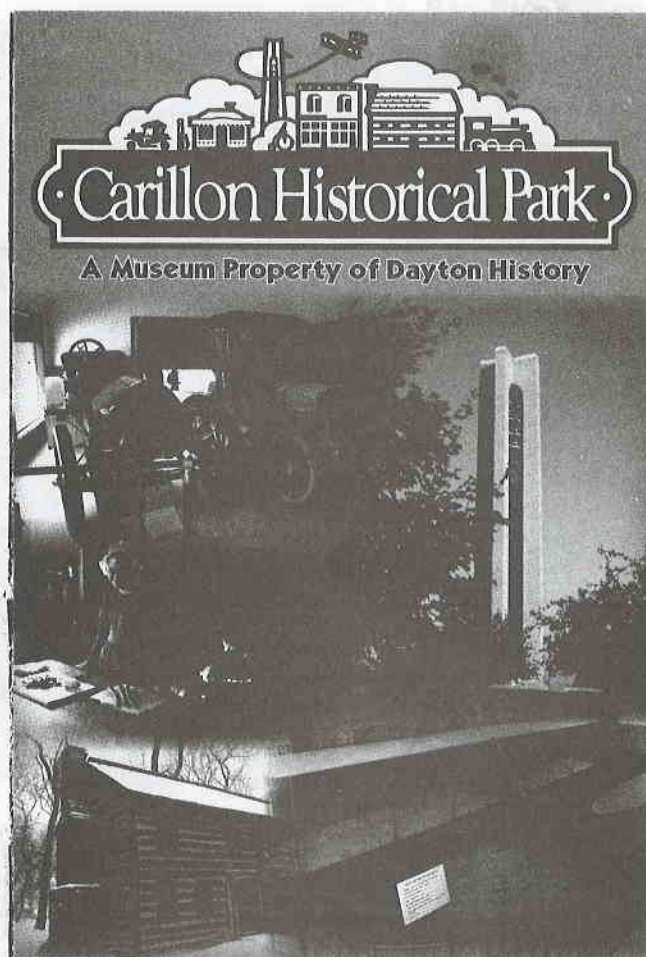
With the kind of enthusiasm expressed, the
legacy of those who ***WILL NEVER FORGET***
will carry on!

The attendance roster:

KEVIN ABERNETHY - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
MARCIA ABERNETHY - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
PATRICK ABERNETHY - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
TERRY AITKEN - SR CURATOR - AF MUSEUM
YLVA AITKEN - GUEST
ELISE ANDRE - GUEST
DICK ANGEREGG - DIR AF HIST/MUSEUM
JEAN ANGEREGG - FAMILY
DAVID ALLISON - FAMILY - 8th AF - 361st FG
ERIC ATKINSON - HELPER FRANCE
RENEE ATKINSON - HELPER FRANCE
WALTER BAETENS - GUEST - BELGIUM
SUSAN BAKER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 384th BG
SYLVIA BEALL - FAMILY - 8th AF - 384th BG
BRUCE BOLINGER - AFEES FRIEND
CHERYL BOYD - FAMILY - 15TH AF - 455TH BG
LARRY BOYD - FAMILY - 15TH AF - 455TH BG
BOB BRAND - GUEST
REGGIE BRAND - GUEST
MARGUERITE BROUARD-MILLER - (H) FRANCE
GEORGE BRUCKERT - HISTORIAN
YVONNE DALEY-BRUSSELMANS - (H) BELGIUM
ANNETTE BUTLER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
JENNIFER BUTLER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
JON BUTLER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
MICHAEL BUTLER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
SHANNON BUTLER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
KEVIN BUTLER - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
MARGARET CARLSON-FRICKE - FAM. - 96TH BG
LEROY CLIFTON - 12TH AF - 350TH BG
LYNN DAVID - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 303RD BG
DAVE DECHAMBRE - FAMILY - 8th af - 95th BG
JERRY DECHAMBRE - 8th AF - 95th BG
FRANK DELL - PAST RAFES CHAIRMAN
ERIN DICKEY - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 95TH BG
BILL DONOHUE - VETERAN'S HISTORY
JERRI DONOHUE - LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
DAVID DUERR - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 382ND BG
FANNY DUERR - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 382ND BG
NADINE DUMONT - HELPER - BELGIUM
LEAH FEINGOLD - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 95TH BG

LAURIE FEINGOLD - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 95TH BG
DON FISHER - 8TH AF - 305TH BG
JACK FISHER - FAMILY - 12th AF - 2nd BG
LAUREL FISHER - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 305TH BG
MIKE FISHER - 12th AF - 2nd BG
STEPH FRIGO - AFEES FRIEND
LARRY FRINCKE - FAMILY - 8th AF - 384th BG
SANDY FRINCKE - FAMILY - 8th AF - 384th BG
ANN GRAUERHOLZ - FAMILY - 96TH BG
KIM GRAUERHOLZ - FAMILY - 96TH BG
LARRY GRAUERHOLZ - 8TH AF - 96TH BG
LARRY GRAUERHOLZ JR. - FAMILY - 96TH BG
LIZ GRAUERHOLZ - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 96TH BG
MARY GRAUERHOLZ - FAMILY - 96TH BG
RUTH GRAUERHOLZ - FAMILY - 96TH BG
JUNE HAINES - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 388TH BG
PETER HAKIM - HELPER BELGIUM
LOIS HAMILTON - AFEES FRIEND
BRENDA HEWIT - FAMILY - 15th AF - 455th BG
HARVEY HEWIT - 15TH AF - 455th BG
MAGGIE HEWIT - FAMILY 15th AF - 455th BG
KEITH JANES - ELMS ASSOCIATION
BETH FRICKE-JOHNSON - FAMILY - 8TH AF
JOHN KATSAROS - 8TH AF - 401ST BG
MARY KATSAROS - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 401ST BG
CHUCK KAUFOLD - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 382ND BG
SUSAN KAUFOLD - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 382ND BG
DOROTHY KENNEY - FAMILY - 8th AF - 384th BG
HAROLD KLESS - GUEST - 8TH AF - 96TH BG
CHRIS KOEPFER - 15th AF - 465th BG
JEANNIE KOEPFER - FAMILY - 15th AF - 465th BG
DOROTHY LASHINSKY - FAMILY - 15th AF
ANNY LANCIAUX - HELPER FRANCE
FRANK LASHINSKY - 15th AF - 455th BG
CAROL LEININGER - FAMILY - 9th AF - 397th BG
CONNIE LONCKE - FAMILY - 10TH TFW - B.A.F.
PETER LONCKE - 10TH TFW - B.A.F.
STEVE MAC ISAAC - DAEDALIAN TEAM
STEVEN MADDUX - 9th AF - 397th BG
SUSAN MADDUX - FAMILY - 9th AF - 397th BG
DONNA MAGEE - FAMILY - 15th AF - 465th BG
HELEN MAGEE - FAMILY - 15th AF - 465th BG
JAMES MAGEE - FAMILY - 15th AF - 465th BG
ROBERT MAGEE - FAMILY - 15th AF - 465th BG
WILLIAM MAGEE - 15th AF - 465th BG
JOSEPH MANOS - 8TH AF - 94TH BG
CLYDE MARTIN - 8th AF - 452nd BG
ETHELENE MARTIN - FAMILY - 8th AF - 452nd BG
ART MATTSON - 15TH AF - 455TH BG
TOM McCRARY - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 487TH BG
CHARLES METCALF - DIR. NAT'L AF MUSEUM
PAT METCALF - FAMILY - NAT'L AF MUSEUM
ELIZABETH MCDADE - AFEES FRIEND
DUNCAN McNABB - COMMANDER USTRANSCOM
LINDA McNABB - FAMILY - USTRANSCOM
ED MILLER - 8th AF - 93rd BG
LIZ MITCHELL - GUEST - 8TH AF - 91ST BG
BAILEY HEWIT MOREY - FAMILY - 455th BG

