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Ex-POW Hal Cook serves as adviser for Hollywood

By **HAROLD E. COOK**
Mercer Island, Wash.

15th Air Force, 450 BG

POW #5531, Stalag Luft III

During the month of February 2001, I was a military adviser to MGM in Prague, Czech Republic, where Producer David Ladd and Director Greg Hoblit and a number of fine young actors were shooting *Hart's War*, starring Bruce Willis.

The movie, which opened across the country in February 2002, depicts a young American infantry officer captured at the Battle of the Bulge and becomes a P.O.W. of the Germans. There were several "shoot" sites in and around Prague, including a 10,000-man replica of a German POW camp.

My involvement in the movie was to bring Hollywood and reality together.

On Feb. 11, 2001, my wife and I traveled by car and driver to the site of my POW prison camp located about 150 miles north and east of Prague.

I had a lot of anticipation as we drove through weather that was foggy, rainy, then suddenly sunny as we neared "Zagan." During the war Zagan was in Germany and called Sagan but postwar territorial changes moved the Polish border westward and Sagan became part of Poland.

This was my first trip back -- my trip back in time -- the last time there was that night of Jan. 30, 1945, when with two hours notice the German Luftwaffe marched us -- all 15,000 American, British and Commonwealth Air Force officers -- out into a raging subzero blizzard as Russian forces smashed into Silesia.

Now, some 57 years later, we stopped

west of Zagan at the "Museum Martyrdom" which depicts Stalag VIIC&E and my Camp Stalag Luft III.

It was a trip back into the horror and misery that the war sent some half million Russians, Poles, French, British and Americans into the terrible circumstances of these Wehrmacht Sagan Camps which were worse by far than Stalag Luft III run by the Luftwaffe.

I was taken back by the number of Stalags and POWs located only a couple of kilometers from "Luft III."

The museum -- more like a mausoleum -- took me back to my second most important experience (the first being shot down over Austria) to the camp that took my youth (I was 19 when I was captured), robbed me of my freedom, but which in return provided a manhood which I would not have without it.

Then, on to Stalag Luft III campsite. All of a sudden I realized the passing of my generation -- except for the graveyards, little remains, over grown camp area, a few foundations, the

demolished red brick German commandant's headquarters, and some muddy roads which were so busy 57 years ago -- no buildings, barbed wire or sentry towers -- which had made up this unique but sad city of some 20,000 Allied airmen and their German captors -- "The Great Escape Camp."

I was struck by sadness that the camp is all but gone, existing now only in the memories of the men who were there -- who themselves will pass only too soon -- and be mostly forgotten.

I shed tears for what is now gone which was such an event in my life. But the camp gave me something in return, love of country, an appreciation of hunger and hardship, and on the winter march, endurance beyond what I ever thought was within me.

But most of all, the camp gave me a happy life filled with good things like family, love, and material things so missing in that drab place -- that now exists only as a memory, a ghost of fear, humiliation, and courage.

He engineered own 'Great Escape'

In March 1945, on a march out of Nurnberg, Hal Cook initiated his own great escape. As the captives were marched toward Bavaria, he took advantage of the sparse number of German guards attending the 20-mile long line of POWs and trickled to the end of the line, where he was left behind.

He began traveling alone and at night south toward Switzerland, where the promise of freedom egged him on. He swam small rivers to avoid bridges, which were patrolled and eventually made it to the border on the east side of the Rhine. It was more than a 100-mile trek.

After crawling through barbed wire fences, he swam the cold waters of the Rhine and entered Switzerland.

After stops in Geneva, Camp Lucky Strike in France and Portsmouth, England, he was boated to New York City, where he arrived on May 29, 1945, his 21st birthday.

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(Helped Albert Cobb and others
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Doolittle Raider tells his story on tv

By 2nd Lt. JUSTIN GIOVANNETTONE

11th Wing Public Affairs

BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE, D.C.

-- On June 28, 1942, U.S. Army Lt. Thomas Griffin received the Distinguished Flying Cross in front of Hangar One here for his participation in the legendary Doolittle Raid against Japan.

Almost 60 years later, Griffin returned here recently to appear on the Fox Network television program "War Stories with Oliver North" and recount the story of the United States' first offensive action against the Japanese homeland in World War II.

The 85-year-old Griffin said the base looks a lot different from how he remembers. Back in 1942, Bolling still had an operational airfield and was general headquarters of the Army Air Force.

Griffin, who retired at the end of the war as a major, belonged to the 17th Bomb Group, based at Pendleton, Ore., in early 1942. When the call came asking for volunteers for an unspecified secret mission, almost the entire group volunteered. The next few months were spent training for the unheard task of flying B-25 Mitchell bombers off an aircraft carrier for a one-way trip into history.

The plan was for 16 B-25 bombers, led by Lt. Col. James "Jimmy" Doolittle, to be transported aboard the aircraft carrier USS Hornet to within 400 miles of the Japanese coast. The bombers would then

take off and bomb major Japanese industrial cities including its capital, Tokyo. Though the raids were not expected to cause significant damage, the fact that the mission would hit mainland Japan less than five months after Pearl Harbor was to be a major psychological victory for the Americans.

But there were major risks involved.

Before the Hornet could get within the planned range of the Japanese coast, it came in contact with several Japanese picket ships. Fearing the ships would transmit their location to the Japanese fleet, Vice Admiral William F. Halsey, commander of the task force escorting the Hornet, ordered Doolittle and his raiders into the air immediately. They were about 250 miles farther than their planned takeoff range.

Another concern was the aircraft itself.

"No one had ever taken a fully loaded B-25B off a carrier until we did it that day," recalled Griffin. "We were 1,500 pounds over what the book said the B-25 could carry."

Nonetheless, all 16 B-25s, including Griffin's No. 9 plane, made it off the carrier successfully.

As navigator for his crew, Griffin remembers guiding the plane on its 4-hour flight to Tokyo and flying so low he could see the rooftops of houses as they reached the city.

He also remembers flying right over the Japanese emperor's palace and that the crews were given explicit instructions not

to hit the palace because the emperor was considered divine by the Japanese people and U.S. leaders did not think it wise to target him.

Griffin's B-25 was supposed to drop its bombs on a tank factory in Tokyo. After directing the plane over the target, Griffin was sure they had hit it. It was not until several years later that he learned they had actually missed the tank factory and instead hit an electricity generation plant -- temporarily turning out the lights in part of Tokyo.

The mission was a success, but the danger was not over. Though the B-25s were able to take off from the Hornet, trying to land back on the carrier was not an option, even if they had enough fuel to make it back. So the plan was to keep flying into Chinese territory and land at friendly airfields.

But because they were forced to take off early, none of the planes were able to make it to the airfields. Most flew as far as they could into China and then bailed out.

"It didn't take any bravery to jump out of the airplane . . . because if you stayed in, you were dead," Griffin said. The crews were never formally trained in parachuting, they were just told, "When you bail out, count to eight and pull the cord."

Griffin and his crew were eventually recovered by friendly Chinese soldiers and returned to U.S. forces. Some of the Doolittle raiders were not so lucky. Though none were shot down over Japan, three died in accidents and eight were captured by the Japanese. Three of the captured men were eventually executed, one died in captivity and the others returned home after the war.

The war was not over for Griffin.

After receiving his DFC at Bolling Field here, he returned to battle -- this time in the Mediterranean Theater. In July 1943, he was shot down over Sicily and captured by the Germans. He spent the rest of the war as a prisoner and says the Germans treated him surprisingly well.

"In two years of being a prisoner, not one German ever laid a hand on me," Griffin said.

Leading fighter ace passes away

WASHINGTON (AFPN) -- An ace fighter pilot from World War II and the Korean conflict passed away at Huntington Hospital on Long Island, N.Y., from an apparent heart attack on Jan. 31, 2002.

Retired Col. Francis "Gabby" Gabreski was credited with 28 kills during World War II and downed 6.5 MiGs over Korea. His military career spanned two decades.

Gabreski led a series of fighter sweeps over the beaches of Normandy on June 6, 1944 -- "D-Day," eventually surpassing Eddie Rickenbacker's World War I record. On July 5, 1944, he scored his 28th kill, making him America's leading ace.

Later, he was held as a prisoner of war in Germany.

Funeral services were held Feb. 6 at St. Matthews Church in Dix Hills, N.Y., on Long Island. The colonel was buried at Calverton National Cemetery, Calverton, N.Y., also on Long Island.

Gabreski's daughter-in-law, Brig. Gen. Terry L. Gabreski, is director of logistics for Air Force Materiel Command at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio.

Vigilant, ready, proud for 60 years

By **CAPT. DANI JOHNSON**
U.S. Air Forces in Europe
News Service

RAMSTEIN AIR BASE, Germany -- From World War II to the opening war on terrorism, U.S. Air Forces in Europe has an established reputation as an organization ready to respond when needed.

The oldest active Air Force major command celebrated its 60th anniversary Jan. 19. Since its inception as Eighth Air Force in 1942, USAFE has been at the forefront of America's wartime and humanitarian operations.

"While the look of USAFE has

changed throughout the years, it has maintained a proud tradition of dedicated service to freedom and democracy in Europe and the world," said Dr. Ronald Hartzer, USAFE deputy command historian.

During World War II, it directed the United States' strategic bombing campaign against the Axis powers and afterward operated the famous Berlin Airlift.

USAFE is about security, and security requires capabilities across the full spectrum of air and space operations," said Gen. Gregory S. Martin, USAFE commander. "As we were established early on, we were tested by the closing of the Iron Curtain in the Berlin blockade

... and we were able to save that city through airlift."

The base here became the hub for C-17 Globemaster III humanitarian relief missions into Afghanistan. By the time the airdrops ceased on Dec. 21, more than 2.5 million humanitarian daily relief packages had been delivered, as well as almost 21,000 55-pound sacks of wheat and 42,000 blankets.

"For 60 years, the men and women of USAFE have continually shown their dedication and talent in preserving and protecting the freedoms of our country and our allies," Martin said. "Our legacy is one of vigilance, readiness and pride, which continues on today."

The Mighty Eighth, 60 and counting

By **YVONNE D. BRUSSELMANS**
Dunedin, Fla.

On the final weekend of January 2002, the 8th Air Force celebrated its 60th anniversary right where it was born in Savannah, Georgia, and what a celebration it was!

I was privileged to be asked to speak to the group on Friday night. With my favorite subject to speak about, Anne Brusselmans, and involvement of the family in the rescue of downed airmen, I felt right at home.

I wish Mother could have been present to hear the applause especially directed to her -- perhaps she was. I hope so.

Seated in the rotunda were about 400 Eighth Air Force vets and as I glanced at the front row, I recognized several long-time friends, including Maj.Gen. Lewis E. Lyle, USAF (Ret.), a valued supporter of AFEES and the motivating force in pursuing the concept of the museum, and Lt.Gen. E. G. Shuler Jr. (USAF (Ret.)), who actually built it.

To my great surprise and pleasure, in the back, I recognized Robert and Mary Sweatt (AFEES) accompanied by seven family members, all the way from Texas.

Festivities began on Wednesday evening when a group of organizers, the mayor of Pooler, a representative of the National Guards, Charles Haskett (B-17



WITH THE BRASS -- AFEES Director Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans poses with Lt.Gen. Thomas Keck (left) and Lt.Gen. E. G. Shuler Jr. during the 60th anniversary celebration of the Eighth Air Force in Savannah, Ga.

tail gunner), his wife Wilma, and I were escorted to the airport by a City of Pooler police cruiser. We were at the Savannah airport to meet Anne-Marie-Lemont-Rousselle, a Belgian lady who was on her

first trip to the United States and on her first plane flight.

She was bringing back part of the wing of a B-17 which crashed on her grandfather's property some 57 years ago.

She was overwhelmed with the welcome extended to her -- given the key to the city of Pooler by the mayor and she, even got to ride back to the hotel in the cruiser with sirens blaring!!!

It had been a while since I had visited the museum and I was anxious to revisit the AFEES corner where Mother's memorabilia is displayed and where I recognized several pictures of European Helpers on the Wall of Honor.

So many memories of a difficult time during my teen years.

The museum has evolved since my last visit and new artifacts and aircraft abound. The construction of the chapel is well on its way. All in all, I was impressed with what has become an incredible piece of history for present and future generations. A legacy of which the men and women of the 8th Air Force and the Heritage Museum staff can be justifiably proud.

On Saturday morning, we again met in the rotunda and after presentation of the Colors, the National Anthem, and a few remarks we were treated to a series of great seminars.

Noted speakers who took to the podium included Roger Freeman, a leading authority on U.S. warplanes, the airmen who flew them and the Second World War operations in which they were involved; Allen Jones, photographer of "Return to Normandy Exhibition," a tribute to his father and the WWII generation, documenting the remains of the defensive fortifications on the beaches of Normandy, nearly 60 years after D-Day; and Lt. Gen. Thomas J. Keck, commander of the 8th Air Force at Barksdale AFB, Louisiana, one of the three active duty numbered air forces in the Air Combat Command. General Keck gave an impressive briefing on the current 8th Air Force with a video which included the famous unexpected visit to Barksdale by the Commander in Chief on Sept. 11, 2001.

Other speakers were Donald L. Miller, professor at Lafayette College, a WWII historian and author of many publications; Brig. Gen. Paul W. Tibberts, pilot of the *Enola Gay* and author of the book by the same name, relating one of the most famous flights in history which brought about a quicker surrender from the Japanese and a reduction in the loss of Allied lives.

A weekend which I know I will not soon forget for its impressive program and the warm welcome from all who organized it. Chatting with many veterans of the Mighty Eighth, which I

became quite familiar with during the four years in Belgium when we watched the skies, wishing them luck on their dangerous mission -- delivering us from the oppressor.

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Memorial honors 305th crew

By **CLAUDE HELIAS**
*Conservatoire Aeronautique
 de Cornouaille
 Plomelin, France*

An 8th Air Force B-17 crew shot down in action in 1943 were honoured in Brittany on Oct. 13, 2001. A memorial was unveiled in the village of Brec'h, 28 km east of Lorient.

This celebration of French-American friendship had a special meaning. One of the survivors of the crash, former co-pilot Joseph B. Boyle, flew from the U.S. to attend the ceremony with his wife Nancy and daughter Leslie.

On May 17, 1943, 118 Flying Fortresses attacked the U-boat base and the power station at Lorient, while 34 Liberators made a wide sea sweep to bomb the sub pens at Bordeaux and 11 Marauders were detailed to Ijmuiden and Haarlem in Holland. Mission 58 was notable for the fiasco of the B-26 attack on the Dutch targets; one Marauder aborted, the rest were lost. The U-boat pens at Lorient were being targeted for the eighth time since October 1942.

Six Forts did not return from the two Lorient strikes, four from the Chelveston-based 305th Bomb Group. One of them was B-17 42-5219 which fell to German

fighters. "Our ship had no fancy name because we were superstitious about fancy names," said S/Sgt. Robert G. Neil.

While crossing the Brittany coast, 5219 developed engine trouble and lagged behind the formation. The prop of No. 4 had to be feathered. The Fort soon was attacked by FW-190s. The intercom was knocked out and the pilots had no way of knowing the extent of damage. With the glycol on fire, the aircraft was filling with fumes.

After the target, German fighters made another attack on the crippled Fort. One engine after another was lost and finally the pilot, 2d Lt. Harry W. Indiere, sounded the bell but only four crew members were able to escape. The rest were killed. They were Navigator Roy E. Richards and gunners John W. McFarland, Walter E. Schenk, Dennis T. Cullinan Jr., John D. Norris and Henry A. Mitchell.

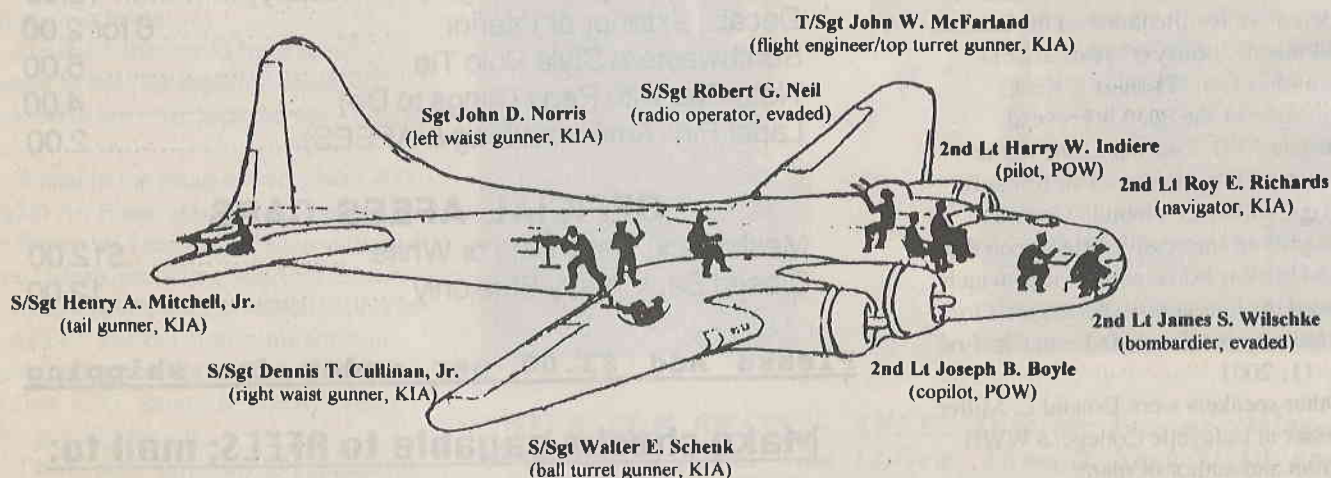
Co-pilot Boyle landed in a wooded area. Two young Frenchmen were first to reach him and offered to help. Unfortunately, a small group of German soldiers arrived almost immediately and captured him. The following morning, Boyle was taken to the rail station at Vannes where he met Indiere. He learned

that the pilot had bailed out, half blinded by smoke and had injured his leg when he landed in a tree. On arrival in Paris, he was dropped off at the Luftwaffe hospital. Boyle was taken the Dulag Luft and later was transferred to Stalag Luft 3, Sagan on May 26, 1943. Indiere arrived two weeks later. They were liberated on April 29, 1945.

Bombardier Lt. James S. Wilschke and Neil were able to evade. Wilschke landed in a field near the village of Plomelin, about midway between Auray and Carnac in Morbihan. He hit a fence upon landing and knocked himself out. When he recovered, he saw a farmer who picked up his flying gear.

The Frenchman took Wilschke to a barn and put him in a wagon, covered him with clover and left. In an hour, the farmer was back with another Frenchman who could speak English. They moved Wilschke to a field and hid him in a hedgerow until dark.

That evening the airman was taken to a nearby farmhouse. The next morning, he was told that another American airman was hidden in the area and both would be moved together to another location. They put Wilschke in a horse-drawn cart and moved him several kilometers to where a



B-17 F 42-5219 WF ★ K

305th BOMB GROUP - 364th BOMB SQUADRON

car was waiting. In the car was Robert Neil, along with several other people.

This began a complicated journey with the Underground. The two evaders stayed in barns, churches, basements and out in the fields, often right under the noses of the Germans. They even attended Holy Mass in a forest.

"We posed as everybody and everything except what we actually were," said Neil. "I could have won a prize as the best dressed refugee in occupied France. It sure took a sharp eye for anybody to know I was an American in that outfit."

Wilschke and Neil crossed the Spanish border on Nov. 17, 1943. Just before Christmas, the two airmen arrived back in England. At Chelveston, they learned that things had changed much in the six months they had been gone.

Robert G. Neil and Harry W. Indiere passed away in 1992 and 1993, respectively. James S. Wilschke died in Pompano Beach, Fla., on Oct. 1, 2001.

On Saturday, Oct. 13, 2001, a memorial was unveiled near the crash site of B-17 No. 42-5219 by Joseph Boyle and M. Pierre Baudic, mayor of Brec'h. The standard bearers of local veterans association provided a colour guard around the memorial. More than 100 people had gathered to honour the crew.

After the unveiling, the French and American national anthems were played.

"Six airmen died on a beautiful day of May 1943 to liberate our country. The freedom we enjoy today has a price; we shall not forget it as too many men, women and children paid it with their lives," said the mayor in his speech.

He described the memorial as a tribute to a gallant crew, an example of French-American friendship and support to the people of the United States after the tragic events of Sept. 11, 2001. "This memorial will remind to all those who will pass by that the ties between our two countries are summed up in two words: sacrifice and freedom," the mayor concluded.

This ceremony was the result of many years of research by the Conservatoire Aeronautique de Cornouaille, a non-profit association founded by aviation enthusiasts in 1994. Its aims are the preservation of the aeronautical heritage in Brittany and research on the air war in the area from 1940 to 1944.



Evaders James S. Wilschke (right) and Robert G. Neil with Helper Felix Jouan (middle). Jouan, a flour miller in Bebie, was later arrested and died in May 1945, just a few days after the concentration camp where he was held was liberated.

Back to a French farm for his flight jacket

Lt. James S. Wilschke was a bombardier on a B-17 bomber in the 8th Air Force, flying missions in Europe during the spring of 1943.

On May 17, while approaching their target area in Brittany, the plane developed engine trouble and lagged behind the rest of the group. It was attacked by German fighters and badly damaged. Immediately after reaching the target and dropping their bombs, it became obvious that the ship was going down and the pilot, co-pilot, radio operator and Lt. Wilschke were able to parachute into Brittany. The other members of the crew were lost.

Lt. Wilschke's parachute opened and he guided himself to a field and in landing, hit a fence and was knocked unconscious. When he came to, a French farmer was standing nearby and asked him whether he was English or German. He explained that he was an American, whereupon the farmer, Andre Diabat, took him in, hid his parachute and other equipment and led him to a barn and hid him in a farm wagon, covering him with straw.

Soon another Frenchman came to the barn and took Lt. Wilschke and provided him with clothing. A short while later, he led him to the radio operator, Sgt. Robert Neil, and the two downed airmen began a six-month sojourn in occupied France. They stayed in barns, churches, basements and out in the fields, often right under the noses of the German occupation troops.

They did not disclose their names, and they did not know the names of those who took them in and hid them. On one occasion they hid in the loft of a barn and during the night a German unit moved into area and set up headquarters in the barn itself. The baker who owned the barn made numerous visits to the barn on various pretexts to bring the Americans food. After a few harrowing days, two of the baker's workmen came up in the loft and traded places

with the Americans who then walked away from the barn undetected.

The summer was spent either moving from one place to another, or hiding and sleeping -- 20 of 24 hours. One stop along a river was exciting in that a German patrol stopped to take a swim where the fliers were helping their French host seine for fish. They carefully moved away from the swimmers and were not compromised.

On another occasion their hosts came to tell them that the Gestapo had sealed the town, placing road blocks around it, and were making a house-to-house search looking for Resistance people. The fugitives made a hasty exit.

Staying in one place for an extended period was a cause of great concern both to their helpers and to the airmen. It was feared that sooner or later their presence would be revealed. Sometimes, in desperation, the two would begin a journey toward the Pyrenees and the Spanish border, walking down the lanes and across the fields and woods. Taking the chance, they asked farmers for food and lodging, and often approached several before finding one who would take them in. Everyone was suspicious of everyone else. Invariably, an intrepid French patriot would take the risk.

It is estimated that Lt. Wilschke and Sgt. Neil stayed with 27 different families or individuals during the six months period. In November, they made their way across the mountains into Spain where they were put in prison and later repatriated.

Not knowing any names of the Resistance people, or those who had taken him in during the stay in France, Lt. Wilschke in later years began a search to find out who the people were who had risked so much. These people were unsung heroes -- like many others -- in WWII. Many of the people had died and youngsters were grown up, when finally contacts were made and a partial list was completed.

Forty years later, the return trip to Brittany took place. A doctor, who as a boy was of great assistance to the fliers, met Lt. Wilschke at the plane and he and his wife were taken back to the area where he had been shot down. The doctor spent the week taking them to various homes and hiding places in the countryside where they were met by people who had taken him in. There were many tears during the



Memorial to the crew of B-17F 42-5219, 305th Bomb Group, unveiled at Brec'h, Brittany on Oct. 13, 2001.

pilgrimage. And much joy. The hospitality of the French people was most heartwarming.

The climax of the trip was the return to the farm of Andre Diabat, where Lt. Wilschke and Monsieur Diabat met again after 40 years. It was an emotional meeting. As Lt. Wilschke and his wife were preparing to leave, M. Diabat told them of his premonition that they would meet again some day. He left for a moment and returned with the flight jacket Lt. Wilschke had worn when he parachuted into the farm on the exciting May 17, 1943.

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Life Member James S. Wilschke, E&E 267, died in Pompano Beach, Fla., on Oct. 1, 2001.

Survival school:

Learning to 'return with honor'

**By Master Sgt. Mary McHale
92nd Air Refueling Wing
Public Affairs**

FAIRCHILD AIR FORCE BASE, Wash. -- It is training they hope they never use for circumstances they hope they never face.

But as the adage goes -- never say never.