DIANA MORGAN - ELMS ASSOCIATION
DOROTHY NAUGHTON - FAMILY - 388TH BG
KRIS OLSEN - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 351ST BG
GRAHAM PARIS - ROYAL AIR FORCE LIAISON
MANDY PARIS - FAMILY - RAF LIAISON
BEVERLY PATTON-WAND - FAMILY - 94th BG
GEOFF PATTON - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 94TH BG
RALPH PATTON - 8th AF - 94th BG
FRED PLATT - RAVENS PROJECT 404
CORNELIS PRONK - NETHERLANDS LIAISON
DANIELLE PRONK - FAMILY - NETHERLANDS
PAUL REES - 8TH AF - 91ST BG
BILL REINKE - GUEST
LEN ROGERS - 8TH AF - 91ST BG
GABRIEL SAUER - HELPER HOLLAND
GENE SAUER - FAMILY - HELPER HOLLAND
CARL SCOTT - SAC
CHARLES SCREWS - 8th AF - 361st FG
FRANK SCHAEFFER - 8th AF - 44th BG
MARY SHANDOR - FAMILY - 8th AF - 100th BG
RICH SHANDOR - FAMILY - 8th AF - 100th BG
RAY SHERK - RCAF
AMY SHIER - SPINNING FAMILY
ANN SMITH - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
JONATHAN SMITH - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
KEVIN SMITH - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
MARGARET SMITH - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
R.E.T. SMITH - FAMILY - 8th AF - 95th BG
RICHARD SMITH - 8th AF - 95th BG
DON SPEAREL - DAEDALIAN TEAM
ELLEN SPEAREL - DAEDALIAN TEAM
MARY SPINNING - FAMILY - 8th AF - 351st BG
STAN STEPnitz - 9th AF - 362nd FG
MARY SWEATT - FAMILY - 8th AF - 389th BG
ROBERT SWEATT - 8th AF - 398th BG
JANET TENNEY - GUEST
CATHERINE THORPE - FRENCH PASSEUR
DON THORPE - FAMILY - FRENCH PASSEUR
MARY THOURSON - FAMILY - 15th AF
ROBERT THOURSON - 15th AF - 464th BG
FERRE VAN WILDER - BELGIUM LIAISON
ROLANDE VAN WILDER - FAMILY BELGIUM
JOHN VASQUEZ - 15th AF - 97th BG
JAY VERBOUT - FAMILY - 9th AF - 397th BG
JO VERBOUT - FAMILY - 9th AF - 397th BG
JOHN VERBOUT - 9th AF - 397th BG
NANCY VERBOUT - FAMILY - 9th AF - 397th BG
DIRK VIJVERMAN - GUEST - BELGIUM
JOHN WAND - FAMILY - 8th AF - 94th BG
CODY WATSON - FRIEND
FRANCENE WEYLAND - FAMILY - 376th BG
BUD WENTZ - 8TH AF - 487TH BG
KURT WENTZ - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 487TH BG
PETER WENTZ - FAMILY - 8TH AF - 487TH BG
ROBERT WILSON - 15TH AF - 483RD BG
SHARON WILSON - FAMILY - 483RD BG
GARY WRIGHT - GUEST
ZIG ZIEGLER - DAEDALIAN TEAM



Carillon Historical Park showcases
 Dayton's rich heritage of creativity,
 invention, and milestones
 in innovation that changed the nation
 and the world.

The Park's 25 exhibit
 buildings and structures are situated
 on a beautiful 65-acre campus just
 south of downtown Dayton.

The Park is home to the 1905
 Wright Flyer III, Dayton-made
 cash registers, automobiles, train
 cars & bicycles, a 1930s print shop
 and the largest carillon in Ohio.

A visit to Carillon Historical Park
 was on the agenda
 for many of those
 who attended the reunion.

'May the light we now kindle inspire us to use our powers to heal and not to harm'



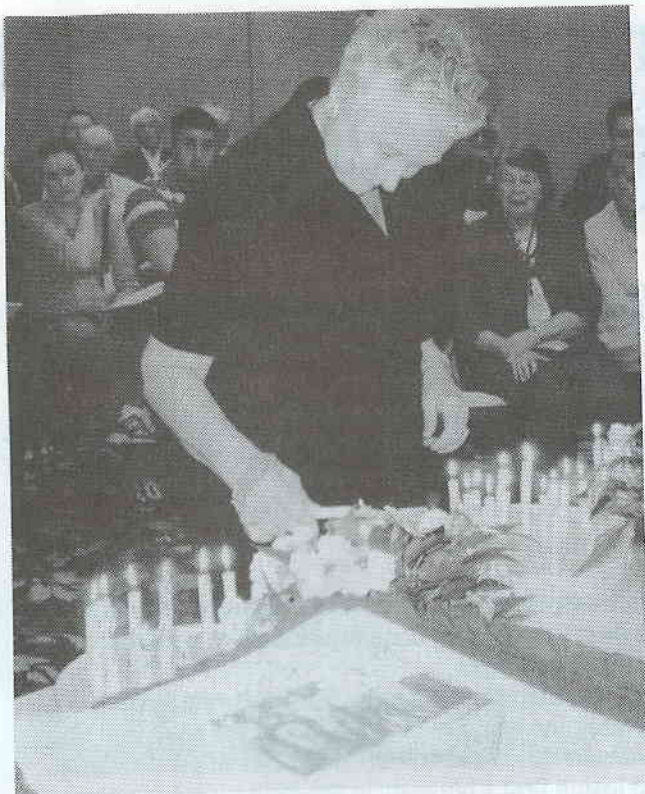
General Duncan McNabb recited a portion of the script for the Memorial Service at the reunion on Saturday morning, May 9. Others who participated in the reading, from left, President Richard Smith, Editor Larry Grauerholz, Secretary Mary Sweatt and Board Member Beverly Patton Wand.

Candles are lighted in memory of those who gave their lives during World War II, and others who have passed away in recent years. Everyone was invited to come forward and light a candle in memory of a family member or friend they wished to honor.



"They gave us tomorrow. The tomorrow they themselves would not return to share. They left us bright dreams. Dreams that for them could not come true; paid for in blood; the blood of youth with pulse and passion; and in the grief of the vainly waiting who were told that those they loved would not come back."

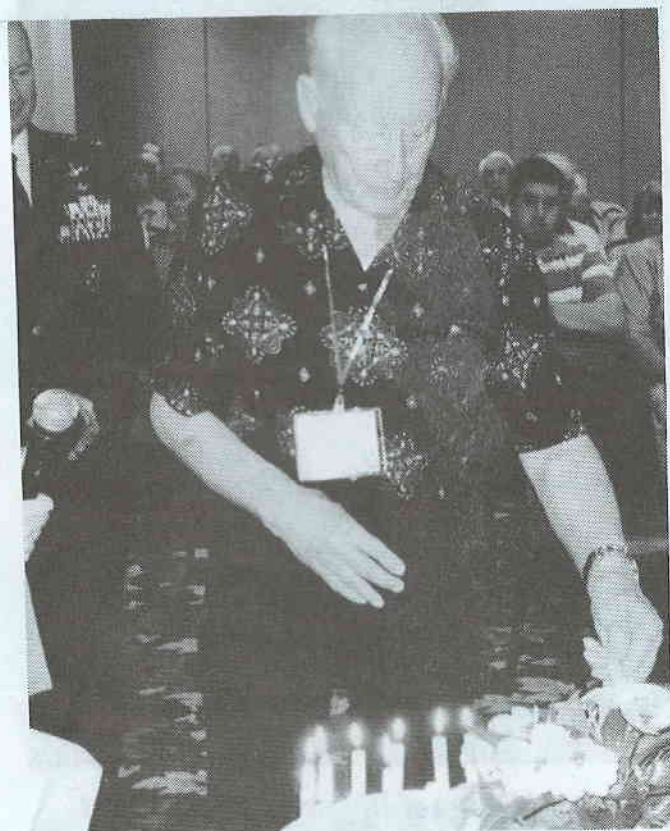
"This was the cost, the cost unspeakable."