These are students in their first day of the field-training portion of the U.S. Air Force Combat Survival Course. This portion of the 17-day course finds students deep in the mountain wilderness of Colville National Forest, north of Spokane, Wash.

With conventional classroom comfort left behind, students spend six days in the

wilderness learning and applying lessons that may one day literally mean the difference between life or death.

"True, it's training they hope they never have to use, but the value of the course is that it not only hones combat skills as well when people may find themselves in a precarious situation," said Col. Craig Jensen, U.S. Air Force

Survival School commander.

During this portion of the course, students learn firsthand about building shelters, starting fires, finding or making safe food and water sources, navigation techniques and evading possible inhospitable forces.

Instructors and students follow a four-step process as they learn the various skills, said Tech. Sgt. Tom Bonsant, superintendent of Charlie Flight for the 66th Training Squadron.

First the instructor teaches the skill and then demonstrates it, he said. The instructor then has the students practice those skills which are then followed by a formal evaluation and critique.

"These students come from all walks of life," Jensen said. "For some, these skills come naturally, for some, they don't."

In their shelter lesson, elements of five students work together to gather the materials to make a lean-to -- in this case, several tall, thin pine logs they will lash together with parachute cord with the chute canopy creating one 'wall' of the makeshift shelter.

"Each skill requires time to perfect," said instructor Airman 1st Class Kelly Ivey, as he observed each of his students practice wood splitting. "Notoriously, split-wood fire craft is the most difficult but students have to make the mistakes they're going to make to get a greater learning outcome."

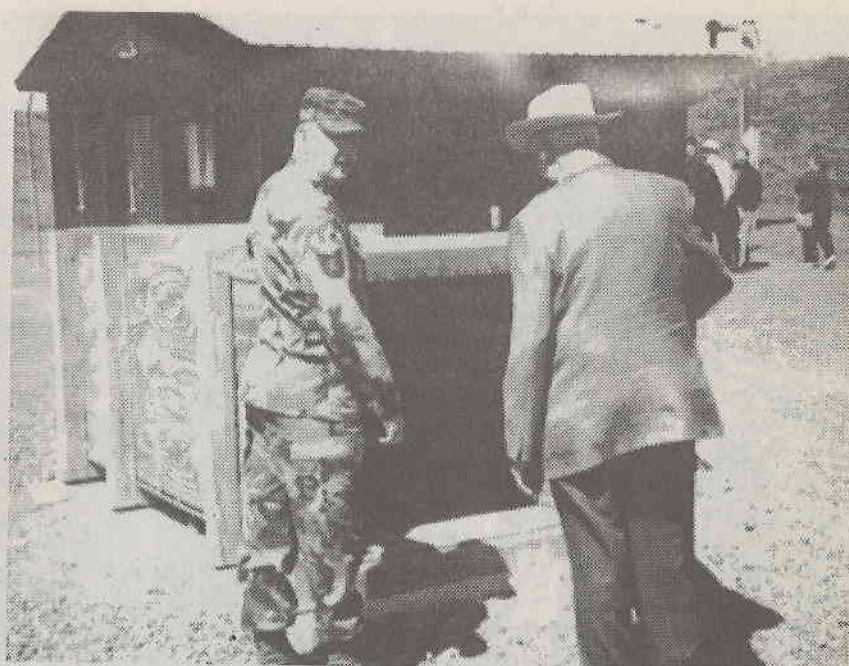
Wanting to experience as much as he can firsthand, 2nd Lt. Jesse Lamarand, a B-52 Stratofortress navigator trainee said, "You can watch it all you want, but until you experience it first hand, that's when you change your mind set."

Lamarand's biggest fear and concern, he said, is being captured as a prisoner of war, where "anything can happen." But, he said, the course lessons help him calm these thoughts.

"The fact that I'll be able to apply the procedures I've learned here provides me a basic confidence so that I can come home, so I can return with honor," he said.

In fact, "To Return with Honor" is the motto of the Air Force survival training program.

"To return with honor means having pride in yourself and in your country, knowing your country is going to do everything possible to get you home,"



A Fairchild AFB Survival School instructor explains "The Cooler" to an AFEES visitor in May 2001.

said Staff Sgt. Barry Leland, from the 22nd Training Squadron. "It gives you motivation internally."

Airman Hollis Collins, a prior-service Air Force combat controller who reentered the Air Force specifically to become a survival course instructor, is currently a student of the survival trainer course.

"When I was in before, I knew people who were instructors and they really enjoyed it," Collins said. "It sparked my interest and from that point on I completely fell in love with it. It's good to know people are coming back because of what you taught them."

For another student, 1st Lt. Mike Gommel, B-1B Lancer aircrew trainee, the course offers the valuable opportunity to soak up all the training and knowledge he can.

Gommel said he is trying to get through this portion of the course using as many environmental resources as he can rather than relying on apportioned rations of meals ready to eat. Attesting to this desire is a canteen of pond water -- purified with iodine -- strapped to his side.

"I'm trying to make it as realistic as possible," he said as he proceeded to describe some of the various flavors he had previously placed on his plate. "Worms taste like dirt, and ants like lemon drops and termites are bitter."

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AFEES members attending the 2001 reunion in Spokane visited the Survival School at Fairchild Air Force Base.
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Everything the students use here they have either brought as equipment or make from the local environment. During the six-day period, students sleep in the shelters they built.

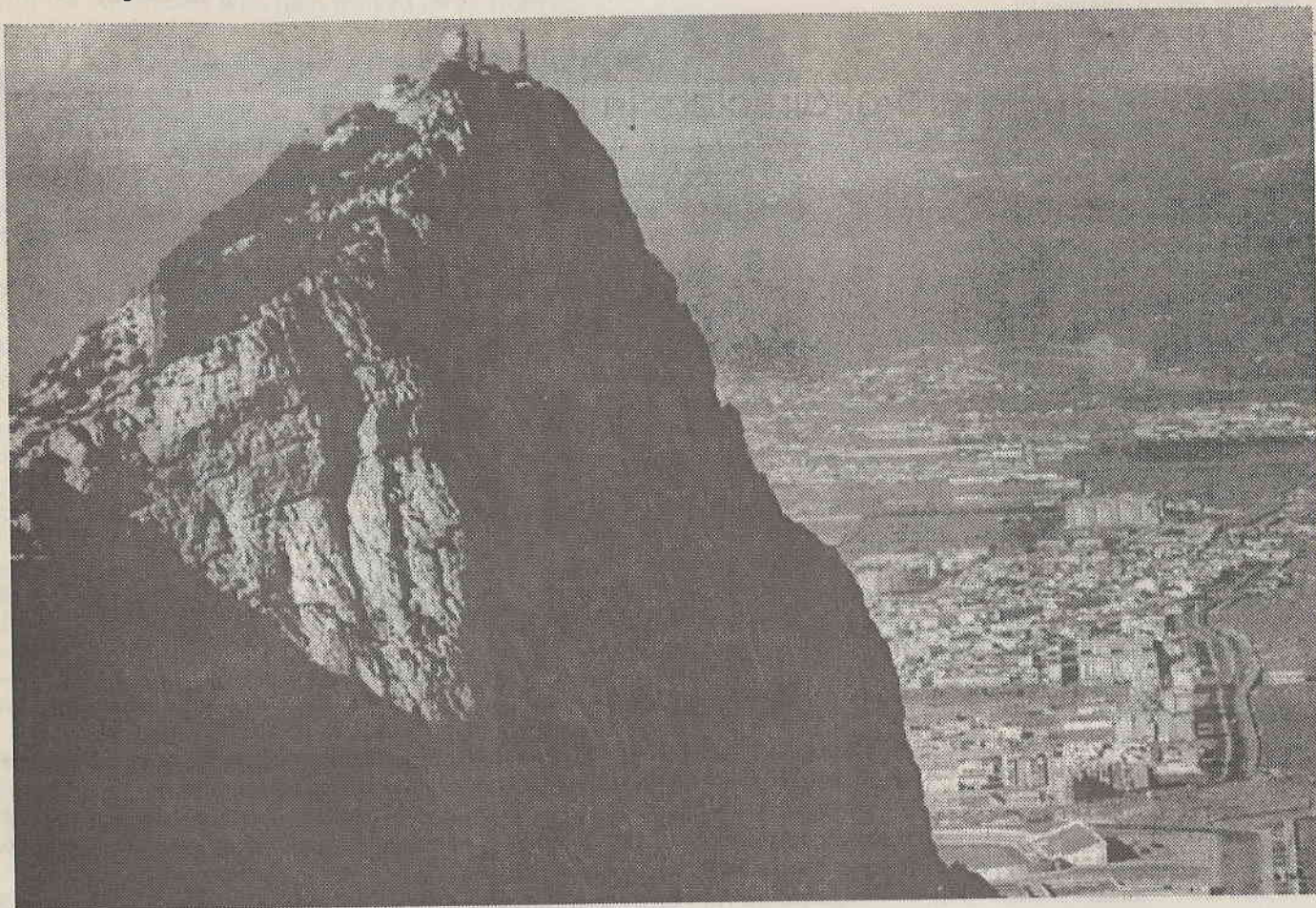
"Equipment varies from student to student," Bonsant said. "We stress bringing the minimal amount and student packs usually average between 35 and 40 pounds."

While the instructors demonstrate field techniques with specific items, such as a parachute, these items are really just representative examples of how to employ what resources are available, Bonsant said. If not a chute, it might be the rubber from a raft. Pine boughs stacked inside the shelter become a bed.

"Any time you can build something with next to nothing, it's a huge victory," he said.

"My most favorite part is coming out here and getting this kind of training," Gommel said. "I don't really mind any of it, it's all valuable training -- training we might have to use some day."

(Courtesy of Air Mobility Command News Service)



The summit of the Rock of Gibraltar rises high above the sea that separates Spain from the African Continent. Gibraltar was the destination of most Allied evaders who crossed the Pyrenees Mountains with the aid of the French Underground and Basque guides.

For tourists: Monkeying 'round the Rock

By LISA MARIE PANE
The Associated Press

GIBRALTAR -- To many Americans, the Rock of Gibraltar is probably best known as the advertising symbol for a prominent insurance company. To the British, the tailless apes who inhabit its upper reaches are a sort of insurance policy.

As legend tells it, as long as the apes remain on this rocky outpost on the southern tip of Spain, Britain will retain control of Gibraltar.

Within the confines of Gibraltar, you find an exotic mix of locals -- including Spaniards, Moroccans, Indians, Italians, and Brits -- and most speaking with impeccable British accents.

My companion and I made a beeline for Willis Road, the route to take to hoof it up to the top of the rock. The summit stands at about 1,200 feet and most of it is a paved road that leisurely winds its way up. There's also a cable car (about 5 British pounds) that takes visitors to a spot just below the actual summit.

Most of the upper sections of the rock are a nature preserve. And there are two spots where most of the apes

congregate: the Apes' Den near the middle cable-car station, and near the Great Siege Tunnels that were carved throughout the rock for British military purposes.

It's immediately striking how accessible the apes are to visitors. In the United States, they would be behind gates and warning signs would be posted everywhere alerting tourists to the dangers of mingling with wild animals. This colony of Barbary macaques are the only wild primates in Europe.

On Gibraltar, the apes roam free and are very approachable. We walked up to one group of apes hanging out at a concrete wall. I held out my hand to one ape, who grasped it gently and just sat there staring at me. I patted his head and talked to it like the family cat.

Closer to the summit, more apes hang out in a makeshift den and on concrete walls, eating peanuts tourists have either fed them or they've been snatched from their unsuspecting hands.

We continued on up toward the summit -- only to find a gate closed, blocking off access to the top. Even from here, the views were spectacular. Even through the haze, we could spy North Africa off in the distance.

B17 Flying Fortress Association

- 6 issues of 10 page newsletter with pictures per year
- True accounts by WWII flyers of the air war against Germany
- Eyewitness stories of being shot down or bailing out into enemy territory
- Escape and evasion stories by airmen and their underground counterparts
- Airmen's experiences in NAZI POW camps
- Poems by actual mission crewmembers
- Search information for lost buddies and missing crewmembers



Contact info:
B17 Flying Fortress Association
1640 Cambridge Drive
Walla Walla, WA 99362
(509) 525-9442
email: b17assndhayes@bmi.net

Welcome to the Sunshine State's Tampa Bay for the AFEEES reunion!

Thursday through Sunday, May 2-5, 2002

REUNION EVENTS

Thursday, 2 May

MORNING

U.S. Coast Guard's Clearwater Air Station

Busses will leave Wyndham Hotel at 0915 hrs. (Boarding will take place at Occident Street hotel entrance (Posters will be in place). Return is scheduled for no later than 1200 hrs., giving time for a quick lunch (inside hotel or in the immediate vicinity) before afternoon optional tours not included in Reunion Package.

The station was originally commissioned in 1934 at Albert Whitted Airport in downtown St. Petersburg. It was relocated to the St. Petersburg/Clearwater International Airport in 1976 with the addition of four HC-130 airplanes. In 1987, the station became the largest Coast Guard Station with the expansion of the OPBAT (Operations Bahamas, Turks and Caicos) mission.

Air Station currently has six HC-130 Hercules aircraft and 12 HH-60 Jayhawk Helicopters.

Air Station missions include Search and Rescue, Law Enforcement, Maritime Environmental Protection and Logistical support.

AREA OF OPERATIONS: Aircraft routinely operate throughout the Gulf of Mexico, the entire coast of Florida, the Bahamas and Caribbean Seas, from the Yucatan Peninsula to Puerto Rico.

It patrols the MacDill AFB area and has been since Sept. 11.

AIR STATION STATISTICS for year 2000: Lives saved, 169; Lives Assisted, 471; Marijuana interdicted, 15,365 lbs.; Cocaine interdicted, 2,853 lbs.

*Welcoming Remarks by Capt. Daniel B. Lloyd,
commanding officer*

*Briefing on drug enforcement and other current
USCG missions*

Static Display of HC-130H aircraft, C-130 and HH-60J helicopter

**Optional tours not included
in Reunion Package**

AFTERNOON

Holocaust Museum in St. Petersburg

The Florida Holocaust Museum is the fourth largest Holocaust Museum in the United States.

Experience the hopes and dreams, achievements and conviction, and the past and future of those who died in the ghettos and concentration camps of Europe. Meet survivors, the few who tried to save them and the liberators, all determined to preserve human dignity.

The Museum is dedicated to advancing public awareness, education and understanding of the Holocaust, honoring the memory of millions of innocent people who suffered, struggled and died in the Shoah.

Busses Leave Hotel 1415 hrs, Return 1645-1700

-- O R --

Museum of Science and Industry (MOSI)

**Busses Leave Hotel at 1400 hrs., Occident Street
Entrance, Return 1630/1700**

IMAX (Dome) Theatre -- Experience images of unsurpassed size, clarity and impact. With 10,500 sq. ft. of dome-shaped movie screen and a superb, 44 speakers, six channel, digital sound system, the IMAX is specially designed to give everyone the best seat in the house.

The experience takes you places you only dream of going. They may still be showing, "The Shackleton's Antarctic Adventure," a 45-minute film.

The Museum also includes more than 450 "Minds On" interactive activities, making science a real-life adventure. They even have a simulator!

EVENING**1900 - 2200 hrs.****Welcoming Dinner in the Atrium**

Helpers will be introduced at this time.

Cash Bar Available

Friday, 3 May**MacDill Air Force Base**

MacDill AFB is home to the U.S. Central Command (USCENTCOM), the organization responsible for directing the effort of Allied forces in Central Asia. It also is home to the U.S. Special Operations Command (USSOCOM), directly responsible for non-conventional military operations in support of CENTCOM.

Then there is the 6th Air Mobility Wing with its fleet of KC-135R, the 91st Air Refueling Sqdn., now involved in Operation Enduring Freedom; Noble Eagle; air defense alert and daily air refueling tasks.

The 6th Operational Support Sqdn. operates base control, air traffic control etc., and the 310 Airlift Sqdn. with EC-135 and C-37 aircraft, provides air transportation to U.S. commanders.

Busses leave the hotel at 1130 hrs. from Occident Street Entrance.

Due to the current war on terrorism, the program is undetermined. A great many people are working on it and time will tell.

Tarpon Springs, the sponge diving city, is a possible alternative choice.

TENTATIVE AGENDA AT MacDILL AFB

LUNCHEON AT THE OFFICERS' CLUB

BRIEFINGS from SOCOM and CENTCOM

BUS TOUR OF THE BASE

with stops at memorials.

1630--1800 hrs., Social Hour in the Eagle Nest Bar. Cash Bar, with members of the Order of Daedalians (fraternity of military pilots), and foreign members of the Coalition Representation presently in Tampa.

Busses will remain on the base; one bus will return with members wishing to return to hotel after the base tour.

EVENING**You are on your own!****Saturday, 4 MAY****MORNING****City Bus Tour**

Busses leave the Wyndham (Occident Street Entrance) at 0930 hrs. Guides leave the tour at Centro Ybor.

Tour guides will take us past the Tampa Bay Performing Arts Center, the Fine Arts Museum and the University of Tampa.

The main building was built in 1890 as a luxury hotel by Henry B. Plant. It is now a National Historical Landmark.

REGISTRATION DESK**Hours of Operation**

Wednesday, 1 May 1000 -- 1200
1500 -- 1700

Thursday, 2 May 0800 -- 0900
1600 -- 1800

Friday, 3 May 0830 -- 1030
1700 -- 1800

Saturday, 4 May 1000 -- 1200

HOSPITALITY SUITE**Hours of Operation**

Wednesday, 1 May 1500 -- 2300

Thursday, 2 May 1400 -- 1800
2100 -- 2300

Friday, 3 May 0900 -- 1100
1700 -- 2300

Saturday, 4 May 1000 -- 1700
2100 -- 2300

Sunday, 5 May 1000 -- 1700
2130 -- 2300

AFEEES PX**Hours of Operation**

Thursday, 2 May 1400 -- 1700

Friday, 3 May 0830 -- 1100

Saturday, 4 May 1400 -- 1700

Tour continues with a drive through the Hyde Park area and Old Hyde Park Village. Then along Bayshore Boulevard to see beautiful old mansions that face the bay.

On the way to Ybor City, you will see the Convention Center, the Ice Palace (Hockey Arena), Harbor Island and the Florida Aquarium.

On to Ybor City, which is Tampa's Latin Quarter and oldest part of Tampa, where the cigar industry began when it moved here after a fire wiped out many of the factories in Key West.

Busses will take us to Centro Ybor where we will be on our own for luncheon and some browsing. Several restaurants are available.

Busses will remain at Centro Ybor until 1415 hrs. when we will be returning to the hotel via several original "Shotgun Houses" in which cigar workers and their families lived. Each bus will be accompanied by a designated reunion volunteer.

DON'T GET LOST!**AFTERNOON****On your own!****(Continued on Next Page)**

(Paul E. Kenney, John Rucigay, Richard Smith)



FLIERS

*Come on and join the Air Corps,
And get your flying pay;
You don't have to work at all...
Just loaf around all day.
While others toil and study hard
And soon grow old and blind,
You take the air without a care,
And never, never mind*

*Our pilots do a lot of stunts
And do them well, of course;
And if you think that isn't hard,
Just try to loop a horse.*

*Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire,
You're riding on the gravy-train
When you're an Army flier.
But just when you're about to be
A general, you find
That your engines cough, and your
wings fall off,
But you will never mind.*

---Author Unknown

(Published in Souvenir Booklet
of Class 43-J, Lemoore Army Air Field, Calif.)

(Courtesy of Claude Helias, Plomelin, France)

AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY ANNUAL REUNION**Thursday -- Sunday, May 2-5, 2002****Wyndam Westshore Hotel, Tampa, Florida**

Please complete this form and return form with check or money order (No Credit Cards) payable to AFES by April 10, 2002. Send to:

Paul E. Kenney, Treasurer
1041 North Jamestown Road, Apt. B
Decatur, GA 30033-3639

(Number
of Persons)

_____ **Reservations for the total reunion package, \$200 per person, which includes the \$30 registration fee, and events listed below \$** _____

If you are not selecting the total package, indicate events of your choice:

_____ **Registration Fee, \$30 per person \$** _____

_____ **Thursday Morning, Coast Guard Station tour, Bus Fee \$10 \$** _____

_____ **Thursday Welcoming Buffet Dinner, Cash Bar, @ \$30 \$** _____

_____ **Friday, Tour of MacDill AFB, Luncheon at Officers Club @ \$25 . . . \$** _____
(Bus Transportation Included. Friday Dinner on your own)

_____ **Saturday, Guided Tampa City Tour, ending at Ybor City, @ \$30**
Lunch on your own. Return by bus to Hotel in early afternoon . . . \$ _____

_____ **Saturday, Helpers' Seated Plated Dinner (Cash Bar) @ \$30 \$** _____

_____ **Sunday, Full Buffet Breakfast @ \$14 \$** _____

_____ **Sunday Evening, Annual Banquet Honoring Helpers @ \$40 \$** _____

Optional Tours Not Included in Total Reunion Package:

_____ **Thursday Afternoon, Holocaust Museum, St. Petersburg @ \$10 \$** _____

OR

_____ **Thursday Afternoon, Science Museum and Imax Theatre @ \$20 \$** _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

Names Badges: List names as you wish them to appear on badge:

NAME (Please Print) _____

Spouse's Name _____

Guests' Name(s) _____

Address _____

City, State, ZIP _____

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HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

U.S. Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society

Thursday-Sunday, May 2-5, 2002*Double or Single Occupancy: \$79 plus 12% tax**(Rate also applies two days prior to and two days following reunion)***Please Print**

Please Reserve _____ Room(s) for _____ Persons

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

Estimated Arrival Time _____ Departure Time _____

Check In Time: 4 p.m.

Check Out Time: Noon

Please indicate number of rooms requested for each category:

_____ King Smoking _____ King Non-Smoking

_____ Two Doubles Smoking _____ Two Doubles, Non-Smoking

Name _____ Sharing With _____

Mailing Address _____

City, State _____ ZIP _____

Telephone _____

Credit Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____

*(One Night's Deposit or Credit Card Required with Reservation)***Reservations subject to availability if received later than Monday, April 1, 2002****Mail or Fax this form directly to Hotel****(or call 1-800-WYNDHAM (1-800-866-7177)****and mention AFEES)****Wyndham Westshore****4860 West Kennedy Blvd.****Tampa, FL 33609****Phone 813-286-4400; Fax 813-286-4053***(Three Miles from Tampa International Airport. Free shuttle from Airport)**--Hotel Courtesy Phones located in Airport Baggage Claim Area--*

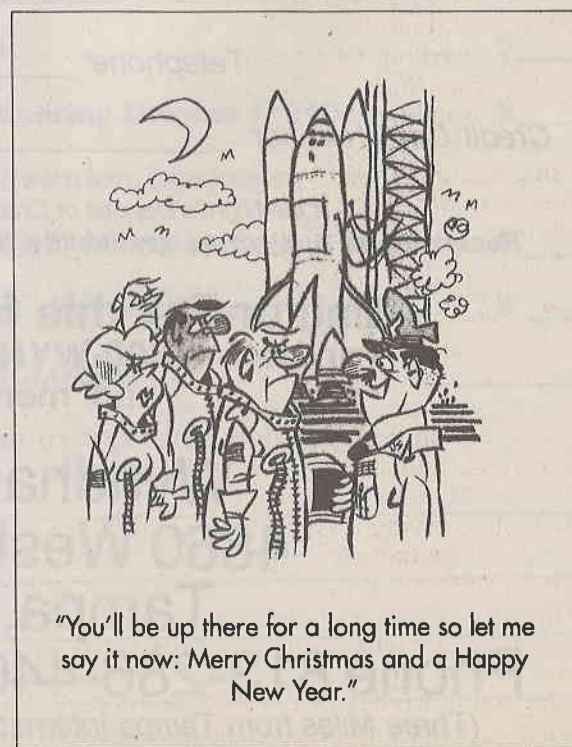
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Here's Jake



The best of

"JAKE" SCHAFFERT



Mother, daughter release war book

From the Del Mar (Calif.) Times,
Jan. 25, 2002

By AMANDA DANIELS

For 10 years, Cherie-Lynn Darr helped her mother research a subject that is very important to the Darr family: the experiences of the French and Italians who lived in Nazi-occupied villages during World War II.

Cherie Darr's mother, French-Italian Marie-Jeanne Darr, lived through World War II, and even served unwittingly as a spy for Allies when she was a young girl.

After visiting several European villages where the older Darr grew up, the two women compiled enough information to publish an unusual, true story titled *The Blue Ring*. The story chronicles the events of Marie Darr's life as a young

woman surrounded by the effects of war. Cherie Darr explained the title of the book:

"My mother's brother had an exquisite blue ring that was a gift from their grandfather, who came from a noble family on the island of Malta. There was a secret compartment in the ring. It was traditional for nobility to hide cyanide in the compartment, in case they were ever going to be killed. Later in the war, mom's brother died, and the ring was lost."

Though a strange sequence of events, her mother found the ring several years later.