**Yvonne Daley Brusselmans
takes a turn**



**Linda, wife of General Duncan
McNabb, lights a candle**



Edward Miller lights a candle



**Gabriel Sauer, Helper now living in
North Carolina, places a candle
while Marguerite Miller awaits**

Dinner in hangar: really 'awesome'

By **HAROLD KLESS**
Rowlett, Tex.

AFEES (Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society), is an organization that I've recently learned about since joining the Grauerholz family this past December. But attending the various events of the weekend in Dayton renewed, or rather kindled, a new appreciation for the people who have sacrificed their lives to maintain our way of life.

As a Jew, my perspective of WWII was focused on atrocities of the Holocaust and how it affected my family. My dad, a blinded veteran of WWII, never really spoke about his experiences so I never had a deep feeling for the events and the sacrifices he made.

It's interesting that growing up, my dad was very active in the Jewish War Veterans and was affiliated with the Disabled War Veterans organizations, but I always sensed these were groups of men just getting together to have fun. It was never about what happened during their years in the service. Maybe at the time, for those who fought, it was too close and perhaps painful to remember and share.

Looking at the AFEES organization, it took 20 years after the war ended before three men got together to form the organization. They had the first meeting in 1964 and it took another 10 years for the next published meeting.

Two events moved me that weekend in Dayton.

First, on Saturday morning they had a memorial service. The members, most in their 80s or 90s, honor and remember vividly those lost during the war and in the years since. This service was solemn, dignified and respectful.

The highlight of the weekend was the banquet. We traveled on two buses to the Air Force museum at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio.

The agenda included opening and dedication of an exhibit recognizing and honoring "helpers". These were the local ordinary people living in various countries in Europe who risked their lives to aid downed servicemen by either hiding them or assisting in their escape to safety.

These people are like Oscar Shindler, Irena Sendler and all the other Holocaust Rescuers depicted in film and lore. We today owe them so much.

The seven helpers who were able to attend were presented mementoes acknowledging their heroic acts during the war. What they did was so very big and it's a shame that it's so confined. The dinner presented in a hangar of the museum, surrounded by Air Force relics, was awesome. It was a military affair that began with the color guard presenting the Colors.

Following dinner we were entertained by memories of Glenn Miller performed by an Air Force jazz band. The room was filled with people with mobility issues who

must have wanted to get up and dance. Maybe none of us able ones had the nerve to be first.

The keynote speaker was General Duncan McNabb, Commander, U.S. Transportation Command.

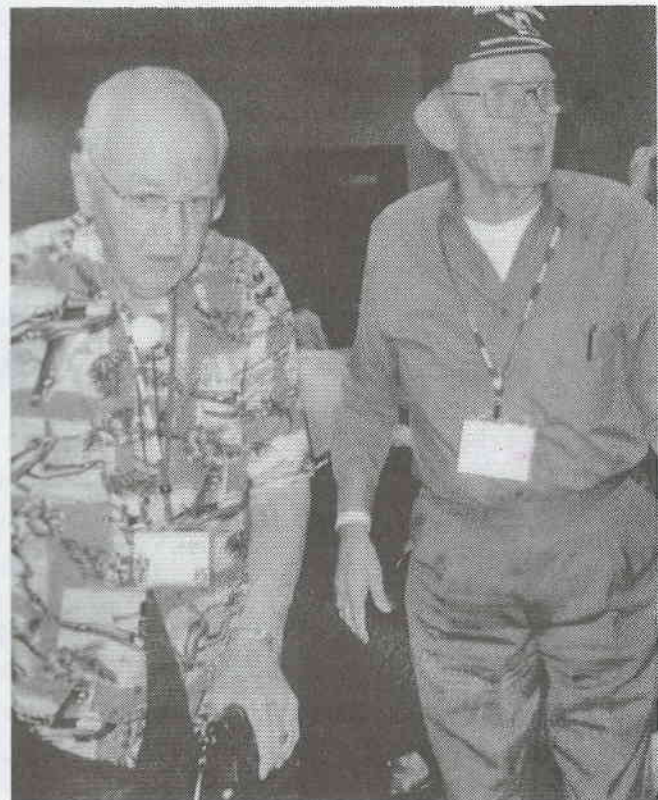
We never addressed the politics of war. War is hell no matter how you look at it. But, many young people are committed to defend us and are willing to sacrifice everything to that end. General McNabb brought that home for me.

The evening concluded with additional honors to the Helpers. A few stories were shared about some of these people. Finally, there was a changing of the guard.

There is a new board and new set of officers. The founding members from 1964 are turning the leadership over to a new group headed by my father-in-law, a man in his early 90s, and members of the next generation with the desire to keep this organization alive with the vitality to not let us forget.

As is often said, it's so easy for us to sit around debating the war, complaining about the costs and the fiscal abuses. We're hardened to news of people dying and losing limbs but gays in the military is big news.

Attending the AFEES meeting made it personal and appreciative of our military people.



Arthur Mattson of Houston, Tex., (left) and Leonard Rogers of Youngstown, Ariz., were among the evaders present at the 2009 reunion.

SONG OF THE PARTISANS

**FRIEND, DO YOU HEAR THE CROWS' DARK FLIGHT OVER OUR PLAINS?
FRIEND, DO YOU HEAR THE MUFFLED CRIES OF THE COUNTRY BEING
SHACKLED?**

**AHOY! RESIDENTS, WORKERS AND FARMERS, THE ALARM HAS
SOUNDED!**

TONIGHT THE ENEMY SHALL KNOW THE PRICE OF BLOOD AND TEARS.

**COME OUT OF THE MINE, COME DOWN FROM THE HILLS, COMRADES,
TAKE THE GUNS, THE MUNITIONS AND THE GRENADES FROM UNDER
THE STRAW,**

AHOY KILLERS, WITH BULLETS AND KNIVES KILL SWIFTLY!

AHOY "SABOTEUR", BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR BURDEN OF DYNAMITE!

**WE'RE THE ONES WHO SMASH THE BARS OF JAILS, FOR OUR BROTHERS,
HATE PURSUING US, IT'S HUNGER THAT DRIVES US, DIRE POVERTY.
THERE ARE COUNTRIES WHERE PEOPLE SLEEP IN THERE BEDS AND
DREAM.**

HERE, YOU SEE, WE WALK AND WE KILL AND WE DIE.

**HERE, EACH ONE OF US KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS, WHAT HE DOES WHEN
HE PASSES BY;**

**FRIEND, IF YOU FALL, A FRIEND COMES FROM THE SHADOWS IN YOUR
PLACE.**

**TOMORROW, BLACK BLOOD WILL DRY IN THE SUN ON THE ROADS
WHISTLE, COMPANIONS, IN THE NIGHT, FREEDOM LISTENS TO US.**

***Here are more examples of the stories of
World War II helpers displayed in the
AFEES Corner at the Mighty Eighth Air
Force Museum near Savannah, Ga.***

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



ANDRÉE De JONGH

Andrée de Jongh (1916-2007) of Belgium organized the Comète Line soon after her country surrendered to the Nazis on 27 May 1940. Working with her schoolteacher father Frédéric and Belgian friend Arnold Depée but without assistance from British or American intelligence agents stationed in London, Andrée de Jongh, nicknamed Dédée, hid escaping airmen in safe houses around Brussels. She provided them with false passports and identification cards, dressed them in civilian clothes, and purchased their food on the "black-market". She explained to the evaders that on the streets and in train stations they should walk at

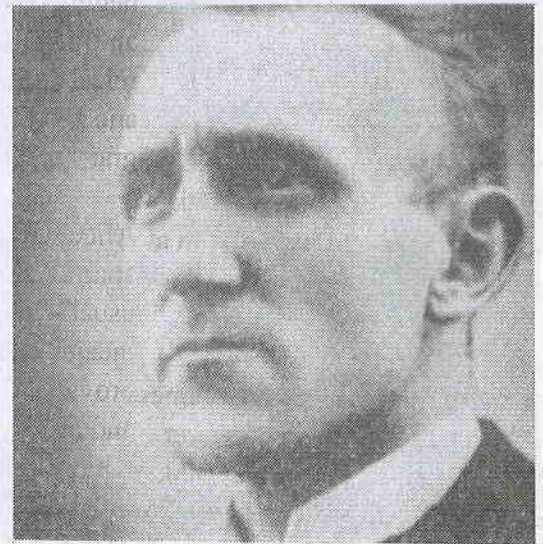
SUMMER 2009

least 15 feet behind her and never speak in public.