But the story is much more than an account of strange luck. The book addresses topics that Marie Darr has realized apply to Americans today.

"The book came out on Aug. 11," she said. "I was promoting it after Sept. 11 and I thought, 'This is the wrong thing to do at this time.' But it worked the other way because I found that people wanted to see how the civilians, how the children -- how everybody -- deals with war," she said.

Marie Darr said that her story has received a lot of interest. She has given lectures around the country, describing her experiences.

"I just want to pass the word out, thanks to all the Allies, especially the Americans. We would not be here otherwise and I want this generation to know that. I want my daughter to know that," she said.

Cherie Darr said that as she was growing up, her mother told her stories from her past but it wasn't until she began transcribing cassette tapes recorded by her mom that Cherie became interested in her heritage.

Like her mother, Cherie Darr has lived an interesting life. She was a performer for many years, residing in Europe and dancing with renowned artists like Bjorn Bourg from the Royal Danish Ballet, and Russian Rudolph Nureyev. Later she lived in Los Angeles, performing in television shows such as *Dynasty* and several movies including *Fame* and *Staying Alive*.

About five years ago, she moved south and co-opened a beauty salon, Raymond David Salon International, on 10th Street in Del Mar.

Cherie Darr says that she enjoys Del Mar because it reminds her of a European village. "It's not exactly your normal beach town; it has a European flavor that is very attractive," she said.

She said local stores readily agreed to carry *The Blue Ring*, which retails for about \$20.

"It wasn't difficult to sell at all -- I've found that businesses here want to support each other. I've received great support and advice for my beauty business too," she said.

"The Blue Ring" is a 156-page, non-fiction narrative illustrated by several war era photographs. Some of the names of people interviewed were changed to protect their privacy.

'Mom, you should write a book'

By MARIE-JEANNE DARR

"The Blue Ring," my first self-published book, was originally written to inform my daughter of her heritage and her background. As I continued to unfold my story, my daughter was so intrigued that one day she said to me, "Mom, you should write a book on this -- your life. This is part of our history and should be on record and I'll help you!"

With that, both my daughter and I began a 10-year journey of researching and writing this book.

The Blue Ring is a story about how an antique ring representing the emblem of my heritage affected the lives of my family, especially my brother and myself. I was "blue blood" on my father's side and this book described my background, my family, and my brother who was killed during the war.

Being classified as both a biography and a history book, it relates to living in France during World War II, giving details on how the civilians lived with the constant danger of their enemy, the unending air raids, not to mention the lack of food and medication while under the German occupation.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, a large part of the civilians were involved with Underground activities and in particular my family. Nini, my brother who was a leader in the Maquis, participated in the successful landing on the south of France and ended up carrying many missions under the American uniform. At one point, I was drawn into carrying messages myself.

After the terrible tragedy of Sept. 11, I believe this book would really help the American people to understand that life goes on no matter where we are, or who our enemy is at that particular time. Our present enemy -- the terrorists -- are really not different than the Germans who were the enemy of France during World War II.

One has to have faith and be cautious at all times. We also must learn to live each minute of our lives to the fullest.

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"The Blue Ring" is available at many bookstores, including Barnes & Noble, Borders and Celebrity Books.

Two dates not to be forgotten

By VIRGIL MARCO
Dallas, Texas

Two dates in my life that I will always remember are April 24, 1944 and Sept. 2, 1944.

On April 24 I was flying as tail gunner on the Capt. Bill Lincoln crew when our plane was shot down over Occupied France. The following Sept. 2, I was liberated by the U.S. 28th Infantry Division in Chauny, France.

My parachute brought me down in a plowed field near my waist gunner, Gene Snodgrass. We walked for several hours to Aubenton, France, not far from the Belgian border. We traveled for the next several weeks with the help of some very brave Frenchmen to the city of Chauny.

After arrival by motorcycle at an automobile repair garage operated by a Resistance hero, Alfred Logeon, in Chauny. Gene and I were introduced to Genevieve Tavernier, who spoke English very well. She told us that she was taking us to her home. She gave us instructions on how to follow her at a safe distance to give the appearance of not knowing each other.

Out the back door of the garage and down a pathway to a back street we followed Genevieve until we reached her home about two miles from the garage in the center of Chauny on rue Paul Doumer, named after a former French president.

We found her home to be a two-story brick house with a high pitched black slate roof. In front was a large, beautiful garden of tulips of many colors. A white fence separated the house and the large garden from the street. In the house we were greeted by Genevieve's father, Alfred, her mother, Marcelle, and older sister, Denise.

Denise welcomed us by saying, "Bon jour! Comment allez vous."

We were invited to the kitchen for refreshments, where we learned the family name was Tavernier.

Alfred Tavernier was in his mid-50s, stoutly built with an outdoor complexion of rosy cheeks. He had a handsome smile beneath his walrus mustache.

Mrs. Marcelle Tavernier was a large woman in her 50s with black curly hair, streaked with gray. Denise was 24 and Genevieve, our interpreter, was 19.

When we finished refreshments, Genevieve asked us to follow her to her grandparents' home about a half mile down the street. Her grandparents had passed away recently and the house still contained their furniture.

We entered the back door to the kitchen and then went up a stairway to the bedrooms we were to occupy. Genevieve warned us to stay away from the windows. She returned later with our supper. We were told that she would bring us breakfast each morning when she came to feed the chickens and gather the eggs from the backyard chicken coop.

About three days later, Genevieve had some good news for us. Another member of our crew had been found and was being brought here by the Underground. His name was Bill and we thought they had found our pilot, Bill Lincoln. When he arrived, we learned that he was Bill Bergman, the other waist gunner.

We spent the days cautiously looking out a bedroom window, watching people go by and waiting for our next meal. We seemed to be hungry all the time, even though we were adequately fed. We began to feel like caged pets waiting for our master to bring our food rations.

Twice a week a platoon of German soldiers broke the monotony by marching in front of the house, their hobnailed boots keeping perfect cadence with a song.

Bill was looking out the window one morning when he asked Gene and me to do the same. We saw young men pedaling their bicycles fast as they could. Each had a backpack filled with bread, wine and probably cheese.

They were leaving town. We felt that something strange was happening. This day eliminated our chances of traveling to Paris soon. The date was June 6, 1944. D-Day.

When Genevieve arrived with our morning meal, she said, "It has happened! The Allies have invaded France from Cherbourg to Dunkirk." That explained the unusual exodus of young men on bicycles.

Genevieve told us that everyone was afraid the Germans would begin searching the homes for all young men and transport them to Germany, reducing the chance of an uprising. The men were headed for the woods to hide and join the Resistance Forces. She also told us that we would have to leave at once.

After we ate, we followed her at a safe distance to her home. A Resistance agent arrived in a small station wagon and we climbed in the back. There were no windows and we sped off.

When we arrived at a large barn, we found to our amazement about 50 other Allied flyers. Later that day, Gene, Bill and I were taken to smaller farm and the other flyers were sent to other homes in the community. During the night there was a constant roar of planes overhead, all night long. Our home now was a farmhouse a 30-minute drive from Chauny.

When I returned to France in September 1994, I met five of these men again in Chauny to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Liberation of Chauny.

They were Americans John Harms and Jack Kupsick, Canadians John Neal and Bob Lindsay and Stanley Everiss, RAF. I also learned that the owner of the farm with the large barn was shot by the Germans who also burned his farm buildings.

A middle-aged woman lived here alone. She had a cow, chickens, ducks and other barnyard animals. The first night she cooked a large bowl of what looked like spaghetti and ground beef. Gene grew up on a farm in Stilwell, Okla., and immediately recognized the dish as tripe. After telling Bill and me what tripe was, we lost our appetite.

The woman at first thought we were sick and then realized that we did not like what she had served. She then brought a



large bowl of boiled potatoes and a loaf of bread. We ate the boiled potatoes as if we were eating steak.

The next few days were a pleasant change from being confined to the inside of a house all day. We did miss the nice soft bed at our home in Chauny, but the hayloft was not bad and the brown and white cow below did not seem to mind sharing her home. We spent the day watching the farm animals and wondering if the invasion was successful.

Our new hostess had made a pet out of her rooster. His name was "El Captain." When she called his name, he came running and then fall down. Every time he tried to run any distance, he would fall several times. He was knock-kneed.

The kitchen door was left open and El Captain was free to walk in and out as he wished. He thought he was king of the barnyard, but some of the other animals did not think so, especially the drake that ignored his occasional threats.



After about a week on the farm, the Resistance agent drove us back to Chauny to the family who had been hiding us in their deceased grandparent's vacant home. We were parked in front of the Tavernier home on rue Paul Roumer for a long time while the agent visited with Mr. Tavernier.

When we were invited inside, we found that Mr. Tavernier had arranged for us to stay in his home. Friends who had lost their home in a recent Allied bombing now occupied their grandparent's home.

Genevieve moved into her sister's room and gave Gene and me her room. They converted the storage room into a bedroom for Bill. We were told to stay in Bill's room during the day so no one could hear us walking around. His room was over the Tavernier's bedroom while the other bedroom was over the kitchen where friends often visited. They could hear us moving around if we were in the room overhead.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE Living with the Taverniers



CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY THESE EVADERS?

This photograph was taken in Slovania, so they were probably assigned to the 15th Air Force. There is a 1945 date on the back of the photo. If you can provide any relevant information, please contact Edward F. Logan, 120 Royal Drive, Hendersonville, NC 28739; phone 828-697-8088, or Clayton and Scotty David, phone 573-221-0441.

Life in Wartime Paris . . .

An explosion of joy

From *Plane Talk*, newsletter of Virginia Chapter,
8th Air Force Historical Society
(Continued from Winter Issue of *Communications*)

PART THREE -- Liberation!

By MONIQUE BONNIER PITTS

Charlottesville, Va.

I'll never forget. In August (1944) we gave shelter to a mother and daughter escaping from the Gestapo with nothing but their clothes. The daughter had been very active as a liaison between various Maquis groups. We had a curfew at 3 p.m. with the order to keep the shutters closed.

Since it was hot, we kept the windows open and the Germans finally realized that it was easy to shoot at them behind closed shutters. So we had to close the windows.

What to do to pass time? We made flags such as the American flag to decorate the balcony at the Liberation; we made two French, one British, one Russian, one American and one Teheque.

Food was almost non-existent. We saw the Germans retreating on bicycles camouflaged with branches, very young boys and old men, a far cry from my monsters in goggles and motorcycles.

Absolute crazy explosion of joy when French and American troops, tanks and trucks rolled into Paris. A deep sigh of relief and an overwhelming feeling of closure happened when we heard the church bells ringing all over Paris. We went up to the top floor and listened. We heard the deep low drone of the "bourdon" of Notre-Dame Cathedral, so loud and vibrating. All bells had been silenced by order of the Germans during the occupation.

Later in the streets, we kissed everybody, shook hands with hundreds, talked with all sorts. My first American GI was from Ohio! (My destiny was to marry a B-17 pilot from Ohio.) Everybody was in the street!

We left the apartment to go to the Arch of Triumph, and urged a very old lady friend to be sure to stay home because the crowds might be too much for her. When we came back in the evening, we saw a small crowd of husky African soldiers with their handsome uniforms, gather around what appeared to be someone agitating a cane, everyone talking and laughing. You guessed it, it was the old lady, who immediately after our departure, without hesitation had gone down to the street. She said she would not have missed it; had the best time of her life.

THE HARD DAYS: Now we could tell, but we had to find what happened to my father. One very good friend appeared on our doorstep and said: "Vercingetorix, it's me." Imagine someone coming to your door saying, "George Washington, that's me!"

Vercingetorix (name of the first French hero who had



Our home-made American flag (48 stars)

resisted the Romans under Julius Cesar) had been his code name in his particular network. He went to Bordeaux, and tracked down the cemetery where my father was buried.

Thanks to a system devised by undertakers in the jail, in the transport to the cemetery and places where the anonymous prisoners were buried, our friend was able to ascertain that my father was there. Then he established a first contact between us and the resistants in Charente and Bordeaux.

I must tell of a young girl I admire, Andree D. whose whole family was involved in the Resistance near Angouleme. She was only 17 when arrested with a few others in the aftermath of my father's arrest, because the radioman kept revealing names. She was tortured, and deported to Ravensbruck.

She came back and told me that the one thing that kept her wishing to stay alive was that she wanted to come back, to be able to tell all her companions and her family: "I did not talk." They already knew that because after her arrest, no one was caught. She has been our dear friend ever since.

We entered a period of countless ceremonies. My father was awarded posthumously the Cross of Liberation, the highest military decoration for WWII. Countless parades. We were hungry for parades, flags, French military music. Freedom at last!