A train ride took the evaders to Paris. From there small groups departed with their guides to travel by train, bicycle, and on foot stopping at a series of safe houses to rest. A farm house in Anglet, near Bayonne, France run by Elvire de Greef, code named Tante Go, and her husband Fernand was the last stop before crossing the Pyrenees Mountains to Spain.

In 32 journeys from Belgium to Spain, Dédée guided over 100 downed airmen to freedom. In January 1943 the Gestapo infiltrated the Comète Line and arrested Dédée with several escaping airmen but was unable to dismantle the Comète Line network. Dédée's father ran the Comète Line until the Nazis arrested and executed him. Next Jean-François Nothomb, code named "Franco", directed this line. The Comète Line aided approximately 700 of the 5,000 to 6,000 downed Allied airmen (3,000 were Americans) who made it back to England and freedom.

The Nazis sent Dédée to Ravensbrück and then Mauthausen concentration camps.



**MARTIN LELIVELT
Dutch Helper**

Jeanne Vignon-Tellier

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

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

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



Cornelius Dirk Jansen lived in Deventer, The Netherlands with his wife and three children. On at least one occasion, they turned their home into a safe house hiding Eighth Air Force, 467th Bomb Group radio operator James Anslow who had bailed out over The Netherlands after a bombing mission to Berlin on 29 April 1944.

James stayed with the Jansen family for about two weeks.



Fernand Dumoulin of Belgium built a secret compartment behind the driver's cab of his truck. He had permission from the Germans to transport food in the truck back and forth between Liege and Maastricht.

This made it possible for him to transport airmen hidden by the Sijmons group in Maastricht over the border into Belgium. On 16 June 1944 he successfully took four evaders hidden in his truck's secret compartment from The Netherlands to Belgium.

Within a few months of this successful transport, Fernand Dumoulin was caught and executed by the Nazis.

Marguerite Brouard Miller née Marguerite Brouard

Because her parents were British citizens living in France at the beginning of World War II Marguerite, her sister and mother were sent to an internment camp in Besançon, France. Six months later they were released and she and her mother went to live in Paris with Maud Couve and her young children. Marguerite's sister went to live with their grandparents in Normandy.

In 1943 Maud Couve, together with Marguerite and her mother Alice Brouard, began hiding downed Allied airmen in their Paris apartment. They successfully hid seventeen American and British flyers, usually two at a time, for an average of three weeks. They shared their meager food allotment with them, and all were constantly hungry. They provided false papers and civilian clothes, acted as their escorts in Paris, and arranged for their escape over the Pyrenees to Spain and freedom. All the airmen they assisted returned to the United Kingdom safely.

Hugh Huston expressed his gratitude with a note and photograph of himself sent to Alice Brouard from his home in Canada. He wrote, "Hello Alice: How about sending me a snapshot of yourself so I can show my friends what a truly brave young woman looks like? Hugh"

Escaped POWs meet 64 years later

From the Pittsburgh (Pa.)

Post-Gazette

Sunday, May 24, 2009

The last time Wilson F. Leon and Homer E. Jones appeared together in a Pittsburgh newspaper, German soldiers were parading them down a Greek street as Nazi propagandists derided them as "terror fliers."

That was 64 years ago, after they had bailed out of their stricken B-24 on a disastrous bombing run over Salonika in September 1944.

A yellowed picture from The Pittsburgh Press shows them side-by-side in their khakis, marching next to a German officer armed with a Luger.

This Memorial Day weekend, these two flyboys were back in a Pittsburgh paper again, this time celebrating their first reunion.

Mr. Leon, 88, a former Pittsburgher who once lived next to Art Rooney on the North Side, and Mr. Jones, 86, of Lubbock, Texas, met Friday at Mr. Leon's home near Jacksonville, Fla.

"I can tell you, a few tears were shed by me," said Mr. Jones. "He looks pretty good."

Mr. Leon, who left Pittsburgh in 1984, said it was "wonderful" to see his old friend, even if they did disagree a bit on a some details from the war years.

Mr. Leon said to go with his version of events.

"I outrank him," he joked.

The men hugged and pointed to old photographs from their days as airmen.

"They're going over the pictures and each is telling their own stories," said Mr. Leon's daughter, Ardyth Redfern of Jacksonville. "It's kind of fun to watch."

The reunion came about after Mr. Jones' son, Rick, had been researching his father's World War II history on the Internet and came across a photo of his crew on a 15th Air Force Web site.

Mr. Leon and Mr. Jones are next to each other, just as they are in the



Fellow World War II prisoners and escapers Homer Jones, left, and Wilson Leon meet for the first time in 64 years.

later photo following their capture in Greece.

Over the years, Homer Jones had sought out other former crew mates and did find a few, but none with whom he had been friends. He and Mr. Leon, however, had developed a bond during their B-24 training in Tucson, Ariz., in 1944. Mr. Leon was the top turret gunner and Mr. Jones the waist gunner.

"We became close," said Mr. Jones. "I was just a little country boy and I didn't know too much. He was two years older and he kind of took care of me."

Mr. Leon was at home two weeks ago when Rick Jones called him out of the blue.

"Are you Wilson Leon?" he asked.

"Were you a prisoner of war?"

Realizing he had the right guy, Rick Jones nearly fell off his chair.

When the senior Mr. Jones learned his buddy was on the phone, he cried. The two hadn't seen nor heard from each other since the end of the war in 1945.

Mr. Jones, who made the trip to Jacksonville with Rick, his daughter Dorinda and his wife, Jo Laverne, said the two planned to spend the weekend together and catch up on lost time.

The two men are survivors of a mission to bomb German troop trains in occupied Greece on Sept. 24, 1944. Seven B-24s took off from their base in Italy on what was supposed to be a "milk run" -- an easy assignment after 11 runs over Poland, Austria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Greece and Germany.

After the planes dropped their bombs, anti-aircraft guns blasted the B-24s from the sky. As Mr. Leon's plane flew through the debris of the plane ahead of it, one of its wings tore off.

The crew bailed. Mr. Leon and Mr. Jones, along with Edward Czakoczi, the ball turret gunner from Homestead, and six of their crew mates were captured, along with two men from the plane that had exploded in front of them.

Their pilot, James Cameron of Detroit, landed farther away from everyone else and eluded the Germans. Several months later, he made it into Salonika and found a newspaper picture of his crew. He sent it to the U.S. War Department, which sent it to the men's families back home as proof that they were no longer missing in action.

A German photographer had

captured the scene as German officers paraded the prisoners through the streets.

Under the photo, later reprinted in the Press in early 1945, the caption said in German: "The people of the town watched the prisoners partly with curiosity and partly with cold disdain. Hurtful curses were heard.

The prisoners themselves took no notice of the barbaric devastation that their attack on a peaceful Greek town had caused."

But Mr. Leon said that was the work of propagandists. In truth, the Greeks were cheering the Americans as heroes.

When he was home on furlough in 1945 with Mr. Czakoczi, the Press quoted Mr. Leon saying, "We didn't know what was up. They wanted to show us off as barbarians who had bombed their city and thought they could get the Greeks along the street to spit on us, hurl stones at us and call us names. But the Greeks were friendly and shouted, 'Hi, Yanks,' and 'How're you doing, kids.'"

The crew was carted off to be interrogated in Salonika.

But there was a touch of humanity among the captors. One spit-and-polish German officer, out of earshot of the others, walked up to within inches of his face and said quietly in perfect English: "We should give Hitler a gun and Roosevelt a gun and then let [them] shoot each other so we can all go home."

The Germans planned to fly the crew to Germany. But American planes had bombed their planes on the runway, so they loaded the men into train cars.

One night, Greek partisans blew up the engine, Mr. Leon said, and the Germans began marching the men on foot. The captors didn't treat them badly, but for weeks the crew ate little but moldy bread and slept on the cold ground.

One night in Yugoslavia, as the Germans were stoking a campfire, the men heard cries of, "Americans run!"

The Chetniks of Yugoslav guerilla leader Gen. Draza Mihailovich

ambushed the party, killed all 30 German guards and took the Americans into the hills. The Chetniks gave them canned salmon, a rare treat. "We ate it, bones and all," said Mr. Leon.

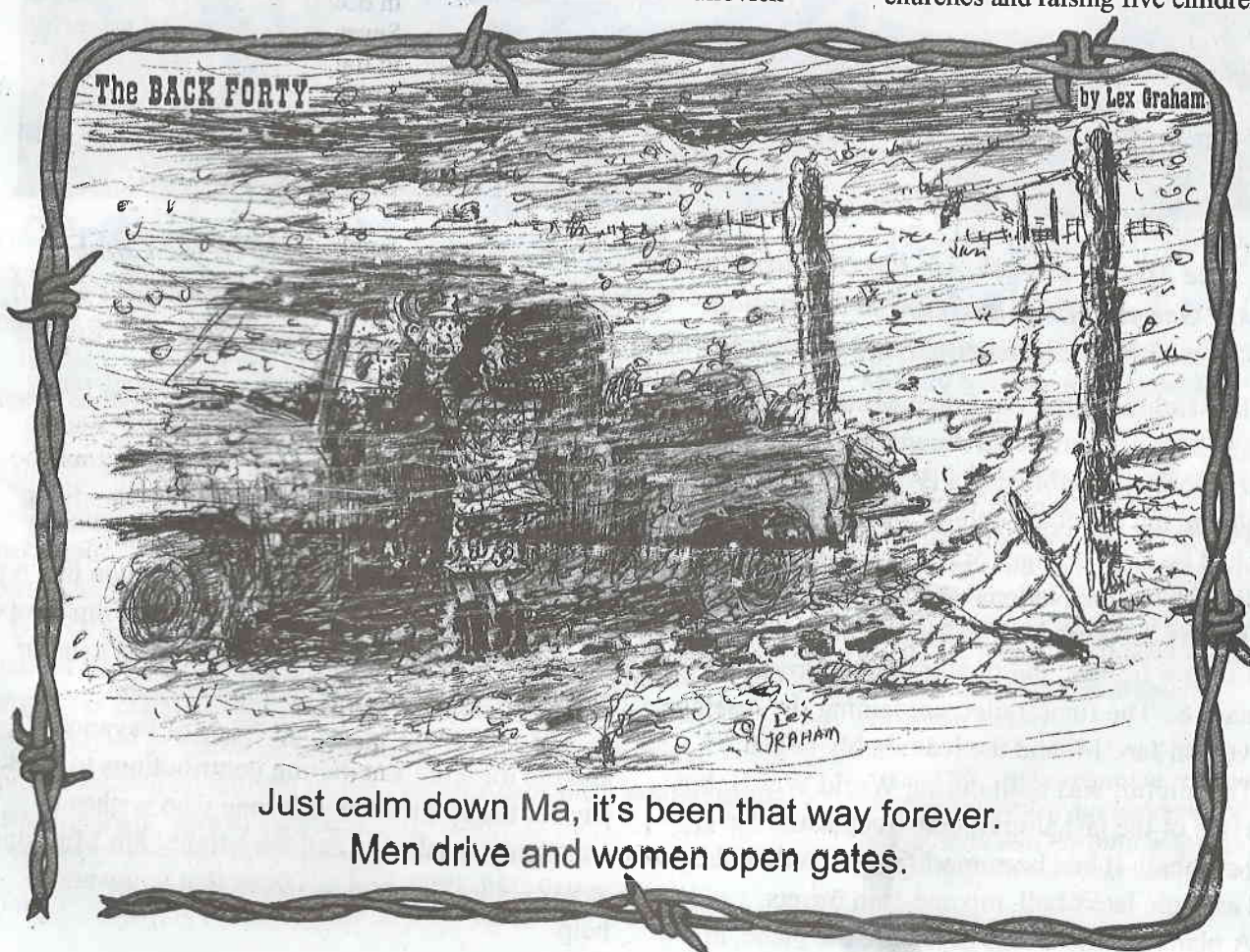
While living with the Chetniks, they met a Bulgarian officer who convinced them to walk to Bulgaria.

They arrived in Sofia in November, and from there flew back to Italy on Dec. 24, 1944. It had been exactly three months since their plane went down.

For them, the war was over. They shipped home from Naples and arrived in Boston, where they parted at Fort Miles Standish.

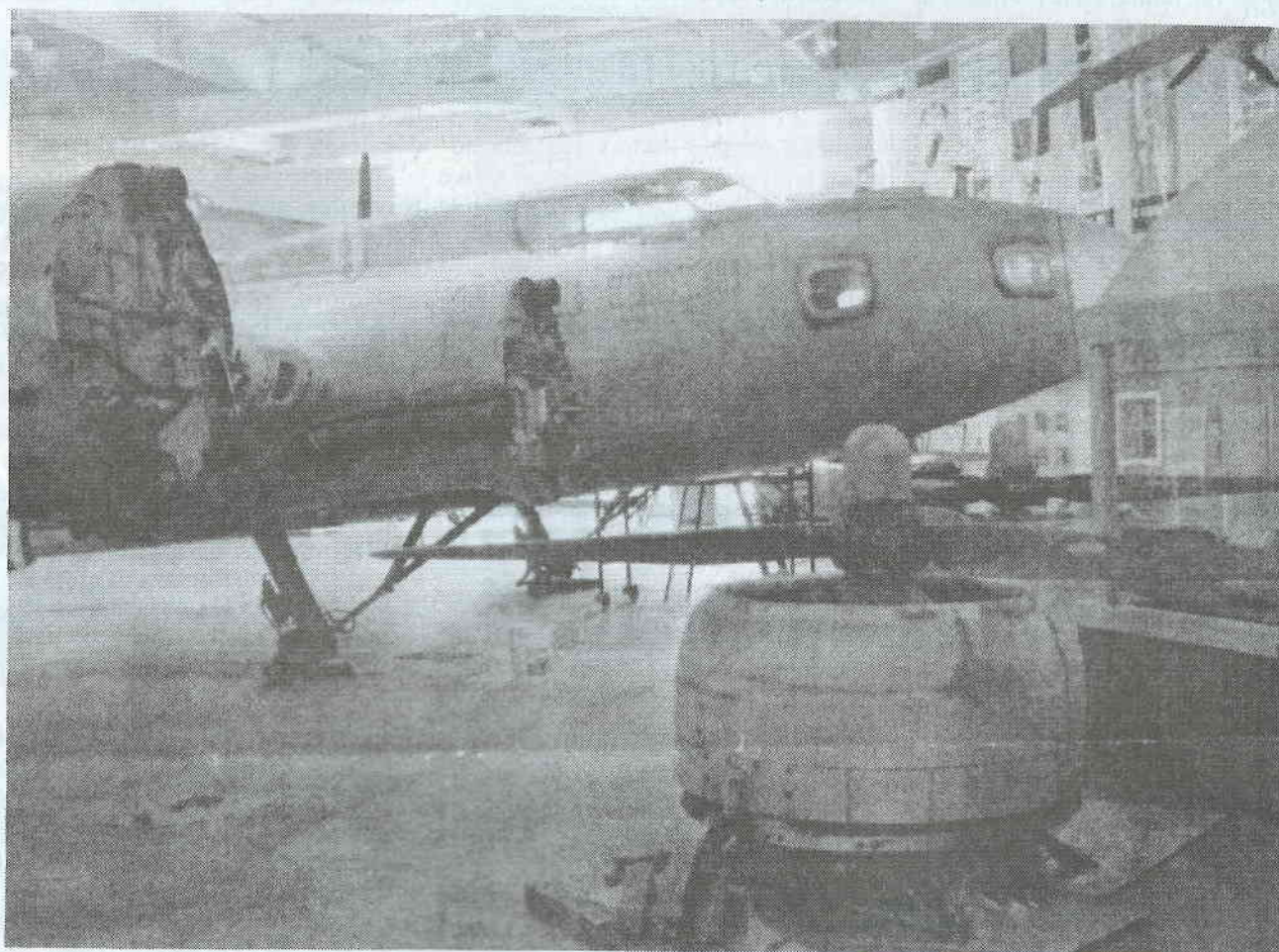
A lifetime has since passed. Mr. Leon, who was born in West Virginia, managed a moving company in Pittsburgh for many years before leaving the city, first for Hilton Head, S.C., and then Florida.