I went to England in April 1945 for two weeks with a group of high school students. I learned there of President Roosevelt's death, big news in England.

I saw Coventry in ruins, London bombed in places, ate eggs for breakfast and sat in Churchill's seat in the House, quickly chased by a guard who said it was forbidden. It was my first trip outside France since 1937. I loved the English; I loved the Americans; the boat crossing the Channel back and forth was loaded with them!

See SLOVAKIA

A lovely country in the Heart of Europe (Formerly part of Czechoslovakia)

Veterans should be interested in this 10-day visit to Slovakia, Sept. 27-Oct. 6, 2002. There will be many memorials in locations where there was fierce fighting in WWII and where many Allied airmen were downed and rescued. Milan Buros, who attended the AFEES reunion in Spokane last May, was an Underground helper in Czechoslovakia. He now lives in Baldham, Germany, and has suggested this excursion.

THE TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

Thursday, Sept. 26: Depart U.S. / Canada for Vienna

Friday, Sept. 27: From Vienna airport, transport to Hotel Bratislava in Bratislava. Walking city tour, dinner in town or at hotel.

Saturday, Sept. 28: Breakfast, day trip to Vienna, lunch at a castle, city tour (bus or walking), return to Bratislava, dinner and then to the Slovak Theater.

Sunday, Sept. 29: Breakfast, day trip to Budapest (about 2.5 hours each way), city tour (bus or walking), lunch in a Hungarian restaurant, return to Bratislava, dinner in a Slovak restaurant.

Monday, Sept. 30: Breakfast, departure to Banska Bystrica, on the way visit a castle in Zvolen. Accommodations in Hotel Lux, lunch in town, afternoon visit to the Museum of Slovak National Uprising, two villages, dinner at Hotel Lux.

Tuesday, Oct. 1: Breakfast, depart for High Tatras, stop on the way to visit wartime memorials, stay at Hotel Bellevue in old Smokvec, lunch, afternoon Tatra tour, dinner at restaurant Koliba in old Smokvec, live music and entertainment.

Wednesday, Oct. 2: Breakfast in Hotel Bellevue, depart for East Slovakia. Lunch on the way. Visit town of Bardejov (Spas), return to Hotel Bellevue, swimming, relaxation, dinner at hotel.

Thursday, Oct. 3: Breakfast, depart for Poland, participate in a memorial dedication, return to Slovakia, to Dukla for lunch, return to Bardejov, Hotel Bellevue for dinner.

Friday, Oct. 4: Breakfast, visit Dukla for a commemorative ceremony, lunch in town of Svidnik, return to Bardejov, Hotel Bellevue for dinner and music.

Saturday, Oct. 5: Breakfast, depart for Bratislava, on the way visit spas, lunch, late afternoon arrival at Hotel Bratislava for dinner.

Sunday, Oct. 6: Breakfast, transfer to airport in Vienna.

Cost in advance for stay in Slovakia is \$480, which includes luxury bus transportation, room, breakfast and dinner.

Airfare from Washington to Vienna is about \$869, round trip

Arrangements are being handled by Shirley Callighen of Bon Voyage Travel, who has blocked seats for AFEES members and guests.

Contact her at **Bon Voyage Travel, 4361 E. Broadway, Tucson, AZ 85711;**
Phone 1-800-945-2565 Ext. 148,

FAX 520-795-5030; e-mail <scallighen@bvtravel.com>

For persons who wish to spend more time in Europe, a Rail Pass is recommended: 8-day pass \$492 per person, 10-day \$552, 15-day \$692.

Contact Shirley Callighen for details.

A visit to Prague, north of Bratislava, can be arranged.

Michelin road map a big help

By **RICHARD S.C. REID**
Albuquerque, N.M.
Ninth Air Force

On June 10, 1944, I was shot down in flames near Annebault in Normandy. I bailed out of my P-47 and was happy to see my parachute blossom above me, but I was concerned that marksmen on the ground were shooting at me!

With my chute under my arm I ran for cover and disposed of the chute where it would be less visible. Like I had read in many Westerns where the hero or the villain used a stream to hide or cover his tracks, I did likewise.

So when I heard voices, I hid under bushes that had grown over an undercut. I soon heard German voices. My vision was blurred from first-degree burns around the eyes. My wrists had similar burns and there was shrapnel in my left leg.

I had landed about 2:45 p.m. and I walked and hid until I saw a small farmhouse and a barn. From hiding, I watched the buildings for several minutes until I saw a teenage girl and boy emerge from the house and enter the barn. I identified myself as an American fighter pilot. Near as I could tell, they had seen me come down.

They gave me a whipcord hunting coat, well used, a pair of riding britches and a beret. I wore these items until 63 days later when I walked out. I gave my personal auto-wind watch to the boy and girl. I kept my uniform on and the extra clothing provided warmth during the nights ahead.

There was a lot of wet, cold, hunger, pain and anxiety yet to come.

At dusk, the boy indicated he would take me to an abandoned home in a nearby valley where I understood him to say there were some Canadian paratroopers. They had been dropped on D-Day and had been trapped behind enemy lines.

During the eight days I stayed with



Richard Reid made it back after his P-47 was shot down over Normandy.

them, they would go out at night to forage for food.

While I was there, two Frenchmen visited us, bringing what they could in food and medicine. One was a teacher and the other a pharmacist who gave me powdered sulfa for flesh wounds in my left calf.

After the war, the teacher told me that the pharmacist was visiting the Canadians on June 19 when the Germans moved in and killed or captured everyone there.

Jim McPherson, a Canadian paratrooper, and I had left the day before. When we topped the ridge south of the house, we came on a patch of wild strawberries and literally ate handfuls of the succulent, tangy fruit.

Further south, we could see a road full of German armor moving to the invasion front. As we were wondering how we could manage to pass our first real obstacle, the column was attacked by six British Typhoons. After the attack, the column moved on, leaving behind burning and damaged vehicles.

For the next several days, we walked at night and tried to sleep in daylight. We used a Michelin tire company map of the area provided by a French family, who gave each of us a corked bottle for cider, and also bread and cheese.

We were always hungry. I went down to 130 pounds from my normal 145 in the two months I evaded.

After a few days, we started walking days and sleeping nights, sometimes in haystacks, sometimes in barns or sheds,

or just in a cozy ditch.

An amusing incident happened about this time. We were walking along a patch between hedgerows. Looking ahead, around a curve in the path we saw German troops coming at us, probably 15 to 20 of them. They were not in formation but talking and laughing.

On the spur of the moment, I stepped to one side, pulled down my pants and squatted, giving them a toothless grin as they passed.

Unshaven, dirty and disheveled, I guess they could not imagine that I was an American. Jim, the paratrooper, stood to one side trying to look smaller. In high school I had lost two upper front teeth tackling a running back from behind and I wore a removable bridge.

This was one of several encounters with German troops.

For the next two or three weeks, we mostly walked cross country, avoiding towns and villages.

Jim, my hiking companion, said he was a diamond cutter from Manitoba. He was a smoker, as I was, and when I'd get the shakes for need of a smoke, he would produce some of what seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of cigarettes. It turns out he had stuffed his baggy pants with at least a carton before he jumped on D-Day.

In a barn where we were taking shelter one night, we met an RCAF Spitfire pilot, an ace in the battle of Britain. His name was George Murray. From him I learned a lot of British fighter pilot

jargon. In the final days, he and I walked out together. He died in Florida several years ago.

Soon after, George, Jim and I were in the loft of another barn and a French lad ran in and yelled for us to leave -- fast. German soldiers were about to search the place. We quickly jumped to the barn floor and I sprained my ankle when my foot landed on a corn cob. It soon healed, however.

About July 25, we were contacted by the French Underground. They placed us with a man and woman who were living in a lean-to on a brushy hillside. We slept on the ground.

One afternoon we observed a formation of P-38s overhead as they were attacked by some FW-190s. Immediately, a P-38 became a flamer and a parachute blossomed. Just as swiftly, a FW-190 broke from the melee and was shooting at the pilot dangling from his chute.

But wait, here comes a P-38 on the tail of the 190! They went down to tree-top level. They went into a circle right over our heads and the Lightning pulled his nose ahead and shot the German down. It looked like the two pilots came down close to each other.

The Frenchman and we went to see if we could find the American pilot and found him with a French couple. As we approached, he came forward sobbing and holding out his badly burned hands, saying, "I *was* a concert pianist." He was 19-year-old James Fredrickson. We took him with us. James was very bitter in the days that followed. He was from Alhambra, Calif.

Couple days later, the Underground took the four of us to the residence of Gaston Bru, near Argentan. Monsieur Bru lived there with his wife and their daughter and son-in-law.

Mostly, we stayed in the barn but at times we were allowed periods in a small addition to the main house. Things were cramped and primitive, but we did eat better. Madam Bru was an excellent cook and she prepared the produce of their garden expertly.

One night we heard on the BBC that the Allies had broken out at St. Lo and were moving to the east and Paris. Argentan was right square in the middle of the Falaise pocket where the German army was trapped.

The four of us discussed our situation. George and I decided to leave at dawn to travel southeast in an attempt to intercept Allied units. The other two decided to stay where they were.

We left early in the morning. Madam Bru was emotional and tearful. She gave us bread and cheese and filled our bottles with their best cider.

There were many armored units and concentrations of troops we had to avoid. Germans were moving east and George and I moved west. In late afternoon, we recognized American helmets on the men moving east.

We made contact by shouting and were identified as two scruffy Allied pilots. They were troops of the 2nd Rangers of Point du Hoc fame.

We were escorted back to their HQ area and ate with the GIs. We devoured roast beef, mashed potatoes and all the fixings, and real coffee, a first since June 10.

We were free and safe at last!

The battalion commander let us sleep in his tent that night. After our debriefing, I asked the colonel to give me a pair of his undershorts, explaining mine were disintegrating after more than two months constant wear. I hadn't taken them off in 63 days. His orderly brought me a pair size 42 and GI in color. Mine were size 30 and though once white, were now about the same color.

Next day George and I were returned to our units which had moved to France. It was August 14.

Thunderbirds ready for 2002 season

NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE, Nev. -- The U.S. Air Force Air Demonstration Squadron, known as the Thunderbirds, is scheduled to perform more than 60 shows in 27 states during 2002.

The '02 schedule:

MARCH

23-24 Luke Air Force Base, Ariz.

APRIL

6-7 MacDill Air Force Base, Fla.

13-14 Punta Gorda, Fla.

20 Fresno, Calif.

27-28 Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.

MAY

4-5 Millville, N.J.

11 Dyess Air Force Base, Texas

12 Laughlin Air Force Base, Texas

18-19 Chattanooga, Tenn.

25-26 Dover Air Force Base, Del.

29 USAF Academy, Colo.

31 West Point, N.Y. (Flyover only)

JUNE

1-2 Hanscom Air Force Base, Mass.

8 Davenport, Iowa

9 Whiteman Air Force Base, Mo.

15-16 TBD

17 Hoover Dam, Nev. (Flyover only)

22 Langley Air Force Base, Va.

23 Charleston Air Force Base, S.C.

29-30 N. Kingston, R.I.

JULY

The air show season lasts from March to November, with the winter months used to train new people.

4 Battle Creek, Mich.

6-7 Syracuse, N.Y.

13 Terre Haute, Ind.

14 Fort Wayne, Ind.

20-21 Dayton, Ohio

24 Cheyenne, Wyo.

27 Malmstrom Air Force Base, Mont.

28 Fairchild Air Force Base, Wash.

AUGUST

10-11 Westover Air Reserve Base, Mass.

17 Portland, Ore.

18 Naval Air Station, Whidbey Island, Wash.

31 Cleveland, Ohio

SEPTEMBER

1-2 Cleveland, Ohio

7-8 Lubbock, Tex.

14-15 NAS, Willow Grove, Pa.

21 Grand Junction, Colo.

22 Holloman Air Force Base, N.M.

28-29 NAS, Patuxent River, Md.

OCTOBER

5-6 Nellis Air Force Base, Nev.

12-13 Fort Worth, Tex.

19 Shaw Air Force Base, S.C.

20 Seymour Johnson AFB, N.C.

26-27 Houston, Tex.

NOVEMBER

2 Lackland Air Force Base, Tex.

3 Cannon Air Force Base, N.M.

9-10 Lake City, Fla.



Mirielle Herveic during the second world war, outside the Belfast Hotel in Le Havre with three Englishmen -- one playing her banjo -- who she later helped escape the Germans.

Mimi's secret war

(From the *Eastern Daily Press*, Norfolk, U.K.,
April 3, 1999)

By **REBECCA HOLMES**

Shaking my hand, the voice is louder than one would expect from an 84-year-old woman; it has a slight Norfolk lilt, but undoubtedly stronger in French. And although she shakes my hand when we greet, later she says goodbye with a kiss on each cheek.