Mr. Jones spent a career teaching agriculture at a country high school in Texas while ministering at local churches and raising five children.



Just calm down Ma, it's been that way forever.
Men drive and women open gates.

THE MIGHTY EIGHTH MUSEUM GETS A B-17



The Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum's new B-17 is being reassembled in the Combat Gallery of the museum at Savannah. This photo was taken during early stages of assembly. An engine (right foreground) awaits its turn to be attached to the aircraft.

The Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum at Pooler, Ga., finally has fulfilled a dream that dates back to its creation: it has obtained a B-17 aircraft for display in the Combat Gallery. A Model B-17G that had been in storage for many years was obtained from the National Air and Space Museum.

It was transported to the Mighty 8th Museum in four tractor trailers, the first of which arrived on January 8. The final trailer, containing the fuselage, arrived on Jan. 14, and the reassembly began.

The aircraft was built during World War II, but was one of the last aircraft constructed and never saw combat. It had been modified to civilian duty, and as such, lacks ball, top and chin turrets.

A plan is in the works to restore the plane, at a

cost of \$250,000 to \$350,000, to a combat-ready look, even though it will never again take flight.

The museum plans to allow visitors to tour the plane once it is restored. This kind of "hands-on" interaction will allow them to get a better appreciation of what it was like to serve on this type of combat aircraft, rather than seeing it from a rope-off observation area. It is expected to be a major attraction for those who visit the museum.

The plane will be named "City of Savannah," and the museum is soliciting contributions to help pay for the restoration. Anyone who wishes to contribute is asked to call the Mighty 8th Museum at 912-748-8888, and tell them that you want to help.



This group of Allied airmen gathered for a photo op at Tri Duby (Three Oaks) in Yugoslavia on Sept. 19, 1944, waiting for planes to evacuate them to Bari, Italy, to rejoin their units. They had been sheltered by Chetniks resistance forces.

----(Photo from the collection of the late Miodrag Pesic.)

Maurice Druon, 'Partisans' co-author, dies in Paris at 90

Maurice Druon, 90, co-author of France's most patriotic anthems during WWII, died April 15, 2009, in Paris.

In 1943, while living in Paris as a young cavalry officer with the Free French Forces in exile under Charles de Gaulle, he and his uncle, the writer Joseph Kessel, heard a simple marchlike tune with an unusual structure of repeated 11-syllable lines.

The melody had been written by Anna Marly, a Russian-born troubadour. Her original lyrics were written in Russian and had been translated in English.

Mr. Druon and his uncle adapted them into French -- they retained little of Ms. Marly's original language but kept the word "crows" as metaphor for Nazi warplanes -- and the song, which began known as *Chant des Partisans* (Song of the Partisans) quickly became an anthem of the French Resistance, second in its patriotic power only to *La Marseillaise*.

An English translation of 'Song of the Partisans' is shown on Page 19.

Monroe museum tells the history of Selman Field

The Chennault Aviation and Military Museum at Monroe, La., contains many new exhibits and artifacts with an impressive history.

Artifacts and exhibits tell the story of Monroe's contribution to early aviation in the area and the vital role Selman and the Flying Tigers played in World War II.

Nell Calloway, museum director, especially invites students to visit the museum and learn more about American history.

In WWII, the navigation school at Selman turned out hundreds of airmen who told the pilot where to go. One of them was your ink-stained scribe.

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by
JOHN KATSAROS



CODE BURGUNDY--THE LONG ESCAPE is a true story authored by John Katsaros (E&E# 755), a 20-year-old aerial gunner on his 11th bombing mission, flying on the B-17 *Man O War*, piloted by Lt. Jack Dunaway, out of England on March 20, 1944, on a raid on a F-190 aircraft factory at Frankfurt, Germany,

The plane was shot down by enemy MI-109s and .50 cal. flak.

Three crewmen were killed on station during the attack, two engines were blown out and the wing was in flames when the alarm was given to bail out.

John, seriously wound with a splintered right arm, assisted crewmates with their wounds before he bailed out.

He experienced the fear of pursuit by the Gestapo after his rib-cracking landing from a 25,000-ft. free fall. Twice he was captured and escaped with the assistance of the Free French Resistance, who hid John over a three-month period to nurse him back to health and to assist in his travels from the north of France, south to climb the Pyrenees and to freedom, only to be locked up by the Spanish constabulary.

John, under a secrecy order by the government, was unable to reveal his story until recently.

His medical treatment in France, while on the run, was owed to a Dr. Levy, a Jew, who was hiding out in the cellar of his clinic. With the insistence of the Free French, punctuated by a pistol to his head, Dr. Levy performed three surgeries within three days on John's gangrenous arm to save it and his life.

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BOOKS

THE AIRMEN AND THE HEAD HUNTERS

by Judith M. Heimann, c 2007,
262 pages, \$26

Reviewed by Jerri Donohue,
Friend Member

This engrossing account deserves its subtitle: **A True Story of Heroic Tribesmen and the Unlikeliest Rescue of World War II.**

In November 1942, the Japanese located a group of European civilians in the interior of Borneo. They immediately killed most of the men and brutalized the women and children for a month before bayoneting them.

Although he knew the fate that awaited him, a young American missionary in a distant village surrendered rather than jeopardize his congregation. The Japanese promptly beheaded him.

The Dayak tribesmen had practiced headhunting as recently as 1930, but the vicious behavior of the Japanese shocked them. They remembered it, and the missionary's self-sacrifice, when a B-24 crashed in Borneo's mountainous interior in November 1944.

The natives took in seven survivors and sought direction from Makahanap, a Javanese official in charge of the area. Although he reported to the Japanese, Makahanap persuaded each tribe's headman to keep secret the whereabouts of the Americans.

Survivors of a Navy plane shot down in January 1945 also found refuge among the indigenous people. Although the Japanese tracked one group down and killed them, four Navy fliers eventually joined the evading Army airmen.

The evaders became part of a guerrilla operation in March 1945, when Tom Harrison, an eccentric British major, parachuted into Borneo with commandos from Australia and New Zealand to recruit tribesmen to

fight the Japanese.

Some of the healthier Americans taught native warriors to use modern weapons. Another American served as radio operator. Yet another became a medic for the locals.

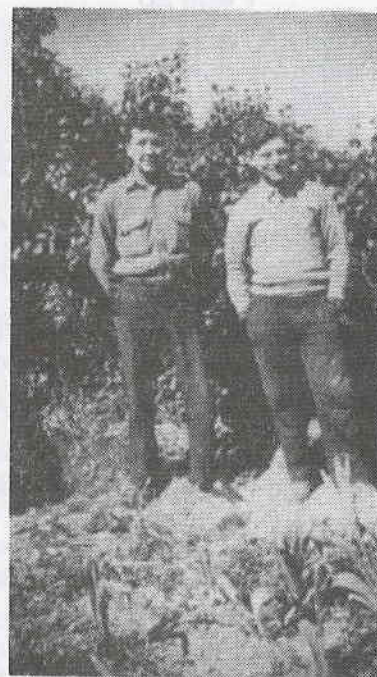
Ensuing attacks on the Japanese and Harrison's construction of a bamboo airfield to evacuate the Yanks make for exciting reading. The book's great strength, however, is its description of the evaders' lives in Borneo. All suffered debilitating malaria or dysentery. Many had infected leech bites, scabies or tropical ulcers. In the humid climate, their clothes rotted off their bodies. The jungle teemed with hostile mammals and poisonous snakes.

For each of 13 consecutive days the Navy men struggled for 12 hours on steep, slippery mountain slopes as they fled Japanese-held territory.

Meanwhile, four of the Air Corps crewmen found refuge from enemy patrols in a shack deep in the jungle. For several weeks tribesmen took great risks to make periodic food deliveries but the fliers grew weak from hunger.

On the other hand, the Americans enjoyed celebrations in the longhouses, native music, dancing, feasting and moonshine, even though shrunken heads hung from the rafters.

By the time of their repatriation they ceased to view their rescuers as primitive.



William Weber and Herbert Brill

REUNION

By Harry Guinther

The following poem was written for the Crusader newsletter in 1988. Since then it has been printed in numerous veteran's magazines, several major newspapers and one book of poetry.

*What strange mystery shrouds this time
When with aging bones and time fogged mind
I'll now see and walk and talk again
With old good friends
And ponder well where we have been?*

*And what strange wonder fills these places
That, as my mind searches memories of dark days,
My eyes mist while my mind races?
Yet, even as I remember them, I'll smile again
At their names, their voices, and familiar faces.*

*And what strange sadness there is to know
Of absent friends and missing crew
Who have never known the cheers
Of seeing again those they once knew
To live again their yesteryears?*

*But what strange gladness there is to know
The bonded closeness of those here.
For as I search their eyes I see as one
A common spark that seems to glow
With quiet pride that says, "Well done!"*

AFEES Life Member Herbert Brill, navigator with the 8th Air Force, 407th Sqd., died earlier this year. He was well known in our society, along with his wife Millicent.

Herb was in the crew of Lt. Coleman Goldstein on the mission to Bordeaux and Cognac on Dec. 31, 1943.

Following serious mechanical trouble, Lt. Goldstein landed the B-17 in the countryside near Expiremont, 29 miles south of Cognac.

Lt. Brill joined the rebel "maquisards" in the Charente. It was incorporated in the special section of sabotage, Capt. Jacques Nancy. Herb participated in the liberation of the region, and returned to England on Sept. 4, 1944.

After the war, he and Millicent bought a house in the Dordogne, where they spent several months of the year.

Because of health problems, they permanently left France with great regret, to return to California where he has died at the age of 89.

France has made a tribute to his action during the war. On July 16, 2005, Herbert Brill was awarded the Legion d'Honneur at the scene of his battles with the French Resistance.

CLAYTON C. DAVID, 1919-2009

He played a vital role in our history

**From the Courier-Post
Hannibal, Mo.
May 19, 2009**

Clayton C. David, USAF retired, 89, of Hannibal, Mo., died Friday, May 15, 2009, at Beth Haven in Hannibal.

Memorial services were conducted Sunday, May 24, at First Presbyterian Church in Hannibal. Cremation rites have been accorded, and a private family internment was to take place at a later date.

Lt. Col. David was born July 19, 1919, in Topeka, Kan., the son of James C. and Gladys Zinn David.

He was married to Lenora M. Scott on Feb. 11, 1945, at Scio, Ohio, and she survives. He and his wife moved to Hannibal in 1987.

He is also survived by two sons, Lynn A. David of St. Louis and James S. David and daughter-in-law Debbie, of Macon, Ga., his grandson, Jonathan David of Springfield, Mo.; his granddaughters, Sarah R. David and Nora Grace David, both of Macon, Ga., and his brother, Maynard E. David of Bradenton, Fla.

He was preceded in death by his parents, an infant son, a sister, Calista McCracken; and two brothers, Cmdr. F. J. David and John E. David.

After graduating from Kansas State University in June of 1941 and working for Pet Milk Co. at Siloam Springs, Ark., Clayton entered the United States Army Air Corps on Dec. 1, 1941. He retired from the Air Force Reserves on July 19, 1979.

He was a pilot, flying combat missions in a B-17 with the 8th Air Force out of England, and he was reported MIA over Holland on Jan. 11, 1944.

He evaded capture by the Germans through Holland, Belgium, France and over the Pyrenees Mountains to reach Spain and Gibraltar.

From there he was flown back to England on May 25, 1944.

He received the Purple Heart in



CLAYTON C. DAVID
303rd Bomb Group, E&E # 674

addition to other decorations. His evading experiences are the basis of a book, "They Helped Me Escape," which he wrote.

He also is featured in the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum, Savannah, Ga., and on a DVD, "EVADE!," produced by Word One.

Mr. David spent more than 25 years with Pet Milk Co. at locations in Ohio, Greeneville, Tenn., Salt Lake City, Utah, and Neosho, Mo.,

with responsibility for milk procurement.

During that time he worked closely with universities and state agencies to improve dairying. He and his wife "Scotty" owned a training and motivational company, working with schools and businesses.

He was associate professor emeritus of West Virginia Northern Community College, Wheeling, W. Va., where he worked extensively

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with manufacturing plants, hospitals and businesses to improve their supervision and management.

An elder in the Presbyterian Church, Clayton was a past president and membership chairman of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, life member of the Reserve Officers Association, the 303rd Bomb Group and the 8th Air Force Historical Society.

He was a member of Who's Who in the Mid-West, the Air Force Association, the Retired Officers Association, the Emmette J. Shields

American Legion Post No. 55 and the VFW.

Mr. David enjoyed traveling and was an avid golfer earlier in life. He enjoyed his neighbors and he and his family are very grateful for the neighborhood kindness and assistance during this difficult time.

Memorial contributions are suggested to either First Presbyterian Church in Hannibal, or the Blessing Hospice of Hannibal. They may be sent to Scotty David at 19 Oak Ridge Pond, Hannibal, MO 63401-6539 for distribution.

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Mme. Jacqueline LeGrand, of Quillebeuf/Seine, France, passed away in December 2007. She helped Robert Starzynski, E&E 1356, after he bailed out in 1944.



I didn't want to die

High above the earth that stretches all over everywhere,

In a crystal clear sky, heavy boulders come from nowhere.

With devastating force, the explosions flip the plane out

Of control, and thud like a fist throwing a body clout.

I am frightened, clutched in a terror that engulfs me

The smoking explosions, the hail of bullets, needn't be!

But they are. Then comes the fire crackling below my face,

Leaping up and out through the smashed canopy. I race

To free the stuck canopy, but it won't bulge. I'm trapped.

Oxygen flow cut off. Planes plunging. My strength -- sapped.

I can't see. Then, oil comes rushing out from a hit engine.

The plane is falling crazily not unlike a wounded pigeon.

I must get out. I grasp the broken canopy with both hands.

It still won't budge. Frenzied desperation naturally expands.

Somehow the fire goes out. The terror ebbs, then goes away.

I won't be burned alive. Immediate danger is held at bay.

I still can't bail out, because I just can't get out.

I must ride this "bomb" to the ground without a doubt.

The plane is incapable of flight, but it will still glide.

I will make a wheels-up landing, then I will hide.

Found by friend or foe, I will get a physical check-up.

My troubles are behind me; I'm as happy as a new pup.

Reminiscing, I felt like a condemned man, divinely saved

By a reprieve. The imminence of death had been waived.