Her name is Mirielle Catherine Herveic and to most in her Norfolk village she is just a "little old lady, a widow who collects her pension, regularly goes to church and occasionally buys a newspaper." Nothing particularly unusual in any of that, you might think.

Apart from the fact that during her time in France, after her childhood on a farm in Brittany and an education completed at the Sorbonne in Paris, Mirielle Herveic helped hundreds escape from the claws of Nazism through her secret work with the French Resistance movement.

Not only French civilians and Jews caught up in the war

after the fall of France in 1940, but downed Allied flyers, British, Americans, Canadians. Such actions, of course, placed her at risk of immediate death if ever discovered by the conquering enemy, or worse a slower death in the concentration camps of Dachau, Treblinka or Auschwitz.

One could wonder why. A single, 30-something French woman living on her own in the port of Le Havre crawling with German soldiers -- surely it would have been wiser to keep her head down?

But more than her utter revulsion at the 'executions' being undertaken on French soil, Mirielle says she just had to.

"I couldn't help it. It was in me. If I see anybody that needs help, I will go and help them. It did not matter to me where they came from, whether they were black, white or who they were. I have been like that all my life and I always will be. I just thank God I was able to do it."

What's more, she worked alone.

"We were never allowed to know one another during that time. We could never know who else was working with us.

We could never know each other's names. We could never have anybody stay with us longer than three days. It was just too dangerous."

After leaving the Sorbonne in the 1930s, Mirielle travelled to Zaire to work as a nurse. There she added the Swahili language to British, Gaelic and French.

She also boasts impeccable sign language, which she learned as a child and was to prove invaluable when it came to deceiving the Germans.

From there she nursed in trouble spots around the world, returning to work in a hospital in Le Havre before the outbreak of the second world war.

"I sort of started myself. I heard about the Resistance of course by other people talking. I listened to them and then got to know certain people."

"I worked with a man in the south of France. If I could not get them out of Le Havre I used to send them down to the South so they could escape through the Pyrenees."

There is still some of the old French Resistance mystique. For instance, Mirielle does admit to having as codename, 'Mimi Lefebvre,' by which she was known throughout the war. And then there were the concealed communication techniques like those portrayed in the BBC war-time drama *Secret Army*.

"Through radio contact we would perhaps sing a song in French at a certain time and then alter certain phrases in it.

"The Germans could not understand Latin, so we would sing in that.

"A favorite was Josephine Baker -- songs such as 'I'll Wait for You Forever,' we'd change the words in that.

"Sometimes, if I knew a person was coming, I would put a sticker in the window as if to the baker, saying 'Don't come today. I'll see you tomorrow.' Another time perhaps I would put a plant in the window in our colours of red, white or blue."

The first people Mirielle 'guided' out of France were English people from Le Havre. She escorted them to Brittany and then on to waiting boats in the Bay of Biscay. But the date was June 1940, the same time that the British liner *The Lancastria* at St. Nazaire was bombed -- one of the worst shipping disasters of the war. In the chaos and confusion that followed the bombing, Mirielle was there, getting as many troops as possible off the boat and to Allied ships waiting further out to sea.

"The *Lancastria* was split in two, the sea was on fire with oil and troops were drowned or burned alive. I saw it happen.

"I think that's what set my mind to help. Why do that? How could they have done that? We managed to get some out of the water; we helped some escape."

One of her most dangerous escapades is recounted in a book called *The Evaders -- True Stories of Downed Canadian Airmen and Their Helpers in World War II*. It tells the story of the escape of a Canadian aviator called Ken Woodhouse and six other airmen. It was Mirielle who helped them get from Paris to the coast of Brittany.

The book reads: "The new guide was a young woman whose name Ken did not know then, but according to information he uncovered after the war, may have been Mirielle Catherine Herveic. Whoever she was, what followed

represents audacious ingenuity at its frightening best."

She met them at Paris station. The men wore peasant clothing and had false identity cards. "There were at least seven of us and she beckoned us to follow her," says the book.

"We did just that, single file right through the gate and onto the crowded platform. Our guide showing no doubt as to who was in charge of us, pushed and shoved along, stepping over those who would not or could not move, all the time shouting and cussing."

And when German soldiers who patrolled the train tried to question her, she immediately started using sign language -- unbeknown to them often making fun of them through her trickery. "Sometimes I would tell them they were lazy and they wouldn't even know it," she chuckled.

To this day, Ken Woodhouse remembers the bravery of his French guide. They write to each other regularly and she has been to Canada to visit.

She would regularly escort men down the cliff face, picking her way through mines that German soldiers had just laid, down onto the beaches and into waiting boats.

Naturally, the job was not without its dangers. Indeed the French Resistance in the early years of the war was known for its naivety and thus ripe for German infiltration. Many members of the movement died as a result. "Many of my friends were wiped out, usually shot. Sometimes because they were in the Resistance, other times because, perhaps, their father was a Jew."

After the war, Mirielle continued nursing, but went back to her parents' home in Brittany. Her mother was still alive, but her father, an engineer, died in the Atlantic during the war. She remained unmarried throughout the war and doesn't have any children. "I don't regret not having children. I was free to go where I wanted. And I had no intention of getting married until I had met the right man."

And in 1958, she accidentally did, here in Norfolk. "I decided to take a holiday in Britain, in Norfolk. It was supposed to be for a few weeks; I wound up staying."

She stayed as a guest of Colonel McDougall, then the owner of Cawston Manor, now Cawston College, in Aylsham. She had first met the family during her time in Zaire. She met farm worker Albert Grix and within a fortnight he had proposed. At first they lived in a flat in the manor and she worked at nearby St. Michaels hospital. Later they moved to their own bungalow.

Albert died in 1992, leaving Mirielle alone. Now she still helps others, raising and donating money to many charities, churches and other good causes. She remains faithful to her Christian beliefs, goes to church regularly and continues to return to France when she can. Surrounding her in her simple home are photographs, letters and mementoes of an extraordinary life.

In the book entitled "Women in Resistance," given to Mirielle by Col. Charles McBride of the 448th Bomb Group based in Norfolk, the following words are inscribed: "Presented to Mimi, a true patriot of France and unselfish benefactor to Allied soldiers during World War II."

++++
Ken Woodhouse of Canada and Charles McBride of California are members of AFEES.

Helpers, Friends respond--and how

The more than 400 AFEES greeting cards that went into the mailstream in December have prompted greetings of the season and best wishes from many of our Helpers/Friends around the world.

The list of persons who have responded includes, by nation:

AUSTRALIA: Ivanka Benko (new address: Dom Matere Romane 11-15A, Becketl Street, KEW 3101, Victoria), Lloyd and Gwen Bott

CANADA: Agnes Frisque, Jim and Anne Moffet, Jon Van Etten

ITALY: Jean Francois Nothomb

SLOVENIA: Danilo Suligoj

SPAIN: Ann Feith

UNITED KINGDOM: Frank and Isabel Dell, Grace MulRooney, Dan and Carole Thomason, Bill Webb

UNITED STATES: Janine Anderson, Herman and Trica Bodson, Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans, Sebastian H. Corriere, Maita Floyd, Marguerite Fraser, Anita Hartman, Glenn Hovenkamp, Teodor V. Hreljanovic, Intrepidus, Desire and Luciene Lecren, Rene and Aimie Lecren, Maria Liu, Lew and Betty Lyle, Igor and Anna Nabelek, John Pena, George Van Remmerden, Mrs. John (Naomi) Weidner

BELGIUM: Nadine Antoine-Dumont, Mme. Fernand Bartier, Camille Bernier, Lucy Bernier-Brasseur, Mme. Monique Berot, Emile Boucher, Frans Caubergh, Rik Craeghs, Roger Cuignez, Mme. Simonne DeCorte, Raymond Degeye, Mme. Andre (Suzy) Degive, Jacques De Vos, Mme. Giselle Evard, Charles Guibert, Jacques Grandjean, Raymond Itterbeek, Roger Jamblin, Mme. Lucienne Keesmaecker, Albert Lardot Family, Robert Lintermans, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Lemand-Guillaume, Mme. Henri Malfait, Georges Marchel, Mme. Germaine Sainitu, Mme. Amanda Stassart, Raoul and Maria Steyaert, Michou and Pierre Ugeux, Mme. Marie Claire Vienne, Andre and Francine Yernout

Returned: Mme. Lucie Chaidron

HOLLAND: Wiet Abercrombie, Mrs. Margaret Albers, Aircrew Helper Association, Bill Bolhuis, Fred Boogaart, Dr. Elsa Caspers, Mrs. Tuut Ensing, Escape Group, Klaas vanDorsten, Fredrik Gransberg, Mrs. Joke Folmer, Pieter van den Hurk, Han Hollander, Adrian de Keizer, Riet and Jann Klooster, Mrs. Jeanne De Korte-Huijgens, Mrs. P. Kuijsten-de Bruijn, Family of Til Kenkhuis vd Boogaard, Charles L. Kroesen, Cor Lof, Mrs. Mia Lelivelt, Mrs. Altije Lightenberg (De Bruin), Nico Leons, Family of Gre Lommerse, E. Pauw Meines, Dr. Fritz Meijler, Bert and Collen Monster, Bert Poels,

And, Albert and Hanneke Postma, Rinus van

Rijsbergen, Mrs. Yel van der Sande, Mrs. Clara Jonkind-Smeenck, Gerrit C. Slotbloom, Theo G. J. Teuevent, Mrs. Mary A. Uilenberg-Bos, J. de Valt-Cornet, Family of Piet Van Veen, Mrs. Ellen Van Gilst, Mrs. Siet Gravendaal Tammens, Jacques and Letti Vrij, Wjim Willemsen, Winn Wolterink, Peter H. Wolff, Job Woltman

New Addresses: Mrs. Yel van der Sande, Irenstraat 24, 4811 SC Breda, Holland; Mrs. P. Kuijsten de Bruijn, Kievit 11, 5161 WT, Sprang-Capella, Holland

FRANCE: Mme. Michele Agniel-Moet, Mme. Francis Andre, Jean and Paule Arhex, Andre Aubon, Mme. Bertanne Auvert, Serge Avons, Christian Babled, Mme. Marguerite Bachelat, Louis and Loulon Balfet, Gaston Bastien, Serge and Josette Baudinot, Mme. Rosa Bertrand, Mme. Andree Besse, Paul Boe, Robert Boher, Mme. Muriel Brest, Max Brezillon, Mme. Jacqueline Briand, Mme. Liliane Brochet-

*Wishing you Peace,
Happiness and Love
this Season
and best wishes for a
Joyous New Year.*



FROM THE MEMBERS
OF THE
AIR FORCES ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY

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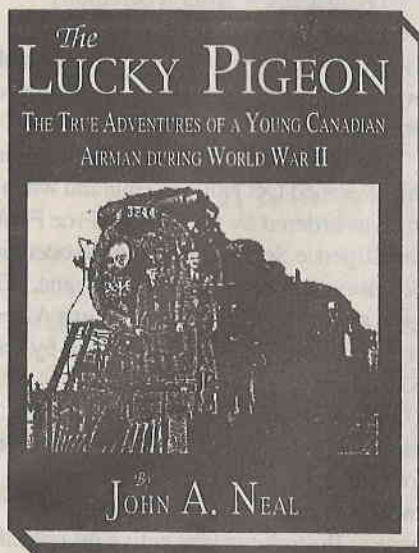
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New Address: Albert Lair, rue de Saint Malo, 3560 Cancale, France

Deceased: Mme. Marie Rose Guyot, Feb. 23, 2001; Robert LeVasseur, Sept. 1, 2001

Returned: Henri Beaudet, Felix Bacchi, Bernard Cercus, Mme. Andree Chevreuil, Marcel Pasco, Jean Jacques Plessiet, Jacques Saque, Mme. Charles Villet

What'd you do in the war?



Fifty-plus years of action and events have not dimmed the memory of tense moments, and hours spent evading the enemy after being shot down over German-held territory during World War II. In this book, John Neal has graphically painted a word picture of his escape and evasion experience, some 90 days of which we shared.

He, a Royal Canadian Air Force

bombardier; a Canadian navigator, Bob Lindsay; and myself, an American B-17 navigator, were hidden together by the French Underground in the home of a Belgian couple who were operating a farm in Occupied France.

Our ultimate return to Allied control was due to the bravery, dedication and patriotic action of many citizens of the Allies. We three owe a profound debt of gratitude to the French, Belgian and Dutch civilians who risked all to save us and thus thwart the enemy.

This book, and others like it, should be required reading for present and future generations. It depicts the actions of true patriots.

----JOHN A. KUPSICK, Lt.Col.,
USAF (Ret.)

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A group of older men were gathered around the large tables in the dining room at Mewata Armory in downtown Calgary. They were holding the weekly luncheon meeting of the Southern Alberta branch of the Aircrew Association. All the men were retired airmen, having left their flying days far behind.

But that didn't stop them all from talking about it! That was the main purpose behind the association, and the luncheons every week: to talk about the old days when they were wearing the Air Force blue, and flying through the wild blue yonder. If the stories were believable, those men were all the greatest of heroes.

And those men were heroes, although few of them might be wearing major decorations. Just by learning their trades well, doing their duty to their country, and returning safely home, they were the heroes that war produces.

The Lucky Pigeon is one more piece of history, and an attempt to record the author's career while wearing the Air Force blue. The story begins on a cold day in March 1942, and winds up on another cold day in November 1945.

You can order *The Lucky Pigeon* from the author, John A. Neal, Apt. 2113, 111-146 Avenue S.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2X 1Z1. Phone 403-873-1353. Price is \$15.75 Canadian plus postage; \$15 American delivered in the U.S.

-FOLDED WINGS-

MEMBERS

Esc. George H. Gagne "L", Middlebury, CT, 398 BG, Jan. 7, 2002
 #1020 John A. Goan, Estill Springs, TN, 445 BG, Dec. 2001
 8 AF Nicholas J. Peters, Tamarac, FL, 388 BG, Dec. 12, 2001
 15 AF Loryn E. McQuarter, San Diego, CA, 463 BG, Jan. 21, 2002
 #1905 Clinton H. Orean, Flagstaff, AZ, 384 BG, Jan. 21, 2001
 #740 Horace H. Shelton, Fredericksburg, Tex., 401 BG,
 Sept. 25, 2001
 #1870 James L. Wagner, Miami, OK, 384 BG, Nov. 18, 2001
 15 AF John M. Yandura "L", E. Vandergrift, PA, June 8, 2001

HELPERS

Dr. Herman BODSON, Belgium, Dec. 28, 2001
 Lucy Bernier-BRASSEUR, St. Anne, Belgium, June 6, 2001
 Mr. Jacques BRUSSELMANS, Orp-Jauche, Belgium, Jan. 30, 2002
 M. Georges BROUSSINE, Paris, France, Oct. 31, 2001
 Mme. Marie Rose GUYOT, Noyon, France, Feb. 23, 2001
 M. Robert Le VASSEUR, Paris, France, Sept. 1, 2001

GEORGES BROUSSINE 1918-2001

By **RALPH K. PATTON**
 Chairman

AFEES lost a good friend on Wednesday, Oct. 31, with the death, in Paris, of Georges Broussine, at 83 years of age. He was founder of the successful Burgundy escape network.

As a young officer in the infantry reserve, Broussine was stationed in the village of Cigogne in late 1940. He shocked his superior officers when on Nov. 2 he addressed a letter to the C/O, Lt. Trejeaud, announcing his decision to join a little known French general named Charles DeGaulle in England.

After many trials and false starts he arrived in England in July 1942 by way of Spain and Gibraltar. He was recruited by the BCRA (the French intelligence service in England) and asked to return to France to organize the Burgundy Réseau.

After attending the school for secret agents, Georges Broussine bailed out of a Halifax bomber of the Australian Air Force on Feb. 19, 1943, a few miles north of Lyon, France. He made his way to Paris and picked up the pieces of the Brandy network that had been helping Allied airmen.

In his book, *L'Evadee de la France Libre*, published in September 2000 (in French) Georges lists the names of most

of the Helpers of the Burgundy Line and of the 338 Allied airmen they helped to evade. He also lists the names and rank of the 40 American airmen who were turned over to the Shelburne line in early 1944 when Shelburne could not line up enough evaders to fill the boat. Georges very carefully explains the difficulty of providing an accurate list of men and women Helpers as there are no French records. He gives full credit to Sherri Ottis for helping him locate many of the these names in the U.S. National Archives.

After the war, Georges Broussine became a journalist. He served as chief of the French Language political and diplomatic section of United Press International. He was honorary president of the French Diplomatic Press at the time of his death.

His obituary, as published in French newspapers, reports that he was "d'abord un homme d'honneur, de fidelite et d'engagement." He was an officer of the Legion d'Honneur.

Georges was the guest of AFEES at our Atlanta meeting in 1986, and I had the pleasure of meeting with him in Paris in December 2000. AFEES has lost a friend, France has lost a patriot, and his family has lost a beloved husband, father and grandfather.

HERMAN BODSON

Dr. Herman Bodson, Belgian helper, passed away at his home in Taos, N.M., on Dec. 28, 2001. He was a Life Member of AFEES and had attended several reunions.

He had celebrated his 89th birthday on Dec. 21 when he enjoyed chocolate cake made by his daughter, Claude. He had been treated for leukemia for the past several months.

He is survived by his wife Catharine (Tinca), two daughters, five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

A memorial service was conducted Sunday, Jan. 6, at Rio Fernando Fire District House, Taos Canyon.

Georges Broussine

(From *Le Telegramme*,
 November 7, 2001)

An Important Member of the Resistance Is Buried at Ergue-Armel

QUIMPER -- After a ceremony yesterday in Paris, funeral services will be held today in the church at Ergue Armel, where acknowledgement of the actions of this resistant will be rendered.

At the age of 22, Georges Broussine had rejoined DeGaulle in England when he was ordered by the BCRA (Free French Intelligence Service) to return to occupied territory to create reseau Bourgogne. This was an essential mission to return Allied aviators who had been shot down by the Germans.

He was able to bring about and lead transfers by way of Brittany with the help of reseau Vourc'h of Plomodiern. But it was principally by way of Spain that reseau Bourgogne was active up until the liberation. This resulted in the evacuation of more than 300 aviators.

Holder of the Legion of Honor, Georges Broussine has recounted, in his book *The Evade of Free France*, the great activities of this reseau. Later he was editor of the *Letter of the Nation*, the publication of the Gaullist movement.

He died in Paris, where he had lived. Georges Broussine, whose son Lucas is a doctor in the central hospital in Quimper, will rest in peace in Ergue-Armel.

Updates for the 2001 AFEES Directory

(Changes are in **BOLDFACE** Type)

1. Thomas B. Applewhite, Alexian Brother
Lansdowne Village, 4624 Lansdowne,
St. Louis, MO 63116;
Ph. 314-352-6619
2. Vernon L. Baldwin Jr., Woodway, TX;
Ph. 254-772-5153
3. James G. Boornazian <Jim-Lorean@msn.com>
4. Maj. Edward R. Burley Jr., 805 Maximo Ave.,
Clearwater, FL 33759-3616
5. Pat C. Cannon "W", (Thomas W.), 12105
Ambassador Drive, #423, Colorado Springs, CO
80921-3640; Ph. 719-487-8264
6. Floyd M. Carl, San Antonio, TX 78216-5133
<F.M.Carl@worldnet.ATT.net>
7. Martha Demel "W" (Edgar M.) 12922 Butterfly
Lane, Houston, TX 77024; Ph. 713-468-2193
8. Mrs. Iris Erickson "W", 301 E. Court St., Apt.
508, Luddington, MI 49431-1763
9. Walter F. Freeman, Lynchburg, VA; New AC 434-
239-5804; <wffreeman@aol.com>
10. James J. Heddleson, New AC 330-875-2848
11. Louis R. Hernandez "L", 7456 Mountain Quail
Circle, Tucson, AZ 85750; Ph. 520-529-8546
12. David Hessler, Thousand Oaks, CA
<DHSLR@aol.com>
13. Gordon McCoy "F", Linden, CA
<jemccoy@prodigy.net>
14. Eugene P. McDonnell "L", 2945 Lincoln Dr.,
Apt. 9, St. Paul, MN 55113-1340; Ph. 651-628-3028
15. W. C. McGinley <BSMC215@WebTV.net>
16. Edward C. Miller, Sedona, AZ;
New AC 928-282-4817; <Emiller@sedona.net>
17. Richard S. Munsen "L", 1315 Fairway Ave.,
Story City, IA 50248-9532
18. Robert L. Rodgerson <B24navi@aol.com>
19. Terrence D. Russell "FL". Russell Books, 1003
East 33rd Ave., Spokane, WA 99203
20. Col. Henry Shane "L", 2502 Shelley Circle,
Apt. 2B, Frederick, MD 21702
21. Jeanne Slenker "W", 511 Joseph Court, #1,
Naples, FL; 34104-9454; Ph. 941-304-6849
22. Marjorie Lawson Steinmetz, St. Louis, MO
(British WAF Volunteer in SOE/French Div.)
<fredsteinmetz@yahoo.com>
23. Owen Sullivan, Walnut Creek, CA
<OandGlo@hotmail.com>
24. James E. Williams, Huntsville, AL; New AC: 256-
536-4946; <Aub8081@aol.com>
25. Earl E. Woodard, 420 S. Kirkwood Road, Apt.
429, Kirkwood, MO 63122-6160; Ph. 314-821-8589
26. Elta L. Word "W" (Marshall D.) 800 Canadian
Trails Drive, Apt. 341, Norman, OK 73072-7658;
Ph. 405-573-9049
27. Capt. F. H. Dell, 35 John Street, Shoreham-by-
Sea, West Sussex, BN43-5DL, England;
Ph. 01273 455981

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(Dues are \$20 per year. Life Membership is \$100. Make checks payable to AFEES)
Send checks and changes to Clayton C. David, Membership Chair, 19 Oak Ridge Pond,
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The editor has the last word

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

WICHITA FALLS, Tex. -- Since this is the last issue of *Communications* before the Tampa reunion, let me warn you that perhaps you need to catch up on a little paperwork. You will find a reservation form for the hotel and another to register for the reunion, in the center spread of this issue.

While you are catching up on things, dig out those AFEES raffle tickets which may still be on your desk and turn them in, along with any donation you might care to make.

Yvonne Daley and others have arranged a great reunion for us in Tampa. You can read all about it in this issue.

Word from Reunion Central is that hotel reservations are coming in these days, and it looks as if we will have a good crowd!

As the years roll by, the friendships and memories of the events of 60 years ago become more and more precious. The reunion is a way to refresh those memories and to pay tribute to our overseas Helpers who risked their very lives and more, to help us back when we lost our transportation.

I have been reading *Jackdaws*, Ken Follett's latest suspense novel, set in northern France in early 1944. The plot involves an all-woman team of SOE operatives on a mission to take out a German telephone exchange just before D-Day.

Elmer Snow, a B-17 engineer now living in Pennsylvania, was instrumental in locating surviving crew members of the 384th Bomb Group aircraft nicknamed *Big Stupe*. While he was visiting a museum near his home, he saw memorabilia belonging to William Shade, a POW. That enabled Jacques Leroux to complete his research on the crew. (For the story, see *They Rode with Rabbit Furs*, pages 10-11 of Winter 2001-02 issue.)

Rene Defourneaux of Indianapolis, a Friend member, has been named honorary mayor-president of the city of Baton Rouge, La. The surprise honor was bestowed on him during a December visit to address the LSU school of mass communications and history.

He spent four days with students, telling them about OSS exploits in WWII. Rene trained and directed resistance groups and later jumped into Japanese-held Indo-China.

Our sympathies go to Life Member Robert Vandegriff whose wife of 55 years, Virginia (Jinny), passed away Jan. 31 in Cincinnati, Ohio. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a life member of American Ex-POWs.

Things do change. For years, NATO students, including Germans, have been in pilot training at Sheppard AFB here in Wichita Falls. Now I read that a Japanese

student has become the first international student in the introduction to fighter fundamentals at Moody AFB, Ga.

The Daedalians, national fraternity of military pilots, will hold their annual convention this year in San Antonio, Tex., May 24-26. They will meet in Dayton, Ohio, in 2003 and in Riverside, Calif., in 2004.

The British military had to apologize last month for its marines who, in a training exercise intended for the colony of Gibraltar, stormed the beaches of Spain instead. The troops, armed with mortar launchers and assault rifles, reportedly pulled out when local fishermen and police explained that they were on Spanish territory.

The Comet Line had their last official reunion in Brussels last October. It was well attended, with Queen Fabiola as guest of honor. Frank Dell, Elizabeth Lucas-Harrison and Air Marshal Sir Lewis Hodges, all RAFES, were among those present.

Wife Ruth says: Organized people are not perfect. They are just too lazy to hunt for things.

And Gus says he never made but one mistake in his life. That was the time he admitted he was wrong about something and it turned out later that he was right.

--Stolen from the *Scandal Sheet*.

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