--Composed in 2005 by Keith McLaren Abbott, 15th AF

Howdy, New Members of AFEES

D. Karen DelGuidice
(Louis DelGuidice's daughter)
129 Chittenden Rd.
Killingworth, CT
06419-2428
Telephone #860-452-4194

Stefanie Frigo (friend)
307 W. Symons St,
Pooler, GA 31322-2525
Telephone #912-748-7114
sfrigo@georgiasouthern.edu

Harvey Horn (POW)
165 Pine Tree Rd,
Monroe, NY 10950-3967
Telephone #845-783-4322
harmind@optonline.net

Kenneth McPherson
169 Saco Av, #11,
Old Orchard Beach, ME
04064-1629
Telephone #207-934-7544

-FOLDED WINGS-

Col. Horace Whaley Lanford, USAF(Ret) died on September 21, 2007. Flew with the 15th Army Air Force's 455th Bomb Group stationed at Cerignola, Italy. He evaded capture during World War II and his story is part of the Veterans History Project collection.

Robert W. Blakeney died on January 13, 2009. He and four other crewmen survived a crash landing at Reggio Calabria, Italy on August 16, 1943 while returning from a mission to Foggia, Italy. Bob was captured by Italian soldiers and imprisoned in Sulmona prison camp. With 15-17 others, they escaped the camp in October 1943, he then paired up with John Hess. Eventually they made contact with Canadian soldiers and a few days later were flown to Tunis sometime in November 1943.

#674 Lt. Col. Clayton C. David, USAF(Ret) died on May 14, 2009. While flying as a co-pilot with the 8th Army Air Force's 303rd Bomb Group, he parachuted out of his B-17 "Meathound" on January 11, 1944. Landing in Holland he evaded capture with the help of many Dutch people and eventually the Dutch-Paris Escape Line were transported to Paris. When his helpers in Paris were arrested, he and seven other evaders had to escape. Kenneth Shaver and Clayton made contact with the French Resistance. Eventually he and Kenneth Shaver became part of the Maquis supply line carrying guns, ammunition, etc. to Toulouse, France for the use by the French Underground. After that they walked through waist high snow over the Pyrenees Mountains to Spain. He tells his story in his book "They Helped Me Escape". Clayton and Scotty(wife) wrote letters to hundreds of former evaders and escapers, expanded the AFEES membership to over 1000 people. Clayton was a life member, who served as the AFEES President for many years and most recently as the Membership/Correspondence Secretary until illness prohibited him from holding this duty.

Claude C. Murray passed away on May 13, 2009. Lt. Murray piloted an F-5C (P-38 Lightning Photographic Reconnaissance aircraft) for the 7th Photographic Reconnaissance Group. On October 6, 1944 he was shot down by German jet fighters, forcing him to parachute into the Zuiderzee(the shallow North Sea inlet), where he rode and paddled his raft for hours until landed on shore. Once ashore, he made contact with the Dutch Resistance. They sheltered him until May 5, 1945, when the Netherlands were liberated. He tells the story of his evasion in his book, titled "Flight Boots to Wooden Shoes".

Ralph Patton confirmed that Albert Postma, Netherlands died in last 6 months.

Jeannette Harris, 11903 W. Main St, Wolcott, NY 14590-1034 phone 315-594-2015 that La Vicontesse Henri de Sugny or Odile de Sugny died Jan 12, 2009. She was 98 years old, was first person to help Howard Harris.

Changes/corrections for membership roster

Marvin Berger, 160 Stetson Dr, Chalfont, Glenside, PA 18914-3756 phone#215-233-4439

Theodore Bidwell, 1 Rogers Hill Rd, Waterford, CT 06385-4135 phone#860-464-7446

William Booher, 364 Parkwood Dr, Cornelia, GA 30531-5264 phone#706-776-7446

**Kenneth Dunaway, 13875 W. 115th Ter, Apt#104PH, Olathe, KS 66061-9522
phone#913-469-9221**

**William Gardener III, 1575 Belvidere St, Apt#127, El Paso, TX 79912-2632
phone#915-585-3416**

Charles Hadfield, 5 Wollman Farms Rd, Burlington, CT 06013-1625

**Jerry Harmon, 10401 W. Charleston Blvd, Unit#V2, Las Vegas, NV 89135-8706
phone#813-962-6317**

Betty Helsel, 513 Main St, Apt#308, Embleton, PA 16373-9303

Fred Kreisburg, 488 Briarwood Cir, Hollywood, FL 33024-1394 phone#951-961-3400

Charles Scarborough, Atchison, KS 66002-1129

**Jay Williams, 6001 W 119th St, Apt#1209, Overland Park, KS 66209-3704
phone#913-491-6388**

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

***AFEES membership dues are \$20 per year; \$50 for three years.  
Changes of address a/o telephone # and checks (payable to AFEES)  
should be sent to***

***Richard Shandor, PO Box 254, Cresson PA 16630-0254;  
Phone: 814-886-2735; <rshandor@hotmail.com>***

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Amount enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# The editor has the last word

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

WICHITA FALLS, Tex.-- Yes, AFEES will continue, under new leadership from the younger folk!

The transition at Dayton was accomplished in a truly professional manner. My thanks to outgoing president Richard Smith, for handling the change so well. Dick's final PREZ SEZ appears on Page 2.

Clayton David, who has been a key figure in the development of our society, has Crossed Over. He succumbed a week after the 2009 reunion, after suffering for the past several weeks.

Clayton has been a great friend ever since I took over the editor's spot some 15 years ago. He was my go-to guy when I needed information about anything that concerned AFEES.

He and I followed parallel paths in life. Both of us came off a Kansas farm to graduate from Kansas State and enter the service before Pearl Harbor.

We both went down over Europe the same month (January 1944) and crossed the Pyrenees, then returned to the Midwest afterward.

Rest in Peace, my friend.

Any of you who might be attending the Paris air show this month might take a look at the Air Truck AT-802U, manufactured by Air Tractor Inc. of Olney, Tex., some 45 miles south of Wichita Falls.

The AT-802U is based on the popular AT-802 crop duster which is modified to serve as as counter-insurgency aircraft.

Remember some years back when AFEES petitioned the U.S. Congress to award us a medal for evading capture by the enemy? That was after the POW medal was issued.

Legislation to provide us with such an honor died repeatedly in a congressional committee.

Now the ladies have beat us to it!

They have received congressional recognition for their service in ferrying aircraft during the war. Congress is about to award a gold medal to the Women Airforce Service Pilots.

## NOW HEAR THIS:

AFEES now has its very own website, thanks to Don Thorpe of Salt Lake City. Don is a new friend member; he's married to the granddaughter of a helper.

Open <airforceescape> and you will find a lot of good reading.

There are several links, including the line to the RAF site which has been tended by Frank Haslam.

The family of William Magee, 15th AF, had sort of a family reunion at the Dayton gig. Present were Donna, Helen, James and Robert Magee, who helped round out a table of their own at the banquet.

William, who now lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, bailed out over Yugoslavia and was returned to Allied lines by the Partisans.

He sent part of his chute back to an aunt in the States, who made a christening gown from one of the panels. The gown has been used in ceremonies for kids, grandkids, and even great-grandkids.

Talk about recycling!

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## Change Service Requested

I have received word that Bert Monster, well-known Dutch Helper, passed away on May 23.

Hope to have more information for next issue.

If you want to get the attention of Mary Spinning Spier, a new board member, just yell, "Hey, Beanie!" That is the nickname her father Bill Spinning gave her early in life.

AFEES does not send out notices for membership dues. Your expiration date is shown on your mailing label on this page.

If your membership is not current, wudya divvy up, plz? Our rate for mailing the newsletter has been increased AGAIN.

Paul Rees and Richard Shandor were the main guys with the camera at Dayton and supplied me with photos for this issue. Friend Member Jerry Harmon did a superb job on the paperwork for the reunion.

Mucho gracias to each of you!

**HOW TO TELL IF PEOPLE ARE MARRIED:** You might have to guess, based on whether they seem to be yelling at the same kids.

**FROM THE OL' FARMER**  
"Keep skunks and bankers and lawyers at a distance."

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